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**Quarterly Magazine**

OF THE

**Southern Industrial Educational  
Association**

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# Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

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

Headquarters and Exchange for Mountain Crafts: Room 331,  
Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

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## A Mountain Father's Appeal.

A man has just walked in from — Creek, thirty miles away, to try to enter his seven children in our school. Two years ago he came, when their mother had been dead only six or eight months, but he would not leave the children because we had room for only one, and he said, "If I part 'em while they're leetle fellers, they won't have no feelin's fer each other when they're raised. I want ye to take 'em all or none. Hit was their mammy's last wish that I keep 'em together. I'll jest do fer 'em myself the best I kin, if you can't take 'em all."

To-day he brought an irresistible appeal, a picture of the seven, and his tale of how he has "keered" for them. Thirty-four years old, worn, stooped, toothless, he has made a gallant fight to raise his children right. He pointed to the children's clothes. "I've made 'em all," he said. "I couldn't hire nobody to sew fer 'em, so I jest made 'em everything they wear, myself. I've washed fer 'em, I've tended 'em, an' then I've gone out in the cornfield to work fer 'em. I've raised 'em as right as I know, but I cain't do fer 'em lak I ought.

"I get right sick with the pthysic, an' I've studied about what would happen to 'em if I was to be tuk off from 'em. When I have to go away from 'em to earn a leetle money, hit's sech a dread on me, les' they git burned up at night, s'posin' the house should ketch fire, an' leetle fellers allus so sleepy-headed at layin'-down time. Sometimes I'm afeard to go home."

"Why didn't you marry again," I asked, "so as to get help in raising your children?"

Tears came into his eyes. "Hit's best for leetle younguns to hev jest one mammy, an' s'posin' I'd thought to help 'em a-marryin' again, I might a got 'em in a mighty bad state."

"If we take the children, are you going to marry again?" said I.

"No'm, I'm done with marryin'. I jest want my younguns raised right, whilst I'm a-tryin' to make the money fer 'em."

"You see, we don't want children whose parents want to get rid of them," said I, "but those whose parents want them to have a good chance."

"Yes," he said, "I know. That's the reason I want 'em here. You want younguns whose parents has got diligence and with innards to raise 'em toward humanity. Yes, I'll pay ye all I can make fer 'em, ef ye'll jes' raise 'em right. I've raised em to work. I've worked myself. I begun when I was seven, an' I couldn't git much education. In my raisin'-up hit was one day in school and the next day out; one week in school an' the next week out. I want 'em to git a chance to make their livin's,—to *live*, an' not be bowed under lak I've been.

"No, they don't sw'ar, ner cuss; an' they hain't got no mean ways when they're in my sight. I've brought ye a recommendation from folks that met ye when ye come through — Creek five or six years ago.

We were moved with compassion for the seven "leetle fellers," from the "chunk of a girl jes' goin' on five" to the fifteen-year-old boy who has hoed corn all summer.

How could we resist those faces and the patient father who has done the best he "knowed"! We told him to bring them, all seven. An hour ago he started back on his long thirty miles to make the children ready. In ten days they will be here. Have you, like the father, the "innards to raise leetle fellers towards humanity"?

—*A Letter from a Mountain School.*

Among outside visitors to the office during the month have-been: Rev. Mr. Clark, Grundy, Va., Rev. J. J. Genthner, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., Miss May Stone, Hindman, Ky., and Rev. E. A. Bishop, Sevierville, Tenn.

### A Funeral in the Kentucky Mountains.

Word came to us at breakfast time, that Uncle Linn's daughter Polly died during the night, and Aunt Marthy was "taking on terrible"; an' the buryin' would be right away, as soon as the coffin was finished.

A heavy snow had fallen during the night, but we decided that we must go to see Uncle Linsey, and do what little we could to comfort Aunt Martha.

We reached the tiny little house about nine o'clock, but the sounds of tempestuous grief reached our ears long before we arrived. Six unkempt children crowded around a bed on which Polly lay. The sound of hammering and sawing, issuing from the tiny kitchen, where the coffin was being made, rose, mingling with the loud cries and wails of the mother and children.

The air was stifling, and to add to the confusion, the children grew quarrelsome.

Time dragged on, but still the coffin was unfinished. The black cloth was insufficient to cover the box, and someone must make the long journey to town for one yard more.

One of our number washed the poor, thin, little body, and combed the tangled, yellow locks.

The distraught mother broke into sobs anew, crying, "How sweet and purty she shore do look again," and it was with difficulty Polly was clothed in the customary shroud made from the only sheet in the house.

About two o'clock all was ready and the sad little procession climbed laboriously up the hill to the "pint" where the burying ground was, and poor little Polly was lowered into the ground. Just at this junction her father discovered that water was seeping into the opening. The body was raised again and carried down to the house, while a new grave was dug on a higher and drier spot.

We could wait no longer, so Polly, at sundown, was buried in her new grave, with no words of comfort read or said, no song sung to relieve those heavy hearts.

Several years later it was 'narated around "that Polly's funeral meetin'" was to be preached on the first Sunday in July. We started early in the morning again, but how different the day and how different our spirits. We arrived late, about nine o'clock, so the preaching had already begun. The creek for a half mile was lined on both sides with mules and wagons. Logs had been cut and rolled in a semicircle on the hillside, and a small platform erected near Polly's grave. Hundreds of men, women (in the inevitable black sunbonnet) and children, filled the space nearest the platform. The young folks stayed well in the back-ground, for this was the great courtin' time.

Brother Absalom preached on and on. His voice rose higher and higher, until it became a regular song, with "ah" coming after every other word. As he waxed more excited, and the day grew warmer, he paused to remove his coat. Then on his sing-song voice went. One sentence led to another, with no thought or reason. Another pause to remove his vest, and to call for a glass of water, then on again. No amount of mopping could stop the flow from his brow. Finally his voice lowered and he announced the next brother, who would lead in a hymn. As he lined it out, a rustle and stir went through the group, as they rose to sing, "A twelve-month more has rolled around since last we gathered here." A few voices rose, quavering to the old minor melody, but growing ever in volume, as he lined out the remaining twenty verses. After this brief respite, we seated ourselves to listen to the two brothers, who had yet to preach.

Late in the afternoon, as the shadows were falling, the "meetin' broke." Very few times during the day did the preachers remember that they were "funeralizing" for Polly. Many tears, quick to come to the surface, were shed, but soon dried away.

This custom survives the old days of the Circuit Riders, and funerals are postponed sometimes fifteen or twenty

years. Sometimes the grave house (built at first to prevent wild animals from molesting the graves) crumbles and decays, before the time comes for the funeral meeting. But sooner or later a preacher will announce that on a certain day, the following summer, a funeral will be held. The kin folk will gather in provisions for the feast, and friends will meet, to remember again, the virtues of the one long since gone, and the girls will have an opportunity to meet the boys from over the mountains, on the other creek. For is it not the great occasion of the year?

H. V. R.

The children of these isolated sections are as shy and timid as the creatures of the forest. Strangers never know how bright and resourceful they are and the worker must be on very friendly terms before she sees the real life of her people.

Child life in the mountains has its humorous as well as its pathetic side. The other day three little girls aged five, seven and nine, boasted of killing a huge copperhead snake. "We just had to kill it," they explained, "cause hit has been killin' our chickens. We called Charlie to help, but he wouldn't come so we had to kill it." "But," I said, "how could a little girl five years old help in such a dangerous battle?" "Oh," they replied, "she just packed (carried) the stones for us." They are perfectly fearless in their wild, free life.—*The Mission Quarterly*.

The new Field Secretary, Miss Cora Neal, has been studying her field work and making plans for an active campaign during the coming months. She has spoken before numerous patriotic and church societies and by her enthusiasm and by her familiarity with mountain conditions won many new friends to the Association.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

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DECEMBER, 1916

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 Extension Workers.

The more the conditions and needs of the mountain people are studied the more certain does it seem that the greatest source of help is the extension worker who carefully considers the problems presented in each home that she visits and who gives of her resources as each home offers its special needs. In one home she shows a youth how to mend a broken window or sagging door-sill, in another she teaches the daughter to wash the dishes carefully and clean, again she shows the mother how to give the baby a daily bath or to prepare a nourishing dish for an invalid, or she explains to the father that the family health would be better for an increased diet and encourages him to plant other kinds of vegetables in addition to the staple corn. The mountain home-visitor is in a very real sense a "jack at all trades," instructing along many diverse lines and inspiring those whom she visits with a desire for better conditions, arousing courage, hope and enthusiasm. One writer has summed the needs of the mountain region as follows. "Cleanliness in every sense of the word; preventive and efficient health work; better diet, more chickens, more eggs, more vegetables; training in home making; a well directed social life." These are some of the lines along which the extension worker directs her activities, with surprising results.

The Association has two such workers in the field and is eager to place more as soon as salaries can be secured. Can you not help us!

## Some of the Needs in the Mountains.

The principal need of our Southern Highlands is social workers. Someone who can go into the home and teach the adult housewife or daughter things domestic, as they know nothing of economy, hygiene, sanitation, etc., etc. It has been my observation that they are ready enough to learn, in fact, often anxious to gain knowledge when there is one who is willing and whose business it is to impart this knowledge.

Much tact is required as our Southern Highlanders are very sensitive and suspicious but the proper kind of social workers would find a most fertile field.

Often the sick are neglected not because of any unwillingness to do on the part of the attendants but because of the lack of knowledge of such things, indeed I have seen patients injured by their too solicitous attendants. In such cases think of what might be accomplished by an earnest social worker.

Few of these people know anything of preparing palatable food and frequently their sick suffer for the need of it and especially when convalescent.

—*The Southern Highlands.*

It is to meet just such needs as are described in this statement written by a member of the Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, that this Association is sending out extension workers to visit the homes of the people. The following report by one of these extension workers covering a period of about nine months shows what great results can be accomplished by a woman of tact and sympathetic understanding.

### Nine Months of Extension Work.

1845 miles traveled.

546 homes visited.

97 girls worked with.

1027 cans and jars canned by club girls.

126 cans canned in other homes.

The little girl who won the garden prize raised 32 bushels on her tenth acre. When I went with her in the spring to mark off her plot, she told me just as we started that "hit (the plot) was on a-right sunny bench and in new ground, and she knowed hit couldn't help but grow." We followed a small branch up a hollow almost to its head, then straight up the mountain side we went and the day being rather warm I concluded before we got up there and back to the house that "hit" was also "a right" long distance. This child worked her plot five times.

The girl who received the canning prize canned 351 quarts of fruits and vegetables. She is the youngest of a large family and before this her old mother had done what canning there had been done, but this year she let her daughter have charge of this part of her work and I think she did well.

I had 85 girls enrolled in sewing clubs. There were 68 who went through with the work. Seventy-six sewing bags and 164 garments were made by these girls and all seem eager to begin their work again in February. Three of my most interesting sewing clubs I hope to organize into welfare clubs in the spring. I will have these girls make sheets and pillow slips. They will help me keep in touch and visit with me the sick of their neighborhood, and to any who need them we will loan these sheets and pillow slips.

This is all very interesting but the most interesting part of my work is the home visiting. I wish you could have been with me when I visited a little log cabin home. I had been told by some of my mountain friends I would find a sick baby there who needed my help. I found not only a

sick baby, but also a very sick mother. She was sitting before a big fire with the sick child on her lap and three little ones playing about her chair. When I asked her about herself she told me this "least young un" was one of eight and the last four she had brought into the world without any medical aid. She said, "I knowed I haint aiming to git well, I'm jest in so much misery I done give up." When I remonstrated with her for being up and about, she pressed the little mite in her arms to her breast and with tears in her eyes said, "I couldn't help hit, I reckon I'll be a-doin for hit till the last." There was no resenting or questioning the ways of our Creator; just the spirit of a true brave soldier who had fought this life's battle as best she could. All things being against her what else could she do, but give up.

When I think of all the work there is to be done I feel that I have accomplished little, though I have done my best; and I wish to thank you for the interest you have taken in all that I have tried to do, and for the opportunity you are giving me to help our mountain people.

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The Annual Bazaar was held in the rooms of the Association, 329 and 331, Southern Building, during the week of December 4-9.

The walls were hung with the old-time blue and white "kivers," knotted and tufted bed spreads, and the hand-woven "countypins," making a most attractive decoration. The mountain baskets, which were unusually pretty this year, were filled with roses and carnations sent from the White House by our Honorary President, Miss Margaret Wilson, and added not a little to the beauty of the exhibit.

The mechanical toys, made by the mountain boys in The Tryon School of Wood-Carving and Toy-Making in Tryon, North Carolina, attracted much attention and found a ready market, a grandchild of the President being the recipi-

ent of a fascinating set of hen and chickens fastened on springs causing them to nod at the slightest effort.

The Bazaar was a great success financially, nearly a thousand dollars being remitted to the mountain workers. The checks were sent off each day and many a heart was made happy and many a burden lightened in a cabin home, way back in the mountains.

#### A Mountain Silhouette.

We were sitting at sunset-time on the porch of a valley house beside Jonathan, listening to the sputtering of frying chicken inside, stretching our legs luxuriously after the day-long cramp of the saddle. Down by the little store at the ford of the "branch" some boys were laughing noisily.

The creaking gate banged. Across the grass came a rosy-faced girl, eyes sparkling, full breast heaving, fists clenched. Her shoes were broken and dusty on strong feet accustomed to go bare; her skirt ragged, her baggy brown blouse torn and slimy, but her figure gave them grace. "You-uns tell 'em boys to quit h'rassin' me," she cried resentfully, tears of anger, not fear, in her eyes. Slumping into a chair, she forgot her rage and looked us over with a curious, shy smile that curved her lips downward and ended in drooped eyes and a burning blush. "I'm Hendy Caps. You-uns tell me whar Clyde Caps lives. He's kin o' mine. I'm expected to 'im." She sighed. "Them boys was storyin' me 'bout him livin' here. Mebbe—" but she was too proud to ask for hospitality. "Is hit far?"

"Where do you live?" we asked.

"Done don' live nowhar. We couldn't set a home when our mother died. Las' winter I served old man Eldridge. He made me go barefoot in the snow. I'm tryin' to behave myself. Takes that to get through the world, don' hit?" She raised her eyes, smiled her quick, shy smile again, and blushed. Some one laughed in the dusk by the gate. "H'yar you—!" She sprang from the chair like a cat, and from

her pretty mouth let fly an astounding stream of mountain profanity. Our hostess dropped the frying chicken and came running. "I won't hev no sech low-down words 'roun' my children," she cried angrily "Y' better move right along up the cove to fin' y'r kin. Clyde Caps 'll be milkin' 'long the branch."

"I'm plumb tired," said the girl, looking wistfully at the table setting for supper inside. She tossed her head defiantly. "But Clyde Caps is kin o' mine. He oughter take me in. I reckon I'll be droppin' 'roun' for a little call thar this evenin'." She smiled her drooping smile, lowered her eyes, flushed, picked up her battered satchel, and swung off into the dusk of the forest.

"Top o' Smoky," by HENRY S. CANBY,  
*Harper's Magazine*, March, 1916.

One of the beautiful knotted spreads made by the mountain women, in the Snowball pattern, was purchased during the Bazaar, by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, to complete the furnishing of the Mountain-Room, at the White House, and one, called The Doves, was bought by John Fox, Jr., to be sent to his mother at Big Stone Gap, for a Christmas gift. Many of the Washington ladies have recognized the charm of these spreads and have become generous patrons of the permanent exchange.

#### A Recent Book on the Mountains.

Arthur A. Spalding, in a recent book entitled, "The Men of the Mountains," has given a comprehensive and helpful account of the history of the mountaineers, beginning with the days of the first explorers and pioneers of two centuries ago. He reviews the valiant services rendered by these people in great vicissitudes of the nation's development and presents the reasons for the failure of their de-

scendants to keep up with the advance that has characterized the rest of the country. The present needs of the mountain people are set forth as well as the overwhelming necessity for immediate help to bring them out of their pioneer conditions of living and to prepare them to meet the problems that confront them as railroads are penetrating their secluded fastnesses and forcing, too rapidly perhaps, modern conditions of life and activity upon them. After a brief review of the various agencies at work to meet these needs, Mr. Spalding dwells in detail upon the very practical and efficient methods by which the Seventh-day Adventists are overcoming the present conditions by means of the medical missionary, the nurse and the industrial settlement school.

Dr. P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, heartily commends the book in a four-page introduction to all who are interested in the problem of the southern highlands and the methods for their solution.

The book contains 320 pages and is abundantly illustrated. It may be obtained from the Southern Publishing Association, Nashville, Tennessee, cloth bound \$1.50 or paper covers at 75 cents.

Subscriptions are:

- \$1.00 a year for a Member.
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- \$100.00 will place a child for eight months in one of the better-equipped, remote settlement schools.
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- \$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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