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Association**

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58

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

HEADQUARTERS AND EXCHANGE FOR MOUNTAIN CRAFTS
1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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FOR THE SAKE OF LEARNING

ETHEL DE LONG ZANDE

It was barely more than the break of light when little Nancee rushed from her breakfast to give her last caresses to the two pet lambs. Pappy had gone to feed Old Maud and she knew Mammy would call in a minute and ask if she'd filled the flour poke with apples for her brothers and sisters. She danced across the yard to the barn, so excited she hardly felt the bite of the frost on her bare feet. The lambs were stirring in their pile of fodder when she flung herself upon them.

"I won't be missin' you, little fellers, 'cause I'm going to school, but I reckon you'll bleat atter me. You and me has been such playmates. You all must run atter Maw now, and she'll salt ye and set ye out milk. When I come home at Christmas time you'll be right smart chunks of sheep, and mebbe you'll hardly know me."

Though the pet lambs bleated after her all the way back to the house, they did not disturb her gaiety. For a year she had been waiting for a place in the school twenty miles away across the hill. Ever since she could remember, her older brothers and sisters had gone there and brought back tales of the women who taught there, of the learning you could get, of the plays and frolics.

It had always been planned that as soon as there was a place in the school for her, the "baby one," Nancee should go too, and now, night before last, Stacy Ellen had written that a little girl had dropped out and she must come right away. Nancee felt proud elation—at last she was to go to a real school. How often had she heard Pappy say: "I wouldn't mind the child walkin' four miles to school if she jest could get larnin', but we've had such sorry luck with teachers here lately, 'pears like going to school destroys the least ones' minds 'stead of larnin' them."

As she helped Mammy pick out a mess of sweet potatoes to take to her new teacher for a present, Mammy said:

59

"Now Nance, I don't reckon you'll git dissatisfied, but if you do, don't you give up. You stick it out. Maw wants you to know more'n she does when you're growed."

"Why no, Mammy, I'm jes' proud to git to go. It's only two months to Christmas, and I'd never get homesick that quick."

At last she was up behind Pappy on Old Maud and they were started. Little Nance had never been off the waters of Salt Lick and as they forded Rockhouse she allowed that sure must be the Mississippi, it was so big. Holding tight to Pappy, the little eleven-year-old girl thought her day's ride a great adventure and wondered how Rufus could ever have cried, as he once did when he was starting to school, and begged Mammy to let him stay at home.

When at last, just as the sun ball dropped, they came to the school, it seemed more wonderful than Nan's dreams. Such fine houses, such a welcome from her brothers and sisters, so many children gathering in front of the fire after supper to sing song ballads!

"Oh, Pappy, tell Mammy I like it fine!" she told him.

For two days she liked it fine. Then something strange happened inside her and she could think of nothing but home—the pet lambs; the red peppers hanging from the loft in the kitchen; the small, cozy, dark room, so sheltered and safe; Pappy playing the dulcimer after supper and singing, to please her, the ballad of Fair Ellender. She wanted to come down the hill from hunting chestnuts and see blue smoke rising from the chimney and the cows gathering about the house waiting for Mammy to milk them. Most of all, she wanted Mammy to come to the door, and call, "Nance, come, bring in some stove wood for me, Honey." She could only cry her heart out at night and every day beg an unyielding Rufus to take her home. But Rufus, who had gone through his own pangs, would not help her. At last, after four days of "purely misery," little Nance slipped off just as the light broke, and with

the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon found her way across the hills. It was dark when she reached home, the firelight was streaming out of the open door, and Mammy was washing up the supper dishes. Nance flung herself into her mother's arms. "Oh, Mammy, I don't never want to leave ye again, nohow. There haint no school able to make me satisfied away from you." "Why, love hit's heart," said Mammy, "my baby was homesick, was it? And hit didn't allow hit would be! An' run away, did ye, all by yourself? Well, honey, just ye sit down now and have a baked sweet tater and some milk afore you drop off to sleep. You must be plumb wearied out."

Somehow little Nance got the notion that Mammy was purely glad to see her and she fell into a sleep of deepest satisfaction when she finished her supper. In the morning, to her surprise, there was Rufus who had started after her as soon as they found she was gone and had been an hour or so behind her all along the road. She never dreamed any one would worry about her at the school—she had just come home! "They was all good to me, but I couldn't be satisfied."

Nobody questioned her running away all the day long, till evening, when she was helping Mammy wind yarn. "Little Nance," said she, "you be goin' back tomorrow with Rufus to school, be'nt ye?" "Oh, no, Mammy, I'll just stay with you and get on with what larnin' I've got, an' you kin teach me to dye and to weave." As her mother sat silent and unsmiling, she went on: "I heerd you tell the school women oncet you reckoned things was evened up to fellers, 'cause if you hadn't been nowhare nor seen nothin', you could spin and weave, and they couldn't!"

Then her mother surprised her—the mother whose gentleness was unfailing, but whose words were few. "Nance, you listen to Mammy, Honey. You know what little larnin' I've got, but you don't know how hard I come by it. When they talked about puttin' the post office here, Pappy

couldn't write his name and I could only read a little. We studied how we could get knowledge enough to run the post office, an' he was so busy tendin' the crop and gettin' out fenein' he couldn't go to school. So we laid it out for me to take the baby—hit was Stacy Ellen then—and go across the hill and get the larnin'. It was hard on your pappy to have the three leetle fellers at home to look atter while I was gone, and it was hard on me to strike out four miles with the baby atter I'd milked and got breakfast and done up the work. When I come home hit would be supper time and milkin' time again, and I never got no time to teach your pappy till all the sleepy-headed little fellers was put to bed. Then we'd build up a big bresh fire and read and write till midnight.

"Well, it took us three months to get able enough in readin' and writin' so we could keep the post office, but we started in about fodderin' time. Then the inspector come along and cast down us mighty nigh as soon as we was begun, for there was statements to make which took knowledge of figgerin'. Pappy was for givin' up, but I says, 'Now Aleck, I'll go buck to school and get up on figgers and larn ye nights.' He says: 'No, you've got the children's yarn stockings' to make an' more linsey to weave an' your beans and apples to dry and your cabbage to put down—I don't see how ye kin. You've fell away a sight a'ready packin' that baby eight miles a day.' Well, I was pore, but I didn't care about keepin' a post office as much as I did that my little young uns should have learned parents. I wanted them to be upstanding. I says to your pappy: 'You let me go, you kin spare me the steer to ride now, and teacher will help me extra!' Teacher was an awful good-hearted young feller. So we fixed it. I got the knowledge of figgers and afore Christmas we knowed enough to make out them reports.

"Well, Honey, we sot our minds to give our young uns larnin' afore they come to such a pass as ours. 'Pears like

each one that's gone off was harder to see go. A hearth without your little fellers settin' around it is mighty cold, no matter how big the fire is. An' I've thought since your pappy's gettin' bowed over, he ought to have his boys to help him. But we've held on and now there's Cyrus off to college and 'Lizabeth teaching school, and three more still in school. Even if's so lonely without you, Honey, Mammy can hardly live, she wants you to go back. It looks hard, jes' like the neighbors say, to raise a family an' then have nary a child at home nine months out'n the year, but I kin pet your little lambs for ye and study about the good time we'll all have Christmas and if mammy kin stand it, can't you? I won't force ye to go—I couldn't never bear it onless you was to tell me you could be satisfied, but it would hurt your pappy and me mightily not to raise our baby one toward humanity."

Mammy's hands had dropped the ball of yarn and she sat looking at little Nancee with such mingled yearning and valor that even the little girl felt the glory of years of sacrifice. She, too, could be brave. How she was to stand those lonesome feelings inside she did not know, but she could take the road her mother pointed out for her. "I'll go back with Rufus to-morrer," she said, "and I'll go till I git all the larnin' an' manners you want me to have. But I won't never go off to college nor teach school. I'm aimin' fer you to larn me to tromp the treadles and weave Ladies' Delight an' Pine Blossom. I—I don't want to be a teacher and live away from ye. I don't want to be nothing finer than just a mammy like you."—*Reprinted from The Home Mission Monthly, November, 1920.*

The efficiency of an illiterate people in competition with an educated nation is as the crooked stick against the sulky plow; the sickle against the reaper; the bullock cart against the express train, the ocean greyhound, and the aeroplane; the pony messenger against the telegraph, telephone, and wireless.—*Bureau of Education Bulletin, 1917, No. 22.*

REPORT OF THE PRACTICE HOME OF HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS AT HINDMAN

HELEN ALDRICH DAVIDSON, *Director of Practice Home.*

October has been, as always in the mountains, one of the most beautiful months of the year. So far we have had no cold weather, which has delayed the much splitting of kindling wood, the carrying of coal and the badly chapped hands which winter brings to a family living in a house entirely heated by soft coal fire places.

Our family has changed some since last year, but I will tell you about the girls whom I now have. First comes Georgia, eighteen, a great big jolly wholesouled youngster who, until last year, when she came to school here, had never seen a town.

Next we have Mary, eighteen, very capable and bright in her practical work, but does not enjoy "book larnin'" as much.

Flora, nineteen, is quite idealistic and fine-grained. Last year I almost gave up her developing into a cook, but after a summer at home she seems to have improved immensely. I heard through a near neighbor of hers that she worked in the field all summer from daylight till dark and on Saturday afternoon would clean the whole home, put flowers around, covers on the table, and do all the cooking for over Sunday. She also made an attempt to instill table manners into her numerous brothers and sisters.

Malvery is a quiet, sweet, dependable girl of seventeen, the joy of my heart.

Maida and Lettie, both sophomores in the regular high school work, are living in the Practice House. They come from one of the best mountain families. Their good stock and careful raising are quite evident. They are also blessings and do much in helping me keep my standards of housekeeping high. Maida is sixteen and Lettie eighteen. When Lettie came here a month ago she was eighteen

pounds below what a girl should weigh of her age and height. Now I am glad to say she has gained ten pounds and there has begun to show beneath her skin the ruddy glow of health. This gain seems almost like a miracle, as we have been having a dearth of eggs, milk and butter.

The hens are moulting. I agree with one of the girls when she said, "Pears like it takes a powerful long time for them hens to get shot of their feathers." The pastures are getting dry and corn has not been gathered for the winter. This means not enough food for the cows and I presume it is not "cow nature" to give milk under such conditions. With no milk there is no butter, and our old friend butterine is no more. Our mail service here in the mountains is worse than ever before. It is rumored that mail destined for Hindman is piled up so high in the postoffices at the railroad that storage houses must be built to hold it—400 pounds of mail being the limit the carrier must bring each day. By the time Hindman has been reached much of this mail has been thrown off at the intervening postoffices, leaving only a very small quantity for this place. With practically no butter, little milk and few eggs, a person who revels in balanced meals and in enforcing the rules that make for the good health of the family has, indeed, a difficult time. However life always has its compensations. We have practically all of our supplies on hand for the winter. Let the roads be as bad as they may, with split peas, dried corn, macaroni, cheese, prunes, peaches, potatoes, onions and a cellar full of canned fruits and vegetables, we can not be reduced to "taters and beans and beans and taters."

Our class work is moving along satisfactorily. In my advanced cooking class with my Practice House family we are finishing up our class work in cooking with the study of canning, preserving and jelly-making. I should have liked to have given the theory before our practical

work at the beginning of this fall term, but the food to be canned came in so thick and fast that we could take but little time for class work.

The work in household management is very interesting to the girls. They have been studying the factors to consider in the choice of a general location of a house, the particular site, the advantages and disadvantages of renting a home, building, buying, etc. I am trying principally to adapt it to mountain conditions and to make it of practical use to the girls in later life. In case they are not to live in the mountains, I am giving a general idea of housing conditions in larger towns and cities, why rents are high, etc.

My advanced class in cooking and dietetics with the sophomores in High School is doing splendid work. I am now piloting them through the last intricacies of pies and desserts, and we are now about ready to study "Feeding the Family" by Mary Swartz Rose of Columbia. It is a gem of a book, perfectly scientific, but written simply and clearly. I want to make the girls enjoy it so that none of them will consider keeping house, or bringing up a family without it.

The Health Club so far has been a huge success. Without doubt I have personally received more inspiration from this than from any other one project that I have started since I came to Hindman. I had hoped to get hold of twenty-five children between the ages of 8 and 10, but when we had our first meeting I found myself besieged with fifty children, all clamoring to belong to the club. We finally eliminated the "seven year olders" and took into our fold the children between 8 and 12. Since it is not practical to have more than twenty children in a club, we divided them into two groups. Now we have a club for children from 8 to 10 years of age on Wednesday and the others on Friday. Fortunately this makes the groups exactly of the same size. The club meetings are held in the kindergarten from three to four in the afternoon. There

is a piano in the kindergarten, plenty of little chairs and space for games. Half of the time is taken up with a health talk and a discussion of the children's progress in the Health Crusade. After this we have songs and games. The songs are little health rhymes which are published by the National Association for The Prevention of Tuberculosis. These children are town children exclusively and these clubs the only semblance of social life that they get outside of school. It would be hard to imagine a more enthusiastic group of children. Their shining eyes and merry laughter make one feel that life is truly worth while as long as there are children in the world.

*It is with extreme sorrow that we inform our readers of the death of Mrs. Davidson in the hospital at the Hindman School, May 19, 1921.

A BIT OF MOUNTAIN HUMOR

A singular thing about the mountaineer is his ability to take a humorous view of life even under tragic circumstances. Rev. John Deal, rector of the Episcopal church in Franklin, N. C., tells a story that illustrates this. A mountaineer named Joshua Smith was on trial for running an illicit still and both he and his lawyer had made a game fight against the evidence, but it was finally apparent that conviction was inevitable. At this point the counsel for the State resumed his badgering of the defendant, who was then on the stand in his own defense.

"You say you live on Buck Creek?" the lawyer asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And your first name is Joshua?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, are you the Joshua that made the sun stand still?"

"No, sir; I'm the Joshua that made the moonshine!"

Even facing the certainty of conviction Joshua couldn't resist the temptation of breaking a lance with the dull-witted lawyer.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARCH and JUNE, 1921

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

IN MEMORIAM

JULIA D. STRONG

A year ago—it hardly seems so long—there came into the rooms of this Association, in Washington, one of the teachers from the Hindman Settlement School, at Hindman, Kentucky—Mrs. Helen Aldrich Davidson. She was passing through the city on her way to her home in New England, where she meant to spend her vacation, returning in the fall to her work at the school. Mrs. Stone was, of course, the first to greet her, and by a happy chance one of the trustees was also there and had her first meeting (and her last) with that bright, alert, enthusiastic woman.

She stayed some time and told at length of the Practice Home to which her time and energies were given, of what she had been able to accomplish there, of the many improvements she had in view on her return, of her intense interest in the whole work, and as she spoke her face showed the depth of her feeling. Then she said good-by and went away. In the fall she returned to Hindman and took up her task again with increased interest. It was in April of this year, after two years in the Practice Home, that she wrote to Mrs. Stone, "I have enjoyed my work to the uttermost

this year and am looking forward to a new term in the fall with great anticipation and encouragement." Later came her reports for April and May, and just at the end she writes that she feels her work has been "worth while in every respect."

So short a time ago—and now when it seemed to be all so valuable, so greatly needed, that work is done. Within a few days she has slipped out of life taking with her the precious baby for whom that life was given, and leaving behind her a husband bereft, and work, to our short-sighted eyes, unfinished. Our loss is great, we keenly appreciate all that she has been and done, and in these few words, we pay tribute to this faithful, devoted teacher, who has handed in her last report, and answered "present" in another life.

THE NEW HONORARY PRESIDENT

THE WHITE HOUSE,

Washington, April 26, 1921.

MY DEAR MRS. STONE:

Mrs. Harding asks me to say that it gives her much pleasure to accept the courteous invitation tendered her by the Southern Industrial Educational Association, to be Honorary President of that organization.

She is much interested in the splendid work that is being accomplished among the Southern Mountaineers, and hopes for all success in these efforts.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) LAURA HARLAN,
Secretary.

64

SHUTTLES AND DRAFTS

By FRANCES L. GOODRICH

Twenty-five years ago a few women in Brittain's Cove, near Asheville, began in a modest way to revive the fast dying craft of hand-weaving in the Southern mountains. From this attempt grew the Allanstand Cottage Industries, Inc., with a salesroom on the principal business street of Asheville and with sales for the year 1918 amounting to \$10,000.

It is interesting to remember the beginning of the enterprise. There were at that time no looms in use in the cove, but there were coverlets that had been woven not long before, most of them colored with Diamond dyes. One old spread was a charming contrast to the rest, with its golden brown dyed with chestnut-oak bark, on a background of cream. We set ourselves to reproduce the older work, using dark dyes, indigo, and madder.

With much merry consultation the first wool was bought, a blue pot set, the wool carded and spun. When yarn was prepared for three coverlets, some blue, some red, and some a velvety black, a trip was made to a house on the Paint Fork of Ivy, where was still heard the beating of the old-fashioned loom and where was great store of coverlets and of "drafts" by which to weave them.

Three weeks later our first coverlets came home on horseback behind the messenger. Our excitement was great as we unrolled the web and cut and sewed the strips to make the two blue and white "Double Bow Knots," and the "Missouri Trouble" in black and red. Coverlets could be produced and it was soon proved that they would sell. A loom was set up in the cove and the industry was fairly started. In our minds its purpose was threefold: first, to give paying work to women in isolated homes; second, to give to women who seldom go beyond their own dooryards a new interest, the pleasure of producing beautiful things, and to foster habits of thrift and of keeping work up to a

standard; third, to save from extinction the old-time crafts. The second of these is the most important, however cogent the others, and has so proved itself.

From its small beginning the growth of the Industries has been continuous though not always rapid. Hard work was required and experimenting. From the older women secrets of old vegetable dyes were learned and many plants are now in use, from the black oak of the forest to the broom-sedge of the fields. A characteristic of these dyes is their unfailing ability to live at peace with each other.

In the mountains and in other parts of the country as well, were found stores of old drafts, by which the weaver draws in the threads of the chain through the four sets of harness and by which she tramps to open the sheds for the warp thread. These drafts are long strips of paper filled with figures and lines; usually rolled up and tied with black thread when not in use and when wanted fastened on the loom in plain sight of the worker. Old drafts are full of prieks made by a pin, stuck in and moved along to keep the place.

The names of some of these patterns mark historical events, as "Braddock's Defeat," "Bonaparte's March," and "Polk and Dallas." Others were named from real or fancied resemblances, as "Flowers of May," "The Rattlesnake," and "Cat-track and Snail-trail." "St. Anne's Robe" and the "Double Irish Chain" doubtless came with the settlers from the old country.

Among all the coverlet weavers of whose work I know, Mrs. Elueda Walker stands first. Her work has set the standard for other weavers. Some years ago she wove many yards for the mountain room in the White House. We are loyal folk in the mountains and Mrs. Walker put all the joy of her craft into those yards of blue and white "Chariot Wheel." At the age of eighty-four she still sends her beautiful webs at intervals to the Asheville shop.

As we went on, other crafts were found in the moun-

65

tains worthy of development. Among our wares are baskets of many kinds, brooms, shuck hats, and toys. There are still many coverlets and the same fabric is made for hangings and table-runners and cushion-covers. In a heavier weave it is used for rugs, and during the time when wool was scarce much was woven in a material all cotton, with good effects in color and texture. Tufted and knotted spreads come from homes scattered through the mountains, and on Laurel there is a community of women who produce spreads in the appliqué patchwork in patterns old and modern and in workmanship of surpassing merit.

There are a number of other concerns whose business it is to revive and continue mountain crafts. Some are connected with schools or other institutions, some stand alone like the Allanstand Industries. Together they make a chain of good purpose and achievement of no small value, holding in these fast changing times to some things of real account in the times going by, to the love of beauty in common things, and the habit of doing small things well.—
Reprinted from Home Mission Monthly, November, 1919.

It is with pleasure that we call attention to a new contributor to the QUARTERLY, Irene Hudson of Benson, Minnesota. Her article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1921, entitled "The Schoolma'am of Sandy Ridge," is a graphic record of her experiences in the mountains of Virginia, where she served not only as teacher, but as nurse, funeral director, general adviser and friend at large to the whole community. She has given a most interesting and vivid picture of the circumscribed lives of the mountain people under conditions of hardship and privation and has described their wedding, funeral and social customs with the pen of a sympathetic but keen observer.

Her article in this number gives a faithful and vivid picture of the exigencies of mountain travel, incidentally showing the difficulty of maintaining public schools in these remote and neglected regions.

A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN JOURNEY

IRENE HUDSON

I have had a most interesting trip over into Kentucky, to visit the Hindman Settlement School. No one at our station in Virginia could tell me how to get there, so I took a westbound train on Saturday noon for Kentucky, hoping eventually to arrive in Hindman. At five-thirty on Saturday evening, I found myself in a hotel in Pikeville, Ky., with no chance of getting out until Monday at five-thirty in the morning. In answer to my questions about reaching Hindman, I received only discouraging remarks from drummers and trainmen about the perils and uncertainties in store for me.

The following Monday afternoon I mounted Beck, a most accommodating mule, at Lackay for the sixteen mile trip over the mountain to Hindman. The first thing we had to do was ford the river that was running high with the spring floods. At times, the water came up so high, I thought Beck and I would go under, but we didn't. Next followed four miles of squashy, gummy, mucilage-like mud that came up to Beck's knees. Squeleh! Splash! Clump! The old girl never faltered. Finally the road turned into the creek bed. There the firm sand and rock bottom made much better going. For six miles, we climbed in and out of it up to the top of the Ridge of the Cumberlands. It was a beautiful day. The trees and flowers were waking to the first call of spring. There was an indescribable freshness in the air, that made me want to breathe from my heels up.

The man who had procured the mule for me caught up with me after an hour or two. It was easily seen from his gentle graciousness and extreme consideration that he came from the finest of mountain stock. A truer gentleman I have never met. He called out a hearty greeting as we passed each cabin. We discussed John Fox's novels at

great length, as Mr. Cameron knew many of the real characters.

It was seven-thirty when we reached Hindman and *very dark*. As we stopped at Mr. Cameron's house, in true mountain hospitality, Mrs. Cameron asked me to stay all night with them, although they were just moving in that day, but I declined, and Mr. Cameron took me to Miss Furman's cottage at the school. A muddy, travel-begrimed stranger, yet Miss Furman took me in and gave me a hearty welcome.

After our sooty log cabin, the dainty, attractive guest room looked very grand and gave me the kind of feeling the boys out of the trenches must have when they come back to a real bedroom. I was so stiff from riding old Beek, I couldn't tell whether it hurt more to stand up or sit down.

The next day I spent visiting the Settlement and talking with the different instructors. Miss Stone gave a faculty tea for this same high-booted, flannel-shirted stranger, at which the atmosphere was so homey and the conversation so interesting that the boots and shirt felt entirely at home. I was especially interested in seeing what has been accomplished in twenty years, when we are just in the pioneer stage up at Sandy Ridge.

It thrilled me as it must thrill every one to hear of old Uncle Sol's trudging forty miles across the mountain to plead with "them wimmen" for a "chanet" for his "pretty-speakin," and "easy-larnin' grandchillun," and of all the vicissitudes these courageous women have borne in their great achievement.

A homey, wholesome atmosphere pervades the place. The children live such a happy, normal life that they go about their work responsibly and joyously. One can't help feeling the beautiful spirit of the school. In the work shops, the barns, the weaving cabin, the gardens, and the school rooms, everywhere I felt this same atmosphere.

After supper, a warm, spring, starlight night, as Miss

Stone and I walked around the grounds, we passed the old weaving cabin. The front window was open. Through it we could hear a melodious, girlish voice singing, "Barbara Allen," and see a sweet-faced, dark-haired girl swaying back and forth in her chair before the fireplace, to the rhythm of the soft accompaniment—she was chording on a banjo.

Later we went over to the little girls' cottage, just about bedtime for them, and heard them sing delightfully several ballads together. Then a very attractive child sang "Lord Thomas and Fair Blinor," a complicated and tragic one. In the morning, I had awakened to hear one of the children singing "Sourwood Mountain" and the "False Knight," as she was cleaning the hall. I have heard the children on Sandy Ridge sing these same tunes.

Miss Grigsby let me read a play that was written by one of Uncle Sol's grandchildren, a bright, auburn-haired girl of sixteen, a senior in high school. This was written in response to a request from the English teacher that they write a one-act play, using their own mountain dialect and have the scene laid in the mountains. She has written the sort of thing the Irish players put on. The dialect is the only perfect rendering of the mountaineer phrasing that I have read. If Barrie or Yeats had written it, it could not be more of an exquisite little gem. Isn't it fine that Uncle Sol's grandchildren are getting a "chanet" and proving the stuff they are made of!

The mountaineers are a fine stock. I rejoice that these women who have the vision to give them the best of our twentieth century ideals without destroying their delightful individuality, are at the head of this wonderful school. It takes big people for such a job. They are not trying so much to impose our civilization on the mountaineers as to help them to develop the sterling qualities they already possess.

In my opinion the Hindman Settlement School is an ideal

mountain school. I like all of it, but there are some things that I like especially and that I think are the basis for its tremendous success. It was founded as a response to the urgent appeal from the people in the village who have co-operated to make it a success. It is non-sectarian, but decidedly Christian. The children have not been forced to change their religion, but are required to go to church and Sunday school on Sunday in the village to whatever denomination their parents belong. Best of all it isn't trying to make these children over, according to narrow "uplift" methods, that make all important the adoption of outward manners and dress and superficialities of the twentieth century. At Hindman, the idea is to preserve the native, charming individuality while developing the fine latent characteristics so quick to respond to the right treatment.

I should like to have stayed longer in such a fascinating place, but as the creeks were running high and a tide expected, I decided I'd better get away when I could. When I arose at six, the rain was pouring down. Notwithstanding, I had Beek brought around. I wore my corduroy suit on top of my riding skirt, my hat pinned to one hip and a huge basket I had bought in the Fireside Industries department, on the other arm, over all of this a long, black rain cape and cap, loaned by Miss Stone. Beek took one look at me and made up her mind that she wasn't for having such a looking object on her back. As I was as impeded by my raiment as if I'd been enveloped in a barrel, it looked as if the only way I'd get on, would be to have a strong man come along and put me on. Meanwhile the rain came down as if the floodgates of heaven had been opened wide. To my deliverance came the strong man, but he used his strength on Beek, while I climbed aboard myself, vowing that nothing could get me down until Beek swam the last creek into Lackay.

My companion this time was the mail man. We talked

of many things, the war, his two boys in France, the trials and tribulations of rural mail carriers, and then we harked back to 1861, when he was a boy of eight years and had his first day in school. According to his opinion, education is on the decline because teachers have ceased to use the "Blue-backed Speller." He philosophized on mountain life in general, making this terse remark, "The trouble with these 'ere folks back in the mountains, they's allus a settin' roun' waitin' fer somethin' to happen. Ye've got to make somethin' happen."

I thought, "Old Boy, what did you ever make happen?" As he went on to tell me about his farm and the property he owned, and because his boy had gone to war, he was carrying the mail in his place, and how many Liberty Bonds he had bought, I concluded perhaps he had "made somethin' happen."

It poured every step of the sixteen miles, but with the lovely bluebirds and cardinals, and the interesting old mail man, and the new impressions of the school to think about, I didn't mind being soaked. I spent six days on this trip, covering a distance of less than a hundred miles as the crow flies. It has all been tremendously worth while.

A NEW BOOK ON OLD BALLADS

Those who are interested in the recent discoveries in this country of ballads of old-world origin will find much delight in the volume entitled "The Quest of the Ballad," by W. Roy Mackenzie, Professor of Literature in Washington University.

Prof. Mackenzie has spent his summer vacations in Nova Scotia, where in hamlets and villages and among the fisher folks, off the beaten track of the summer tourist, he has found a rich field of research for the ballad lover and collector. In one chapter, entitled "Genuine Antiques," he

has gathered together the survivals of the old English and Scottish ballads, among which are most of those that have been found in the Southern Appalachians, and it is most interesting to note the variations between the versions of the widely separated localities. In a fashion altogether charming Prof. Mackenzie has given delightful glimpses of his wanderings and his experiences with the plain, simple folks of an older day, from whom he gleaned the ballads, both new and old, that make up this collection.

The book is published by the Princeton University Press; \$2.10 by mail.

IT IS GOOD FOR CHILDREN

To work under kindly and intelligent direction, with their feet in the soil, their heads in the sunshine, and their lungs filled with good fresh air;

To work till they are tired and hungry, and can eat heartily and sleep soundly;

To work with Nature and become familiar with Nature's phenomena and laws as they can not from any set lessons in school;

To work at tasks that can not be finished in an hour, or a day, or a week, but which must continue through weeks and months and years, with a reward only for those who hold out faithfully to the end;

To form the habit of endurance to which such work must lead;

To work at something in which the relations of cause and effect are so evident as they are in the cultivation and growth of crops;

To work at problems the results of which are not wholly subjective, and in which their degree of success or failure is written more plainly and certainly than by per cent marks in the teachers' record books;

To know the mystic joy of work in cooperation with the illimitable and unchanging forces of Nature;

To come to learn the fundamental principle of morality that every person must contribute to his own support, and by labor of head or hand or heart pay in equal exchange at least for what he consumes.—*P. P. Claxton, Commissioner of Education.*

WHEREVER we may be born, in stately mansion, or in flat, or tenement, or under the humblest conditions, we are pretty much alike, and it would be a rash man who would try to measure brains by the cost of the nursery. Go anywhere you will, there is a human soul demanding a fair chance, having the right to know what has happened in the world, having the right to be enriched with the stories and poetry of life, having the right to be inspired by the deeds of men of force who have lived amid struggles in the past, having the right to be shown the way upward to that wholesome life which is absolutely independent of circumstances and which is strong and successful because it is the life of a man or a woman doing a man's part or a woman's part in the world which is fairly understood.—*Charles E. Hughes.*

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.

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.
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- \$10.00 will give industrial training for eight months to a day pupil who does not live in the school.
- \$600.00 will pay the salary of an industrial teacher or nurse.

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