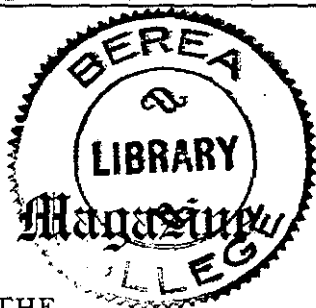


Serial



Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

Southern Industrial Educational
Association

SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1920
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

VOL. XII.

Nos. 3 AND 4.

Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.) (NON-SECTARIAN)

Organized to Promote Industrial Education of the
Children of the Southern Mountains

HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS
1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Officers

MRS. MARTHA S. GIELOW, *Founder and Honorary Vice-President*

Recording Secretary
MRS. C. DAVID WHITE
2812 Adams Mill Road

Honorary President
MISS MARGARET WILSON

Treasurer
JOSHUA EVANS, JR.
Vice-President, Riggs Bank,
Washington, D. C.

President
C. C. CALHOUN, ESQ.

Corresponding Secretary
MRS. A. S. STONE
1228 Connecticut Avenue

Vice-Presidents
REV. JAMES H. TAYLOR
MISS JULIA D. STRONG
LEIGH ROBINSON, Esq.

*Chairman Membership
Committee*
MRS. LEIGH ROBINSON

Trustees

Mrs. J. Lowrie Bell
C. C. Calhoun, Esq.
Mrs. Charles Henry Butler
Hon. P. P. Claxton

Joshua Evans, Jr.
Mrs. R. H. Liggett
Thomas Nelson Page
Leigh Robinson, Esq.
Miss Julia D. Strong

Rev. James H. Taylor
Mrs. Richard Wainwright
Mrs. C. W. Wetmore
Mrs. C. David White

NEW YORK AUXILIARY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

OFFICERS

President
Mrs. Algernon Sidney Sullivan

First Vice-President
Miss M. V. B. Vanderpoel

Second Vice-President
Miss C. T. Burkham

Third Vice-President
Mrs. Helen Hartley Jenkins

Fourth Vice-President
J. Riddle Goffe

Honorary President
Mrs. Martha S. Gielow

Treasurer
James Lees Laidlaw

Recording Secretary
Mrs. Livingston Rowe Scherle

Corresponding Secretary
Mrs. Eugene Frayer
323 West 104th St.

Assistant Treasurer
Mrs. Juan Ceballos
Bay Shore, L. I.

PENNSYLVANIA AUXILIARY

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

President
Mrs. Louis Lewis
4324 Pine St.

First Vice-President
Mrs. Thos. Potter, Jr.
Chestnut Hill

Second Vice-President
Mrs. Robert Alexander

Third Vice-President
Mrs. Spencer K. Mulford

Fourth Vice-President
Mrs. John Gribbel

Fifth Vice-President
Mrs. J. Lee Paton

Recording Secretary
Mrs. S. P. Lummas
1910 Mount Vernon St.

Corresponding Secretary
Mrs. William T. Healy
238 West Johnson Street

Treasurer
Mrs. Luther Chase
Glenside, Pa.

The Tragedy of the Mountain Women's Lives*

I hope I may not be thought sensational or desirous of cheap notoriety when I say the most neglected creature in America today is the mountain woman. We send missionaries to our Indian squaws; our Negroes have their devoted teachers, serving in all the Southern States. I have seen work for those in the slums, in the shops, on incoming ships and trains. After a wide travel throughout our country, I declare that we have almost lost sight of our women of the best blood and least advantage to be found anywhere—the girls and mothers of the hill country.

For the past six years I have made frequent visits to the Cumberland Mountains. What I here set down is not the product of the fiction writer nor the work of the social statistician. I hope, rather, that it comes from a sympathetic knowledge and growing enthusiasm.

She stands before me, made vivid by the power of memory. She is forty years of age and is the mother of many; she is actually *old*; her posture, her speech, her method of action, are all old. She is often broken; her face has the marks of passing time; at forty she has been worked very much as a mule is driven, and her hard eyes and stoic manner now demonstrate the fact. I have never seen the typical hill woman laugh. It is a thing apart. Frequently ignorance has wrought its ravages. She cannot read or write. Books, newspapers, magazines are as remote from her life as are the delicacies of a metropolitan restaurant. She is deep-set in a daily grind; every hour is like its fellow; every day will pass as the one that came before it; there will be an endless chain of duties varied only by the crying of babies and the nagging of a well-preserved master whom the community points out as her husband.

*From "The Woman of the Hills," by Roseoe Gilmore Stott; published in *The Green Book Magazine*, June, 1920.

There are notable exceptions. I have been in mountain homes that breathed a spirit of cordial hospitality toward the stranger, a fine cooperation between all members of the household. We cannot, however, claim space for the splendid exceptions for which we are always looking.

The mountain girl grows up to an early marriage. Let the friend of hill people reform the tradition of early marriages, and he will have well earned a place for social service. The mountain girl is of fine physique. Her clear eyes and clear skin are extremely attractive. Her hair is her glory. She carries herself poorly, but the mountain boys are not critical. Her mother married early. I saw a girl of fourteen languidly strolling apart from the others, declaring her life empty; her "folks" had denied her the right to wed the boy of her choice—a lad of fifteen or sixteen!

Youth has no fear; only the mature are afraid. The condition of her mother or older sister seems not to be seen by the little girl just dawning into womanhood. She longs for marriage, rather than for love. Few of her sisters ever find love at its best. She dreams of marriage, rarely makes worthy preparation for it, but abides her time. Once under the yoke, she bears it—all too often—alone.

But the personal equation is the law of social advance, and the few hill-country institutions are striving along a dozen different lines. Women dedicated to the God-blessed purpose of devoting their energies toward one single aim—teaching the beauty, sacredness and duties of wedded life—would render incalculable service to the mountains. So strong is the early marriage tradition that the popular drift has great pressure in the lives of young girls. Proposals are seldom rejected. Physical, spiritual or mental fitness seems rarely to be demanded by either the bride-elect or her parents. The resulting domestic tragedies are too terrible to be pictured in these pages, but they can be readily imagined. In the face of all the later hardships that follow so many early mar-

riages, President Frost of Berea College says: "The mountain mothers are the greatest mothers in the world." By this he refers to their self-sacrifice. The mountain girl becomes a little mother at the time her baby brother is born. She is the confidant of her mother and often the strength of her father. The mother-instinct—the most glorious passion of her sex—is hers by inheritance. She longs to serve, longs with all her heart to mother somebody, something. If only this fine instinct were a little better directed, what a remade community of beautiful homes the hills could soon possess!

For many reasons the mountain girl's home is not a fit training ground for wifehood. The hill-home is deeply rooted in harmful superstitions. Many of the older people still believe in the treatment of disease by charms or the supernatural powers of those who have the gift of "stopping blood" or "blowing out fire." Often miraculous powers are ascribed to the seventh child of a family or to one who has never seen his father. If an infant has the "thrush," or sore mouth, an old woman will insist that it can be cured by being allowed to drink from the shoe of some man who has never seen the child's father. Children have been carried miles to the far side of a mountain to find this stranger that the cure may be speedily effected. Obviously the younger generation has begun to take such procedure as folly, but the elders still cling with faith and gravity to many like practices. Health officers and visiting nurses can and have done much, but as yet the field is barely touched.

It has appeared to me, as I have taken many friendly journeys to the hills, that the smallest cabin usually houses the largest brood. One patriarchal figure told me in answer to a question relative to the population of his cramped, crude habitat: "Haint got but 'leven." With my wife I have journeyed deep into the mountainous section at the juncture of three States—Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee—and have found the home conditions there are often heart-breaking. Isolation has made the

matter of modern obstetrics, with its spirit of wise precaution, out of the question. Resulting blindness and eye-diseases are too frequently the rule.

The schools that obtain their student body from the remote mountain communities are doing their own praiseworthy work. President Adams, of Oneida Institute, Clay County, Kentucky, said to me: "Girls come into the school absolutely ignorant of the commonest principles of housekeeping and go away with a training that fits them to take care of any modern home. Many of them have never seen a floor scrubbed with a brush until they come here, and it is a common thing for them to purchase brushes to carry back home with them. One girl was surprised to learn that window-panes could be washed. Another girl bought a can of enamel at the village store to make her bed at home look like the ones in the dormitory.

"I was in a home this summer which illustrates the point in question. The young wife was one of our former pupils. Her two-room cabin was exquisitely clean, and she was sewing busily upon a dress for herself. She sang happily as she worked, and her four-year-old was as well cared for as any city child. This home was in an isolated section of the mountains at the head of a creek. And," he added, "mountain schools are as yet the only sources of such knowledge as is needed for better living in this region."

But the settlement schools, such as Hindman and Pine Mountain and the institution at Oneida, can only reach the smallest fraction of the mountain homes.

A few years ago I myself taught mountain girls in a State institution—and how genuinely glorious is their advance, when the light dawns! I have seen crude mountain girls come in, muscle bound, suspicious, ill at ease, untutored in all social usages, and I have seen them develop into the equals of any cultivated woman in my country today. Pure Anglo-Saxon is their blood; keen as two-edged swords are their minds. I know what tact-

ful training means in their lives. I have seen their hearts unfold. I have seen them banish the clumsiness of their speech and become eloquent. I have seen them adopt modern fashion and become splendid with nature-made beauty. The founder of "Moonlight Schools," with which Cora Wilson Steward hopes to eradicate all illiteracy from Kentucky, her native State, is herself a mountain-woman, and her story thrills the greatest educational bodies in America.

The Union survived because we said it was wrong that some should be bound while others went free. Mountain women are slaves. Isolation and impassable roads have chained them; the lack of schools has chained them; suspicion toward all things new and apart from their own lives has chained them.

Shall the enslaved go unheeded? I believe there is a new social work to be done and done at once. It would prove a gracious work for those able through consecrated service, to bring captive souls into a new road of life, where work means joy as well, where the coming of the little ones means happiness and glad faces, where God may be understood and worshiped at the daily task.

From the school at Mt. Berry, Rome, Ga., comes the unpleasant news of the complete destruction by fire of one of the boys' dormitories on November 6th. By this disaster seventy-five boys lost bedding, clothes and books, and are now meeting the emergency by living in tents until better accommodations can be provided.

Miss Berry is hoping to begin very soon the construction of a new brick fireproof building that will house one hundred boys, at a cost of \$50,000.00, provided the necessary funds can be raised. Miss Berry's wonderful work is so widely known that it is to be hoped that she may soon secure sufficient money to make the beginning of the new building possible.

The Reaction of a Settlement School Upon a Mountain Home.

"Law, Miss Gardner, you've been a promising to go home with me ever sence I come to the school and you jist never have got to go," said Kansas disappointedly as she packed up her belongings in a tight bundle and tied them to old Tim's saddle.

"Come, let's go, Honey," said her father. "We want to see Mammy and Baby 'fore dark, and—well, come over teacher and see us next week; we're pore people, but we'll treat you clever." With that he gave old Tim a vigorous dig with his spur and both were off on old Tim's back.

A week later Miss Watson and I started over to make our long, hoped-for visit. A light snow had fallen the day before, so that, although it was cold, the scenery promised to be at its best. The first ten miles were uneventful, but as it began to grow dusky we inquired distances. The general opinion of folks we passed seemed to be that it was seven miles to the mouth of Ball Fork and that Zack Carr lived one mile this side.

We urged on our horses, hoping to make better time, for the prospect of night travel did not appeal to us. Fast going was impossible, however, with the roads slippery and the water high. The evergreens covered with snow ceased to be beautiful, and the bright red holly berries faded into a dismal gray. After three miles of such continuous traveling we were ready to stop anywhere we could for the night. We passed two houses which we would never have noticed had it not been for the horses which wanted to pull in at every barn. No lights showing, we decided to wait until the next house. Coming suddenly around a clump of bushes into the open, we saw a light right in front of us. About the time we pulled up a voice called out, "Howdy, folks, travelin' late, ain't you?" By that time the owner of the voice had reached the fence and turned his lantern on us. "Well, if it haint some of them college women, Jim," he added. And just as he

finished, who should come up but Jim, one of the lively youngsters who always sat at my left at the school table. By this time, Sara, Marinda, Malvery and Maggie had all arrived on the scene and convinced us that we must stay overnight.

Next morning we were off early, after one of those hearty fried chicken breakfasts, such as you can have only in a mountain home. With fresh horses it seemed as though we had only gone a short piece when we came to a little holly grove. As we stopped to admire the trees a woman came along, and by way of being sociable we again asked how far it was to Zack Carr's. "Law, Honey," she answered, "hit haint more'n a squirrel's jump down yander." And, sure enough, a few steps further on, whom should we see but Kansas coming up the bank talking away to a pretty brown-eyed and red-cheeked woman who looked to be about 35 years old. "Well, 'pon my honor, hit's them, and we'd given you out comin' long ago."

"That your mother?" we asked.

"No, this is Arizony—she's my sister; come on down this way and watch out for the quicksand," she cautioned, as she led us over a steep sand bank and across the creek.

Dodging the rocks and the quicksand, and tying up at a post, we climbed over the bars and stumbled down through the cornfield to the house.

"Hit's them, Mommy; they have come," called Kansas, rushing into the kitchen ahead of us. At this a thin, sickly woman, Mrs. Zack, came out, her face beaming with the same smile Kansas and Arizona had met us with a few moments before.

"We're pore folks, but you are welcome to everything we've got," she said. "Come in and warm by the fire; the old man'll be along in a bit and he'll tend your nags."

We followed into the little board shack, sat down, and drew up close to the open grate.

Then Mrs. Zack, Arizony and Kansas all started to talk at once, Kansas telling how glad she was we'd come, Arizony saying how she "lowed we could not stay in such a place." I was sitting next to Mrs. Zack and learned from her how Poppy had gone five miles up the creek to meet us, for fear we'd lose our way, and how, after waiting until it was almost dark, he had "give us out" and come home. "But law," she said, "seems like you haint strangers at all! I haint been able to go away since the coal bank fell on me two year ago, so I don't git to see any new folks—and it looks so good to see you ladies."

I noticed that we were in the living-room, bed-room. Two home-made bedsteads, which were no more than boards nailed to the walls, took up two corners of the room. In another corner stood a bright green and gold iron bed, newness shining out all over it. Mrs. Zack went on to say that Kansas had done nothing but "talk them down about them women at the college ever sence she had come home," and Arizony had "lowed" they could not sleep like they did, and bought the bed on credit at the little store a mile down the creek.

A tin washpan sat on a box underneath a cracked mirror; preserves, jars, feathers, potatoes and pumpkins poked out from under the beds. A small patch of the wall was covered with brown paper, the rest of it with catalog leaves, newspapers, etc., some clean and some dirty. The big roaring fire was the one cheerful spot in the room.

A short time later when Mrs. Zack called for us to come and eat, she told us to bring in our chairs, for those were the only ones they had.

We went into a dirty, gray kitchen which was not much more than an ice box with great two-inch cracks every where in the walls. The temperature couldn't have been far above zero. The table, covered with dark, greasy-looking oilcloth, was set for three, with grimy cracked plates and cups, and dingy black-handled forks and knives at two places; a lonely knife was at the third.

Miss Watson, Mr. Zack and I sat down, while Mrs. Zack apologized for such poor fare, saying she knew we "wasn't used to such," but it was all they had and we were welcome to it.

We shall never forget the feast we beheld—fried chicken, fresh sausage, pork chops, fried potatoes, hot biscuits, corn bread, butter, fried apples and coffee—and it looked as though it "would melt in your mouth." As soon as Arizony noticed that there were not enough forks to go around, she picked up one her mother was using at the stove, wiped the grease off between her fingers and stuck it in the chicken in front of us. Eating mostly with our hands, we talked with Mrs. Zack, who was bent double over the old stove, trying to keep warm and fry more chicken at the same time. If we were to enjoy our food it seemed best not to look far from our plates, for on a bench right under our eyes were two huge freshly killed hogs that had just been salted down the day before. Mr. Zack said little, paying most attention to his many cups of coffee which he audibly enjoyed as he drank from his saucer.

Just as we finished, Jasper, an adorable lad of eleven years, came in. When he saw us he made for his mother's skirts, as she told us how he had declared he was going to hug every one of "them women." "I wish we could do something for him," she said. "Kansas she's in school all right; Arizona, she's twenty-one and too old—anyway, we could not get along without her. The baby here seems like he ought to have a chance. There's been thirteen, and only these lived. Seems as though we ought to do something fer him, but we're too pore."

Then we all sat around the fire while Mr. Zack told us tales; how he was in the "pen" for making moonshine, how he 'lowed he had gone up to the sheriff and would 'er "drapped him dead" if he'd a done him as he did a feller yesterday. How he could take us to a still, etc., etc. It would take a day to tell all the tales over again.

Mrs. Zack told us about Arizony who was the main-

stay of the family. She grubbed up new land, blasted out coal, hauled rock, plowed, cut log wood and did a good share of the cooking when she (Mrs. Zack) was down sick. Poor Arizony had never been to school because her eyes were bad.

Finally, when for the fifth time, Mr. Zack had remarked, "You ladies lay down any time you feel to," we took the hint and began to undress. The whole family stood and looked on with curiosity while the mother apologized over and over because they had no gown to lend us. (Of course they did not wear them; only Kansas, since she had been to school.) After we had washed, crawled in on a sheetless feather tick and covered up with a musty old quilt, the family kicked off their shoes and went to bed without further disrobing.

Seven of us were in a little room without a breath of air. The door and window were shut tight; a blazing fire was doing its best to keep us warm. We asked Mrs. Zack not to shut the door on our account, but she said it was so cold we could not stand it.

We talked from bed to bed for some time until one by one they fell asleep. Just as I was dozing I heard, "What's the matter Zack?"

"Oh, hit's only a little bug, I reckon."

"Lord, have mercy," she mumbled.

Though we had not been able to sleep much, it seemed no time before every one was up and stirring. It was about 2.30 a.m. when Mr. Zack came in and told us the morning star would soon be up, and if we wanted to start by dawn we had better hurry. Hurry we did, and hastened in to breakfast, which was a repetition of supper the night before. As we all sat eating, Mrs. Zack, her teeth chattering, said she was worried for fear we'd take cold. Mr. Zack was not as worried, however, as he added, "Law, don't worry about them; they got a sight of clothes to keep them warm."

About this time the morning star told us that it was

time to start. As we were getting on our wraps a hen walked in at the door and jumped up on the bed. Miss Watson made to shoo her out when Mrs. Zack said, "Don't do it; she is a pet, and comes in here every morning to make her nest!"

Mrs. Zack wept as she said many goodbyes, and made us promise to come again soon. Dawn was just breaking over the gap when we crossed the creek and started for home.

Almost eight months later, finding myself within ten miles of the Carr's, I decided to go over and spend the night with them instead of going on home. I went over the same road, and when the horse came to the steep sand bank he picked his way down as though it had been only yesterday that he had gone over those very steps. I tied up to the same post, climbed the bars and went down a path that was completely closed in with great corn stalks, at least ten feet high. When I came out of the corn I was at the edge of the porch. Seeing no one around, I called, "Howdy, Mrs. Carr." At that she came out of the kitchen, the same Mrs. Zack, smiling all over. She was surprised to see me, but sat me down in front of a big watermelon with the same big-hearted spirit as when she had taken us in to the fire that cold day the winter before. "'Pon my honor, I'm glad to see you; me and the old man's here alone, and hit's tol'able lonesome. But ain't this fine, now; we'll have a great time. Come in. Won't you want to wash after your ride?"

I followed Mrs. Zack, marveling at the change. In the winter she had been so weary, discouraged and pitiful, and now she seemed so much more cheerful—no apologies when she took me into the house. Going into the living room, I wondered again. A blue and gold iron bed stood opposite the green and gold one; a white enamel bowl and soap dish sat on a table neatly draped with muslin and covered with white oil cloth. Six comfortable chairs sat around the room. The walls and ceiling were

all freshly papered with clean newspapers. The floor was spotless. I could hardly believe my eyes, and waited eagerly to see the kitchen.

While we enjoyed the melon on the porch, Mrs. Zack asked eagerly how Jasper was liking it at school. She had been worrying ever since he had been gone for fear he'd be lonesome and homesick. "You know he's the baby, and we've always petted him," she said. "I 'lowed maybe he missed havin' his own way. But law, there's Arizony, a woman grown, and she's learned to read and write just since she went over to the women. Yes, it's lonesome, but we want them to stay and have a chance. Arizony came back last week fatter'n ever we see her; hit's a sight to study about seeing her with all that flesh on her bones."

As we looked down the creek and saw Mr. Carr coming, Mrs. C. jumped up to start supper. I went along to talk, peel potatoes, apples, or do any other odd jobs. The kitchen was a new room with walls freshly papered, floor spotless, cooking dishes hanging on the wall, a dish closet in one corner lined with clean white paper, a spoonholder full of shiny knives, forks and spoons adorning the middle of the table, which also was covered with white oilcloth. The stove was blacked and the wood stacked in a small pile behind it.

When we sat down to supper a little later, we had the same good food as before. But this time we had a tablecloth, clean dishes, shiny knives, forks and spoons, and napkins made of newspaper!

When it came bedtime, there was hot water to wash with, and everyone used it generously! There were clean white sheets on the bed, and pillow slips, too. And last, but not least, we slept with the window open.

Just before we fell asleep Mrs. Zack said, "Bless my soul, a year ago I never thought the baby was ever goin' to have a chance. Looks like me and the old man can do something for him after all."

Miss Large's New Work

Miss Mary Large, who for some years has been working under the auspices of the Southern Industrial Educational Association as a supervisor of mountain industries, is now associated with the school at Hindman, Kentucky, for the purpose of developing still further the industrial extension work. In this capacity Miss Large will visit the cabin homes to help wherever she can with the development and maintenance of the fireside industries.

In some homes she will give instructions in dyeing, in others she will show the value of more careful workmanship in basketry or weaving, while in still others she will pull out the discarded looms and encourage the women and girls to again make the beautiful coverlids of their grandmothers' days. Since the outside world has learned of the real beauty and artistic value of the products of these old industries, now fast dying out, a demand has been steadily growing, so that the mountain workers are assured of a market for all that they can make.

Miss Large has had wide experience and training, having studied on old world looms across the Atlantic, and coupled with her technical knowledge and training is a sympathetic understanding of the mountain people that makes her a welcome guest in their humble homes.

One of the most far-reaching and satisfying undertakings which the friends of the Association and the readers of the *QUARTERLY* make possible through their contributions is this work in the homes through such agencies as Miss Large and others.

Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, 1228 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress, July 16, 1894, pending.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SEPTEMBER, and DECEMBER 1920

All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Recipients of the Judge Seth Shepard Memorial Fund.

This year the Judge Shepard Memorial Fund is actively at work, providing education for two boys at the school at Hindman. Our readers will doubtless be interested in the following description of two typical mountain boys:

Henry, whom I naturally think of first because he has been here longest, is freckled, very freckled, being sometimes referred to by the other boys—though respectfully—as 'Speck.' They never take liberties with him, I am told, for Speck has two fists which are said to be very hard fists, and boy like, he sometimes mixes them with youngsters who would presume to get over-familiar with him. He has a loud, squeaky, though by no means strident voice, which can be easily distinguished from any other voice on the campus by its peculiar timbre, and I know from experience that it is not easy to sleep where he is using it. We take it as a sign of youthful vim and do not hold it against him. Henry is a bright boy, gets his lessons and is always promoted in due season. Both his parents are dead and he lives with an uncle, if it could be said that he has any home at all besides this school.

That Henry is master of almost any situation is well proven by one of his experiences, part of which was very

painful, but which finally became quite rosy. He was burned quite seriously on his back and the back parts of his legs, so he had to be carried out to a hospital. A good friend of ours was here from Cleveland, and she took him along with her to a Cleveland hospital, Henry traveling the long tedious journey on a cot, flat on his stomach, and maintained that particular state of recumbency for weeks and weeks after his arrival at the hospital. It is said that he became quite a hero there. He was finally cured, and as a convalescent traveled with his well-to-do friends to a Florida winter resort to further recuperate.

There he learned to use a finger bowl with much deftness, having just previously learned to manicure his nails. In fact he put on much polish, and on his way in from the railroad station when returning to Hindman, while drinking out of an old-fashioned gourd—if they can be called old-fashioned—he remarked that he did not object to doing it, but that he certainly was not accustomed to it; this to prove his great sophistication. Be it said, however, to Henry's credit, the experience did not spoil him in the least, and he has readily slipped back into the simpler routine which is the life of our school.

We know less about Jasper, for he has not been here so long. He is eleven years old, hails from near the mouth of Ball, a fork of Troublesome, and has a very white head, reasonably well loaded, it seems, with good sense and good intentions. He walked into this office early last spring with a hat on several numbers too large, and a whole outfit to match, begging to be taken into this school; said he knew he would like it "plum well," and that he wanted to make something out of himself. His father was with him; so was his nice sister Docia, who had already made good here; so we had to give in. Jasper has not been here long enough yet to thoroughly prove himself, but we believe he is good material.

The Increasing Work of the Exchange

The report for the summer months showed that it had been the most successful season that the Exchange had ever known.

Twenty-three Gift Shops at different summer resorts along the seashore and in the mountains were kept supplied with articles and orders promptly filled.

The spreads grow more beautiful every year, and seem to give much pleasure to those who purchase them, this being evinced by the many letters of appreciation received from purchasers.

The Exchange is self-supporting, all expenses pertaining to its upkeep and the administration of the Association being paid from the profits made on sales, thus leaving all funds contributed to the school work available for that purpose. This is understood by the mountain workers, who are proud to think that they are under no obligation to the Association for selling their work.

The Christmas Sales began unusually early this year and have been a source of great joy to the workers who are most appreciative of the nice checks sent them during the summer and the last two months. If it were only possible to let every one know how much the Exchange means to those faraway workers in the mountains the pleasure in articles purchased would be even greater.

John Fox's Last Novel

Now that death has ended the literary career of John Fox, Jr., his last novel, "Erskine Dale—Pioneer," has a special interest for those who eagerly hailed each new book from his pen. No writer knew the mountain people as he did, for all of his associations and surroundings from his earliest years had been spent in intimate touch with them, and no one appreciated better than he the real worth of a people almost untouched by modern civilization.

Erskine Dale is a young frontiersman of the period just prior to the outbreak of the Revolution, and though of Virginia's most splendid lineage, he grew up among the Indians, by whom he had been captured when a child. He was a companion of George Rogers Clark, and played a conspicuous part in the violent border warfare as well as in the Revolution itself. The story is a glowing picture of the sturdy lives of the great pioneer period and places the ancestors of the present mountaineers in their real and worthy relations to the events of those fiery times.

Miss Gordon's Extension Work at Hindman

When I started out in the country to try to carry on the work that Miss Hatch did last year I had several different ideas in my mind. First, I wanted to have some sewing classes in the out-of-the-way schools that she could not reach last year. Second, to tell the children of the Health Crusade, and supplement the crusade with several active nutrition classes, which, in time, might be instrumental in starting hot lunches as the cold weather came on. Third, to do some visiting housekeeping work with the mothers, hoping to get an opening by having canning parties with groups of girls around at the different homes on Saturdays, as we became better acquainted.

With such possible openings, I spent the first week visiting some ten schools, talking with the teachers and children. The children are eager to sew, seem to like the idea of cleanliness, even though their families appear to have no notion of it. The other day as one boy came I noticed a string attached to his coat lapel. When I looked more carefully I learned that he was carrying his toothbrush as one would wear his watch and chain. He had been in the school where Miss Hatch had told them about clean teeth. His method of carrying the

toothbrush was by no means the most sanitary one in the world, but he did not intend to have the rest of the family borrowing it, anyway."

Quicksand takes in a district where the people are very poor. At present it is noted for its numerous "moonshine" stills. I stay at Henderson Shepherd's, a typical mountain home. Mr. Shepherd is a school-teacher and is away most of the time, so that Mrs. Shepherd has a rather hard time of it. She knows little about cooking except frying in a skillet and making corn bread, but in spite of that she has plenty of work to do. As she says, "When I growed up I just growed; no larn-in' nor manners nor books—jest hoein' in a corn field. I never seed any cannin' in my parts."

Usually she saves her canning and pickling for the day I am there, so that we can work together. Morning, noon and night we sit down to the same plentiful meal of fried potatoes, fried pork, corn bread, beans, fried cabbage, honey and milk.

Montgomery Creek is fortunate in having a fine teacher. She helps with the sewing class and is anxious to have flourishing Crusaders.

Starting with the sewing and Good Health work seemed to be a beginning, so that I am waiting a bit before saying much more about the cooking. I am new to the children and feel it is important that the request come from them after I have given the suggestion. Anything forced upon them causes immediate lack of interest on their part. They are very anxious to sew, so that now seemed to be the psychological moment to get the work under way.

A mile below here we have a good sewing class at the mouth of Baker's Branch. The girls are all ages, some good sewers and others just beginners. There are thirteen girls in the school and all except two very small girls are in the class. At the present time we are working on underclothing. Of the eleven girls only one owns a night gown—she having lived in the Hindman Settle-

ment School for two years—and none has white under-clothing of any kind. If they wear any it is made of an old flannel shirt or a colored percale, sometimes a blue, or even a bright red plaid.

At Watt's Branch, six miles from Troublesome, eleven girls, eight to thirteen years old, make up a lively, interesting class. All the children have been weighed and measured, and at the present time are working for pounds.

Each week we talk over and decide what we will do the next week. The children bring the supplies, one bringing milk, one eggs, one vegetables, or sugar, etc., so that the expense is evenly divided. After the cooking is over one girl sits at the head and takes the place of Mother, and notices any mistakes in setting the table and so forth. When every one has finished we talk over what we have done; what food value this particular dish has for the body, and what the body needs, especially in this hot weather. The girls seem very interested to try out the new dishes at home. So far we have had perfect attendance. Last week the five older girls who sew asked if they could come too. Later I hope to have a very condensed home nursing class for these older girls.

The Anti-Tuberculosis Association in Louisville has been very helpful. When I visited the schools I found the children interested in the Crusade Movement, but quite unable to pay for the buttons and the certificates. When I wrote Miss Yancey she very kindly sent us complete supplies for fifty, which gave a fine start.

I am also thankful to the Colgate Company in New York for a liberal supply of tooth paste and literature that will help in the "Good Teeth" Movement which plays a big part in the Health Crusades. The teachers are all especially interested in teeth.

At Mill Creek I spent three days helping Mrs. Bob Combs and Mrs. Chester Combs (one living at the head of the creek and the other at the mouth). Mrs. Bob was trying to can apples and beans with two little babies

wanting her every minute. Her beans were spoiling because she could not get any one to help her. Together we finished up 24 quarts the first day, doing them by government methods instead of the old way. Always before she had lost about three-fourths of her cans. When I went the next week she told me that all the neighbors were using the new way, because all of hers had kept. Since then I have stopped every week. Sometimes we canned and sometimes we just visited.

Mrs. Chester is a bright girl, neat as a pin. Her house fairly shines with thrift and plenty everywhere. We had one good day together drying corn and making apple-butter.

Gap School is a crude board shanty built high up on the Trace Gap. From here one looks down to the head of Trace on one side and to the head of Ogden on the other. This is a big school with children of all ages coming up the hill from every direction. I have a big sewing class here, the youngest member being seven years old and the oldest seventeen. When school was closed for foddering, eight of the girls walked three miles just the same. The people are poor, but very anxious for their children to get everything they can in school. I have visited several homes and had just the warmest kind of a reception.

The Health Crusades have had a splendid month. The sewing classes are all going as usual. I have added five new schools this month. The new schools add something to my mileage, but now that the weather is cooler, my horse can make better time. This month we covered 360 miles.

A Letter from Pine Mountain Settlement School

"Yon side o' Pine Mountain," in Harlan County, Ky., the children reckon time oftener by season symbols than by the calendar. One of the settlement workers left the

school this year in May, "laurel bloomin' time." When she returned at Christmas she found that great things had taken place in her absence, things of vital importance to the Kentucky part of the United States.

It was her first view of the new road the school is putting across Pine Mountain that made her realize this. As she and her guide and mule struggled up the twenty-four per cent grade of the trail, which for a hundred years has been the best approach to the school valley, she saw, in contrast, the new road winding under, over and through precipices at the deliberate grade of seven per cent.

It was finished almost as far as the top of the mountain, and the significance of it was great: Pine Mountain, a jagged-topped, unbroken wall a hundred and fifty miles long; on one side of it modern American mining and railroading,—a medley of twelve nationalities; on the opposite side a deep valley hemmed in by hundreds of square miles of Kentucky Ridges; there no modern inventions, no composite America striving. Instead, a remnant of the Anglo-Saxon stock of the first colonies kept intact by isolation. The road would blend the two, at once solving an old problem and creating a new one for the settlement workers of the Pine Mountain School.

When the worker finally emerged from the forest on "yon side," she looked down from the top of a field upon the school valley extending northeast and southwest beneath her, green with rye patches, brown with gardens put away for the winter, studded with the various buildings of the school that now took care of a hundred children, and eight years ago had but one old log cabin to start with. High in the sun and trees she could see the hospital which had gone up in her absence, and further down the valley, the roof of the new boys' house that would hold twenty-four. Her guide voiced her feelings: "Hit's a sight what a house-raisin', child-raisin' place Pine Mountain be!"

As she entered the gate a small boy left his task of pruning fruit trees and "came a runnin'" with a welcome. Pine Mountain is proving that children thrive on the right amount and the right kind of work. Each one earns, or partly earns, his or her tuition by working certain hours a day either on the farm or at housekeeping, laundry work, or cooking in the shining kitchen at Laurel House. That afternoon the worker visited the dairy barn which is under the direct supervision of a university girl, who sees that it is kept immaculate from roof to cellar for the sake of sweet milk to make rosy cheeked children. The worker felt with pleasure the fine quality of American independence in these boys and girls. Even the least has no idea of being a mendicant, cherishing the self-respect that is his for earning his way in the world of the school.

Next the worker visited the "larnin'" department. The big, new schoolhouse was comfortable with steam heat, and its large windows framed many forest pictures painted by Jack Frost. The Primary grades were busy doing the same fascinating tasks that small hands and heads do in the best of our city schools. Upstairs the larger boys and girls were having equally careful instruction and giving in return an eager attentiveness. Here the teachers have not the problem of holding a child's interest. So long have the mountains held little or no opportunity for him to learn that he appreciates what he is receiving. As the worker watched the school she was reminded of something a mountain mother had said: "I'd ruther my son 'd carry a book than a gun any time." Pine Mountain is putting the book in his hand in place of the gun.

That night at Big Log House the worker watched a circle of happy children as they sang carols in the firelight. Here, she thought, Pine Mountain is giving them the most valuable thing of all,—a harmonious home life. In each of the five dwelling houses there is order, but

not an institutional atmosphere. It is created by a house-mother, the children themselves, the fireside and songs and books. Individuality has its chance, and as a result there are a hundred interesting personalities at Pine Mountain.

Pine Mountain has lately spread its work. It has now two extension centers; one, a medical settlement four miles down Greasy Creek, and the other at Line Fork, six miles away from the school in another direction. The worker, after a night's rest, rode down Greasy to see how the doctor, the nurse and the settlement worker there were getting along. She heard with keen interest of the doctor's long rides up creeks and down to attend to long-neglected ailments, and of the many patients that come to her office for medicine, treatment or tooth pulling. Some Boston friends have built at the Medical Settlement a playhouse which rivals the Pied Piper of Hamelin in its power to lure children. The day it was opened fifty-three came, some from the loneliest places, to play. The worker thought it no wonder when she saw the wide, yellow-curtained windows and the fireplace by which to warm and tell stories, and the pictures and the American flag and the well-filled book and toy shelves,—and when she learned about the sewing and cooking classes,, and that Girl Scouts were being organized there.

Line Fork, the other Pine Mountain Extension Center, has already begun to get cartridges for its usual Christmas shooting, but this year it will have a new kind of celebration as well,—a Christmas tree for everybody at the Sunday School. Last autumn the citizens of Line Fork gave the land, the logs and the labor to build a settlement house that Pine Mountain workers might live in. Now there are a teacher, a settlement worker and a nurse living there. As a result there is a Sunday School at Line Fork where folks have a chance to learn the Lord's Prayer. Mothers come carrying tiny babies, and

fathers and brothers and sisters come, too. The attendance has jumped from six to thirty-two in a short time. There is a real school taught by a teacher who has taught in Chicago and Constantinople before coming to Line Fork. Sometimes chickens wander into the schoolhouse, and Jenny, the pig, pays a visit now and then. These, as yet matter-of-course interruptions, are not as distracting to the big children as the wonderful stories that Miss Pavey tells the little children on their side of the room. Concentration is a problem, but Miss Pavey will probably solve it.

After seeing how much had happened at Pine Mountain between "laurel bloomin'" and Christmas time, the worker began her own part of the work with a thrill and with the knowledge that mountain work is passing its pioneer stage in its transition from the old to the new. This probably means that from now on the school will have to put forth its greatest effort if it is to preserve the best of the mountaineer traditions.

KATHARINE BUTLER WRIGHT.

Form of Bequest.

I give and bequeath to the Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.), Washington, D. C., established for the industrial education of the children in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, the sum of..... dollars, to be used for the promotion of the work of this Association.

Subscriptions are:

- \$1.00 a year for a Member.
 - \$5.00 for a Sustaining Member.
 - \$25.00 for a Patron.
 - \$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.
 - \$50.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the smaller schools where industrial training is given.
 - \$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.
 - \$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.
- Official receipt and the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE will be sent to all subscribers.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Southern Industrial Educational Association

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Enclosed please find.....Dollars

for (purpose)

Name

Address

Date.....

Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer, and send to the Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. A. S. STONE,
1228 Connecticut Ave.,
Washington, D. C.