town; that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself.—*Edwin Osgood Grover.*

Why the Mountain Ballads Should be Preserved.

The English and Scottish popular ballads helped to mold the character of the men and women who made up the larger part of the Colonial population of this country. For generations these ballads of the lowlands and highlands of England and Scotland were sung along the Atlantic coast and in the valleys of the Appalachian Mountains. The descendants of English, Irish, and Scotch-Irish colonists took many of them with them on their march across the continent, and the ballads were familiar in childhood to millions of men and women whose children have never heard them. Before the march of the public school, the public library, urban civilization, and modern industrial and commercial life, they have vanished like the fresh, cool mists of the morning before the heat of the sun, but they still have their value, and we should not permit them to be lost out of our life. The Nation will be the poorer if we do.

P. P. CLAXTON, *Commissioner of Education.*

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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OF THE

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THE MOST KNOWINGEST CHILD

By LUCY FURMAN

ON THE opening day of school, Christine Potter, the new intermediate assistant, was surprised to see among the many grown-up pupils in the seventh grade of the Settlement School on Perilous a small girl who appeared to be not more than eight years old. Inquiry of the thin, bright-eyed creature elicited the facts that she was Lowizy Rideout, eleven years old, from up Nancy's Perilous. When the child rose at recess, she limped from a shortening of one leg; then and at the noon hour she was the center of an interested group, to whom she appeared to be relating stories, and after school she rode away on an old blind nag with three or four younger Rideouts behind her.

Before two days passed, Lowizy's voracious appetite for every sort of knowledge, and her instant assimilation of it, her intuitive comprehension of a thing almost before it was spoken, and her ecstatic joy in learning, became sources of amazement to the new teacher. When a little later she heard from the trained nurse that Lowizy had always suffered from tuberculosis of the bones, she understood better; for she knew of the precocity of tuberculous children, and the still more astonishing fact that it is often in these feeble, perishing lamps that the splendid fire of genius is found to burn.

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After the completion of her college course and a year of European travel, Christine, young, fortunate, blessed in every way, had been advised by her sensible father to do something for a while that would bring her "up against life,"—he himself had come up against it pretty thoroughly in his young days,—and she had offered to give her services for a year to the Settlement School on Perilous.

The days were so full and the teachers in the Settlement School did so much besides teach, that it was several weeks before Christine could visit Lowizy's home. But one Saturday she walked the three miles up Perilous Creek and the mile farther up Nancy's Perilous.

A small, mild-faced woman, holding a fretting baby, came to the door of the two-room loghouse.

"I allow you're Lowizy's teacher she brags on such a sight," she said. "Take a cheer. Lowizy is up the branch a piece, holding her school she allus teaches of a Saturday and Sunday. She will be heart broke' to miss you."

"Lowizy is a great favorite of mine and a very remarkable child," said Christine.

"That she is now, woman, for a fact," Mrs. Rideout agreed; "I'll bound you she 's the most knowingest child that ever rid down Perilous or ary other creek. 'Peared like she were marked for l'arning from the start. Before she could talk plain it would be, 'Maw, I'm a-fixing for to be a scholar, I am.' 'Maw, I aim to git me a big grain of l'arning some day.' Where she got the notion I never could make out, me 'n' her

paw never having had no chance at schooling. When she were four, the strange women come in with their school, and folks begun to norate about it, and her constant talk was, 'Maw, Pappy, I'm a-going to the fotch-on women's school, where I can l'arn me a whole bushel.' Me 'n' her paw would laugh at such a leetle scrap a-talking so biggotty,—she were allus puny and pindling from them risings in her bones,—and we never paid no rael attention to her axing to be tuck to school. So one day when she had just turned five, what did she do but light out without a word, and walk them four long mile' to school on that leetle leg that were shortened from a rising in her hip-j'int, and tell the women, 'Women, I am here for to get me some l'arning.' And when we were skeered stiff about her, and her pappy follered her trail, there she were, as big as life, setting up a-studying on her a-b-c's. David he says to me that night, ''T ain't no use a-talking, Cory, that 'ere little Lowizy is a borned scholar, and craves l'arning same as t' other babes their mother's milk. Soon as I can trade around for a' old, safe nag,' he says, 'she 's a-going to git her fill.' And 't wa'n't long before she were traveling back and forth to the women's school. And in spite of being kep' at home all winter,—for I don't never let her put her nose outside the house then for fear of the cold air,—she went through the primer and first reader that year a-whooping, and even then it were a sight to hear her reel off figgers.

"Next school, when she tuck a start on the second reader, she says to David and me, 'Pappy and Maw,' she says, 'I hain't noways happy over gittin' all this here wonderly l'arning all by myself; I crave for you all to have some, too. I aim to teach you l'arning of a night.' Never having had no sooner chance, I were only too

glad and willing; but her paw, man-like, naturely balked at being teached by a leetle splinter like her. But Lowizy she would n't take no deny. 'Pappy,' she would say positive', 'you know you hain't never going to l'arn no younger, and you know you need it. Now you fix your mind stiddy on them 'ere letters, and first thing you know you 'll be reading good as me.' And, of course, he could n't hold out ag'in her. She would wrastle with him and me of nights by pine-knot light, and as t' other young uns got sizable enough, she would take them behind her to school, and teach 'em coming back and forth on the nag.

"But she never stopped at me 'n' David and our offsprings. Far from it. 'Peared like she were such a pure teacher she were possessed to reach out to all that sot in darkness. Up this branch here, though it hain't six mile' long, is just scores of feisty, drinkin', cussin' young uns that never so much as glimped the light of knowledge, let alone set constant in school house rays, and they begun to lay heavy on Lowizy's mind. 'Maw,' she would say, 'hain't it scandalous for them young uns not to have no show on earth but to grow up ign'ant and mean? somebody ought to be a-teaching 'em something. Maw, I feel like I ought to.' And before I knowed it, here she had the whole biling—several dozen head'—rounded up of a Saturday and Sunday a-l'arning 'em books and civility and God fearingness. Going on five year' now she's kep' it up. When the elements is favorable, she holds school a piece up the branch, under a big beech; when there is falling weather or in winter, when she is shet in the house, they come down here and set around on the floor, to be teached. It 's hard to git about the house for 'em; but, law! t' hain't nothing I

would n't put up with for little Lowizy. Seems like me 'n' her pappy is both purely silly about her. If she were just strong and well we would n't have nothing left to desire.

"I suppose you do all you can to build up her health?"

"My Lord! yes. It's my eendless endeavor; there hain't no manner of yarbs or charms we hain't tried on her, and once David he rid plumb to the railroad to git a bottle of physic we had heared tell of. And from November to Aprile I reckon she hain't off my mind a minute, I'm that busy keeping so much as a breath of air from gittin' to her. Of a summer she pyeertens up a right smart; but come winter she allus goes down with her risings and a dry cough, and I know I got to be keerful."

"Have you talked with our nurse at the school about her?"

"Yes, indeed; and when she told me to feed her up on milk, David he got a' extry cow; when she said make her a bed to herself, so 's t' other young uns would n't wallow over her, David he done it; and another time when the nurse woman were here she says: 'I see you hain't got no windows in your house, Mrs. Rideout, and Lowizy needs planty of sunshine. We have just brung on a wagon load of small glass windows, which we are willing to trade off for victuals, and I advise you to git one' and straightway I picked me three poke' of beans and tuck 'em in to the school women, and fotch back that fine glass window yander, and David he hewed a hole in the logs, and sot it in, and made a shelf under it where she could lay her books she sets such store by."

Christine's eyes followed Mrs. Rideout's over to Lowizy's corner, to the small, handmade 'stead, with its fat feather-bed, patch-work quilt, and dark-blue calico pillow slips, to match the two large beds in the room, and to the "fine glass window," the shelf, and books, and the small chair at its foot.

"Was there nothing else the nurse told you to do for her? " inquired Christine.

Mrs. Rideout's small face darkened. She answered slowly at last:

"She did that. She actually told me to turn the cold air and the night air in on little Lowizy." She shuddered strongly. "Which God knows I will never do while in my right mind, and I told her as much. 'You brought-on women,' I says to her, 'has a sight of l'arning, which nobody respects more than me in gineral; but when your notions flies pint blank in the face of all experience and reason, right there I part company with you. For countless ginerations, and time out of mind,' I says, 'folks has knowed that cold air were dangerous and night air pure pizen; and I would die a hundred deaths before I would turn it in on little Lowizy!' And after while, seeing I were determined, she let me alone."

"But, Mrs. Rideout," remonstrated Christine, "the nurse knows what is best; she knows that all over the world today people are being cured of tuberculosis by living out-of-doors."

"That may or may not be,—of doings out in the world I know little,—but I know I hain't willing to run the risk with little Lowizy." The small, mild face was rigidly, unalterably set; there was absolute finality in the tone.

After pondering fruitlessly for a while. Christine rose.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Rideout, "if you had time, you might go up to Lowizy's school. She'd be turrible proud to see you. 'T ain't two mile'. Come go up!"

With the heavy baby on one arm, she led the way up the beautiful, rocky branch until they came upon a sight Christine never forgot. On a slope, under a great beech, forty-odd children sat in rows on the ground, all with eyes intent upon the small figure that stood, stick in hand, pointing to an improvised blackboard. This was nothing else than a great, square slab of coal, propped against a stump. On its smooth surface, done in chalk, was a simple sum in addition, which Lowizy was earnestly explaining.

The pupils were unkempt and wore scanty garments. They may have been "feisty," as Mrs. Rideout declared, but there was not a stolid face in the lot; all were eager and interested. Even after they caught sight of the approaching visitors they remained attentive until the small teacher finished her explanation.

Despite Lowizy's delighted welcome and pressing invitation to spend the day and night, Christine soon departed, and on her arrival at the Settlement School had a talk with the trained nurse.

"Mrs. Rideout's horror of fresh air," said Miss Shippen at the end, "is one of those age-old, bred-in-the-bone prejudices that meet us like stone walls at almost every turn in our work, and that no earthly power can prevail against. How the child has survived this long is a mira-

cle; for five months of every year she is shut up in that room, from which every breath of air is excluded. Every winter she almost dies. We have done everything in our power to persuade her mother to let us take Lowizy to live in the school, but she always refuses, because she says she knows we will turn the cold air in on Lowizy. The case is hopeless."

Christine's youth and optimism would not let her believe this; still she looked forward with dread to what the winter might bring to Lowizy, who daily became dearer to her.

The autumn was a late one and unusally fine; but by mid-November the younger Rideouts began to come to school without Lowizy. "Maw's afeared of the cold air for her," they explained, and two weeks later they brought the news that Lowizy was down with another "rising."

Christine hurried to see the child. She lay on her small bed in her linsey dress; doors and window were closed tight; every chink between the logs was stopped with paper or rags; there was a roaring fire on the hearth, and the room steamed with heat.

"It is such a beautiful, bright day out," Christine ventured at last, "let me wrap Lowizy in blankets and take her out in the sunshine awhile."

Lowizy looked pleadingly at her mother; but Mrs. Rideout closed her lips tightly.

"It would be the death of her," she said.

When at last Christine, sad at heart, started away, Mrs. Rideout, baby on arm, followed her out.

"Lowizy she pines a sight for school," she said, "but while she's in, she's getting in good licks on me 'n' her paw's education. She's got him nigh through his tables, and me all but reading Scripture. And she has a whole passel of them feisty young uns in here every day a-l'arning. And atter they go, she lays and draws up her plans for the big school she aims to start up when she's a woman. 'Maw,' she says to me last night when her rising hurted her too bad to sleep, 'I can't noways git off my mind all the young uns in these parts that hain't got the ghost of a show. There's going on a hunderd up our branch, and there's thousands more branches as full as ourn of chillens, and nary one able to tell "a" from "ab," or grow up any way but drinking and cussing and shooting. I am just ha'nted by the thoughts of 'em,' she says."

Then Christine made a determined effort. She sat down and wrote her father about little Lowizy, and got his immediate permission to spend as many hundreds or thousands as might be necessary for the child's restoration to health; then she procured leave of absence from the school, and even engaged a wagon to make the trip to the railroad. Last of all, she laid her plan before Mrs. Rideout. She herself would take Lowizy out of the mountains to a fine hospital in the "level country," where the child would receive the most skilled, up-to-date treatment, and be made well. Mrs. Rideout listened coldly, and with a suspicious gleam in her eye.

"Can you insure me," she asked slowly at last, "that they won't turn the cold air or the night air in on Lowizy?"

Behind Christine were nine generations of New England consciences. She essayed to speak, then hesitated, choked, and flushed deeply.

"I—I could not make any promises about that," she said at last.

"Then Lowizy don't go from under my roof," replied Mrs. Rideout, firmly; and Christine realized with a sinking heart that she was indeed "up against life."

During the following weeks she went to see Lowizy as often as possible. Each time the bright eyes were brighter, the cheeks more wasted and flushed, the cough was more insistent, and Lowizy, according to herself and her mother, "lots better." Twice the room was full of bursting "feisty young uns" at their lessons, and the air unbreathable.

From one of these visits in December Mrs. Rideout followed her out.

"Lowizy is mending fast," she said. "I allow you can see it."

'I cannot see it," replied Christine; "I should say she was losing rapidly."

"Oh, no; she is a sight stronger than she has been some winters," said Mrs. Rideout, "and got more ambition than ever. It's a pure wonder to hear her plan the schools she aims to run when she's growd-up. She declares now one won't be a patching, and she's got to start anyhow a dozen. 'Pears like she p'int'ly can't wait to get at it. She'll start awake of a night and holler out:

'Them young uns is in a hurry, and wants their l'arning quick right now. They keep a-calling me, "Give us l'arning, Lowizy! give us l'arning! Git up from there and teach us quick!" they keep a-hollering at me. I ought to be out of this bed a-starting up them schools.' "

On Christmas eve Christine brought up a tree and all the trimmings and set it up in Lowizy's room. There were gifts not only for Lowizy and the Rideouts, but for every one of the feisty young uns up the branch, not one of whom had ever heard of Christmas before except as a time to get particularly drunk in. Lowizy, almost too weak to speak, was ecstatically happy in their happiness.

In the early morning of the day before New Year, David Rideout rode in with frightened eyes to beg the nurse and Christine to come at once. When they arrived through the snow, the room was crowded with neighbors and children, and Lowizy was delirious, and muttering continually. And the burden of her talk was: "Maw, they 're a-calling me constant', them young uns is—all the young uns in this mountain country, acres of 'em, miles of 'em, as far as I can see, they 're *all* a-hollering at me, 'Give us l'arning, Lowizy! We 're a-starving for it. There hain't nobody but you to teach us, and there you air a-laying up in bed when we need you so bad. Git up and give us l'arning, Lowizy, quick!' Maw, I got to git up. Help me up, Pappy, quick, so's I can sort of pacify 'em and maybe l'arn 'em a few lessons. Yes, I'm a-coming, chillens. Don't git out of heart. I'm bound I *will* come." A few moments later, in her feeble, agonized struggles to rise and serve, little Lowizy passed out of this life.

After Miss Shippen had washed the little body and combed the pretty hair, she was obliged to return to a sick child in the school hospital.

"Put them to work on the coffin and shroud as soon as you can," she whispered to Christine on leaving.

The grief of the parents was terrible in its dumbness. Evidently, in all their imaginings, this had never been anticipated. David sat motionless by the fire, with a look in his eyes of an ox that has just received its death-blow; Cory, with arms thrown across the lifeless body, crouched by the bed as still as the dead; neighbors and children stood huddled in motionless groups. Christine had seen grief before, but never grief like this.

After what seemed hours of acutely painful silence, she went to David, and laid a trembling hand on his arm.

"Is anybody making the coffin?" she asked. In a dazed, stricken way he rose, and, followed by two other men, went out. Soon she heard the noise of sawing in the yard.

Then she bent over Cory.

"Is there a white dress of any kind to put on Lowizy?" she asked gently.

Cory slowly lifted her head and gazed about. Then she broke into a heart-piercing wail.

"A dress for little Lowizy!" she cried. "Oh, little Lowizy won't never need nary dress ag'in. A shroud

is what she calls for now. Go bring a shroud for little Lowizy, a pretty shroud, a fine shroud, for the likes of her; for she was the most knowingest and l'arnedest child that ever drawed the breath of life. A shroud of bleached factory let it be, with the best of lace for trimming. For little Lowizy is gone—gone. She that was the light of our eyes and the pride of our hearts has left her pappy and her maw and this lonesome world and all the young uns she loved so well for to teach. Yes, all you thousands of little feisty, ign'ant, drinking, cussing, shooting young uns in these parts, say your far'well now to all hope; for little Lowizy, the onliest one that ever thought on you or keered about you is plumb gone away. She never wanted to go and leave you, but, oh, she had to. Nothing could n't save her—not the best love her maw and pappy could give her, not all the trouble to keep the cold air from blowin' on her, or all harm from techin' her. Oh, buy a fine shroud, a right shroud, a pretty shroud, to lay away in!"

Words and tears crowded thick and fast now to Cory's relief, the neighbor women joined in with their lamentations, and dozens of children added the shrill chorus of their voices.

Christine hurried out, caught the blind nag, and rode down to a store she remembered on Perilous, where she purchased some coarse white muslin and cheap cotton lace, the best to be had.

"And I allow you'll want a pair of new shoes, and some black calico to kiver the coffin and onbleached factory to line it," said the storekeeper, sympathetically.

"I—I suppose so," she faltered.

"That was the pyeertest young un ever I seed," he said with a sigh as he measured off the calico. "I judge that in her going a shining light went out for this country."

On Christine's return, minute directions were wailed out by Cory for the making of the shroud.

"It must be long to her feet, and full, with a ruffle round the bottom, and the edge notched pretty, not hemmed, and the lace gathered full at neck and sleeves. And she must have a cap for her head, with two ruffles edged with lace. Oh, it must be all pretty for little Lowizy!"

After dark the little, weightless body was laid in the small, black coffin, and family, neighbors, and teacher sat down on beds, chairs, and floor to watch. Not one of the feisty young uns would depart.

In the early morning Cory laid Lowizy's books in the little, still arms, and tucked them around the sides of the coffin.

"I don't want her to miss none of her pretties," she said, and the black lid was nailed on. It was then that Cory remembered something else. "Oh, I forgot the ribbin for the bows," she wailed. "I was fixing to lay little Lowizy away without no bows to beautify her coffin! Oh, git me some pretty ribbin. Pink and purple was her favor-rite colors. Buy enough for four pink and four purple."

On her way to the store again, Christine met a boy from the school with a prayer-book and a note from the nurse.

"There will, of course, be no service at Lowizy's burying. A year or two hence there will be an 'occasion,' and she will be properly 'funeralized' over. You may wish to read the burial service, as I often do."

After the bright bows were nailed to the lid, the procession formed, David and three other men bearing the coffin across two poles, and the women and children following up the mountain shoulder to the burying-ground, where a number of grave-houses stood up out of the snow.

Above the open grave Christine, thinking upon the life of little Lowizy, burning bravely here in its perishing vessel, shining brightly and joyously for dwellers in darkness, smiled even through her tears. The end here for such as little Lowizy? Impossible. The end here, even for her work and her dreams? No; it should not be. Then and there the young teacher solemnly took upon her own shoulders the dead child's fallen mantle, and vowed to devote all her strength and power to the help and uplift of the "ign'ant, feisty young uns" Lowizy had carried so long upon her heart.

Therefore it was with a sense of humble consecration, of tender assurance, unknown before, that she opened the book and read aloud those ever-blessed words:

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

of the

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

Courts and Bar Pay Honor to Judge Shepard

On April 28, 1917, Judge Seth Shepard, who has been the honored and revered President of this Association since its beginning, retired from the Bench of the Court of Appeals which he had occupied for nearly twenty-five years, and of which he was Chief Justice for ten years.

In honor of the retiring Chief Justice the Judges of the Courts of the District and a large number of the members of the Bar, together with many friends, were present at a special session of the Court of Appeals when exercises suitable to the occasion were held.

Addresses were made by the President of the Bar Association, by the Commissioner of Patents, by Associate Justice Robb, of the Court of Appeals, and by Mr. Leigh Robinson, Representative of the Bar and the Bar Association of the District of Columbia.

On behalf of several hundred members of the Bar of the District of Columbia, Mr. Robinson presented the retiring Chief Justice with a handsome solid silver tea and after dinner coffee service. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Robinson, who is one of the Trustees of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, said: "Nothing finer can be said of any man than that he has worthily discharged the office of Judge. To say that in treading the path of difficult duty you committed no errors, made no mistakes, were a speech of adulation which no man could esteem less highly than yourself. But the action of our Bar today is their attestation that you have zealously striven to maintain the high tradition of your office; have sedulously sought to hold with even hand the scales in meting out the great rules of right conduct between man and man. * * *

"In the heart of each one who has served under you, whether as clerk of this court, as private secretary or in any other subordination, you have reigned with the sway a sovereign might envy.

"In now retiring from the Bench you will leave behind you a memory of grace. You will carry with you 'that which should accompany old age, As honor, love, obedience, and hosts of friends.'"

The American Association of Patent Lawyers gave, as an expression of its esteem, a beautiful Swiss watch and chain.

The work of the Exchange has far-reaching results for the receipts of the sales go for the most part to the mountain workers who have never before been able to use their knowledge for their own pecuniary advantage. In many a home the children are clothed, necessities are supplied, and all the conditions of living improved by the ready money received from the sales of the weavings and the baskets.

During the months of July, August and September the Washington office will be closed, but the business of the Association will be continued by the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. S. Stone, who will, as heretofore, carry on the work of the Exchange while on her vacation in New England. By this means hundreds of people from all over the country become acquainted for the first time with the articles that are distinctively of mountain workmanship, and a demand for them is created that continues steadily through the year.

Any mail received at the Washington office will be forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary during her absence.

The Field Secretary, Miss Cora D. Neal, was called recently to her home in Rome, Ga., by the death of her father. Miss Neal will be absent for a part of the summer on a northern trip to fulfill engagements for talks illustrated with lantern slides showing mountain conditions and needs, and in every way will try to spread knowledge of the work.

Miss Dorothy Deeble, who has been at Hindman Settlement School for a year in charge of the Fireside Industries, has returned to Washington. Miss Deeble, who gave her services to the school, proved a most efficient and successful helper and will be greatly missed. Miss Helen Rue will return to Hindman to take Miss Deeble's place.

We are sorry to report the continued ill health of Miss Lucy Furman, who by her stories as well as by her personal services, has been of invaluable aid to the school at Hindman.

BENEFIT OF THE EXCHANGE OF THE MOUNTAIN WOMEN

One of the most important points brought out in the annual report as published in the March QUARTERLY, was the remarkable increase in the sales made in the exchange which the Association has maintained for the products of the mountain workers. The articles sold were mainly knotted spreads and baskets and the increased demand for them is due in the main to two reasons—first, the marked improvement in the quality of the workmanship, and second, the great publicity that has been given to these articles by the efforts of the secretary in placing them in hotels, tea houses, studios and other places visited by the summer travelers. Through the persistent efforts of the secretary, in co-operation with one of the field welfare workers the standards of the work have been much improved and the mountain women have learned the value of exact, neat and honest workmanship.

The following letter from a mountain woman to the Secretary of the Exchange is a striking proof of what may be done to lead these workers to an appreciation of the value of superior workmanship. The first work received from this woman was of inferior quality, but it improved steadily after she was taught to understand that only carefully-made articles were salable:

My Dear Mrs. Stone:

i am sending you a pare of the bird spreads and a pare of blue bells hope you will like them. i am sending you a little pillow cover hope it wont be any insult to you i wod love to send you a better presant and will if i live to make it for you have bin so much help to me and my children and i sertenly thank you for it and i