

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., FEBRUARY, 1882.

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ABOUT GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Gen. George Washington commanded our armies. He had been in the king's service, but he was a Virginian born and bred. If he were alive yet he would give the Indian more opportunity for sending children to be educated. How perilous was it when French were fighting against us. He was the man that are purification and hated wrong and love the right. He was the leader of American Army. My father remember yet when he was with the white fighting the French. When the French was going to make the fire of the white house but our tribe turn and drive the French away. So our tribe saved the white house. I suppose Gen. G. Washington has been long suffering on that time. He was kind to the Indian. And I'll tell how we ought to do in our condition education I associate how we getting along in our influence of consequence to succeed well and be industrious. Never be discouraged by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times he will mend it as many. Perseverance and patient will accomplish wonders. Never be discouraged boys and girls and teachers too. Try and try again. It is truth what I say about the life of Gen. G. Washington just think when he was in the Army.

By JOHNSON LANE.

Johnson did not use all the large words in his composition quite right

this time. We hope the boys will remember that when you write or speak it is much better, to use only words that you understand the meaning of very well. Use easy words not hard words. T.

BULL DOG—CRAZY-MAN—LOST.

BY CONRAD KILL ALIVE, SIOUX, WHO
KNEW NO ENGLISH BEFORE HE CAME
EAST.

We had a large dog his name was bull dog. One day I played with him in my grandmother's house. He got mad at me because I hit him hard so he bit me on my leg, then I cried all day long because my leg was too hurt. And go back in my own home my father said, "Thunder, that is my Indian name, you look like crying," he said, I tell this way "no father, I went in my grandmother's house but in side it is too much smokey so that is the reason my eyes get tears." My father said "Is that so?" Another time one night I walk around in Agency I saw one crazy man he drink something I guess. He said. "Boy you know where is my home?" But I said "No," And then he said "Shall I tell you?" "All right," I said. "My home is in hole underground," I laugh at him, I said, "I don't believe you, I never hear before somebody live in hole underground." Another time a young man was lost 20 days, in a large mountain many trees in it. So that is the reason that man was lost.

THE SCHOOL NEWS.

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

CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA., FEBRUARY, 1882.

MY TRIBE.

I will say something about my tribe to which I belong: They used to live in camp and hunt. They did not work, but hunted. They had no homes; they camp from place to place. At last they had an agent to take charge of them, and that time they lived in camp yet, but a very few years ago they thought it would be good for them to work and live in houses: so now they all live in houses and have farms. They raise their own food, sow wheat, plant potatoes, and everything that is good to eat; they raise their own. But half of the tribe packed up their things and went to Indian Territory two or three years ago. They were afraid of the white people. They said, "The white people all around us; we are in a pen; after while they will drive us out of our place, and we would starve to death." So they ask the agent to sell out; but the other half said, "We will not sell out; we will stay here." So they separated the tribe. They started without permission. Nobody ever know where they are. I guess, wherever they are, they camp from place to place to this day. The best thing they could do would be to go back to Nebraska and stay there as the other half did. Those who are at home don't care if they are in a "pen," fenced in by white people. They look ahead and send their children to school.

We want more names to send our little paper to. Subscribe.

A good Christian lady living in Charleston, S. C., writes for four copies of the SCHOOL NEWS. After giving expression to her personal sympathy with the work of Indian education, she is pleased to say: "We owe the Indians so heavy a debt that I cannot look upon anything we can do for them as a charity, and I pray God that the heart of the Nation may be moved to take up this responsibility fully." T.

A white girl asked a boy in town to what tribe he belonged. He said, "Four o'clock," because he thought she said, "What time is it?"

A lady went in the dining hall. She spoke to a boy at No. 4 table—"Are you comfortable?" Answer: "Yes; this is No. 4 table."

The Northern Arapahoe chiefs visited our school on their road to Washington. After their return from Washington they were with us a few days, and then returned to their homes up North.

Charles Kauboodle, one of our students, returned to his old home in Indian Territory. His health is bad. Charles always did right when he was with us in the school.

Mr. Campbell, our Disciplinarian, came in printing office one day this week, and picked up exchange to read. He sat down on chair with two legs in front and one behind. He dropped like man being shot. He said yesterday—"it hurts yet!" The next time he comes in our office he will watch for that lame chair. He ought to know by this time printers are poor and can't afford to have lounges for their friends to sit on. We say to him: St. Jacob's Oil is good medicine to rub bumps with.

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When Subscribers find X marked on your paper please remember that it is time to send 25 cts. again

ABOUT OUR SCHOOL.

Dariel says to his father Mr. Milk, A Sioux chief. "Now I received your letter, but I could not read it for about two days nobody cannot read. My father you stop Dakota write. I want you to do that way, stop Dakota write, and when you get my letter English write to me. Nobody talk Indian all the time. We are all trying speak only English."

Ed. Myers writes to his father Tah-pa-loos Pawnee, these words:—"I want to tell you once more. I think I am not going home very soon if the Capt. Pratt will let me stay at this Carlisle school because I want to learn much more, that is the reason I want to stay here some more years."

A teacher after explaining the meaning of silly told Alexander Tall Chief (Osage) to write a sentence containing the word. He wrote. "Some boys make fun, nobody laugh at him, get so silly."

On the Twenty-second of February our school was closed, and the workshops, too; because General George Washington's birthday is on that day—the "Father of the Country."

If instinct is feeling and magnificently is splendidly, Jock's word in his home letter have some meaning. He says, "I instinct magnificently all the time because this is a good place."

Lucius Aitson (Kiowa) tells his rather Luhah. "I am anxious to learn everything the whole of this year because you want to see me next summer, but I do not think I will go home because I like it here and I want to learn more and get a good education."

Cleaver Warden says: "Yesterday evening before supper I cut Henry Kendall's hair. I cut it very carefully, because it is very soft. After I get done, I cut Harvey Townsend's, but it was very hard—like horse tail."

FROM THE BOYS' DIARIES.

"After dinner I went to the hospital. Miss Wilson told me to kill a chicken. I cut off his neck—poor little chicken jumping about and has no neck. I suppose she cooked for hospital boys and girls."

"Somebody steal my matches and hair-oil, too. I was sorry about that. I don't know who it was. I cannot found out; but that boy smells good on his hair, and I am sorry."

"On February 16th some young ladies from Wilson College visited us. They came in the afternoon. Some young ladies told me to write my name, and some of the afternoon 'B' class wrote their names, too. In the evening we went to the chapel; we all sang, and some of the boys spoke pieces. One white girl spoke very nicely. Her name is Miss Annie Hillman. She spoke two times. I was very glad to see the young ladies. They went back home in the night time. I think they were all glad to see us; also, we were very glad to see the young ladies."

ALVAN, SIOUX.

We want more names to send our little paper to. Only 25 cts. a year.

SNOW.

We are glad when we see the snow. Before it commences to snow, the sky looks cloudy and it gets quite cold, but when the snow falls it gets warmer. When it does fall it is of different shapes, some is shaped like stars, and some like little trees, and again, some like little marbles, and some like a cross. Sometimes snow is dry but to-day it is wet. How wonderful God is to make such little things so beautiful. How can He do so? He thinks as much of little things as He does of big things but it is strange how He can make the drifting snow, fall in such beautiful shapes. I used to think when I was at home and saw snow fall down, whether God cut such shapes out in heaven. I used to sit there and think about it and say to myself I guess He does, because I see so many different shapes. This is what I thought, that God had in heaven a very large river that run around heaven and in the center He sat with the angels and made snow for us. But now I know that He does not do so, but makes the sun to draw up the water from the ocean and the land to the sky when it form clouds and freezes and is made into snow and when it is time for it to snow He lets it fall, so pure and white that we pray to Him and say "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

NFLIE, CARY, Apache.

FROM A BOY'S DIARY.

I heard that John D. Miles is going to be here in a few days. I don't know, but some boy told me and I am very glad. He is one very best great good man I know, and when he talks to me I will talk English. When he talks to me I will also show

him some wagon bottoms I made myself, and I think he will be glad when he sees I made some wagon bottoms.

I would like to go out on a farm to work next summer. I want to learn how to talk English. I know how to farm, but I don't care; I want to learn well if I can. When I talk English, some boys laughing at me, because they think I can't talking English; but I do not say anything, I just thinking I don't care. When I can't say some hard words, I try say again.

JAAH SEGER, Arapahoe.

EXTRACT FROM JAAH SEGER'S LETTER TO HIS UNCLE, BIRD CHIEF, ARAPAHOE.

"I think I learn very fast because I made wagon bottoms at last Jan., and it is was glad to learn how to make those wagon bottoms, and I think next year I will learn more if I had try hard of myself. I had to try thinking myself always what is best way, and I did find what is to work hard and get some money, and put it in bank not to much spent, that way best I think. Now here some of the boys they put in bank his money those boys after while they want to get something and go ask Capt. Pratt to give money back. Some boys they got money in bank about three dollars and some are about five dollars, and some of them thinking about to spent money. Now here I am, I put in bank my money and just only one time I ask Capt. Pratt I want to one dollar and he gave to me.

A boy said in his diary, "Sometimes I get tired, because my backbone is ill; but I don't care my backbone ill, I draws the girls rides on the sled."