Franklin Welles Calkins

Red Bird in a little woman, 70 years ago, of Sioux Dakota. At a Presbyterian, there came to her by pair, much more Indians.

Commonly bright were consumed the advantages. After much prevailed upon that the girl enjoyed at home, she was away from home people. She was

had outlived all other people of the earth. The lone rock, therefore, standing silent and apart, was to be revered 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.