

The Indian Advance

Devoted to the Welfare and Education of the Indian.

Vol. 2. CARSON INDIAN SCHOOL, CARSON CITY, NEVADA, JANUARY 1, 1901. No. 5.

THE END OF MAN.

The world is growing better every day.
The pessimist who gazes on the clod
Sees naught but base, disintegrating clay.
His vision, circumscribed, cannot behold
The signs of growth apparent everywhere,
To him, more wise, who looks around
and up,
Who looks behind and sees what has
been done,
Who looks ahead and sees what is to
come,
In consequence of that which was and is.
God's wheels turn ever forward—never
back;
His laws are fixed, and cannot be op-
posed;
All nature bows and man is not exempt.
The mighty waves of human progress
beat
Unceasingly upon the shores of time,
And will not stay till man shall cease to
be,
As some swift river, rushing to the sea,
Becomes enamored of a rock-bound deep,
And, pausing in its course, turns 'round
and 'round
As if unwilling to pursue its way;
So our advancement to the perfect state
Is sometimes checked by that myster-
ious power,
Which rules the destinies of worlds and
men,
And for a while we seem to retrograde;
But as the stream, refreshed by rest,
goes on,
With force and volume greater than be-
fore,
So we renew our march, and, strength-
ened, rise,
In thoughts and words and deeds to
heights undreamed,
Decadence is an incident of growth.
The flower that dies will live again next
year,
And others of its kind will bring to bloom
And add their charm to nature's boun-
teous store.
A nation, too, declines, and, passing,
leaves
Naught but a name to place on history's
page;
But from its seed a better people spring
And add momentum to the world's ad-
vance.
And so our lofty destiny unfolds
As, step by step, we're drawn toward
that great light
Which emanates from Him from whom
we sprang,
And unto whom we go. That is our goal;
For surely as the end of life is death,
The end of man is God.

—CASPER S. YOST.

A CURIOUS ESKIMO LEGEND OF THE ARCTIC NIGHT.

A member of one of the former Peary expeditions to Greenland tells of a curious tradition of the Eskimos to account for the long Arctic night and its intense cold.

"There was a time," they say, "long generations ago, when the sun never set on the regions of the north, and when the strands along the sea were forever hidden with mantles of living green.

"Hence it was that peace and plenty fell to the lot of this people and sorrow was unknown among them. But one day a strange thing came to pass. As the people were resting and feasting among the trees, as was their custom throughout their wakeful hours, a beautiful canoe, as white as ivory, was seen drifting silently toward the shore from the direction of the castle where dwelt the Spirit of the Winds.

"Now, when the ivory white canoe had floated quite up to the shore, a great awe fell upon the people, for there, fast asleep among the folds of an ermine robe, lay a beautiful maiden, whose skin was as fair as the snow flower, and whose hair was like a mantle of sunshine.

"But when the chief had borne the maiden to the shore and questioned her whence she came, he was troubled in his heart, for she had answered him:

"I am Delfa, the daughter of the Spirit of the Winds, and I have drifted here from yonder snow-white castle in the North. But I will return there no more. Henceforth my home shall be with you and your people."

"And immediately the Spirit of the Winds arose in the North and in a terrible voice commanded that his daughter be restored to him immediately. But when the people of the tribe sought out their chief and counseled him to give the princess into her father's hands the youth stood mute before them. Then, in obedience to a gesture, they entered his ruined house, and there on a couch lay the beautiful Princess with her white hands—whiter now than the snow flowers—folded silently over her breast.

"When the Spirit of the Winds looked forth and beheld the Princess cold in death on the desolate strand, his anger

was yet more terrible against the kneeling multitude, and he commanded darkness to come upon them. And the ice and the cold and the darkness continued for the space of many days before the offended spirit would relent and suffer the sunshine to return for a brief season."

AN INDIAN'S NEW SCHEME.

Harry Preacher, captain of the Shoshone Indians in this neck of the woods, made the Herald office a friendly call last Thursday and requested that we tell the white people of Nevada that he had a scheme. Harry said he wants laws for the protection and recognition of the rights of his people. "At present my people are subjected to all sorts of abuse and outrages," he said. "White men visit our camps and raise trouble they first give the Indians whiskey, get them drunk and then maltreat and outrage the women of our tribe. Within the last few years peaceable Indians have been made targets of and in other ways shamefully treated by white men. Still the white men's law does not punish the guilty parties or give the Indians any protection. This kind of thing has gone far enough and it must stop."

Harry informed us that his plan was to have the legislature enact a law for the better protection of his people. He will personally visit the Elko delegation and ask them to introduce and support a bill which will provide for the appointment or election of an Indian constable for each town in the State, whose duty it shall be to arrest any person caught selling liquor to Indians or interfering with his people. For this protection Harry said his people would willingly pay a tax every year. He further said that he and all his people wanted to be friendly and on good terms with all white people, but the outrages that have been perpetrated by many of the whites will no longer be tolerated by the members of his tribe. And if the protection laws of the State are not made applicable to Indians as well as other people. Harry says the Indians will make laws of their own and enforce them.—WELLS HERALD.

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ENTERTAINMENT AT OPERA HOUSE.

Our school gave an entertainment at
the Opera house in Carson on Thursday
evening of last week.

The house was fairly well filled. The
audience gave the best attention to the
exercises, frequently applauding.
Following are the comments made by
the papers of Carson City, concerning
the entertainment:

"The pupils of the Carson Indian
School gave their entertainment last
evening in the Opera House, which was
filled with the largest audience that has
been in that building for some time.

The program consisted of selection
by the Indian band, and brass duets and
quartettes, singing by the Kindergarten
class, and by the older boys and girls,
as well as the drill by the little ones,
recitation, speeches, wax works, tableaux
and a classical drama.

The entertainment was very similar
to those given by the scholars of the
public schools, and the audience was
delighted, insisting upon many encores.

The affair certainly served its purpose—it encouraged the dusky students
and taught the spectators a lesson also—that the Indian is a human being.
Perhaps the Indian would be more if the white man made more of him. The
lesson was summed up in three tableaux, showing the Indian of the past, present
and the future. For the Indian of the past was pictured the noble red man of
the Cooper tales; an indiscriminate draft upon some of the dusky audience
on the back benches, furnished the color for the present, while the future
pictured the Indians at the forge, the last, in the tailor shop and the home."

—THE NEWS.

"The Opera House was well filled with
people who came to listen to the performance by the Indians. They had a
very neat program which they carried through without a hitch. It was a
surprise to the majority to see the progress made by the government in
the education of the Indian. Every

number was heartily encored and it
was a success in every way."

—CARSON WEEKLY.

"The entertainment given by the Indian
School pupils drew out a fair audience
at the Opera House last evening. The
program was decidedly interesting and
shows a great deal of training and natural
ability on the part of the Indian
children. It was well worth attending
and decidedly instructive."

—CARSON APPEAL.

HELP YOURSELF.

Forty-five years ago, a little Irish boy,
thirteen years old, landed in San
Francisco with no money. He started
for the mines and found a job. He staid
with the business; tried to do his work
as well as if it were for himself; until
when he was a man he was made fore-
man of the Comstock mine. Later on he
got mines of his own, and was made president
of the great Anaconda mining
company in Montana. This man, Marcus
Daly died about the first of last
month, worth millions of dollars.

Three fourths of the white men of this
country who own property, started out
in life with nothing but muscle, brain
and more or less education. They worked
for some one until they earned enough
money to buy what they needed to
start themselves in business.

Indian boys must do the same as
white boys, if they ever own any thing.
You have muscle, brain and education.
Nothing more is needed but the will
power and determination to do something,
and to do it YOURSELF, with-out
being helped.

Do not wait for some one to come to
you and ask you to work for them, but
go and hunt for work yourself. Hunt
till you find it.

The time is not far off when many
boys who read this will be leaving school.
Then, what will you do? Some of you
have learned, or partly learned a trade.
Will you go to a black-smith, a carpenter,
a tailor, a farmer, or to any one
whose trade you understand and ask for
work? Then when you get work, will
you stick to your business and save your
money till you can start a shop, or ranch
of your own?

If you will, success and prosperity are
before you, and you will receive the
same honor and respect that are given
to all industrious white people. Best of
all, you will be WORTHY citizens of our
country.

INDIAN PATIENCE.

Charles Goshen, a full blooded Paiute
Indian of Walker River Reservation has
just completed an "old time Indian"
net for catching rabbits, the patience

and labor required to produce it, is an
example of a fixed determination to accomplish
a purpose, when once begun,
worthy of imitation.

The net is nine hundred feet long
three feet wide, made some what like a
fish net with about two and one fourth
inch meshes. The material used was from
a specie of the milk weed which grows
along the banks of Walker River. The
plant grows to a height of about two and
a half feet. The fibrous bark or outer
covering only, is used, the fiber is separated
from the pithey part of the plant
by hand. After moistening, two slender
pieces are rolled or twisted together between
the palm of the hand and the knee. The
thread when twisted, although, only a
little larger than a fishing line is strong
enough to support one hundred pounds.
Sixteen thousand feet of thread were
required for the net. It took four tons
of weed to furnish enough fiber, and
twelve months of incessant labor including
Sundays to complete it.

When the net was shown to the writer
and the explanation of the manner of
making it told, the old Indian exhibited
pleasure at the successful termination
of the long and tedious task.

In his broken English he explained
that the net is stretched across the "run"
or the path the rabbits are accustomed
to travel from the sagebrush elevation
to the low lands along the river. The
meshes of the net being just large enough
to permit the rabbit to force its head in
and being too stupid to retreat, struggles
to force its body on through the net and
soon gets its legs entangled also, and thus
either dies or is held fast until the
Indians secure it the next morning.

The fame of the Navajo blanket is
spreading throughout the world. One
of the most valuable blankets ever made
was recently bought in Albuquerque for
\$250 and will be sent to Ireland to grace
the home of the purchaser. The Flagstaff
Gem recently stated that Babbitt Bros.
of that place shipped 16,000 pounds of
Navajo blankets and rugs during the
month of November. The money value
of the business done by this one firm
along is very considerable, as the blankets
will average upwards of \$1.00 per pound
in valuation.

—NATIVE AMERICAN.

Major Powell of the Bureau of American
Ethnology, has coined a new word to
designate "American Indians."

The two syllables "A-mer," of
"American," is joined to the syllable
"Ind," of the word "Indians," forming
the new word "Amerind."

Hereafter the scientific name of all
American Indians including those of
South America will be "Amerind."

HAPPENINGS AT SCHOOL.

We have had winter weather for several days past.

Miss West has thirty-six tots in her Kindergarten class now.

Mrs. Wind gave a Christmas present to each girl in the school.

The Christmas dinner at this school was a success in every respect.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Ansley are very busy making the annual estimate.

Mrs. Farley teacher of the training class has been sick for several days.

Tom Williams has again entered school after several months absence.

Hector Tom after an absence of more than one year has returned to school.

The school is indebted to Mr. George Tyrrell for a nice box of Christmas candy.

Mr. and Mrs. Mogle and Miss Eyres visited Virginia City one day last week.

Little Eduada has been confined to her bed for a few days with a severe cold.

John Astor, Daniel Booyer and others are doing most excellent work in the tailor shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansley are now living in the little cottage formerly used for a ware house.

Superintendent Allen has been informed that a new piano has been shipped to the school.

Skating and hunting by the boys has been the prevailing amusements during the vacation.

The plans for our new shop are now before the Hon. Secretary of Interior for approval.

Six hundred and thirty-four gallons of milk has been used by the school in the last ninety days.

Miss Vornholtz, our new seamstress, is giving entire satisfaction, and is pleased with her new location.

William Bobb made the first pair of shoes manufactured by Indian boys at the Carson Indian School.

George Collins has spent several days in Inyo County, California securing children for the Carson School.

Joe Johnson went down to Schurz a few days ago and brought his little sister, Emma back to school with him.

Notwithstanding the wintry weather there has been but little sickness at the school during the past month.

Eddie Bobb, Geo. Bobb, Nellie Bobb, Sam Lowe and Esther Davis of Virginia City entered School one day last week.

SHOE SHOP REPORT.

Mr. Pearson, shoe maker, makes the following report of the work accomplished in his shoe shop: Shoes half soled ninety pairs, new heels and heels repaired seventy-four, toe caps fifty-eight, patches and other repairs one hundred and forty-three. In addition, I would state, that owing to the lack of supplies the shop was not started until November 1st., and since that time the class has received instruction in repairing only, considering the absence of proper tools, the boys have made remarkable progress, and much of the mending is equal to that of not a few experienced craftsmen, both in appearance and quality. The Indian boy makes rapid strides along the mechanical path, and delights in acquiring knowledge and manual skill, that he knows is sure to benefit him substantially, through all the years to come. After the holidays, the advanced pupils will take up a new line of work, and no effort will be spared to thoroughly acquaint them with the art of constructing up to date footwear, and to give them a full and complete knowledge of the human foot, in its ordinary growth and motions. They will also learn to assist nature in guarding the "understanding," from the evil and erratic mandates of fashion, and to so provide, that its wonderful mechanism and marvelous arrangement of bone, tendon, and muscle, shall have free action and fair play.

F. W. PEARSON.

An Indian woman of Independence California, has a son nearly grown; some time ago he was solicited to go to Carson School, but the mother refused, since the boy has fallen into bad habits through the surrounding influences of home, after seeing one of the boys just returned from Carson a few days ago, she remarked, I wish I had sent my boy to Carson, when the Superintendent wanted him. He might have been a good boy like George Collins.

West Virginia, since it was admitted into the Union, has had six red headed governors including Mr. White just elected. He will be inaugurated on March the fourth and has extended a special invitation to every red headed person in the state to be present.

The returned Indian pupils from Carlisle, who have reentered this school are advantageous to the other pupils, they by example and habits, teach the less favored ones the better way.

Thirty-five, pairs of pants and thirty-eight pairs of overalls have been manufactured in the tailor shop since it opened, besides doing a great deal of repairing.

PROGRAM.

CARSON OPERA HOUSE

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, 1900.

PROGRAM RENDERED BY PUPILS OF CARSON INDIAN SCHOOL.

Overture—Life is a Dream Band
Tableau—Indians of the past.

Song Twilight is Stealing
Speech (Sel.)—Labor and Capital....

..... Tiffany. Bender
Rose Drill Primary Pupils

Skipping game Kindergarten
Tableau—Indians of the present

DRAMA—RIENZI, THE TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE.

Characters, represented as follows:

Rienzi John Minkey
Paolo John Cromwell

Angello Callona John P. Jones
Alberti—Captain of the Guard

..... DeVore McMahon
Citizens Mannie Bender,

..... Richard Jack, Bode Graham
Soldiers Harrison Diaz,...

..... John Mack, Daniel Webster
Duet—Daisy Tiffany Bender, ...

..... Mannie Bender
Recitation—Chimes of Amsterdam...

..... Lizzie McGearry
Burlesque Band Kindergarten

Wax Figures. (Proprietor) Chas. Hicks
Male Octette Over the Ocean

Song and Drill—Christmas bells.
..... Primary

..... Ghost marriage
Music Brass Quartette

Tableau—Indians of the Future
Music Band

U. S. Indian Inspector, Col. Arthur M. Tinker and wife have been visiting the School for several days. They, both, are pleasant people, are thoroughly in sympathy with Indian school work and give valuable advice in their visits to Indian schools.

Miss Wilkins, teacher of day school at Independence California has a small but an excellent school. The teacher gives her entire time and energies to the work extending her influence to the camps over the older Indians.

Mrs. Peters of Big Pine California day school, gave a dinner to the parents and children of her school, she fed more than two hundred Indians. All were pleased with the dinner.

Authority has been granted to build porches and stair ways at each end of the main building, leading to the boys dormitories.

Mr. Carroll and other employes with assistance of the boys have stored twenty-five tons of ice for next summer.

A STORY OF INDIA.

Some years ago as two Americans were traveling in the valley of the Ganges, they came to the ruins of a large palace in which four hundred families made their homes though a greater portion of the roof had fallen in, and the stone walls showed the marks of the "insatiate tooth of Time."

While these two gentlemen were standing in the audience chamber of this once magnificent palace, their guide told them the following story:

A hundred—aye a thousand—years ago, a wise and noble king ruled the land and built this palace at an enormous cost. There once stood the throne, overlaid with pure gold, and beside it, a column of the same material on which the king rested his crown when not wearing it. The crown, strange to say, was made of silver. But at this time, silver was the more precious of the two metals, as it was very scarce.

After a successful reign of many years, this king went the way of the earth and was gathered unto his fathers, leaving no one of royal blood to succeed him. Of all the high officials, none were found worthy to wield the scepter, so they had no king for twelve years. But, at the end of that period, anarchy reigned,—life and property was no longer secure. As a last resort, the wise men of the land called a council to find a remedy. With all the earnestness of despair they asked the stars to guide them in selecting a king; and this was the answer received: "He, whom the animals follow, whom the sun serves, whom the waters obey, and whom the people love, shall be your king." The members of this council, believing implicitly in the verdict of the stars, started out in various directions to find such a man.

One went to the northward, up the rugged steep of the Himalaya Mountains. One evening, after traveling for many days, he came to a hunter's cabin. Being tired and cold and hungry, he went in, no one was there to welcome him, but from an adjoining room, came a strange medley of sounds,—the roar of the lion, the growl of the tiger, the scream of the panther, and the howl and bark of the wolf and jackal mingled in one Thibetan grand opera. The Wise Man was very much frightened and was just turning to hasten away when the Hunter came up and invited him in. The solos, trios, etc. were still going on, and the Hunter proceeded to unbar the door from whence came the discordant sounds. The Wise Man crouched down in the farther corner of the room, trembling with fear and astonishment. As the door opened, out came a file of all kinds of animals of the country in perfect order, following the Hunter

who led the way to a closet from which he took some dried roots and herbs, giving each animal a piece in turn. After they had received their medicine, they all returned to the room from whence they came. The Hunter had studied the diseases of animals and their remedies, and the animals came to him to be treated. As the Wise Man sat in his corner, he thought of the first condition by which he should know the proposed King,—"whom the animals follow," but he said nothing.

Next morning, the Wise Man suggested that it was much colder on the mountain than it was in the valley where he came from, "Oh," replied the Hunter, "I will attend to that." Then laid some dry grass and sticks on a flat stone that was in the center of his cabin. No sooner were the sticks arranged properly than they began to blaze. The Wise Man stood in amazement and asked for an explanation. The Hunter simply pointed to the roof of his cabin. There he had a burning-glass or lense so adjusted that the sun's rays were focussed on his hearth. The Wise Man thought of the second condition,—"Whom the sun serves," but waited in silence for further developments.

By and by, as they were walking down the mountain-side together, they came to a spring and the Wise Man stooped down to get a drink. The water was very muddy, and the Hunter said: "wait a moment and I will fix it for you." He then inserted a spile just above the spring and the water flowed out clear as crystal. The Wise Man, in wonder, thought to himself,—"whom the waters obey," but said nothing of his mission to the Hunter.

A little farther down the mountain-side, they came to a large lake of water. "Why, isn't that an artificial lake?" queried the Wise Man. "Yes," replied the hunter, "Some years ago the people, living in that valley just below us there, suffered a great deal for the want of water during the dry-season; and I saw that this large canyon, where you now see the lake, could be dammed up very easily at that narrow place, so I rolled boulders down from above and soon had a substantial dam. Now as the people below need water, I let it out for them." "Do the people in the valley know that you have done this for them?" asked the Wise Man. "Yes," said the Hunter, "I went down there a year ago and they made so much over me that I determined not to go back again." The Wise Man stopped and looked at the Hunter as the last condition occurred to him,—"Whom the people love."

To all appearances this was only a simple-minded hunter but all the conditions by which he was to know the man worthy to be their king had been

fulfilled,—"He, whom the animals follow, whom the sun serves, whom the waters obey, and whom the people love." So he said to the Hunter,—"Come, follow me; the wise men of the large valley below have sent me to urge you to attend their council."

They returned to the valley and the council declared the Hunter their king, and crowned him with the silver crown. The Hunter-King lived and ruled justly for many years.

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
King hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

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