

# **THE REBEL AT LARGE**

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The Rebel at Large by May Beals

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**MAY BEALS**

**THE REBEL  
AT LARGE**



# The Rebel at Large

BY  
MAY BEALS



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1906

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**Dedicated to  
My Hero-Teacher  
Who Slew  
My One Enemy**

"Do you know so much yourself that you call the slave or the dull-face ignorant?"

"Do you suppose you have a right to a good sight, and he or she has no right to a sight?"

"Do you think matter has cohered together from its diffused float—and the soil is on the surface, and water runs, and vegetation sprouts

"For you only, and not for him or her?"

## Author's Note

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The first three stories in this little volume were published nearly two years ago in the organ of the Liberal University, since consolidated with the *Liberal Review*. The fourth was published in the *Appeal to Reason*. The rest have never appeared in print.

The worst criticism that has yet been given any of these stories is that of a young girl who has read most of them, and who declares that some of them are "perfectly horrid." I admit the truth of this charge, and can only say in extenuation that the worst things I have described are true. For instance, in the sketch entitled "The Victims," the main outline is drawn directly from life. Most of the details were filled in from imagination; but there is nothing about it in the least overdrawn or exaggerated. If you object to any or all of the evils I have pictured, do something to change the conditions that are producing them.

MAY BEALS.



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## A Story of the Lost

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MRS. WARRINGTON bent lower over her embroidery frame, her pretty eyebrows drawing together petulantly.

"Do go and play children," she said sharply, "there is Celeste down on the beach. Tell her I said for her to amuse you. I don't know what has come over Celeste," she added to her sister as the children trooped off lakeward. "Last summer she was simply perfect and now she is so moody and discontented. But then—these Creoles—what can one expect of them?"

Down on the beach Celeste, gazing fixedly out over the sunny water, did not notice the approach of the children. "I b'lieve," she was saying wearily, "ze good God ees dead."

Tommy stopped short and turned a somersault on the soft sand. "Bully for him!" he cried with enthusiasm. "I never did think much of him anyway."

Agnes, two years his senior, looked down on Tommy's prostrate form reprovingly. "It is not the thing to speak so of God," she said in

her severest tones. "What would Mamma say?"

"I don't care!" cried Tommy, unrepentant. "He's always peeking at us. Mamma said so herself, 'Thou God seest me,' so there now!"

"Tell about Dod p'ease." Little Dorothy knelt down beside Celeste with troubled eyes. "Is he dood, Celeste? Does he peek?"

"I don't know much 'bout heem myself. I b'lieve eet ees two Gods somewhere. One ze priest's boss he say. He ees make angry if we do not pay ze priest."

"Is he the one that sends people to hell?" Tommy inquired cheerfully.

A spasm of pain crossed the girl's face, but the unheeding children pressed closer.

"Is he?" they asked.

"I b'lieve so, yes." She spoke low and bitterly.

"Now tell about the other one," they demanded.

"I don't know much 'bout zat one. I go two—t'ree time, to Sunday school an' a lady tol' me 'bout heem. He love everybody, she say. He love me. Maybe eet ees lies. Ze priest say eet ees lies."

The children pressed closer with their eager questions but Celeste shrank back with a sudden irrepressible gesture as though they were stifling