

# 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 III.

CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA., AUGUST, 1882.

NUMBER 3

## A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF THE SCHOOL NEWS.

I reached my old home all right. I had no trouble to come up here. When we got to Chicago, I came by myself. I got my ticket from there to St. Joseph and again to Atchison. It cost me eighty cents from St. Joseph to Atchison. I stayed all night in the city because no train came up to Nebraska that night. I had everything ready before I went to bed, so I came home on the early train next morning. I reached my town at 6:30 A M but nobody was there to meet me because I did not write to them that I was coming, but I came home on horse-back. Soon as I jumped off the cars at White Cloud I went to a livery stable and asked for a horse. It took me a few minutes to get home after I reached White Cloud but I did not find my folks at home they were out in the field working. I have been working for two days and a half because I had to work at home I will have a chance to earn money yet as soon as we get through harvest but I will not work for smaller wages than a white man gets. If I came home to stay I could earn thirty dollars a month. I am now staying with my aunt because my father has no work for me to do. He rents both of his farms. We have plenty of milk to drink. I do not feel well since I came home. I feel funny all

the time. The Iowas have raised good crops this year. They have wheat just as good as any white farmers have.

A Letter From Metopah (Osage,) Twelve  
Years Old.

I don't feel lonesome this time because I have three little friends. Every day they come and see me, and I always be very glad to see them. We go to Sunday School every morning. Mrs. Leopold's grand-daughter's name is Stella. I like her very much. I am very sorry because I did not write to you last week. I hurt my hand and then could not write to you any letter, so I hope you will excused me for that. I send my love to Mrs. Pratt, and your two little daughters too. We got all our work done: the hay is in the barn and the wheat is in the barn too. Mr. Leopold bought me a nice hat and a fan too. He bought me nice dress.

That is all. Good-bye

TAYLOR EALY (Pueblo) writes:—  
Now I will tell you: last night woman was burn. Her skin was all take it off, and she is died same night, I was been there all night and Dr. Ealy was there too.

FARNK EVERETT (Wichita) writes:  
This time I going to try to work all I can: so not get one lazy bone in my body.



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## THE SCHOOL NEWS.

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CHARLES KIHEGA, (Iowa Indian boy,) Editor and Proprietor.

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CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA., AUGUST, 1882.

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### A TRIP TO LURAY CAVE.

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In the evening of July 26th twenty-eight boys and twelve girls were chosen to take a pleasure trip to Luray, Virginia, and see the caverns. We made ready in the evening and went to bed early, for we were to start at four o'clock, and we had a mile walk to the train. Some did not sleep at all, for they thought they might over-sleep themselves and get left. From one to two o'clock A. M. the boys' quarters were lighted and the boys were getting ready. At three o'clock we went to our breakfast, and from the dinning-hall we started for the cars. Not long after we reached the cars the train came and took the car in which we were in and started for Luray. It was a long car-ride and the scenery was grand and enjoyed by all, although two or three got car-sick, but soon got over it and were alright again. We reached Luray between eleven and twelve o'clock. The town is not very large. But it is in a beautiful valley. The country round about is pretty rough however. At the depot of Luray we took hacks that was running to and fro, and rode up to the cave. As we were approaching we saw a nice building, but we had no idea that that was the entrance to the cave, for we expected to be in some large mountain. When we reached the building, we got off and entered. After we went down stairs, lights were given to some and with a guide ahead to lead the way, and

one behind to assist, we marched down in the cave. Sure enough there were the cave wonderfully shaped. Stones somewhat like marble, shaped into different kinds of images some very beautiful. But to describe the cave fully it would take a smarter boy than I to do it. We were in there for about an hour or so. From there we came back to the depot, and there we got our dinner. After dinner we went up to a hotel which is on a hill, to look about. It was very pleasant there, so we stayed there till it was time for us to start for home. This trip would have cost a large sum of money and we could not have gone to see this wonderful place if it had not been for Mr. R. R. Corson, a friend of the school. He is the man that has charge of the cave. He helped to get us the car-ride free and gave us the sight at the cave which would have cost \$205 at the lowest excursion price. We feel very thankful towards Mr. Corson and invite him to come and see us.

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### CAN INDIANS LEARN TO WORK?

Van Horn, Cheyenne, and Thos. Wister, Ottawa, went out to work in the harvest field, and earned \$1.50 a day. Mr. Henderson Cornprobt the man for whom they worked wrote to Capt. Pratt as follows:

Sir: I can say that the Indian boys who harvested for me made full hands and bound their sections after my reaper same as other hands. Their conduct was excellent, want no better. I am perfectly satisfied with them and the labor performed while in my employ.

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PERSEVERANCE is an almost certain road to success.



## THE SCHOOL NEWS.

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CARLISLE BARRACKS, PA., AUGUST, 1882.

X on the outside of your paper means that the time for which you paid is out.

ELLIS CHILDERS is publisher of the SCHOOL NEWS for a few weeks while CHARLES KIHEGA is visiting his home in Iowa.

### LOCAL NEWS.

A boy wrote, "On Wednesday I learned to scythe wheats."

The health of the school is excellent.

Good report of most of the children on farms.

The farmer boys are busy, and as we are having plenty of rain we hope to have good crops.

The shops are open during the vacation, and most of the boys are at their work faithfully. The carpenter boys are flooring some of the school-rooms, and the tinnerns are roofing the building.

Mr. and Mrs. Doanmoe left here for home on the 7th of August. We were sorry to see them go, but at the same time we are glad to know that they are returning with brave intention of teaching their people.

First day of August, when we came to the table we thought there was a big change in the fare. We hardly had patience enough to wait till the blessing was asked, things looked so good. Afterwards we found out that Miss Sickles of New York was in the kitchen teaching the Indian girls to cook. They are learning to

make excellent pies, ginger cakes, Indian pudding, and learning different ways of cooking meat.

### MARRIED.

IRON EAGLE FEATHER—GOOD VOICE—

On the 19th of July, at Rosebud Agency, Dakota, Ralph Iron Eagle Feather, to Julia Good Voice, both students of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School.

Julia in writing to her friend Miss Biddle, of Carlisle, tells the news, in this way: "Dear Miss Biddle, I must tell you something here about Ralph but I am ashamed but I must say dear I have to take care of Ralph now."

We as a school wish them much happiness.

SAY "NO" AT THE PROPER TIME.

The word itself is a very small word. It consist of only two letters, but it is a big thing. It has saved the souls, and even the lives of many people. When tempted to do wrong, then is the time to say no. When angry words that touch your heart is spoken to you, and dares you to fight, then is the time to say no. But be strong in what you say. Say what you mean, and mean what you say. So that you will firmly say no, when temptations come, and don't hesitate. Remember that the soul that hesitateth is lost. Say and act as your conscience tells you to. But be sure that your conscience is clear, so that it will tell you right things.

THIS WAS FOUND ON A GIRL'S DOOR

If any girls wish to go in Minnie Atkin's room go round to her door. Please do not come through my room, because we just scrub our room. Please think this way. Do unto others as you would have them do to you. DESSIE & SARAH.



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## WE TAKE THESE WORDS FROM LETTERS.

Fletcher Cheyenne on a farm at Morrisville, Pa., says:—"I have plowed with two horses, I done four acres and then I harrowed. We have five big pigs and ten little ones. I feed them every night and morning."

Carl Matches, on the same farm says:—"I cut the corn every evening, the feeding cows. Yesterday I been work in the garden. I dig the potatoes. I hoe tomatoes near the fence. I put up the weeds too. I help William make some celery beds. Fletcher and I pulled up lot of mullens."

Mabel, Kiowa, went home the 1st of last month. She says:—"DEAR SCHOOL FATHER, I hope that I may go back to school. I like very much to go back to school. I will ask them my friends to let me go back to Carlisle again. I was all very glad to see our friends again but it is not better place here as the Carlisle school. I must stop. From your school daughter. With much love to all there."

Josie Vetter, Iowa, who is at Newville, says:—"Tuesday I washed and the next day I ironed, and the next day we swept the rooms and today I make bread, and Mrs. Irwin and Mrs. Brewster told me to tell you that the bread was very nice and light, and that after while I could make bread all by myself. After I put the bread in the pans I went in the cellar and while I washed the walls, I saw a lady look like Nana Pratt and when I see her I always like to look at her."

One of our boys was reported as being slow. A letter was written to the boy telling him that was not right, and he wrote the following

reply: "What do you call me slow for? If you had three sores in one foot and two on the other, and one big sore on your knees, can you walk faster than ever you can? I guess not one fourth as fast as ever you can." He was one lazy boy, because when he was asked to show his sores, they were too small to be seen by the naked eye.

Clarence, Sioux, writes from York:—"I get sore hands but I get well, and getting hard and rough, so just like farm man's hands. I work with some Dutchmen. The man said to me, "You beat some white boys." O my! I went to the wheat field to get the wheats. Something make noise in the field and I stop and look around, and now I saw some bees gathered on the wheat pile. One get after me and fly around over me. So I take off my hat and fought with it, that bee wants to bit me but cannot do it. I make fun with that bee. That bee bit a dog. That dog was running away."

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## A CARD FROM JOE VETTER.

I have been spreading manure today. Last week I was loading manure. The first day we loaded twenty-one loads. It made me sweat, and while I was warm I went and sat down in the draft, and I caught a very bad cold. I am getting better now. So you are willing for me to try one year on the farm. I am glad that I am going to stay. I am learning how to do good many things. I have not got homesick yet, and I hope I will not get homesick.

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"What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."