

# The Indian Advance

Devoted to the Welfare and Education of the Indian.

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## OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

BY MRS. PRECEPT.

I have a singularly apt gift of knowing just how my friends' children ought to be trained, although, I confess it with shame, I seem lamentably inadequate to the situation where my own are concerned. However, that is my misfortune rather than my fault, for my children are peculiar, and not at all like others.

Firm gentleness on the part of the parent, a disposition to insist upon implicit obedience without submitting to questions as to why and wherefore, and promptness in visiting each culpable lapse of memory with suitable chastisement, is the method that I see with half an eye is the only proper one to pursue in the Smith and Jones households and I advocate making a set of family rules with these excellent conclusions as a basis, and using them in each household in the most Medean and Persianic manner.

I have formulated a similar code for my own use, and it will be framed and hung conspicuously as soon as I can get time to prepare the frame. I am appropriating for this use the old frame to the slate Johnnie broke, by using it for toboggan on the school house hill last winter. With gold varnish as a background, and a suggestive decoration of forget-me-nots, it will be quite an adornment to my sitting room. There is something quite poetic. I think, in modifying the severity of the rules by an attractive frame.

Symbolizing the tempering of justice with mercy, or if you look into the heart of things, perhaps it is a sort of "apples of gold in pictures of silver" effect. I never quite understood that singular text in the Old Testament, and this is the first time I ever attempted to apply it, so, possibly, I shall draw down the wrath of more expert commentators who comprehend it more clearly than I do.

Now that I think of it, it seems odd that Johnnie should have broken that slate. I have expressly told them all never to use their slates for any but the proper purpose, and both the teacher and I have forbidden Johnnie especially, even to take his slate out of the school room.

I almost think I ought to have been a little severe with Johnnie, for the double disobedience, but he did look so cunning that day, and he had such a brilliant color in his cheeks that I almost feared it was a hectic flush, and really one would hardly want to be cruel to a boy who might be already sickening with fever.

Over indulgence is one of the things that I, being an older woman, often talk to young Mrs. Jones about. She seems to find it impossible to deny that little girl of hers anything, and she is becoming a perfect slave. Mothers, I tell her, who truly love their children, should feel that "spoiling them" is really selfishness. You should sacrifice your own feelings and compel yourself to forbid everything to a child that your own candid judgement tells you is not for its good. But Mrs. Jones is a little weak, not what you would call a strong character. If she were, would she, after all I have said, have quieted little Amy when she wanted the ink bottle, by hiding it away and giving her a cake to make her forget it.

"It was a chance lost for a moral lesson that might have lasted a life time," I said, and besides that, cake between meals is very bad for children.

I have read a good deal of physiology lately and was going on to tell Mrs. Jones about the strange and complicated organs whose needed rest she was perniciously disturbing by putting them in motion for one useless little cake, when I heard an alarming crash in my buttery, and had to run across the yard in hot haste to see what had happened.

Really there never were such children as mine! Johnnie had "boosted" Mamie, and Mamie had pulled up Johnnie, till between them they had scaled the shelves and searched for the lovely lemon pies that I hid away so carefully on the top one.

When I came running in, there on the floor laid the bottom shelf that had broken beneath its unusual weight of clutching boy, and on it, mingled with two fragmentary meringue lemon pies, was Johnnie with the upper shelf resting on him like a lid.

Mamie, who is expert in the gymnastic class, clung shrieking to the middle

shelves with her feet beating a tattoo against my best china tea set that I had taken from the closet and arranged on a buttery shelf to be in readiness for my supper to-night. For sister and her husband, and two old friends are coming over from Plainfield, and that is why I made those lovely lemon pies and the loaf of angel cake which I presently found crushed upon the brick floor of this buttery, a perfect wreck. I did my duty to the children then with a birch rod I cut for the purpose.

I wish I had locked that buttery door when I went over to see Mrs. Jones. I mean to do it always after this, for there seems to be no use telling those children to keep out of it. I tell them not to go in there without permission, every day when I explain, as I do at breakfast, the impropriety of "bites" between meals, but they are very singular children. It seems strange, too, that they don't mind better, for I have given the matter a great deal of thought and that essay of mine on "Bringing up a Family" which I wrote last year for the Farmers' Club annual meeting, has been copied into half a dozen weekly papers, and lots of mothers who have read it write and ask my advice.

There really must be something very peculiar about my children, for I certainly know how they ought to be trained.

## DO YOUR RIGHTFUL WORK.

One's rightful work is often halted by fear of what others will say about it. This may be even more a barrier to the work than the fear of not doing the work at all. It takes courage to do what we believe we ought to do, when we think we shall be criticised, or misunderstood, or scorned. But the real calamity lies in not doing what we ought. Of this it is well to have so strong a fear that we shall have courage to face whatever others may say of our right doing.—Sel.

One of the most interesting passengers among those brought to New York by the American liner St. Paul on her latest trip from Southampton was Miss Grace Nailor, 16 years old and a full-blooded Indian. After the battle of Wounded Knee, which was fought in South Dakota fifteen years ago, a soldier found a baby girl on the battlefield and took her to Captain Nailor. Mrs. Nailor adopted her, educated her, took her abroad and now Miss Grace is a Washington favorite. Captain and Mrs. Nailor accompanied their adopted daughter from Europe.



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## THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-flutter. Now, that is the way flowers talk; so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, "for they were like some children who always say 'Why?' when they are told to do anything."

The elder said: "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillar were shaken off.

In one of the middle buds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself: "O, that's a beauty; I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings afterward I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her. Her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dewdrops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl.—Morning Star.

## WHAT THEY SAY.

Kate Douglas Wiggin: Education is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing.

Superintendent F. C. Jacoby: If the teacher is full of his subject, the boy cannot help becoming enthused. Words have might when a man is behind them.

Dr. W. H. Payne: There is something gravely wrong in that teacher, whether man or woman, who gains no other

feeling in his pupil's heart than mere respect.

John Eewey, Chicago University: Education is the one thing in which the American people believe without reserve, and to which they are without reserve committed.

Fitch: A little child has not your seriousness nor your sense of duty, nor your capacity for sitting still. He would be a very curious, almost an unpleasant phenomenon if he had.

Superintendent M. L. Duggan, Georgia: The individual happiness and usefulness of the future citizens of the country will depend in very large measure upon what the public schools do for the children now, and the future standing of the country intellectually, politically, and financially will depend upon the character and kind of schools we provide for the generation.

The following incident is related by a reliable man concerning Captain Jack, who was the famous chief who led the Modocs to war in 1873. At the time, the Peace Commissioners were slaughtered when trying to make peace with the Indians, Captain Jack and a number were captured and tried by a court martial which condemned them to be hung. Between the time of the trial and the execution a local Methodist missionary with more zeal than judgment approached the warrior to prevail upon him to accept the terms of the Methodist faith. The missionary pictured to the Indian a happy hunting ground of surpassing loveliness and abundance, overflowing with all that tend to make men happy, provided he accepted the terms of faith. Captain Jack listened to all the missionary said and then replied, "White man heap likum that fine country maybe he like to go there. Injan he no care Oregon good enough, me give preacher 200 ponies and 2 squaws, he-take my place."

## CHIPS FOR THE TEACHER.

Be sure that the pupil is guilty before you punish him.

Administer punishment coolly and deliberately.

Appeal to the sense of honor first.

When the offense is a wilful defiance of authority, inflict corporal punishment publicly.

After punishment, treat the pupil kindly—never hold malace.

Seek to use the minimum of punishment.

Do not reprove those who try but fail.  
—Selected.

Since the annexation of Orange River Colony by the British the cause of education is said to have advanced there greatly. Over one-third more children are now receiving instruction in the public school that have been established there then were in attendance at the Free State schools before the war. The British Government has found it necessary to send nearly 300 English and Canadian teachers to the colony to supply the demand. Besides these a number of Dutch girls have been taken there from Holland, with the consent of the Dutch Government, to act as interpreters.

The white man has developed through several economic stages; first through the fishing and hunting stages, second, the pastoral, third, the agricultural, and he is now just entering the stage of manufacturing. The last stage is the highest and most difficult in which to live, requiring an intellectual and moral attainment which the highest race of mankind has certainly not fully reached.

The Indians who lived in the eastern part of Mass. when the Pilgrims landed were agriculturist and had learned the advantage of fertilizing for crops. When they planted corn they placed a fish, usually a herring in the hill with the seed. In this and other ways they instructed the early settlers how to raise good crops on the poor New England soil.

Do the duty that lies nearest thee; which thou knowest to be a duty. The second duty will already become clearer.—Carlyle.

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Lizzie May is assisting Miss West in the Kindergarten.

Kate L. Fowler of Carson, Nevada has been appointed laundress at this school.

Miss Jones will hold her literary society in the Kindergarten room to-night.

Lillie Stern is substitute matron for Mrs. Winston, who has been sick for sometime.

The blackboards were decorated with the Mayflower, pumpkins, grain fruit turkeys etc.

Emma McGeary has been out of the Eighth grade with the fever. She will return to school to-day.

Myles Sharkey from San Francisco, Cal. has been re-instated as shoe and harness maker at this school.

Edward Hicks, who had a severe attack of typho-malarial fever is now up and able to be in the dining room again.

The large boys new uniforms are nearly all completed and are a decided improvement over the gray, formerly used.

Lena Jack has been assisting Mr. Allen in the office for the last week or two. He thinks she is a pretty good assistant.

Mr. Ansley returned from Truxton, Arizona a few days ago. He left Mrs. Ansley who will follow sometime during the month.

We are glad to make the acquaintance of Mr. Vandal's father, but wish it might have been under less sorrowful circumstances.

Mr. Allen accompanied the remain of Mr. Vandal to Reno, and made all arrangements for their shipment to his home at Amour, South Dakota.

Agnes Cleveland's account of her trip to San Francisco and what she saw and did there was interesting number on the program of the last Standard Society.

On Saturday, Sunday and Monday nights the Washoes will have their dance; The boys say they would rather stay to social every time than go down to the Indian dance.

Miss Alice Forsyth who has been employed as nurse for Mrs. Winston and whose faithful attention contributed much to her recovery, has won many warm friends at the school.

A big debate is on for social Saturday night the 29th inst. between farmers and mechanics. Question, "resolved that Mechanics are of more use to mankind than farmers." Hubert Hough leads the mechanics and John Cromwell farmers.

The Washoe Indians have all assembled along Clear Creek for their annual rabbit drive. They are seen coming back to camp in the evening loaded with rabbits. One man had thirty-five.

The first and second team played each other Thanksgiving afternoon. They had hoped to play Nevada University that day, so they represented Carson Indian School and Reno The former won.

Nellie Jones acted the part of Priscilla, William Cipher, John Alden and John Cromwell Miles Standish in the play Thanksgiving. It was considered by some the most successful play given here for some time.

During the last month we have had an unusual amount of sickness at the school consisting of typhoid malarial fever and "grippe" among the pupils. So far all have recovered or on the road to recovery except three small boys, George MaGreene from Round Valley, Cal., Willie Joe from Hawthorne, Nev. and John Bliss from Winnemucca Nev.

Thanksgiving day passed very pleasantly at C. I. S. The tables were loaded with good things to eat and after dinner Mike Kawich suggested to another boy that they take their pie and go out to the brush for a picnic.

In the evening a program was given by representatives of all the different rooms, and was well rendered. The Courtship of Miles Standish was given by some of the eighth grade pupils. They were attired in the manner of Puritans with the marriage of John Alden and Priscilla.

#### WHAT WE OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

BY JESSE HICKS SEVENTH GRADE.

I think we ought to be thankful for the good things that have passed in our days gone by. We ought to remember that the war has ended with the Philippines and peace and happiness has come back to lighten the many dark homes, where young boys of 18 years of age and over have gone out to satisfy the country's call for help. We should be thankful, for that we did not have any volcanic eruptions in any part of our grand country. I think we ought to be thankful that in the game of foot ball our boys did not get beaten but there was a tie in the game. Thankful that none of us who are well and healthy did not get sick with fever, and that we have not yet lost any of our school mates. We ought to be very thankful that we will have a big dinner on that great day. Thankful that the water has frozen so

the boys can have a good time on the ice in skating. We ought to be thankful for the things we have learned in school and in connection with our trades.

#### DEATH OF MR. JAMES E. VANDAL,

It is with sadness that we announce the death of James E. Vandal, clerk at this school. He died on the 23rd ult. of typho-malarial fever after 22 days of sickness. He was 26 years of age, a graduate from Haskell Institute Lawrence Kansas and also of the law department of the State University of Kansas.

He graduated at law about four years ago and took up the practice at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, where he remained until his appointment as assistant clerk at this school.

He was a quarter blood Sioux Indian. He came from a good family, was a thorough gentleman, honorable and honest in all his dealings.

He was ambitious to take up the profession of law, temporarily suspended, and was working hard to provide himself with the means to establish himself at some good point for practice. His father came from South Dakota to the school the day before he died and was with him in his last hours. He took his remains to his home for burial.

Mr. Vandal left many warm friends at this school and at Carson City, all regretting the early death of an ambitious and amiable young man.

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## INDIAN RETURNED STUDENTS ASSOCIATION.

The value of returned students associations among the Indians can hardly be overestimated. A young man returns home, after a four or five years' course, expecting to find an improved condition of affairs among his people. It does not take long however, for him to find out that the older people are about where they were when he went off to school, and that he must make a constant struggle to retain what he has gained. The agent, the reservation-school people, and the missionaries sympathize with him and are ready to help him, so far as they have opportunity.

On the other hand, his own people, sometimes unintentionally, are likely to place obstacles in his way. For instance, at the start, they consider it a noble and generous act for him to give away his school uniform and to divide up the contents of his trunk among his family and personal friends. He may then don the common dress of the everyday man, consisting of moccasins, a pair of blue jean overalls, a soft shirt worn with handkerchief at the neck, and a wide rimmed felt hat. They then expect him to take up his life about where he left it before he went away to school.

They give him the use of a horse, and he is free to ride around to dances and races and have an easy time generally.

For his own comfort and peace of mind, the change of garb may not necessarily be a step backward; for in any place one likes to follow the prevailing style in dress. But it is well for him if the giving away of his clothing and possibly his money, too, does not also mean the putting away of many other things that he has gained while at school. but yet, if he has an earnest desire to live up to his light, come what may, he will find that in associating with other men of like ideas, in the same environment, he will find great help and encouragement. Selected

## INDIAN SUMMER.

Every one has his own especial theory regarding the Indian Summer, this observer holding that it belongs to the latter part of October, while the leaves are still in their scarlet glory, and that philosopher announcing that it belongs only to November, after all the leaves, but those which cling the winter long, to the young oaks have fallen. The latter individual maintains his cause by reasoning that the warmth being unnatural to the time of the year, is evolved from the decay of the fallen leaves, decomposition always producing heat, which being thus created softens the rigors belonging to November, and gives us warmth of an illusory summer on the edge of

Winter.

Both parties uphold their sides of the question strongly, the November party regarding any warm days chancing to come in October as just so much pleasant weather thrown in, but not as the real Indian Summer article, which is to come in a pronounced manner later, and robe the bare forests with drapery of mellow hazes more beautiful than their recent drapery of flaming leaves; and the October party claiming the same warm weather, when it comes, as their own, even if a little belated, and pitying any soft November days as June days lost and gone astray. The truth probably lies precisely with neither of the claimants, the season being a fickle one, having little or nothing to do with the evolution of heat from the decomposition of foliage, but being altogether due to the prevalence of southwest winds, and those winds being produced by local causes in the zones from which they blow.—Sel.

## GAS AS HEAT, LIGHT AND POWER.

The use of gas as a fuel and source of power has made wonderful strides during the past decade, and present indications point to a still more marked advancement in the methods of production and systems of lighting, heating and power supply. The systems of incandescent gas lighting, so prevalent and popular at the present time depend for their efficiency wholly upon the heating power of gas rather than on its luminosity. Water gas or producer gas will undoubtedly be the future heating and lighting agencies, and along the lines of their production will be directed most of the forces of investigation and improvement. The future trend of production will probably be in favor of generator rather than retort gases, which ought to result in purer gases, that is, gases of a fairly constant chemical composition. Mines and Minerals.—Sel.

About 1815 a ship arrived at Charleston, S. C., freighted with African slaves. Colonel Ephraim Brevard, who then conducted an iron foundry in Lincoln county, N. C., hearing of the arrival of this ship, proceeded to Charleston on horseback, followed by one of his wagons, and purchased and brought home a load of Negro boys. These boys were mere savages. They knew no English. They would kill and eat a pig without cleaning or cooking it. They fought like animals over their meals. It was some weeks before they could be persuaded to use a plate or knife and fork. In a short time, however, they adopted civilized habits and became expert molders, and skilled in general mechanical work.—Sel.

## THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILROAD.

Since the Boer war the road builders on the Cape to Cairo railroad have been pushing it rapidly toward the north. The road has been surveyed as far as Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi river. The roadbed has been graded for about a third of the distance between Bulawayo and the Zambesi, the rails are being laid and it is expected that late next year trains will be running to Victoria Falls all the way from Capetown, 1,700 miles. Meanwhile a force of surveyors are laying out the route far north of the Zambesi.

Livingstone discovered coal mines on the banks of the Zambesi many years ago. It has been decided to extend the road to Lake Kasali, 700 miles north of Victoria Falls, in the Congo Free State. From this point the tracks will be carried down the Congo river to Stanley Falls. The world will not be very much surprised when it finds in a few years more that this long railroad, extending from the extreme south of Africa to the mouth of the Nile, is a full-fledged reality.

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