

The Indian Advance

Devoted to the Welfare and Education of the Indian.

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BUBBLES.

I stood on the brink in childhood,
And watched the bubbles go
From the rock-fretted, sunny ripple
To the smoother tide below;

* * *

And over the white creek-bottom,
Under them every one,
Went golden stars in the water,
All luminous with the sun.

* * *

But the bubbles broke on the surface,
And under, the stars of gold
Broke; and the hurrying water
Flowed onward, swift and cold.

* * *

I stood on the brink in manhood,
And it came to my weary brain,
And my heart, so dull and heavy
After the years of pain,—

* * *

That every hollowest bubble
Which over my life had passed
Still into its deeper current
Some heavenly gleam had cast;

* * *

That, however I mocked it gayly,
And guessed at its hollowness,
Still shone, with each bursting bubble,
One star in my soul the less.

—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

THE SWEETEST THINGS OF EARTH.

What are the sweetest things of earth?
Lips that can praise a rival's worth;
A fragrant rose that hides no thorn;
Riches of gold untouched by scorn;

A happy little child asleep;
Eyes that can smile, tho they may weep;
A brother's cheer; a father's praise;
The minstrelsy of summer days;

A heart where anger never burns;
A gift that looks for no returns;
Wrong's overthrow; pain's quick release;

Dark footsteps guided into peace;
The light of love in lover's eyes;
Age that is young as well as wise;
A mother's kiss; a baby's mirth,—
These are the sweetest things of earth.

—Kansas City Times.

VAGARIES OF THE TIDES.

There are as many vagaries in the waters as in the winds. Why, for instance, should three great ocean currents send their warm waters across the wide Pacific, Atlantic and around the Cape of Good Hope? There have been many theories advanced to solve the problem of their origin, but all have proved fallacious. Other and equally mysterious currents exist in well nigh all parts of the world. The tides are so erratic in different parts of the world that one hesitates to accept the theory that the moon controls them in all cases.

It is on record that the sea has run for weeks out of the Java sea through the strait of Sunda and thence back again for a like period without any perceptible rise or fall during this time. Then there is the equatorial current that flows into the Caribbean sea, the ever flowing current to the eastward around Cape Horn, the cold stream flowing from icy regions of the north past Newfoundland and Nova Scotia and along the American coast to the extreme end of Florida, the continual current running with a velocity of from four to five knots an hour through the strait of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean sea, the swift current running across the rocks and shoals off the end of Billiton island, which apparently starts from nowhere and ends somewhere in the vicinity of the same place, and the current which, starting half way up the China sea, runs from two to three knots an hour to the north-east and finally ends abruptly off the north end of Luzon.

Then we have those tidal vagaries known the world over as bores. Residents on Severn side are familiar with them, and those that run up the Hugli and Irawaddy rivers from side to side in a zigzag shape till they reach their limit, often tearing ships from their anchorage, originate nobody knows where or why. The rush of waters in the bay of Fundy is nothing but a huge bore sweeping all before it up to the head of the bay till the waters have risen to the height of fifty or sixty feet. Off Southampton we have the double tides, while at Singapore it has been observed for days at a time that there has been but the one rise and

fall in the twenty-four hours. The tides may be and very often appear as though they were "moonstruck," but they certainly are not controlled with hard and fast rules by that or any other body.

—Selected.

THE TRICK OF A FOX.

A gentleman who is fond of studying wild animals in their natural surroundings once had an opportunity of seeing for himself an example of the cunning for which the fox has become proverbial.

As he was standing near the bank of a river one winter day, he saw a fox run out upon the ice and make straight for a hole. At the edge of the opening he stopping, turned, followed his tracks back to the bank, ran down the stream and paused to await developments.

In a little while a dog came tearing out of the woods, with his nose close to the ice and snow. He ran along the ice with his head down, following the scent, until he reached the opening. It was then too late to check his speed; he plunged into the water and was lost under the ice.

The fox, meanwhile, had waited in plain sight to watch the effect of his little trick. After the dog came into view the fox remained perfectly motionless until he saw his old enemy disappear. Then, with a look on his face which seemed to combine a good-natured grin with a mild contempt, he went nonchalantly off about his business.

—Sel.

COLERIDGE'S CLASSIFICATION OF READERS.

Coleridge says: "Readers may be divided into four classes—first, sponges, who absorb all they read and return it early in the same state, only a little dirty; second, sand glasses, who retain nothing and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time; third, strain bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read; fourth, mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read and enable others to profit by it also."—Sel.

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The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's well with the world.
—Robert Browning.

INDIAN CHILDREN IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

The homes of the little Washoes and
Piautes children who come to the
Kindergarten at the Carson Indian
Boarding School are surely not planned
for the best development of young minds.

The majority of them are nothing more
than guerny sacks and old rags fastened
around sticks to imitate tents and are
called Wickiups, having no furniture,
decorations, no sign of cleanliness or
thrif around. It is from such homes
that many of these children come. They
live in a country where ranching is car-
ried on extensively, and are not cut off
from the civilized world entirely, and
thus have had a glimpse of farming,
cattle raising, gardening and of some of
the idus tries.

Though some of the parents are reluct-
ant to send their children to school,
many are not, and are beginning to look
upon the school more favorably. These
parents are ready and willing to work
for the whites and although they are
contented to live in the fashion of their
fathers, this association has aroused a
little in sight within them and they are
not totally ignorant of what will be help-
ful to their children in the future.

These Indian children are not at all
dull; or inactive neither stubborn nor
suspicious, but are not quite so respon-
sive as white children on account of
timidity in finding words readily to ex-
press their thoughts. They enter school
with some knowledge of the English
language and it has not been necessary
to keep them in the kindergarten any

longer than the average white child and
take up the primary work at six and
seven years of age as readily as their
white brothers.

They enter into all of the games with
a great deal of interest and enthusiasm
and in their play as well as in drawing,
modeling make houses instead of camps
and nearly all want to build homes when
they are grown and have furniture and
decorations.

Our school is in the sage-brush land
without many trees, but notwithstanding
the seeming barrenness we are able to
find many things of interest. There
are beautiful stones and arrow heads
buried in the sand, flowers in great pro-
fusion in the spring, large ant's houses,
bird's nests in the bushes where the
children can see the eggs and watch the
process of development and many other
things. As a rule these little Washoes
and Piautes are not cruel and seem to
have sympathy for life out side of their
own.

They are careful observers of nature
and their thought powers are developed
to a considerable extent.

They all have a desire to do and to
learn and it becomes the responsibility
of those who know better things to live
with them, and by a loving sympathy
lift them to a higher plane of life. Their
souls are capable of growing and they
are worthy of our best efforts.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

"All my good is magnetic, and I edu-
cate not by lessons, but by going about
my business."—Plato.

Give me grace to fight like a soldier
of Thine, without wrath and without
fear. Give me to do my duty, but give
the victory when thou pleaseth. Let
me live, if so thou wilt; let me die, if so
thou wilt, only let me die in honor with
thee. Let thy truth be victorious, if
not now, yet when it shall please thee;
and, oh, I pray, let no deed of mine de-
lay its coming. Let my work fail if it
be unto evil, but save my soul in truth.
Amen.—George Fox.

The essence of tyranny lies not in the
strength of the strong, but in the weak-
ness of the weak. Even in the free air
of America there are still millions who
are not free—millions who can never be
free under any government or under
any laws, so long as they remain what
they are.

The remedy for oppression, then, is to
bring in men who cannot be oppressed.
This is the remedy our fathers sought;
we shall find no other. The problem of
life is not to make life easier, but to
make men stronger, so that no problem
shall be beyond their solution. It will

be a sad day for the Republic when life
is easy for ignorance, indolence, and
apathy. The social order of the present
we cannot change much if we would.
The real work of each generation is to
mould the social order of the future.
The grown-up men and women of to-day
are, in a sense, past saving. The best
work of the Republic is to save the
children.—David Starr Jordan.

"Sound education stands before me
symbolized by a tree planted near fertil-
izing waters. A little seed which con-
tains the design of the tree, its form and
proportions, is placed in the soil. See
how it germinates and expands into
trunk, branches, leaves, flowers, fruit!
The whole tree is an uninterrupted chain
of organic parts, the plan of which ex-
isted in its seed and root. Man is similar
to the tree. In the new born child are
hidden those faculties which are to un-
fold during life. The individual and sep-
arate organs of his being form them-
selves gradually into an harmonic whole,
and build up humanity in the image of
God"—Pestalozzi.

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ladies' furnishing goods. Our
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a call.

A light snow fell on the 19th. of May.
Tennis and croquet playing are the out door games at present.

The school observed Decoration Day with appropriate exercises.

Miss Thompson and Mrs. Norton are experimenting with a new wheel.

Peter Johnson acted as disciplinarian during Mr. Norton's illness.

Frank John, Harrison Diaz and several other boys visited Reno on field day.

The new office will be located in front of the two main buildings near the road.

The girls appeared in new blue duck dresses at the lawn social of May 24th. They looked very pretty.

The work on the Walker River reservation is progressing well under the supervision of Mr. W. E. Cope.

The boys gave a party on the 17th. It was a pleasant occasion and a fine supper consisting of all the delicacies of the season was served.

Samuel Galbraith and George Minkey are proving themselves to be experts in their respective trades as carpenter and blacksmith.

The Indian boys received much praise for their faithful work in dragging the river in search of the body of the young lady who was drowned.

Mr. Bender with his wife and baby have gone to the Lake for the summer. Daniel Escovar has been appointed night-watchman in his place.

The school has had an invitation to attend the street carnival at Reno in July, but it will be impossible to make the visit on account of the press of work at the school at the close of the year.

The additional buildings to be erected next year will be placed across the road and consist of a school building a hospital and a building for employees quarters.

Mr. Vandal, Annie and Walter Allen, Richard Jack, with a crowd from Carson, formed a merry party to Reno on the 23rd, to witness the field games between Carson and Reno High Schools.

Mr. Allen returned from a business trip to Washington, D. C. While there, he visited Miss Hayward, a former teacher, and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor former employees of this school. He reports them doing well in their respective lines of business.

A fine baby girl came to brighten the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Sampsell on the 7th. of May. Mr. Sampsell is the carpenter and Mrs. Sampsell was the girls' matron of our school.

The field contest that was held in Reno between different High Schools of the state, was one of most interesting ever held in Reno. At two o'clock, teams began to show up. In all the races, Carson was first, James Oldings of Carson, running most of them, and excelled Reno's best men.

Carson won a few races on the hurdles, Reno came out a head. On broad jump, James Oldings of Carson won first place, jumping over 20 feet and almost up to the state record.

In pole vaulting, high jumping, and shot putting, Reno was first.

In hammer throwing, Wines of Elko High School, won first place, throwing it 115 feet.

The contestants were from Virginia City, Gold Hill, Dayton, Elko, Reno, and Carson.

The trophy was a silver plated cup which was awarded to Reno, after winning the race on hurdles, Saturday afternoon.

On Friday, it was discovered that Carson and Reno had made a tie, scoring 49 on either side.

In the Declamation Contest, a Carson girl won the first prize, for girls, and Virginia boy, the first prize for boys.

The Carson boys were not satisfied as to the result of the field day games, as it stated that the judges were unfair and that Reno won the trophy by an unfair play. The trophy now belongs to Reno High School for all time.

BLACKSMITH SHOP ITEMS.

Seven wagon gears have been ironed off by the blacksmiths.

The blacksmiths have now started to iron off the wagon beds and they are doing very neat work.

One of the blacksmith boys is able to turn out horse shoes that would make many a good blacksmith blush.

One of the boys has made a knife that is of credit to himself as well as to the school.

Tongs and hammers have been turned by the boys without difficulty.

In horse shoeing, the boys fit and nail the shoes very quickly and do neat work.

The stone for the foundation of the new office is on the grounds and we hope to have a new building in the near future.—By Daniel Escovar.

Edward Hicks and Samuel Galbraith have returned from the Walker River Reservation, where they have been employed on the irrigating ditches.

Mr Baker and his detail have been hauling the stone for the foundation of the new office.

It is reported that Nap Henry an old pupil is very low with consumption.

Mrs. Winston has charge of the girls' home.

Mr. Vandal made a business trip to Virginia City yesterday.

Mr. Cawker and his detail have been doing out door work for several days past.

A large number of the boys and girls will go home on their vacation at the end of the month.

Miss Hayward, who was teacher last year, still retains a warm feeling for her pupils and would like to again be with them as teacher.

Miss Coady at Walker River is not only a good field matron but is also able to manage the affairs of the agency in the absence of the farmer who is away on his vacation.

Miss West gave a party to sixteen boys and girls on the 30th ultimo. New prize games engaged the party until a late hour. Mr. Cawker made himself useful helping to entertain the party.

Mrs. Annie I. Winston who was at this school as assistant matron and was transferred to the Puyallup School two years ago was sent back to the same position, she was pleased to return and was welcomed by the Superintendent and her old acquaintance.

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INDIAN SIGN TALK.

The traveler on the plains in the early days soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill, and that in turn he might see answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of the Indians, across miles of intervening ground, a signal used in rallying the warriors for an attack, or warning them for a retreat when that seemed advisable.

The Indian had a way of sending up the smoke in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal and not taken for the smoke of some camp-fire. He made the rings by covering the little fire with his blanket for a moment, then suddenly removing the blanket and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The column of ascending smoke-rings said to every Indian within thirty miles, "Look out. There is an enemy near." Three smokes built close together meant "Danger." One smoke merely meant, "Attention." Two smokes meant "Camp at this place." Travel the plains and the usefulness of this long distance telephone will quickly become apparent.

Sometimes at night the settler or traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the line of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of Indians, but unless he were an old-timer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire arrow (an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark) meant the same as the column of smoke puffs—viz., "An enemy is near." Two arrows meant, "Danger." Three arrows said imperatively, "This danger is great." Several arrows said, "The enemy are too much for us." Two arrows shot up into the air at once meant, "We shall attack." Three at once said, "We attack now." An arrow shot off in a diagonal direction said as plainly as pointing a finger, "That way." Thus the untutored savage could telephone fairly well at night as well as in the daytime.—Sel.

ANIMAL COURAGE.

We often read how animals, usually die a tragic death, but little is said of the mute suffering and wonderful fortitude which is so frequently displayed. And with all the civilization of centuries behind us this power of suffering acute physical pain without flinching or murmuring is still considered one of our

highest attributes.

One winter evening, when the snow crackled under foot and the edges of the ponds and brooks showed a trace of ice, I saw, here and there, the signs of traps which had been set for stray prowlers. Some were placed along paths which were used by 'coons and foxes, under the overhanging cliffs; others were cleverly hidden in the edge of the water for muskrats and minks.

Next morning as I passed along one of the paths I saw how a captured animal had shown his bravery, for in a trap in the water was a foot and part of a leg of a large muskrat. What courage it must have taken to deliberately gnaw off his foot and leg! At first I thought that perhaps the trap had broken the bone, and the animal had simply cut the flesh and tendons away, but on close inspection I saw that the bone had not been broken. I could shut my eyes and almost see the frightened little animal work and pull at the steel trap chain as the cool stars winked and blinked. All night long, probably, he had worked about the place where the short chain was fastened, but it held fast. As the gray of the day showed faint in the east he knew he must do something desperate, so he went to work on his own flesh and bone. Can one think anything more courageous than slowly cutting through one's own flesh, with liberty the reward of the pain? Then when the hard bone reached, and the animal is weak and spent with suffering, think what courage it must have taken for the final work.

Of course, I do not wish any one to try to read human attributes into animals, or to think of the lower animals as suffering as acutely as does man, and especially civilized man, I only want every one to realize how cruel man is in his often heartless treatment of the lower animals. If we need furs, and have to trap animals to obtain them, why not so place the traps that the animals may be killed, and not tortured hour after hour?

Now and then, in his rambles along the muddy banks of small streams, the close observer will see the tracks of these heroic victims of the trap. The tracks show three well-marked feet, and then the fourth is merely a stub of a leg pressed into the mud.—Sel.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE ORIGIN OF THE BIRDS.

Long ages ago when the world was young the "Great Spirit" went about over the earth making it beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their soft green

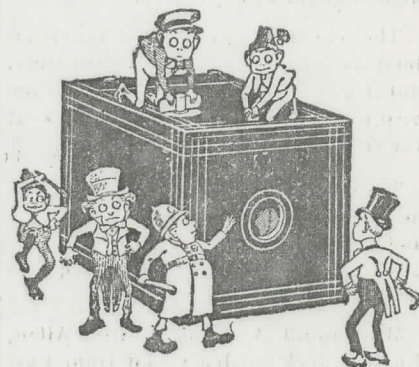
dresses, but as the wind grew colder and the frosts came at night, they began to change their pretty, cool green for bright yellow, red, and soft brown dresses.

The leaves were very happy, and they sang their sweet little songs to the breeze as it passed them.

One day the wind told them that the time would soon come when they would have to fall from the tree and die. This made the little leaves feel very bad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could so as not to make the mother tree unhappy. But at last the time came and they let go of the twigs and branches fluttered to the ground. There they lay perfectly quiet, not able to move except as the wind would lift them.

The "Great Spirit" saw them and thought they were so lovely that He did not want them to die, but live and be beautiful forever; so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of little wings, and power to fly. Then he called them his "bird." From the red and brown leaves of the Oak came the robins, the yellow birds from the Yellow Willow leaves, and from bright Maple leaves he made the red birds; the brown leaves became wrens, sparrows and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them to build their nests and look for food and shade.—J. M. BALLINGER.

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