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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: 1228 Con-  
necticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## THE LOST SHEEP.

### How a Quilt Pattern Received Its Name.

Sobbing out her heart in a tired droning rhythm, a little child is huddled up by the big stone fire place. It is very cold and the broken window pane is poor protection against the cutting wind. Now and then someone comes in and the wind bursts boisterously through the door into the tiny house swirling everything about and fanning the flames in the fire place, while the newcomer makes his way to the fire, stamping his feet and rubbing his hands.

Outside the trees are hung with icicles, each little twig encased in glittering crystal. The tall weeds are bearing aloft diamond pendants, the mullen stalk itself a straight shaft of shimmering light. Up the steep fields and on the overhanging cliffs everything is borne down under the weight of its sparkling beauty, while frozen waterfalls cling to the side of the cliffs, lending a touch of yellow to the otherwise radiant whiteness of the brilliancy all around—yellow from the clay that has washed into the trickling water, now clinging frozen to the rocks. A wonderful fairyland of a world it seems, yet it means so much of destruction. The child huddled by the fire can not see its beauty for destruction has come too near to her heart, and she sobs on.

The sleet swept over the mountain side and caught the dumb creatures wherever they were. Most of them found shelter or crowded together to protect one another from the biting gale. The rushing wind, with its needles of ice, found a little handful of sheep, frightening them so that they could not reach the brush shelter waiting for them just down in a hollow. With backs to the oncoming gale they stood shivering, their thick wool scanty protection against the fierce onslaught of the cutting storm that froze on them even as it reached them. Further up on the mountain one of the flock, the child's pet, had wandered off alone and in the blinding

15

storm could neither find its companions nor the rude sheltering brush. In the early morning when the mountaineer had gone forth to see what damage had been done by the storm, he found this lost sheep frozen stiff in death lying off alone and brought it down to the cabin. There is no beauty in the outside world to this lonely child of the hill country, for she sees only her frozen playmate and grieves its loss, refusing to be comforted.

On the other side of the big roaring fire the mother has finished a quilt top. The pieces are all together six diamonds, three of each color, with their points coming together in the centers of the big triangles that make up the quilt, and at each corner of the triangles the piece that would complete the six of the same color in the center. Long tedious hours have flown by with the joy she has had in piecing the quilt, until now it is ready to go into the frames hanging from the low ceiling and be quilted for use. The back, the filling, the top are all fastened to the bars with the child's help who, in her new interest has grown more quiet, altho now and then a sob shakes her little body.

As she stands looking at the quilt she bursts into weeping afresh and pointing to the little colored bit of cloth that seems to have wandered away from the central figure in each triangular piece she sobs forth "Maw, that thar is my little sheep what wandered off by hitself; make a bresh right handy so hit won't freeze." The child's imagery finds a response in the woman's heart, and deftly she quilts in the plain part a figure like the six diamonds with their points coming together in the center—a "bresh right handy" for the little lost sheep to find. The quaint piecing has found its name, suggested by the quilting the child begged for.

When the next neighbor comes in to "set a spell" while she is telling of the damage the sleet storm did to her own treasured few belongings, she will "take off" the pattern of "The Lost Sheep" quilt.

ADA G. CROFT,  
*Hope Cottage, Williamsburg, Ky.*

### The Mountaineers' Appreciation of the Settlement School.

Dear Friend:

"My wife is sickly," the letter ran, "in bed most of the time. If ever a woman needed her gals she does. But I am aimin to take keer of her and the young uns and do the housework. I am doin the cannin besides the washin. I want my gals taught up manners and clean and right liven along with their books. Hit's good housekeepin we need in these mountains. So here are my gals."

This is the old story of the mountains, sacrifice at home to give the children a chance. But now, since the war, has come another appeal, from the alarmed fathers who work in newly opened coal mines, and see no way to bring their children up to the old-time thrift and "manners" and righteousness. "A log house was an honorable dwelling," said an old neighbor the other day. Industry, dignity, good manners, individuality grew within its walls. But it's a problem to daunt the bravest: how to bring up children in worthy ways in a coal-mining camp.

A thrifty mountain mother, just returned from a visit to a mining camp, said "Why, thar the women don't have no gyardens and no smoke-houses; they don't raise no food, but they buy everything out of the store in pokes. And havin' nothing to do, they set around and mourn they can't get anybody to cook for them. And they wear silk dresses all the time, while their men go ragged and dirty."

As for the children, not a week goes by that some father's acute anxiety for them doesn't bring him to us, begging for a place.

The father of two of our boys came to see them the other day. "Mining towns," said he, "haint no place for children. The town just built up to where I was born, and the children was good until then. But their maw was dead, and I had to work all day, and I could take no control of them. They was just on the edge of getting bad; they were, to

say, already bad, when I grabbed them up and brought them to stay at your school. I do believe if I can keep them here, they'll be good citizens. Hit's a sight in this world to watch your boys and girls, they's so sprightly and healthy. I wish all the children in these mountains could be at a school like this. But they're going to waste!"

"Going to waste!" Children at the head of lonely hollows and in crowded mining camps—we must not fail to meet the opportunities. We are now nurluring ninety-five children to good citizenship, and we must have \$15.00 a month more to take care of each one.

The prophet who had the vision of the desert blossoming as the rose, has a word for all you friends who are overwhelmed by the manifold needs of this world in travail: "Blessed are you that sow beside all waters!"

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#### Miss Van Meter's Report of Her Summer's Work.

These are the canning months and consequently very busy months for me. Never will I hear or see the word "canning" but I'll think of children and flies and smell the odor of wood smoke.

The work this summer has been a little different from that of past summers. I have spent more time out in the mountains working with my clubs, thus saving time and accomplishing more work. I would go from neighborhood to neighborhood spending the night sometimes in a one-room log cabin and sometimes in a more comfortable home, and I assure you some days and nights seemed pretty long and hot.

Only fifty cans could be carried on my horse at one time. So in order to have cans enough to use, each girl the day previous to my arrival, was sent to Hindman for her own cans. Often they would ride my black nag, Betty, and would

feel so fine dressed in my habit which they must needs use to ride the cross saddle. They loved to tell on their return how the folks along the creeks thought they were "Miss Van." In some neighborhoods the club work was quite an event, thrce and four families collecting at one house so they might work together. These were rather strenuous days, getting up at daylight and in order to finish a necessary amount of work we would be busy until eight and nine o'clock in the evening:

Two days of the past months I shall never forget so deeply are they impressed upon my heart and mind. There is a family, father, mother and eleven children, living away up in the head of a hollow about ten miles from Hindman. It was through my sewing club that I found and knew them, the two oldest girls being members, a most unusual and interesting family, the children all so fine looking and the older ones very bright and capable. Last spring three of the girls became members of the garden and canning clubs. Their hillside plats were planted and doing nicely, and they were to send me word as soon as their vegetables were bearing enough for canning. Four or five weeks passed and I saw or heard nothing of them. Finally word came from their club, that the tomatoes were ready for canning. It was two or three days before I could get around to this particular family, and as I rode up the creek where they lived I stopped to say good morning to one of their near neighbors, who asked me where I was going. When I told her she said, "Why them folks have all been sick, they got some kind of a catching cough, and you better not go nigh them." I told her I was not afraid, so would go on up and see what I could go. I shall not try to describe the conditions I found, so deplorable were they. The father had been "off at the works" and had not been heard from for two months or more. Every member of the family, with the exception of one little girl, had been very sick with something that seemed to be a combination of the whooping cough

and pneumonia, and at one time all were in bed with no neighbors who would come near them, and only a little girl and boy who did for them as best they could. When quite sick the mother and daughters had worked in the field trying to "put by the crop." I was with them two days doing what I could to make them clean and more comfortable and improving living conditions about the house. Their gratitude, for the little I did, was beautiful to see. I left the oldest and most attractive girl, in a distressing condition. I fear she has consumption. She promised me to sleep out of doors and eat as many eggs and drink as much milk as she could, and to do what she could to not spread the "breast sickness."

I have personally supervised the canning of more than nine hundred quarts of apples, tomatoes, corn, beans, and sweet potatoes inclusive, and have traveled two hundred and eighty-three miles, mostly on horseback.

#### The Annual Exhibit and Sale of Mountain Handicraft Wares.

We wish all our good friends who helped make the Annual Sale such a success could have shared with us the pleasure of reading the letters of gratitude and appreciation which came from the makers of the mountain wares. Visitors were much impressed with the marked improvement in the work and the great number of new and interesting articles displayed. The hand-made toys from the Toy Shop, Tryon, N. C., which industry has developed so wonderfully under the skillful management of Mrs. Vance and Miss Yale, were in great demand, the stock being wholly inadequate to supply all the would-be purchasers.

The spreads, as usual, were much admired and sold rapidly. The mountain baskets, always so attractive, were made even more so by the flowers which filled them. These were sent by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson as her greeting and with best

wishes for our success. The sale lasted a week and after realizing the very satisfactory financial results for the mountain basket makers and weavers we felt repaid, for it far exceeded all previous efforts.

The function played by this Association in giving instruction in the arts of mountain handicraft, which is a part of its work, is proving beneficial to the Association as well as to the Mountain people who are taught, encouraged and assisted. Not only are the Mountain people helped to produce a greater variety of products of much superior grades and values, but the Association in marketing the wares derives a small margin of profit, all of which is turned back into the work of the Association.

We take great satisfaction in reporting to our contributors and supporters that every dollar of their money goes directly for scholarships and salaries of mountain workers, all the operating expenses of the Association, including office rent, lighting, printing, stationery, postage, etc., as well as the salaries of two members of the office staff, being paid from the small margin of profit derived from the sales of the articles of mountain handicraft.

#### The Resignation of Miss Van Meter.

A severe loss to the extension work of this Association results from the resignation of Miss Anna Van Meter, whose letter describing her labors of the summer in the mountains is printed in this Quarterly. Miss Van Meter's arduous and trying duties were multiplied by the outbreak of influenza, in a way that can hardly be understood by one not familiar with the living conditions of the region. The performance for three years of her invaluable work has won for her the hearty esteem and admiration of the Trustees and friends of the Association, as well as of the people in the mountains.

Miss Van Meter is now recuperating at her home in Lexington, Kentucky.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

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SEPTEMBER and DECEMBER, 1918

All communications relating to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE should be addressed to the Editor, Mrs. C. David White, 1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

## Some Practical Demonstrations of the Work of the Association.

The letters published in this number of the Quarterly carry their own message and would seem to amply justify the policy of this Association, which is to provide scholarships for needy but deserving children, to assist with the salaries of nurses and industrial teachers, and to send extension workers into the cabin homes to teach the mountain people how they may better their methods of living under the conditions that surround them. It co-operates in the main with the settlement type of school where theory and practice go together and where the children learn by doing.

What child in the eighth grade of our city schools could have done what Flora did (as told in her letter which follows) or how could relief have been brought to many of the mountain homes during the terrible epidemic of the influenza without the aid of a nurse or the heroic accomplishments of a Miss Van Meter.

While the Association has established no schools under its own direction it is co-operating with several of the settlement schools where, besides the regular work of the school room the boys and girls are given such training as will enable them to return to their mountain homes better equipped to raise standards of living, and make the best

of the conditions of their environment, and, as one mountain worker so aptly says, "with a knowledge that shall aid them in combating preventable poverty, disease, crime, vocational and domestic inefficiency, and misspent leisure, giving them those qualities most useful in the battles of life in Appalachian America."

## What a Mountain Girl Did With Her "Chanst."

The following letter written by a little girl in the eighth grade at the school at Hindman is a powerful setting forth of the far-reaching results of the work accomplished by means of the settlement school. No day school, however well taught or complete in its equipment, could show the mountain children how to care for the home and its members as does the settlement school where the children practice in their daily living the things they are taught.

This is a remarkable account of what one girl who had "had a chanst" did during the influenza. Her family is one of those, happily few, who after futile struggle with inefficiency and poverty, drift into the smaller mining camps in the mountains, where the conditions tend to still further undermine their physical and moral stamina. And yet from such a family came Flora.

Nov. 3, 1918.

"Dear Miss Stone:

I have so much to tell, that I have decided to write a letter, tho, I can hardly find time.

I arrived at the mining camp at 5:30 Saturday. It was almost dark. I walked from Feisty, which was three miles, but I certainly thought it must have been six, I was so tired. As it happened I met a gentleman who helped me over the mountain with my suit case, but when we got in sight of the town, we could hear nothing but the cries of the people, mourning for the dead, so this boy decided he couldn't pos-

sibly come any nearer. However, I did not feel like going back, but I forgot about being so tired and quickened my steps the more. On reaching home I found I must march through the dead bodies of *my own people*. I set my suit case down at the gate and made my way to the next building where I found a nurse, whom I had been asked to see before I entered the house at home. I had stopped at the foot of the mountain and put on my mask, so when I found the nurse, she was perfectly delighted to see me, said she thought I was another nurse, but I don't believe she did, or I don't see how she could have gotten so badly mistaken. When I explained to her that I was only a student from Hindman (and I felt like saying, a very sorry one) and had only come home to help my family through their sickness, she still thought I could be a great help, which I know at present was no mistake. Any way I wanted to hear what she had to say about it. I asked her the best things to do for the sick ones and also myself. She couldn't tell me very much, but told me to pull off my mask, *but mind you I never did it*. If I had forgotten the least thing you and Miss Southworth told me she certainly reminded me of it, for she just told me the opposite thing. I just wanted to tell her she needn't to preach to me, when she told me: 'You needn't do anything to prevent it, for, if you are going to have it you will have it, no matter what you do, but if you are not going to have it, you just won't have it.' But remembering I was among strangers, I just thanked her and went back home for I certainly didn't want to hear any more.

Here's the point. When I came in here I found father walking from one bed to the other by the aid of chairs, carrying water to the children. They did not know that Dora wrote for me and were greatly surprised to see me. They were every one in bed and not a one able to speak above a whisper. My little five-year old brother is very sick, and also my ten-year old brother and twelve-year old sister. Father went to bed as quick as I got here and he is very low.

I'm just worried to death about him, because he stayed up so long. Mother is getting along very well.

They certainly are in a terrible condition, but still they are a little better than I expected to find them, especially mother, tho she is not able to turn over by herself.

They are not able to eat solid food yet. I have been fixing everything I can for them. Today I made chicken gruel, vegetable soup, corn meal gruel and cocoa, but the thing they eat most is buttermilk. The nurse over here tells the patients that fresh, sweet milk is the main thing to not eat, but Miss Southworth told me either kind of milk was all right, and if they want it and can eat it, I'm going to give it to them.

I haven't had my mask off since I came only sometimes I open the windows in the kitchen and pull it off for a while. In fact everybody tells me it will not do the least good on earth, but I tell them, it will not do me the least harm, so I'll just wear it. Don't you worry I'll do just as near what you all told me to as I possibly can, for I am firmly convinced it is the best thing. If I find anything that I don't know which way to go at, I'm going to write immediately to you or Miss Southworth.

My first cousin's wife died an hour before I came Saturday evening, just next door to us, and my girl cousin, eighteen years old just is alive. The doctor says she is too low to give anything and that she will not live until morning. It is now two o'clock. My only big brother is in the hospital at Hazard and his wife and two children are dead. Then, too, my oldest married sister and four children all have it. Her husband is in the hospital at Hazard. There are many other people dying besides mine and I am proud to say a lot have recovered. It is indeed a heart breaking time, but Miss Kuhn taught us in our nursing classes to keep our heads and senses and I am trying with all my power. I'm feeling a little sick tonight, but I think I'm just tired.

Your loving little girl,

FLORA."

### How the School at Hindman, Ky., Met the Influenza.

Appalling conditions attending the recent outbreak of the influenza existed in certain sections of the southern Appalachians, and in some of the more remote and isolated regions practically all the help that was available was that furnished by some of the mountain schools that this Association is helping to support. The following letter shows as no array of statistics and figures ever could what the extension worker is called upon to do as she travels from one cabin to another organizing the girls into gardening and canning clubs in the spring and summer, and sewing clubs when the winter season comes on, visiting with the mothers and instructing them in simple home duties and the care of the sick, and meeting the fathers and boys giving them hints and suggestions as to what they may do to better conditions in and about their mountain homes.

Miss Van Meter herself has written of the work she did during the outbreak of influenza but she modestly withheld some of the details of her work, so that we have chosen to print that of a worker at Hindman who does not hesitate to explain more fully what Miss Van Meter was called upon to do.

"At Hindman we were badly handicapped by the lack of a nurse. Our Red Cross one left us to go to France, and her successor was seized with the 'flu' as she was preparing to come to the Settlement. The school went promptly into quarantine, while the local Board of Health passed some excellent regulations, which were, regrettably, kept with less vigor than they were made. However, there were only 44 cases in town, 27 of which were nursed by three of the Settlement workers. In one home were a man and wife and seven small children (including a baby born while his mother had the 'flu'). Our Kindergartener remained a week, cooking, nursing, washing and giving the baby his preliminary training for the Kindergarten.

Ordinarily the house would have been filled with people, ready with characteristic sympathy and kindly offices; but the fear of the unknown seemed to have driven everything else to the wall.

Miss Van Meter, the extension worker of the Southern Industrial Education Association, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by the kindergartener made 48 visits in Knott County, travelling 118 miles and nursing 72 patients.

Miss Van Meter has done wonders the last few weeks. She has a gift for nursing and lately has been doing it under the most awful circumstances. Perhaps she has written you some of her experiences with 'flu.' She took care of one family—about nine miles away—where there were ten members sick. Successive days she rode there in drenching rains so she had to swim her horse twice going and coming and was wet to the knees herself. She had to chop the wood, make the fire, heat the water, give baths all around (a sick father had held all night two delirious children) prepare food, feed them all, clean up the house, milk the cow, do everything but nurse the baby—only nature prevented that—for she is the most kind hearted person in the world and stops at nothing when there is need.

One of her little Canning Club girls brought her perhaps the greatest opportunity for service. She had come to know the family through visits to see one of the little boys who was badly burned last year, so badly that it was necessary to take him to the hospital and cut his arm away from his side, to which it had grown.

In response to the little girl's appeal, Miss Van Meter rode over to see the family, and found them all ill, especially the mother who had been "bad off" with another disease for months. The night she died, Troublesome had one of its sudden tides and the next morning Miss Van Meter had to swim her horse in two places before she could make her way to the house. There she found the mother dead and the little sick girl walking the baby up and down. She greeted



her, dry-eyed, with the wonderful calm of the mountains, only saying for her relief, "Nobody knows how lonesome hit is without mother." Not a soul was near to help Miss Van Meter as she prepared the body for burial, while the mother's brother, whose kin-loyalty had been stronger than his fear, helped the sick husband dig the grave.

Everywhere the gratitude shown has been heartfelt. Heart-rending too, as in the case up the "head of the holler," where the only complaint made by a family, all sick abed, was that they could not "set dinner" for their friend. One boy with a temperature of 103, slipped out of bed and brought in all the apples he could carry for Miss Van Meter to "have her a snack."

#### The Death of a Mountain Patriarch and Patriot.

Not all of the readers of this Quarterly are aware of the circumstances that led to the establishment five years ago of the school in the remote section of Harlan County, Kentucky, known as Pine Mountain.

An old mountaineer, Mr. William Creech by name, had a vision of better things than he had ever known in his long life, far back in the Kentucky mountains, and for thirty years he dreamed of a school that, as he quaintly said, "should give the young uns knowledge of reading and writing and moralize the country." Learning of what had been done for the people of Knott County through the Settlement School at Hindman, Ky., he begged that a similar school be started in his community, offering to give for such a school 136 acres of his own land. Under the wise guidance of Miss DeLong (now Mrs. Zande) and Miss Pettit the school was begun in 1913, and two years later Uncle William then seventy years old, wrote to the friends of the school the following letter giving in quaint expression his appreciation of what they had accomplished:

"The school has got on hand about forty children from

five years old and up, most of them destitute of any means whereby they could support theirselves and with no chance to get any trainin either for labor or education, all bright children, little boys and girls. Without the assistance of this school I don't see any chance for them to ever make any-  
ing out of theirselves. I visit the school nearly every day and I think the children progressin nicely. They don't look any like they did when they come to this school, barefoot and almost naked. They look now well cared for and wear garments nice and clean, a thing they never knew before. They are doin awful well. We're in hopes we can get money so we can fetch in 150 of just such children as we've been ahandlin. We want to teach them books and agriculture and machinery and all kinds of labor and to learn them to live up as good American citizens. We are tryin to teach them up so they can be a help to the poor and to the generation unborn.

People of other communities are payin us visits and are so pleased with the work here that they want us to start a school over on Cutshin about fifteen miles from here. On account of the vile work and drinkin carried on in that country amongst children, I think if we had a school there like this, it would be a great blessing to the children there. I think this is all the school that you and Miss Pettit and Miss de Long and me can manage, but I would be glad if somebody could go to help them.

I hope our good friends will come forard and help us all they can to make better people out of our wild mountain people that has been raised up here in ignorance and almost regardless of law. Their fore-parents has laid the pattern for them of drinkins, killins, whorins and abomination in the sight of God. (Hit's rough to say, but hit's the truth and I think ought to be said). I see no chance to teach the old but if the children can be teached up in a better light they can lay an example even for their parents. I don't look after wealth for them. I look after the prosperity of our nation."

In May, 1918, Uncle William died at the hospital in Louisville where he had been taken with the hope that an operation might prolong his life, or at least spare him much pain. Mrs. Ethel DeLong Zande was with him at the end and her account of his death and burial is so fine that we print her letter, realizing that all who have ever known of this noble patriot will be deeply interested in her story of his leaving of earth:

"It was my great privilege to be with him the last day of his life. He talked in his semi-conscious moments continually of children, and called to them—'My children.' We feel certain that his wandering thoughts must often have been on this school and his little children for whom he had heart and craving. His last question was to inquire about Aunt Sal, his wife, with whom he had lived for fifty-two years.

We brought him home for burial on Sunday. By special arrangement the train was stopped at the foot of the mountain, where at least forty men were waiting to carry Uncle William home. The coffin was wrapped in oilcloth and tied to a long pole. With one man at each end and several on both sides, in a group as compact as a cluster of bees, the little procession came over the steep and rocky trail with unbelievable speed. The absolute silence of it all was the most telling witness to the grief everyone felt.

Try to imagine the solemn simplicity and appeal of his burial, the grave dug by friends, lined with cemented rock, to make a secure resting place for a great man; children and neighbors singing old, old hymns—'Been a long time traveling here below,' Aunt Sal sending around word that she wanted all his little children to have a last look at his face, so beautiful and distinguished in its last sleep; the laying away of his body on the hilltop under the trees.

Just five years ago Uncle William gave all his land to establish the school, and it has been his delight, the dream of his early years more than fulfilled in his old age. He

had a constructive passion for the welfare of children. His love for America was born perhaps out of his service in the Civil War, and his belief was that a sound democracy could be achieved only by raising children under the right rulings. 'I don't want hit to be a benefit just for this neighborhood,' he said of this school, 'but for the whole state and the nation, and for folks acrost the sea, if they can get any benefit out of hit.'"

Nowhere but out of his own soul did he draw his ideals. He lived so far away, at the head waters of the Kentucky River, under the shadow of Pine Mountain! He belongs to the pioneer days of the Cumberlands; he help to subdue the wilderness; he ate venison and hunted bears, he lived in a log house; he was herb-doctor and bone-setter and tooth-puller in the far-off hills many miles from a country doctor. Remote in the mountains, he thought greatly, and his thought has yielded a rich fruitage. There are no detracting little-nesses, no small prejudices to mar our remembrance of him. For five years we have been neighbor to a great and gentle soul, and have known intimately his wisdom, his tenderness for the wayward, his proud hopes for the children of the mountains.

He founded a great work—a friend has just written, 'His power is felt by people all over the country, and even farther, in France and on the battle line,'—he has done more, he has left a noble memory.

It must be cherished as an inheritance 'for the generations yet unborn.' His school, new precariously supported by voluntary contributions, must be firmly established.

His grave will have only the Civil War veteran's stone to mark it; his true memorial, a hilltop beacon whose light must not fail, is the school he started. 'Hoping hit may make a bright and intelligent people after I'm dead and gone.'"

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.

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