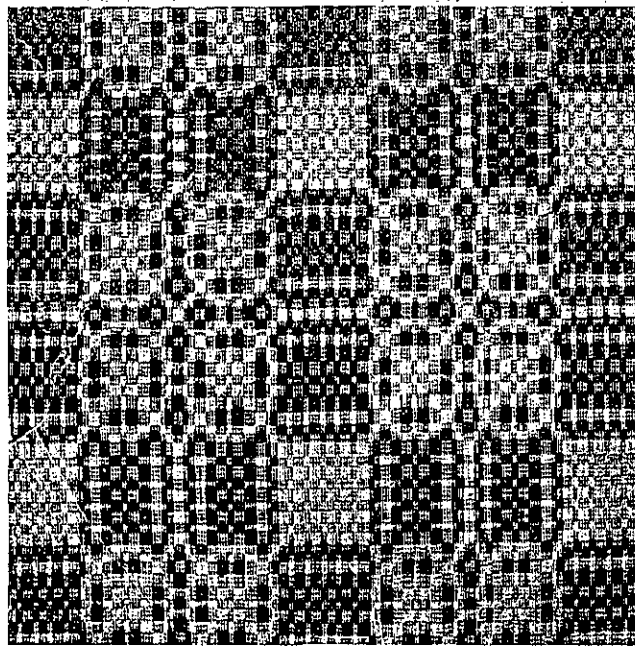


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Quarterly Magazine
OF THE
Southern Industrial Educational Association



THE WHITE HOUSE HOMESPUN

DECEMBER, 1913.

Vol. V.

No. 4.

Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

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

Headquarters: Southern Building, Room 331, Washington, D. C.

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Weaving the White House Homespun.

FRANCES L. GOODRICH.

Like most things that grow and flourish, the Allanstand Cottage Industries began in a very small way. A little less than twenty years ago two sojourners in a mountain cove near Asheville were pondering the question how they might help their neighbor women to find steady work that would bring in extra money and make in the home all the difference between hardship and comfort. Even more than the money, a fresh interest was needed in lives moving in narrow circles. The desire of making beautiful things that is in every woman's heart, needed expression.

For us, homespun and the old hand-loom had always exercised a fascination. The gift of an old coverlet from a neighbor—a coverlet beautiful indeed in its creamy white, and brown dyed with chestnut-oak bark—gave a clue to this puzzle—the self help of the mountain women. Why could not these old industries, fast dying out, be revived, and turned to better uses than ever?

This was before the interest in such products was general; it was yet to be proved that a market could be found for the coverlet weaving.

At first we must prove that we could make it. In the cove were "plain weavers," and weavers of jeans, but none who knew the mysteries of the overshot work, for which a "draft" is used, a cabalistic combination of lines and figures or dashes. To make a beginning, silk balls were prepared, as for rag carpet, and the first web of the future Industries was woven. Assisting in this process, we learned about "warping the chain." No one in the cove had warping bars or spool frame, or knew how to use them; so an expedition was made to Aunt Tilda's, over the mountain, with the "bunch thread." This was laid back and forth over the bars, the worker "picking the cross" at each

"bout," and taken off in a chain, ready to be beamed. More instruction followed, as we helped to wind the chain upon the big beam of the loom, bringing the threads up over the rake, passing each one through its harness eye, and finally through the sley or reed and tying the ends to the front beam. After all this preparation, the process of weaving seemed simple enough. It was the getting ready that counted most.

But our aim was coverlets. By this time the neighborhood was as enthusiastic as we. One woman undertook to set an indigo pot, as she had seen her elders do, long ago, and when it "came," and the wool was dipped and aired, and dipped and aired, again and again till it was "dyed in the wool," a deep, rich blue, it was a triumph for us all.

When the wool had been carded with the old-fashioned hand cards, and spun on the big wheel, we heard of weavers "up on Ivy," at Squire Angel's. "Those Angel girls can do any kind of weaving you could name," and true it was. Mrs. Angel and her daughters took our yarn and sent to us a long roll of weaving, tied firmly behind the messenger's saddle. It had been hard to choose patterns from the array of spreads at the Squire's, but we settled upon the fine bold Double Bowknot, and the intricate Missouri Trouble. These first coverlets sold readily and we determined to go on. One of the young women in the Cove learned the coverlet weaving, and from that time the business developed steadily. For many years we have had a salesroom in Asheville, and consignments are sent out to every part of the country.

For weaving coverlets four treadles and four sets of harness are required. The threads of the warp or chain are drawn through the harness according to the written draft, which the weaver fastens up before her on the framework of the loom. As the threads are handled, the place on the draft is kept by sticking in a pin, and old drafts are often full of pinholes. By the same draft, the tramp-

ing is done, except in a few patterns where a separate draft is given to tramp by.

Our draft book, a collection gathered during the past eighteen years, holds over one hundred drafts. Some of them are very much alike except for proportions, but there is a great variety. One guesses that St. Ann's Robe and Irish Chain came over with the Scotch-Irish settlers. Cross-awise is dated in the eighteenth century. Braddock's Defeat, Bonaparte's March, Whig Rose, bear their own evidence of age. It seems invidious to mention a few among so many beauties, but the most satisfactory patterns are Beauty of Kaintuck, Seven Stars, Leaf and Snowball, Chariot Wheel, Rattlesnake, Double Snowball, Wheel of Fortune, Four Wheels and Pineburr.

The aniline dye was displacing the old-fashioned coloring, as more convenient than hunting for barks and leaves on the hillsides, and as making colors "brighter and more beautifuller." We set ourselves to learn the old dyes from the older women. Indigo and madder are bought, the rest of our dyestuffs come from field and forest. From roots and bark, leaves and hulls, hickory bark, black-oak and chestnut-oak, spruce-pine, bead bush, maple, bayleaf, dye-flower, and peach-tree leaves, we obtain good black and brown, yellow, green and orange.

To enlarge our market, variety has been given to our products. A heavy weight material is made for rugs; table runners and pillow covers are made of the lighter weights. Linsey of an even, strong quality is sold for men's outing suits and for women's coat suits. Curtains and couch covers of the linsey and of the blanket weave are made in various soft hues. A canvas, handwoven, is embroidered in designs original in the mountains.

With the weaving came naturally the sale of mountain baskets and wood work and of the shuck hats, but there is no space to tell in detail of these.

Soon after the beginning, we ourselves moved to a re-

moter district, "on Laurel," and from the settlement where we made our new home, Allanstand, the Cottage Industries took its name. Here the old-fashioned work was still much in evidence. The men wore homespun shirts, the women, petticoats of linsey.

On Paint Creek, just over the Tennessee line, we found Mrs. Elmeda Walker and her two sisters. The friendship then formed is one we, at least, value highly. It has seemed to me that the qualities of strength and endurance of homespun pass into the moral fiber of a weaver of coverlets. It is not work that can be carried through by a dullard, or a slack-twisted body. Above all others I have known, Elmeda Walker shows in her work, painstaking, and honesty, and intelligence.

It was with no common pleasure that we heard that her weaving was chosen at the salesroom of the Southern Industrial Educational Association in Washington by the Lady of the White House, as the sample for the curtains and furniture coverings of the room to be fitted up with mountain handiwork. The pattern is the Double Chariot Wheel (see illustration on front cover), and while she and her sister were at the loom over five hundred visitors came to see them weave. Think what an event this was in the lives of these poor mountain women!

Some years ago Mrs. Walker told me that if she had her life to live over again, she would ask nothing better than to weave right on. At the age of seventy-six the reward of "work done squarely" has come to her in doing this web for the White House.

Mrs. Walker lives now in another county, and I cannot describe her present home. The old place on Paint Creek is fresh in my mind. The "riding way" thither led by a short cut through a thicket of rhododendrons meeting overhead, making a green gloom on the sunniest day. From this one emerged on the wooded hillside, climbing the ridge

and following it by a rough trail till suddenly in a pocket of the hills, opening to the south, one came to the house, with its outbuildings and fenced-in yard full of old-time flowers and shrubs and vines. From early spring when the "daffy-dillies" showed their yellow heads, to late fall with its cosmos and dahlias, there was always something of color



MRS. ELMEDA WALKER AND HER SISTER, AGED 74 AND 76 YEARS.

Weavers of Homespun.

and delight, typical of the welcome that was waiting, summer or winter.

Of the three wise-hearted women who spun and wove together, only two are living now in the home at Elkin, but a grandniece is helping and a little great-grandniece, of thirteen years, is learning the craft and delighting in it.

Sight to the Blind.*

[The following extract is taken from Miss Lucy Furman's remarkable story published a year ago. Aunt Dalmanuthy, who has been blind for twelve years, has been made by the ignorant mountain preachers to believe that her blindness was a Divine punishment for her bitter grief at the loss of her "onliest" daughter. The trained nurse from the Settlement School visits her and finding that the blindness is due to cataracts and not the dreaded trachoma, makes arrangements for her to go to the Blue Grass to have them removed. This extract gives Aunt Dalmanuthy's version of her trip and all that it has done for her.]

"Tell me all about your trip, Aunt Dalmanutha."

"Tell about it? Tell that which ten thousand tongues could scarce relate? God knows my stumbling speech hain't equal to the occasion; but I'll do my best. You last seed me a-taking my fearsome way to the railroad; and what were the sinking of my heart when John left me thar on the cyar, words will never do jestic to; seemed like I were turnt a-loose in space, rushing I knowed not whither. The first ground I tocht was when I heard the voice of that 'ere doctor you writ to inquiring for me at the far eend. He said he allowed I would be skeered and lonesome, so he come hisself to fetch me to the hospital. Woman, it were the deed of a saint, and help me up wonderful'. Then I were put to bed a spell, and soft-footed women waited on me. Then one morning he tolt me he were aiming to peel them 'ere ingun-skins off my eyes, and for me to have no fears, but trust in him; that he believed them eye-nerves, shet back thar in the dark, was still alive and able to do business. And though my heart shuck like a ager, I laid down on that table same as a soldier. When I got up, I were blind as ever, with rags tied thick around my eyes.

*Sight to the Blind, by Lucy Furman, The Century Magazine, July, 1912.

And I sot there patient day after day, and the doctor he'd drap in and cheer me up. 'Aunt Dally,' he would say—he claimed he never had no time to get out the Dalmanuthy—'in just a leetle while you'll be a-trotting around the Blue Grass here worse'n a race-hoss; but you got to git your training gradual.' Then he'd thin the bandages more and more, till a sort of gray twilight come a-sifting through. 'And don't think,' he would say, 'that I am aiming to let you lope back to them mountains till I get you plumb made over. Fust thing is a new set of teeth,—you done gummed yourself into dyspepsy and general cantankerousness,—and then I'm sot on taking you to my house to visit a month and eat good victuals and git your stummick opened up whar it done growed together, and your mind unj'inted, and your sperrits limbered similar.' And straightway he sont for a tooth-dentist, that tuck a pictur' of my gums in wax then and thar. Then come the great day when I looked my fust on a human countenance ag'in. I axed that it be the doctor's, and I seed him only through black glasses darkly; but, O God! what a sight it were none but the blind can ever tell! Then for quite a spell I looked out through them dark glasses at the comings and goings and people there in the hospital. Then one day the doctor he run in and says, 'Time for you to look on the sunlight, Aunt Dally. Keep on them glasses, and wrop a shawl round you, and come with me. I'm aiming to show you the prettiest country God ever made.' Then he help me into a chariot that run purely by the might of its own manœuvres, and I seed tall houses and chimbleys whiz by dimlike, and then after a while he retch over and lifted my glasses.

"Woman, the tongue of seraphim hain't competent to tell what I seed then. That country hain't rugged and on-eend like this here, but is spread out smooth and soft and keerful, with nary a ragged corner nowhar', and just enough roll to tole the eye along. Thar I beheld the wide, green pastures I had heared tell of in Scriptur'; thar I seed still

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waters, clear as crystal, dotted here and yan; and on them pastures and by them waters thousands of sleek nags and cattle a-feeding and drinking, peaceful and satisfied; thar, bowered back amongst lofty trees, was the beautiful many mansions and homes of the blest; thar was the big road, smooth and white as glass, down which pretty boys and gals, too fair for this world, come on prancing nags; thar, best of all, hovering and brooding tender over everything, was the warm, blue sky and the golden sunlight. Them alone would have been enough for me. Yes, it were indeed a heavenly vision. I set, sca'cely knowing if I were in or out of the body. 'Am I translated,' I axed the doctor, and is this here the New Jerusalem, and them pretty creeturs the angels of heaven?' 'Far from it, Aunt Dally,' he says, sighing. 'Them air the fortunate Blue-Grass folk, that be so used to blessings they don't even know they got 'em, let alone makin' a' effort to share 'em with the needy. If they was as onselfish within as they air fair and prosperous without, we wouldn't need no millennium.'

"I can't say I had any rale, realizing sense of sight that day. It were all too wonderful and visionary. And them weeks that follered at the doctor's house, too, they seem like a love-lie dream—the delicate victuals that fairly melted down my throat before these here fine store teeth could clutch 'em, the kindness of him and his woman, and of his little gal, that teachd me my a-b-c's. For he said, 'With your head-piece, Aunt Dally, it hain't too late for you to die a scholar yet; you got to git Parning.' And, women, I got it. I knowed all my letters and were quite a piece in the primer before I left, and Evy here she aims to finish my education and have me reading Scriptur' come summer. Yes, it all seemed too good and fair to be true, and I lived in a daze. I come to myself sufficient', though, to have the little gal write John to hire a wagon and bring Marthy and all the young uns to the railroad for to meet me, and see the world and the cyars; and also, realizing I were going to git

back my faculty and workingness, and not being able to make the doctor take ary cent for his doings,—he said it were the least the Blue Grass could do for the mountains,—I tuck what money I had left and bought me some fine store clothes for to match my teeth and my inward feelings. 'Peared like I couldn't noway feel at home in them sorry gyarments I had wore in sorry days.

"But it were not till I sot in the railroad cyars ag'in, and the level country had crinkled up into hills, and the hills had riz up into mountains, all a-blazin' out majestical' in the joy of yaller and scarlet and green and crimson, that I raley got my sight and knowed I had it. Yes, the Blue Grass is fine and pretty and smooth and heavenly fair; but the mountains is my natural and everlastin' element. They gethered round me at my birth; they bowed down their prond heads to listen at my first weak cry; they cradled me on their broad knees; they suckled me at their hard, but ginerous breasts. Whether snow-kivered, or brown, or green, or many-colored, they never failed to speak great, silent words to me whensoever I lifted up my eyes to 'em; they still holds in their friendly embrace all that is dear to me, living or dead; and, women, if I don't see 'em in heaven I'll be lonesome and homesick thar.

"Yes, when I laid eyes on them well-beloved forms, I knowed for sure I had my sight. And the folks in the cyar they knowed it, too. I am in ginerol one to keep things locked and pinned down inside me; but for once I let go all bolts and turnt a-loose. Then and thar I bu'sted out into shouts of joy and songs of praise; I magnified the Lord and all His works; I testified of my salvation from blindness of body and sperrit; I hollered till natur' went plumb back on me and I couldn't fetch nary 'nother breath.

"Then when I stepped off the train, thar was the living human faces of my own blood, John and Marthy, and the eight young uns whose countenances I had never beheld.

Then, friends, my cup were running over; and as we

journeyed up crecks and down mountains nigh these three days, we was the unitedest and joyfulest family that ever fothered a trail; and all the way I laid my plans for to set the farm on its feet ag'in, and clear new ground, and maul rails for the fence, and rive boards for the roof, and quairy out rock for a new chimbly, and bring up the yield of corn, and weed out the eatingest of the cattle, and git my loom sot up and running so's to have a-plenty of kivers and linsy for sale come cold weather; and we all rejoiced amazing, knowing prosperity wa'n't no further from us than yan side the mountain.

"And, now, fellow-sisters, you see before you a ree-surrected woman. I hain't only got the sight of my eyes; I got mind-sight, heart-sight, soul-sight. I hain't only got these fine store-teeth and a tamed and biddable stummick; but the innard power to chaw and digest speritual truth. I hain't only wearing these gayly boughten clothes; I'm a-flaunting the robes of joy and the gyarments of praise. I know the Lord don't hate me and never did; I know I am free, restored, and saved; I know my Redeemer liveth, and has fotch me up out of the blackness of darkness on to the topmost peaks of joy and peace and thanksgiving.

"And don't think, women,—don't never, never think I hain't aiming to let my light shine. I aim to use my faculty and not for worldly betterment alone, but to turn it loose likewise in the line of religion and preachifying. Yes, every night this enduring winter will see me a-s'arching the Scriptur'; and what I can't read I can ricollect; and come August, when the crap is laid by and the funeral occasions sets in, I will be ready for 'em. There won't be one in thirty mile' won't see me a-coming, clothed in these ree-surrection gyarments, and taking my stand over the grave-houses for to testify to the saving and uplifting and renewing power of the Lord, elbowing away and drownding out and confounding Uncle Joshuay and t' other blind leaders of the blind wharever they dares to raise their gray heads

and hoary lies, till they'll be only too glad to take to the bresh, norating far and nigh the wonders of my own onre-sistable experience, and whooping and hollering out world-without-ecend the ons'archable riches and glory and power of the love of God."

Dr. John C. Campbell, in charge of the mountain work under the Russell Sage Foundation, was in Washington recently and on December 7th met the Trustees of the Association at the residence of Judge Shepard. Dr. Campbell, than whom there is probably no one more familiar with the many aspects of the mountain conditions and needs, gave a most helpful and suggestive talk as to the best methods of work and outlined what he considered the ideal rural school to be.

Mrs. Campbell visited the exchange of the Association and was very much interested to note the fine quality of the weavings and the baskets. In her opinion, Mrs. Wilson's recognition of the worth of the work of the mountain women had done more to stimulate them to their best efforts than years of talking could have accomplished.

A New Auxiliary.

In response to an earnest request, Mrs. Gielow addressed the Acorn Club of Philadelphia, early in December, giving an illustrated mountain lecture and at the close of the meeting a new Auxiliary was organized with the following officers: President, Mrs. Louis Lewis; vice-president, Mrs. Thomas Potter, Jr.; recording secretary, Mrs. Mary Graham Taylor; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Thomas Headley, and treasurer, Miss Lucy Chase.

Much enthusiasm was manifested and it is expected that the new Auxiliary will be a strong arm of support in the work of the Association.

Dec 1913

Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

DECEMBER, 1913

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

The White House Homespun.

On the cover of this number is photographically shown the design of the homespun weaving chosen by Mrs. Wilson for use in the President's room of the White House, this chamber having been furnished in blue and white fabrics woven by three of the Southern Appalachian women and purchased through the Southern Industrial Educational Association, of which the First Lady of the Land is Honorary President. The design, known as the Double Chariot Wheel, is wrought in white and a medium shade of indigo blue.

Miss Goodrich, who has been instrumental in reviving the weaving industry among the mountain women at Allensstand, in a region close to the Tennessee-North Carolina line, and providing a system for marketing their products, describes the revival of the industry and in particular the weaving of the presidential homespun. Portraits of the weavers of the latter are given on page 7.

Through the schools and the mountain workers in other regions also of the Southern Appalachians, household weaving, with vegetable dyeing and home-spinning, has been revived or developed in a number of districts. The fabrics, which vary in character and are generally of a high standard of excellence, are to a considerable extent distributed

through the Washington office of this Association. The constantly increasing sales as well as the improvement in both the quality and the output of the weavings are most satisfactory. It is hoped that the prominence given to the industry in this number will aid in its development.

Obviously this industry which gives intelligent employment as well as income to the women of the cabins in the mountain recesses cannot fail to benefit also the agriculture of the region in which the raw materials, whether flax or wool, are raised. It helps both the women and the region.

A Mountaineer Summer School in Virginia.

A. C. MONAHAN.

After twenty-one teachers had each refused in turn to teach the regular school at Irish Creek Hollow, in the mountains of Virginia, two country school-teachers and a twelve-year-old assistant invaded the district with a camping outfit and organized a summer school and an evening school both of which were better attended than any school in past years had ever been. The experiment was so successful that other isolated communities in Virginia are to be handled in the same way. Instead of allowing these isolated districts to get along as best they may, State and county officers in Virginia are going to send to the mountains every summer the very best teachers they can secure in order to provide the educational facilities that are needed.

Irish Creek Hollow is in a mountain valley in Rockbridge County. It is sparsely settled and remote of access. The inhabitants are mountaineers of original stock who have intermarried as much as the law permits. They live in log cabins that are not even good log cabins. There was a school building, but for several years there had been no school. No school-teacher would accept the position.

In 1911, after all attempts to get a regular teacher had

failed, the county superintendent persuaded two experienced teachers to go to Irish Creek Hollow, after their own schools had closed, and to open a summer school. They carried with them tents to live in, provisions, and cooking utensils. School was opened in the old school building, and the attendance exceeded all expectations. There were 80 children enrolled in morning classes, and 30 to 40 adults in afternoon and evening classes. The mountaineers were so appreciative of what was done for them that summer that they built an additional schoolroom and two comfortable living rooms for the teachers.

Public spirit had developed to such an extent the following year that when one of the State inspectors and the secretary of the Virginia Co-operative Education Association visited the place in the summer of 1912, they were able to organize a school and civic league and an athletic association. Practically all the residents of the community enrolled in the civic league. An interesting feature of the work is that it reaches the adults as well as the children. A Saturday afternoon class in reading and writing for grown-ups numbered among its members old men and women with grandchildren in the morning school.

In speaking of the experiment, a rural-school specialist in the U. S. Bureau of Education says: "In inaugurating this work Virginia has undoubtedly taken a valuable step toward benefiting one of the most deserving and most neglected classes of our country. Some of our best American stock is in the mountains, and it should not be allowed to degenerate for lack of educational opportunities. The State Department of Virginia, is now making a survey of the mountain sections of Virginia and proposes to conduct many summer schools in the future like this one which has been held for three years in Irish Creek Hollow."

ANOTHER WORD AS TO THE MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS.

Those readers of the Quarterly who noted in the September number the account of the Moonlight Schools in

Rowan County, Kentucky, will be interested to know that the results of that experiment to reduce adult illiteracy were so significant and surprising that the Bureau of Education has considered it worthy of a special Bulletin, (Illiteracy in the United States and an Experiment for its Elimination). This report contains a very full description of the Rowan County undertaking with illustrations showing some of the pupils whose ages ranged from twenty-one to eighty-seven years, a schoolroom containing four generations of pupils, and fac-similes of several letters written after two weeks of instruction. The results seem almost incredible but they amply prove that the mountain people do not desire ignorance from choice.

The Bulletin, (No. 20, 1913) which contains additional statistics of illiteracy in the United States, is as fascinating as a romance and may be had by application to the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.

According to the last census 26.6 of the native white men of voting age of Harlan Co., Ky., cannot read or write. In Buchanan County, Va., the percentage rises to 34.8. There are many of the mountain counties where the percentage of illiteracy is not lower than 15 per cent and in nearly a dozen counties of the Appalachian region it is over 20 per cent.

It is these remote, isolated communities that the Southern Industrial Educational Association is attempting to reach by means of settlement schools—settlement schools because day schools are not practicable on account of scattered population and difficulty of securing competent teachers who are willing to endure the isolation and hardships. Neither can the day school best give the home and industrial training that the mountain children so greatly need.

The Bazaar held at the rooms of the Association in November was the most successful of the five thus far given

and a generous sum was sent back to the mountain workers. It was interesting to note the marked improvement in the quality of the weavings and of the baskets, due doubtless to the fact that their makers had been stimulated to do their best work because they realized that there was a market for their products. Mrs. Wilson continued to manifest her interest in the work by kindly sending flowers from the White House Conservatories for the decoration of the rooms.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association has no endowment and is wholly dependent upon contributions (large and small) made by those who are desirous of helping to solve the mountain problem. Hundreds of children are waiting for scholarships which shall enable them to attend a settlement industrial school for eight months of the year.

Cannot each reader of this number of the Quarterly bring one new subscriber after he has made sure that his own subscription has been renewed. If your dollar has not been sent will you not forward it at once?

Mrs. Martha S. Gielow has recently returned from a five weeks' trip to Tennessee and Alabama, where she represented the Southern Industrial Educational Association at the National Conservation Exposition held at Knoxville. She spoke on "Mountain Day," illustrating her talk with mountain pictures, some of which were taken by herself. She also addressed the Woman's Branch of the Southern Commercial Congress during the meetings in Mobile, attended the laying of the corner stone of the new hall named in her honor at the Downing Industrial School, Brewton, Alabama, and spoke before clubs and societies in Birmingham and Greensboro.

Among recent contributors to the work of the Association are Mr. Andrew Carnegie who sent \$600.00 through Dr.

Thomas Nelson Page, and Mrs. Russell Sage who sent a check for \$500.00 through Mrs. Gielow after reading a copy of her new mountain story entitled "Uncle Sam."

Mrs. Finley Mast of Valle Crucis, N. C., who wove the rug for the White House is one of the most skilful weavers of all the southern mountains, and it is most fitting that her work should have received such well deserved recognition. The jute rug, seventeen feet square, is of delft blue and white of the design known as the "sun, moon and star," one of the oldest patterns and probably brought from the old country.

The Association acknowledges with its sincere thanks the recent gift by Eliza Calvert Hall of her valuable work bearing the title "A Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets."

Here are gathered in permanent form the names of the patterns of the old time coverlets with a history of their origins and the recipes for the dyes. It is most fortunate that this institution of America's colonial days which survives down to the present era should now receive the interest which it so richly deserves, even though it is belated. That this industry should be classed among the arts is indicated in these words of the author—"Whoever tries to trace the progress of art in the New World will see in the colors and designs of the hand-woven coverlets the first faint stirrings of that spirit which breathes full awakened through the sculpture of St. Gaudens and Borglum, and the architecture of Richardson and McKim, and glows in the canvasses of Whistler, Furness, Sargent and Abbey."

Sixteen color plates and many other illustrations add to the value as well as the charm of the volume.

Said a mountain woman to a worker who asked why she knows some things the "fotched on woman" does not know, "We who can't read and write have to do a powerful lot of thinkin'. I reckon that's the reason we know so much more than you eddicated people."

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