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OF THE

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25

Southern Industrial Educational Association

(INCORPORATED)

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

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Granny's First Christmas Tree.*

A little old lady who had just dismounted from behind a gaunt, grizzled man dodged past Anne and ran into the garden. "I am just bound to see how it looks," she said. "Oh, hain't it a sight for cherubim!" She stood in an ecstasy of delight, hands clasped, withered little face shining within the quilted woolen sunbonnet, small body all alertness beneath the heavy homespun shawl The general uneasiness and apprehension abated somewhat when Christine stepped out in front of the tree, Anne's Testament in her hand, and began to read, in her earnest, tender voice, the story of the first Christmas. As she proceeded, there was absolute silence. Not a person whispered, not a child stirred, not a baby winked. Faces became rapt, astonished, awed. The white, everlasting hills themselves appeared to hearken. "And Joseph also went up to Bethlehem to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife. . . . And she brought forth her firstborn son, . . . and laid him in a manger. . . . There were in this same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, . . . and the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Suddenly granny stepped forward in front of the tree and raised a hand for silence.

"Friends," she began, in a wavering old voice which took on strength as she proceeded, "we find ourselves gathered to-day in unlooked-for and, I may say, onpossible

The Christmas Tree on Clinch. By Lucy Furman. *The Century Magazine*, December, 1912.

fashion, refreshing our mortal eyes with the sight of this here wonderly tree, and our immortal sperrits with the good tidings the fotch-on woman has just read us out of the Book. I never heard just that particular scripture read before, or if so I never kotch its full meaning. Of course, I knowed Christ had come to earth 'way back yander in old, ancient days some time or 'nother; but I never heard tell of his coming to *all men*. From what the preachers said, I got the idee he just come for to snatch a few elect favor-rites out of the hell to which all the rest of us was predestinated, whether or no; and consequent', I never tuck no great interest in him, or felt particular' grateful. Even if I had had the assurance of being one of the elect myself, which I never, I still would have worried a sight over them which was bound to be lost, not seeing no justice, let alone mercy, in it.

"But now comes the woman, and reads out of the scripture that the angels theirselves laid down and declared that unto *all men* was borned a Saviour, that the tidings of joy was for *all*. Which, though it takes me by surprise, is the very best and most welcomest news that ever fell upon my years. Yes, glory to God! *all men*—not only the elect, not only the upright, but the very low-downest and dog-meanest, the vilest and needingest and most predestinated, is all took in. Now that's the kind of a Saviour my heart has allus called for; that's the kind I have laid awake of nights longing to hear tell of; and now at last the news has come, 'pears like my bosom will bu'st with the joy I hain't able to utter.

"And that hain't the only good tidings we have heard this notable day. That selfsame angel, and a multitude more, sang together in that Christmas sky, 'peace on earth, good-will toward men.' O friends and chillens, words indeed fails me when I try to tell what powerful good news that is to me. 'Peace and good-will'; no more hate, no more pride, no more projeckin' and devilment, but 'Peace on earth, good-will toward men.'"

The Christmas Star.

By MARTHA, S. GIELOW.

Christmas joy is in the air,
Gifts are speeding everywhere,
On the wings of love they fly
To the dear ones far and nigh.

Over homes with plenty blest,
Over homes by want opprest,
Over homes both near and far,
Shines the Christ-Child, Christmas Star.

May its tender loving ray,
Pierce the dark and lonely way,
Of mountain cabins bleak and drear,
Shut-in homes that have no cheer.

May its beam this Christmas morn,
Bring the long-belated dawn,
To the little mountain-child,
Waiting in the mountain-wild.

Waiting for the hand of Time,
To bring the light of love divine,
Waiting, waiting, oh, so long,
To hear the joyful Christmas song.

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.

Home Life of the Boys in a Settlement School.

[We publish the following account of the daily routine in one of the mountain settlement schools because it shows how far such training exceeds that given in the small public schools that exist at more or less remote intervals in the mountains. Too often, also, the teacher of the little log cabin country school could not pass a fourth grade examination, and the crude training that is given is hardly worth the salary that the teacher draws.]

Our thirteen youngest boys live at the cottage, and do the outside work of the place. Several of them have special jobs, which are changed every two months. At present John is horse-boy; Jacob cleans the machinery and keeps up steam in the power house; Hugh is carpenter, making repairs to fences, outbuildings, etc.; Peter is wash boy, keeping fires under the big iron kettles, drawing water from the well or creek, and otherwise helping the girls with the Saturday washing and turning the mangle during the week; Henry has charge of the chickens and turkeys; and Thomas is kitchen boy. The others constitute the regular working force, who do various but constant jobs about the place.

The boys rise at five in the morning, and from five-thirty to six-thirty clean up the cottage, doing every bit of the work themselves, under supervision, of course. Our youngest boy is one of the best bed-makers, and also one of the best sweepers. Nothing insults him more than to compel him to do little boys' work—such as picking up paper in the school yard, taking out ashes, splitting kindling and the like, and he will tell dreadful stories to get out of these things. But give him what he considers a "big boy's job," such as sweeping a large room or handling an ax or mattock heavy as himself, and he is perfectly delighted.

After the rooms are all cleaned, the walks swept and chickens attended to, the boys go to breakfast at the big

house and for an hour afterwards they work out of doors, or if weather is bad, in the shop. Then at eight school begins, and they hurry to their books. We dine at eleven-thirty, and then for another half hour the boys do outside work. Then school again, including manual training until three-fifteen, then work time out-of-doors from three-thirty to five-thirty, when the supper bell rings.

From six to seven in the evening is play-time, and in fine weather the boys play outdoor games, ball, football, base, and the like, over in the school grounds, while on winter evenings they gather about the grate fire in the cheerful red-papered sitting-room of their cottage and play checkers, fox and geese, dominoes, etc., crack walnuts, roast potatoes, pop, or as they say, "cap," corn, and have a good time generally.

Then study hour comes from seven to eight, then baths and to bed. Each boy must have at least one hot bath a week, and has his regular bath night. This seems a frightfully uncomfortable and useless proceeding to them when they first arrive. Only one of our boys had ever had regular weekly baths in his life before coming to us. None of the others had ever taken a bath in the winter time, or in the summer except in creeks, and they can see no sense at all in such a troublesome custom. They have to be shown how by a boy who has been here awhile.

Other great stumbling blocks are tooth brushes and night gowns. The very idea of taking off their day clothes and putting on a cold night gown at night fills them with dismay, and they have to be closely watched or they will keep on their underclothes in spite of rules. White shirts, collars and neckties on Sundays are also regarded as an unmitigated nuisance at first. One of our best boys, after being here sometime, appeared one Sunday minus collar and tie. When told to put them on, he said "he didn't aim to do it, it was pint-blank foolishness anyhow." Why should he wear a collar and tie when even the preachers

never wear any? He said he didn't "aim to rise above his raising nohow."

Another trouble is swearing. We have to give them time to get over this, it is so deeply rooted a habit. One of our brightest little boys, nine years old, recently wrote and promised his scholarship-lady not to drink or use tobacco before he was twenty-one, "but," he added, "I can not promise you that I will not swear."

There are only one or two of our little boys who have not been drunk at sometime. One of them when five years old was given a lot of whiskey by the men of his family on Christmas, and then a loaded pistol was put in his hand, he was told to point it at his brother, who was seven. He waived it around and narrowly escaped shooting the brother. Another boy, John, would be "filled up," as he expressed it, by his father, until he could scarcely stagger, and then be made to walk a crack in the floor to the hilarious enjoyment of the grown-ups.

It is interesting to hear the boys brag about the shootings and killings their fathers and brothers have been in—Troy rejoices in two big brothers who are very "mean men," indeed, and who have spent considerable time in jail. Another boy, John, boasted that his father had spent a year in the penitentiary. One of our best and most reliable big boys had a father who killed several men in feuds and quarrels, and was shot at last by his own nephew. Another of our little boys loves to tell about how often his father and mother have "fit" each other, seeming to regard it as quite the proper thing in a family.

The boys are not at all backward about fighting, and sometimes give a great deal of trouble, having absolutely no self-control when angry. When still new, they will draw knives, hatchets, or anything they can lay hands on in their rages, and their chief ambition seems to be to own a pistol or gun. They get over this in time and become more peaceable.

A Diamond in the Rough.

Mrs. Gielow reports the following incident that took place during her summer's trip through the mountains:

In one of the dark corners a mass meeting was called that I might see the children who had stopped school to pull fodder. One of the fathers of a large family was asked to speak. He was a noble looking diamond in the rough. "I don't know why I've been asked to speak," he said; "I don't know how to speak; I'm only a ruffian of the mountains, and what's mo', every time I look into the faces of eddicated people and realize what's lost out of my life, what I kin never git, hit mighty nigh kills me." He was so choked with emotion, this great heroic "ruffian of the mountains," he could hardly proceed to say that his only chance had been two weeks in school one year and three weeks another.

We wish to call the attention of our reads to two other interesting articles upon the mountain people that have recently appeared, besides the one by Miss Furman already mentioned. One by Emerson Hough, the well-known writer, is entitled, "Burns of the Mountains," and appears in the Christmas number of the *American Magazine*. The second, by Dr. Edward O. Guerrant, is entitled, "Forty Years Among the American Highlanders," and may be found in the *Christian Herald* of October 12, 1912. Both are worth reading.

During December, a sale of mountain products was held at the rooms of the Association in the Southern Building in Washington, which was well attended, a considerable sum being received for transmittal to the mountains. It is probably known to all members that the wares are not sold to the profit of the Association. All the moneys received from the sales are remitted promptly to the schools and mountain homes.

Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, ROOM 331 SOUTHERN BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

December, 1912.

All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, Room 331, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

Need for a Working Fund.

Looking back over its seven years of labor in the promotion of industrial education among the needy children of the mountains, the Southern Industrial Educational Association, while having reason to be pleased with the results obtained, realizes how much more could have been accomplished if it had means to secure the services of an executive secretary, of pedagogical training and experience, and to keep him in the field for the purpose of inspecting established schools, securing improvements of their methods, and of advising in the establishment and organization of new schools, on improved lines, in the most desirable places. The information acquired by such an agent and his practical work would be invaluable. The expense cannot be provided for from the money donated for educational purposes, and can only be met by funds received strictly for administrative purposes. The present great need is to provide such a fund. If a guaranty of sufficient subscriptions to provide such funds for a few years can be secured the association will be able to accomplish its ends.

We urge the co-operation of all of our friends in our attempt to secure this administrative fund.

Wilson and the Mountain People.

President-elect Woodrow Wilson knows from personal observation and investigation the needs of the mountain people, and we print this recent letter sent to a member of the Association:

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY,
Princeton, N. J.

President's Room.

September 24, 1912.

MY DEAR MISS _____:

It gives me great pleasure to express to you again my very warm interest in the education of the isolated white people in the mountains of the South. A peculiar obligation seems to me to rest upon us to carry the benefits of education to the remote regions in which they live and where they have maintained an ancient stock in all its purity. They wait only for our help, and it seems to me that it ought to be carried to them with eagerness and devotion. I wish with all my heart that I knew some way in which I could directly help in this very great work.

With much regard,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.

During the recent meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy the Association kept "open house" in its rooms, which were visited by great numbers of the delegates and members. A deep interest was, naturally, manifested in the work of the Association, concerning which there was a desire for more information on the part of many of the visitors. In general the visitors were much surprised at the excellence as well as the artistic merit of the products resulting from the industrial training furnished by the mountain settlement schools. This visible and tangible evidence of the work is after all the least important of the fruits of the labors of the mountain school teachers.

THE MINISTRIES OF A NEIGHBOR.*

BY CLARA L. WEBSTER.

[The school described below was aided in its infancy and enabled to go forward largely through the instrumentality of this Association. Other philanthropic people are now supporting the heroic pluck and perseverance of the founder. Ed.]

Up among the mountains of North Carolina stands a log house not much more pretentious than its fellows. It is the home of a noble Christian woman who, in widowed sorrow, sought health among these mountains. She found it, and something more—a task for her hands and an ambition for her heart. All about her were the little cabins of the mountain folk, lacking even the common necessities and decencies of life. She set herself to show them—by the most telling method, a consistent example—how they might make their homes comfortable and keep their bodies healthy.

They hated the word "missionary," thinking that it ranked them with the heathen and was a slur upon themselves and their condition; so she just called herself a "neighbor," content

"To live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

She was a graduate pharmacist, and her next undertaking was to supply the need for medical assistance. There was no drug store nor physician nearer than fourteen miles. She therefore had a small cabin built near her home into which she put a stock of drugs. From miles around people come over the mountains to get the medicine which she sells at cost to those who can pay, and gives away to those who cannot, paying for it from her own income of \$20 a month.

*From *The Spirit of Missions*.

The fund for education in North Carolina is comparatively small, and few of its benefits extend into the mountain regions. The *per capita* for education in the United States is \$4.27; in North Carolina, \$1.32. Hence the great necessity of our mission schools to which, under great difficulties, the children flock. Their benefactor says in a recent letter: "We had last winter the coldest weather I have known in my six years of residence. I saw so many bare and bleeding little feet and legs that I hated to go outside on the coldest days lest I should see these little children with no shoes and no way to secure them." No wonder this "neighbor" writes saying: "The field has grown larger and the demands upon my time and strength greater and greater during the six years I have lived here; but I belong entirely to these people."

Another development was the Mountain Industrial Exchange—the ambitious title given to a log hut where the products of the people are brought to be sold. It is hoped that this may develop into something of a market-place for the mountain-folk. Here, too, the things which are sent by friends of the work are put on sale or exchanged for the mountain products. Baskets, homespun blankets and curtains, hand-knit rugs, etc., are made in these homes.

So step by step their neighbor is bringing them unconsciously along the path of progress and self-support. She helps them to nurse their sick, and teaches the simple rules of right-living, the preparation of nourishing food, the care and training of children, the battle against ignorance and evil habits.

The mission school overflowing with children, the dispensary with its constant ministry to human suffering, the industrial exchange encouraging self support—all of these are perhaps less valuable than the personal presence of a loving Christian woman who does not need to ask the old question: "Who is my neighbor?" because she has long since found the answer in the silence of the mountains and among the simple folk with whom she dwells.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED
BEFORE THE OFFICERS AND FRIENDS
OF THE ASSOCIATION.

HON. MARTIN W. LITTLETON.

It is true that back in the hills of Tennessee and North Carolina there is stored away a strong, self-dependent, individualistic, incoöperative class of people. And if there is one thing distinct about a mountaineer above any other, it is the fact that he does not understand primarily what coöperation is. He takes care of himself the best he can—and the best is poor—he does not know what it is to harness energy, and make contrivances and devices which serve him and serve his family.

I lived, as a boy, by the side of a cane brake in which there were fowl, the finest food in the world, and the noise of their cries kept us awake. And yet I never tasted one of them until I was a grown man.

I have never known and seen such a remarkable combination as exists in the average mountaineer. If you will get a little nearer the villages or settlements he can give you an extraordinary opinion on Federal relations, and at the same time can not explain to you why he has not got a window in his house. They lack ability to use the ordinary devices, to appropriate to themselves and to adapt to themselves the things which other people and other races and other classes have had within their reach and have understood.

You are really engaged in bringing the children, the boys and girls of the mountains, face to face with their opportunity. Explain it, argue it, or interpret it in any way, you are trying to put into their hands implements which they can wield, into their heads principles which they can follow; you are trying to put into their lives impulses which will move them on; you are trying to write around amongst their mountains lines which mean something. In other words, you are trying to make human nature there at least approxi-

mately equal to what actual nature there is for them. If everyone could be brought to understand what is locked up in the mountains in the southern Appalachian region, the blood, the bone, the tradition, the heart, the courage, and could find that that life after all is the life which does not mean emigration or migration, which does not mean outside things sweeping in, which only means that they shall be free first from the terrible ravages of that thing, which, strange enough to say, has found its ravages among tubercular patients there! How strange it is to find here and there in cabins and homes, in the sunlight and splendor and wholesomeness of those mountains the ravages of this terrible disease, almost equal to any of the congested cities of the country! These people are dying in the sweetest atmosphere that was ever blown across the hills, dying surrounded by all the things which God-given nature could supply, the laws of sanitation and hygiene being not understood and not applied. They work with instruments inefficient, unproductive and useless, and are as poor when the year ends as when the year starts. They live in cabins, with a wealth of forest all around them, and trees which, if cut and hewn would make a home. Just teach them to utilize the soil, the stone, the plants, the animals, and all the things which are about them. This, I understand to be, if I conceive it right, your object in building in the mountains, if I may call it so, the log schoolhouse, with its log surroundings, and with its logging people, to teach them how to work, which if they get one taste of it will lead them on and on, where ambition and enterprise may push them.

Sometimes I feel almost in despair, until I meet an association like this, and find the dynamic energy, the intelligence and the persistency of some women, and of some men, which will not yield to misfortune or to the bitterness of adversity, but will continue to push and drive until they have made a real place for an association like this, a real mission, which, when it is worked out will mean that the mountains have yielded to light.

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.

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MRS. A. S. STONE,

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