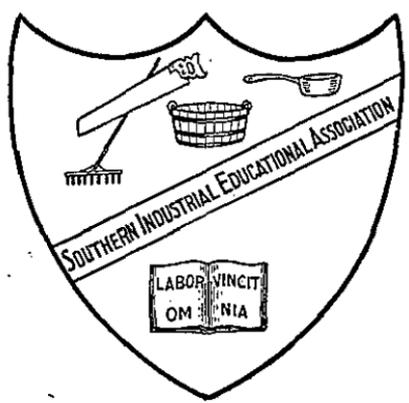


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OF THE

Southern Industrial Educational Association



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Southern Industrial Educational Association

(INCORPORATED)

Headquarters: Washington, D. C.

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The Human Resources of the Southern Appalachian Mountains.

For over a century the inhabitants of the more remote and deeply hidden districts of the Appalachian Mountains have lived in isolation, neglected, and virtually forgotten. Through their splendid action at Cowpens and Kings Mountain in the Revolution, and, again, by their courage and independence-during the Civil War they have figured at the critical moments of American history; but in modern times public notice of these people has unfortunately been for the most part confined to the annals of the Internal Revenue Service or to occasional news items of some feudalistic outbreak. Relative inaccessibility, and consequently restricted intercourse with the outside world, poverty of soil, and lack of facilities as well as products for exchange have combined to insulate them, so to speak, so that the currents of nineteenth century progress passed them largely undisturbed, their standards of living unchanged, the horizons of their intellectual and material activities unexpanded. Even where the development of natural resources, whether it be by the destruction of forests, the opening of coal mines or the utilization of water powers, has caused a tentacle of commerce to indent the outlines of their regions, the sociological result has in many cases been the exploitation rather than the uplift of the people.

There are many who, having in mind only the reports of lawlessness, ignorance, poverty, primitive conditions and insecurity of life, casually and superficially prejudge these mountain people as degenerates. Yet such is not the fact. True, in many neighborhoods intermarriage has brought individual defectiveness and degeneracy; also that the influ-

ence of isolation and poverty in cramping the intellectual scope has favored perversion of certain standards and ideals; but the Southern Appalachian mountain folk are not degenerate nor the children of degenerate ancestors. Theirs is only a case of arrested development. In a sense these people are to be regarded as having nearly stopped growing for a century. In the isolation of the family which overflows the makeshift log cabin; in the lack of roads and educational means; in the absence of the commonest sanitary as well as of most household, agricultural and constructional training and equipment; in fact in their elementary poverty and primitiveness of conditions they are still the pioneers of colonial days who have all this time been lost in the midst of the mountains where they have continued at great disadvantage their struggle with the wilderness.

Intellectually and economically considered the remote mountain people have been in an eddy far to one side of the forward current, and locally stagnant. Yet they are a race of superb possibilities. They are a splendid, rugged and long-resident Anglo-Saxon stock, which for purity of extraction averages far above the population of any other region of our country. Many of them had ancestors of the best breeding and intellectual development. The observation of well-marked hereditary traits characteristic of high ancestry is an interesting feature of a visit in their midst. They are a hardy, proud, conscientious and even austere people.

Better and more promising material for development than our Southern Appalachian mountain folk does not exist elsewhere in all our American territory. Though they are often apathetically conservative, they need but a thorough

awakening. Experience proves it. Show them by example in their midst the results of training in household industry, better agriculture, domestic sanitation and simple manual training, and they will strive to attain them. One of the best and most practical of our industrial settlement schools, located deep in the mountains over forty miles from the nearest railway, has had to deny opportunity to over seven hundred boys and girls on account of lack of equipment, accommodations and resources. Parents have brought children, tramping over the mountains, from nine surrounding counties; yet it is not over ten years since this school was started in a tent.

Teach these people to utilize the resources in themselves and about them for the betterment of themselves and their surroundings, and they develop rapidly. Convince them of their own possibilities, and you will rescue them from the thralldom of ignorance, poverty and apathy. Once their tendencies and capacities are directed along proper lines, a perverted sense of honor will no longer perpetuate exterminative family feuds, nor will conservative adherence, almost religious in its intensity, to the methods and conditions of their fathers continue to block the wheels of progress and subject the generations to come to ignorance, lethargy and disease.

On the other hand we shall have a sturdy, virile, progressive, forceful people, upright, conscientious, strong of character, self-reliant, independent, fearless and patriotic. These inhabitants of the Appalachian backwoods, many of them sons of Revolutionary soldiers, will yet form a bulwark—perhaps a saving bulwark,—of moral strength and high civic ideals for the preservation of what is best in the institutions of our country.

Are not these human resources worth conserving—conserving by developing, and thereby making them always increasingly valuable, more useful and eternally permanent? Can we afford longer to neglect these human potentialities and so permit still another generation pregnant with magnificent possibilities to go to waste?

To bring a successful coal mine into being requires the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars; to commercially develop a water power may cost still more, and every successive mine or power site that the capitalist develops will probably cost as much as the first. But it is not so with the human resources. Fifty or one hundred dollars expended annually for a few years—say three hundred dollars in all—will develop a boy or girl who will go from the industrial school to his or her community as a missionary of progress. Every such investment is successful though in varying degrees. Some are latent bonanzas capable, if developed, of becoming the great men and women of our country. None are entire failures. It is as though the settlement industrial school were a center of infection from which each boy or girl goes to his home to inoculate his home and neighborhood with the germs of better things.

Each community so inoculated becomes a new center of infection. The household methods learned in the training school are patterned after by the women neighbors. The cooking, the sewing, mending, cleaning, the attractive decorations, the garden and the care of the baby and the sick find earnest—sometimes grateful—imitators. The regeneration of the soil and the more comfortable and better equipped buildings, the more varied food resources, the sanitary arrangements, the increased production—in fact the generally bettered conditions of living—the influence of all

these extends rapidly, gradually spreading from the inoculated home to the community, and from one community to others, bringing the region to higher standards of living, thought, production and usefulness. Thus, quite contrary to water-powers, which are apt to grow smaller rather than larger, or mines, which are worthless when “worked out,” the development of the human—the really great resources—is self-propagating, self-multiplying and spreading, simultaneously conserving while developing both the material and the human, so that a single original investment in but one individual boy or girl may, in the course of time, without any further expense to the investor, automatically extend itself to the whole community or region with perpetually increasing benefits.

More than twenty children are born every day in the remote districts of the Southern Appalachian Mountains. About twelve of these—say a boy or girl every two hours—reach the age of twelve years. They form a pitiful procession, over a hundred years long, helplessly marching the way of their fathers. These boys and girls are the real, the great human resources. Why not develop some of them, we ask. Business men, philanthropists, financiers: can you think of—have you ever made, a better or more profitable investment? One that will bring a larger, more permanent and satisfactory return? One that is so certain, yet requires a total cash outlay so small as to be relatively insignificant? Is not this an ideal investment? Many of you already hold interests in the material resources of those regions; why not invest in the infinitely more profitable human? A share in the development of the higher resources is within the reach of everyone. It takes but little money; no liabilities; no assessments; no taxes; why not take a

few shares now? Why not give some of those boys and girls a chance?

The Southern Industrial Educational Association is an agent in the development of these precious resources. It charges no fees, its officers receive no salaries. Believing that the best method for this development is through a practical training, mainly industrial in its nature, and best adapted to the local conditions of the home and the farm, it strives most economically and wisely to place the funds entrusted to its hands where they will produce the best results to those who most need them. As yet it conducts no schools exclusively its own, but carefully assists by furnishing equipment for industrial training, salaries of industrial teachers, and scholarships, mainly to settlement schools located as far as possible in the most isolated districts, in giving the boys and girls the training that will be most useful to them in their home environments; that will most efficiently improve their conditions of household conduct and equipment, their agricultural methods and products, their educational opportunities and sanitation; that will in every way develop the children and, through them, the natural resources about them. Later the Association hopes to establish and maintain model schools in some of the most backward regions where now there are none. D. W.

"The great problem of the country is not a problem of crops, but of human lives."—GIFFORD PINCHOT.

The New Alabama Auxiliary.

Since the last issue of the QUARTERLY, Mrs. Gielow, who is indefatigable in her labors for the Association, has organized the Alabama Auxiliary at Birmingham. Mrs. Coleman, who presides over this new branch of our organization, is widely known not only as the president for two years of the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs, but also as a leader in all work tending to better the social and educational conditions of the State. Under her able leadership the new auxiliary is sure to become a strong and helpful adjunct to the Southern Industrial Educational Association.

While in Alabama Mrs. Gielow made a special appeal for an endowment fund for the maintenance of the Downing Industrial School for poor girls near Brewton. The citizens of Brewton, in response to her earnest representation, pledged \$10,000, and there is little doubt that the other \$10,000 necessary to put the Downing School upon a permanent basis will be raised.

A full list of the officers of the Alabama Auxiliary follows: President, Mrs. Phares Coleman, Montgomery; Vice-President-at-Large, Mrs. Charles Henderson, Troy; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Joseph M. Lester, Mrs. R. D. Johnston, Mrs. Bolton Gilreath, Mrs. J. H. Phillips, Mrs. James Bowron, Mrs. Erwin Craighead, Mrs. C. P. Orr, Mrs. Lloyd Hooper; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Ray Rushton, Montgomery; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. Bowron, Birmingham; Treasurer, Mrs. Chappell Corey, Birmingham.

"We are pleading for practical education, usable knowledge. Teach the child to do things, for the king is the man who can. Of the thirty-two million bread winners in this country, some thirty million must work with their hands. The great majority of children in school today must become bread winners, and they will have to work with their hands." Education should be largely industrial.

Quarterly Magazine.

OF THE

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUNE, 1910.

All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. J. Lowrie Bell, 1459 Girard Street, Washington, D. C.

Advice to Senders of Gifts.

We print the following letter received by a subscriber to the Southern Industrial Educational Association, who wishes to send clothing to a particular boy in a mountain school. While informing our readers of the course to be pursued in such cases, the letter also admirably illustrates the spirit and the methods of the work:

"It is most kind of you to suggest sending clothing to an individual boy, but we make it a rule never to have clothes or presents of any kind sent to the boys. If our friends wish to make a contribution of this kind we are most grateful to them for their kindness, and we allow the special boy they desire to have the first selection of the things, but we do not pauperize the boys by giving them a single thing. After they have decided on what they want, we sell them at a reasonable price, for instance, 50 cents for a suit of clothes, but he works extra time at the rate of eight cents an hour to pay for them. All things are equal in our school, and we really dislike for any boy to know who is helping him, because we have one hundred and fifty boys in our school just as worthy of help."

The Southern Industrial Educational Association will be glad to furnish addresses of schools to which boxes or barrels of clothing may be sent.

Rosabella.

(A TYPE.)

"Come here, paw; come an' set right deown here, clost ter me, so ye kin hear what I's got to tell ye."

Hiram Bruce put his old cob pipe on the mantel, and shuffled despairingly to a cot, across the scanty, cheerless room.

"Ye knows I 'ont be here long, paw," the voice continued, "an' hits about Rosybella 'at I wants ter talk. I wants ye, arter th' fun'al to tek er poke o' apples out to th' mounting skule to them lady teachers thar, an' ast 'em fur to tek Rosybella in. I ain't never hed no chanct fur larnin'," she continued, "but now that th' good Lawd done sont it to th' mountings, I wants my gal ter hev it."

"Come here, Rosy," called the woman in weak tones, to an unkempt tangled-haired child, who was sitting on the dirt floor, tying grass and wild flowers round a kitten's neck, "come here to yore maw, an' let her tell ye sumpin'. Ye's a-going ter hev larnin' arter I'se done gone, an' I wants ye ter be er peart little gal, an' beat all th' res' of 'em at th' skule."

"Whar's ye gwine, maw?" asked the child. "Don' go way an' leave me. What'll me an' dad do when yee's gone? Can't you tek we uns along with yer? 'cause we don' want stay here lessen yee's here too. I 'ont hev nobody to he'p wuk, no nobody to say my prayers to! Kin *you* hear me, dad, when maw's gone? 'Cause I don't know the 'Our Father' one all by myse'f."

The afternoon sun of an April day dipped low behind the Alleghanies, as an old mountaineer, with his four sons, lowered into its last resting place a rough-hewn home-made coffin. Two kindly women—neighbors of a mile distant, who had "been fetched" to do the woman's part in this hour of need—stood near the open grave. "Kin ye pray?" said the father, trembling with fatigue and emotion. "Kin ennybody pray?"

Not a sound was heard but the breaking of a sob from the now motherless child, who stammered out,—“Yes, dad, I kin pray; maw she teached me how.” So saying she kneeled down and raising her little childish voice said:

“Now maw lays her down to sleep,
I prays the Lawd her soul to keep. Amen.”

Two days later an old man was seen leading a yellowish, scraggly mule over the mountains. On its back was flung a poke of apples, and on the poke of apples sat a little eight-year-old girl, in a blue calico dress, without a coat, though in a drizzling rain.

He drew up at the settlement school and knocked at the door. The teacher in charge opened it, to be greeted by this pathetic exaction: “Now you’s jist ’bleeged ter tek in Rosybella, ’cause her maw died a Sunday an’ they ain’ no women fo’k fur to look atter er.”

And they *did* take her in; as they take in many others for whom they have in no wise adequate accommodation. It is to provide such accommodation—both for industrial and educational training—that your interest and your interest substantiated by gifts, is asked.

Pathetic as this mountain scene may be, remember it is a reality—and little Rosabella is only a Type.

MARY FAIRFAX CHILDS,
Member of New York Auxiliary.

The Southern Mountaineer.

ESTHER JACKSON WIRGMAN.

Fair Appalachia! Region vast!
In wealth and beauty unsurpassed!
Where forests yet rear their green heads,
Proud guardians of the watersheds,
Where Heavens bends low, and far is near,
In the transparent atmosphere.

From where the hills of Maryland,
Pink-flushed with orchard bloom, do stand.
And the Virginian’s Ridges Blue
Hide treasures of the darkest hue.
Westward Kentucky’s ranges grand,
From Tennessee’s great Cumberland,
And Carolina’s sapphire skies
O’er Georgia’s fertile peaks, arise.

’Tis here the Southern Mountaineer
Has cast his lot through the long years,
When lowlands call or ease invites,
His loyal heart clings to his heights.
Where his forefathers, brave and bold,
’Gainst foreign foe our land did hold,
Now poverty and ignorance vast
His children bind in fetters fast.

In isolation’s pathless tracks,
His only tool, the clumsy axe;
His only craft, the hunter’s skill,
His only trade, the moonshine still;
He, who can neither read nor write,
Falls helpless when the law doth smite.
His untrained mind may not explore
The unseen wealth without his door.
And on the Appalachian rolls
Are registered three million souls.

Intō his one-roomed cabin home,
O Nation! Bid some unlift come!
Up these rough trails by humans trod,
Send some sweet message of thy God.

Mrs. Wetmore, describing the work of the mission school
at Arden, N. C., says:

"Each pupil is required to work out of doors one hour every day in addition to the work of the institution which is all done by the pupils. This industrial work is all done under the direction of a teacher, who has been for years a practical, educated farmer. The working squads are as regular as the academic classes. We are teaching our young people to train their hands, and heads, and hearts in the work needful to building a home, from the cutting down the trees in the woods to the finished house, with its hand-made furniture, home-cooked food, and homespun rugs and blankets, and a garden made beautiful with the shrubs and vines found in our mountain forests. To do this we teach (in addition to the academic studies) cooking, sewing, weaving, carpentering, printing and outdoor work. We have a small dispensary with a trained nurse in charge, a library, reading room, and a small gymnasium."

"Our mountain people gladly avail themselves of all we can offer them, they beg for 'a chance.' They are people strong in mind and body, but almost without money."

The Mountain People of the South.

The problem of the Southern mountains is one of the great problems of the Nation. There are more than three millions of these people at the most conservative estimate. People of Scotch-Irish blood, combining the best of these races, people independent, kindly, hospitable, but entirely untrained in the requirements of modern civilized life. The industrial world of cotton spindles and factory wheels is grasping after the skill and power of the mountain people. There are those who try to make the world believe that the southern mountains hold no liking for the native people—that the people themselves are degenerated and dull. In the *World's Work* for March, 1910, there is an article to this effect. Extreme cases are taken as the average. The very hills will cry out against such a perversion of the underlying truth of the failure to perceive the nobility, the capacity and the stability of the mountain people. The

problem is how are these millions of people to make a living, and the answer lies in the words—Industrial Education! Not the education of large technical schools, but the training given in schools of a hundred or more mountain boys and girls who will be taught to make a living out of the few acres of ground belonging to them. Each locality differs; in some are splendid hard woods, in some minerals, in some farming land, but instead of moving the mountain people let us teach them to use and develop the resources at their hands. The mountain people are the only people independent of trusts. They do not care about a Beef Trust, for the pigs in the pen and the chickens running round the cabins are their only meat. They do not depend on the Sugar Trust for "long sweetening"; their own sorghum molasses will sweeten their bread. The Standard Oil corporation matters little to them; they sit in the fire-light for a while and then go to bed when the darkness falls. So on we might go through the list of monopolies which threaten America. What must be done is to teach these mountain folk how best to grow the food and treat the soil on their little farms; to make the girls realize that one pair of homespun and home knit stockings will outlast many pairs of the cheap factory stockings; to train the boys and girls to think and to reason, so that their most cherished possession will be the home in the glorious air and the freedom of the wonderful Appalachian Mountains. Schools will do this.

MRS. SUSAN WETMORE.

We must have funds to extend the work of the Association, and we ask your co-operation.

We need:

1. **A Foundation Fund** to build settlement industrial schools.
2. **Scholarships** to place children in industrial schools that are aided or approved by the Association.
3. **Salaries for Industrial Teachers**; also teachers of elementary domestic science, simple nursing, and hygiene.