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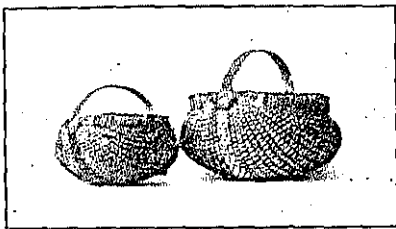
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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
20 JAN 1915

Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

Southern Industrial Educational Association



SEPTEMBER, 1914.

VOL. VI.

No. 3.

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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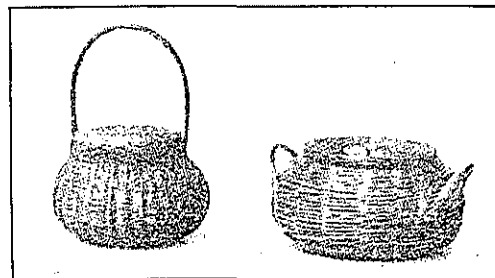
*Deceased.

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY,
JUN 1915

Basketry in the Kentucky Highlands.

Many survivals of old arts attract one to the humble home of the Southern Highlander. The old-fashioned looms in the loft or on the front porch, upon which the mother of the household weaves her blankets, beautiful striped ones, her coverlets, patterns of which have been handed down to her by her mother and grandmother, her linsey-woolsey in brown, blue, green, madder and white, have a fascination for us who have seen little of this in our day. But we are interested because in our storerooms we treasure the homespuns of our grandmothers, nor would we part at any price with a single one.

Another industry that fascinates us quite as much as the weaving, is the making of baskets from willow, oak and hickory splint. Until an outside market was created for these baskets they were used to carry products to market, utility baskets about the home, etc.



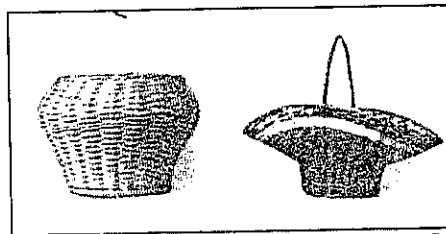
When the W. C. T. U. Settlement School was founded at Hindman, Ky., twelve years ago, and we made the acquaintance of many of the women of the country, both by visiting them in their homes and in entertaining them in our own, we discovered artists both in weaving and basketry.

We felt that the outside world should know about this and so we set about creating a market for various home-made products. Thousands of dollars worth of fireside industry products have been disposed of for them in the last twelve years, and they are glad to prolong an art which has passed away in almost all other sections of our country, because they love it and because its monetary returns make living conditions better for them. One of the basket weavers has told us in her own quaint style how she makes her "willer" baskets.

"The fall is the very best time to git the willers because the sap is down. It will do very well if they are pulled about the time the corn is laid by. You have to wait until the young growths begin to come and then you can git them. Willers grows best in creeks and swamps. They are two kinds, the goldern and the brown. You gether 'em first and lay 'em up to dry. I lay some up over the fire board. You kin put them on something and put them out in the sun. You dry 'em until they get briclike and you can tell that by the bark turning red, then they're seasoned. I wait about a month and a half before I work mine. You take 'em down and put 'em in hot water and scald 'em until they get soft and then take 'em out and work 'em. Scald 'em when they are green if you are going to peel them. Peel 'em and let the ooze set in the kittle and put the peeled willers out to dry. When you want to color them you put them in the ooze just for a few minutes. This makes gray. The pretty greenish-gray ones is made by putting in a little copperas. I color some with broom sage root, too, and copperas. You jist put a little pinch of copperas in it. I have been making baskets about ten years. I bought me a cow for twenty-five dollars, a couple of bedstids and springs for twelve dollars and a half, a cook stove for six dollars and a half, paid off five bank notes for fifty dollars each, bought five barrels of flour, paid a man to put in my crap each year, and everything that my family needed to eat and wear I have paid for with my basket money."

Such a tale could be told by many another weaver of baskets. One of our best basket makers brought in a "sorry" lot of baskets one day. We told her that we were so surprised to have such baskets come from her and she told us that "Hit 'peared like all the women on her creek wanted to learn how to make baskets, so she just sot about teachin' 'em and she hated it bad that the baskets weren't no better made, but they're jist alearnin' and they'll do better next time." This same woman had one of her baskets put in the Mountain Room at the White House because it was so beautifully woven.

These women show a great deal of intelligence about copying designs that they see in papers or magazines, or that we find and give to them. They have no difficulty in making them "jist like the ones I seed in a book." Frequently they surprise us by bringing in some entirely new pattern that they have "drawed up the notion of in their own heads." One woman "dreamed out" a basket and the morning after her dream she went right to work on the basket and brought in her realized dream for a present to Miss Stone. It was a very pretty fruit bowl with a little stand.



Those who live distances of several miles from the school come in bearing their baskets on the backs of their horses or mules. They make a large "poke" out of a blanket and fill it loosely with baskets, then shake them down to each end, leaving an empty place in the middle that they can throw over the saddle. They present a picturesque appearance riding into town in this way. It was an interesting sight to see our best oak-split basketmaker come in with 3 two-bushel baskets, 6 one-bushel, and 10 pecks, and himself, all on the back of one "nag."

One woman "lowed that we might be getting tired of them gray colored baskets" so she tried her hand at some new colors and the result was a wonderfully pretty copper colored bowl, dyed from the spruce pine bark, and a beautiful brown bowl dyed with walnut bark.

Admirers of the handmade products will be interested in these baskets of various styles and shapes and sizes, the willows for fruit, flowers, ornamental and decorative purposes, sewing, darning, lunch; the oak split in pint, quart, gallon, peck, bushel and larger sizes, in both the natural white and the dyed brown or gray, all melon shape.

Subscribe for the "Quarterly."

We appeal to all subscribers to the QUARTERLY to see that their subscriptions are paid up and urge them to bring in as many new contributors as possible. The Association needs funds to pay salaries of industrial and agricultural teachers and to provide scholarships for children who are eager for the opportunity to secure the training that only settlement schools can give. The expenses of the Association are kept at the very lowest basis possible in order that the receipts may be used for the purposes for which the Association is organized.

If any one who receives the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE does not wish longer to see it, the Corresponding Secretary will be glad to be so informed in order that the mailing list may be reduced and postage and printing saved.

Uncle William's Reasons.

Mr. William Creech, whose whole life has been lived in a remote section of eastern Kentucky, gave, in April, 1913, one hundred and thirty-six acres of land for the establishment of the Pine Mountain Settlement School. He thought out unhelped his ideals of education and wishing to interest others in carrying them out wrote his reasons for wanting such a school. We print them in full, because they show so clearly the kind of men that live in the mountains—men who have hopes and ideals that they can not put into words and who are eager that their children may have what they have missed—opportunity.

I want to tell my reasons why I want a school here at Pine Mountain. There is so many of our young folks growing up here not even taught up as to Morality. It grieved me to think that Parents would raise their children under such rulings. I see no chance to better it without we teach the young generation that they can't never prosper while they follow the old ones' Example. I have been thinking about this some thirty years or more. Seeing the examples laid before the bright young girls of our community which is Decoyed off by bright young bucks that destroys them and robs them of their virtue and then draps them on the world. The old Devil's a-workin' his part of it and we have got to try to teach 'em up better. Where I was Raised this trouble wasn't half so bad because there was schools that helped the people. Hit's lack of knowledge of science that's caused the trouble, and with good teaching seems like they would be greatly bettered.

There being lots of whiskey and wickedness in the Community where my Grandchildren must be Raised was a very serious thing for me to study about. I heard two of my neighbors say there was neither Heaven or Hell. One of them said that when a man was dead he was just as same as a dumb beast. I heard another one say who had a large Family that he was afraid he could not raise his children as mean as he wanted them to be and it looked to me as if our country was going back into Heathenism, which worried me a great deal. My idea was that if we could

get a good school here and get the children interested it would help Moralize the country. If we can bring our children to see the error of the liquor we can squash it.

Some places hereabouts are so Lost from Knowledge that the young uns have never been taught the knowledge of reading and writing and don't know the country they were Borned in or what State or County they was borned. We need a whole lot of teaching how to work on the farm and how to make their farms pay, also teaching them how to take care of their timber and stuff they're wasting. In the way they farm and doing no good it is hardening them and they are turning to public works, too many of them.

We are sending money to the Foreign Missions when we need it right here among us. It has been a Mystery to me why folks do it. Of course, one soul's as good as another, but I believe Charity begins at home. I wouldn't ask a person to help us if they need it at home, but if they have anything for Missions I think they ought to help their own people.

One reason for me getting so liberal with the school was the great work that I had been reliable informed that these ladies had done at Hindman, Knott Co., Ky., me knowing that the School could not be any special benefit to me but hoping that it would be a benefit to my Grandchildren and all of the community around me so that I may spend my Last days in a quite, moral and peaceable country and a benefit for the yet unborn children of this country. As I have put almost all I have into the Building of the new school and other Friends are coming to our assistance to help us I feel it a great work and would be glad if all who can would help, as life is short and death certain and I think it would be much better to help with the new school than to try to lay up treasures here on earth. As I never have attempted to write such a letter before and me a poor scholar and slow to write I will close with many more things on my mind that I could write about.

WILLIAM CREECH.

To the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In previous years the response to the appeal of the Association from Chapters all over the country has been prompt and generous. You all know that these people of the mountains have a peculiar and fitting claim upon your interest and patriotism, because they are the direct descendants of those brave Scotch-Irish pioneers who in the darkest days of the Revolutionary War turned the tide of war and saved the Continental Army from the powerful advance of Cornwallis and his troops, and in 1812 at the battle of New Orleans again saved the day. Until recently they have been outside the currents of progress that have brought material prosperity and educational opportunity to other parts of this great country, and in consequence there is still much illiteracy in the mountains and will be for several generations to come.

The calls for aid have never been so urgent as at this very moment, for now that the inestimable value of industrial training has been proved the schools are appealing to the Association for funds with which to pay the salaries of industrial teachers, and for scholarships for the thousands of children who have no other way of benefiting by the settlement schools.

Where can you find a greater work or one that is more truly patriotic? Will not each Chapter give a scholarship that will enable one boy or girl to have a chance to better his condition?

The Association deeply appreciates all the co-operation that it has received in the past and begs for even more in the year which is just beginning.

Two views of the President's bedroom have been made in souvenir postcard form and are sold for the benefit of the work at five cents each. The illustrated edition of Mrs. Gielow's effective story entitled "Old Andy the Moonshiner," may also be obtained—fifty cents and five cents for postage—at the office of the Association.

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.

SEPTEMBER, 1914

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

In Memoriam Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

Grief for the death of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson has been a common grief. The simple charm of her pure love for others was wafted like a perfume to places where her presence was unknown. Her unaffected and unpretentious thought for others was a gift to her country, for which a country is in debt. It served, and will serve, as an object lesson, in high station, of that sincere spirit of service, which might be termed a power of grace. There is nothing more beautiful.

But this Association has peculiar cause to treasure the beauty of her heart. Shortly after coming to the White House, Mrs. Wilson became our Honorary President. Her interest in the articles sold in our Exchange caused her to furnish with these things a room in the White House, which was used as the President's bed room. It was her pleasure to show this room to visitors, and, in this way, arouse appreciation of the merit of the weavings.

Our QUARTERLY for June, 1913, published an appeal from our President, Chief Justice Shepard, directing attention to the urgent need of a competent Field Secretary to advise us of the work and merit of the schools presenting claims for assistance. Mrs. Wilson was impressed by this appeal

and with her to be impressed was to act. Through her influence and at her personal request, Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge of New York gave us his promise of \$5,000.00 a year for three years to pay the salary and expenses of such Secretary. The Secretary has been engaged, and is now in the field.

We have no need further to recapitulate the timely ministries of one, who "looked far into the service of the time." Far and wide her interest and influence were known and felt. The objects of it will continue to know and to feel it.

Since our last meeting this friend and this guide has passed from our midst. The hand held out to the needy is still. The voice which went to their hearts from her own is hushed. We mourn the loss to ourselves and the country of one so richly endowed with the qualities of true womanhood; who to the devotion to duty of an ardent Christian united the dignity and charm of a true gentlewoman.

Her memory will remain an inspiration for us in our work and hope. With a wise and true sympathy, she befriended the poor. With very nearly the last words on her lips, uttered, and with effect uttered, in their behalf, she "gave her soul unto her Captain, Christ."

LEIGH ROBINSON.

Those of our readers who recall the article in the June QUARTERLY upon "Trachoma in the Mountains" will find in the August number of the *World's Work* a most valuable and timely contribution by Constance D. Leupp entitled "Removing the Blinding Curse of the Mountains." She reviews the results that have been accomplished in the last two years by the Public Health Service as the outgrowth of Dr. Stuckey's remarkable work at Hindman, and concludes with the cheering prophecy that trachoma in the mountain states may become as extinct as the dodo. Why should not illiteracy be relegated to the past like the dodo and trachoma!

The Pine Mountain School.

[In response to Uncle William's pathetic and moving appeal, Miss Pettit and Miss de Long, who had had long experience in the Hindman school, went over in the spring of 1913 to a section of Harlan County where the remote corners of four counties adjoin and where the precipitous wall of Pine Mountain shuts them off from the outside world. It is estimated that within a radius of seven miles there are 800 children without adequate school opportunity. Here with wonderful courage and trust the two women made the pioneer beginning of the new school.

We gladly print Miss de Long's own story of it.]

Pioneers must handle axes and plows vigorously and long, before they can pause to wield the pen and write back to waiting friends as to how they are coming on. For a year and a half we have cleared forest, cleaned out streams, ditched marsh lands, hewn logs, made roads, built houses, planted fruit trees, and "laid by" crops. At last we have a roof over our heads, and a harvest gathered; we can take breath to write you of the school in the wilderness. The first letter carries good news; we have prospered, "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places"; we have homes, teachers, and a fine family of "peart" children.

We seem to have taken a long time for this. It is because the way to the railroad—that is, to the twentieth century—is a long and tedious one. Getting the aid of modern tools and machinery has been as slow as the tread of the oxen that have hauled our heaviest loads for us. Imagine, for instance, the difficulty of bringing our saw-mill, the earliest necessity, across a roadless mountain. It was nearly wrecked in the first stage, on a rickety little incline road built to haul timber to market. Yet our suspense was even greater when eight oxen were drawing it to us at the foot of the mountain, for a false movement on the part of one ox might have thrown the whole costly equipment down the bank.

While the mill was sawing splendid timber from trees cut on our own ground, we built us our first house at the entrance to the grounds, whose walls were hewn ninety years ago for the original home of the first settler on this property. We could not find it in our hearts to destroy the ancient landmarks, so we hewed a few new logs and rebuilt the house. With its wide porch, fireplaces, and charming low ceiled rooms, it preserves the cheerful homeliness of pioneer days. We have gathered into it not only the home-spun covers, quaint bedsteads, hand-wrought andirons, the hunter's gun and pouch of the past, but a "gang" of little boys who love to sit by the fire after supper singing "Barbara Allen" or swapping "ha'nt" tales. True to the spirit of the old days, it is a hospitable house, and contrives to have a welcome and comfort for three grown-ups and eight children in its two rooms, dog-trot, and airy loft. In the morning it hums with sound, while untrained little hands are learning how to make its beds "pretty" and keep its floors clean. At night you hear astonishing things, as teeth are washed and feet scrubbed for bed. M— "I aim to scrub the hide off my feet every night this week so as to keep my towel clean." W—, aged six, "I aim to stay with ye till you run me off. You don't reckon you'll run me off till I'm twenty, do ye?"

A month ago the big log house, for which the timber was given us by the citizens, was finished. That, too, even up under its roof, is crowded with children, among them a little eight-year-old boy who cut the first tree for it. You must see for yourself its beautiful living-room and be a guest at its table to understand how free from institutionalism and how homelike is the life of this school. Typical of its aims, too, is the juxtaposition of loom and dictionary, spinning wheel and globe, home-made baskets and Victrola.

We are still borrowing from Uncle John Shell the little grey cottage where we first lived. With two tents for satellites—it makes another home center, presided over by the farmer and his wife and our trained nurse.

Uncle William Creech says that the "savingest" thing we have done is to burn our own lime for farm and building purposes. We think it is perhaps killing two birds with one stone by building two sanitary closets and a tool house of the loose rocks in our potato fields. As to rocks, we have more worlds to conquer and shall continue to use them as fast as possible, not only for building, but for retaining walls, paving, and roads. We are now beginning the Laurel House, which is to be the central kitchen, dining room, laundry for a large group of cottages. Money has been given for the community house also, but at present we are having school in an open air building—"The House in the Woods" which is being paid for by our neighbors in a series of "box suppers."

A trained nurse, who visited us recently, exclaimed upon seeing our sanitary closets built in accordance with the Kentucky State Board plans, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation." When you know that one person in two in this county has hookworm from polluted soil, you will appreciate our feeling that we must handle the problem of sewage disposal intelligently from the start.

While the school has been building Miss Pettit and our farmer have accomplished titanic tasks on the farm. Four thousand feet of box ditching drain the land, and a large portion of it has been fenced away from the efforts of that intrepid citizen, the hog. Besides, fruit trees, berry bushes and grape vines have been set out and four acres have been cleared for orchard. A disc harrow, lime sprinkling, cow pease and rye are turning neglected fields into garden land. Daily our family of thirty-three is fed on home-grown vegetables, and we are putting away for winter, kroust, beans, apples, and corn.

You would really believe that this is an industrial school if you could see what our children are learning as they help us in these tasks. Watermelons scientifically planted by children from six to nine years old; sweet-potato vines transplanted by a brood of the same age; young fruit trees

set out with the greatest care for their roots by little girls; these are as real lessons in agriculture as are the housekeeping lessons learned in the kitchen and dining-room while real meals are being prepared, rather than in a laboratory. Milk pails kept sweet for family use are far beyond notebooks as concrete evidences of accomplishment.

There is no space to tell you of the hookworm clinic or the farmers' institute held last fall, of the large Bible school which gathered people through even the hottest days of the summer months, of the first Christmas, or our neighborhood good times, box suppers, bean stringings, squirrel roasts, country dances, log rollings, wool pickings, quiltings, stir-oufs, when everybody has the best time in the world and finds the most graceful way of saying so. No one could excel the spontaneous ardor of one of our visitors, who said, "Lord, I won't never be satisfied away from you agin no more in this world."

Helpful as these good times are in bringing the neighborhood together and serving as an antidote for moonshine, there are other serviceable ways in which we try to be good neighbors. Our trained nurse is giving talks on hygiene in seven district schools and we hope shortly to be able to help them to industrial training. A friend outside has offered to build a little model home for the teacher in one very isolated neighborhood and we have now the right to appoint a teacher for the school nearest to us and to enforce the truancy law. By dint of effective co-operation we have persuaded the county to appropriate five thousand dollars toward a good road to connect this neighborhood with a railroad.

Although we have been pioneers we have tried to keep in mind not only present needs, but a future ideal. Expert agriculturalists, orchardists, civil and hydraulic engineers and builders visited us in the first few months and freely gave us expensive advice. Miss Mary Rockwell, our architect, has been with us twice and insists that we grow according to a plan, not only to achieve convenient grouping

for our buildings, but also to preserve the enchanting natural beauty of our grounds.

The school has been singularly fortunate in finding friends who have made possible so much work in so short a time. During these months of financial stress when we must postpone all further constructive work for happier days, their help encourages us to believe that the interest which has begun this school will support it even through hard times.

The Annual Bazaar will be held in November at the rooms of the Association where will be gathered together many useful and interesting articles which the mountain women have been preparing during the summer. These sales are looked forward to eagerly by the mountain people as they afford practically the only opportunity there is of bringing the products of mountain industry to the outside world, and carrying money into homes which have absolutely no other earning capacity than that afforded by the few industries that their environment makes possible, which are in the main those of their great-grandmothers.

A special feature will be the baskets of new design and coloring of which there will be a larger and more interesting assortment than in previous years.

From some of the schools in which the Association has established industrial training come the handsome, carved articles which show improvement from year to year—nut-bowls, book-racks, serving trays, and quaint, charming pieces of furniture made from the root of the rhododendron for dolls' houses.

There are also the beautiful blue and white coverlids, portieres, the pure white linen or cotton spreads with elaborate tufted or knotted designs, finished with hand-made fringes, and duplicates of the weavings which the late Mrs. Wilson ordered for the White House.

Perhaps the exquisite, finely-woven blue and white hand-bags constitute the newest and most attractive novelty. These are made at Berea and are copies of an old Italian

design known and admired by foreign travelers. Those who are in search of articles with a colonial touch will appreciate the rag rugs woven in coverlid design, the turkey-tail and peacock feather fans, and homespun towels.

In the sale will be included articles made by blind children, some of whom are the victims of the dread trachoma that has been so prevalent in the mountains, but which happily is now being stamped out.

Those who patronize the sale will not only find unique and attractive Christmas gifts, but they will make glad those mountain women and children who are thankful for this opportunity to make profitable their limited industries.

Among the summer visitors to the office of the Association have been Miss Ruth Huntington, who has taken Miss Pettit's place in the school at Hindman, Kentucky, and Miss Martha Berry, of Rome, Georgia. Miss Berry was accompanied by her former secretary, Miss Neal, who is now national secretary of the Girl Scouts, and had just returned from the war zone, having spent the summer abroad studying the vocational and industrial schools of Denmark, Austria and Germany. All expressed great interest in the permanent Exchange maintained by the Association and emphasized its value as a medium of information and communication between the mountain workers and the urban purchasers.

The new Field Secretary, Mr. C. G. Burkitt, who has been spending the summer in a careful survey of the mountain schools, their conditions and needs, will report the results of his investigations at the first meeting of the Board of Trustees in October.

The Potentiality of the Mountains.

The whole case of the mountaineer is summed up in the case of Lincoln. His mother had six books, the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress for religion, a history of the United States and a Life of Washington for politics, and Æsop's Fables and Robinson Crusoe for literature. Shut up to this select library, Lincoln read these books many times. He "fletcherized" them. Years after he found his seventh book in a copy of the Indiana statutes, prefaced by the Declaration of Independence.

Now if it had not been for these six books Lincoln's great soul would have been strangled in its birth.

And has not Lincoln hallowed the log cabin? I can never pass one of those humble cabins in the mountains without thinking of the possible Lincoln that it holds, and renewing my resolution to do all that in me lies, and to persuade others, to shed the light of education into every mountain home.—PRESIDENT FROST, of Berea.

The Hospitality of the Mountaineers.

The best in their home is at your command, with the most delightful lack of apology—another evidence of their true refinement. The nearest approach to it I ever heard was once when several of us had "stopped by" a house most unexpectedly. We found the family about to eat dinner, and were cordially invited to join. There was a pause after we were seated, and then Uncle Mose said, "If any one of you women follers talkin', go right on." Not knowing that this was an invitation to say grace, we failed to respond. Whereupon he said with a chuckle, "Well, I reckon this here food has been talked to before, so holp yourselves, and if you can't retch anything, just holler."

And when, after a warm sleep in the feather-bed, you proffer the reckoning, your host waves it away with a smile, "Nothin' but the promise to come agin and stay longer."

ANN COBB.