

The School News.

"A pebble cast into the sea is felt from shore to shore,
A thought from the mind set free will echo on forever more."

VOLUME II.

CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA., DECEMBER, 1881.

NUMBER 7

HOW A LITTLE SIOUX BOY, 13 YEARS OLD, FEELS ABOUT TALKING ENGLISH.

[Reuben could not speak a word of English when he first came here about two years ago.—Ed.]

MY DEAR FRIEND AUSTIN:—I received your letter yesterday and it made me feel glad. Therefore I shall want to tell you a great many things. Dear friend I wish you would try to speak only English now. I know you improving fast than some of the other Sioux boys. But you don't try to speak only English therefore I am grieved for our relations sent us to learn the English language, therefore we must try to speak only English. But so many Sioux boys get discouraged, and the other different tribes too, but I wish all the Sioux boys would try to speak only English now. If they make mistakes in trying to say the words and if they will try to continue to say them and if they don't get ashamed to say the words they will improve very fast but they all don't try to speak only English, but I think that is not right. I read in the newspaper last Tuesday, and it says this way. Mistakes will not hurt you and I believe that because it does not hurt us, when we make mistakes in trying to say the words, and somebody laugh at us that is all right, because it does not hurt us. So let us try to speak only English but I suppose you are ashamed that is the reason you don't try but I hope you will try to speak only English after this,

and I hope I will try to speak only English too, and if we all will try to speak only English and continue in that way, Our Heavenly Father will help us, and bless us to do the right way if we ask him, sometimes I pray to God that he will help you to get strong again. I feel very sorry all the time that you are not well, but I hope you will pray to God always. He will help you if you ask him. Now that is all I shall say because I have no more time now. I am your friend.

REUBEN QUICK BEAR.

REAPERS.

Students, did you ever pause a moment and consider yourselves as reapers? We are all reapers here. We are reaping the good seed which our teachers are sowing. We are continually reaping either good or bad seed. If you be diligent now in reaping the good seed you may probably become one of the leading men of your nation. All the prominent men of our country to-day are those who were diligent reapers when they occupied the same position we do now. We need first to reap the English language which is the original step of an English education. I think if the German, Spaniards, and all the other different races can come into our country and learn the English we certainly can too if we try.

A. E. V. MCKELLOP.

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CHARLES KIHEGA, (Iowa Indian boy,) EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA., DECEMBER, 1881.

OUR COOKING SCHOOL.

I will tell you about our cooking. Our teacher came from New York and her name is Miss Corson she is very nice and she has everything so nice and clean every knife is washed as soon as used and then the pans we use are scoured and washed so clean and the table is scrubbed when we get through and everything so nice she teaches us this morning how to cook omelet and to fry potatoes that is left after dinner, cook chicken and onions—everything that is useful—and she showed us how to clean potatoes and not to be wasteful, that is the most important thing because so many people are wasteful, and do not think where it comes from, and so many people do not wash their pans they cook in very clean we must have our pans we cook in as clean as we have our plates and knives and forks and cups. I think our teacher is not going to teach us only one week so girls we must try hard and learn all we can, and when she tells us anything do not forget it; what is the use in learning a thing if you forget it, you will not know any more than at the first. I think it is the nicest thing to know how to cook good, and I think that is very kind in that lady to come and teach us. Now girls let us try hard and learn and remember what she tells us because it is one of best thing to know how to cook and be clean about it also try hard in everything you have to do.

SARAH, A Creek girl.

ENGLISH SPEAKING NIGHT.

We all know that we have been in the habit of going to the chapel every Saturday night. That is our speak English night. One Saturday evening Capt. Pratt asked Rev. Doctor Riggs to talk to us. He talked about speaking English until finally he told of two young men that went to Dakota and who wanted to learn to speak Dakota. They concluded that they would keep their mouths shut and not talk English until they could speak Dakota. So they set to work to learn it. They learned word by word until they could speak it. So it is with the English if you learn word by word and know what every word means and not use too large words until you know how to speak and use the small words right you will soon know how to talk good English. I do not think that I know how to speak the English correctly but I think if we all try very hard to speak English and really want to learn to speak English we can. I am very sure that our Heavenly Father will help us on the way. We must not be ashamed when we make mistake. Mistakes will not hurt us every body makes mistake. If you make a mistake do not hang your head but hold it up and try again. The greatest man that ever lived made mistakes sometimes.

ROSALIE ROSS, Cherokee.

We have now new heaters in the girls quarters when the men were working at the heaters some little boys saw them fixing it up and tearing down the chimney so they said: What are they doing? Are they making steps for Santa Claus to come through the chimney? He will bring us present.

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ABOUT OUR SCHOOL.

—Here is something for everybody to do. Do small things well. Do small things as well as big things so we must not let the little things go.

—Mr. Standing left us November last for Yankton Agency to take charge of school which is to be school for Indian children out there. The children here all felt bad to see him leave the school because they like him.

—The bread we eat in our school is made of wheat that was raised on our farm and work all done by boys. They threshed it and took it to the mill and had it grind into flour and baked by our boys.

EXTRACTS FROM STUDENT'S DIARIES.

Nov. 25.—Mr. Standing went away on Friday. Every boy and girl felt sorry because Mr. Standing is a very good man his wife too.

LUCIUS ARNISON, Kiowa.

Dec. 7.—In the evening I went to the guard house. I was standing at the door one white big boy with no shoes on his feet said "Please give me money." All right I gave to him 50 cents. I was very glad.

GEOFFREY, Sioux.

Dec. 12.—I put locks on doors in the little boys quarters I put two locks on then when I finished I went to the carpenter shop. JOE GUNN, Ponca.

DEC. 9.—Early in the morning the bell rang we went to breakfast and when we stopped eating Mrs. Platt read in the Bible. She told us some thing. At night we all went to the chapel and we saw the magic lantern pictures. Everybody was happy. We all clapped hands. I think everybody laughed enough that time.

EDGAR, Sioux.

Dec. 10.—I had \$1.50 in my pocket and I went to town. I spent it all I bought a good necktie and a piece of soap. That soap smells very nice. I paid 25 cents for it. I dreamed of my grandfather last night. He was smoke and his wife my grandmother. It was a very funny dream that.

LUCIUS, Kiowa.

Dec. 14.—I felt very sorry that Duke went home. He was sick but now he has gone to Dakota Territory. I want to remember Duke all the time. My friend Duke is a good boy all the time. I guess all the Sioux boys felt sorry because Duke went home. Two of our spring wagon is sent some where. It was finished all on Tuesday.

PETER CHARKO.

—Santa Claus came to this school Saturday evening, we had a Christmas tree; but he came two times to Mrs. Shiverick's boys. He came Sunday night and brought them cardies, apples, two drums, horns, and some other playthings. He put their things in stockings—longstockings. The little boys did not sleep all night. About twelve o'clock at night every one of them were up, and was blowing their horns. They were made to go to bed again; and then about three o'clock they were up and was blowing their horns. They had to go to bed again, but wished the day would hurry and come.

A CLASS OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

Some days ago our advance class in the school room recited in a geography lesson. When they all sat down the teacher asked several questions and was answered correctly and promptly. At last the teacher asked which one of the two hemispheres was the oldest and which one was new hemisphere. The class answered that the Eastern hemisphere was oldest and the Western one is the latest. But one boy sat still did not say a word until he said I do not know that one is oldest than the other of two hemispheres. We suppose that when the world was created they were all made at the same time. But the teacher decided that we would go on with our studies from the land first inhabited by people so the Eastern hemisphere was first of that. But those boys has not been satisfied with the way it was decided by the teacher. We like to ask some question to some body ourselves through the SCHOOL NEWS as we have been studying some little Histories. We would like to know if this Western Hemisphere is the young world or new? Where did our breed come from. The Indian was found here. This country was inhabited. I suppose that will puzzle the oldest man that is living this day. B.

OUR BATTLE AT INDIAN TERRITORY.

Now boys and girls look this way. I'll tell you a little story about our battle at Indian Territory. It was Saturday when our battle was commenced. It is very strange thing to kill one another. Some of Kiowas, Comanches and Wichitas were drinking whiskey when our battle was begin. Our camps was full of people running, riding on horse backs and having their bows and arrows for

fighting on that great army. I guess Capt. Pratt know him Wichita chief his name it was Buffalo Good. He said to his people I will stay here till in morning. And all rest ran way into the river for safe. We heard in commissary bustling them big guns something like thundering and shooting each other. All Wichitas, Kiowas and Comanches were travelling along near the river we saw a man driving his wagon oxen we all ran after him to kill it. And he jumped off the wagon and ran as fast as he could after he got off the wagon and he sat down again pull off his boots and away he goes into the river. So it was a very strange thing to see the Indian and white soldeirs fighting. But this time I have to learn something better first thing is I have to be educated and then when I go back home I shall be able to keep my people to lift it up. And to cultivate the ground to plough it and put corn in the ground and let them grow up ready for eat. So I must say to you ail never be discouraged try and try again that is all. I will make a speech some other time.

[The piece in last SCHOOL NEWS under the head of "Not good English" was written by the same boy who wrote the above. He is improving.]

RUTH SIOUX TO HER FATHER.

I want to know where you live? I think you stay where we live before I came here. I want you to have a piece of ground and make corn grow and cabbage and melons. I want you to have a garden and make one house if you can, and must not wear any Indian clothes and dear father I want you sent my sisters to go to school and learn to talk English there. I think they build one big school house there. I want to see you have garden when I go back home.