

TOULON OF SARATOGA TRUNKS

By George Barlow

"WANT you to let my things alone?" The girl, stamping a shapely little foot on the wooden floor of the wharf, glared savagely at the inoffensive New York customs inspector, who cast his eyes down with the foolish look common to little boys caught in the act of pilfering the pantry.

It was at this point that the professor, with professional suavity, stepped forward with the hope of bringing the feminine mind and the statutory requirements into harmony. The man and the woman formed a striking contrast in the dull gloom of a late November afternoon. He was tall, grave and reserved in speech and action. She was slight, spirited, fussy and a very Niagara of words. He was attired in black, with not even a ring or a stickpin to relieve the extreme somberness. She was resplendent in a Parisian gown, and her mere presence made everything else seem like a colorless background.

"I beg you pardon, Miss Elsie," he ventured, "but the officer is merely doing his duty."

"She exclaimed, volubly unexpecting, and with an air of cold dignity taking his place: 'your advice was not sought.'"

"But," he replied, half pleadingly, his reserve giving way a bit; "it should be acceptable to the sister of my dearest college friend."

A glint of anger flashed in the soft brown eyes. Her voice was lowered, but it reached his ears clear and distinct.

"You must not think because you were foolish enough to propose—"

"And you were wise enough to reject the proposal," he finished for her.

"Yes," she repeated, "and I was wise enough to reject your proposal, that you have the right to assume an air of propriety over me."

"My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "What an absurd idea; the very opposite is the case. Why, you know."

"Probably I'm not as inexperienced as I seem," she interjected. "I've heard of men pretending to be martyrs simply because every girl they met did not fall down and adore them."

"My, my, Miss Elsie," he cried, raising his hands deprecatingly. "You really must not use such extravagant figures of speech. But," with a shrug of the shoulders, "women seem unable to discuss the thing commonly called love without tramping on the laws of logic."

"Better logic," she exclaimed, not irrelevantly, "this—this inspector insists upon examining my trunk."

"Which," observed the professor, "it is his sworn duty to do."

"It's un-American," she hazarded, repeating the phrase she had heard so often on the voyage over.

"To tax the manufacturers of Europe," he queried, thinking of his favorite study in political economy.

"Anyhow, it's a silly law," she cried petulantly.

"Your father was one of the congressmen who helped to enact it," he rejoined crushingly.

"Did he do that?" she asked, subdued.

"He did," he replied, exultant.

The inspector, who had gone to another part of the wharf, the professor pressed his advantage.

"If you will let me have the key of your trunk," he said, "I'll attend to your baggage and have it over quickly."

She hesitated a moment; she could not tell why. He noticed it.

"A mere act of civility," he said, smiling, "which the usual good society permit even to a rejected suitor."

The smile took 10 years from the grave countenance. He walked off with the two keys in his hand, not without a certain manliness in his manner. He was not so venerable, despite the grayness about the temples. She soliloquized regretfully.

"It's too bad, but he's so serious."

As he was handing the keys to the inspector he glanced in her direction. His gaze was attracted by a strange winsomeness about her mouth. The eyes, too, were strangely attractive. Far down in their soft brown depths there was a half sadness, a wistful, longing look, which subdued but did not suppress the laughing face.

He sighed deeply.

"If she were not so frivolous; if she were not so frivolous; if she were not so frivolous."

Presently the examination of the baggage was completed. One way was beginning to emerge from chaos on the dock. He handed her the key of her trunk. The fleeting smile which had shadowed his countenance a few moments before had disappeared, and he was once more the sedate educator, frowning upon the frivolities of life.

The far away wistfulness in her eyes faded, and she again became the vivacious spoiled child of the world.

He pressed her hand at parting, pressed it just a trifle more than would seem necessary for a suitor who had accepted his rejection so philosophically. She noticed this—there wasn't much she didn't notice—and the contagious little laugh produced two dainty little dimples which were far beyond the ken of her fatherly.

"I am very grateful for your kindness to me," she said in her hurried, sprightly way. "But," she added mockingly, "I am sure there is no propriety in my saying that much to you."

"Can't you be serious for a moment?" he cried, with the faintest trace of impudence in his tones.

To herself she murmured:

"To herself she murmured: 'That trunk and all it contains belong to me.'"



"THAT TRUNK AND ALL IT CONTAINS BELONG TO ME."

"Why will he be so solemn?"

Aloud she said:

"The serious business ended with the examination of the baggage, the professor, both glared at him and he returned the impertinence with the professional smile that had calmed the ire and awakened the reasoning powers of thousands of incoming tourists. And indeed he exhaled an atmosphere of peace and harmony. From the top of his bald head, glistening like polished ivory, along his well groomed and well tailored body, down to his patent leather shoes, every detail was soothing and unwrinkled. It is somewhat disconcerting for an angry man—or an angry woman—looking for brass buttons insolence, to be confronted with such an amiable personality. He rose as they entered, and adjusting the carnation in the lapel of his cutaway coat, gave them a polite look of inquiry. Both spoke at once, both and to the point: 'I came about your trunk.'"

"The impromptu duet did not disturb the imperturbable one. He waved them to seats and pressed an electric button. A subordinate with a blue uniform and a scowl appeared with the suddenness of a character in a Christmas pantomime."

"My man!"—and the words came like velvet—"you know of the complaints we have received from this lady and gentleman. It seems there has been some discord in our usually perfect system."

The blue suited one looked sullenly at the two visitors. His glance rested on the man, and then impulsively he interrupted.

"If outsiders would keep from butting in we'd have less trouble on the wharf. This gentleman came up with two keys—"

"The superior, rising above the inferior, checked the complaint before it fairly started."

"I believe there are two trunks in the warehouse. Bring one of them into my office."

The still ruffled faces of the man and woman indicated a storm. The unflinching countenance of the chief inspector, however, was followed by clear and calm weather.

Two porters came in with an enormous trunk and deposited it on the floor with an unnecessary bump.

The professor jumped up excitedly and exclaimed angrily:

"That's the trunk which was sent to my house. That—"

The girl also arose with a flush on her face. She interrupted the professor.

"Why that's—"

The chief silenced them both with one majestic wave of the hand. They sat down.

"You say," he said, directing his judicial gaze at the man, "that this trunk was delivered to you?"

"Yes, and—"

"One moment," cautioned the systematic official. "We will begin at the beginning and treat this piece of baggage as if it had just arrived."

"But the trunks have been examined," protested the professor. "It's simply a question of identification."

"Very good," said the chief, with a benevolent smile. "You are here to get what belongs to you. I am here to see that the interests of the United States government are protected."

The power and majesty of a great nation were behind that solemn pronouncement. The professor, properly crushed, kept silent.

"Now," resumed the chief, looking at the man in the most official manner, "you are entitled to bring in articles of personal apparel and of the toilet suitable to your station in life. If I have been some discord in our usually perfect system."

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CREEK INDIANS TO MEXICO.

Under Leadership of "Crazy Snake"

They May Go There.

An old man, broken in spirit, the power over his own people slipping from him, Chitto Harjo, better known as "Crazy Snake," has given up his fight against the government and is engaging the closing years of his eventful life in trying to flee from that which he cannot prevent, the absorption of his home by white men and the adoption of the white man's customs to supplant those of his own people.

Today "Crazy Snake," nearly seventy years old, says the Kansas City Star, has admitted that the white man must have this country, and is now treating to dispose of all the land in the Creek nation that is held by his followers, and proposes to lead them to Mexico and colonize them there where he believes they can live for at least a century in their natural primitive life undisturbed by the white man.

If the Mexican colonization scheme

ever materializes, it will carry with it the full blood malcontents of the five nations. There would be more of the Cherokees than there would be Creeks. There would also be a large number of Choctaws. What they got for their land here would not be an important matter. They are willing to go into the wildest, most rugged mountains of Mexico and try to wrest from the stubborn wilderness an existence rather than submit to the domination of a white man's government. They set no value upon land except as it is a place to hunt and own in common.

"Crazy Snake's" real name is Tom Wilson. He is a full blood Creek, a representative of the aboriginal Indian not only in blood but by instinct. He has been the leader of the steadily resentful Indians of the five civilized tribes for five years, and while he had a powerful following and his followers had implicit confidence in him, only one time did he permit anything like an outbreak against the whites and the government. This was known as "the Creek war" in the winter of 1903-1904, and this war existed largely in the minds of newspaper correspondents who talked about the things that might happen rather than those that actually did happen. During this threatened uprising there was no one killed by "Crazy Snake's" band. There were two or three men killed, but it was done by persons not known to "Crazy Snake," and they did it at the time when they knew they could settle old grudges and lay it to the Indians.

This single uprising of the Creeks was the speaking of a rebellious spirit against the allotment of land which these fullbloods knew meant the speedy and final dissolution of the tribal form of government and the loss of their nationality, their traditions, customs, habits of life. They had been guaranteed by the government that such a thing should never occur without the Indians' consent, and "Crazy Snake" and his followers had never consented, have not and never will. They believe, and with some reason, that the recent treaties made agreeing to allot the lands were

never made with the consent or permission of a majority of the fullblood Indians, and in that winter of 1903-1904 they were almost ready to fight to maintain their homes and their lands. It was then that the Dawes commission was calling on the Snakes to come in and be enrolled and select their allotments. The Indians refused. They ignored the mandates of the government, and because they did the federal court held them in contempt, the United States marshals arrested them and threw them in jail. "Crazy Snake" himself remained there for more than a month because he refused to take an allotment of 100 acres of land, an opportunity which coveted quarter-breeds, freedmen and white men were then clamoring for. The old Indian leader had refused to take an allotment, and advised all of his followers to refuse. It is alleged that an order was issued at one time that any Snake who accepted an allotment would be killed, and one or two mysterious murders did occur. There were then about 600 Snakes, and in addition to the Creeks there was a large following in the Choctaw and Cherokee nations and they were willing to cast their lot with the old Creek leader.

The mayor of Toulon has issued an order prohibiting hissing and other signs of disapproval at the local municipal theater.

"No one will be allowed," says the order, "to hiss, make audible remarks, or to talk during the performance."

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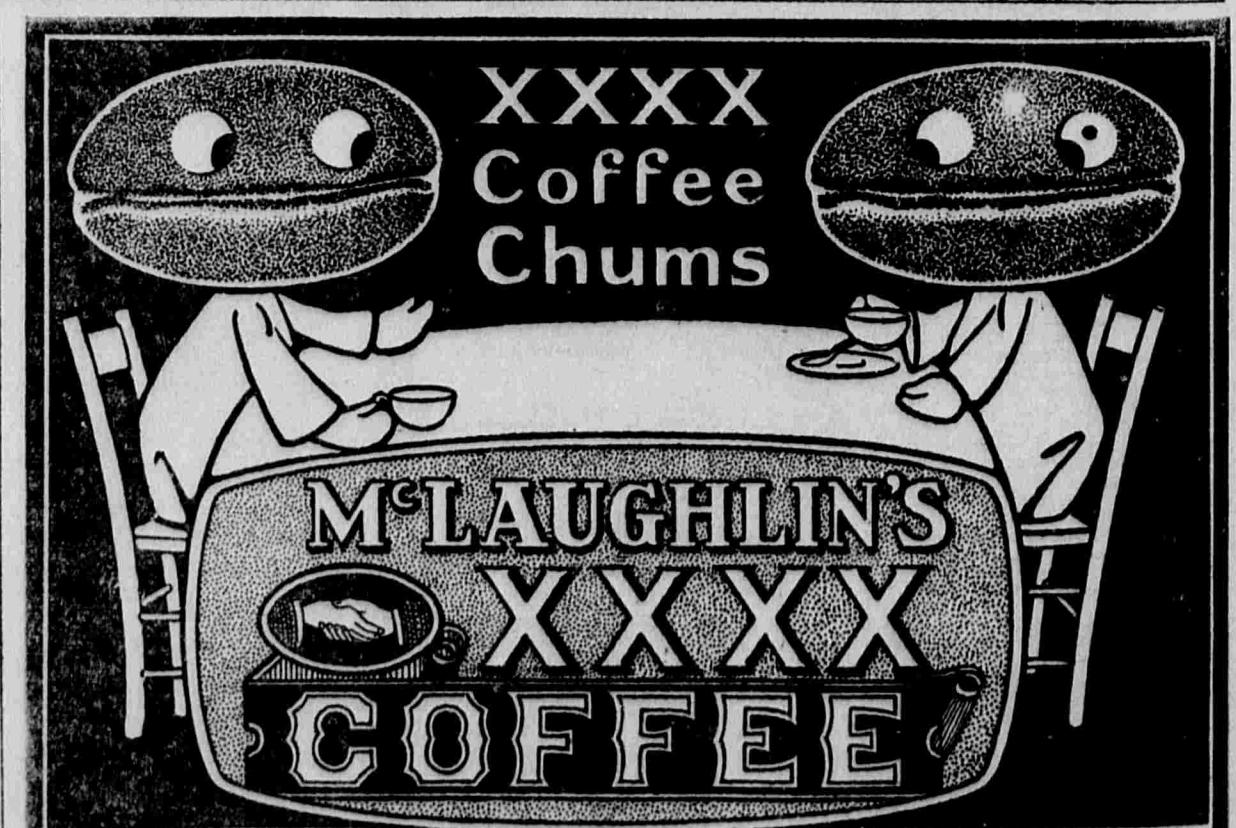
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"Mistake?" queried the chief, almost losing his imperturbability.

Every eye was turned toward the hapless professor.

"Perhaps I should explain—"

"Not at all," said the chief indulgently. "It's free of duty."

"It's not that, you know," stammered the professor. "You see it's this way. I'm writing a monograph on the Superstitions of the Druids. This—this mistletoe grows on their sacred trees, and I thought somehow to make a plausible explanation between ancient superstitions and modern customs; so—so I got this mistletoe from the apple orchards of Normandy. You know," with a deep sigh of relief, "reaching the end, 'there's nothing like studying from original documents.'"

"Nothing like it," said the chief with a laugh.

The professor turned to see if the girl was making sport of him. She was not, which made him foolishly happy. Indeed, she gazed at him with something like sympathetic interest.

III.

They left the room together, going along the dim hallway. He was thinking of the medals and the science of numismatics.

"You surprised me," he said.

"Indeed!" with something of the old sarcasm.

"Yes," he said, ignoring the irony. "I never dreamt you were a collector. I have been one for years. But you have beaten me at my own game. Those Roman medals are the very ones I have wanted for years."

His earnestness touched her.

"Perhaps they may be yours," she said gently.

"Oh, my dear girl!" he exclaimed warmly. "I couldn't think of depriving you of such treasures."

"We might do as other collectors do—make a trade," she suggested shyly.

He shook his head dubiously. Then a light seemed to break in on him. He seized her by the hands. His eyes sparkled, his voice was eager.

"I was mistaken when I said you were frivolous," he confessed.

She returned his ardent glance, but only for a moment. Her eyes dropped. She was thinking of the mistletoe.

"And I blundered too about you," she admitted.

"I will accept the medals," he said after a pause. "If you will take the mistletoe."

She replied in an undertone, but even the prosy minded messenger at the door could read the answer in her eyes.

"Went in mad, came out glad," was his epigrammatic comment.

The expressman who hauled the trunks away little dreamt that the two Saratogas had concealed two of their cleverest darts.

But he got an inkling of it six months later when he was called upon to carry the two trunks to one home.

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