

The Indian Advance

Devoted to the Welfare and Education of the Indian.

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THE QUIET LIFE.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields
with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

—Alexander Pope.

AN INDIAN STOIC.

The North American Indian is as proud of his indifference to pain and bears it as stoically as any of the old Spartans. An example of this is the following striking incident which was witness by Egerton Young, the Indian missionary:—

A lad was busily engaged with an Indian crooked knife endeavoring to make an arrow. He let his knife slip and cut himself very badly. At the sight of the blood—which flowed freely, for the wound was an ugly one—the lad set up a howl of pain and alarm which greatly startled his stoical relatives.

Relief was quickly afforded, the cut covered with balsam and tied up in a piece of deer skin. But not one word of sympathy did the boy receive; on the contrary, from nearly all in the wigwam arose a chorus of indignation and disgust. To them it was a great disgrace that one of their family, and he a boy of so many winters, should howl and cry

like that for such a trifling injury.

The old grandfather especially was deeply stirred and indignant at conduct so unworthy of his grandson. The lad must be taught a lesson he would never forget. The old man, thoroughly roused out of his usual calmness, renewed the fire, which had partly burned down. When, by the addition of some very dry wood, it was burning vigorously he again turned quickly to his grandson, and speaking out sharply and excitedly, said: "See here! Look at me! This is the way a brave warrior should stand pain!" Then he suddenly reached out his hand, and holding one finger in the flame, kept it there until it was fearfully burned.

During this sickening ordeal not a muscle of the old man's face quivered; not a groan escaped from his firmly set lips. To judge from his appearance it might have been a stick that he was burning. When at length he drew back the crisp, burnt finger of his now blistered hand he held it toward his grandson and gave him another lecture, telling him among other things that if he ever expected to be great or honored among his people, he must bear pain without flinching or uttering a cry.—Sel.

A SMALL BOY ON WATER.

What one school boy knew about water is told in a composition printed in a school journal:—

Water is found everywhere, especially when it rains, as it did the other day, when our cellar was half full. Jane had to wear father's rubber boots to get onions for dinner. Onions make your eyes water, and so does horse-radish, when you eat too much.

There is a good many kinds of water in the world—rain water, soda water, holy water, and brine. Water is used for a good many things. Sailors use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't any ocean the ships couldn't float and they would have to stay ashore. Water is a good thing to fire at boys with a squirt, and to catch fish in. My father caught a big one the other day, and when he hauled it up it was an eel!

Nobody could be saved from drowning

if there wasn't any water to pull them out of. Water is first rate to put fires out with. I love to go to fires and see the men work at the engines. This is all I can think of about water—except the flood.—Sel.

WHAT A WOMAN SEES.

"Did you see a man and a woman driving past here in a buggy, about an hour ago?" asked a detective, known to the Chicago Tribune, of Mrs. Blank.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Blank.

"Ah," said the detective, "now we're getting on the right track. What kind of horse was it?"

"They were driving so fast I didn't notice that," replied Mrs. Blank. "But the woman had on a Scotch mohair and wool jacket of turquoise blue, last year's style, with stitched lines, a white pique skirt, with deep circular flounce, a satin straw hat tilted and rather flat, trimmed with hydrangeas and loops of pale blue surah and her hair was done up pompadour. That's all I had time to see."—Sel.

INDIAN PRAYER STICKS.

Those acquainted with Indian customs know of the prominence that feathers hold in the religious and social ceremonies of the red man. Particularly among Navajoes and Pueblos are these plume emblems beleived to have the utmost efficacy for good or bad.

All about any Pueblo town may be seen carefully whittled sticks, each with a tuft of downy feathers, generally white ones, bound at the top of it. They are prayer sticks and are quite as curious as the prayer wheels of Burma and the paper prayers of the Chinese. The feather, stick and manner of trying the feathers very according to the nature of the prayer. The Indian who wishes to ask a favor of the "Trues" prepares his feather prayer with great secrecy. Then taking it to a proper spot, he prays to those above, and, planting his stick, leaves it to continue his petition.—Sel.

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A WORKER IN THE WEST.

The boundless West is the domain of a fair young woman who holds the highest political position ever given to one of her sex. She is Miss Estelle Reel, the national superintendent of Indian schools, who was educated for a teacher, and has brought the best fruits of her profession into places where it has been sadly needed. Miss Reel, who is a native of Pittsfield, Illinois, secured her first position in Cheyenne, Wyoming, where she taught successfully until 1890, when she was elected superintendent of Larainie County, Wyoming, by a large majority. The work arduous, as it necessitated considerable traveling by horseback and stagecoach over a wild country. She was re-elected, and, at the close of her second term, she had earned a reputation for effective school work extending throughout the state.

In 1894, Miss Reel began a canvass for the nomination of state superintendent of instruction. She encountered much opposition from politicians, because of her sex, but was finally nominated in a scene of enthusiasm characteristic of western politics. She was elected by a greater majority than any other candidate on the ticket. Miss Reel, at that time, was secretary and registrar of the state land board, and had direct charge of the leasing of nearly four million acres of state lands.

Miss Reel was the first woman to be appointed to an office by President Roosevelt, although William McKinley appointed her to her present position. She has not attained the highest political position ever occupied by an American woman without a solid basis of merit to entitle her to it. She has pushed two branches of work in connection with the three hundred government schools maintained for the Indians.

At a meeting of the national educational convention at Detroit, there was a display of mechanical drawing, designing, implement-making, suits, boots, and shoes made by Indian boys, and needle-

work and dressmaking by Indian girls, which compared favorably with the work of public-school students.

Miss Reel wants to encourage the old Indians to preserve their ancient arts,—the making of baskets that will hold water, and blankets that are waterproof, which are in danger of becoming extinct. There is still an old squaw, here and there, who knows how to make these fine old things, and Miss Reel wants to place them in the schools, as instructors to the Indian girls. This makes the old Indians feel that they are still useful, and that the whites have some respect for their native industries, and it is in line with the latest developments in arts and crafts, and as fine, in its way, as the hand-made books and furniture and tapestries that are now so fashionable.

Her field ranges from South Carolina and Pennsylvania to the Pacific Coast, and she travels from one end of this vast territory to the other, about six times a year. During her first term of office, from 1898 to 1902, she traveled about seventy-five thousand miles, and a large portion of that distance by stagecoach, on horseback, on a burro, or on foot.

—From Success.

WALKED 75 MILES TO SURRENDER.

Muskogee: Edmond Butcher, a full-blood Indian of Muskogee Indian Territory walked seventy-five miles from his home west of this city and surrendered to the officers, stating he had killed his brother-in-law, Jack Fish, in self-defense. With him were his wife, two children and a black cur. Butcher told his story and the jail was pointed out to him. He went alone and entered without an officer or a commitment. His squaw turned her back upon the jail and with the children and cur started back on the long tramp to their home in the hill. Her bare feet, were blistered by the hot sands but she did not complain. Butcher will be tried at the September term of court.

The Indians are not dying out in Canada. The report of Canada's Department of Indian Affairs recently published states that for the year the Indian births numbered 2,479 and death 2,240, so the birth rate has exceeded the death rate by 229. There was, as compared with the previous twelve month, an increase of 146 births and a decrease of 317 deaths. A gratifying feature of this increase is that it is proportionately distributed among the various provinces. The total Indian population is given as 99,527, which is a gain of 517 over 1900. This comprises only those tribes who come within the treaty limits.—Indian's Friend.

Education never made a criminal. It simply fails sometimes to remake what has been begun by parents and by other incarnations.

Miss West, Anna Allen and Agnes Cleveland spent two weeks in San Francisco during the past month they all report an excellent outing.

Mrs. Winston is now the assistant matron at the boys home, she will have charge of the large boys' dormitory and clothing rooms.

Jay Allen while playing on a trapeze last week had the misfortune to fall and break both bones of his left arm just above the wrist.

Miss Van Voris returned to the school on Tuesday last she came back by the way of Owyhee, she brought with her six pupils.

Hector Tom is now in charge of the ADVANCE, Frank John who looked after the printing office during July is resting.

Miss Jones and Mrs. Bodkins have returned from San Francisco where they spent their vacation.

Mr. James Norton father of our industrial teacher from Ashley Illinois is visiting the school.

Mr. Vandal is arranging to take the football team and band to San Francisco for a game of football.

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All the day Schools will open today.
George Minkey has reorganized the band.

The annual supplies are coming in slowly.

Daniel Webster has returned to the school.

Isaac John has returned from his vacation.

The foot ball team has ordered their new suits.

Miss West's school room is crowded again this year,

The uniform for the boys will be blue kersey this year.

We are glad to welcome the return of the Owyhee pupils.

Henry Moses is the Superintendent's office boy this term.

James Yackimo and Abe Smith are the baker boys this term.

Mr. Vandal has gone to Bishop, California to collect pupils.

Frank Casselli has written for transportation to return to school.

Mrs. Sampsell is again matron at the girls building.

Edward Hicks is doing good work on Mr. Schultz new dwelling.

The new song books have added new interest to the school singing.

James Sampson has charge of the boy's clothing room this term.

Miss Brown in her quiet way, is managing the kitchen satisfactorily.

The usual number of parties and socials are being held and arranged for.

Nearly all the pupils who have been out on vacation have returned to school.

Miss Bertha S. Wilkins who has been teacher at Walker River has resigned.

Joe Stevens who left the school last spring writes that he wants to come back.

The 6th and 7th grades are doing the kind of work that mean promotion next June.

Pete Johnson has been assigned the position of assistant disciplinarian at the school.

Miss Ella S. Lemmon of Walnut, Illinois has been appointed teacher at this school.

Superintendent Allen has received authority to sell a number of new wagons.

Miss Crowe's sister, Miss Lillie Crowe visited this institution on the 11th. and 12th. inst.

When the foot-ball materials arrive, the boys expect to commence practicing in earnest.

The annual school supplies are beginning to arrive and the teams are busily employed.

At last the materials for the new office building is on the ground and work has begun on it.

Mrs. Vaughn who has been visiting Mrs. Allen has gone to her home at Greenfield Indiana.

All the cattle now owned by the school will be sold and a number of extra milkers purchased.

Miss Alberta C. Crowe, has been employed temporarily as teacher pending the arrival of the new teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Vaughn and Jay, Gertie and Marie drove to Lake Tahoe and returned the same day.

This issue of the ADVANCE appears late on account of the press of other work and the sickness of the office boys.

Miss Crowe who has been teacher temporarily has gone to Walker River to take charge of the day school there.

Mrs. Ellison and Mrs. Farlev both of Walker River agency have returned from their vacation spent at Los Angeles.

On the 8th inst. Miss West returned from Lovelock, Nevada, bringing Jessie Horten, Mary Jack and Sena Nevitt.

Mr. Smith, who for a number of years filled the position of blacksmith, has been promoted to the position of engineer.

The Tailor boys hereby challenge the Shoemakers to a game of foot-ball the latter team to designate the time and place.

All the employes were back in their places by the 31st, ready for work the first of September. All report a delightful vacation.

The employes gave a farewell reception on the evening Aug. 27, to Mrs. Dr Perkins, and her friends, Miss. Rice, and Miss Daisy Rice who left on the 29th ult. for Truxton Arizona.

The school grades are much evener this year than last, and the classes have been doing good work from the beginning. The prospect for an excellent year's work is bright.

Pansy Henry has returned to the school, making sixteen in the Eighth Grade.

Hubert Hough, a Digger Indian is a new addition to the fifth grade. He takes up the work quickly and easily as it is review work for him having been out of school for a few years.

The lumber for the new office building has just arrived and the carpenter, Mr. Sampsell and his detail are busily engaged erecting the same. When completed it will be one of the best in the service.

ITEMS FROM THE CARPENTER SHOP.

Work has commenced in earnest, most of the old detail have returned to work, and several new boys added and all agree to try to make this year even better than last.

Eight new shoe benches have been made and put in the shoe shop, much to the gratification of Mr. Baker and boys.

We are glad to have Willie Van Doozen and John Williams, join our force.

Fifty stools repaired and varnished for childrens diningroom.

Twenty chairs repaired and painted for girls home.

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HOW INDIANS GET THEIR NAMES.

BY IDA A. ROPE.

Among the Delaware Indians there is a woman named Dirty Face. One naturally asks: "How did she ever get such a name?"

All Indians get their names from some event in their own life or in the lives of others. Thus Dirty Face, although she is now a grandmother, and a very neat, busy woman, has had no other name since she was a child. She talks English, and tells this story of how she came to be named:—

"May be so long time, me so big,"—here she would extend her hand to the height of a child three or four years old, but instead of being horizontal, her palm would be in a vertical position, for this is the way Indians measure height—"heap dirty face, all the time dirty face, no like water, me no wash; big man, big woman call me Dirty Face. Pretty soon me big, heap water all the time, water good, call me all the time Dirty Face. Here she laughs very heartily.

Talks like, a man is a smart, bright little fellow, a veritable Indian chatter-box, very wise, so his parents think, and, therefore, appropriately named.

Stumbling Bear, a big fat man, and a former great chief never walked very gracefully, hence his name. Turkey Legs has a funny way of running, and that is how his name came about.

One time Rolling-Pony tried to shoot some wild geese, but they were too high in the air for the range of his gun. He thought they must be touching the clouds, and as he watched them they seemed to go higher and higher, until at last he was sure that they touch the clouds, and his daughter is Touching Cloud.

The names and stories are without end. Some boys and girls bear such names as Yellow Eyes, Kicking Bird, Quit Mourning, Flying Wolf, Horse Hunter, Broken Cup, Yellow Shirt, Black Turtle, Poor Buffalo, Black Star, Big Tree, Story Teller, Little Calf, Crazy Dog, Screech Owl, Wolf-on-the-hill.

When a little child dies, the name of the child is never mentioned again. But a great man may give his name to another, so that it may appear in generations. Lone Wolf is one of the most famous names in the Kiowa tribe. For generations, it is claimed, this name has been in the tribe.

At a very remote time, so runs the tradition, one old Indian had a young wife, who fell in love with her husband's younger brother. The young man was very devoted to his elder

brother, and accompanied him on many of his exploits. The young woman confessed her feelings to the young man, and wanted him to take her away, but he was too loyal to be thus tempted. The wife was then afraid that the young man would tell her husband. She knew he would be very angry, and concluded that the safest way was to get rid of the brother. She dug a great hole under his bed in the tepee and then stretched over it a hide, which she fastened down at four corners, and covered with grass. One day, when she saw him coming home alone, she pulled up three of the stakes, and when the young Indian came in, and threw himself on his bed, down he went. The wife then fastened the hide again at all the corners.

She busied herself cooking the supper of buffalo meat, and after a while her husband came. The first thing he asked was if his brother had come home, to which she said "No." He grew more and more anxious as darkness came, and his wife, too, began to feel afraid. Thinking that she might feel better to get away as soon as possible, she suggested that maybe the brother had gone to some other camp and that they would better go and look for him. When light came, they were already started on their journey.

After they had gone the wolves came to the old camping place to find what they could to eat, and they found the poor boy in the hole. They helped him out and cared for him, and he stayed with them, and lived with them for years and years, until he became almost like them.

The husband and wife, when they reached their friends' camp, of course could learn nothing of the young man's whereabouts. They knew then he must be dead, and there was a great mourning for him.

After some years a band of Indians, in rounding up a herd of buffaloes, killed more than they could carry home at once, but they decided to come back the next day for what they had to leave. The wolves soon found this feast, and when the Indians returned, they were gathered about it with what seemed to be a man in the midst of them. The Indians rode round and round the wolves in narrowing circle until there was no escape, and one Indian, throwing a lasso, caught the wild man, who struggled and barked like a wolf, and tried to scratch and bite those who came near enough. The Indians succeeded, however, in getting him to camp, but had to keep him tied up, and, at night, when the wolves howled, the wild man would howl and cry and try very hard to get away. Kind treatment, however, soon tamed him, and little by little he gave up barking and howling and began to speak Kiowa,

until finally he become his real self.

As soon as he could tell the story, they all new him, and was great rejoicing. There was a feast and a happy time for all except the poor woman who was guilty. She was put to death, pierced through and through with many arrows.

The younger brother then said that he would gave himself a new name, Alone-with-the-wolves. But this, after a time, become shortened into Lone Wolf. He called many of his friends new names, too, in honor of his wolf friends, such as Black Wolf, Trotting Wolf, Fast Wolf, Big Wolf, Flying Wolf, et. cetera. In fact, all the wolf names have this origin.

The last real Lone Wolf's only son was shot in the knee, in battle. A friend dragged him by his hand to a place of safety and so saved his life. A year after this, in 1874, young Lone Wolf was killed while raiding in Texas. The father, Lone Wolf, then gave his name to the young man who had once saved his son's life. Hence the name is now out of the original family. It has always belonged to a good, brave chief, and not long since descendant of Lone Wolf family tried to have the name restored to one of nephews who is at present chief of Kiowa tribe. The attempt failed and the name is still held by the young man to whom the father of young Lone Wolf gave it.—Sel.

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