

THE REIGN OF THE SPIRIT

By Jean Bertheroy

Translated by W. L. McPherson

SINCE it was the day of Pentecost, the old Flamand Joachim had gathered about him all his children—all those who remained, at least, for the war had taken the oldest of his grandsons and the youngest of his sons. In accordance with a touching custom, the plates of those two were set on the table at the places which they had formerly occupied. On the faience, brightened with naively painted flowers, other flowers, freshly plucked, were laid in pious commemoration.

Joachim, the Flamand, seldom spoke. He was a prudent and taciturn old man, who, while pursuing his trade as a weaver, had lived in intimacy with the philosophers. He was of those who prefer the conversation of books to the conversation of passers-by, and who live within themselves, in those spacious and magnificent mansions into which nothing comes to disturb their dreams.

The guests about the table were joyous, in spite of the vacant seats which broke the family circle. The two absentees would have wished it so. One must be gay, live his life, laugh, believe, hope and defy the scythe-bearer who shows his death's face to mortals in order to halt the patient and obstinate labors of life.

The smallest of the children—he was named Samuel and was scarcely ten years old—was encouraged to talk, and everybody listened to him. This boy, with eyes as blue as a pastel and features as delicate as a girl's, was absolutely free from timidity. He spoke better than most grown-ups. The gift of elocution, which the most instructed often lack, had come to him in his cradle, bestowed by some unnamed fairy. Even before he went to school he astonished people by the unexpectedness and variety of his remarks.

"Where can he get all the things he says?" exclaimed his flattered mother.

And she added, glancing at the aged Joachim:

"He isn't like his grandfather, who never says a word unless he's forced to."

So the little Samuel discoursed and everybody else kept silent and hearkened to him. From the earliest times it has been a common belief that a little of the primordial truth has been left on the lips of the innocent, and all ancient peoples considered children the surest of oracles. The priest of Isis consulted them before opening the formidable mouths of the statues ranged in the temples of the Pharaohs. And in even the declining era of modern religions respect is still paid to them—a last form of ancient faith.

In the clearly lighted Flemish house, where everything was burnished, well defined and rigorous in tone, Samuel to-day assumed the figure of a prophet. They listened to him because more than ever doubt and unrest had crept, like cold reptiles, into their hearts. In spite of the surface joy and gaiety they suffered from the eternal uncertainty. They longed to lift the veil which hides the unknown future.

"When I grow up," Samuel proclaimed, "many things will be changed in the world. In the first place, people will no longer have disputes. No one will seek a quarrel with his neighbor. Those who don't love each other will have stopped hating each other, and those who love each other will cease to make each other suffer. For often (isn't it true?) when people love each other most they make each other suffer most."

"How do you know that, Samuel?"

He didn't answer at once, and lifted his eyes to his sister Judith, who sat opposite him.

"Isn't it true?" he repeated, gazing at her. Judith grew red. The secret which she believed buried in her heart had been discovered, and it was the youngest of the family, the most self-occupied and, to all appearances, the most heedless, who had discovered it. It was true. She suffered from love and through love. She had entered a blind alley, at the end of which, whatever she might do, she couldn't escape suffering. She had neither enough courage to renounce her love nor enough strength to accept its consequences submissively. She knew that her cousin Peter, to whom she was engaged, was overbearing and violent, and would surely outrage all her finer sensibilities if she married him.

At that minute Peter entered, as if announced by fate. He had a red face and thick lips, with powerful teeth showing under them. He wore his blond hair like a mane. But in place of softening his features it emphasized their aggressiveness and harshness. He was a picture of virility, ruddy with health and rich in animal spirits. He greeted the company and came to take a seat beside Judith, in one of the places left vacant.

"You are taking our dead brother's seat," cried Samuel.

"What does that matter?" answered Peter indifferently. "The dead are gone and it is for us to replace them."

Nevertheless, he smiled and furtively squeezed Judith's hand under the table.

"Why are you so late?" she asked him. "I thought you had gone to dinner somewhere else."

He shrugged his shoulders and then raised his voice, so that every one could hear him.

"I had a fight before I came here, and once more I walloped my man. We had some trifling argument. But if one has fists at the ends of one's arms they're there to enforce respect for the owner."

"He is right," said one of the women.

Encouraged by this approbation, the young man, while he went on eating, developed the theories which were uppermost in his mind.

"You must be strong. In the final struggle the world will belong to the strongest. Muscle is going to triumph. Woe to the weak, the firm, the conquered and the powerless."

His bride gave him an air of haughtiness

PRETTY PASTIMES

for Old and Young

by George S. Chappell with pictures by Wm Hogarth, Jr

WE ARE warned by economists to save a few of our extra pennies for a rainy day. I wonder how many of us realize that it is also important to save up other things besides coin of the realm as a bulwark against this climatic contingency.

I am not referring to rainy day in its metaphorical sense, but as an actuality, and I am thinking of its especial horror when one is imprisoned within doors in the country, as host or guest, over a week end or holiday. It is hard to say which is more to be pitied. On the whole, I am inclined to award the palm to the host. He is lashed to the mast. He must stick to the ship, come what may. The guests can depart if they have the courage. In any case, both are much to be pitied unless, as I suggest, they have had the foresight to store up within themselves recreational resources for just this sort of misadventure.

This great wisdom has been borne in upon me by nearly twenty years' experience in visiting and being visited. On many occasions I have invited to my home friends of whom I am really fond. I have even been guilty of harboring, for purely ulterior motives, people whom I heartily disliked. In case of rain they have all speedily sunk to the same level of unpopularity.

I know nothing more devastating than the caprices of that banal old institution and topic of conversation, the weather! You have invited your old friend Herbert and his wife, let us say, to stay with you from Saturday to Monday. They arrive on Friday evening, bag and baggage, golf clubs and tennis rackets. Your program is clearly mapped out. You are all set—tennis in the morning, a swim before lunch, golf in the afternoon, dinner at the country club, a motor ride along the post road in the evening, and so on. What could be sweeter?

You awaken Sunday morning with a beatific stretch of peace which is slowly infiltrated with a horrible realization. Stretching a palsied arm across the neutral zone which separates your couch from that of your partner, you break the agonizing news: "It's raining."

A closer inspection through the windows confirms the awful truth. The east is pitiless, inexorable. For a fleeting moment you had thought, "It is the wind in the trees," but no. It is the rain on the roof. . . . The rain on the walk, and the roadway, a steady drumming, pattering and puddles, desolation and drip . . . rain.

Gloomily shaving, you curse the weather gods. With sour perversity you don your sunniest raiment, your hairy tweeds or sleep flannels, as if by your garb to influence the elements. Herbert and his wife do the same. Breakfast has an air of false gaiety, a pretense of sportiveness. It is a sort of fancy dress party at a grewsome hour. Even the coffee tastes rainy.

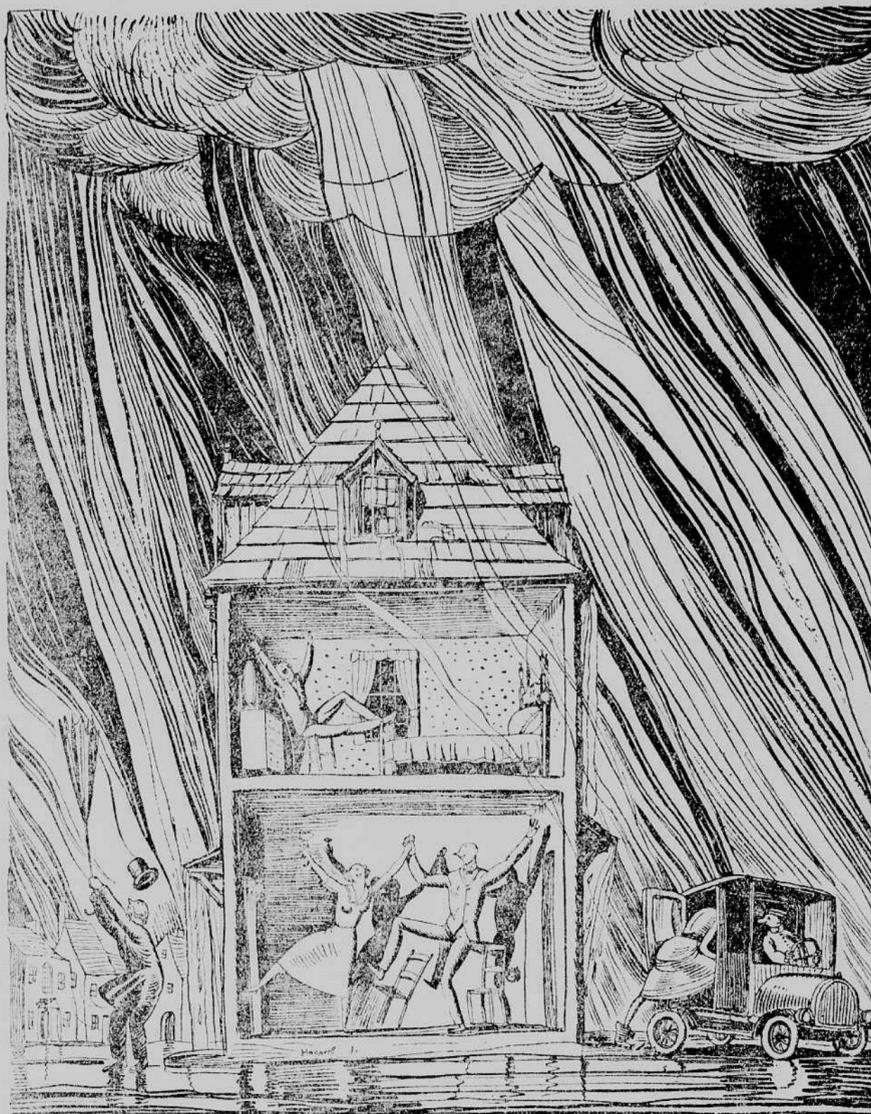
Here is a situation which truly calls for courage and resourcefulness. This is the time when preparedness counts. Beware of the banal. The obvious thing is, of course, bridge, or, where there is an odd number, poker. These are both dangerous pastimes. Experience teaches us that even the stupidest guest or the silliest lady may develop a most astounding winning streak.

I can't explain it, but, nine times out of ten, guests win from hosts. There is probably a special devil who looks after that sort of thing. He sees that the hosts think they are as miserable as they possibly can be and he immediately sets out to disprove the fact by heaping one more misfortune on their shoulders. Mark the truly devilish ingenuity of the situation. Once the guests are a few dollars ahead they cherish the pleasant feeling that they could never suggest stopping while they were winners. The hosts naturally can't suggest stopping while they are losers—who ever heard of a loser stopping?—and so the tragedy goes on, hour after hour, morning, afternoon and evening, the

and emphasized his physical seductiveness. A yellow light flashed from his twinkling eyes. Judith yielded anew to the mastery of a dominating will. She offered herself as a victim to this hero, to this conqueror. Though she might have to suffer even more than she had guessed, she was willing to make the sacrifice.

When the dinner was over the old Joachim lighted his pipe and smoked for a time in silence. No one spoke, for they all felt that they ought to leave him undisturbed in his meditations.

The little Samuel glided over to his grandfather's side. He was troubled. The meaning of life escaped him, and the flashes which intermittently illuminated his soul seemed quenched. A precocious and sensitive child,



The transcendent ecstasy of all, the week-end guests' departure. E'en though the torrents of heaven descend, the sunshine of the heart is shining

wife-host thinking savagely of the new hat she isn't going to buy, the husband-host wondering what in heaven's name he ever saw in Herbert anyway, the lucky dumb-bell! Fortunately are Mr. and Mrs. Herbert if they sleep through the night without feeling the hot breath of the assassin on their cheeks.

One of my friends recently started the local world by being the apparent victim of a daring second-story robbery. The following from "The Pelham Sunbeam" tells the story:

"Our fellow citizen, Theodore W. Townsend, who resides at 128 Monterey Avenue, is the latest sufferer from the ever-spreading crime wave which has engulfed New York City and its environs. At a late hour on Sunday night or early Monday morning the Townsend home was entered and thoroughly ransacked by thieves, evidently of the most expert character. Neither Mr. and Mrs. Townsend nor their guests, Dr. and Mrs. Woolsey, of Rye, had the slightest intimation of the presence of the marauders. After playing cards until a late hour the family and guests retired. Chief Coogan, of the local force, says the noise of the bold burglars was doubtless inaudible, due to the heavy rain of Sunday evening. Dr. and Mrs. Woolsey lost practically everything, including a valuable carbuncle stick-pin highly valued by our eminent visitor, to whom it was presented by the students of the Yale Medical School."

Could anything be clearer? The devastating evening at cards! The black night and the hideous killer, slipping softly down the hall! The occurrence has almost spoiled card playing for me, even as a guest.

I had a sickening experience myself with another sort of indoor game. It was not exactly a financial loss, though if time is money I was out several thousand dollars. But perhaps I deserved it.

irritated by the apparent contradictions which played on the surface of things, he became nonplussed and discouraged. The feast day, so long awaited with joy, was turned to lugubriousness.

In the angle of the window Peter and Judith, their arms amorously intertwined, watched the bustle outside. Noises rose from the street—indistinct rumors, the breathing of a people freed from their daily tasks. The sunlight danced about the painted flowers and the living flowers and gave them all the same fugitive caresses.

Suddenly the old Joachim put his pipe on the table, stretched out his hand and spoke:

"To-day is the feast of the Spirit. It is the fête of pure intelligence. But who thinks of

It happened during one of the visits of which I have spoken, when I had invited, nay, besought, an Englishman named Tweens—Vecemy Tweems, of Tween-on-Poke—to be my guest from Saturday to Monday. Now, I detested Tweems, but he bade fair to be useful to me in a business way, so I asked him. He was one of those awful, toothy chaps who took everything for granted and expected you to thank him, but I hoped, with God's help and a west wind, to keep him out of doors and muddle through somehow. We got in eighteen holes of golf on Saturday morning, during which he hooked me for four Silver Kings, and then, just about lunch time, it began to rain.

Tweens was going out just the same, but I was through. To tell the truth, I was a bit sore. So we toddled back to the house, where I incautiously opened my next to the last bottle of Scotch. This lasted until 4 o'clock, when in desperation I suggested a game of chess. I suppose I am one of the twenty living Americans who play chess—at least, I was. It's all off now; chess is out.

We didn't finish the game until the following Thursday! Tweens would smoke a full pipe (of my tobacco), take a long swig (of my Scotch), walk about the room (my room), and after about an hour's hard thinking make a move. On Tuesday I did quite a good day's business over the telephone without disturbing him. And then he finally beat me.

Of course, Thursday was so near the end of another week that he lingered on. In fact, I don't think he realized that there had been any break at all. He simply came for one week end and stayed for another without knowing it. The fact that I didn't get any business out of him doesn't hallow his memory. He is dead now, for which I am sorry. Otherwise he could read this article. But if

glorifying the Spirit? Who is busy announcing its reign? You just heard Peter say that brute force, alone, would be established in the world, and you all believed him, because matter, which is obtuse, prevents you from seeing the truth. But what would matter be without spirit? An inert force, a dead, blind mass."

He half closed his eyelids and continued, with still more positiveness:

"Hear, then, what was said long ago by a man wiser than I am, who was also named Joachim. This is what he wrote in his book:

"In the beginning was the reign of the Father, and that was the first age of the world. Then there was the reign of the Son, and that was a time of trial. The time of trial and of the crucifixion of the peoples still lasts. Final-

spirits do come through I hope he's peering over my shoulder right now. More likely he is at the sideboard.

The only safe course to follow in entertaining rainy day guests is to do as little entertaining as possible and make that little consist of games or occupations in which the element of competition is entirely eliminated. Otherwise, mark my word, they'll skin you every time.

To the end of reducing effort everything possible should be done to shorten the day. Encourage your guests to sleep as late as possible. The moment you awake and find that it is raining, sneak into their room, stick a nail file in your guest's watch and set the clock back an hour or an hour and a half. Set it back as far as the cook will stand for. This will keep them in bed until about 11. From then on begin to advance your spunk, so to speak. By skillful diversion you can soon get the clock back to normal. The luncheon hour is thus reached speedily. But do not be satisfied with this. Keep your foot on the gas, push the old hand around, remarking ever and anon: "How time flies"—or some other roguish wheeze.

I have found it quite profitable to fill in the various interims with bits of useful labor. Set your guests to work. There is always some special job—the screens have to be put in or taken out, the dear old storm door can be put out or down, and if all seasonal jobs fail there is always the cellar to clean. What a blessing for the unemployed a cellar is! It is never clear. This gets your guest all dirty so that he has to bathe and change all his clothes before dinner, so that you have him off your hands for that period.

But some guests rebel at manual labor, in which case more light-some diversions have to be invented. The radio is a boon to some. Unfortunately, the programs over Sunday are largely religious, sermons, hymns and so on, which many people go to the country to avoid. Personally, I cannot imagine being saved by any one in Newark, and broadcasting in general repels me. I think there is far too much talking as it is. Perhaps after reading this article you will agree with me.

Families with children can fall back on them as a source of entertainment. My own offspring give a play called "The Gum Drop Tree." It is the most tedious thing, except "Back to Methuselah," that I ever sat through. The ambition of my life is to have Shaw see it and watch him writhe. It is in five acts, and three years seem to elapse between two acts. Most of the time is spent fixing the scenery, the dialogue only taking about two minutes, but by the time it is over all guests, male or female, are reduced to a state of coma.

Another amusing way of passing an hour or two is to take fairy photographs. Placing a guest in the best light obtainable, you take a time exposure of him. Three seconds is enough—too much, in fact, for the average face. After his departure you snap the milkman or the colored laundress on the same film. This when developed shows clearly a second shadowy personage beside your friend who may be assured very readily to be some one near and dear to him, a father or a sister, perhaps, who has passed into the great beyond.

Magic lantern shows, guessing games, riddles, reading aloud, telling dreams—these are all good and produce sleepiness at an early hour.

But for evening use the old-fashioned drinking games are best. To this end I always start dinner with two of my own famous cocktails, the Westchester Infirmary. The symptoms are delight followed by dizziness and profound lethargy. You may have to carry your guests to bed, but it's worth it!

And next to this joy, as Mr. Hogarth suggests in his quaint decoration, is that transcendent ecstasy of all, their departure! Then e'en though the torrents of heaven descend, the sunshine of the heart is shining.

ly, will come the reign of the Spirit. Humanity will know the true light and the beauty ineffable. All men will become temples of the Spirit, and peace will flourish in this vale of tears."

The little Samuel, standing erect beside his grandfather, trembled with excitement.

"When will this be? Will it be soon? Must we wait long for it?"

His delicate head, with its feminine features, rested on the old man's shoulder, and the two looked into the depths of each other's souls. They two, they alone, understood the promise of the happiness which was to vivify the earth.

"Child," said the old man, caressing that charming head, "we shall not see these things."

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WEST VIRGINIA TREASON TRIAL

(Continued from page one)

John T. Porterfield, the prosecuting attorney of Jefferson County, supplied the third. Because of the fact that most of the indictments had been returned in Logan County, whence they were transferred to Jefferson County on demands for a change of venue, the prosecution was placed in charge of John Chafin, the Logan prosecutor, and a cousin of the sheriff, regarded by the union miners as their arch-enemy. Originally the name of Mr. Porterfield appeared, along with two of the coal operators' attorneys as three other barristers, as assisting in the prosecution. But at the opening of the first day's court proceedings Mr. Porterfield arose and announced that he would take no active part. He did not go into details, but his friends did. They said that he "didn't think much of the case against the miners," and that therefore he had elected to wash his hands of the entire matter.

It would appear that Charleston had made up its mind on the subject of treason and what constitutes it, and also on the guilt or innocence of the defendants.

Viewed in almost any of its variety of aspects, the miners' trials, or rather trial—that of Blizzard now going on is regarded as a test case both for the treason indictments involving twenty-two of his fellow defendants and the indictments charging murder, conspiracy and numerous other crimes against 700 more of the miners alleged to have taken part in the march—is one of the most important ever held in the United States.

First, the fact that it is for treason—"the crime of the highest dignity," according to Judge John Mitchell Woods, who is presiding—leads to it an atmosphere of romantic interest which no other charge could have done. This is further enhanced by the fact that the attorneys for both sides are delving deep into the dusty tomes of the world's most famous treason cases, prominent among them the trials of Aaron Burr and John Brown, in order to strengthen or weaken the various legal points as they arise.

Second, the trial brings to a culmination the virtual civil war which has been waged for years in the non-union mining districts of West Virginia, the operators, through their control of the governmental machinery of the region, fighting to keep out unionism, and the union miners, through their powerful organization, the United Mine Workers of America, struggling to carry it in.

Third, the miners' cases come before the public at a time when their organization is engaged in a national coal strike. Aside from the fact that this is regarded in many quarters as a post-war test of strength between organized capital and organized labor, one of the main reasons given as responsible for bringing it about was that in refusing to meet the union miners for a new agreement, although violating the old contract in so doing, the operators of important portions of the central competitive field—comprising Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and western Pennsylvania—declared they could no longer remain on a union basis and complete successfully with the non-union mines of West Virginia. One charge raised by the West Virginia operators has been that the union miners have been aided by the operators of the central competitive field in the efforts made to unionize the region. The importance of West Virginia in the national coal situation will thus be seen at a glance.

Fourth—and this is the most important to the American public—the defense is counting on the trial to show the extent to which the comparatively small group of men comprising the coal operators of West Virginia actually own the government of the state in the non-union mining districts, and, regardless of what their motives may be, the extent to which they have subverted that government to their own uses.

Here lies the crux of the situation and the chief foundation of the defense.

"Treason," said Judge Woods, in ruling on a point early in the trial, "is an offense that differs from all other offenses in that it is an offense against the sovereignty of the state itself. . . . Every violent opposition to the execution of the laws of the state, every resistance by force and violence to the officers of the state in the performance of their duties, is treason. To constitute levying war against the state the purpose of the war, the intent of the violence that is offered against the officers of the law in the performance of their duties, must have a treasonable design. It must be a design against the sovereignty of the state. . . . That were not so every riot, every insurrection, every resistance to an officer, would constitute treason."

The definition of treason given by the constitution of West Virginia is almost word for word that of the Constitution of the United States.

"Treason against the state," it reads, "shall consist only in levying war against it, or in adhering to its enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

It is pointed out by the defense attorneys that the paragraph says nothing about levying war on a governmental system where the public officials of a section of the state are paid their salaries from the pockets of the private individuals in possession of that system, which the operators themselves have admitted in sworn official testimony.

Defense counsel, therefore, are most heartily in accord with the sentiments of Patrick Henry quoted as the title for this article, and on the thoroughness with which they bring the necessary details to the attention of the jury will depend largely the outcome of the case of the State of West Virginia versus William Blizzard et al.

(The second and concluding installment of this article on the Charleston trials, going more into detail as to the evidence presented and conditions in the non-union mining districts, will be published in a subsequent issue of the Sunday Tribune.)