

The World's Record

Judicial Edition of the Appeal to Reason
April 27th, 1912

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

SITTING at my desk at the APPEAL office I hear the whirl and roar of the mammoth press. The Judicial edition is racing through it—20,000 copies an hour. “Old Chap,” the veteran pressman, is pitted against his own record.

At the rate of half a million copies every twenty-four hours it will take more than a week to turn out this marvelous edition—the greatest ever issued by any paper, in any nation, since the printing art was born.

“Old Chap” and the boys are standing by the racing, roaring old leviathan to win the wager that “she will make it”—and she does not miss a throb of her swift-beating heart in all the twenty-four hours of the day and night.

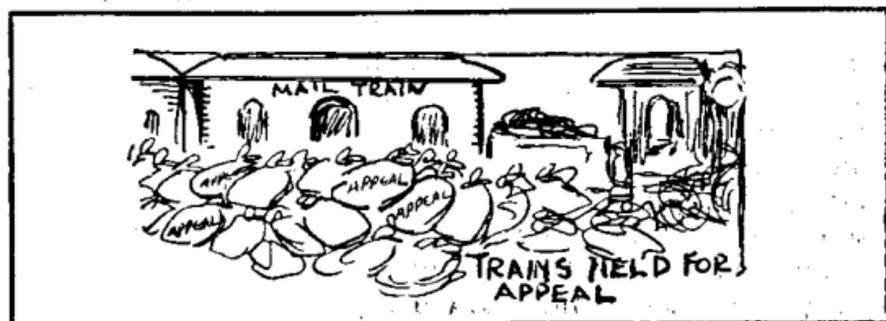
All about the APPEAL today the boys and girls are tense with trial—“drinking in the breath of their own swiftness”—making the record that is to stand against the world.

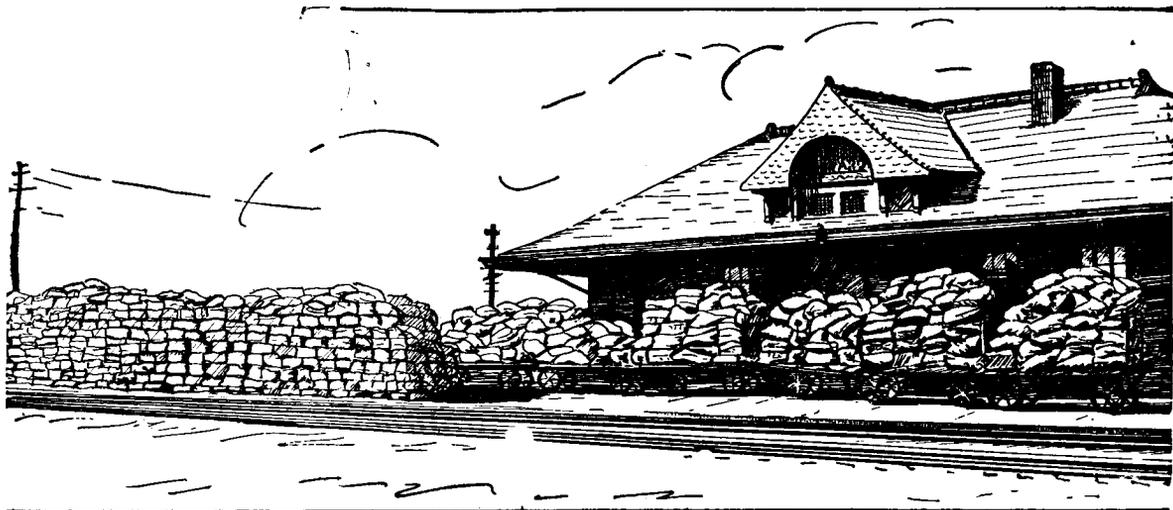
There is no night in Girard this week—there is but one long day—the day of Wayland, Warren and Phifer’s defiance to Pollock, Hook and Bone—the day of the APPEAL triumphant over the criminal courts of capitalist America.

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It is now ten-thirty in the morning. I am near the depot platform and I gaze upon a mountain raised by human hands, human hearts and human brains—in happy social alliance—the like of which the eyes of man has never seen before.

Piled high enough to hide the depot and extend-





Mail sacks on depot platform, Girard, Kansas

ing far enough to tower like a range of mountain peaks, the APPEAL—a thousand pouches and a million copies—is awaiting transportation. And this is but the first installment of the fabulous edition of more than three million papers.

I look but I am dumb and speechless. My imagination spreads its wings and plumes its flight in the wake of these three million gleaming bayonets of the advancing hosts of emancipation.

And still I look. I see, but I can not speak. I am thrilled and full of rapture—but words would break the spell of the wondrous silence that enralls me.

Warren is standing at my side. His eyes are moist. "The Army!" are the whispered words that tremble on his lips. He is thinking of the Army of the APPEAL, the faithful workers, deep down in the mines, in the fetid factories, the gloomy shops, and way out in the cabins on the mountain sides, waiting, watching and working for the break-o'-day.

The people are there—everybody—to see the towering

mountain peaks of the APPEAL, soon to dissolve and melt away and spread over all the land on their mission of rousing the people and lighting the way to the new world.

It is a day dream and a vision!

In my mental gallery the picture I saw this day will remain forever.

* * *

I saw the extra mail cars on the siding—and I saw them loaded to the roof. An hour later and I heard the mail and express train come thundering along and halt at the station platform. With all the extra loading which had been done in advance the train had yet to be held thirty minutes to stow away the million anti-judicial war-cries. The train crew and the depot crew were all at work and oh, what joy to the Socialists that were among them!

The colored porter broadly grinned as he remarked: "Fo' de Lord's sake, is dis what dey call de APPEAL's spenshen!"

A fat rich man with a closely cropped gray beard, florid features, and eye glasses,



stood on the steps of the Pullman, annoyed at the train's delay. Some one was explaining to him. "Well, by God," was all I caught of his capitalistic comment.

And then the train slowly moved out and away from the little town. It was loaded with light. Mail cars, express cars, baggage cars, all were packed to the rafters with the deadliest dynamite that ever blew a rotten system into froth and tatters.

The train has faded away and yet I see it more vividly than before. In my reverie it has flamed into a living, burning meteor sweeping across the sky—a miracle of light and promise—and where it passed beyond my vision I now behold a new sun rising; and all about me I hear myriads of eager voices crying, "*We are coming, we are comrades, we are brothers!*"

EVERYBODY READS IT!

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