

**THE PRICE INEVITABLE, OR
THE
CONFESSIONS OF IRENE:
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

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The Price Inevitable, or the Confessions of Irene: An Autobiography by Aurelia I. Sidner

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AURELIA I. SIDNER

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"— DO I LOOK LIKE A MARRIED WOMAN!"

(Page 86)

THE
PRICE INEVITABLE

\$1.00

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OR THE

CONFESSIONS OF IRENE

An Autobiography

BY

AURELIA I. SIDNER.



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PREFACE.

The writer has taken a page from her life and has given it to the world.

She has laid bare the soul of a woman, that some other woman (or some man) might profit thereby.

The people in this work live; each going their way, as if a tragedy of the soul had not been enacted in their midst.

The names have been changed, and such events omitted as might lead too readily to the discovery of their identity. Each the victim of a circumstance over which they had no control, yet the *price* is demanded of one who, in ignorance, fell the victim of past environment.

It is with fear and trembling that a young author greets the public, and

Preface.

like an actor, with downcast eyes and beating heart waits for an encore.

In this autobiography of an erring woman the author has given the best she had, believing that—give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you.

AURELIA.

THE PRICE INEVITABLE.

DEAR GRACE,—

Here I am at last ; across the Arizona desert, in a mining camp.

Foothills in every direction ; as far as the eye can see loom up great, barren, gray-colored foothills, and the mountains behind and above them ; and as one looks one feels imprisoned, and as if there was no escape beyond those gloomy ranges and the awful burning alkali desert between them and anywhere. We were all day coming from Bowie.

The railroad has just been finished from there to Globe a day or two.

In a small freight caboose, filled with Indians and Mexicans and a mixture of both, I was the only woman, excepting two girls, with wide-brimmed, high-

The Price Inevitable.

crowned Mexican hats shading their faces.

They drank beer out of bottles, with two men, who wore the same style hat. And it was only by their long hair that I could tell the two were women.

All I could see was the bobbing of the tall crowned hats and the flash of beer bottles. You can imagine how uncomfortable I felt in that hot, dusty car.

We stopped unreasonably long at every station, and some one said it was to load on wood; that they were burning wood in the engine. And some one asked the passengers "if they wanted to get off and assist." I do not know whether it was meant for a joke or not. We just *crawled* along, and nothing to see, nothing but the grays and browns of the sandy desert, and tall, ugly cactus standing up here and there stiff and forbidding—like sentinels on guard. There was a boy in the narrow seat with me who had some great idea of going out there to make a fortune.