

Appeal to Reason

Fred D. Warren

Girard, Kansas, U. S. A., March 15, 1913

"Everybody's doing it." Driving the tack in Harry Bone's head. See circulation report on last page for particulars.

Reasons for Appeal's Existence

SOME weeks ago I mailed a copy of the APPEAL to every rural mail carrier in the United States. Here is one letter, out of several thousand received, that will show you how fruitful was this work, and it will also prove the need of more of it.

Sample copy received. Just add me on for four years at per year offer. Have always voted the republican ticket. I can use the need of hunting up a new standard. There are hundreds of thousands in the same condition.

For obvious reasons I do not print the former republican name. There are about seven million republicans in the United States, most of whom, like this mail carrier, are thoroughly disgusted with things as they are.

THE most noticeable thing about Christian charity is its scarcity. You have to keep hammering at them to pound chaotic conditions into proper shape.

A Few Taxes

THE national government taxes the people hundreds of millions annually to squander on armies and navies and political pets, but not a dollar to bring the people peace, plenty and pleasure, or any benefit whatever.

THEY who fear the "slavery of Socialism" mean rather the service that Socialism will make them perform in exchange for a living.

THE issue in Mexico seems to be whether the toilers there shall remain peons, kept down by military dictatorship, or become wage slaves dominated by American capitalists and state cossaks.

THE TRUTH WILL FLOAT FARTHER ON THE HISSES OF A MOB THAN THE MOST ELOQUENT LIPS CAN CARRY IT.

Wall Street Murdered Madero

THE APPEAL charges criminal interests of New York with aiding and abetting the return of the Diaz regime to Mexico.

THE charges confirmed. The New York World of March 17th prints a story in the effect that Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, the American representative at Mexico, was in the plot for the overthrow of Madero.

THE red light and silk stocking localities have no use for Socialism. They believe it would end incentive and destroy the home.

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TURNER DEPORTED

Former Secretary of State Knox is out in a statement that John Kenneth Turner has been EXPELLED from Mexico by the Huerta military government as an undesirable foreigner.

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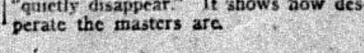
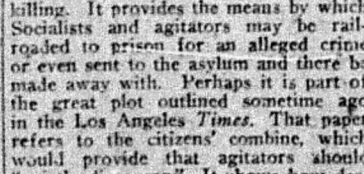
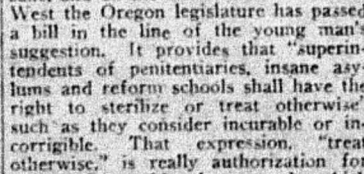
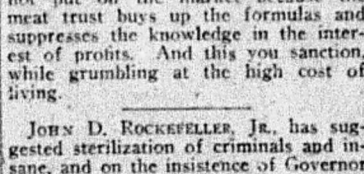
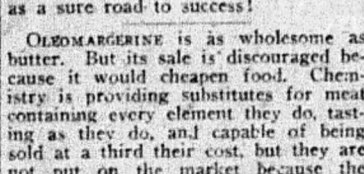
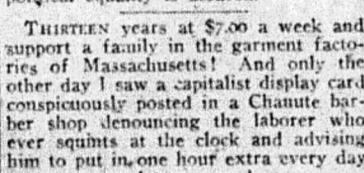
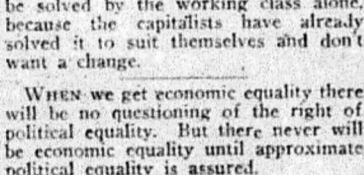
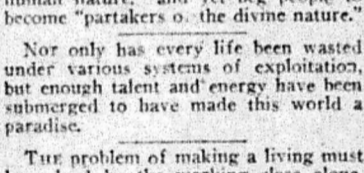
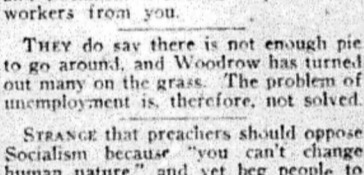
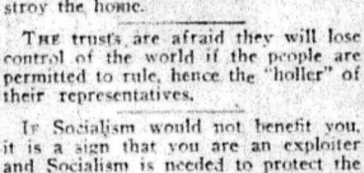
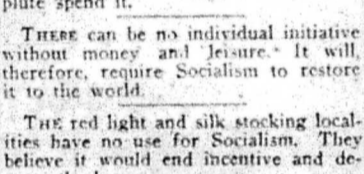
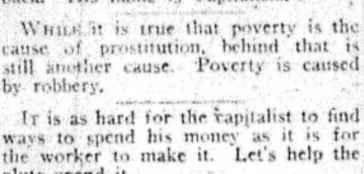
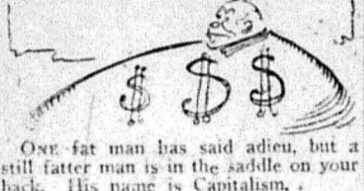
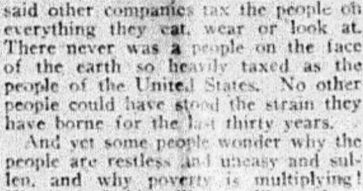
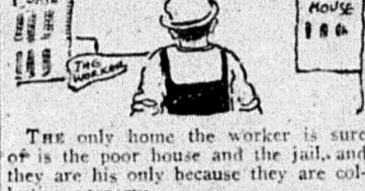
Ten Copies Free

A hundred thousand copies of Warren's pamphlet, "22,000 Per Year and a Six-Hour Day," are already in circulation and the second hundred thousand is swiftly following it.

Condensed lightning is the proper title for this propaganda pamphlet. It strikes home every time.

For years the writer has been trying to put the argument of Socialism in a few striking figures and facts, so factually and convincingly presented as to put a hardy fellow once and for all.

It is a cracker-jack. There is no getting around it. Put it in the hands of a confirmed anti-Socialist and see him to answer it.



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE... LOW FACTORY PRICES We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE... GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 622 Johnson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

BOOK OF GOLD Free To Agents... "The Book of Gold" is a complete... GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 622 Johnson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

YOUR OWN CLOTHES FREE... "The Book of Gold" is a complete... GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 622 Johnson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

100% PROFIT YOU DOUBLE... "The Book of Gold" is a complete... GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 622 Johnson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

Cooks Better Saves Fuel, Costs Less... "The Book of Gold" is a complete... GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 622 Johnson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

\$8,000-\$10,000 YEARLY... "The Book of Gold" is a complete... GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 622 Johnson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

GET IT Before buying any... "The Book of Gold" is a complete... GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 622 Johnson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

Beacon FREE Burner... "The Book of Gold" is a complete... GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 622 Johnson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

Leaky Rubber Goods... "The Book of Gold" is a complete... GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 622 Johnson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS-150% PROFIT... "The Book of Gold" is a complete... GREAT CENTRAL TAILORING CO., Dept. 622 Johnson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

Socialists Get in Their Work... Socialism is the only system... The Socialists are the only party...

Subscription Lecture Bureau... The following poem written about "Our Worker" is a fitting tribute...

Tribute to Walker... The following poem written about "Our Worker" is a fitting tribute...

Brewer in Nebraska... Sunday, February 24th, Comrade Brewer... The following poem written about "Our Worker" is a fitting tribute...

Word from Wilson... Burlington, Kan., March 3, 1913... The following poem written about "Our Worker" is a fitting tribute...

Work of Co-operation... Kansas City, Mo., is to engage in the... The following poem written about "Our Worker" is a fitting tribute...

Warrens' Tour... As previously announced Fred D. Warren... The following poem written about "Our Worker" is a fitting tribute...

An Endless Chain... Here's a plan adopted by Comrade C. E. Jones... The following poem written about "Our Worker" is a fitting tribute...

News of the Movement... Socialists of Topeka, Kan., have nominated... The following poem written about "Our Worker" is a fitting tribute...

Socialists of Lenawee county, Michigan... protesting against an injustice perpetrated... The following poem written about "Our Worker" is a fitting tribute...

The Recall of Cannon... I played the role of congressman... The following poem written about "Our Worker" is a fitting tribute...

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This Comrade Piano To You Freight Prepaid 30 Days Trial... You are here given the unusual...

03 a Day... You are here given the unusual...

DO YOU WANT MONEY?... LISTEN! \$3 to \$30 a day...

STUDY SOCIALISM... Until you have done this you cannot work for it...

SOAP AGENTS... Your Vegetable Soap...

MAKE MONEY FAST IN THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS... MY FREE BOOK SHOWS YOU HOW TO WIN...

AGENTS! DRUG DEALER... THE 20TH CENTURY WONDER AGENTS!

SPECIAL A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL... Introduce to you...

Why Incubator Chicks Die... The book entitled "The History of White Diarrhoea, or Why Incubator Chicks Die"...

Guaranteed 5 Years... 44 Love's Own...

Three Dollars
will pay for three copies of the APPEAL TO REASON...

Woman's Degradation

There is no denying the fact that woman's economic dependence is largely responsible for her social degradation...

We refuse to be muzzled. The battle in which we are engaged has reached a point where the enemy find it necessary to fight us with the foulest kind of means...

Cardinal Gibbons who is the prime ecclesiastical favorite of such multi-millionaires as Morgan, Hill and Thomas Fortune Ryan, recently issued an address on "equal rights" in which he took a position entirely in consonance with his high priestly function...

When it comes to "reverence," that is largely a figure of speech in the mouth of a pietist to gloss over a cruel fact. To keep a woman in industrial slavery and then talk to her about "reverence" is rank hypocrisy and unadulterated rot.

The working women and working men have no reason to follow the political advice of Cardinal Gibbons and other high priests of capitalism who are the spiritual mumpsteers of the moneybags...

Tactics of Desperation. The politicians of the democratic, republican and progressive stripe in Kansas, the democrats predominating, are making a concerted attempt to disfranchise the Socialists of this state...

The Reason. The Coming Nation has been deluged with complaints about the tardy arrival of the "Call of the Carpenter" books...

It is only necessary to state that in the election just fall the Socialists of Crawford county, Kansas, in which the APPEAL is located, carried the county...

It pays to hire out to the capitalist class to kill Socialism. A whole raft of saviors are on the job. They consist of preachers, professors, lecturers, editors, patriots, publicists, etc.

We have seen some of this gentry on the platform and their self-sufficiency and assumed wisdom make their antics truly amusing to those who are clear-eyed enough to penetrate their cheap disguise...

Gratiotino described the breed perfectly: They are a sort of men, whose vices, by cream and mantle, like a statue's pond, with purpose to be drawn in an opinion of wisdom, gravity, profundity, etc.

But these fake teachers, these false guides are being rapidly supplanted by camivers, agitators, orators, and orators. The last days measure, boasting and shoddy everywhere...

But the proletarian spirit of revolt is not dead in Mexico. It will continue to spread among the landless peasants and the peons and one of these days they will rise in their might and drive the royal butchers from their borders...

When the mountain would not go to Mohammed, Mohammed went to the mountain. The Pujio committee of congress investigating the money trust wanted William Rockefeller's testimony...

It is a matter which concerns the whole nation. To be sure it is a local issue and as such we appreciate the vital nature of it, but it is more than a local issue...

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Our Special Offers

The following is a list of our premiums to Army workers and sub getters. APPEAL sub cards referred to in this list sell at 25 cents each and are good for 40 weeks.

- ONE DOLLAR will pay for a year's sub to the APPEAL and entitle you to a free copy of "Deeds, Writings and Speeches" of C. L. ...

- TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF will pay for ten sub or sub cards good for forty weeks each and entitle you to ten free copies of Warren's wonderful propaganda pamphlet, "42,000 Per Year and a Six Hour Day"...

SOME DEFINITIONS. The supreme court is a lot of corporation lawyers, someone else hires and you pay to decide the case against you and for the plutes.

Harvester Trust. This is the monopoly that has for years been the "farmers' friend." It has milked them in and out of season and is today the power that confronts them and compels them to deliver at every turn of the wheel.

Exit, Wickersham. George W. Wickersham will be remembered, if at all, for being the most degenerate corporation lawyer that ever denied public office.

Saturated with Fraud. The whole capitalist system is saturated with fraud and honeycombed with corruption. As long as an 1866, James Anthony Froude, the newly appointed rector of the university of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Scotland, said in his inaugural address:

Watch the little joker if you can in capital's "thimble-rigging game": now you see it and now you don't; Roosevelt and the mock progressives are going to ameliorate all public ills through "publicity," yet Roosevelt first applied the term "muck rakers" to all who attempted to expose the game...

WEST VIRGINIA OUTRAGES

The state of West Virginia under the autocratic sway of the mine owners has become a veritable convict colony. Law and order, the vaunted ideal of capitalism, have been supplanted by dictatorship and martial law.

The latest development in this warfare is the shameful arrest of Mother Jones, now almost eighty years of age, whose whole life is one continuous at- test of her sympathy with and devotion to the suffering and heavy-laden. Without a shadow of justification this atrocious outrage has been perpetrated upon this grand old woman by the heartless tyrants of capitalism who have stolen their way into power and rule with savage fury in the state of West Virginia.

The arrest of Mother Jones and her comrades will but hasten the end of the savage misrule of the monsters of greed who are intent upon starving the miners who have been buried alive and blown to atoms by thousands to fill their coffers with gold.

The federal bureau of corporations has after an investigation covering a long period of time, prepared a report on the harvester trust to be submitted to the president which "points out that the International Harvester company, organized in 1902, brought under one control through J. P. Morgan & Co., as underwriters, five great concerns manufacturing harvesting machinery, and tractors, the McCormick, Deering, Plano, Champion, and Milwaukee companies.

It was also Wickersham, the Wall street lawyer, and fugitive the office which during his term was a legal house of assignation.

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Prostitution has reached its highest development under the system of modern capitalism. Society is beginning to stand aghast. A thousand remedies, and all futile, are being applied.

charge of investigations instituted by the federal department of justice with the view of enforcing more strictly the Mann or white slave law, reports: In our investigations we have found that the unreasonably low salaries paid to the department store girls furnish a powerful motive for their resort to prostitution...

THE DEMOCRATS, OH, YES! The democratic party is not one whit different from the republican party, so far as capitalism is concerned. The democrats, like the republicans, stand for the capitalist class and against the workers...

Everybody's doing it. Doing what? Taking a rap at the tack in the top of Harry Bone's head. Harry says as a close friend in Topeka reports, that a democratic administration is to renege on him at his post as United States district attorney for Kansas until he has settled the APPEAL cases. I do not know how true this may be, but observers of federal courts and the practices thereof tell me that no wise district attorney would have secured indictments against Debs, Sheppard and myself on such a flimsy charge after an election at which his party had been repudiated so overwhelmingly.

While the man who digs the coal has to shelter his family in tents on the bleak mountain side in winter, the man who owns the mine and owns the mine can afford before the fire and enjoy not spiritual—but very material comfort.

THE STORY SECTION. We present our readers with an eight-page story section this week. I am quite sure this will be appreciated by the younger members of the household and the young folks of the community.

Just to show you the efficiency of the new mailing system I will tell you what happened to John E. Glavin's paper, "The Citizen" of Oakland, Cal. I have before me a card from him dated February 24th. This is February 28th. On February 10th he sent us a four-year subscription to the APPEAL. It was received, the name placed on our list, the paper sent to him and a reply received calling our attention to a minor error in the address, all within a space of eighteen days. The average time required to send a letter to California and get a reply is eight days. The two return trips required for the above transaction occupied sixteen days—that allows two days for entering the name and mailing the paper!

The people themselves realize how dangerous it is to publish the truth under capitalism. A hundred thousand dollars raised by the real estate men alone in Los Angeles to counteract the truths inadvertently published by the papers of southern California respecting damages by recent frosts to the citrus fruits; a "citizen's protest league" just organized in Denver to counteract admissions of the horrible social conditions now existing there by the press of that city. Beautiful system that lives and thrives only on humbugging its votaries respecting conditions they must face or actually bring upon themselves!

Legal Department. At a Social meeting which I attended last week in Kansas City, I met a number of the APPEAL law students. They are fine people, and are very enthusiastic about the progress of the work in other cities. Naturally you will understand that I have not had an opportunity of seeing many of the students. They are widely scattered, but I think it was a pleasure to meet these splendid fellows, and I was sorry not to have had more time with them. I thought what a fine thing it would be if every town and village in the country could have the same number of Socialists with the same determination properly to return to go into court and represent their class.



Taking a Rap at the Tack. Yesterday I went up town to the justice yard to buy about 20 or 30 cents of 24 pound to make a new buck, but found no one there to wait on me. I went home and found a letter from Harry Bone in the mailbox that answered the purpose. Here I have the copy for which please send me fifty copies of the special edition of the APPEAL, one new-buck and a rap of the tack in the Bone head, all for twenty-five cents, a good investment.—Norman Hasting, Glenwood, Minn.

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A PHOTO OF MOTHER JONES. The March International Socialist Review has a stiff card bound cover made into a photograph of Mother Jones in the tent of one of the striking West Virginia miners...

'BARBAROUS MEXICO' BY JOHN KENNETH TURNER. The book that started the revolution that expelled Porfirio Diaz. The one book that tells the whole truth about the slavery that still exists in Mexico and will cause the revolution...

Someone asks what we would do in case the capitalists should leave the country. We would rather they would steal away than to remain and steal the country.

Appeal to Reason

STORY SECTION

No. 902

GIRARD, KANSAS, MARCH 15, 1913

THE OUTCAST

By Nancy Musselman Schoonmaker, Author of "Mila Whendie," "The Eternal Fires," etc., etc.

SIX days in the week, from seven till five, with an hour off for lunch, Cora Liebler sat perched on a stool before a long table and slapped a sticky brush to and fro across the labels which were heaped in a great pile before her. When she had smeared them thoroughly with woman on her right who, with a deft little turn of the wrist, would them around the cans.

Similar pairs of workers, to the number of twenty-two, faced the table. Mathematically considered, it is surprising how much of such work a few human beings can accomplish in a day. It is surprising too how high the count runs when that same labor is translated into the necessities of life, such, for instance, as the giant puffs and pompadours which decorated the heads of the twenty-three workers who sat up and down from Cora Liebler. So too the bows at their throats, red or green or purple or red. Reckoned in either hours or labels, the cost of these items alone spread out into those columns which only the very rich are supposed to make use of. But perhaps hours and labels are as real a medium of exchange as is gold and silver. Which might prove that these young ladies did, after all, belong to that class the cost of whose haberdashery is thought to be of interest to the general public.

The work upon which these young women were engaged was, too, apparently, something that required no little concentration. For at the table none looked up or spoke. If there was aught in the world besides that long table, those glossy red labels and the shining, freshly-diced cans of vegetables, you would not have guessed it from a glance at those girls. Surely a machine could not have worked more mechanically. But perhaps you have not seen women working under the threat of the machine.

It is, however, even under these circumstances, difficult to confine the life of sense and soul to those methodical movements of the hand and arm. After eight hours on such a stool, it is not easy to ignore the signal that, in another hour, you will be free. When the fireman was heard shoveling the coals from beneath the cauldron, it meant that the last cooking was done, that in another hour the last stack of cans for the day would be filled and sealed, set by to cool for the labeling girls tomorrow. It meant that, in another hour, the spell would be lifted, that these automata, before the table, would become human beings and would go off upon their

own varied interests with as much enthusiasm as they had left after a day of sticking labels.

But mercifully enough, there is that within us which forever seeks to keep life sweet. Into the eyes of more than one of the girls, there now flashed a sudden glow of interest. They straightened themselves

up under the smooth, flat folds of her hair. For a whole minute she sat motionless. Then, courage winning over fear, she swiftly folded the torn fragments together and shoved them into her bosom. To feel at the moment a hand laid heavily upon her arm.

"What you hiding?"

"She did not need to look up. She did not need to listen further. She knew the hand. She knew the voice. There was a moment of paralyzed, silent agony. Slowly her hand went to her bosom again; slowly the little folded papers were drawn out.

When the overseer had counted them, his stubby dark fingers going through them slowly, with an effort, he took a notebook from his pocket.

"Name?" he questioned.

In a dull voice she answered, "I was going to report 'em as I went out," she added. "Looks like it, hidin' 'em." And as he wrote, "Guess a machine would be cheaper for this work. I guess so."

With an assumed air of resignation, he passed on, dropping the torn labels at the girl's feet.

The Melville Canning company had saved two cents. Torn labels were charged to the girls at a little above cost price. That was because the ideal of the machine was held to.

But it was not the two cents that Cora Liebler was thinking as she stared down at the bright, glossy scraps. Nor of the threatened machine. Indeed, her thoughts must have gone very far afield, for a soft little smile crept gently over her lips, an expression so unlike that which the burden of penitence demanded as instantly to fall down upon her head the rage of the twenty-three who might also have to pay for her carelessness. And in some subtle way, without glancing up, Cora Liebler knew that the sneering, scornful eyes of every girl at the table were upon her. Trying not to hear, she yet caught the whisper which was hissed out at her from that one nearest her, the dreadfully beautiful, hard-lipped Isabel.

"You simpering!"

As a lash, the word bit the blood from the victim's cheek. A savage, violent impulse rose in her. But she remembered in time. She bowed her head a little lower and did not speak. Blindly her hand went out for her brush, for the heap of fresh labels. Isabel drew her stool a little farther away and was careful not to let her fingers touch those of her neighbor as the labels passed between them. Till the whistle blew,



It was as though she looked upon them for the first time

and sent their hands back and forth a little more swiftly. But it is his enthusiasm even more than in his listlessness that man varies from the type of the machine. It was because she drove her brush a little too eagerly into the pot and swatted it a little too hard across the label which wag within a few hundred of the last that Cora Liebler came to grief. There was a sharp ripping sound, and a good ten labels were torn full across the middle. The girl gave a little gasp and glanced swiftly over her shoulder. Then her eyes dropped again and a crimson hood swept over her face,

APPEAL TO REASON—STORY SECTION

The slap of the brushes, the thump of the cans were the only sounds that rose from the table.

When the other girls had swung themselves down from their stools, Cora Lichler lingered on a moment in her place. She waited till they had reached the door and were crowding out into the hall. Then she slid down. Her quick little dip to the floor was seen by no one. Now she could hurry. On the dark stairway, she kept well apart from the other workers. When they had reached the street, she skirted the group and ran on eagerly, swiftly.

It was a long way to where Cora Lichler lived, a good hour's walk across the city. And she was a little late already. More than once, as she sped along, she glanced hungrily up at the cars that passed her, but she turned her eyes away from them and drove her little feet on more swiftly. Her face was flushed with hurrying when she came at last into a neighborhood not unlike that in which the factory stood, perhaps a little dingier, a little darker, a little more crowded. But Cora was not thinking of that. She made her way in through one of the narrow doorways and up the steps, feeling along the railing to guide herself around the turns. Near the top of the second flight, she passed a moment to make sure of the sound. A quick little laugh broke from her.

"Coming, coming, little Annette!" she chirped softly. "Cora is coming."

The door opened upon a very old woman who sat crouching over a baby which she held loosely in her bare, broken arms. Unconsciously, naturally, the old woman rose and fell, the baby herself half charmed by it. The baby peered up at the little cry dropped into a sleepy haze. The soft turn of the head did not rouse them, and Cora Lichler stood a long moment without speaking, looking down from them. And something in her mood or in the position of the two showed them to her in a strange new light. It was as though she looked upon them for the first time, as though, in a moment, all life had spread out before her. A shudder went over her. Surely the creature in that old face, the knots in those old fingers had been more than a relative to the mother. She would her own face come in time to be so wrinkled and gnarled. And that of her baby? Ah, pray God the child would have no such journey. They had it would not live so long!

Softly, she slipped across the room and knelt down by the woman. Lifting the child, she gently lifted the woman's arms away and, holding her own in beneath the baby, carried it over to another chair beside the window. Hushed by the little movement, the child began to cry. Eagerly now the mother sprang from her haunches, the feet and spread the steady work out over the baby's gown. The cry stopped instantly. The two long hands plunged out eagerly, as if to touch the brightest spot. The little fingers and across the glossy surface, stretched more gently and bore the paper up to the nose, soft lips. A gurgle of laughter escaped in the young mother's throat. Watching the little hands in her own, she crossed them till there was a small red spot on each of faces.

"Annette, my little Annette, my baby!" A low, sweet, languent murmur from that mouth, from the day and the morrow was that Lichler as she played there with her baby. Gladly she caught it up to her breast, then held it off and looked a long time into its face. Softly she let her hand rest over its cheek and into the little mother's arms beneath its chin. Still, as though of wood she sat when she saw eyes coming to the younger eyes.

She laid the child gently in upon the bed and came back to the table where the old woman sat. And then she must know, in a detail of the day. Had the baby a cold? Had she taken her milk, and the milk been sweet? Had the window been opened during the day, or the door at the hospital and what it should be? Unconsciously the old woman gave the answers. And then silence fell between the two, stretching on wearily until at last old Cora shuffled off to bed and left the girl a step in the darkness.

stiffness. From the street below, mingled voices floated up, the living hum of human companionship, of men and women and children, as they touched one another and drifted on. They were young girls as she, many of them, and yet how awfully apart from them she felt. Their words and their laughter that came so readily to their lips echoed up to her as from some other planet. Incredibly far behind her lay those days when she too, of them in the neighborhood of the factory, had been gay and light of heart, with friends and a lover whose voice were loud.

And now there was left in the world for her only her baby. With its coming she had crept off into this dismal street and hid herself here in an attic with old Mart, a woman who had lived too long and too hard to care whether calls her loved. And the girl had fought on as only such women do, keeping hunger and cold and weariness from her baby. For the narrowing of life's channel had only served to deepen it, and all the passion and energy which before had been used upon original and love was now poured out upon her child. Her material had served in her the agonizing hours of a mercenary task, but her baby—that was a thing apart. "What does she need her baby?" And it was because that for the child's sake, he had that, when Cora was trying to and work everywhere else, she had at last turned back to the old factory where she was known. She had saved the old, familiar glasses of the man who had nursed her and who knew she had depended the names of the girls who had once been her friends and her lover's friends. Now was how draw long and looked past her. But her baby had had its first.

Thinking again of all this, Cora looked at the old woman of whom she had heard with the child, who now sat motionless by her way down to the bed. And as she knelt beside it, there came over her the sudden, sudden certainty that the girl had been lying up at her there in the factory. A little lower she bent her head. A little more gently she laid her hand together. Then she made the girl lie on her side, the spine to the wall, looking, whether as there was face the youngster's, she laid off her dress and swept it from her baby.

It was toward dawn that she was roused by the heavy breathing of the child. She got up in the darkness, chilled by a sudden

sense of foreboding, afraid the first breaths to reach her would be the last.

When at last she bent over and touched the baby, she found it burning with fever. Knowing only enough to love and womanly compassion, the young mother ran to the door and called out Mart. Her own was not easily moved. The girl had to lay her hand on the door and shake and shake in time before the old woman could be brought back to consciousness. And then, when she was long time before she could stand, what was wanted of her. A long, long day passed and night and with the night came dawn.

"The baby is sick. The baby is sick," she wailed to come and see.

Thinking painfully of the old woman, and Mart was at her feet as for Mart the girl lay. She crept back to the baby, only to find her hand sticky with sweat. Then she laid her

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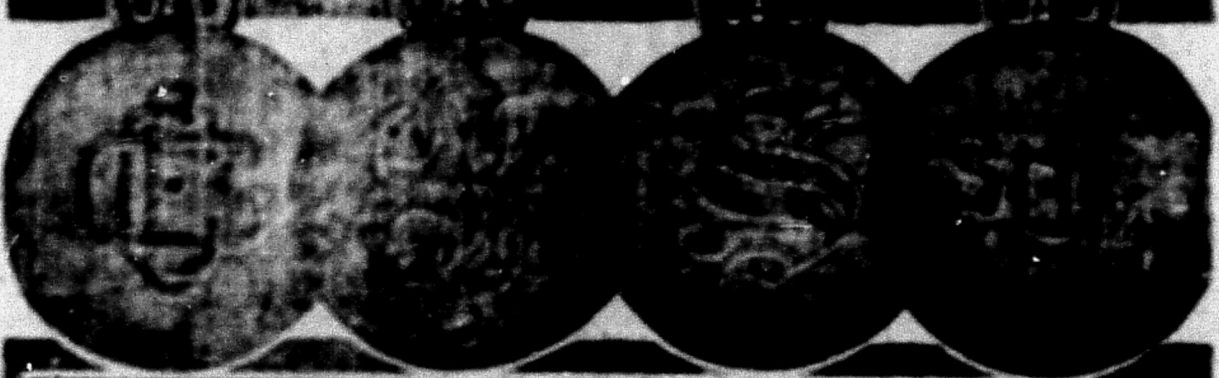
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APPEAL TO REASON—STORY SECTION

E L S I E

By Uno Testigo

LITTLE good could be said of the man at the Mission Ranch—nobody said even that. His name was Diehlman, but everybody called him "Devilman"—"Old Devilman." The fact that he spoke German, rode German cavalry fashion, that he had an ugly scar across his face, and was isolated in the American desert, prompted, if it did not justify, the conclusion that he was a fugitive from German justice. But nobody cared as to that. The man had been sent down by a big Eastern ranch outfit that was beginning to dominate things, and promptly, on his taking possession of the Mission House, he himself cut down the towering cross that stood over it and himself chopped it up for firewood.

With "Old Devilman" came a girl of about sixteen—Elsie—tall, slender, brown of hair and eyes, sweet-faced, on the glittering edge of womanhood. Elsie was assumed to be Diehlman's daughter. To others she always spoke of him as Herr Diehlman. How she addressed him alone none knew. Diehlman always treated her with respect and almost deference. Also came with Devilman, a boy—Ann—just a boy. Western born and bred—rough, commonplace, picked up somehow somewhere. Then there was a China cook—just as China cooks always are. And, withal, Jack Freeman, range rider. Freeman was one of the best of his class, dark, lithe, strong, dominating. Half in apology, and half in concession, he explained to others of his kind—

"I don't know anything about Diehlman, and I don't want to know any more than I do. I am here to handle cattle. I have a good horse—food—room—and I get my pay. That's enough."

Some one asked, "But the girl—who is she?"

"I don't know and won't ask. And, more, it doesn't concern me—nor you, friend."

There was a suggestive glance in the low-voiced reply that banned and barred further inquiry.

From the little information vouchsafed outsiders it was disclosed that Freeman was sent to Devilman as an especially safe man, and that the boy and girl were already with him when Jack joined them. The boy said, that, when he was turned over to Devilman, the girl was already with Devilman.

The latch-string of the Mission Ranch House was never out—a common-law of force. "Devilman" was always at home, except when he went to the station and drank himself into a condition of violent abusiveness of everybody and everything—horses, dogs, cattle and the elusive China cook. But Jack Freeman—orderly, dispassionate—conveyed a warning to the ranch master that a dead-line lay between them.

Days, weeks, came and went, when one day Devilman came back from the station more than ever before frenzied with drink. The horse he rode dropped at the gate from exhaustion. In a fit of rage, he drew his revolver, and emptied it into the animal. Jack, hearing the shots, hurried out. Devilman snatched the empty revolver at him; but Jack snatched it from him, and tossed it into a matted mass of prickly pear and candelaria, where for the moment, it was inaccessible. Devilman raged, but Jack said nothing to him. When he looked at the dying horse, his lips compressed, and

his face went hard. He watched Devilman out of the corner of his eye, alertly, but furtively, as he stumbled into the house. There were other forty-five and a Winchester or two in the house. But Devilman went in, threw himself on his bed, and quickly slept. Elsie observed him, and cautiously closed the door of his room. Jack had the dead horse removed down the arroyo, and the ever-waiting vultures soon were busy with the carcass.

Elsie sat at the dining-room table when later Jack went into the house, her arms on the table, and her face buried in them. He went softly to her side, thinking she slept. As he stood, hesitating, towering dark, commanding, above her, a look of fierce compassion on his luminous face, a sob shook the slight figure of the girl, and he knew that she did not sleep.

Jack had never been so near to Elsie before. He had never analyzed his feelings

revolver out of the prickly pear, laid it on the door-step, and, much distraught, went about his duties.

At supper time, Elsie had recovered her composure, and unusual care was manifested in her dress and coiffure. She ate alone at the table where she and Diehlman always ate, separate from the rest. But she sat tonight so that she might see and be seen. Jack watched her—cautiously, reverentially.

"Poor kid! what is to become of her?" he asked himself over and over again.

That night, Elsie sat on the porch in the moon light, and talked with Jack, while Devilman slept on. When the clock struck nine, she took a candle, and went to her room, calling back—the first time she ever had done so—

"Good night, Jack."

It was part of Ann's duty to sleep at the door of Diehlman's room, to serve him in the night if the ranch master required anything.

Jack lay in the hammock on the porch a long time that night. Sudden noises about Elsie awakened him. Unconsciously he had become her protector, and her as unconsciously she had accepted his protection. It was the light of their singularity. It was up to him now to make good, as he thought and Jack was done—was done!—in a series of a shocking and stupor very deep to him—and then a cry escaped him. It was Ann's voice. It had followed, and heard "Two men" cursing the boy, then a blow, a fall, and silence. He hastened into the house. The boy lay on the floor; the half-dressed ranchman scrambling, mumbling, and seeking for the water pitcher. Jack understood at once. The old man had awakened called Ann, who had failed to awaken, and in a rage had arisen and beaten him. The new-headed boy lay motionless where he had fallen. Devilman said no attention to him.

"What's the matter?" asked Jack, chattering water for the man as he did so, and then proceeding to examine the boy, waiting for blood-stains from his twisted leg.

"What's the matter? I'll tell you what's the matter. You muddle up my business—too much, too much. I won't have it. Let that boy alone. If I kill him, it's none of your business."

And, with more of the same sort, he darted toward his door.

The range-rider rose, and stopped in between Devilman and his bedroom door.

"If you ever mistreat that boy again, when I am around, I'll protect him. If I have to kill you, and swing for it, I'll remember. Killing boys and horses don't get where I am."

The speaker's long finger, almost invariably in Devilman's face as the ranch-groving low, crowded past into his own room and closed the door.

Jack proceeded to care for Ann, who was reviving. A door opened, and Elsie stepped cautiously to the side of Jack, withdrawn with terror.

"What's the matter? O Jack! tell me!" And she caught his hand, and clung to him.

The big ranger was embarrassed for a moment. He was not afraid of Devilman—nor of Devilman. But this child woman, with her clinging, appealing ways, was



In another instant the ranger's Winchester was at Diehlman's breast

toward her. Was it that of a man toward a woman, or that of a man toward a child? With a touch of tenderness, he touched the disordered hair, and laid his sun-browned hand on Elsie's head.

"Never mind, little girl," he said. "We must make the best—not the most—of these things. I will help you every way I can." And he stroked her hair.

For a moment the girl's sobs deepened and quickened convulsively; then, suddenly rising, she threw herself against him, clasping him as if she required immediate physical protection. The action was so wildly child-like that the man put his arms about her in a protecting sort of way, and held her close, until her tears ceased. Suddenly, becoming self-conscious, the woman in the girl asserted itself, and, in confusion, she tore herself away, and, blushing like the desert sky at sunrise, she ran into her room, and closed the door, as if she would refrain and punish herself. And all this without a word.

Jack looked after her—confused, dazed, wondering.

"Poor little thing!" he said softly. Then he went out, drew "Devilman's"

plused him. He smiled compassionately as he said evasively—

"Oh, nothing, nothing serious, I guess. Ask fell in the dark, and hurt himself—that's all."

"But I heard you say—"
"Never mind what you heard. Get me a bandage for the boy's head."

And when she brought it, he said, "Good—that will do, and now go back to your bed again, Elsie. I will see to the rest."

Elsie turned to go to her room, looking backward over her shoulder with a troubled smile.

"Good-night, Jack," she said.

"Good-night."

Indian summer in Indian land came and hovered over mountains and mesa. "Devil-man" remained calm, but undemonstrative. He went to town now and then, and always came back much the worse for it. Elsie continued her advances toward Jack—advancing like a child, retreating like a woman. But, back of the calm of the Mission Ranch House, was an impulsive tension—an impending storm. At last the strain severed the restraints. Indian-man came home from town one day, less drunk than usual, but distinctly disturbed and distraught about something. Ask had driven him to town in the spring wagon that day, and he told Jack that Indian-man carried several letters, and that one of them seemed to have affected him very much, and also, much more significant, that Indian-man stopped drinking as soon as he read it.

Indian-man went into his room as long as he had eaten his supper, for it was long after dark when he and Ask returned. Jack sat on the porch and waited. He was not a resolution philosopher. The situation was complicated. Elsie was a problem—half-fing, intangible. Then the dogs at the corral barked—as they had done for several nights. Jack went down and released them, and they plunged into the chaps-pared as if sharp to the heels of something in retreat, and came back, whining, yapping.

Jack shut them up again, and went to his room—with a feeling of apprehension. How long he slept, he never knew, but he was awakened by an appealing cry from Ask and frenzied suggestions from "Devil-man" combined with a sound of blows. Fully clad, even to his shoulder and belt, he hurried to Indian-man's room. Already the "Devil-man" had beaten the low-headed big dog, and was striking his prostrate body.

With a powerful thrust, Jack sent Devil-man reeling backward, half way across the room.

Hissing with fury, Devil-man seized his revolver from the table. Jack saw his arthen, but not in time to stop him. The revolver blazed almost in Jack's face. In another instant, the ranger's air-shooter was at Indian-man's breast.

"Hands up—or I fire!" from Jack.

"In hell with you!" from Devil-man.

"Here!"

"Here!"

Both revolvers until the silence in quick succession.

Indian-man went down with a crash. Jack's left arm fell powerless at his side. Revolver smoking in his hand, he leaped over the man on the floor. He had participated in this sort of thing before, and his grovellingness straddled rather than disturbed his nerve.

The bullet's mark, the rigidity, the pallor, told him all. Indian-man was dead. Jack straightened up, looked about him. There had been no witnesses. Ask still lay unconscious on the floor.

About to thrust his revolver into its holster, he paused as if uncertain what to do. A movement behind him startled him. He whirled, and up went the weapon into Elsie's face.

"Elsie! My God! I had forgotten you!"

"Jack! you have killed him!" And she reeled, about to fall.

Jack caught her as she staggered; her fair hair, disheveled, tossed by the night-wind across his troubled face. Suddenly, as if courage and fortitude were derived from the touch of his garment, the girl lifted her head and questioned. His explained. A terrible calmness had come to both. They looked into each others' eyes—

cool—collected—determined—calculating.

The girl had risen out of her weaker self.

"What shall we do?"

Elsie was first to speak.

Jack noticed that Elsie coupled herself with him in his trepidation, and his heart filled with a new sort of courage.

"I must leave here—at once."

"Then I will go with you." And she turned with the impulse of preparation.

"No! no!" expostulated Jack. "You must not become coupled with me in this—this shooting. They will accuse you—and maybe arrest you."

"But I want to go with you, no matter what happens."

The girl had become a woman now, and she clung to his arm, and the spirit of resistance flashed in her eyes.

Jack took what he needed, or, rather, what he could carry, and he and Elsie rode to town that night. Near the town Jack left her. A solemn, silent good-by to the desert. That was all. But they had definite plans, and without a word they understood each other's feelings. Elsie took a doctor back to the Ranch House, but his mission was useless. Jack was trailed into the mountains that harbor fugitives from justice.

Elsie was permitted to remain at the Mission Ranch, and she was not unwilling to do so. In fact, no alternative presented itself. Another master was sent down to take charge of the ranch.

Meanwhile Jack was hunted. Rewards were posted everywhere. One of them had been tacked to the corral gates at the Mission Ranch. But, one day, unawed, Elsie took it down. Jack it was believed, came back into the neighborhood. A small store at a water-tank station had been held up, and a supply of provisions and ammunition taken. A steer had been killed, and a quarter of it carried away. And, there were other indications of his presence. In fact, the only mystery concerning him was why he should hover about the place where he was most sought for, and most wanted. The girl—Elsie—had not a thought of the fact that she was only a child, in the estimation of those who had seen her.

But comprehension expanded—suddenly, swiftly—in rapid conclusions. It was discovered that, when Elsie was left entirely alone at the ranch house for the day, a long cotton cloth, or "streamer," was tied to the old missing bell post in the ranch house yard. Watch was kept, and it was found that nearly always, when this signal

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was displayed. Jack cautiously approached the house, and that Elsie met him and gave him provisions. At such times, they talked long and earnestly together, but their relations continued much the same as when Jack was an inmate of the ranch house. The watchers saw. This learned, the rest was easy; or, at least, it was believed to be easy.

A trap was laid. Elsie was not left alone for two whole weeks. Then, one bright morning, all but Elsie left the ranch, to be gone until nightfall. As soon as the last one had vanished, the stranger appeared on the hill post. At once the sheriff and half a dozen deputies hidden near by quickly and quietly took possession of the house, and put Elsie under guard.

The roadway to the ranch house ran past the windmill beyond which were masses of mesquite, scrub oak, and cactus. The sheriff and his men took position in a small adobe house near the windmill, whence scrutiny and observation were possible and easy.

The day wore on. Hike sat dumb and stricken, waiting for the inevitable climax. The sun at the windmill beneath the cor-



Backing into the mesquite he vanished

rusted iron roof sweltered in the deadly heat. The sun girded the heavens and dropped behind the purple mountains, when a quick movement and admonition by the looking tened the situation.

"Hut! yonder! to the left of the juniper! there. Now I see his hat! now, again!"

Winchester breech bolts clicked as they sent cartridges into the place.

"Get to your places," directed the sheriff, "and don't see unless I order."

The hunted man moved swifter, crafty and cautious, like a wary hunted animal. He had dismounted, and was leading his horse now. As he stepped into the roadway, a long, piercing scream, and a pistol shot sounded from the house.

Elsie! She had been left alone in her room, and had managed to give warning.

"Throw up your hands!" shouted the sheriff as he opened the door.

Jack was not three hundred feet away.

"Never, by God!" came back, distinct as a clarion note.

"Fire!" shouted the sheriff.

The Winchester cracked and cracked again.

The fugitive was back on his horse now. He turned in his saddle to see if he was pursued, pressed his spurs, but, at the same instant, his horse leaped into the air.

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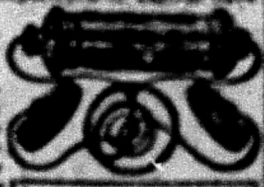
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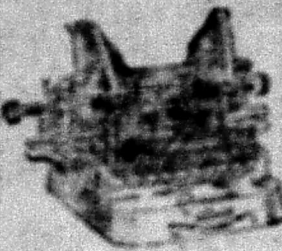
and operate per week. For your best. You will be for information how you can quickly establish yourself in business and increasing business results. Write for details. **Oxyben Co., Dept. 1001, Kansas City, Mo.**



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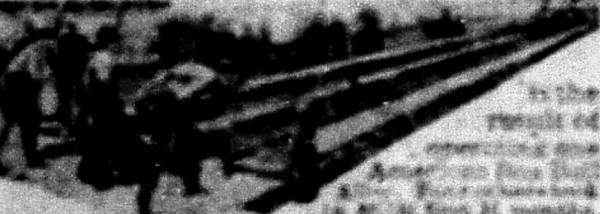
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and fell over on his side. Inevitably himself, the rider springing to his feet, seized the feet of the dying horse, turned him over, drew his Winchester from the saddle-bag, on which the horse had fallen.

The sheriff and his men were slipping down the road, now, cautiously from bush to bush. But the fugitive did not fly, as he might have done. He was conscious of the intention of H. Benson, to kill one or two of his pursuers would not expedite his escape. Alacrity was everything. Backing into the mesquite seriously, alert, ready to fire to save his life, he vanished. When the sheriff reached the dying horse, the man was gone. Darkness was near at hand.

Misguided and chagrined, the sheriff arrested Alice, and took her with him. One day, two weeks later, a man, dark, dour, frayed, emaciated, broken, riding a crippled horse without saddle and with only a halter for a bridle, entered the sheriff's town. They stopped at the water-trough, and both drank long and deeply. The man led the horse, and went on to the sheriff's office and entered.

"Here I am," he said to the official, who eyed him curiously. "Take me, and let the girl alone."

"There was a tithing of pathos, of pleading, in his voice."

"You are Jack Fremont?" the sheriff half-whispered.

"That's what Sheriff, I don't bring any grudge against you."

The official looked at the revolver handed over to him and pushed the extended weapon back.

"My J. D. Jack, I don't want your gun. I don't want you. You are a free man. You're all right. I thought you had heard what has happened."

Jack hesitated and brushed his hand before his wild, wild eyes. Was this some new phantasm of caricature—another third marriage? He caught at the edge of the table.

"I do not quite understand."

"Come with me. You are starving. Come." And he led him away.

It appeared, from the story that the sheriff told Jack that Deedman was, in fact, a fugitive from justice; that he had abducted the girl Ellen, away with him, holding her as a hostage, with the threat that he would kill her if he was followed. That night, when the dogs barked, when Jack saw Deedman at the Mission Station House, was watching the house to discover Deedman's whereabouts, and by chance they saw Deedman fire at Jack, and wound him, break Jack's leg. The customer's jury condemned Jack.

"They intended to 'take the girl back,'" the sheriff concluded.

The broken man drew a deep breath—it might have been a sob—and trembled like an aspen on the mountainside.

"After a treatment."

"What I see her?" he asked pleadingly, "merely."

Jack saw Ellen alone in the little hotel parlor. She had heard that he had come, and knew that he was free; and her face was radiant.

"Your poor Jack!" she exclaimed, as she caught both his hands at once. "Thank God, you have come in time!"

"In time—for what?"

"In time to prevent them taking me away from here and from you."

She wrapped her arms about him, as if she would never let him go.

The broken man trembled as he drew her closer and closer to him, and the tears ran down his weather-beaten haggard face. "What is good to us both. We will never part again."

And they talked and planned for the future and forgot the past.

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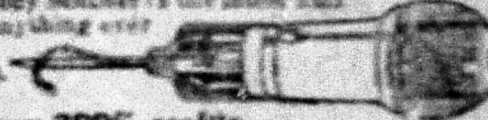
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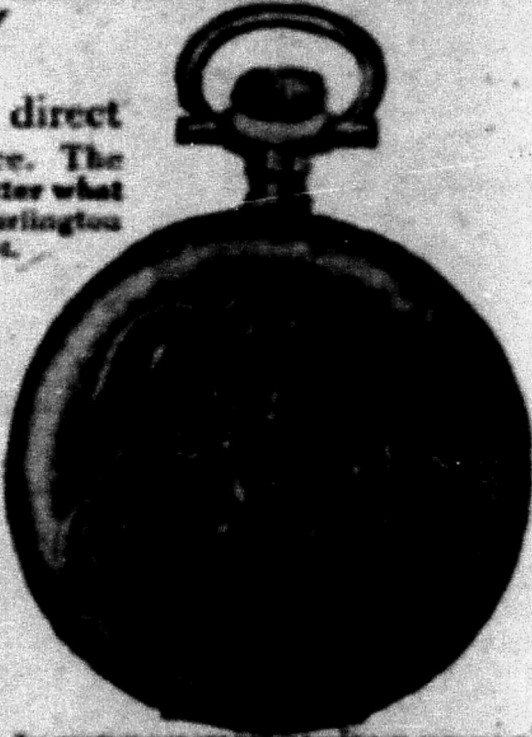
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