telegram requesting him to call on his Paris solicitor at two o'clock on important business.

Half an hour after his departure, a party of five, two women and three men, covered with dust and attired in a manner befitting the occasion, made their way in a smart car up the carriage drive and asked to see the Count, by whom they asserted they had been invited. The steward remarked that they were probably not expected until that evening, whereupon they asked him to direct them to a hotel in the neighborhood where they could rest. The man, unwilling to appear inhospitable to such distinguished guests, especially as they were motorists, insisted on their alighting, removing the dust of the journey in his master's dressing rooms, and partaking of an improvised dinner. He was all the more attentive to them on hearing from their conversation that they belonged to the nobility, and not only were friends of his master the Count, but were also acquainted with the name of his cook, who on his side was extremely proud at his fame being thus spread among the French aristocracy. In the afternoon, after eating an excellent dinner, washed down by the finest wines, the party set off again in their car, in order, as they said, to give their host a pleasant surprise.

At six the Count returned, furious at having been sent on a wild goose chase, and on being informed of the unexpected visit, guessed only too well his misfortune. He rushed into the house and found that it had been methodically despoiled of its valuables. For a moment he suspected that the steward and his faithful old cook, Baptiste, had been accomplices, but soon came to the conclusion that the real cause of the felony was his reputation of generosity and devotion to motoring, and that its perfect success had been insured by the quality he most appreciated in the automobile, namely, its swiftness, and by the use of these masks which, as it appears, are not always used to protect travelers' faces from the dust.

The automobile has also been of use to criminals of the more intelligent class in robbing large villas situated in the environs of Paris, among others those of the prefect of the Seine, and the chief of police, as well as the villa at Passy belonging to the celebrated engineer Michaud, to whom Paris owes all its embellishments since 1879.

The automobile has also been used for abandoning infants. A few days ago in the village of Tombarello Livornese, a chauffeur speaking with a foreign accent got out of a motor car and left a baby of a few days lying in the fields. A hawker's wife, who was near the spot, saw the living bundle and began to scream, as her scanty means would not allow of her feeding

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ZITKALA-SA THE RED BIRD OF THE SIOUX

By Franklin Welles Calkins

ZITKALA-SA, her name meaning Red Bird in the Sioux tongue, is a wonderful little woman, born twenty-eight or thirty years ago, of Sioux parents, at Yankton Agency, South Dakota. At eight years of age she was attending a Presbyterian mission school at the agency, when there came to the reservation from Indiana a worthy pair, much interested in mission work among the Indians.

These good people noted the uncommonly bright little Indian girl, and immediately were consumed with the desire to give her all the advantages accorded to any of her white sisters. After much persuasion the widowed mother was prevailed upon to part from her child, in consideration that the girl be allowed to spend her summer vacations at home. And so little Red Bird was taken away from home and into the family of the Indiana people. She was treated among them with great kindness, and was given the best advantages for education which their State afforded. She was graduated from a high school and later from a college, and was given extra advantages in music, for which she early showed an aptitude. By means of all this culture she became a young woman of fine intellectual attainments, and as a performer on violin and piano attracted wide attention.

She taught two years at Carlisle College, and finally took to literary work, wrote a series of articles for "The Atlantic Monthly," and a book of the folk-lore of her people, entitled "Old Indian Legends." Comments upon her work and various photographs of her appeared in the leading magazines, and for a time it seemed that she might mount the stage of public favor. Then she married the son of an old French fur-trader and domestic duties have for a time absorbed her energies. That she will come to the fore again, in the field of fiction, I can predict with a good deal of certainty. That she is a woman of most uncommon character and attainments, one who would attract marked attention in any society, I can testify from personal acquaintance.

Immortalizing Indian Legends

I FIRST met Zitkala-Sa at Devil's Lake Agency, with headquarters at Fort Totten, North Dakota, whither she had gone to complete her work in making a book of Indian legends. At the fort for five or six weeks she had quarters with the post physician while I was domiciled with the Indian agent. Thus it was that two people most deeply interested in the life and folk-lore of her people became acquainted through a life of daily contact and workaday sympathy.

Finding me in perfect accord with her in all her aspirations for the uplifting of her people, the young woman threw aside her natural reserve and was absolutely frank with me in every expression of thought and sentiment. She talked as the mood fell—and such moods! Often she reminded me of a June day which offers dusty whirlwinds, sudden showers and the balm of perfect weather in quick succession. She seemed to me a transplanted personality having been set upon a planet which had not been prepared for her coming, at least upon its human side. She was Pagan in feeling, Christian by education, and absolutely free from all conventional forms of thought. She approached nature as one of nature's children. To her all things animate and inanimate, each tree, plant, insect, bird and animal, had a soul as important and as sacred as her own. All these were personages to whom she might communicate her thought and feeling—in a measure be understood of them. Even a stone was presented to her mind as a personality. This was one of the ancient and all-enduring ones who had outlived all other people of the earth. The lone rock, therefore, standing silent and apart, was to be reverenced as one who had looked for endless ages upon the fleeting panorama of this earth's life.

Zitkala's attitude toward her own people was one of particular interest to me. Her thought of them was never as of an inferior race, but as of a conquered people to whom the rights accorded by nature, to those who inhabit her areas, were as sacred and should have been as inalienable as those of any race of men. And she had not the stoic patience and resigned spirit of so many of her people. She was in a state of mental and spiritual rebellion, and I may add that her spirit of rebellion was of a lofty nature, born of an altruistic feeling.

In one of our lake-shore walks we passed a number of Indian women and children picking Juneberries. They were grouped upon a near hillside, showing in various attitudes among the bushes—black heads and vivid bits of color. Soft sunlight fell upon the bushes and the bared heads, and the picture was set in a frame of gray boulders and tree-shadows.

She turned to me. "A savage scene?" she quoted with an interrogative inflection. In her face there shone all the noble resentment and indomitable pride of her race. In her fleeting expression I read the Indian's insistent answer to centuries of Anglo-Saxon aggression.

I looked long at the picturesque and really charming scene and said nothing. And then I turned to my companion and saw in her face the swift reversion to repentance.

"Forgive me, brother," she said, and we passed on.

At Fort Totten there are two Indian schools, one a government school of some three hundred pupils, and the other a mission school of lesser attendance, conducted by the gray sisters of a Catholic order. The latter was and is a school of great benefit to the Indians, but the former at that time was conducted by a hard-headed appointee of the civil service, for revenue only.

This school occupied the old fort barracks, a row of brick buildings surrounding a public square or plaza, some twelve or fourteen in all. As an annex to the buildings the old military guard-house had been retained and, as we were soon to discover, its use as a place of confinement was by no means abandoned.

We soon learned from the agent that the slightest infringement of the school discipline was promptly punished by confinement in that dismal den. And for any decided infraction of rules, ankle-irons, handcuffs and a bread-and-water diet were added. We learned beyond question that children of tender years had been so confined for forty-eight hours at a stretch in dead of winter and with no fire in their prison pen.

With the agent this severity of discipline had gone beyond the point of endurance, and about the time of our arrival an inspector of Indian schools had been called to investigate.

My own sympathies were of course deeply engaged by what I had heard, and those of Zitkala-Sa were aroused to a fever pitch. One day she brought to my room a young Sioux girl whose harrowing story was almost beyond belief. This girl had not dared to go to the inspector nor to the agent with her story. But now, together with her new-found friend and champion, I succeeded in getting her to go before the visiting official who had most authority in the trial, who was in fact holding a sort of military court.

Accordingly, with Miss Zitkala-Sa, the young girl went and told her story. This incident may have had weight in bringing the inspector to a quick decision, for it was only two or three days later we were informed that the superintendent of schools had been discharged with the certainty that he was to have no further place in the Indian service. That was a time of rejoicing on the reservation, and the little champion of her people was elated.

It was only a few evenings later that the "Fort School," with the inspector present, gave Zitkala-Sa a charming reception, in which the Indian band of the school, the teachers and a number of visitors had their part.

I can hardly recall a more enjoyable occasion than that of this reception to the Sioux girl, who played upon the school piano brilliant renditions of music by von Weber and Chopin. It was my own good fortune on this occasion to speak to the assembly and to be able to introduce to them properly the young Indian woman who had accomplished so much and of whom so much was to be expected in the future.

Not long afterward a dance was given in the old fort armory in honor of the wedding of Maggie Grant, daughter of an ex-Confederate soldier and a Sioux wife, and again there was a strangely mixed assembly. There were Sioux and Chippewas in blankets, half-castes from the schools of all shades of complexion, school-teachers, government employees, society people from the city of Devil's Lake, and several persons who had reputations extending beyond the confines of North Dakota.

I have seldom attended a ball where there was more quiet enjoyment or the observance of such naive decorum. Nowhere outside the precincts of an Indian school and government agency could there happen such a novel and delightful social function.

At an interstate oratorical contest Zitkala-Sa had taken a prize as a college student, and her subject, "Side by Side," had been a plea for equal advantages and equal social standing for those of her race who had proved themselves men and women of character. And especially she had pleaded for the young who must now grow up to the white man's ways. At this dance, therefore, I asked her, "How about this as an exposition of 'side by side'?"

She smiled happily and replied, "It offers an indication in the right direction."