

1916

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

# Southern Industrial Educational Association



DECEMBER, 1909.

VOL. I.

No. 4.

# Southern Industrial Educational Association

(INCORPORATED)

Headquarters: Washington, D. C.

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## The Value of Industrial Training for the Children of the Southern Mountains.

A recent number of the *Outlook* contains an article entitled "The Virginia Mountain Folk," by Archdeacon Neve, in which he relates the history of a mountain mission and the incalculable benefits which followed its establishment in a region of poverty, ignorance and lawlessness. His experience among the mountain people has taught him that it is not enough to try to save their souls unless there be combined with that the salvation of their bodies through wholesome living and the general uplift of all the conditions of life. He not only cites a concrete example of the need for the work for which this Association stands but he also emphasizes the great value to the community of accomplishing this work in the midst of the mountain people themselves. He makes this plea for industrial work:

"The industrial school will seek to train the people to make the most and the best of what they have, to build better and more comfortable homes, and deal with the conditions which surround them in a more intelligent and successful manner. One effect of an ordinary public school education is often to make young people dissatisfied with their surroundings and desirous of going out into the world to better their condition; and it is so in this case. The rush to the densely populated centers for the sake of higher wages is fraught with peril to the physical, moral, and spiritual stamina of our people. If men and women such as these, dwelling in close contact with Nature in her healthiest and most beautiful conditions, can be led to find a larger, fuller, and happier life by staying where they are and turning to the best account the many natural advantages which lie ready to hand, then in a few years we may see communities of happy and contented people which may serve as object-lessons to other communities now more enlightened and more highly favored."

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### Settlement Work in the Heart of the Mountains.

We left the railroad at a small station and took a narrow gauge coal road, eighteen miles into the Appalachian Mountains. The little road had been built on a steep mountain declivity, from which the views into the gorge, where a torrent stream was dashing on its way to the Ohio River, and up the mountain on the other side, were beautiful and wild beyond description.

At the end of the railroad we were made comfortable for the night, in a small hotel built by the coal company. The next morning we were driven twelve miles to the settlement, where we had arranged to camp for several weeks, and from which we planned to make mountain climbs and excursions.

While there we were urged to go to the "grandest cataract this side of the Rockies." We felt the description must be exaggerated, and for sometime took no interest in what we thought would be a fatiguing and disappointing journey, but being told there was a wagon road, and a hotel at the falls, we ventured the trip of thirty-two miles, into the very depths of the Appalachians.

We started at sunrise, supplying ourselves with food for several days, for we had learned the mountaineer's idea of a hotel differed from ours. For a few miles there was a road, at least trees had been cut down, and a clearing made at the foot of the hills, and following close by the side of a rapidly flowing stream. More than once we lifted the wheels over rocks and fallen trees that obstructed our way, and during the day we forded the stream seventeen times. Occasionally we passed a tiny one-roomed cabin, from which families of eight to fourteen would issue to see the "furriers" pass.

About noon the road appeared more traveled and we came to a settlement of fifteen to twenty houses which surprised us by being larger and in better condition than

any we had seen. We directed the driver to stop, for we thought this a good place to have our luncheon.

A tall, fine-looking woman stood in the doorway of one of the cottages, holding a baby in each arm. In front of the house was a fenced-in garden, filled with roses and other flowering plants—fifty-eight varieties in all—as we learned afterwards.

Seeing smoke coming from the chimney, we asked the woman if we might make our tea on her stove, and as we passed through the front room to the kitchen, we saw on the table several books and a pile of "Outlooks." The woman's manner was so cordial and well-bred that we felt a hesitancy in asking questions or showing surprise at finding in the deep recesses of the mountain a school house and comfortable homes. After luncheon and resting the horses we went on to our destination, which we reached about seven in the evening.

The hotel consisted of two large rooms and a kitchen. The proprietor, his four sons, and the men of our party slept in one room, the women in the other. Our room had five beds, one tin basin, a tin pail full of fresh spring water, and a long-handled tin dipper. Everything was clean, and as we had our own food, we could make ourselves quite comfortable.

During the evening we asked the proprietor about the woman we saw at "The Corners." "Oh! that is our Liz," for he, too, lived at the Corners in winter. "Yes, she's educated. She was a gal in our village, en her Maw died, then her Paw died, en her Maw's fo'ks down ter Louisville way sent fur her; sh'd never married, tho' lots wanted her, so she went ter them, en she wur sorry she cudn't read nor write, so she went tur school fur four years, and then she wur sorry fur we-uns." We learned from him that there was not a man or woman at the Corners that could read or write when Liz returned 'cept Abe Estey, who sed he cud, but nobody ever seed him."

She started a school in her cabin, and all the children went to it. That was ten years before we saw her; when she stopped teaching all the children and grown-ups, except the very old, could read and write, and sew, and prepare the food by more wholesome and sanitary methods. She encouraged them to raise sheep and to send the wool and laurel-root to market and to live decently. Every house had two rooms instead of one, and several had three. "Why even some of them wimmen have sewin' machines and some have piller shams," said our informant.

"After a while Jake Benham's wife died, en he tried to marry Liz, but sh' 'lowed sh'd no time fur marryin', but she had to give in he pestered her so. Afore she married she got a Methody woman in Louisville to come to teach at the Corners, en now there's a school, en Sunday school, en preachin' once a month."

We afterwards learned that this woman, the dear Liz, of whom all spoke so proudly, was an ignorant mountain girl of twenty-two when she went to Louisville. She had the true missionary spirit, and returned to her people and through her efforts and influence changed the neighborhood. We were told that when her school first opened there were seven illicit distilleries in the district; now there is not one within fourteen miles and no man or woman dips snuff. Liz wrote to Washington and succeeded in obtaining a mail service twice a week and was made postmistress, and it was not long before letters and papers came to the Corners. She obtained seeds from Washington and people raised things for sale.

"No, them babies ain't Liz's, she never had no children, them's her stepson's twins." "How did she stop the whiskey makin'?" "I don't know, she never said much about it—it just stopped."

The State now appropriates some funds towards the teacher's salary, the people pay a little more than the school tax, and a Methodist Church in Louisville helps somewhat.

so the school is open eight months of the year, and a new generation of intelligent, self-supporting children is growing up at the Corners, ready to help develop their locality, when railroads, mining or manufacturing interests will go into the mountains for the untold wealth that is hidden in the rocks or for the water power that is capable of running large machines.

This is a true picture of the settlement teacher in the heart of the Appalachians, and it is the kind of settlement school that should be established in every small village in these remote districts. A thousand such schools with such true women to do the work would give us a million self-respecting citizens, such as we need to meet the hordes of foreign-born, ignorant immigrants that yearly land on our shores.

*The Southern Industrial Educational Association* has many localities where such teachers in a few years would redeem the neighborhood, and the Association has the teachers ready to go to the localities. It is a solitary life, but one teacher answered, when asked if she did not get lonely, "Yes, but the needs are so great, the results so encouraging, and there is so much to do, one never has time to be lonely long."

Four hundred dollars will build a school house in which sixty children can be accommodated.

This seems a small sum, but the Association finds the people are glad to give the ground and much of the lumber. A member of the Association built such a school as a memorial last summer, and children are walking to it from homes four and five miles distant, yet coming regularly.

Will not another member build such a memorial, and pay a teacher's salary of three hundred and fifty dollars a year?

It never occurs to fools that merit and good fortune are closely united.—*Goethe*.

## Plumtree and The Boys' School in the Mountains of North Carolina.

The Plumtree village is not more rustic in name than in appearance, being hidden away in one of the deep folds of the Blue Ridge mountains. "The wonder is," a visitor said, "how you ever found this place!"

To come to Plumtree, take the Narrow Gauge train at Johnson City, Tenn. It pulls hurriedly up through thirty-five miles of grandeur and steep walls to Cranberry, N. C. Two miles westward the mountain road drops into the valley of the Toe River, where "taking it easy by jolts" an eight miles, you suddenly descend upon the white building of the Boys' School. From the Carolina side of the mountains, the Clinchfield Road passes up through seventeen tunnels crossing the "Blue Ridge." The nearest station to Plumtree is Spruce Pine, which is thirteen miles away.

The mountains rise over Plumtree, as wind-breaks against winter's storms, 6,000 feet above sea level, and spring comes back two weeks earlier than out on the bleaker places. This tiny settlement is made noticeable by its long suspension foot-bridge which spans the river and by the nice, large store which is kept by Mr. R. M. Burlison and Mr. T. B. Vance. Mica is the staple of the place. The roadbanks are brilliant with it. The bottoms of the streams glisten. The workmen go from the mills all shining.

It has been said that the Plumtree School finds a saw mill, goes into the woods with a yoke of oxen, and the result is a school house.

The first school house at Plumtree, popularly known as the Bluebonnet, was built by a handful of interested citizens of the settlement. They were eager. Before benches could be made or the walls ceiled, there were thirty children seated on propped-up boards. The first desks were crude and with straight backs. Quickly following the completion of the Bluebonnet the leaders in the village met with the manager of the school to plan for a home where boys could come and live during the school months. Two pro-

vised \$500 each. A third friend at a distance heard of the awakening and sent \$1,000. A pleasant dormitory containing twenty-eight rooms was built.

During this year the boys and the people caught the spirit of energy and self-help. Promptness at reveille, setting-up-exercises out in the fresh mornings by lantern light, written reports of work squads, the unending job of gathering stones off the campus and taking out stumps, tap-rooted and of long standing, all ministered to the industrial idea.

There was a boy of the boys who had written, "I am accustomed to toil and hard work; if you have any of that to do all you will have to do will be to name it out." He brought a yoke of two-year-old oxen from twenty miles away. He paid his board and tuition by snaking down logs from the mountain in the afternoons with these cattle.

A worthy fellow twenty-six years old paid his expenses by interesting the people in a village six miles away and building a school house there in his vacation months. A live tributary was added to the school and the boy paid his bill.

A few miles farther in the same direction this desire for a school came upon three men who, though dependent upon their daily labor for a living, yet cut the logs, sawed them, put up the house, and made the deed to the school. A work of transforming influence at once took place. The name of this school is Dawn.

An interested man from a fourth place offered a home to the teacher, one room, of a two-room house, for recitations, and his part of the expense of the teacher for teaching. There are one hundred and seventy children on the school roll of this community. Only thirty could be crowded into this little apartment. At the close of the school thirty children brought thirty tokens of love in good-bye presents to the teacher. One little fellow went to the store and bought her a dress.

This outer growth in feeders was parallel to an inner increasing growth of the Boys' School. A planing machine was purchased to make flooring, ceiling, weatherboarding.

A saw was gotten to manufacture shingles and laths. Each piece would be sold as soon as the house was built because the school was too lean in funds to hold the investment. One boy paid for his board with shingles he had made during the summer. Another sawed seventy-eight thousand feet of lumber in the afternoons of last session.

In this way the school has put up a recitation building which has four class rooms and a large chapel, a second dormitory which has twenty rooms, and is now building a sixty-room dormitory. Much of the labor, in all of the work, has been done by boys. The superintendent of the building which is now being constructed was a student in this school two years ago.

When the question of lengthening the school roll arose the food supply was at once the question. A farm was offered for sale more than a year ago. This was taken and four hundred acres of land added to the school property. It was the home of fifteen boys who put in their labor for their training last session. Cattle, sheep, and hogs are raised on the pasture lands of the mountains. Apples are grown in the coves. Vegetables and corn are cultivated on the level lands.

The farm products and the stock have brought the School, for this year, an income of more than \$500. One of the students has been the superintendent of the work.

The persistent effort and spirit of these boys reaching up toward higher usefulness proceed from their real work. One year ago the main building was burned in the night. A score of boys lost everything, clothes, books, all. Not an hour was lost from class work. Camps were improvised. So few were the conveniences of living that for weeks the boys bathed their faces in the mill race. More than twenty are now living in a dormitory which is only partially completed and unheated.

The late good Bishop Satterlee, telling the writer good-bye once, said: "Your people are more nearly pure American blood than those of any other part of our country."

Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York City, wrote: "That is horse-sense missionary work."

REV. JOSEPH P. HALL.

### An Amusing Experience of Mrs. Gresham, as Told by Mrs. Gielow

The late Mrs. Fanny Gresham related that one day, while on an investigating tour among the isolated homes of the Mountain people of West Virginia, she found herself in a most comfortless one-room, windowless cabin. Poverty and illness were hand in hand, and not a convenience within or without.

A baby lying on a straw pallet burning with fever seemed apparently dying. Mrs. Gresham lifted the little emaciated thing to her lap, and asked for a bowl of water, to bathe the infant in hopes of reviving it. No attention was paid to her request, which she repeated several times to find that they did not understand her language.

She then said: "Bring me a basin of water so that I can wash the child." Still there was no move to respond to her request.

"Have you no pan?" she asked in despair, "no tin pan you can fill with water?" "We haint narry a pan," came the reply. "We totes water in the gourd, and goes to the crick to wash."

From a gourd she sponged the sick baby with a soft handkerchief from her handbag. Several little girls with tangled hair matted to their heads watched her with intense interest, and after making sure of her friendliness, they sidled up to her and asked shyly: "Lady, how did you slick your hair like that?" Mrs. Gresham, who had removed her hat, smilingly took out her side combs and showed them how she smoothed her hair. When she was leaving she took her long comb from her handbag and gave it to them for family use. Some weeks after she went back to see how the baby was getting on, and she found that the little girls had cut the long comb into four small ones and were proudly wearing them as side combs.

# Quarterly Magazine.

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION,  
OFFICE, 1425 GIRARD STREET, N. W., 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.

DECEMBER, 1911.

All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. J. Lowrie Bell, 1425 Girard Street, Washington, D. C.

## A New Auxiliary at Richmond, Virginia.

It is with pleasure and with great hope for the future of the Association that we note the steadily increasing interest in the work and aims of this organization. Recently a Virginia Auxiliary has been formed, with headquarters at Richmond.

The following corps of officers was elected:

<i>President,</i>	<i>Honorary Vice-Presidents,</i>
MISS JANE RUTHERFORD,	MRS. ARCHER ANDERSON,
<i>Vice-Presidents,</i>	MRS. JOHN DUNLOP.
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MRS. T. M. PEMBERTON.	<i>Secretary,</i>
	MISS HELEN MONTAGUE.

## Report from the New York Auxiliary.

The members of the New York Auxiliary always read with interest the reports contained in the Association's QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, showing the work of others in this same line of endeavor. The exchange of such news acts as an incentive to further effort.

That the work already accomplished is bearing double fruit—that is the education of many and the awakening of many more to an appreciation of the value to themselves

of an education, we know by the many new appeals which schools have been making for further aid.

It is with much regret that we have been able to supply only a small part of the money needed.

At a recent meeting this Auxiliary contributed, through the National Association, one hundred dollars to the Endowment Fund for Miss Berry's school and five hundred dollars to complete and enlarge the dispensary and hospital building at the Lees McRae School, at Banner Elk, North Carolina, to permit the physician to reside there.

This last donation was made possible by the generosity of Mrs. George W. Jenkins.

We have been greatly encouraged by the reports of the great benefits resulting to the sick among the people of the vicinity by the residence there of a physician to attend them when ill and to teach them how to avoid sickness.

MRS. ALGERNON SYDNEY SULLIVAN,  
*President New York Auxiliary.*

## Extracts from an Article by Mr. Patrick Farnsworth.

The tax for public schools is already high in most of the mountain counties, when the condition of the people is considered, and the main thing, in my judgment, is for the friends of the mountaineer to devise some means that would enable him to work out his own economic independence. There is nothing finer in the world than the independence and manliness of the mountaineer. Even when he has not a penny in his pocket he meets the millionaire and the pauper on equal terms. He asks no favors, and all that he needs to make Darkest Appalachia the equal of any part of this country in progress and enlightenment is equal opportunity.

It is a favorite joke with those unfamiliar with the mountains to tell about the lanky mountaineer being too lazy to work and of the women bearing the entire burden of the family, even to plowing and field work. It is a good joke and has travelled far, but I wonder how many who have laughed over it would do as well as the mountaineer, if sur-

rounded by the same conditions. One dollar per day is big wages in the mountains, and when one realizes that \$365 is the utmost limit that a man may earn in a year, even counting in Sundays, it can be seen that necessity and not ambition is the inducement to labor. Not one in five hundred has the chance to make \$1.00 per day steadily throughout the year.

In H—— we often have men at work, and the usual pay is \$1.00 a day for ten hours. Most of the men are farmers and take this work during their slack seasons, for even if it paid them better than farming it would not pay them to let their little crops suffer. At first it did not occur to us that there was anything unusual in the fact that these men were on the place and at work before we had breakfast; that seemed perfectly natural, but when we found that they came all the way from home (from three to seven miles over rough mountain trails) and after doing a hard day's work of ten hours walked home again, and continued this week after week, we lost interest in the jokes about laziness.

It is difficult for those living in a city to realize the primitive conditions that obtain even in as progressive a mountain town as H——. When we decided to put a new roof on one big barn, we couldn't just step down town and order the shingles. The material that was to go in that roof was still in the standing trees. A contract was let to two farmers, the Smith brothers, to cover the building. In a very short time they had cut down the chestnut oak from which the board shingles were to be made, split out the four thousand shingles, trimmed them by hand, and put them on. Not a particle of the material had been touched by machinery of any kind.

The mountaineer's own knowledge of the rather hard conditions surrounding him was somewhat humorously illustrated in an incident which occurred on a train when we were coming to Baltimore on this trip. On the seat just back of us sat an old man and his nephew. The latter was

starting out in the world to make his fortune. The old man got off at a way-station, and as he shook hands with the boy, said:

"Well, good-bye, Sammy; I guess hit'll be some time before we meet again and you-all is going to miss them mountains some."

"Oh, I don't know, Uncle John," was the reply, "I don't reckon the mountings is such great shakes; you can't eat 'em, and you can't wear 'em. I done found that out."

We are glad to report that Miss Berry has succeeded in raising on her own part the FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS necessary to secure the provisional gifts of twenty-five thousand dollars each from Andrew Carnegie and Mrs. Russell Sage.

It is greatly to be regretted, however, that Miss Berry's health has given way under the strain of recent hard work, so that she has had to rest for a time. Meanwhile, Mrs. John Evans Roberts is assisting in the work at the school.

The most valuable asset of the state is the educated citizen. Every neglected class represents a waste of assets; every individual left in ignorance is a possibility thrown away. The state will inevitably reap the results of such neglect in the form of arrested or retarded social development.—PROF. WICKLIFFE ROSE, Nashville, Tenn.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association will be glad to give addresses and directions for forwarding boxes or barrels of the following articles, that rural schools find most useful: Maps, globes, black-boards, books and materials for manual work, Bibles, flags, wash-basins, towels, soap, combs, clothing, blankets, pieces of silk and calico for patch-work, sewing materials, pencils, stationery, books, magazines, pictures, needles, thimbles, scissors, toys, dolls, etc. Address

MRS. J. LOWRIE BELL,  
1459 Girard St., Washington, D. C.



### What Small Amounts Will Do.

Five hundred dollars will build a rural or settlement school that will accommodate fifty pupils.

Two hundred dollars will fit out the school with the necessary apparatus.

One hundred dollars will send a boarding pupil to one of the large industrial schools for nine months.

Fifty dollars will send a boarding pupil to some of the industrial schools for nine months.

Ten dollars will support a day pupil in such a school for the same length of time.

All funds are deposited with our Treasurer.

All subscriptions and donations may be sent to the Recording Secretary,

MRS. C. DAVID WHITE,  
1459 Girard St., Washington, D. C.,  
who will acknowledge and receipt for them.

*I wish to become a subscriber to the Southern Industrial Educational Association.*

*Please find enclosed \$*.....

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

*Date* .....