

# The Indian Advance

Devoted to the Welfare and Education of the Indian.

Vol. 3. CARSON INDIAN SCHOOL, CARSON CITY, NEVADA, MAY 1, 1902. No. 9.

## WHAT I HEAR IN APRIL.

Would you like to know what I hear,  
dear heart,  
When the snow is melted away,  
And I lay my ear to the soft warm  
ground  
On a sunny April day?

I hear the rootlets running along,  
Bringing little garments rare  
To clothe the flowers that have hurried  
up  
To breathe the sweet spring air.

One carries a hood for the Violet dear,  
Lest the air should give her chills:  
And one a hat for the Dandelion,  
All trimmed with golden quills.

Another brings a bunch of cups  
Of pink, and blue, and white;  
And under each little Hyacinth chin  
They're fastened snug and tight.

And I hear a rustle like dainty silks  
As the tiny waists are made,  
That over the forms of the Tulips fair  
And the Crocus are tenderly laid.

And then I hear them scamper away  
To the hills where the brooklets run,  
And, filling their buckets, they hasten  
back

With a drink for every one.

—ELLEN KNIGHT BRADFORD.

## APRIL.

April hath Come On;

And the cool winds feel softer, and the  
rain

Falls in the beaded drops of Summer  
time,

You may hear birds at morning and at  
eve:

The tame dove lingers till the twilight  
falls,

Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in  
His beautiful bright neck; and from the  
hills

A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea  
Tells the release of water; and the earth  
Send up a pleasant smell, and the dry  
leaves

Are lifted by the grass; and so I know  
That nature, with her delicate ear, hath  
heard

The dropping of the velvet foot of  
Spring.—Sel.

## THE CELEBRATED "LEAF ANT."

One of the oddest little creatures in all animal nature is the "leaf ant" of Central America. Although different species of this oddity are known to inhabit the American continent from Brazil to Mexico, the real home of the true leaf ant is in Nicaragua. To all outward appearances this little insect is a common ant, but one of gigantic size, it must be admitted, when compared with the ants of our temperate regions, being on an average over an inch in length. The habit for which these ants are so celebrated, and one which we could hardly believe were it not for the testimony of reputable naturalists, is that of carrying a leaf for a sunshade, just as our women and men carry parasols and umbrellas for the same purpose.

When at work, the leaf carrying ants look like a little army in which each individual member is protected from the sun's rays by a little banner of green. Another remarkable fact in connection with the leaf carrier is that only those at work carry the little leafy protection. When a long file of burden bearers have deposited their budgets, they discard their parasols and return for a load without the leaf which made them such conspicuous objects when on the "up trip"—Sel.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This Lincoln of the black loam, who built his neighbor's cabin and hoed his neighbor's corn, who had been storekeeper and postman and flatboatman, who had followed a rough justice round a round circuit, who had rolled a local bully in the dirt, rescued women from insult, tended the bedside of many a sick coward who feared the judgment, told coarse stories on barrels by candlelight (but these are pure beside the vice of great cities), who addressed political mobs in the raw, swooping down from the stump and flinging embroilers east and west—the physician who was one day to tend the sickbed of the nation in her agony, whose large hand was to be on her feeble pulse and whose knowledge, almost divine, was to perform the miracle of her healing.—Winston Churchill's "The Crisis."

## CHARACTER REVEALED BY THE VOICE.

There is no greater revealer of character than the human voice. In spite of all efforts it is the note of the soul, and the indicator both of nature and of culture.

Whether we are aware of the fact or not, the voice is the first thing that strikes us in a stranger, or in a new acquaintance. If it has that spontaneous ring of truth that no training can impart we recognize its appeal for confidence, and generally give it. On the contrary, there are some voices that have the jar of falsehood, and are as full of warning as the hiss of a serpent. But whenever we are attracted or repulsed by a human voice we may accept that impulse as one having its foundation in the depths of our consciousness, and worthy of credence and attention.

It is true that we all have our company voices, which we put on with our best dresses; but this assumption of special tones and inflection on special occasions is no more a piece of insincerity than is the putting on of a piece of finery. It is the unconscious natural voice that is to be regarded as the index of character. This is remarkably evidenced by the stutterer. No person of prompt decided character ever stutters, or has a loose, fluffy voice. Even if a quick-witted man lets his words drip and drawl there is a flaw somewhere. To speak promptly and positively is generally to act promptly and positively; to speak politely is to act politely, and to speak gruffly and rudely is a good way to make rude action easy.

The cultivation of the voice ought to be a part of education. Nobody can estimate how great an influence distinct, harmonious, clear speech would have in determining direct, harmonious, clear feeling and action.—Sel.

The fig is the favorite fruit among animals, and horses, cows, hogs, sheep and goats will eat this fruit as readily as man. The elephant considers it a dainty, while all the fowls greedily devour figs.

There is one admirable thing about a dog—he always acts natural.—Atchison Globe.



## THE INDIAN ADVANCE.

Published Monthly at Carson Indian School,  
Carson City, Nevada.

Address all business communications to  
The INDIAN ADVANCE, Indian School,  
Carson City, Nevada.

Subscription 25 cents per Year in  
advance.

Entered as second-class mail matter  
at Carson City, Nevada.

### IDEALS.

Patterson Du Bois said, "The ideal man must first have had an ideal childhood" and we shall not make a perfect child of him by forcing him into an adult mold." Froebel, says, "It is dangerous to interfere in any way with a ripening process."

It becomes the duty then, of parents and teachers to make the ideal man through ideals based upon experience and a sympathetic understanding of child-nature.

In order to be perfect instructors, these must have an ideal of right and of harmony in the home, the school-room, the workshop, the kitchen or in any department over which they have power and influence, then by right of these privileges they will be able to bring children into a willing cooperation with their efforts to realize this ideal.

An ideal mother an ideal teacher makes no attempt to exercise arbitrary control or to flourish authority, but leads the child to the highest character discipline known to humanity, that of disciplining himself, that is the giving up of selfish preferences for the good of the whole.

Parents and teachers should know that children are largely while under his care what his ideals make them.

What then determines the success or failure of each day, month, or year of work in the home, in the school-room or in any department of learning? It is the influence of the mother, the teacher upon the child, the reflection of one dominant personality upon the young impressionable heart. Each teacher, each mother should ask of himself, or herself, have I been good enough, great enough and strong enough to leave an impress upon the child under my care that shall make for the best things in after years, that shall go towards making him an ideal man or her an ideal woman? Blessed are the children who come under the influence of such teaching.

### EXPRESSION OF THOUGHT.

One of the greatest promoters of true character is ability to express thought, ability comes through practice in the use of words. The material from which words are constructed is secured by the contact with the world and by the observance of the relation of its objects. The duty of the teacher is to point out these relations. To get a true comprehension, the idea must be presented with singleness and clearness of thought, and, to have such, the thought must not be confused with other thoughts and the mind must be clear of all perverted ideas which may have beforehand presented themselves.

One may have a true comprehension and fail to be able to express through lack of words. It is then the duty of the teacher to select words to express the thought. This may be done by relating an incident, or by an act, or by telling a story, and so on; when simply defining a word means nothing, and then presenting the word with the meaning.

Power to express thought is wanting in the Indian, for the reason they lack words to convey the idea, experience will show that they often seem ignorant when it is only want of words to express themselves.

Fountain of water, be it ever so sweet, if there is no way of drawing it out, is useless and becomes stagnant. Activity is the law of progress. Just so with the mind, if there is no outlet, it becomes as stagnant as the fountain. Words are the outlet of the mind, and when the use and meaning as learned then will the individual be able to express, and grow as well. No one frames a thought in words, either mentally or vocally, but it adds some knowledge of himself or the world around him. What should man know better than himself.

There is great power in expression, One word may cause a thousand to move. Johnny may know I think he is good, but, if I tell him so, the feeling of his being will rise tenfold. Even expression of dumb animals goes far towards realization of life.

When the Indian is able to rightly comprehend, and has power to think and express himself, then will he begin to grow and stand as an individual and not as an appendix.

### PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

We are responsible for our own acts. So often when talking to pupils about some misdemeanor they say some one else was the cause. They admit the wrong doing but excuse themselves. They form the habit of putting the re-

sponsibility of what they do on the other fellow. They continue this as they grow older and enter life's duties. Every where you find people who admit wrong doing or neglect of duty, but find an excuse in some one else or in circumstances.

Right and wrong are before us in everything we do. We do one or the other from choice, and life is a success or a failure as we choose.

The failure has continually been attributed to some other persons neglect or influence, while successful people have formed the habit of doing right and overcoming outside influences.

This excuse of putting the responsibility of our own acts on some one else is a serious fault and should be overcome early. It will lead to failure and unhappiness.

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Spring is here.

April has been a delightful month.

The Sage brush is full of beautiful wild flowers.

Miss West and Miss Jones have put window boxes in their school room windows.

David Vipont who has been in the hospital with pneumonia is again able to be in school.

The lawn has donned its Spring dress, since it has received a bountiful supply of water from the irrigating canals.

Miss Henrietta Pierce who was baker at this place has resigned and gone to her home at Snowflake, Arizona. Her place will be filled by Mrs. Norton.

Little Eddie Bobb is again convalescing from a relapse of pneumonia, through the careful attention and vigilance of Mrs. Botkins, the matron.

Miss Dickenson former assistant matron, sent the mess a box of fine naval oranges from Pasadena. They were delicious and enjoyed by all. Many thanks for her kind remembrance.

We are glad to hear that Alice Earl and Mamie Murphy who went home a short time ago on account of ill health are improving rapidly, and we hope to have them with us again next year.

A letter from John P. Jones, a former pupil, states that he is employed as waiter in a Japanese restaurant at Reno. John is not afraid of work and will do what he can get to do willingly and cheerfully.

The Standard Literary Society held an open meeting in chapel, Saturday night April 12.

The debate was on the question; resolved that the steamship is more useful than the railroad. The leading speakers Harrison Diaz and Daniel Escovar supported their sides ably, as did those who followed. But the negative won the decision of the judges.

The singing and music was especially good, nearly every number receiving an encore.

Jack Mahone of the eighth grade played a piano solo entitled Our Boys and responded to an encore with My Regiment which he played from memory.

Frank John and Nellie Jones gave their recitations in clear distinct tones, and with good expression.

A dialogue entitle Pulling a Tooth afforded much amusement. The dentist pulled the tooth and held up a large horse tooth to the view of the audience.

The editor's paper was interesting and spicy. Daniel Escovar fills the office of President with ease and dignity.

## FIELD GAMES.

Carson High School vs. Carson Indian School. Held at Carson City, April 19, 1902.

In the first contest, Running 100 yds. dash, J. Oldings of the C. H. S. won first place, making 5 points; E. Baine of C. H. S. second place, making 3 points; Louis S. Williams of Indian School, third place, making 1 point.

The second contest, The 1 mile Run, Richard Jack of the I. S. made 5 points; E. Carter of C. H. S. made 3 points; William Bobb of I. S. made 1 point.

The 440 yds. run gave to R. Summer-ville of I. S. 5 points; John Paradise of I. S. 3 points; E. Ticknor of C. H. S. 1 point.

In the 120 yds. hurdle race, E. Baine of C. H. S. made 5 points; N. O. Brien of C. H. S. 3 points; Ed Mara of I. S. 1 point.

In the high jump contest, a tie of 4 points each was made by C. H. S. and I. S. Mulchay of C. H. S. made 1 point.

The 220 yds. dash, gave 5 points to J. Oldings of C. H. S.; 3 points to G. Osgood of C. H. S.; 1 point to Francisco Estrada of I. S.

The One-half mile run gave to Richard Jack of I. S. 5 points; to Lindsay of C. H. S. 3 points; to Jack Wilson of I. S. 1 point.

In the 220 yds. hurdle race, Charles Duckey of I. S. won 5 points; W. Obrien of C. H. S. 3 points.

In the ninth contest, Shot Put, Isaac John of I. S. won 5 points (35 ft. easily); Billie C. Johnson of I. S. 3 points; J. Oldings of C. H. S. 1 point.

The pole vault gave Isaac John 5 points (height 9 ft. easily); Jesse Tran-ter 3 points; Mulchay 1 point.

In Hammer Throwing, Isaac John of I. S. made 5 points (87 ft. easily); B. C. Johnson of I. S. 3 points; A. Dora of C. H. S. 1 point.

In Broad Jump, J. Oldings of C. H. S. made 5 points, (18½ ft. easily); Chas. Duckey of I. S. 3 points; B. C. Johnson of I. S. 1 point.

## RECAPITULATION.

	I. S.	C. H. S.
100 yds. dash	1	8
1 mile run	6	3
440 yds. run	8	1
120 " hurdle race	1	8
High jump	4	5
220 yds. dash	1	8
One-half mile run	6	3
220 yds. hurdle	5	3
Shot Put	8	1
Pole Vault	5	4
Hammer Throw	8	1
Broad jump	4	5
Total	57	50

Miss Van Voris entertained the athletes on the 21st.

A team of bay horses has been added to the school force.

Mrs. Lovegrove with her three small children arrived on the 23rd. from Walla Walla, Washington.

Mr. Allen left for Washington, D. C. on the 26th. He will visit the boys at Carlisle who were former pupils at this school.

We have been called again to give up one of our bright little ones. Flossie Morris, a daughter of Captain Pete, Washoe, died in camp April 27th. She was buried in Carson School cemetery.

Mr. Lovegrove, the farmer, with his detail of boys is quite busy now plant-ing seeds. He is an experienced gar-dener and farmer and the boys will receive much benefit from his ex-perience and patience.

The Kindergarteners having been in- vited by the farmer to watch the pro- cess of setting out onions, after careful observation went to the bags of onions, took them out and began to set them in the ground without an in- vitation. So much for the little Paiutes and Washoes.

The appropriation bill passed the Senate for the support of the Education of three hundred Indian pupils at the Indian school at Carson City, Nevada, fifty thousand one hundred dollars: for pay of superintendent at said school, one thousand seven hundred dollars; for general repairs and improvements, three thousand dollars; for bath house and furnishing, one thousand five hundred dollars; for hospital, five thousand dol- lars; for a new school building, fifteen thousand dollars; in all, eighty thou- sand and three hundred dollars.

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## THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

On the south shore of Lake Superior, in the vicinity of the Pictured Rocks, grows to perfection that dearest and sweetest of all wild flowers, the arbutus, the plant that the tender, loving touch of women, even, cannot cause to grow in hothouse or garden.

From time to time, while sitting by the camp fires in the evening, I have been told of the creation of many animals and birds by the great Manna-boosho and his captains the Manitos. And this is the legend as told me, of the origin or creation of the arbutus:

It was many, many moons ago there lived an old man alone in his lodge, beside a frozen stream in the forest: his locks and beard were long and white with age. He was heavily clad in fine furs, for all the world was winter,—snow and ice everywhere; the winds went wild through the forests, searching every bush and tree for birds to chill, chasing evil spirits o'er hill and vale, and the old man went about searching in deep snow for pieces of wood to keep up the fire in his lodge. In despair he returned to his lodge, and sitting down by the last few dying coals, he cried to Manna-boosho that he might not perish. And the winds blew aside the door of the lodge and there came in a most beautiful maiden. Her cheeks were red and made of wild roses; her eyes were large and glowed like the eyes of fawns at night; her hair was long and black as the raven's and it touched the ground as she walked; her hands were covered with willow buds; her bonnet was a wreath of wild flowers, and her clothing of sweet grasses and ferns, and her moccasins were white lilies, and when she breathed the air of the lodge it became warm.

The old man said:—

"My daughter, I am glad to see you; my lodge is cold and cheerless, but it will shield you from the tempest of the night; do tell me who you are, that you dare to come to my lodge in such strange clothing? Come, sit here and tell me of thy country and victories, and I will tell thee of my exploits, for I am Manito"

He then filled two pipes with tobacco, that they might smoke as they talked, and when the smoke had warmed the old man's tongue he said:—

"I am Monito. I blow my breath, and the waters of the river are still."

The maiden said:—

"I breath, and flowers spring up on all the plains."

The old man said:—

"I shake my locks, and snow covers all the ground."

"I shake my curls," said the maiden, "and warm rains fall from the clouds."

The old man said:—

"When I walk about, the leaves fall from the trees; at my command the animals hide in their holes in the ground and the birds get up out of the water and fly away."

The maiden said:—

"When I walk about, the plants lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with many leaves, the birds come back, all who see me sing. Music is everywhere."

And thus they talked, and the air became warm in the lodge. The old man's head dropped upon his breast and he slept. Then the sun came back, and a bluebird came to the top of the lodge and called; "Say-ee, say-ee, I am thirsty;" and the river called back: "I am free; come and drink."

And as the old man slept, the maiden passed her hands above his head, and he began to grow small; streams of water ran out of his mouth, and soon he was a small mass upon the ground, and his clothing turned to green leaves; and then the maiden, kneeling upon the ground, took from the bosom the most precious white flowers, and hid them all about under the leaves; then she breathed upon them and said: "I give thee all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and all who would pick thee shall do so upon bended knee."

Then the maiden moved away through the woods and over the plains, and all the birds sang to her, and wherever she stepped, and nowhere else grows the arbutus.—C. E. Belknap.

## POWER OF OBSERVATION.

A child learns everything by observation—personal observation. Nothing is taken for granted. It tries everything for itself, and soon solves the problems nearest it. About the time it begins to reach out to grasp something more of life it is hurried into a schoolroom.

Here the little innocent is often informed by its elders that all the good things of life come to those who study books hard. The child would, of course, rather go on gaining knowledge as it had already, but it must bend to the superior will of teachers and parents. Soon, too soon, its God-given power is taken away from it, and it is told that books must be used.

Aside from the great use of the power of observation is the pleasure to be gotten from it in wood and field. Nothing can compare to the enjoyment which the student feels when he learns nature's secrets while he is close to her heart. No description in any book can give the pleasure found in reading the open page of the universe—the page which is spread before all with the power of observation.

All through our school years great care

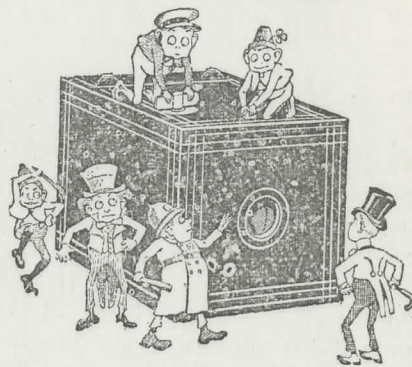
is taken to cultivate literary taste, a fine discrimination in music and a correct eye for color and drawing, and yet this same power of observation is allowed to shift for itself. It is permitted to rust until its possessor goes out into the world, asking that some one interpret everything for him through written symbols. Instead of enjoying nature as she manifests herself, he must take her offerings interpreted in book, in a musical composition or on a bit of canvas.

—Sel.

## GOOD INDIANS.

The Medawakanton tribe of Sioux Indians, at Mendota, Minn., were too busy preparing to put in their crops when the Indian Agent came around to pay them their annuities, and sent their squaws to the agency to receive the money.—Sel.

## THE "BROWNIE"



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