

The New Indian

VOL. II INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, STEWART, NEVADA, SEPTEMBER, 1905. NO. 10.

Back again to school,
Vacation days are done;
You've had your share of frolic,
And lots of play and fun;
You've fished in many a brook
And climbed up many a hill.
Now, back again to school
To study with a will.

—Selected

The Legend of Tahoe

By Nonette V. McGlashan

Lake Tahoe, about which the following legend is told, is one of the noted lakes of the world. It is situated in the heart of Sierra Nevada, over a mile above sea level, on the boundary line between Nevada and California.

I WISH I could tell the tale in the broken words and with the strange gestures of the old Indian woman, for it will doubtless lose its weird pathos, even if I try ever so hard to tell it exact. The ong was a big bird, bigger than the houses of the white men. Its body was like the eagle's, and its wings were longer than the tallest pines. Its face was that of an Indian, but covered with hard scales, and its feet were webbed. Its nest was deep down in the bottom of the lake, out in the center, and out of the nest rushed all the waters which filled the lake. There are no rivers to feed the lake, only the waters from the ong's nest. All the waters flow back near the bottom, in great under-currents, and after passing through the meshes of the nest are sent forth again. Every plant and bird and animal that gets into these under-currents, and sometimes even the great trout are swept into the net-like nest and there are held fast to furnish food for the ong.

He ate everything, he liked everything, but best of all he liked the taste of human flesh. No one ever heard or saw anything of such poor mortals as were drowned in these waters, for their bodies were carried to the ong's nest, and no morsel ever escaped him. Sometimes he would fly about the shores in quest of some child, or woman or hunter, yet he was a great coward and was never known to attack any one in camp, or when two or more were together. No arrow could pierce his feathers, nor could the strongest spear do more than glance from the scales on his face and legs, yet his coward's heart made afraid, for his toes had no claws, and his mouth no beak.

Late one fall the Washoes were making their final hunt before going to the valleys and leaving the lake locked in its winter snows. The chief's daughter was sixteen years old, and before leaving the lake he must select the greatest hero in the tribe for her husband, for such had been the custom of Washoe chiefs ever since the tribe came out of the North-land. Fairer than any Indian maiden had been was this daughter, and every unmarried brave and warrior in the tribe wished that he had

performed deeds of greater prowess, that he might be certain of winning the prize. That last night at the lake, around the big council fire, each was to recount to the chief the noblest achievements of his life, and when all were heard the chief would choose, and the women join the circle and the wedding take place. For many years the warriors had looked forward to this event, and the tribe had become famed because of acts of reckless daring performed by those who hoped to wed the chief's daughter.

It was the morning of the final day and much game and great stores of dried trout were packed ready for the journey. All were preparing for the wedding festivities, and the fact that no one knew who would be the bridegroom, among all that mighty band of warriors, lent intensest excitement to the event. All were joyous and happy except the maiden and the handsome young brave to whom she had given her heart. In spite of custom or tradition her love had long since gone out to one whose feet had been too young to press the war-path when last the tribe gave battle to their hereditary foes, the Piutes. He never had done deed of valor, nor could he even claim the right to sit with the warriors around the council fire. All day long he had been sitting alone on the jutting cliffs which overhang the water, far away from the laughter and shouts of the camp, eagerly, prayerfully watching the great lake. Surely the Great Spirit would hear his prayer and give him the moment he longed for, yet he had been here for days and weeks in unavailing prayer and waiting.

The afternoon was well-nigh spent and the heart of the young brave had grown cold as stone. In his bitter despair he sprang to his feet to defy and curse the Great Spirit to whom he had trusted, but ere he could utter the words his very soul stood still for joy. Slowly rising from the center of the lake, he saw the dreaded ong. Circling high in the heavens like a great black thunder-cloud, the monster swept now here, now there, in search of prey. The young brave stood erect and waited. When the ong was nearest he moved about slightly to attract its notice. He had not long to wait. With a mighty swoop the bird dashed to earth, and as he arose the young brave was seen by all to be clasped fast in its talons. A great cry of horror arose from the camp, but it was the sweetest note the young brave had ever heard. The bird flew straight up into the sky until lake and forest and mountain seemed small and dim. When it reached a great height it would drop its prey into the lake and let the current draw it to the nest. Such was its custom, and for this the brave had prepared by unwinding from his waist a long buckskin cord and tying himself firmly to the ong's legs. The clumsy feet

could not clasp him so tightly as to prevent his movements. At last the great toes opened wide, but the Indian did not fall. Again they closed and opened and the enraged bird thrust down his head to see why his victim refused to fall. In a mighty rage the ong tried in vain to grasp him in his teeth, but the strong web between the bird's toes sheltered him. Again and again the bird tried to use his horrid teeth, and each time his huge body would fall through the air in such twistings and contortions that those who watched below stared in bewilderment. But what the watchers could not see was that every time the huge mouth opened to snap at him, the young brave hurled a handful of poisoned arrowheads into the mouth and down the big throat, their sharp points cutting deep into the unprotected flesh. The bird tried to dislodge him by rubbing his feet together, but the thong held firm. Now it plunged headlong into the lake, but its feet were tied so that it could not swim, and though it lashed the waters into foam with its great wings, and though the man was nearly drowned and wholly exhausted, the poison caused the frightened bird such agony that it suddenly arose and tried to escape by flying toward the center of the lake. The contest had lasted long and the darkness crept over the lake, and into the darkness the bird vanished.

The women had been long in their huts ere the council fire was kindled and the warriors gravely seated themselves in its circle. No such trifling event as a loss of a young brave could be allowed to interfere with so important an event, and from most of their minds he had vanished. It was not so very unusual for the ong to claim a victim, and, besides, he had been many times warned by his elders that he should not go hunting alone as had been his habit of late.

But while the warriors were working themselves up to a fine frenzy of eloquence trying to remind the old chief of their by-gone deeds of daring, an Indian maiden was paddling a canoe swiftly and silently toward the middle of the lake. Nona, the chief's daughter, understood no more than the rest why her lover had not been dropped into the lake nor why the ong had acted so queerly, but she knew that she could die with her lover. She took her own trail canoe because it was so light and easy to row, though it was made for her when a girl, and would scarcely support her weight now. It mattered nothing to her if the water splashed over the sides; it mattered nothing how she reached her lover. She kept saying his name over softly to herself, "Tahoe! My darling Tahoe!"

When the council was finished, the women went to her hut to bid her come and hear the decision her father was about to render. The consternation caused by her disappearance lasted until the rosy dawn tinged the

THE NEW INDIAN

Showing his Capabilities and Accomplishments

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washoe peaks and disclosed to the astounded tribe the body of the ong floating on the waters above its nest, and beside it an empty canoe. In the foreground, and gently approaching the shore, was the strangest craft that ever floated on water! It was one of the ong's great wings, and the sail was the tip of the other wing! Standing upon it, clasped in each other's arms, were the young brave Tahoe and the daughter of the chief. In the shouts of the tribe, shouts in which warriors and women and children mingled their voices with that of the chief, Tahoe was proclaimed the hero of heroes! The decision was rendered, but the ong's nest still remains, and the drowned never rise in Lake Tahoe.—Sunset

SCHOOL NEWS AND ITEMS OF INTEREST

Miss Lemmon was out of school sick on the 18th.

Ask Superintendent Asbury how he enjoyed his vacation.

Miss Glenn took a trip to Virginia City last Saturday.

Miss Van Voris has entered upon the duties of assistant clerk.

Superintendent Asbury is in Antelope Valley this week on school business.

Misses Ruth and Hazel Fowler are attending school in Carson this year.

Misses Glenn and Embree visited Portland during the month of August.

Miss Van Voris, so long a teacher in this school, comes here again today in the capacity of assistant clerk.

Mr. and Mrs. Norton returned Sunday from San Francisco where they have been spending their vacation.

Vacation days are over and all hands are hard at work again. Many of the employes spent a month at the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. James the new day school employes called here on their way to Bishop, California, their field of action for the next year.

Mrs. Percival of Los Angeles who was appointed nurse here came late in August since which time the hospital has been prepared for occupancy.

The Indian Student band from the Indian school at Carson attracted a good share of attention and the music was very creditable.—Sacramento Union

Supervisor Holland and Superintendent William Sharp of the Moapa day school visited us for a few days in August. While here Supt. Asbury took them a trip to Tahoe.

Mr. J. B. Hoover stopped here the last week of August on his way from Phoenix to Fort McDermitt where a new day school has recently been established. Mr. Hoover is industrial teacher at that school.

Most of the young people who have been away from the school at work during the summer, are home again. They are comparing bank accounts now and feel quite as rich as the Tonapah gold mine owners.

"Record of the past a guarantee for the future."

The People's United States Bank of St. Louis wants a "square deal."

Mr. and Mrs. Hill of Dayton, Ohio, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Oliver this week.

Some Indians have gone to the pine nut hills to get what they could, although not many pine nuts have been reported for this year.

Mr. Draper and his detail are making the kitchen and dining room look brand new. A coat or two of paint is wonderfully "refreshing."

Mr. P. M. Johnson, during the latter part of the vacation month and at present, is directing the farm force, and the boys in the black smith shop when work is to be done there.

It seems that some amendments to the Constitution of the Standard Literary Society is necessary in order to give the Society and others of the school a solvent understanding and more firm basis to go by.

Johnnie Frank returned to school last week and promptly deposited with Superintendent Asbury, for safe keeping, three shining twenties. Johnnie not only knows how to work, but what is of equally as much importance, how to save.

J. R. Meskimmmons, supervisor of irrigation was here last week on his way to Walker River Reservation where he is laying out a system of irrigating ditches. If anybody can irrigate a Nevada desert without water, Mr. Meskimmmons can.

During the first week of September fourteen pupils who have never before been to school presented themselves for enrollment, also almost all of those who had withdrawn have reentered. The school has never before had so many pupils in attendance so early in the year.

The band boys with their director, Mr. Oliver, spent the first week of September in Sacramento at the California State Fair where they went to help furnish music and to participate in the festivities generally. They report a fine time and the newspapers report good music.

The second division of the parade was headed by the Indian band from the Carson City Indian School. Twenty red musicians constituted the band, all of whom played by note. They played the latest popular marches and quicksteps, and their efforts were praised by all who heard them.—Evening Bee

The health of the pupils is with few exceptions excellent. Jesse Hicks is now out and is taking in the sun light and fresh air. George Andrews, though he is still quite weak, is able to sit up. Two small boys are sick.

The new hospital is now occupied by the sick pupils, with Mrs. Percival, the nurse, in charge.

The young ladies, under the direction of Mrs. Botkin, and assisted by Miss Thomas gave a very pretty reception in honor of Miss Van Voris who very recently returned to Stewart Institute after an absence of six months. The girls' sitting room was made beautiful by decorations of leaves and autumn flowers, together with rugs and potted plants. Flinch kept the guests busy until 9:30 when refreshments of cake and cream were served. At 10 o'clock the ladies of the school bade the young hostesses good-night, vowing that Indian girls are as good at entertaining as they are at any and all other kinds of work.

Fort Becomes Indian School

Two new Indian schools have been established by the interior department in this section. Both are to be under the direction of Superintendent Asbury of the Carson institute and one will be located at old Fort McDermitt in Humboldt county, and the other at Independence, California. This makes seven schools for Indians that are under the direction of Superintendent Asbury, the others being the Stewart institute of Carson, the Bishop school in Inyo county, the Big Pine school in eastern California, the Pyramid Lake school and the one at Walker Lake.

The Humboldt county school will occupy the buildings of old Fort McDermitt, at one time a prominent frontier post. It is ninety miles north of Winnemucca and was built to protect the white settlers against the Indians in the early days.

As the Indians became civilized and warfare ceased it was abandoned and now, where a garrison was kept to subdue the old warriors' a school is to be built for their children.

It will be in charge of J. B. Hober, formerly with the institute at Phoenix Arizona, who is now on his way to take charge.

From sixty to one hundred Indian children will be placed in this school at the outstart. They will be taught farming at first but later industrial lines will probably be introduced in the curriculum.

—Lovelock Tribune

Helpless Fishes

Some little fishes I caught,

They were starving and tired,
Because the water was scarce and warm
Where the river once sparkled and sang.

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SCHOOL ROOM NOTES

The review work shows that much learned in former lessons has not been forgotten.

The two high rooms are crowded this year, as all the big folks go to room 4, or to the chapel.

The advanced 8th grade study Civil Government in connection with United States history this year.

New pupils are entering every day. Most of the old ones are back again, too, helping to make things lively.

The boys and girls of room 3 are working with vigor in their new classes. There are a few new ones enrolled.

School room work began on the first Tuesday of September. Monday, Labor Day, was observed as a holiday.

When a pupil who can't talk English, enters the school, he is turned over to Miss Lemmon. Does she talk Indian?

The Standard Literary Society reorganized and elected the following officers on the 18th. Daisy Herman, President; Lula Wines, Vice President; Margaret P. Jones, Secretary; Frank Andrews, Sergeant at Arms; Lillie Shaw, Society Editor.

Regular meetings will be held in the chapel the third Friday evening of each month.

Following is the program for October 20.

Song, by Society: A temperance story—recitation; "What sort of a man," reading; Hard Cider, a comedy; "We are growing up," chorus; "A case for charity," recitation. Temperance drill and song. Editor's report.

Henry Moses, foreman of the printing office of the Carson Indian School, has returned to that institution after working during the vacation months in the office of Reno Evening Gazette.

Mr. Moses is eighteen years of age and a pure blooded Washoe Indian from Genoa, but he is a lad of more than ordinary ability and has quite a reputation among his tribe as a workman and a writer. Many of the excellent articles that appear in the New Indian, the school's journal, telling of the ancient customs and the tribal legends of the Washoes are from his pen.—The Reno Evening Gazette

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 believed to have the utmost efficacy for good or bad. All about any Pueblo town may be seen carefully whitened 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 feathers, stick, and manner of tying the feathers vary 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.—Albuquerque Indian

In the Footsteps of the Padres

Indian Commissioner Leupp gave a very sensible talk in San Francisco to a body of local ministers on the subject of educating the Indians. He mildly disapproved the methods pursued by the Government in this matter. The attempted "higher education" of Indian youth segregated from their own people in distant schools, has been attended by no beneficial results, least of all to the unfortunate subjects experimented upon. Any such device to turn the red man into something ethnologically different from what nature made him, by a course of purely mental culture, is bound to fail. It overlooks and ignores essential characteristics, which no merely intellectual training can eliminate or even radically influence. Mr. Leupp very wisely suggested as the most practical mode of procedure in this work, the cultivation of the Indian along lines of agricultural and industrial instruction and improvement. Teach him to labor and to live by his industry, as the foundation of his future as a civilized being.

This is not so easy as it looks. But it can be done by the use of intelligence and patience, as the experience of the Padres demonstrates. The first requisite to success in this direction is to teach the Indians to aspire to useful and self-supporting membership in the community. Familiarize them with enlightened methods in the simplest forms of labor necessary to self-respecting existence under civilized social conditions and surroundings. The rest can be left to the future. The evolution of the red man from a mere tribal entity into full-fledged citizenship in the highly organized social system which we call civilization, involves a gradual process of development. The European races as we find them today are the result of identically the same forces. They were not transformed from savagery into their present state of enlightenment and culture, in a year or a generation or two, or a dozen generations. The change was brought about almost imperceptibly by the slow and often tedious operations of the natural law of progress. There is no reason why we should expect any miraculous metamorphosis in the Indian, intellectually and socially, as the result of mere contact with white civilization. The tendency of the whites themselves is found too often to be away from the best that Christian civilization stands for.

Avoid the mistake of assuming that store clothes and a smattering of our own tongue are sufficient to transform the savage. Impart to the Indian an elementary knowledge of civilized ways and means, and leave all the rest to time and circumstances. Teach him to cultivate the land and to subsist on the fruits of his toil. In addition to this, by word and example, they will gradually conform to the essential requirements of Christian and civilized existence, without rudely interfering with the innocent prejudices and customs of race or tribe.—The Monitor

Life's radiance from within must shine,

Its harmony express

The aspirations of the soul.

The power to cheer and bless.

—Sel.

Golden Days

Sunshine falling down in showers,
Golden skies and golden flowers—
Asters in the garden bowers—
That's September.

Gold-dust on the mignotte,
Golden pansies blooming yet,
Goldenrod with dewdrops wet—
That's September.

Golden fields of grain and corn,
Golden dusk and golden morn,
Golden stars at twilight born—
That's September.

Golden apples hanging high,
Golden bees a-buzzing by,
Thirty golden days that fly—
That's September

A. E. A.

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Resolutions

Passed by the PACIFIC COAST INDIAN INSTITUTE, held at Portland, Oregon, August 21-26, 1905.

WHEREAS: Recognizing that agriculture is the industry in the pursuit of which the Indians, as a race, must of necessity depend for self-support and progress, and the need of giving correct and systematic instruction in the fundamental principles of the industry.

RESOLVED: That we employes in the Indian School Service and delegates to the Pacific Coast Indian Teachers' Institute believe that the gatherings of this and kindred organizations could be made to contribute materially to the desired end by having a portion of the time of the meeting devoted to normal work in agriculture.

RESOLVED: FURTHER, That the President and Secretary of this Institute be requested to confer with the Honorable Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools, regarding the feasibility of giving such work a place in Institute programs.

WHEREAS: Farming at Indian schools and in Indian country is largely by irrigation, thus making it important that the latest development in irrigation practices be available to Indian Service employes, be it

RESOLVED: That it would be helpful to the cause of Indian education and advancement to have the Indian Service represented at the irrigation Congresses by duly accredited delegates to the end that this service may be directly benefitted thereby.

RESOLVED:—That we believe that these meetings of Superintendents and employes in the Indian Service are of incalculable benefit both to us and the Service, therefore we recommend that all persons engaged in Indian School and reservation work be urged to attend such meetings each year.

RESOLVED:—That we hereby express our hearty appreciation of the administration of Commissioner Francis E. Leupp and assure him of our support in "Improving, not transforming" the Indian and commend his day school policy as outlined in the public press.

RESOLVED: That we endorse the policies of the Superintendent of Indian Schools, Miss Estelle Reel, and congratulate the Service upon her re-appointment.

RESOLVED:—That we extend the thanks of the Institute to President E. L. Chalcraft and Secretary J. J. McKoin for the excellent management of the affairs of the meeting and to the Chemawa band for music furnished.

RESOLVED:—That we express to the management of the "American Inn" our thanks for many courtesies, not the least of which is the tendering of the parlor of the hotel for the meetings of the Institute.

RESOLVED:—That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Honorable Superintendent of Indian Schools and that they be spread upon the minutes of the Pacific Coast Indian Institute.

(Signed) C. W. Goodman, Supt.,
Phoenix, Arizona.

Edwin Minor, Supt.,
Neah Bay, Washington.
Chas. E. Shell, Supt.,
Pala, California.
Reuben E. Perry, Supt.,
Ft. Defiance, Arizona.
W. P. Campbell, Asst. Supt.,
Chemawa, Oregon.

Be Careful!

Don't eat with your fingers

The table cloth will be dirty,
Lift the dish and slowly lick;

Is better, when a chap can do no better.

The Indian Problem

By Mrs. Dorcas J. Spencer

"My sympathy and active co-operation go out to all those who are attempting to make of the Indian a cleanly, happy, peaceful citizen. I am not concerned about his conversion to any special religious creed, nor am I exultant over his ability to acquire higher mathematics. We should be careful to give him the essentials of right living—humanities of our civilization. Right living is not dependent upon the creed of any one denomination.

I am an evolutionist as regards the question of what to do for our red brethren. They can not be transmitted into something other than they are by any favor or religious experience, or by any attempts to acquire a higher education. They must go into something different by pressure of their changed conditions. This is not my dictum; it is the teaching of science and the fruit of the modern study of races. If the suffering and sorrow of the red man's transmission could be averted, every humane citizen would rejoice, but such is not the history of past peoples. They must change slowly and suffer in the change. Our work should be that of a friendly race who, having passed the first stages of our own adaptation, turn with sympathy and insight to assist those who are coming up behind us.

While the law of evolution is thus inexorable and discouraging from one point of view, from another it is singularly satisfying. It is certain the adaptation must be made or the organism will perish. Care of the body must be absolutely the first consideration, for unless the red man is taught how to take care of himself under the new conditions he will die. The close, ill-ventilated, dirty cabins are poisoning him. This is what he needs, instruction as to his bodily welfare. He should be taught that drunkenness is despised by the best white people of all creeds. I want the red people to be happy. I want them to be more joyous. The earth is a beautiful place in which to live. The red men have much to give us; without them our history, our geography, would be commonplace. They have a future, if we would but grant to them some rights and privileges.

President Roosevelt is fond of saying, "Let us get at the equities of the case." I would say, Let us get at the equities of the Indian's case. Let us be just. Let us try to get his point of view and look at the world and the white man, and the white man's learning, from that side. We will then begin to grow tolerant and patient and understand this man better if we remember that he is a product of his own environment and that he must adapt himself to new physical conditions before he will be able to take on a new religious experience.

The rights of the Indians should be respected. They should be taught; and, as the President has said, "Give the red man a fair chance"—a fair chance at pleasure, at comfort, as well as at Sunday schools and week-day toil. Our own religious prejudices should not prevent us from understanding the place other beliefs by necessity hold in the scheme of evolution. So long as the

red man obeys the common law, is decent and peaceable, he should be allowed to worship the Great Spirit as he wishes."

The above extract from the address of Hamlin Garland, before the Indian Department of the National Educational Association, held at Boston in 1902, presents a highly appreciative aspect of the Indian Problem.

If the sacredness of the human body can be taught, it is not too much to say that all the rest we try to teach will naturally follow. He can understand and appreciate the bodily care, to the value of which his senses give their testimony, and he is thereby made not only ready to accept but eager to receive moral instructions. Strictly speaking, the Indians have not been idolators—they have always worshipped a Supreme being—the Great Spirit, without bodily form or visible presence.

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