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# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

## Southern Industrial Educational Association

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VOL. XIII.

Nos. 3 AND 4.

# 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 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## UP ON SINGIN' CARR

Being The History of a Little Schoolhouse That Began to  
be Built in the Kentucky Mountains\*

BY OLIVE V. MARSH

One dusty, blistering hot August day in the mountains of Kentucky, a weary mountaineer urged his equally weary horse to the finish of a twelve-mile ride. He had come from Singin' Carr, as it is familiarly called, the struggling community at Dirk, Knott County, Kentucky. He had made the long ride to get something for which the heart of him was sore, a teacher.

Two of us "foreign" women—meaning women from "outside," beyond the mountains, where schools were good and teachers to be had, answered the call from "Macedonia," Ruth E. Weston and I.

"We ain't a bit afeared," said the caller from Singin' Carr or Carr Creek, "but what we can git a house fer yo to live in, ef ye'll jest come an' he'p us to git goin.' We're poor but I reckon they's enough food on Carr to feed ye!"

The man who had come on this quest for help for the on-coming generation told us with a certain sort of patient eloquence, of the long, disappointing struggle. A year before the little community had enthusiastically raised the frame of a schoolhouse. They had given the land and they gave the timber. The gift of "timber" meant actual hard work, chopping and hauling. Then they gave their labor and got the framework of the building up. And then came the bitter disappointment. Promises had been made them that if they would give the land and timber—as they had—money would be supplied for the remainder of the material and labor. The county, a poor one, had already given all that was in its power to give. The promised funds, because of sickness and its inevitable costliness, failed to come. What were they to do? They had heard of Miss Weston and myself and decided to make a bold appeal for help. So we came.

\*Reprinted from the magazine, *The Farmer's Wife*, Sept., 1921.

*Largess*

Aunt Lucy, ninety years of age, was our first hostess. She is the oldest member of the Carr Creek Community and one of the most interested. She took us two "foreign women" into her home for a month while we were waiting for the little cottage on the mountain side to be finished and for that month her home was the headquarters of the Community Center.

The story of that cottage which we have named The Patchwork Cottage, is perhaps unique in community stories. How it grew from an idea in the mind of someone to a place of shelter one could call home, is almost a miracle.

Said Aunt Lucy to me one day, "I heerd you-all's door ain't come. They's a door to Pap's old log house. Hit's a good door—not like the brought-on kind. I'd like to hev hit up whar you-all's goin' to live. Hit'd be right clost to whar Pap's a-lyin'. I reckon he'd kindly like hit thar."

So it was through the generosity and "advanced thought" of Aunt Lucy and others like her, interested to have a school for the young mountaineers, that we finally were able to live in our Patchwork Cottage on the mountain side, about five rods from the peaceful spot "whar Pap's a-lyin'." Windows and parts of windows had been donated; old pieces of screen did their duty; the earnestness of the people to make it possible for a teacher to live among them, was such as to inspire and arouse the most laggard to utmost service.

Before the Patchwork Cottage was finished—so to speak—Miss Weston began her primary teaching in an old storehouse that let in the rain and kept out the light. Hiram Taylor, a mountain storekeeper and teacher, began teaching the older children in a small and still less habitable room of the storehouse. The only light in this room comes through the door when it is open or through the chinks between the planks. The seats are rough boards nailed together. There are no desks and there is a constant competition between the voices of the reciting children and Aunt Lucy's pigs which live not far off.

Looking down from the mountain side upon this little temporary school in its dark little hollow, stands the naked frame of the new school building. I am looking at it as I write and I long for the help of some generous hand that will cover the skeleton and equip the school for the faith of these mountaineers deserves to be met more than half way!

The "new school" around which clusters such fond hopes and dreams—and ninety-year-old Aunt Lucy ranks high among the dreamers—commands a wonderful view of the surrounding mountains and the bottom land through which Carr Creek goes singin' its world-old, wordless song.

"I'm glad the school's up that-a-way," said a mother of twelve children, "fer hit's right smart healthy for the chaps among the pines." Just beyond the school there is a natural spring from which gushes pure clear water, unpolluted with the vicious typhoid germ, the scourge of the bottom lands. This too will be "right smart healthy" for the school children.

Just beyond the unfinished schoolhouse in the pines is our Patchwork Cottage near "whar Pap's a-lyin'." In its tiny living-room the primary school has its "books." The seats are just planks of wood resting on movable blocks of wood. Through two windows we get "light a-plenty." There are two other windows, boarded up temporarily, one with planks, the other with a door. Only the first plank floor has been laid and as it had to be made of unseasoned wood, the cracks grow steadily wider. On sunny days we wrap up in whatever we can find and have school out in the sunshine. But the children do not mind the cold. They have in them the sturdy spirit of their native pines and their truly wonderful ancestors.

"Cold or no cold, I'm a-comin' every day," and Willard smiles sturdily into the Teacher's face. "There ain't no turnin' me!"

Willard is one of nine children. The family lives in a typical two-room cabin. But they are out and bound for an education. It is a sight to see three of them riding to

school on a kicky old mule, these snowy days. They have to cross Carr Creek in order to reach the Patchwork Cottage. And, it seems, to mule ears, the voice of Singin' Carr must have charms, for says Willard to Teacher:

"Does you-all count it late if the mule stands in the middle of the Creek an' there's no stirrin' him? If 'twas that-a-way, I reckon you just wouldn't."

And I reckoned I wouldn't—and didn't.

The mountain mothers are all hard working. Wholeheartedly, they want "learning" for their "young-uns," and somehow they find time and somehow they find cloth to put patch upon patch so that the children will be decently covered for school.

The older women spin and knit. In many cases, the blankets have been made by the ancient hand looms. Miss Weston and I are going to try to revive this fine old industry which has begun to die because women with families of from ten to fourteen children have little time for weaving. Aunt Lucy was one of the champion weavers of her day and she still wears a linsy woolsy skirt which, she tells us, she wove "jest atter my last man went to that other war and never came back." Its black-and-red checks are still bright and it is none the less warm for its huge patches.

When our school building is habitable—may all good hearts help us speed the day!—Miss Weston and I plan to have a room where we can set up a loom and teach weaving to the young girls.

Corn is the food staple. Unless it can be made to grow, there will be no food. All the members of each family must work in the corn field, spring, summer and fall. And the field is the steep mountain side, so steep that at first glance—and second and third—it seems impossible for even a mule to stand there and much less to plough. But it is done!

On hot summer days, men, women and children, climb the mountain side, hoes over shoulders. To hoe in the up-

per row, is an honor, so there are many contests and proud is the "chap" who wins first.

In the fall, the leaves are pulled from the stalk to be preciously hoarded for fodder. The corn in the ear is left on the stalk till it has been touched by the frost three or four times. This corn, planted and cultivated and harvested by such hard work on the part of all, is food for pig and chicken and folks. From the meal the women make the famous Kentucky corn bread and I defy anyone to prepare a more appetizing meal than Aunt Lucy does of fried chicken and corn bread.

In spite of poverty and crowded, chilly cabins, the people are happy and their religious spirit is deeper and more genuine than any I have met elsewhere. Every month, meeting is held at the head of Carr. Everybody goes on Sunday, men and women riding double on mules; whole bunches of beautiful children astride ambling farm animals. The preachers wait for inspiration before they preach and it is miraculous what words come from the lips of these illiterate mountaineers. "Stuttering Johnnie" will preach for an hour without the least sign of hesitation.

And so, in spite of a chilly patchwork cottage, we two "foreign women" are glad we answered the call of the weary horseman who rode twelve miles to deliver the Community appeal in person. We know that the people have done all they can. They have no money to buy material and it is our work to get it for them. We know that the solution of the mountain problem lies in establishing these community centers. Through them, feuds will be erased and the moonshine still will be a thing of the past. If good men and women out in the world who have to spare of this world's good, will close their eyes for a moment, and see the mists and the grayness of the mountains, the swirling creeks, the muddy roads and the stony paths, and seeing, understand and love and help, because the spirit of love is in their hearts, then the Patchwork Cottage will disappear, and in its place, "clost to whar Pap's a-lyin'" there will

be a sturdy community cottage with real glass windows letting in the sunshine, doors that stay closed when the wind blows, a "sure enough" floor, through which you can't lose a pencil, if you happen to own such a treasure, and a school—a real school—with desk and a blackboard and light and warmth and happiness and—a future!

#### A MODIFIED VERSION OF "AMERICA"

The conference called by the Illiteracy Commission of the National Education Association, and held in New York City recently, was opened with the singing of a slightly modified version of "America." Instead of the line, "Protect us by Thy might," the copies furnished the representatives of the eleven States participating contained the line, "Teach all to read and write." The Chairman Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, who has been making a tireless crusade against illiteracy with her "Moonlight Schools" in the South, had suggested this substitution. The plain inference is that before seeking the protection of a might from without we ought to do for ourselves all that we can to insure the protection of an intelligence from within.

#### TWO NEW WORKERS AT HINDMAN

School has been going on a month and the workers all seem much interested and well fitted for their places. I feel we shall have a successful year, if only we can get enough money to run things. I have never known it so hard to raise money in all the history of the school, but I have faith things must soon be better.

It is certainly a great comfort to know that we have so much interest and help from you and the Southern Industrial Educational Association and we trust it may continue indefinitely. We have secured an excellent woman as Mrs. Davidson's successor in the Practice Home, Miss

Lucile Naylor of Malta, Ohio. She is a graduate of High School, Normal School and a Home Economics Course at Ohio University at Athens, Ohio, also taught two years at the University. She was for two years at the Children's Village at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. She is a refined, cultured woman, very much interested, very neat, systematic, a perfect housekeeper and determined to make her girls do their best. Only one of last year's girls was left, but she has two other girls who have been in the settlement for years, one having finished eighth grade and one ninth and she has also three new girls. I was invited over for dinner the other evening and every thing was well cooked and served. We are delighted with Miss Naylor and her work and think she will do much with her department.

Mrs. Lillias R. Warren has charge of the Extension work and began the last week of August, when the school opened. She is a widow, lost her husband in the service, about thirty-five years old, from Wells River, Vermont, has had three years at Smith College and graduated at University of Alabama and had a business course at Simmons.

She has had experience in housekeeping and is a capable woman, interested to serve wherever needed. She goes to nine district schools each week, spending one night at the farthest and still rides Prince, the horse Miss Gordon had. Most of her schools are the ones taught by our old girls who are greatly interested to have the work and to co-operate with her. She has classes in sewing, canning and health work.

#### OUR SETH SHEPARD SCHOLARSHIP BOYS

Jasper and Henry are both back and are very interesting. We have been having all the children examined for trachoma, and inoculated for typhoid fever as usual. Some one asked Jasper if he had trachoma and he said the doctor examined him and told him he did not have trachoma, but he would have to be operated on for hookworm. You will be interested to know that only eight out of three hundred

and fifty school children were found to have trachoma, when at Dr. Stucky's first clinic there were 80 per cent who had it. Jasper is very full of mischief but his family are ambitious for him and he wants to get an education. His father and mother can not read or write. He is the only boy and they are very proud of him.

Henry is an exceptionally bright boy, is growing fast and getting along well at school. We expect great things of him.

With great appreciation for the salaries of these two workers as furnished by the Southern Industrial Educational Association and hoping that you will have a most successful year and thanking you for all you have done and still do for us, I am

Most cordially,

MAY STONE.

### HINDMAN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL

#### REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE PRACTICE HOME

October has been for the most part a lovely month. The trees have had on their prettiest dresses, gay reds, yellows and greens, in varying shades. The first of the month was crisp and cool, but the past week has been warm and springlike—and we have had real summer rains.

We began October with one of our little dinner parties. Polly Ann, as hostess, entertained two of the workers and a nice little hostess she made too. In fact, she did much better than I ever dared hope. We have had a number of such parties this month and each has been quite successful.

The girls take pride in their baking, their "light bread" in particular. They love to make it and I often hear such a remark as—"I wish I was goin' home soon, so's I could show Mom,—She don't know how." The people through here use quick breads almost entirely. I find many foods

which the girls have never tasted, and some they have never even heard of—not unusual foods either. I find, too, that there are many good, wholesome foods that they do not like. So you see I am having lots of little problems coming up each day. I am endeavoring to teach them to like all wholesome foods so that they may have more of a variety of diet.

In sewing class we have finished our kitchen aprons and each girl is making some sort of dress,—whatever she thinks she needs most and can best afford. These vary from percale to taffeta. One of the girls said at a recent sewing period, "Shucks! Last year they couldn't bag me into sewing!—Now I'm just crazy about it!"

Between supper and study hour we often read, and I have read one book aloud to the girls and they are clamoring for another. Our October motto has been—"Waste not, want not." These mottoes, one for each month, they are keeping in their notebooks, and are trying to live up to them all the while.

One of my flock, Emily Fetterly by name, decided a few days ago that she would prefer to "take all her books," so she left us and has gone to another part of the settlement. In her place I have Girdell Dingus, who preferred this work to the regular school work.

I have told you briefly of our work, now hear a little of our play. Hallowe'en was a gala day for us, one never to be forgotten, for we had a "shorenuff" party. Each girl invited one of her best friends, or some "kin," for a couple of hours in the evening. I had ordered quite a little stuff sent in, in the way of decoration. Part of it arrived; much of it never did. But I managed to get together a few "trimmins." Things did look attractive in a way—albeit crude—and the girls were delighted. One of my girls invited her sister and told me afterward what her sister had said;—"I never knew anyone *could* have such a good time. It all seemed just like a *good* dream!" Many of them had never seen a real party in their lives and my poor

makeshift was a marvel to them. It was truly a joy to me just to watch them.

Thus in a veritable "blaze of glory" ended our second month of school.

L. NAYLOR.

#### Extension Worker's Report for October, 1921

Friends of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:

Five days a week I visit schools, prepare work for the week and have an extension club on Saturday, and ride out about two miles and a half to Sunday School on Sunday. I have one long trip lasting two days and sometimes three—perhaps some day I can tell you some of the thrills I have had on it.

The children have been surprisingly regular in attendance in spite of the fodder pulling, sorghum milling, potato and bean picking, and the early frosts which found most of them shoeless. The number in my various classes ranges from six to fourteen. The small girls are doing spool knitting (they will sew their strips together and make some useful article). In sewing we learned the stitches and are now making practical garments such as bloomers, apron, petticoat, slip, and gown.

In the Health Crusade I aimed to have a contest between schools. Each child in order to be eligible must do at least fifty-four of the health chores a week for five weeks. Not as many have come up to standard as I had hoped for but nearly all are trying to do as many as possible. I feel that their interest in good health is aroused and their habits are improving.

In one school they were very anxious to have cooking but there did not seem to be any way of doing it. Finally the teacher and I hit upon an idea. I give the girls a little talk and end with one or two recipes and full directions for making. On Saturday afternoon the teacher and girls meet at one of the homes and they cook.

Nearly all the schools have large coal stoves with a front

door seven by nine inches. Now that the fires are started we cook at the various schools where I am at noon. Different girls bring ingredients as I assign them and we make such things as potato soup, cocoa, French toast, etc. While we are cooking I tell them about food values, cleanliness in the home, etc.

Until it grew cold enough for cooking at noon we played games and sometimes (when an opportune moment came) talked about good citizenship.

Occasionally I get cold and tired as I am traveling along between schools and I just think that I am wasting time, but as sure as I feel that way the next teacher I see will tell me how they have been watching for me all the morning. I enjoy the work immensely. There is so much one can do!

Now for the news: One of my teachers has been married this month and another has had a baby girl. The latter said that she was sorry to miss so much school but she could not get back short of two weeks.

Next time I will tell you something of the home life of an extension worker.

Faithfully Yours,

LILLIAS R. WARREN.

#### BACK TO THE HILLS

The love of the hills was born in the mountaineers, and is strong today in the hearts of their children, who, though they might find life in the lowlands easier, would pine away there for a "whiff of mountain a'r." An old lady left her home in the mountains for a level farm in Ohio, and came back after a short year. Her friends expostulated with her: "Why did you come back here, where you have to hoe corn up above your head? Why, your farm 'most any time might slip off the hill down into the creek." "Law sakes, honey," she replied, "there warn't nary a hill fer me to land my eyes up ag'inst."

ETHEL ZAUDA.

# Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

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

## 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 environments 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.

## WHEN I "DROPPED" OVER THE MOUNTAIN

BY WILLIAM HENDERSON

*Superintendent of Shantymen's Christian Association,  
Toronto, Canada.*

The mountain was Pine Mountain, Ky., and the word dropped was very literal, for after following the "Bootleggers trail" to the top the descent was so steep that more than one drop accompanied the progress downward.

I had been informed that there was something worth seeing at the other side of Pine Mountain, and in the Settlement school I certainly found this was so.

The first thing that drew my attention as I approached was a number of large wooden buildings of attractive styles of architecture dotting the valley.

Seeing a child going to the nearest building, I enquired who was the lady in charge of the settlement, and was quickly led to an attractive cottage, rustic style, where Mrs. Zande, who with Miss Pettit founded the settlement, gave me a hearty welcome, though we were perfect strangers and my visit unexpected.

While enjoying a very refreshing afternoon tea (English style) two mountain women came in, and as soon as they heard I was a preacher, begged me to come to Big Laurel and preach for them Sunday, as they had no preacher. Though this was Thursday and I had planned to leave the valley the next morning, such a request could not be refused.

The result was a four days visit that has been one of the most delightful in a long life of varied experiences in all parts of the world.

Miss Pettit, having the interest of the whole community at heart, mapped out visits to various outlying schools for each day, and when distance required it, placed a riding horse at my disposal, but the most interesting experience was the school itself.

Here are gathered about a hundred children ranging in



ages from the four-year-old chubby, rosy checked tot, to the big eighteen-year-old, stalwart young man. He with some others in the school has made big money working in the coal fields, which they squandered as fast as made.

One of the lads had spent \$1,100 for a piano, and been obliged to sell it again when work stopped. In some way or other they had realized their need of education, not being able to read or write, and had come to this school. The progress they had made in a few months was something remarkable.

Taking the whole community of children, one could not meet a more delightful, healthy, or well behaved lot anywhere in Christendom. Among themselves they were like an ideal family, kind and thoughtful to one another, and to their teachers and strangers, models of politeness. At least this was true of all except the newest arrivals who needed teaching in these virtues.

It seemed almost incredible that these children often came from homes where families of eight to twelve were brought up in one-roomed, scantily furnished cabins.

#### THE SIMPLE LIFE

Acquaintance with the women who were carrying on this work revealed the fact that one, teaching the girls dress-making, had been for years Dean of a large women's college. Another, acting as house-mother, had for years been a teacher of mathematics in a school for wealthy girls, and half the staff had probably traveled over Europe either for pleasure or education. Yet here in this lonely place among the mountains these women were rising at five-thirty, breakfasting at six, each one at a table with her own family surrounding it, on the simplest fare.

As a rule no butter was served at any meal, oatmeal porridge being the staple food for breakfast. A granite-ware plate and mug for drinking water were all the dishes used, and any desserts there happen to be are often served on the same plate used for the first course. Though dispensing

with the multitudinous dishes that make housekeeping such a bug bear to those who have their own work to do, perfect table manners were expected and observed by all the children. The habits of cleanliness and good living thus inculcated are taught in every phase of the home-life of the children living in the community of families under the care of the various workers.

#### THE SCHOOL

In the school the children learn everything from elementary instruction in reading and writing to second year high school, the qualified teachers either giving services free or for a nominal salary.

#### THE BARN

In the barn, which was kept beautifully clean we found eleven fine cows, some Jerseys, and others Holsteins. These gave a plentiful supply of milk for all the needs of the school. An exceptionally capable woman, herself a mountaineer, superintended this branch.

#### THE SAWMILL

There being lots of available timber on the property of the Settlement School, a little sawmill converts this into lumber for all the various buildings, and to supply the carpentershop, where boys are taught to turn it into articles of furniture. In this connection it may be mentioned that a scientific forestry instructor is one of the staff of the school and teaches the boys the value of reforestation, while applying these principles to their own woods.

#### DYEING AND WEAVING

In an effort to revive the home spinning industries that used to be general in the mountains a number of hand looms are kept at work by the girls. The homespun yarn is dyed with the old wood dyes, and colored blankets, warranted to last a life time, are woven here. The instructress

of this branch is provided by the Southern Industrial Educational Association.

#### THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

Though the Settlement is without any regular pastor, a real Christian spirit permeates the life of the homes, and is fostered by the home mothers. Thus, I found a very receptive band of children when it was my privilege to take their chapel service. Other ministers visit as they have opportunity and are made welcome.

#### COMMUNITY WORK

In addition to the main settlement, schools are maintained at points respectively six and four miles in either direction. A very competent woman doctor and four resident nurses are maintained to help the whole neighborhood.

Frequently it falls to the nurse to spend two days and nights in one cabin giving the whole family hookworm treatment. The woman doctor rides at all hours of the day and night swimming her horse over swollen streams, occasionally, and following dangerous trails answering calls for her help. When children need treatment for adenoids, they are sent free of charge to Lexington or Louisville hospitals.

#### SUPPORT

This excellent work is entirely supported by free will offerings and anyone wanting a good investment towards good citizenship in the rising generation cannot do better than send money to the Treasurer, Mr. C. N. Manning, Security Trust Building, Lexington, Ky.

#### THE LEES McRAE INSTITUTE

The Lees McRae Institute is a Christian Industrial School in the heart of the Appalachian Mountains, in the State of North Carolina not far from the Tennessee line. For twenty years it has been heroically waging a relentless

warfare against ignorance and vice. More than fifteen hundred girls and boys have been trained by the faithful teachers who have taught in this school.

The Lees McRae Institute was named for two splendid women, Mrs. E. A. McRae of North Carolina, and Mrs. S. P. Lees of New York. One was a devoted mission worker in her native state, the other was a generous giver to several of the institutions in the South.

The Lees McRae Institute is divided into two departments, one for girls at Banners Elk and one for boys at Plumtree. These two are both in the same county, but separated from each other by a distance of twenty miles. The girls' department opens in April and closes in December, the boys' department opening in September and closing in May.

The Lees McRae Institute, owes no small part of its success to the help that has come from the Southern Industrial Educational Association. Ever since the founder of this Association, Mrs. Gielow, and its first President, Judge Shepard, visited the school at Banners Elk, it has shown an interest in this institution.

The Lees McRae Institute does not have many needs for it is situated among a people of simple habits, but while these needs are not many they are very urgent.

One of the greatest needs is scholarships for worthy girls and boys. At the present rate of charge, one hundred dollars will pay the expenses of a girl for a year at Banners Elk and one hundred and fifty dollars will pay the expenses of a boy at Plumtree.

Any friends or Auxiliaries of the Association that would like to have a part in the Industrial Education of the girls and boys of the mountains will find the Lees McRae Institute glad to co-operate with them. We will hunt out the raw material and carefully polish it if they will furnish the money that is just as essential as the skilled labor that we are furnishing.

EDGAR TUFTS,  
Banners Elk, North Carolina.

## A MOUNTAIN CHILD'S SUMMARY OF RULES OF HEALTH

The following résumé of a forty-five-minute talk on health and hygiene, given in a schoolroom down in the mountains of North Carolina, was made by a child nine years of age, to take home to her mother. The child certainly caught the essential points:

If ye wash yourself inside and out no pisin will stiek to you and make you sick.

Your mouth was made to eat with and yer nose to breathe with. Ef ye don't do hit this a way ye might get a sickness.

Ef you haft to spit, kiver it up with dirt.

Ye needn't have varmint in yer hed ef ye don't want him. I fergit the name she give the stuff that will kill 'em, but if ye keep clean they won't be any.

Ef sores air made clean and kep clean ye won't get blood pisin.

Worms is dirt come to life in you, as should not be thar. Wash all garden stuff keerful and clean your spring.

Ef ye don't scour yur teeth yer mouth might be a swill pail and ef waste is not got rid of ye might get a fever.

Ef ye keep yer finger nails clean ye can scratch yer hide without danger of pisin. And hit air not polite to hev dirty nails.

Ef ye have sore eyes, don't spread 'em among others. Be keerful not to use no one's basin or towel or handkerchiew.

Ef ye see a baby with sore eyes, tell a doctor. Little babies don't belong to have nothing the matter with 'em.

Ef you get hurt get fixed right away or tomorrow it will be a bigger hurt. A house afire is too late.—*Journal American Medical Association.*

## CHRISTMAS SALE

A special exhibition was arranged at Christmas time and the Trustees and Electors were invited to visit the exchange

and see the many interesting articles which had been received from the mountains workers in the cabin homes and the schools.

Much gratification and pleasure were expressed by everyone at the marked improvement in the work. The colors in the weavings were softer and better blended and the baskets more carefully finished off.

Among the articles which attracted most attention were the new spreads tufted and knotted on the unbleached muslin in lovely soft colors; blue, pink, lavender and yellow. These were greatly in demand and sold rapidly.

The results of the sale were most satisfactory and many new friends were made.

## REMINISCENT MOOD OF A PIONEER.\*

The talk of our old neighbors, who remember when land was bartered from the Indians, and witch doctors could charm a bullet so it would go round a corner after an enemy, is the precious treasure of Pine Mountain. These pioneers of the "young times," whose like the world will never know again, hold you spellbound with tales told them by their grandsires.

The other day Uncle Calvin, as he sat on his porch in the mellow autumn sunshine, fell to talking of the Nolans, his forbears. His "great-grandpap, when he was only a chunk of a boy," was playing on the deck of a ship in the harbor of Dublin, and was carried out to sea before he knew it. The sailing master would not turn back, and the lad was forced to work his passage to America, "as was the way for one in his fix." He landed in Maryland and was bound out seven years to learn the potter's trade. One day while he was moulding saucers, Miss Mary Wadkins came along and showed such interest in his occupation that he dropped a hot saucer into the apron she daringly held outstretched. The saucer burned a hole through, and broke as it fell to the ground! "This action," said Uncle Calvin,

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"led to talk, which produced an acquaintancy, out o' which grew the intimacy of love—so to courtin' an' weddin'."

The tale has it that he became one of the first gentlemen of Maryland, and one of Washington's bodyguard. When the Revolutionary war had passed, he settled in Mecklinburg County, Virginia, where Uncle Calvin's grandfather was born. Then you have the picture of the pioneer going deeper into the wilds, as far as the Clinch River in Virginia. "Come along the war of 1812," and he volunteered at Tazewell, fighting under General Gaines at Port Eric. Later, being the "game-follerin' kind," he led his family along the Wilderness Road, through Cumberland Gap, and into Kentucky County, Virginia, as Kentucky was then called. Where Middlesboro is now, he found a "wild and unappropriated land," which he and his son surveyed, and which "properly would belong to the Nolans," had they not continued to follow the game up the Pine Mountain Valley. "Grandpap's twelve children populated the wilderness a right smart in those days."

If you press him to tell about his own life in the valley he will say, "Hit aint worth tellin',—livin' off so fer I didn't git much education,—but I've had time to ponder on the Good Book, an' hit calls for study if you're to act by it. I've had my hand in politics hereabouts, and reckon we've got to keep the government clean. Look at that mountain! There haint nothin' fairer in the world than hit October-colored as hit be now."

"Well, I've seed a sight of changes in my day. Them war the days of Injuns behind trees and panters a-yellin' of a night. I've seed the woods full of wild turkey and deer, and I've seed 'em go west that man wouldn't molest 'em. My pappy used to throw stones out of the path and say they'd be a road through here some day, and now there is, and another 'n a-comin' across the top of the mountain, and there's the School a-settin' up the road."

Mention of the School brings him to Victoria, his granddaughter. "Hit's the only young thing the old woman and

I have got, but hit's the steadfast, studyin' kind, so we're a-sendin' hit to stay at School and git hit's chance.

"Some day, if you come ag'in when my mind haint so tuck up with 'lectioncering for the new magistrate, and this here railroad strike that's threatenin' the country, maybe I can recollect somethin' else fer ye."

### SAVE AND DEVELOP AMERICANS

When the whole story is told of American achievement and the picture is painted of our material resources, we come back to the plain but all significant fact that far beyond all our possessions in land and coal and water and oil and industries is the American man. To him, to his spirit and to his character, to his skill and to his intelligence is due all the credit for the land in which we live. And that resource we are neglecting. He may be the best nurtured and the best clothed and the best housed of all men on this great globe. He may have more chances to become independent and even rich. He may have opportunities for schooling nowhere else afforded. He may have a freedom to speak and to worship and to exercise his judgment over the affairs of the Nation. And yet he is the most neglected of our resources because he does not know how rich he is, how rich beyond all other men he is. Not rich in money, I do not speak of that, but rich in the endowment of powers and possibilities no other man ever was given.

Here is raw material truly, of the most important kind and the greatest possibility for good as well as for ill.

EX-SECRETARY FRANKLIN LANE.

### APPRECIATIONS FROM PUPILS AT THE HINDMAN SCHOOL

Recently a prize was offered, by a Louisville friend, for the best essay written by our students, on the subject "Knott County and Our School." We feel you will be glad to know what the School and Settlement life means

to them, while they are still here, so we quote extracts from these papers.

"They don't just teach us in our books, but we are taught how to do most everything from scrubbing the floor to reading Latin. The School has helped the co-operation through the County. The country people live a far ways from each other. This helps to bring them together and to not just work for themselves and to take advice from educated people. The school is helping us to make the best of what is in us and to be strong, useful citizens."

"There have been great changes in the county and the lives of the people, things have bettered themselves every way. The progress of the county is slow but sure. Health and Sanitation are working their way wonderfully."

"Some, in their search for wisdom, go on to College, while others who are not so ambitious, go back to their little mountain homes and teach their families the things they themselves have learned here about sanitation and the many things the homes need."

"The greatest point to our school is the working system. All the children have to work an equal amount. Children that can't work and won't work are not allowed to remain in school. The teachers work also, they do things for us by giving us knowledge and we do things for them by cleaning their rooms, etc. The school has saved hundreds and hundreds of people from being ignorant because they were too poor to go any where else."

"In addition to the knowledge received from the study of books, the girls are so trained in Music, Sewing, Laundry, Cooking and Weaving, that when they go to their homes, they can improve the conditions and make those who surround them healthier and happier. The boys, when they have finished, can make furniture which any one would be proud to own. Every boy and girl is assigned work and in this way, if they are industrious, they can pay all expenses. This is not only beneficial financially, but makes the place more homelike. At present many girls and boys are

waiting for a chance to enter this school, but there is room for no more. If this school had not been founded, it is impossible to imagine what state of conditions our county would have been in at this time; but still there is much room for improvements along this line of education and in order to accomplish these, there must be more schools of this kind or increase in the size of this one."

"We hope our school will be able to continue the work that she is doing and today, her fame, as being one of the best schools in the State of Kentucky, is wide; and last of all, the deeds of our school are not legendary and far fetched but real."

#### THE DANIEL AND CLARISSA AMBLER FUND AT WORK

The following letter from Miss Berry gives information concerning the three boys who are the recipients of the Ambler scholarships:

I believe I have told you the story of Anderson and William (half brothers). I found them in the poor house. The father had married the third time, and I took the boys because their own mother had asked me to before she died. The father is now dead. The boys have been with us since they were five and six years old and both are splendid boys. I took Anderson with me on a little trip into the mountains recently and he had an opportunity to study conditions there. He is quick and bright and was very much interested in visiting the cabin homes with me and distributing catalogs and books. It was a great opportunity for him to take an interest in people unfortunately situated. We attended some of the country churches and he felt it deeply when he found that the minister could scarcely read the gospels—"the blind leading the blind." I am going to take William with me on the next trip. William was a delicate boy when he first came, but since having his tonsils and adenoids removed he has grown to be a quite sturdy

boy. He is an expert swimmer and it is a picture to see him in the water. He is also fond of animals and likes to take care of the chickens, and does it well. They have both passed their examinations well and made their grades. The teachers are pleased with their progress and with their general development.

Charlie G—— is not physically strong and has had a poor start. He is not the equal physically of the other two boys and is handicapped in a way, but he is faithful and earnest. He learns slowly but retains what he does learn. He is fond of agriculture and says he expects to make a trained agriculturist.

Thanking your Association for making it possible for these young boys to be trained and fitted for the work of good Christian citizens.

Sincerely,  
MARTHA BERRY.

Possibly some of the readers of the QUARTERLY may not know that the Association has established two memorial scholarships funds of \$5,000.00 each, the Judge Seth Shepard Memorial Fund and the Daniel and Clarissa Ambler Fund. The income from these funds is giving opportunity for an education to five deserving children in the schools at Hindman, Ky., and Mount Berry, Ga.

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.
  - \$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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