



**Emma Goldman, *Living My Life***

**Volume Two**

**CHAPTER XLV**

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*We thank His Honour for his consideration*

merited a rest. He declared court adjourned and turned to leave the bench.

But I was not through. "One moment, please," I called out. Judge Mayer turned to face me. "Are we to be spirited away at such neck-breaking speed? If so, we want to know it now. We want everybody here to know it."

"You have ninety days in which to file an appeal."

"Never mind the ninety days," I retorted. "How about the next hour or two? Can we have that to gather up a few necessary things?"

"The prisoners are in the custody of the United States Marshal," was the curt answer.

The Judge again turned to leave. Again I brought him to a stop. "One more word!" He stared at me, his heavy-set face flushed. I stared back. I bowed and said: "I want to thank you for your leniency and kindness in refusing us a stay of two days, a stay you would have accorded the most heinous criminal. I thank you once more."

His Honour grew white, anger spreading over his face. Nervously he fumbled with the papers on his desk. He moved his lips as if to speak, then abruptly turned and left the bench.