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Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

Southern Industrial Educational Association

JUNE, 1912.

VOL. IV.

No. 2.

Southern Industrial Educational Association

(INCORPORATED)

Organized to promote industrial training of the white children
of the Southern Appalachian Mountaineers.

Headquarters: Southern Building, Room 325, Washington, D. C.

MARTHA S. GIELOW, Founder

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Foreword.

The term Appalachian America is given to the mountain region which extends from the southern boundary of western Pennsylvania to the northern counties of Georgia and Alabama. In the nine States thus concerned is an area 600 miles long and 200 miles wide, in which lie 226 mountain counties. The population for the most part is made up of the descendants of the sturdy pioneer stock furnished by the immigrations of Scotch-Irish, Scotch, English, Huguenots and Germans, the first named being the predominating element. It was from this good yeoman material that in the fertile valley regions the cities of Chattanooga, Knoxville, Roanoke, Johnson City, Staunton, Lexington and others were developed.

To-day hidden away in remote and somewhat inaccessible mountain valleys and coves are thousands of the descendants of this good original stock of whom the world has lost sight, and who are still living in conditions almost as hard and primitive as those of the pioneer days of a century and a half ago. In many of these sequestered valleys life is but little changed from that of Rural England in the days of Elizabeth.

With no natural means of travel or communication such as would be afforded by navigable lakes or rivers, with scarce and difficultly passable roads or, perhaps, mere bridle paths traversing the steep mountain sides, or beds of mountain streams often impassable after heavy rains, it is not strange that the mountain people have remained in seclusion, with little knowledge of the great outside world.

In the early pioneer days the distances separating the cabin homes, and the hand-to-hand fight with nature in the struggle to make a living made the establishment of schools practically an impossibility in some parts of the mountains, and in a generation or two what education the first settlers brought with them became almost lost. A great body of illiterate white men and women has been the result.

For reasons that we cannot explain in detail now but which are valid the South has not yet been able to solve the great problem presented by these mountain conditions, and there are to-day many counties in which hundreds of the white men of voting age cannot read or write.

Along with this condition of illiteracy goes very great ignorance of many things that make for decent, clean and moral conditions of living. Very many of these people, because of conditions of isolation, ignorance, poverty and destitution are on the way to degeneracy, through no fault of their own, but because of their circumstances and environment.

It is too late to change conditions among the grown-up people, but not too late to teach the thousands of boys and girls a new and better way.

The public schools in many of the mountain regions may be said to be of almost no help in the attempt to better conditions in general, as the training gained in a school year of three or four months duration in reading, writing and figures with a teacher who could not pass a fourth grade public school examination, affords no opportunity for improving conditions of home living. The only way in which physical, mental, and moral betterment can be brought into these lonely, secluded mountain regions is by the *settlement industrial school*, where children shall live for eight or nine months of the year, wholly separated from their home surroundings so unclean, disorderly, and in many cases morally harmful, and thus be made to see the need of improving their environment and to learn how it may be accomplished.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association is organized to meet this need. It believes in establishing settlement schools in the heart of the mountains among children who cannot get out to the many denominational and other schools established in towns and villages. It believes in giving only the education included in the elemen-

tary public school system, not Greek, Latin, algebra, geometry, etc., which are not essential in the great problem of teaching these people how to order their every-day lives.

This Association believes in teaching the girls sewing, cooking, laundry work, the hygienic care of the body and of the home, simple nursing, in short, what a home-maker and mother should know.

It believes in giving the boys similar hygienic and sanitary knowledge, training in agriculture, carpentry, and the essentials that a mountain husband and father should know, to make the most and best of his environment.

Through the Settlement School the boys and girls learn the art of living together in communities where the interests of all instead of the individual shall be considered; they gain an understanding of the requirements of good citizenship, of one's duty to his fellow-man, and of the responsibilities and privileges of the citizen.

While this Association has as yet established no schools directly under its own control, it has been of great help to schools already in existence that are struggling to maintain the ideals for which it stands. In some schools it has placed the trained nurse; in others, teachers of carpentry and domestic science, and it has given hundreds of scholarships to children who could not otherwise have attended schools where industrial training is given.

Only through such training as this Association stands for can conditions which result in feuds, moonshining, and other kinds of lawlessness be overcome. The people are most responsive to our efforts, and if there could be a settlement industrial school in each one of the more needy mountain counties the present problem would be solved in three generations, and the virility, patriotism, intelligence and wealth of the whole nation increased thereby.

We invite investigation and bespeak the interest and cooperation of those who have funds to give.

Child Life in the Mountains.

MINNIE TOWNER LANEY.

The coming of a baby to a mountain home lacks the pretty preparations we always associate with such an event. Too often the baby is awaited with apathy, for the new one usually comes to increase a flock already too large. So preparations are few and simple. The families are so big and the number of young second wives with middle-aged husbands so noticeable, that only a superficial knowledge is necessary to show cause and effect in the condition of mountain women. An example of the great size of families is that of a man of Towns County, Georgia, who is the father of twenty-two living children (by two mothers), while his brother is the father of nineteen by one mother. Ask a mother how many children she has, and a common answer is, "Eight living, six dead"; always there is a big proportion lost through miscarriage, or in infancy, or early childhood. All these statements speak for themselves as to the condition and needs of mountain women and children.

At the actual advent of the child, mother and babe have no other care than that given by some old women in the community, and the older children and the father. In one instance personally known, the baby came when there was no one but the sixteen-year-old daughter and the seventeen-year-old son to care for mother and child. In this same family a new baby came two or three months ago, and this same daughter again assisted at the birth, and has cared for the baby ever since.

A cardinal point in the care of a baby is that no breath of air and very little water must touch a little baby; but, above all, it must be kept "wropped up" well. So especially in the case of a winter baby, there is from the first the handicap of the lack of pure air, for every one knows the unventilated condition of a mountain cabin.

The mothers take it as a matter of course that the babies will have sore eyes—"They always do"—though they don't

know that it could be easily prevented by proper care at birth. Sore eyes is a prevalent condition of all ages, and even in the grown-up members of the family. Often it is occasioned by hereditary taint in the blood, as is also the common sore mouth. Many times it is "caught from some other family." Just this winter the same family mentioned above all had sore eyes and one nearly lost her sight. One of the boys had caught the infection working away from home and it had probably spread through the family through the medium of the common towel.

Instruction such as is given by visiting nurses in cities would help this and many other conditions of children. They are used to doctoring themselves with the traditional remedies of their ancestors, and the herb medicines, with which they are familiar, cure much of the sickness, but they need to be taught simple prevention of much of their sickness by home sanitation, proper care of babies and diet. It may not be out of place to give a few common mountain remedies, such as every child has to take at some time or other.

Of course, the standby is "bitters"—made from the dried roots of sarsaparilla or spikenard or prickly ash and the inevitable corn liquor. This cures anything. For croup a child gets honey and alum; for colic, as much of the powdered root of Indian turnip (*Arisaema triphyllum*) as will lie on the point of a knife; for sore mouth, yellow root (*Zanthorisa apifolia*); for hives, a tea made of the vines of partridge berry (*Mitchellia repens*) and ground ivy (*Nepeta hederacea*); for worms, a tea of pink root (*Spigelia marilandica*) and honey.

An example of the treatment of a sick child is this occurrence of last summer. In a mountain home a little "set-alone-baby," "a little better than a year," had been very sick with bloody dysentery, and when we visited was still very thin and weak. I asked the mother if they had had a doctor. She answered, "No, Tommy could tell the doctor

jes' as well as fer him to come an' we tried three doctors' medicine, but hit didn't none on hit do no good, an' I was afear'd he'd die, so I jes' tuck him in hand. I mixed white of aig an' a teaspoonful of castoria an' one of paregoric an' give a spoonful every once in a while. Then I parched cornmeal right brown an' stirred hit in milk an' fed him all he would eat of hit."

From the time a child gets to be a "run-alone-baby," he runs wild like a little pup or pig. He wears one scant garment only, often filthy, sometimes pinned and sometimes sewed on him, but never buttoned. (Buttons and button-holes are always conspicuous for their absence.) He goes barefoot and bareheaded all summer and much of the winter. At nap time he drops down in his tracks like a little pig or dog and sleeps. Many times in passing a cabin we have seen a child and a pig or a child and a dog curled up on the porch floor asleep, with curious chickens sidestepping around them. Going to bed at night is shorn of all unnecessary conventions, and resolves itself into a mere tumbling in without any preliminaries of washing or undressing. However, many of the very little children are washed and rocked (in a straight chair) and nursed, for they are not weaned very early.

The food of the mountain child is the same as that of his parents from the time he begins to eat. The staples are greens cooked in fat pork or pickled (*i. e.*, put down in brine) cabbage fried in fat pork or pickled, corn bread, soda biscuit, fat pork swimming in grease, vile black coffee, sorghum, sweet milk and buttermilk. A delicacy is sugar stirred into pork fat and spread on biscuit. Then, too, the child begins to dip snuff or chew tobacco when just a baby and often to acquire the taste for corn liquor. It is a shock to see a baby not four deftly manipulating a "toothbresh" (snuff-stick) like an old hand.

The meal of a family of children as I saw it last fall may be instructive. The breakfast consisted of pickled beans,

soda biscuit, cornbread, butter, fat pork, buttermilk, black coffee, fine new sorghum, fried apples and fried sweet potatoes. There were eight or nine children from babes in arms to ten or twelve years old and a married daughter with her three was home for a visit. The fathers and my husband and I had eaten first. Now around the table with its dingy oilcloth, tawdry, cracked, and miscellaneous dishes, were gathered the mothers, each with a babe in her arms, and the children; those tall enough to reach the table standing on the floor before their saucers, the smaller standing in the seats of chairs backed up to the table and eating over the chair-backs. All ate with their hands and fought among themselves till restored to order by slaps from the mothers. Around each child's saucer was a ring of food, and over everything and into everything, on the children's faces and filthy clothes, on the food, on the wall, buzzed myriads of flies. I could think of nothing but pigs at a trough. This family is one of the "well-to-doinest" ones of the section, lives in the biggest house, a frame, the only two-story house for miles, has a beautiful farm on which they live, besides two or three others, fairly good stock, a store and money in the bank. The father is rated at about \$25,000. I wish I had time for a description of their house. They hadn't a towel in the house. "We're jes' plumb outen towels," the mother had said, and when my turn came (about fourteenth or fifteenth) to the dirty old petticoat that did a towel's office by the side of the common basin and chunk of yellow soap, I decided in favor of my own clean handkerchief.

In this family there are eight children of school age, all out of school because the distance is so great. Any one who has lived in the mountains knows that one mountain mile is harder to "pull" than three in the lowlands. This family and their two nearest neighbors could furnish pupils for a good-sized school. Right here it is pertinent to men-

(Continued on page 11.)

Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

June, 1912.

All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, Room 325, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

Will not subscribers to the QUARTERLY double their subscriptions for the coming year, or secure additional subscribers to help in the conservation of the Anglo-Saxon children of the mountains?

Send for a copy of our campaign story, "Old Andy, the Moonshiner," 25 cents, and thus help to pass on the message.

Mrs. Gielow will spend the summer months in the Southern mountains, investigating conditions, visiting the schools and securing new materials and facts for her winter campaign in the interest of the work for the mountain people. She will also investigate localities offering inducements to the Association for the school we expect to build in the near future with the gift of \$5,000.00 from Mr. D. G. Ambler.

Our Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. S. Stone, who has had charge of the exhibits and sales of the mountain baskets, weavings, etc., will spend the summer months on the North Shore of Massachusetts, where she will have a fine collection of articles representing the mountain crafts and cabin industries, from which she hopes to realize a substantial sum for the mountain women and children who have no other way of finding a market for their handiwork.

Child Life in the Mountains.

(Continued from page 9.)

tion something about mountain schools that is likely to be forgotten or overlooked by the eager peruser of statistics, that is, the many interruptions to the school term by "fodderpullin'," sorghum making, chestnut gathering and the whole list of farm activities. The children of a mountain family are great assets because each one means another hand for the farm work, and you may be sure that they are put at it early enough, girls and all, and kept at it long enough. So, of course, in busy seasons with the "craps" school is broken up. I have never yet had the good fortune to visit a mountain public school in session, because though it was school season, school was always "broke up" for "fodderpullin'" or some such work. With such frequent and prolonged interruptions progress must necessarily be slow, especially with poorly equipped, poorly paid teachers. A ten-year-old boy boasts that he can write his name, recognizable only if one knows it beforehand, and can spell, as witness, c-a-t, r-a-t.

There is no desire in this paper to speak of the shyness of the children, little human quail, their imitiveness, their few games and toys, their alertness and loveliness—but only of their great needs, and to remind us of our country's loss by their neglect.

Extracts from Article on Monuments, Memorials and Mountaineers.

MARTHA S. GIELOW.

America has beyond doubt gone mad on the Monument question. Indeed, the time has arrived when a simple tablet speaks more to the honor of a hero than a towering shaft. It is well to punctuate great deeds of history with imposing marble, but when it comes to marking every historic spot and erecting a memorial to every one who dies

bravely it is cheapening such memorials and making the desired effect unavailing and often ridiculous.

If such a custom continues the entire land will be covered with tombstones, and heroes will have no greater reverence than is now given buried pets.

And why should not memorials take on a more practical and humane form?

And why in the name of humanity should two million dollars be put in marble to honor a man who was considered very human and who if he could speak (I feel sure) would ask for less grandeur and a more beneficial memorial. Yes, if Lincoln could speak he would point to the mountains from whence his ancestry came, and say: "Give them a chance; make my memorial a living one of enlightened citizenship to the unenlightened mountaineers. In uplifting them you will indeed honor me and mine, and be but giving my mountain people belated recognition for the part they have played in the history of the land." Such a monument of constructive citizenship would go down through the ages in beneficial results to mankind.

A large per cent of the nation's children, shut out from her institutions of learning and progress by their remoteness and inaccessibility in our Appalachians, are calling for light; splendid material is going to waste in the mountains. There is nowhere else for the nation to turn for her real simon-pure Americans to-day except to the Southern Mountains. And yet thirty thousand of those splendid highlanders who volunteered for the Spanish war were unavailable at their nation's call for the lack of the educational qualification. These undeveloped descendants of our heroic ancestors of the best Scotch and Scotch-Irish and English and French Huguenot forefathers are the most priceless possessions of the nation to-day. Is it not time for the nation to awaken to the necessity of the conservation of this Anglo-Saxon race and build to her honor the indestructible monument of education?

Good Opportunities for Investment.

The following extract is from a letter written from a settlement school forty miles from a railroad which is doing a wonderful work in the regeneration of a region many square miles in extent, where there were formerly but the meagerest school opportunities.

We still have to turn away hundreds of children. Several times this fall fathers have come in with a wagon-load of eight or nine children from "way yon side the mountain," all willing to do anything if we could only let them stay. It is hard to have to turn them away disappointed. One hot day in the autumn, an old man, worn and bent; with three little girls about six, eight, and ten years old, came down to Troublesome creek where one of us was directing the boys in fence building and said, by way of greeting, "Wall, we have come like the Queen of Sheby on a visit to Solomon. We have hear'd tell of how you is the wisest wimmen in the world, and we've walked fifty miles to git the chance to see and larn from you." The girls all had on bright red calico dresses and looked tired, but eager and equal to anything. When we asked if the little six-year-old girl had walked every bit of the fifty miles, he said he had taken her up and carried her over the rough places, but she "lowed she could walk if the rest could." They all said they did not mind the walk for they had taken three days for it, but that often they could not get anything to eat on the way. Their father told us that their mother had died of cancer and he didn't know any women "fitten" to raise them up right; that where they lived everybody was bad, and "thar's a thousand children over thar that want to come if you'll just take them."

That is everywhere the story—"a thousand more children who want to come in." Last year two of us took a trip into a remote region, going in our own wagon and taking Guilford, one of the senior boys, to drive. Every-

where they were begging for a school, and seemed quite disappointed when we could not even promise that somebody would come to start one soon. It was the same story of sending the young people to the town to board and go to school, where the boys learned to smoke cigarettes and sit around and the girls to dress up in fine clothes. Most of the fathers begged us to take their children to our school, if we could not start a school for them there. One man said, "Everybody in these mountains believes that you wimmen are going to get their children educated some way or other some day." Guilford went to a little workshop nearby to fix the brake on the wagon, and when the man who kept the shop saw him take up the hammer and go to work, he said he saw at once that Guilford knew much more about it than he did. When he found that the wagon had been made at the school and heard of the things that Guilford had learned there he said he felt as if he wanted us to take all his children right home with us. Everywhere people kept asking, "Is them the kind of boys you educate at your school?"

The mountain people believe in our school. You have shown by your support that you believe in it. We hope you think that this tenth year is the time to raise the endowment, for we are not equal to the burden without you.

Mountain Vernacular.

A man in a lumber camp high up in the mountains, commenting on the difference in temperature between the camp and his home, said: "Hit's three kivers colder up here than in the valley."

In some parts of the mountains, corn liquor is called "bumblins," because "Hit makes a bumblin noise in your head ef you drink too much on hit."

"Set-alone-baby" and "run-alone-baby" explain themselves, as does their name for a rattlesnake, "bell-tail."

MINNIE TOWNER LANEY.

Letter of Appreciation.

The following letter speaks for itself and is printed only to convince our readers that there is great need for the kind of work for which this Association is organized.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRs:

I enclose report of wood-working shop at Arden, N. C., which has been founded and supported by your Association.

I cannot express our gratitude, but I wish to tell you that we consider it the most practical and efficient industrial agency which we know of in the Southern mountains.

It is, so far as I can ascertain, the only shop where white boys can learn the use of tools, of their own hands, of their native hard woods and of their power. So it is an agency for the conservation of the great powers of our mountains, men, wood and water.

We make the shop self-supporting with the one exception of the salary of the teacher, which is \$500 a year. He is himself a mountaineer, and for seven hours every day he instructs our mountain boys in the use of tools, in furniture-making and in outside and inside carpentering. The furniture salable is disposed of and the profits enable the boys to pay the cost of board in our school, \$6.00 a month. As you will see by the report, the boys send to their cabin homes many articles which they make. The cost of material they refund to the shop.

This is a well established work at a minimum cost, but unless your Association can continue to us the salary of our teacher, this shop must be closed, for I have no funds to draw on.

We have 100 mountain boys being taught in the shop every day.

Begging a continuance of your generosity, believe me,

Sincerely,

SUSAN WETMORE,
Principal.