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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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SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

The Pi Beta Phi Settlement School on Little Pigeon.

KATE B. MILLER.

Mr. Norman closes his article in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* for February, 1910, entitled, "The English of the Mountaineers," with the prayer of a mountainman: "Lord, we know mighty little. You know our needcessities. Bless us to suit yourself. Amen." While the mountaineers never mistake Pi Beta Phi for the Lord, though they have called our school "The Lord's School," they do ask us to help them as we think best. They want they know not what, and they feel that we who go in to help them do know what they want. Their open minds and hearts have been a revelation to us. Though feeling keenly the responsibility which this confidence places upon us, we are, at the close of our second year, "all hope up."

Stability has been given to our work this year by the fact that we are landowners on the Little Pigeon, having acquired last August by gift and purchase thirty-five acres, and have just completed our first school building. The building contains six rooms, so arranged that some of them can be thrown together and thus afford a large room for community gatherings. The old buildings which have been used for school purposes during the year have been opened on Sundays for meetings of all sorts, Miss Pollard, the resident in charge, barring out only drinking and card playing. The new building has already had its real dedication to the needs of the people. It was opened first for a meeting held by Dr. Yancey, who is investigating the hookworm disease. The meeting was a large one, and clinics held since have been crowded. His tests showed very few families not suffering from the disease. The report is that about 60 per cent are infected. One man came down from a camp up on Old Smoky. He is twenty-nine and is about the size of a twelve-year-old boy. He has the hookworm. He has a brother who weighs over two hundred. In one day Dr. Yancey examined 255, with the assistance of one boy and

Miss Pollard, who worked from eight in the morning steadily until half past five in the evening.

The school work was carried on by two teachers prior to January and by three and four thereafter until the close of the eight months' school on March 27. One hundred and twenty-five pupils varying in age from four years to thirty and over, have been in attendance, never, however, all at one time, as any one familiar with the mountain idiosyncrasy concerning promptness and regularity will know. Helen Bryan, Edith Wilson and Leah Stock have been the three assistants who have done so much to make the year a memorable one to the dwellers on Little Pigeon. They, with Miss Pollard, taught school, kept house, visited the well and the sick, played and sang in the church, taught in Sunday School and had sewing and cooking clubs at the cottage. The work of grading is going on carefully under the supervision of Miss Pollard, an experienced teacher. The progress made by some of the children in school this year seems to their parents phenomenal. Rid of hookworm and other diseases incident to bad sanitation, the children will put to shame many of our own children in favored places, for they are avid to learn.

Plans are now being made for a new house for the teachers. They need it, and the people need it to serve as a model for their own homes. It has been the hope of those in charge of this work that everything done should commend itself to the people as suitable to the place and should encourage them to go and do likewise.

NOTE.—The Pi Beta Phi School, near Gatlinburg, Tennessee, while not under the auspices of the Association, is a direct outcome of its work, for it was through the influence of the Association and knowledge of its purposes that the Pi Beta Phi Fraternity at its 21st Biennial Convention voted unanimously to establish and maintain a settlement school in the Appalachian Mountains as a commemoration of those who founded the Fraternity. A full account of this movement may be found in the QUARTERLY for September, 1913.

Trachoma in the Mountains.

At a meeting of the Southern Medical Association held some months ago in Lexington, Kentucky, Dr. G. C. Savage of Nashville made the statement that upwards of 50,000 cases of trachoma were to be found among the mountaineers of the Southern States. No one can realize what the fearful ravages of this disease are who has not been among the cabin homes and found pitiful cases of young and old whose sightless eyes tell the sad story of neglect and ignorance.

The State and Federal authorities have recently awakened to the appalling need for immediate action in dealing with this scourge and active measures are being taken to study and conquer the disease.

The following account, which is taken from the annual report of one of the schools assisted by this Association, shows how important it is that preventive measures should be taken at once to diminish the spread of a disease so contagious and so widespread.

In — County twelve schools were visited, 659 school children were examined, and 119 were found to have trachoma—more than 18 per cent, or nearly one in five. Two of the twelve teachers were found to have well marked cases of trachoma. Outside of schools, 400 people were examined throughout the county and 102 cases of trachoma found among them. Some of these 400, however, were presented for examination because they were known to have sore eyes, which accounts for this rather large percentage. A total of 1,059 people were examined in this county and 221, or about twenty per cent, were suffering from trachoma. The schools have averaged from two to forty-four per cent of trachoma, with a general average of about eighteen per cent. It is estimated that from eight to ten per cent of the population (11,000 estimated) of this county are suffering from this disease, or about 900 cases of trachoma. This county was taken as a typical one for purposes of investigation, and therefore more time was spent

there and more people were examined than in any one of the other counties, the local doctors heartily co-operating and lending every aid in accomplishing the task.

"Among the hundreds of cases of trachoma seen, I witnessed cases pathetic in the extreme. I saw small children shut out all light from the eyes, so intense was the photophobia. They probably had not seen daylight for weeks or even months, and these, unfortunately, are by no means isolated cases. In one school visited a number of the nearer neighbors were present, and there were cases of trachoma which had existed for a lifetime and had ended in the terminal cicatricial stage and total blindness. These are only instances of the many pathetic sights to be seen in these mountain counties as the result of this dangerous, infectious disease, which, without proper care and treatment, not only lasts throughout the lifetime of the individual, but makes victims of others and gains strength as it advances—certainly a terrible handicap to struggle against through life, only to pass their final days in darkness, a burden to themselves, their families, and their friends."

The Washington office will be closed during the summer months, but the work of spreading knowledge of and interest in the work of the Association will be continued by the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. S. Stone, who will take an exhibit of the articles representing the mountain household industries with her on her trip to New England. Several tea houses have given large orders for baskets, the blue and white weavings, coverlids, etc., as their proprietors have recognized the appeal which they make to people in search of articles that are unique for use in household furnishing.

Two of the Trustees, Judge Shepard and Mr. Evans, will spend the summer in Europe. Mrs. Gielow, who withdrew from active service last December because of ill health, still remains with her daughter in Panama.

Extract from an Address by W. H. Hand.

People of the South, shall we be content to send out into the world at the unseasoned age of twenty years more than a quarter of a million illiterate native white boys and girls? Can we afford to thrust these illiterate white boys and girls out into a world enriched by the progress in the arts and sciences reaching back over a century rich in discoveries and inventions? How can we expect them with vagrant minds and untrained hands to win in competition with brain-guided hands and muscle-aided brains?

Who are these illiterate white children of the South, and why are they not in school? Some are the sons and daughters of parents themselves ignorant and unable to appreciate or to understand what education means to their children and to the State; some are the children of sordid fathers and mothers who are more than willing to make wage-earners and bread-winners of their untaught offspring. Many of these children are the descendants of Walter Page's *forgotten men* (the mountaineers). They became the *neglected mass*, and the neglected mass has become the *indifferent mass*. When any considerable number of people in a State become indifferent to the intellectual, moral, and social conditions of themselves and their offspring, the situation becomes alarming, for illiteracy, like every other evil, tends to perpetuate itself. And one of the most unpromising features of this already gloomy prospect is that in most of the Southern States the illiterate females outnumber the illiterate males. An illiterate mother does not promise much for the child of tomorrow.

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.

The White House Mountain-Room in Blue and White.

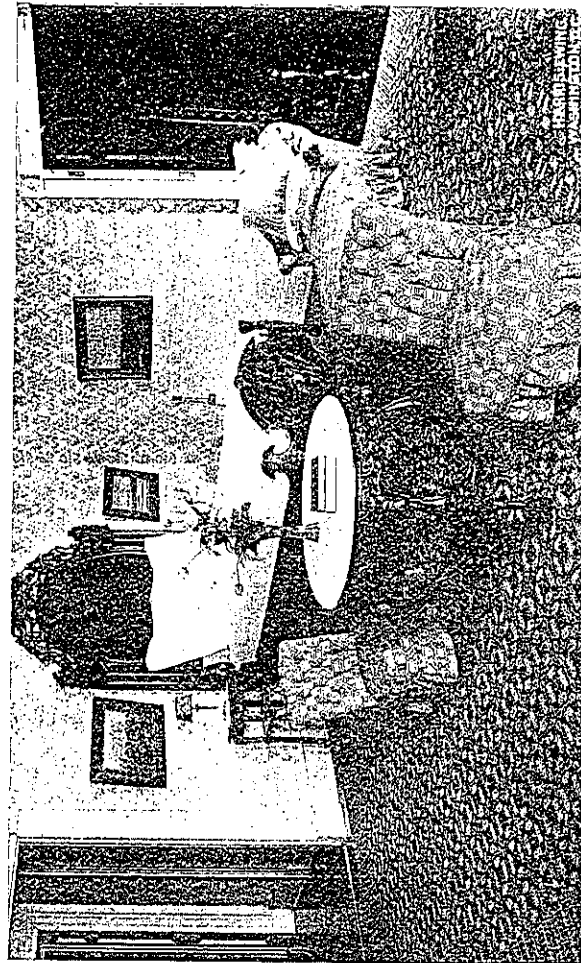
From the time that the purposes of this Association were brought to the attention of the Wilson family, Mrs. Wilson, whose husband has since become President of the United States, has taken more than a casual interest in the work. She has contributed not only by her influence and example but by her personal efforts for the furtherance of the cause of the mountain people. Perhaps one of the most important of her many deeds in connection with the Association was the fitting up of the President's chamber with the mountain weavings.

On the opposite page is given a view of the President's bedroom in the White House, showing the blue and white fabrics woven by three mountain women for Mrs. Wilson during the summer of 1913.

The beautiful rug, seventeen feet square, was dyed and woven by Mrs. Finley Mast of North Carolina, who is one of the most expert of all the mountain weavers. The materials are jute and cotton in delft blue and white, and the design is the Sun, Moon and Star pattern, probably one of those brought from the old country by the early settlers.

A detailed account of the weaving of the chair coverings in white and a medium shade of indigo blue in the pattern known as the Double Chariot Wheel was given in the Quarterly for December, 1913, a photograph of the design being printed on the title cover. Sixty yards of this design were required since the material was used not only for upholstering the chairs but for the hangings at the large windows overlooking the stately lawns and the fountain in the rear of the White House.

The ornately carved bed and table which appear in the photograph add much interest to this unique room. They are of old English black walnut, so rich and dark in coloring they might possibly be mistaken for Brazilian mahogany. While no records of this purchase of this furniture have as yet been established, it is the general tradition that the set of which these two are the only remaining pieces was pur-



THE PRESIDENT'S BLUE MOUNTAIN-ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE

chased, together with other furnishings for the freshening up of the White House, on the memorable occasion when the young Prince of Wales was entertained as a private gentleman in the fall of 1860, during the closing months of President Buchanan's administration.

Tradition also has it that this was the bed most used by President Lincoln because of its unusual length and consequent comfort to one of his tall figure.

It is to Mrs. Wilson's graciousness and to her desire to spread knowledge of and to create interest in the artistic and beautiful weavings of the mountain women that we are indebted for the reproduction of this room. That the example set by the First Lady of the Land is being followed is shown by the increasing number of orders placed through the office of the Southern Industrial Educational Association.

Liz's Leetle 'Un.

I stopped to rest up my mountain way,
And called: "Aunt Cynth—where's Liz today?"
"Honey, Liz haint a comin' here now," she sighed,
"Hit was Saturday night that her leetle 'un died."

I crossed the bars, she stood in the door,
"Why, why haven't I heard of this before?"
Her face was as hard as the sun-baked clay,
But her soft eyes dimmed, as she gazed away.

"Hit wus took sudden-like an' Liz was 'lone.
(Fur they haint got a horse ter call their own).
An' there haint no body fer ter doctor 'bout,
So she jis set an hel' it till hit's breath give out.

Hit had 'peared awful peart, hit's eyes wus bright,
An' ter see hit a toddlin' 'round was a sight;
So terrible took with Old Bet's leetle calf,
An' how them yaller butterflies made hit laf!

But they never come down here, all o'that day,
An' ther warn't nobody to pass that 'er way;
So I waited on, till the sun was sinkin' low,
Then my heart took to ackin', an' I had to go.

The way never 'peared to be ha'f so long,
I'm a gittin' ole now an I haint much strong;
('Taint no body got ter tell me so,
Hits somethin' ole folks allers comes to know.)

As I cum 'round the ben' in the creek I was sho'
I seen my Liz a settin' in the cabin do',
With her leetle gal hel' in her arms so tight—
Hit's face wus awful pale but hit's ha'r shone bright.

Lord! how did I git to her? Thar warn't nothin' fer to say!
My ole arms went right 'round 'em in the ole motherin' way;
Then she slowly leaned agin me an' she know'd my feelin's,
too,
As she whispered 'Mammy! Mammy! ther warn't nuthin'
I could do.'

She's a tryin' hard not to take on much,
Fer the sake o' her man Si;
But I sees her walkin' 'bout, hurt-like
An thar's heart break in 'er eye.

We'uns is far away up-in these here hills,
An' thar ain't much, fer sartin, we can know;
But I pray fer more larnin' and docterin'
Same these folks gits, that's livin' down below.

We'uns 'oud be reel proud fer to hav 'um come,
Though I 'low to 'em thet poor 'nough's our lot;
But they're each 'un of 'em welcome here,
To the very best that we'uns have got."

Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUNE, 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.

The Trained Nurse.

One of the most pressing needs of the mountains is the trained nurse who can do far more than the doctors in discovering the presence of disease and teaching the mountain people methods of prevention and sanitation. Every one who works among these people is impressed with the fearful ravages of typhoid, dysentery, tuberculosis, hook-worm, trachoma and other diseases which sweep whole families away. Too often disease and death are looked upon as visitations from the Almighty, due to anger or jealousy, which are accepted with dumb resignation or with a fatalism which admits of no questioning. The physical sufferings of these people, especially of the women, are terrible, and it is not to be wondered at that so many of the mothers die young.

Even more than education do the mountain people need the aid that the trained nurse can give, and perhaps the most important person in a settlement school is the woman who can quickly and calmly go into homes where sickness exists, relieve the patients, clean up the cabins, and gain the confidence and affection of the people so that they are willing to follow her directions and co-operate with her in bringing about more wholesome conditions.

Our Southern Highlanders.

BY HORACE KEPHART.

(Outing Publishing Co., New York 1913.)

Among the many books that have appeared in recent years dealing with the people of the Appalachian mountains, this book is one of the most serious and elaborate attempts to give an exact account of the customs, manners and employments of this neglected people. The majority of books on this subject have been in the form of stories of mountain life into which were woven fragmentary descriptions of the climate, scenery and the people. The author of this book, Mr. Horace Kephart, has undertaken to give a careful account of this portion of the country, basing his narrative upon personal observations covering a period of several years, during which time he lived in camp in these mountains.

The book has a very decided value in that it presents carefully collected data and useful observations. It deals with the topography of the country, the history of the settlement of this region, in so far as any history is available, the climate, the customs of the people, their religious beliefs, farming, weaving, hunting, making "moonshine" and "shootin' from the bresh." All these indicate an intimate knowledge of conditions, yet one pauses to enquire whether in the mass of all these details the author has really caught the "spirit" of the mountaineer or the "atmosphere" of the mountains. It is no easy matter to go into these mountains, especially if one is out for material, and really get the "spirit" and "atmosphere" of this life. No matter how intimate a man may think he has become with the mountaineer, he is always a "furriner" to the highlander.

One of the chief defects of books that have appeared dealing with mountain life is that they have exploited the weaknesses and advertised the deficiencies of the mountaineer. This, of course, is eminently unfair, for there are no people, even those who live in the most cultured sections

of the country, whose weaknesses would not appear ridiculous when unduly emphasized. The author has endeavored to be fair and impartial, but some readers, particularly those who know the mountains, will not escape the feeling that the fine traits of character of this people might have been praised more and the weaknesses emphasized less.

The chapters describing the mountain ranges give useful information that is not ordinarily included in books dealing with mountain life. The topography of these mountains, the flow of the streams, the direction of spurs, altitudes of various peaks, the trees and shrubs, all these constitute a valuable record.

The mode of hunting as described in the bear hunt is typical. Any one who has hunted bear in these mountains will recognize at once the experience of the author as being like his own. We miss, however, any description of the contests in which the mountaineer shoots for a prize. Such contests are common in eastern Kentucky, where a board, with a mark about an inch square, is set up at a certain distance. The various contestants shoot from "rest," and the man who hits the mark or comes nearest gets the "bar" of flour or the "side" of meat. It is needless to say that they shoot with deadly accuracy.

The author gives a very satisfactory analysis of the reason why the mountaineer believes that there is no harm in making "moonshine." This chapter, along with that on the blood-feud, represents the lawless life of the mountaineer. The reader, however, should not get the impression that every community makes "moonshine" or that every community has a feud. It is an unfortunate fact and well recognized by the mountain people themselves that the lawless conduct of a few oftentimes brings upon the whole community a reputation that it by no means deserves. The amount of unfair criticism and condemnation that has come to many mountain communities in this way is deplorable.

The home life of the mountain people is very fully and graphically described. True the people of the mountains are poor, but not all of them are slovenly. The author has

missed a very important fact in his description of these people. There has been a very effective force that for a generation has been working great changes among these people. The State had neglected these people for generations in everything except in the matter of taxes. The church took the initiative and went with the school into these mountains. By precept and by example these people were taught until one by one whole communities have been revolutionized. It is a mistake to suppose that these people are all poor and lazy and slovenly and dirty. This is not a fair representation of the case, neither do conditions in one particular section represent the whole region. The mountains are full of comfortable, clean, attractive homes with industrious youth, the fruit of the unrecognized and sacrificial toil of men and women. It is only right that this work should be mentioned.

The account of the dialect of these people is interesting. Many of the words and phrases referred to, however, are not confined to the mountain regions but used by the "backwoods" people of certain isolated sections. This kinship of dialect might offer an interesting study in ethnography.

The author traces the origin of these mountain people to the Scotch-Irish of Ulster. These Scotch-Irish came into Western Pennsylvania, where the Germans had already settled, and then pushed westward. Some settled in the valley of Virginia, others pushed on into the mountains and the most daring spirits crossed the mountains into the plains beyond. Thus a portion was stranded in these mountains and remained undiscovered practically until called out to take part in the Civil War. Then they relapsed again into silence and isolation. It remained for unselfish workers to rediscover them and attempt to share with them the benefits of civilization. In view of the recent interest that has been taken in these people this book is very timely. The author has done an excellent piece of work, and has put into readable form facts and figures of value. He has interspersed the account with short stories and snatches of conversation with these people that add zest and interest.

It is to be hoped that a book of this kind may have a most salutary effect and be the means of giving to the public fewer "mountain stories" that exploit the mountain people, and more faithful and accurate accounts of a people who, by no fault of their own, have been left behind in the progress of things to whom we owe a great debt, thus far unpaid.

JAMES H. TAYLOR.

Central Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C.
June 13, 1914.

We are glad to report steadily increasing sales of the articles representing the mountain-home crafts, such as baskets of many designs and colors, hand-carved trays, nut-bowls, book-racks, paper-cutters, feather fans of exquisite daintiness, rugs and bath mats, coverlets, portieres and embroidered cotton bed-spreads.

The dyes used in the preparation of these articles are from the indigo, giving various shades from dark to light, and the native roots, barks and herbs, such as hickory, black-oak, chestnut, peach leaves, onion hulls, and many other sources.

Duplicates of the White House weavings have been ordered for equipping summer bungalows and cottages, and quite an extensive mail order business has been developed through the exchange maintained at the rooms of the Association.

Perhaps the most popular articles have been the unusually beautiful white cotton bed-spreads with elaborate patterns in French knots or tufting, sometimes in indigo blue, sometimes all white, and finished with a deep hand-netted fringe around three sides. Special orders have been received for duplicates of these in linen with bolster-covers to match. Lovers of the unusual and the artistic find a treasure-trove in these truly exquisite articles of mountain workmanship which once were common to all parts of the country but which are no longer made elsewhere than in the mountains.

Extract from the Annual Report of the New York Auxiliary.

We report with sorrow the death of General Stewart L. Woodford, who was ever a friend of this organization and one of its Honorary Presidents.

As a Northern man of high distinction and strong influence during and since the war between the States, and allied with that political party which up to a very recent date regarded the claims of the Southern negro as far superior to the needs of the Southern poor whites, his early and hearty endorsement of us was of exceeding value to us and was an act which in itself manifested the broad vision and generous nature of the man.

The following resolutions were adopted upon his death:

Whereas, this Association learns with profound sorrow of the death of General Stewart L. Woodford, who since its organization was one of its Honorary Presidents, and

Whereas, during his long career as a man, a citizen, and public officer his purposeful character, his fine intellect and his generous nature which found a beautiful and convincing means of expression in his kindly manner and gifted speech, were such as to inspire affection, admiration and emulation, therefore be it

Resolved, that this Association will ever remember with gratitude his early interest in its work among the Mountaineers of the Southern States and his eloquent addresses indorsing this work when it was new and unknown, and desires to extend the heartfelt sympathy of this Association to his widow and daughter in their great sorrow.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and one spread upon the minutes of this Association.

All in a Day's Work.

The "fotched on" nurse, new to the mountain work, was returning mentally much refreshed from a ten-mile ride over the Ridge and along rocky creek beds, but her body was beginning to cry out for a warm bath and a comfortable bed when the call came to attend a sick baby.

A girl from four miles down the creek was waiting at the gate with a mule and a message from the parents of the sick child. "They told me if you wasn't 'yer to wait for ye or go till I found ye." Preparations did not take long, but as it was almost dark when they started, riding "double," a lantern and a box of matches were carried for emergency.

The mule was traveling steadily in response to the girl's command, "Pull on his bridle and he will pace," when suddenly there was a quick dodge and a crash of breaking glass as the nurse, feeling a sagging wire touch her shoulder, bent low in the saddle and muttered a warning, but not in time to keep the wire from switching the lantern out of the girl's hand.

That was the beginning of an exciting ride. Luckily the girl and the mule knew every step of the way, for the darkness was soon utter and complete. Down the steep banks of the creek they went and up again on the other side along the edge of cliffs where a misstep on the mule's part would have meant a tumble of thirty feet, under more low sagging wires, the silence broken only by the clatter of the mule's feet on the stones or the low voice of the girl—"Pull on the upper rein, we're along a steep bank," or "This is a safe place, pull up on the bridle so he'll pace," or "Go slow here, there's a wire down somewhere's along here," or "There's a 'bresh' down in the road here." No sooner said than the mule crashed through and over. The nurse looked at the "bresh" the next morning and it was a dead tree, six inches through, with all the branches on.

Numerous cabins were passed, but there were no signs of life anywhere until in the far distance were seen the lights which told of watchers beside a sick child.

The ten-months-old baby was almost in convulsions with pain. It had been "taken that morning with a spell of pukin' and runnin' off and hadn't had nary rest sense." Flannel and turpentine were soon procured and water heated, and in less than an hour the spasms of pain had abated. By midnight it was sleeping a little, so its damp clothing was changed and hot salt bags substituted for moist heat, but for hours it would sleep only a few minutes at a time, waking to cry for water which was boiled in a teaspoon and given a drachm at a time.

To be sure the child was nursed occasionally, but not as frequently as the mother wished, and it was rocked or rather jolted hour after hour on a hard chair, but by daylight it was ready to sleep quietly on the bed for half an hour at a time, and the nurse's further orders must have been carried out for at the end of a week it was reported by its father as being "rude and gaily."

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.

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.

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