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Quarterly Magazine
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OF THE

**Southern Industrial Educational
Association**

SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1919
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

VOL. XI.

Nos. 3 AND 4.

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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 Medical Needs in the Mountains.

July 15, 1919.

My dear Friend:

When I went down Greasy the other day to meet the men and women of Big Laurel at their Sunday School and talk about their contribution of logs for the doctor's house I felt that there couldn't be a better place to see a doctor and nurse established than among that friendly, pitiful, gallant group of people. How can I make you see how their faces and postures and clothing, even, showed the toil of their lives?—or tell you of the infirmities which even my unpractised eye could detect in every one of them, or convey to you an idea of their warm-hearted responsiveness?

Before Dr. Huse and Miss Butler were halfway down Pine Mountain on the day of their arrival at the School, they were met by a man who wanted them to go immediately across another mountain to see his sick child. He had had a country doctor, who "weren't no diploma doctor, but just picked hit up." To get a town doctor he would have had to ride some twenty miles to town for the doctor, and then pay twenty-five dollars for the visit. This demand for the services of our doctor and nurse, even before they arrived at the School, is significant of the great need for them. Since their coming, two months ago, the doctor has made professional visits in over forty families, besides all the work she has done for the children in the School.

In such a helpless country, the dealer in patent medicines, as well as the country doctor, has flourished. One day a man who had cut his finger came searching for the "medical doctor." When the bleeding was finally stopped he asked, "If this busts out again, doctor, will hit kill me?" He sold patent medicines, and realized that his point of view was going to conflict with the doctor's, so to justify himself, he said, "Of course you know there are some honest medicines, but you can't always tell the truth. Hit realy is the truth, but people don't understand hit that-a-way."

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The first time the doctor and nurse went down to Big Laurel, they stopped at every house, and in every house found a real medical need. Once it was an old woman sitting in the doorway, her back to the light because it hurt her eyes,—always had since the small-pox. She “follered usin’ patent medicines,” and had bought “rose salve” and “linament good for man and beast” for her eyes. At the next house they found several cases of trachoma; there were four goiters in as many miles, and one cretin.

They held a regular clinic at the house where they stopped for dinner. The father had to have boils dressed. He had done a little amateur lancing with his pen-knife, and on the worst boil he had applied a dock leaf with mucilage, for he had been told that this treatment would bring the whole “risin’ ” off, “core and all.” The doctor had to use precious alcohol to get the dock leaf off, and did the dressing with all the family and some twenty-five neighbors looking on. Then there was a grandchild with the “thrash,” the mountain cure for which is to have a posthumous child breathe into the mouth of the patient, so the grandmother, who “had never seed her pap” had tried it,—without success. Here, too, were several cases of trachoma. Out in the yard, one of the children playing with an axe cut an artery in her foot, and her mother, used to meeting such emergencies by herself, snatched a handful of soot from the chimney in the room where Miss Butler was sitting and ran and clapped it onto the bleeding foot. That soot told the whole story to Miss Butler, and she took charge, cleaning off the soot, propping the foot against an upturned chair, making a rubber tourniquet and explaining all the time what she was doing.

It was meeting day at Big Laurel, a fit time to tell of the plans for the Medical Settlement. The preacher led the singing with a tuning fork, and the chief singer lined off the words. After Miss Butler had told how they not only wanted to heal the sick but to do preventive teaching as well,—how they wanted to locate near the school house so as to teach more easily and be near the children, the men

testified to their desire to help and their willingness to give labor and material for building. One father, who had lost three children in a year, said, “There’s nothing in the world we’ve wanted like a doctor. Now the Lord has sent her, an’ we must stand by her an’ keep her here,” and his wife, sitting beside Miss Butler, whispered to her, “He’s so mightily tuk up with her, he caint wait to get her here.” Can you understand why he wanted the doctor, when I tell you that at the time of the influenza epidemic, when his whole family was sick, he could get no doctor from far or near? At last, when he realized that his oldest daughter was probably dying, he had managed to climb into his saddle and, hardly able to stay on the horse, rode off to get a doctor. The man he finally succeeded in getting came and paid a short visit to the girl, and as he was starting off, the father said, “We’ll give you seventy-five dollars if you will stay and try to save Cretie.” “No,” said the doctor, but he did stay for \$125.

Almost every mother of a small baby has had to send for the doctor this summer, for bad feeding and unintelligent care cannot offset the wealth of love babies are heir to. A young woman who is the most conscientious of mothers had just had a new baby. When it was two days old, one of our workers calling there found it wrapped up in two flannel dresses, covered with prickly heat and hives. It had never been bathed; its “rag” was changed once a day. When mothers’ clubs have been established and blue-ribbon babies have been decorated at our community fair, we hope that the summer will not be a pitiful time for all babies and their mothers at Pine Mountain.

Perhaps you will think, as you read this letter, “Why is she telling us all this, which is only part of every doctor’s life?” This is a perfectly just comment, only please put it against the struggle and need and loneliness and beauty of the Kentucky Mountains. It is help given to people who have been almost helpless in their ignorance.

Sincerely yours,

ETHEL DE LANG ZANDE.

When I Was a Grain of Wheat.

About four years ago when I was a grain of wheat, in the summer the sun shone down upon me and made me grow large and healthful. My mother, when she was a plant and growing on and on, what do you suppose she was doing all the time? Why, she was storing away food for me. She put it in a little store house which was a grain of wheat. Now I am going to tell you what she stored away. She stored away some proteid, some carbohydrate, some fat and some water. I ate just what the little boys and girls eat.

But when mother died what do you suppose happened to me? A man and a little boy came along and took my store house away with me in it. You know mother stored away food enough for me until I was large enough to stretch out my roots and get food for myself. But when that man and little boy came along and picked me up, what do you suppose they did with me? They took me to a mill where I was ground and cracked and ground and cracked and sifted until I became very white and pretty. Could you wonder what they made out of me? They made me into Cream of Wheat which you are so familiar with and nearly every one likes me. After I was made into Cream of Wheat I was boxed up and the first thing I knew I was lying down here in Francis, Smith & Co.'s store.

One day just after a little boy had been taking his Hook Worm treatment, he asked his mother to cook him some Cream of Wheat for a light diet because he couldn't eat anything that was heavy on his stomach. So his mother told him to run on and hunt his father and tell him to give him the money to buy it with. So the little boy ran to his father and got the money. He went to Francis, Smith & Co.'s and called for a box of Cream of Wheat. The merchant went around and got the little boy a box. The little boy went in home crying, "Mother, I have a box." Then he said, "Mother, now cook it quick for I am hungry." So the mother went to work and cooked me. And this is

the way she cooked me. She got $3\frac{1}{4}$ cups of water and put a teaspoonful of salt in and put it in the water; then she got one cup of me and poured a little out in her hand at the time and let me sift slowly through her fingers so that each little grain would swell and burst alike. Then she let me boil for five minutes. Then she put me in the double boiler and let me steam for thirty-five to forty minutes. After this I was ready for the little boy to eat. So the mother called the little boy and told him that the Cream of Wheat was done. So the little boy went and his mother dished him out a dish full of me and the little boy went to eating. He said, "Um, it's good, mother." "Is it?" said his mother. "You better bet it is." He did not know he was eating me but he was. I did him a lot of good, too. I builded up his worn out tissues and gave him power to move. After he had eaten me he played gayly. So you see, I did him a lot of good.

(Written by a sixth grade girl from Hindman School.)

A Letter from the Teacher of Agriculture in the Hindman Settlement School.

When our country entered into the Great War a host of young mountaineers swarmed down these trails and hollows bound for the recruiting stations and the local boards. They were a warlike throng with an unadulterated patriotism descended from Washington's time, and there was not a foreign name nor a foreign accent among them. They were peculiarly American in name, American to the man, American to the core. The nation needed them and they had responded heartily, just like their fathers had done in all the wars before them. Enough men volunteered from Breathitt to fill the quota of that county, so they required no draft board. Was not such loyalty to the flag atonement enough for a hundred years of the bloodiest feuds? Let us never again refer to this patriotic spot as "Bloody Breathitt."

Some of them, these mountaineers, were left on Flanders fields, or just north of the Marne, but most of them have returned—have come back to their coves and their hollows. They did their duty and are satisfied. Of course it is a common thing to see returned mountain soldiers wearing sharpshooters' badges; we knew our boys could shoot. But what mean all these other medals? Oh, yes—and I might refer to particular individuals if I liked—he only captured a dozen or so Germans; or he only cleaned out a few machine-gun nests, single-handed, but what born warrior couldn't have done that! Sergeant Sandlin, a native of one of our adjoining counties, was one of the three Kentuckians who won the Congressional Medal of Honor. And Sergeant Alvin C. York, a mountaineer residing to the south of us, bears the unique distinction of having performed the "highest single-handed achievement of the war," killing 20 Germans, capturing 136 other and putting 36 machine gun nests out of commission.

Why shouldn't we capitalize the glory of our sons? Wasn't Hindman Settlement School drained of all her young men by the war? We are glad to record, however, that a number of our overseas heroes are back with us to finish their courses. These young men have seen much of the world and have many new ideas; and to be abreast of the times—but mostly to meet pressing needs—we have done some thinking and a little acting ourselves. Although quick to respond to proper nourishment, government authorities commented on the great number of mountain soldiers afflicted with malnutrition, or suffering from that cause. We had known this here at Hindman for a long time and have wanted to do something to educate the people along these lines, so in keeping with the desire we have now, perforce, established our Practice House, a practical home for household economics. Here a number of our girls live under conditions as ideal as we can make them, to harmonize with mountain life. A cultured, practical home maker has charge, and the whole arrangement savors as

strongly of the family atmosphere as possible. The teacher in charge is a married lady, an alumna of one of our eastern colleges, and her husband, also a worker here in the Settlement, is "the man of the house." Everything that goes to make home life what it should be is emphasized. It is easy to reckon what the influence of this home will mean in the lives of its inmates, each of whom represents a different community in this section, and we would not think of trying to estimate its possible good influences on posterity!

The Hindman Settlement School is also reaching out strongly in Extension Work. "Why", asked Miss Hatch, our extension worker, of a class in one of our schools, "does one take a bath?"

"The pores of your hide would git chuck full of dirt if you didn't", answered one of the bright younger boys.

Miss Hatch's work carries her to eleven country schools where she has sewing classes. She is also doing anti-tuberculosis health work. Every child in the course observes certain health rules and receives numerous promotions and badges for his fidelity and stoicism. I am here faintly suggesting the thought of a bath in a small tin pan in a mountain home. Certainly the boys deserve to be knighted, which they are, and with due ceremony. This course lasts fifteen weeks and many of the fundamental health laws are thoroughly ingrained when it is completed. The extension sewing classes last during the term of the public schools, or six months.

In connection with our extension work, we would make special reference to the service being rendered by Miss Carothers, our visiting nurse. We co-operate with the Red Cross in employing her, and her field of labor is the surrounding mountain country as far as she can ride and wherever she may be called. A few days ago, for instance, she was called out in the country thirty miles away over the roughest roads imaginable. She was gone two days and had some very thrilling experiences. There was typhoid in

the family where she visited, and some of them had already died with it, but she possibly saved the rest of them by teaching them a little sanitation and by informing them that the doctor in a town could administer an anti-toxin for this malady. In general, Miss Carothers carries on a campaign of education as well as nursing wherever she is called, and is therefore doing a most valuable work in sanitation.

These new departments are necessarily entailing an extra expense to our institution and we are now appealing to our friends to help us carry them to their highest point of service.

PERRY DAVIDSON.

The Objects of this Association.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association exists for the purpose of giving the boys and girls in the remote mountain sections training suited to their local environment that shall enable them to go back to their mountain homes carrying with them knowledge of carpentry, agriculture, care of stock, sewing, cooking, housekeeping, simple nursing and care of infants, and domestic hygiene and sanitation.

The Association as yet has no schools exclusively its own, but co-operates with settlement schools in isolated districts by furnishing equipment for industrial training, and salaries of industrial teachers, and of extension workers who visit the remote cabin homes and give the parents help and suggestions which they eagerly receive. It also provides scholarships for deserving children who are eager for a chance but whose parents are without the funds necessary to pay their expenses.

We bespeak your co-operation and assure you that every dollar contributed to this work goes directly to the people for whom we are appealing.

A Letter from the Berry Schools.

The Schools are now filled to the utmost capacity and we have turned away over two hundred applicants. Students are now registering for 1920.

The greatest problem that Berry is facing today is to raise money for the running expenses of the Schools.

I am greatly needed at the Schools and hope to be able to spend most of the winter here. I spent the entire summer here, and the work we did then is helping to take care of our large family now. But in order for me to spend the winter here, we must have more money subscribed. Our list of donors is not large enough to maintain the running expenses of the Schools.

I should like to make a strong appeal in behalf of the boys at our Mountain Farm School. We have twenty-five little boys, practically orphans, in training there for the Berry School. Their ages range from nine to fourteen years. It takes a great deal of patience and personal care to develop them. I am having them looked over to see that they are all right physically, and having their teeth carefully attended to. At this school we have one little boy whose name is York. He walked twenty-five miles to a railroad station to find his way to Berry. He is eleven years old, and came to us with only the clothes he had on his back.

We have with us a large number of former students who have served their country in the recent war and have come back to Berry to resume their interrupted studies. Their presence with us will contribute richly to the life of the school. A number of them are maimed, and one has lost his foot and is a cripple for life. It encourages me greatly to see these boys on the campus—they have fought bravely and are now returning to Berry to resume their normal duties.

Many of our girls who were nurses during the war are now holding places of trust and responsibility. One of

our girls is head nurse in one of the largest institutions in the South, and a number of the Berry School girls are taking training under her. This young lady began her work here at Berry and got her practical training in the hospital here. Another of the Berry girls has charge of one of the large institutions in the State and has hundreds of patients under her care daily.

In order to maintain our Mountain Farm School with its corps of workers, we must ask for \$100 for each one of the twenty-five boys we have there.

Besides this, we need money to furnish the school room there, and for other expenses.

I trust that some of the readers of this magazine will be interested to help us with these deserving boys and girls.

MARTHA BERRY.

Conditions Too Often Found in the Kentucky Mountains.

(Written by one of the girls in the Practice Home of the Hindman School)

Many hours are spent digging graves that could easily be avoided. Many tears are shed, many hearts are broken, and many children are lost that would, no doubt, be helpers in making our sacred country grow wiser and better. These things could be avoided if the children were taken proper care of and given the food that their bodies need to grow and make these noble men and women.

Many parents who are too busy to look after their children seldom notice anything except the large abdomen and they think this an evidence of health and strength, but it is only a sign of weakness and an underfed child, or an overfed child on the wrong or right kind of food, and means that the child needs more care than it is getting. Children who are underfed will generally have large abdomens, small legs, and a sluggish yellow skin. They are restless in

the daytime and poor sleepers at night. Their faces have a sad expression and they are never happy. Such children are always feeble, and are always dangerous in moderate sickness.

When a mother notices that her child is becoming such an invalid, she should begin to notice the food she is allowing it to eat. If such a child is fed the proper kind of food and if it is properly prepared it will gradually develop into the child it should be. If it gets plenty of raw milk, starch and fruit it will very soon improve in life, vigor and happiness. At the same time, its abdomen will decrease, and as it grows smaller, you will find that the child grows larger and stronger. This should convince anyone that a large abdomen is a sign of poor health. It is never found in a healthy child, and is due in these cases to a poor, weak diet, and the stretching of the digestive organs to make room for the large amounts of poor un nourishing food that the child takes into the body.

Therefore when a mother sees the abdomen of her child increasing, she should feel in her heart that she is not doing her duty by the one that God has given her to bring up in a way that it may be able to uphold the standards of our country, and humanity.

The cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born and in which he passed the early years of his childhood can be duplicated in the mountain region to-day. And men of just such manly and heroic mold as he come from these same mountain cabins. It adds the element of hope and increases our obligation to these splendid mountaineers when we remember that he who did more to save our nation than any other man and sealed his service by his own life came from these humble but heroic people. Abraham Lincoln is a tremendous item in the debt that our country owes to these American Highlanders.

Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, 1228 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

SEPTEMBER and DECEMBER, 1919

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

Mrs. Samuel Spencer.

It is with much sorrow that we report the death of Mrs. Samuel Spencer, which took place in August at her summer home in Tuxedo Park, New York, after a considerable period of failing health. Mrs. Spencer had been actively identified with the Association from its beginning and was always a generous and enthusiastic supporter of its work. Among her contributions were the Louisa Spencer loomhouse at Christ School, Arden, N. C., and generous sums towards the salaries of industrial teachers in the various schools aided by the Association.

At the meeting of October 27th the Board adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS: In the passing away of our beloved co-worker, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, this Association has lost a devoted friend, an earnest worker, a generous and liberal giver, and an efficient member of the Board of Trustees; and

WHEREAS: In her departure the Association has suffered a serious loss, and been deprived of the inspiration of a fine and charming personality;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED:

FIRST: That the Trustees of the Association fittingly record their high appreciation of her abiding fidelity, untiring energy, inspiring enthusiasm, and her great zeal in the

work of educational and industrial training of the white people of the southern mountains, which work she genuinely loved, and which was honored by her devotion.

SECOND: That the Board of Trustees shall place on record their high esteem of her work, as a member of the Board, and as vice-president of the Association, as some recognition of the substantial help and encouragement which she has given to the Association from the time of its organization, and which has contributed in no small measure to the success of the Association.

THIRD: That the Board of Trustees, individually and collectively, express their gratitude for her friendship and co-operation, and their deep appreciation of her splendid qualities of mind and heart.

FOURTH: That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Association as a permanent record, and be published in the Association's Quarterly, and a copy be transmitted to the family of Mrs. Spencer.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES H. TAYLOR,
JULIA D. STRONG,
LEIGHT ROBINSON,
C. C. CALHOUN.

The Work at Banner Elk.

REV. EDGAR TUFTS.

Our work at Banner Elk, N. C., is unique. In the first place, the sessions in both the Graded School and the High School begin in April, and close in December. The reasons for this are good. It is very much more economical. Nearly all of the fuel bill is eliminated, which is a great saving. It is very much pleasanter for teachers and pupils, on account of the delightful summer climate that we always have at Banner Elk. It also tends to take the girls off of the farms during the summer months where they have been accustomed to doing man's work and it allows them to be home

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during the long winter months when their influence can be felt around the fireside better than it can during the summer.

In the second place, this work is unique because of its situation. It is in the heart of the Appalachian Mountains, 90 miles north of Asheville, and 1500 feet above it in altitude. It is in a beautiful valley, which is itself 4000 feet above the sea. It is surrounded by mountain peaks that range from 5000 to 6000 feet. Very seldom do these great sentinels of the mountains allow a fog to settle down on the valley that nestles at their feet. They also protect it from many a stormy wind.

In the third place it is unique, on account of the different departments. There is a Graded School, where the first seven grades are taught. Next a High School, where there is a four year course. Next an Orphans' Home, which runs all the year, and where there are 48 mountain orphans. Next a Hospital, with an operating room, laboratory, and several rooms for patients. This department has been a great blessing to hundreds of people from the surrounding counties. It has also been the means of starting into the nurses' profession a goodly number of mountain girls. We know of at least twenty-five who have taken up this profession after first getting a start, and a taste for nursing at Banner Elk.

In each one of these Departments the Industrial work has been made very prominent. By this means the girls help to pay their way, and at the same time they get a practical training for life, which is as important as any part of their instruction.

In the fourth place this work is unique, in that it has never made a debt, and never turned away a girl because she did not have the money to pay her way. This has been made possible partly by the contributions that have come from the *Southern Industrial Educational Association*.

NEEDS:

The two greatest needs of this work are first *permanent*

buildings, and second an *endowment*. Already steps have been taken to secure both. A small sum is now in the bank for permanent buildings. We are adding to this fund as fast as we can secure contributions, and we hope to begin work in the early spring. We also have a nucleus for an endowment. It is not the hundredth part of what we need, but it is good as far as it goes.

If any of the friends of the mountain people would like to invest in an institution that has for its motto: "*In the Mountains; of the Mountains; for the Mountains,*" and one that will appreciate and carefully use whatever is given, we do not believe that they can find a better place than the Lees-McRae Institute at Banner Elk, N. C.

A Model Home at Hindman.

A new feature of the school at Hindman, Kentucky, is the Practice Home, in which six of the older girls live with a house-mother, under whose wise direction they learn to become home-makers of the kind their environment calls for. Not only are they trained in cooking, sewing, in the order and system necessary to the up-keep of the home, with a cow, chickens and garden as part of the equipment, but they are given a practical knowledge of sanitation,—something sorely needed in the mountains.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association has assumed the salary of the house-mother for one year, as it believes that this is the kind of training which will transform the homes of the mountain people, making possible a coming generation that shall be healthier, stronger, happier and more productive to their states than any that have preceded it.

The Exchange maintained by the Southern Industrial Educational Association has an unusually beautiful collection of articles made by the mountain workers. Because

of this opportunity to sell their products, the mountain people have taken up again some of the old industries that were fast disappearing, and have been stimulated to put forth their best efforts.

People desiring to furnish country homes will find a large assortment of blue and white coverlets, portieres, rugs, home-spun linen towels, and other articles from which to take their choice. It is interesting to note that among the articles of handicraftsmanship received this fall are some netted tidies made by women whose sons had learned the art in France and passed it on to their mothers.

The profits made in the Exchange, while not large on individual articles, are sufficient to pay all the expenses of the Association, so that every dollar received from contributors, from subscribers to the *QUARTERLY*, and annual memberships goes directly to the work for which the Association is organized.

Two New Scholarship Funds.

Recently there have been established two memorial scholarship funds of five thousand dollars each, known as the Judge Seth Shepard Memorial Fund and the Ambler Memorial Fund. The income from these will give several deserving boys and girls an opportunity to attend some of the settlement schools aided by the Association.

Form of Bequest.

I give and bequeath to the Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.), Washington, D. C., established for the industrial education of the children in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, the sum of..... dollars, to be used for the promotion of the work of this Association.

Changes on the Board of Trustees.

During the year there has been a considerable change in the personnel of the Trustees, some of the most valued members being no longer on the board. Mrs. Samuel Spencer, for many years a most helpful and loyal Trustee, died in the summer, leaving a place that will be hard to fill. Mr. Charles Brand and Miss Clara Wilson have left the city, and Miss Cora D. Neal has been serving in the Y. W. C. A. work abroad. Owing to press of his teaching duties Mr. Herbert E. Day has felt obliged to resign. It is a great satisfaction to have ex-Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page again among the Trustees, as both he and Mrs. Page are warm supporters of the work which the Association is doing.

A Tribute from an Interested Outsider.

There is no question, that the work of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, by the establishment of better and higher industrial schools in widely separated districts will stimulate endeavor in the local districts and lead to better public schools paid for by the people themselves.

The tax for public schools is already high in most of the mountain counties, when the condition of the people is considered, and the main thing in my judgment, is for the friends of the mountaineer to devise some means that would enable him to work out his own economic independence. There is nothing finer in the world than the independence and manliness of the mountaineer. Even where he has not a penny in his pocket he meets the millionaire and the pauper on even terms. He asks no favors, and all that he needs to make Darkest Appalachia, the equal of any part of this country in progress and enlightenment is equal opportunity.

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.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

Southern Industrial Educational Association

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Enclosed please find Dollars

for (purpose)

Name

Address

Date

Make checks payable to Joshua Evans, Jr., Treasurer,
and send to the Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. A. S. STONE,
1228 Connecticut Ave.,
Washington, D. C.

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