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Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

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

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1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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"Twenty-eight, and Hain't Got a Man!"*

Aunt Ailsie first heard the news from her son's wife, Ruthena, who, returning from a trading trip to The Forks, reined in her nag to call,—

"Maw, there's a passel of quare women come in from furrin parts and sot 'em up some cloth houses there on the p'int above the court house, and carrying on some of the outlandishest doings ever you heard of. And folks a-pouring up that hill till no jury can't hardly be got to hold court this week."

The thread of wool Aunt Ailsie was spinning snapped and flew, and she stepped down from porch to palings. "Hit's a show!" she exclaimed, in an awed voice; "I heard of one down Jackson-way one time, where there was a elephant and a lion and all manner of varmint, and the women rid around bareback, without no clothes on 'em to speak of."

"No, hit hain't no show, neither, folks claim; they allow them women is right women, and dresses themselves plumb proper. Some says they come up from the level land. And some that Uncle Ephraim Kent foted 'em in."

Next morning Aunt Ailsie was delighted to see her favorite grandson, Fult Fallon, dash up the branch on his black mare.

"Tell about them quare women," she demanded, before he could dismount.

"I come to get some of your sweet apples for 'em, granny," he said. "'Peared like they was apple-hungry, and I knowed hit was time for yourn."

"Light and take all you need," she said. "But, Fulty, stop a spell first and tell me more about them women. Air they running a show like we heard of down Jackson-way four or five year gone?"

Fult shook his head emphatically. "Not that kind," he

*Abridged from the story by Lucy Furman, "The Quare Women," in *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1922.

said. "Them women are the ladyest women you ever seed, and the friendliest. And hit's a pure sight all the pretties they got, and all the things that goes on. I never in life enjoyed the like."

Aunt Ailsie followed him around to the sweet-apple tree, and helped him fill his saddlebags.

"Keep a-telling about 'em," she begged. "Seems like I hain't heard or seed nothing for so long I'm nigh starved to death."

"Well, they come up from the level country—the Blue Grass. You ricollect me telling you how I passed through hit on my way to Frankfort—as smooth, pretty country as ever was made; though, being level, hit looked lone-some to me. And from what they have said, I allow Unele Ephraim Kent foted 'em up here, some way or 'nother, I don't rightly know how."

Next morning, which was Saturday, Aunt Ailsie mildly suggested at breakfast, "I might maybe ride in to town today, if you say so. I can't weave no further till I get some thread, and there's a good mess of eggs, and several beans and sweet apples, to trade."

Uncle Lot fixed severe eyes upon her. "Ailsie," he said, "you wouldn't have no call to ride in to The Forks today if them quare women wasn't thar. You allus was possessed to run atter some new thing. My counsel to you is the same as Solomon's—'Bewar' of the strange woman!'"

However, he did not absolutely forbid her to go.

Two hours later, clothed in the hot brown-linsey dress, black sunbonnet, new print apron and blue-yarn mitts which she wore on funeral occasions and like social events, she set forth on old Darb, the fat, flea-bitten nag, with a large poke of beans across her side-saddle, and baskets of eggs and apples on her arms.

The half-mile down her branch and the two miles up Perilous Creek had never seemed so long, and the beauty of green folding mountains and tall trees mirrored in winding waters was thrown away on her.

"I am plumb wore out looking at nothing but cliffs and hillsides and creek-beds for sixty year," she said aloud, resentfully.

"'Pears like I would give life hitself to see something different."

She switched the old nag sharply, and could hardly wait for the first glimpse of the "cloth houses."

They came in sight at last—a cluster of white tents, one above another, near the top of a spur overlooking court house and village. Drawing nearer, she could see people moving up the zigzag path toward them. Leaving the beans across her saddle, she did not even stop at the hotel to see her daughter, Cynthia Fallon, but, flinging her bridle over a paling, went up the hill at a good gait, baskets on arms, and entered the lowest tent with a heart beating more rapidly from excitement than from the steep climb.

The sides of this tent were rolled up. A group of ten or twelve girls stood at one end of a long, white table, where a strange and very pretty young woman, in a crisp gingham dress and large white apron, was kneading a batch of light-bread dough, and explaining the process of bread-making as she worked. Men, women, and children, two or three deep in a compact ring, looked on.

Soon Aunt Ailsie and the crowd went up farther, to where the largest tent stood. Within were numerous young men and maidens, large boys and girls, sitting about on floor or camp-stools, talking and laughing, and every one of them engaged upon a piece of sewing. Another strange young woman, in another crisp dress, moved smilingly about, directing the work.

"What might your name be?" asked Aunt Ailsie.

"Virginia Preston."

"And how old air you, Virginny "

"How old would you guess?"

"Well, I would say maybe eighteen or nineteen."

"I'm twenty-eight," replied Virginia.

"Now you know you hain't! No old woman couldn't have sech rosy jaws and tender skin!"

"Yes, I am; but I don't call it old."

"Hit's old, too; when I were twenty-eight I were very nigh a grandmaw."

"You must have married very young."

"No, I were fourteen. That hain't young—my maw, she married at twelve, and had sixteen in family. I never had but a small mess of young-uns,—eight,—and they're all married and gone, or else dead, now, and me and Lot left alone. Where's your man while you traveling the country this way?"

"I have no man—I'm not married."

"What?" demanded Aunt Ailsie, as if she could not have heard aright.

"I have no husband—I am not married," repeated the stranger.

Aunt Ailsie stared, dumb, for some seconds before she could speak. "Twenty-eight, and hain't got a man!" she then exclaimed. She looked Virginia all over again, as if from a new point of view, and with a gaze in which curiosity and pity were blended. "I never in life seed but one old maid before, and she was fittified," she remarked tentatively.

"Well, at least I don't have fits," laughed Virginia.

There was a stir among the young folks, who rose, put away their work, and gathered at one end of the tent, under the big flag. Then the strange woman who had taught them sewing sat down before a small box and began to play a tune.

"Is there music in that-air cupboard?" asked Aunt Ailsie, astonished.

"It is a baby-organ we brought with us," explained Virginia.

"And who's that a-picking on hit?"

"Amy Scott, my best friend."

"How old is she?"

"About my age."

"She's got a man, sure, hain't she?"

"No."

"What—as fair a woman as her—and with that friendly smile?"

"No."

The anxious, puzzled look again fell upon Aunt Ailsie's face.

Afterward, when the dishes were washed and all sat around in groups under the trees, resting, she said confidentially to Virginia,—

"I am plumb tore up in my mind over you women, five of you, and as good-lookers as ever I beheld, and with sech nice, common ways, too, not having no man. Hit hain't noways reasonable."

Already the young people were trooping blithely up the hill and past the dining-tent. For from two to three was "play-time" on the hill, and every young creature from miles around came to it.

The older folks followed to the top of the spur, and Virginia told a hero-story, and the nurse gave a five-minute talk; and then the play-games began, all taking partners and forming a large ring, and afterward going through many pretty figures, singing as they played, Fult's rich voice in the lead. Aunt Ailsie had played all the games when she was young; her ancestors had played them on village greens in Old England for centuries. Her eyes shone as she watched the flying feet and happy faces.

"Women, if I was sot down in Heaven, I couldn't be more happier than I am this day; and two angels with wings couldn't look half as good to me as you two gals. And I love you for allus-to-come, and I want you to take the night with me a-Monday, if you feel to."

"We shall love to come."

"And I'll live on the thoughts of seeing you once more. And, women,"—she drew them close and dropped her voice low,—“seems like hit purely breaks my heart to think of

you two sweet creaturs a-living a lone-life like you do, without ary man to your name. And there hain't no earthly reason for hit to go on. I know a mighty working widow-man over on Powderhorn, with a good farm, and a tight house, and several head of property, and nine orphant young-uns. I'll get the word acrost to him right off; and if one of you don't please him, t' other will; and quick as I get one fixed in life I'll start on t' other. And you jest take heart—I'll gorrontee you won't live lone-lie much longer, neither one of you!"

Explanation.

Readers of Lucy Furman's story will like to know the foundation beneath her account:—

In the heart of the Kentucky mountains, that romantic and little-known region long regarded as the home of fouds and moonshine, the first rural social settlement in America was begun in the summer of 1899 under the auspices of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Kentucky.

Half-a-dozen young women from the more prosperous sections of the state, under the leadership of Miss May Stone and Miss Katharine Pettit, went up into the mountains, two and three days' journey from a railroad, and, pitching their tents, spent three successive summers holding singing, sewing, cooking, and kindergarten classes, giving entertainments for people of all ages, visiting homes—establishing friendly relations with the men, women, and children of three counties.

The second summer—that of 1900—was spent at the small county-seat of Knott County, Hindman, at the Forks of Troublesome Creek; and here, at the earnest solicitation of the people, accompanied by offers of land and of timber for building, a combined social settlement and industrial and academic school was permanently established in 1902—the pioneer of its kind in the southern mountains.

Beginning in a small way, this work has, in twenty years, grown to large proportions and exerted a deep influence upon the life of half-a-dozen mountain counties, having become not only the best known of all the mountain schools, but the model for the more recent ones.

Miss Lucy Furman has been for many years connected with the Hindman Settlement School, and has written a number of stories about the mountain children, which have been printed in magazine

and in book form. In the series of stories, "The Quare Women," starting in this number of the *Atlantic*, she goes back to the very beginnings of the work, the tent days with their varied and unusual adventures, and gives an authentic picture of the people whom ex-President Frost of Berea College has so aptly called "our contemporary ancestors," and of the impact of modern life and ideas upon them.—*Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1922.

A Little Book of Mountain Verse.

Ann Cobb, who has been a worker at the Hindman Settlement School for several years, has recently published a little volume of verse upon the Cumberland Mountain people, bearing the friendly title of "Kinfolks," from which these poems are quoted.

Kivers.¹

Yes, I've sev'ral kivers you can see;
'Light and hitch your beastic in the shade!
I don't foller weaving now so free,
And all my purtiest ones my forebears made.
Home-dyed colors kindly meller down
Better than these new fatched-on ones from town.

I ricollect my granny at the loom
Weaving that blue one yonder on the bed,
She put the shuttle by and laid in tomb.
Her word was I could claim hit when I wed.
"Flower of Edinboro" was hits name,
Betokening the land from which she came.

Nary a daughter have I for the boon,
But there's my son's wife from the level land,
She took the night with us at harvest-moon—
A comely, fair young maid, with loving hand.
I gave her three—"Sunrise" and "Trailing Vine"
And "Young Man's Fancy." She admired 'em fine.

¹In the Kentucky mountains for generations the sole outlet for the artistic sense of the women has been the weaving of woolen coverlets, many of them of elaborate pattern and rare beauty.

That green one mostly wrops around the bread;
 "Tennessee Lace" I take to ride behind.
 Hither and yon right smart of them have fled.
 Inside the chest I keep my choicest kind—
 "Pine-Bloom" and "St. Ann's Robe" (of hickory brown),
 "Star of the East". (that yaller's fading down!)

The Rose? I wove hit courting, long ago—
 Not Simon, though he's proper kind of heart—
 His name was Hugh—the fever laid him low—
 I allus keep that kiver set apart.
 "Rose of the Valley," he would laugh and say,
 "The kiver's favoring your face to-day!"

The Widow-Man.

I've brung you my three babes, that lost their Maw a year
 ago.
 Folks claim you are right women, larnd, and fitten for to
 know
 What's best for babes, and how to raise 'em into Christian
 men.
 I've growed afeared to leave 'em lest the house ketch fire
 again.
 For though I counsel 'em a sight each time I ride to town,
 Little chaps get so sleepy-headed when the dark comes
 down!

A body can make shift somehow to feed 'em up of days,
 But nights they need a woman-person's foolish little ways
 (When all of t'other young things are tucked under mam-
 my's wing,
 And the hoot-owls and the frogs and all the lonesome crit-
 ters sing).
 You'll baby 'em a little when you get 'em in their gown?
 Little chaps get so sleepy-headed when the dark comes
 down!

Observations of a Mountain Worker.

Dear Miss Stone:

As you know, when I left Hindman after my summer of work there, I hoped to return and remain permanently as a volunteer worker. Events beyond my control have decreed that, for a while at least, it must not be. My disappointment is keen, after spending these months with you, and seeing the many lines along which your work is expanding, and how much needs to be done through the personal touch.

Certain things rise with special vividness to my mind.

First, a trip "away back of the beyond," with one of the girls of the school to her home, in which I had been told I should find life truly primitive. So it seemed at first glance,—the windowless log house, the home-made bedsteads, chairs, table, shovel, poker, the big gourds for salt, lard, sugar, etc., the festoons of shucky beans from the rafters. But in some way, sheets had been procured for my bed: and the mother's biscuits for breakfast, large, yellow, heavy, were followed at dinner by the small, white, crisp ones of her daughter, your pupil. Most pathetic of all, by our plates at the table reposed small squares cut from newspapers,—the nearest approach to napkins that could be compassed. Both parents were illiterate,—the father had been out of the mountains once, when taken down to the Federal Court at Louisville, for moonshining, and the trip seemed to be the brightest spot in his memory. He said he had quit moonshining and even drinking because of his one little son, upon whom he gazed with fond pride, and who was to come to the Hindman School with his sister when the new term began. The mother, a patient, wistful drudge, old before her time, apologized for her own and her husband's shortcomings. "I hain't got nary grain of larning," she said, "and I am a mighty sorry, ignorant ole maw for my young uns." But your girl, laying a hand on her shoulder spoke up loyally and lovingly, "You're just the best ole maw in the world!"

Then there was the Annual Footwashing and Communion Service of the Old Regular Baptists over on Carr Creek, followed by a baptizing. Fifteen or sixteen hundred people were present, and there were seven or eight preachers. Each would take a text and preach to it in a wonderful minor sing-song, with much threatening of hell-fire for the sinners, and many affectionate exhortations to the black sunbonneted sisters and the coatless brethren, who formed a deep hollow square about the preacher's table, and who, before the end, were all up and weaving about in a kind of spiritual ecstasy. But the significant part was that all the young men and maidens stood thick around the edges and outskirts, taking no part whatever in what meant so much to their mothers and fathers. To a young college man, a former pupil of your school, I said:

"What of the future? Is there danger of the young folks dropping this form of worship without gaining something else?"

"Yes," he answered thoughtfully, "there is danger. It all depends upon what modern education gives them."

"What does the change mean to you personally?"

"This is my mother's form of religion. It must pass, because there is no place in it for education and freedom of thought. But it has kept the light burning through the days of our illiteracy, and it is my business to help tide over the transition."

Then I remember so well that day we crossed the mountains to visit Rhoda, famous for her "pretty weaving," and she offered, as a matter of course, to get dinner for the unexpected party of seven. As we lingered on her porch, watching her "tromp the treadles" of her loom with bare feet, listening to her quaint English and wise remarks, holding her poise and dignity, and the quick, fine intelligence of her dark eyes, we were convinced that, under different circumstances, she would be fully equal to the presidency of a woman's club, or capable of heading an important civic organization.

One of the party said afterwards it would be a pity to destroy such naturalness and unconsciousness of self even by education. So it would be in a way: and, as far as Rhoda is concerned, her day is past. But her children face a new and complicated world, with problems their mother never dreams of. The big commercial interests will drive as hard a bargain as the inexperience of the mountaineer will permit, for his timber rights, his mineral rights, his land even, and then he will have nothing to fall back on save work in the mining camps. And the fact that the mountain people are of the best and sturdiest American stock will scarcely help them here—you know the horrors of some of the mining towns, with their gangs of bad foreigners, bad negroes, the riff-raff of the world—certainly a more forlorn, abandoned aggregation of humanity could not be imagined. Commercialism is having its innings before the mountaineer has been prepared to meet the problem—though I know your school has long foreseen this and has done its best.

And speaking of the changing conditions, I am reminded of the August Mothers' Meeting at the school, during which the mothers threw amazing and illuminating questions at me. They were facing the problem of taking their girls and boys through adolescence. On the day before, a college boy, formerly at your school, had explained the wildness of the young men to me by saying, "When we are babies, nothing is too good to do for us. When we are six or seven, our parents begin to call us 'feisty,' and by the time we are thirteen they are sure we want to be bad, and I reckon they're right." I was delighted and surprised to find that, around Hindman, at any rate, mothers are waking up and wanting to know how.

One other picture remains hauntingly with me,—that of the fascinating old woman of sixty-eight, whose keen wit, fine dramatic gift, and intense mental activity, lacking proper outlet, had caused her to become a notorious gossip and scandal-monger, but who said to me one day, "I reckon

I've shed millions of tears because I hain't able to read," and who thenceforth came eagerly and faithfully every day during the summer for her lessons, and, before it was over, could not only read almost everything, but could write quite a passable (and always interesting) letter.

The cruel waste of fine human material,—material highly fitted for leadership—is the thing that strikes me most forcibly and painfully in your mountains.

I close this letter with probably the only worth-while sentence in it,—enclosed find my check. I do want to feel that I am helping the great cause along.

Faithfully yours,
MINNIE WHITHAM.

Mary E. Horner.

Word has been received of the death in April of Miss Mary E. Horner, who for twelve years was principal of the Valle Crucis Mission School in the district of Asheville, North Carolina.

Miss Horner was a most devoted worker and exerted upon the girls who came under her teaching and guidance an influence that will have far-reaching results among the mountain homes. Her watchword was service and her pupils caught her spirit and her vision, so that life will be richer wherever they go.

Recent visitors to the Headquarters of the Association have been: Miss Wilmer Stone, who has been at the Pine Mt. Settlement School, Kentucky, for seven years as house mother at the "Far House"; Dr. Geo. Hubbell, Mrs. R. B. Parker and Miss Jennie Burkes, from the Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tenn.; Mrs. E. S. Porter, who gave a very interesting account of the work being done by Miss Rose McCord at the Wooton Settlement, Kentucky, where Miss Large will go in September as director of Fireside Industries, and Mrs. John C. Campbell.

A LETTER FROM LEES-McRAE INSTITUTE

Banner's Elk, N. C.,

Dear Friends of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:—

Yesterday we made some history here at Banner's Elk. We broke ground for the first of our longed-for permanent buildings, and we did it with a will, and with many a mattock and shovel, everybody taking a turn, from Mr. Tufts to the kindergartners! This lusty trench digging was the closing feature of the program of speeches and songs and school yells.

All the valley was there, and everybody brought baskets and boxes of supper two of the Trustees coming up the mountain to grace the occasion. After the program we all gathered at the long tables under the chestnuts, and ate great quantities of delicious country fare; the girls played a fast game of basket-ball, and the men "shucked" their coats and played a regular "torn-down" game. It was a stirring time. And now the new buildings are at last begun, for we began them ourselves! This one, the North Carolina building, is to be the central one, and is to contain the offices, recitation rooms, dining-room and kitchen. The other two,—the Tennessee and the Virginia buildings, are to be for the High School and Graded School dormitories. A gathering like this is good for us all. It takes the school workers out of their rut, and gives them time to look about and find what a lovely world our work lies in, and what good neighbors and help we have. And it shows the neighbors how well and happy and carefully-raised our children are, and how they must be proud and prouder to have such a school among them. We are making some progress, too, in municipal spirit, and are excited over the prospect of a road at last! We have suffered all these years for lack of one, and thereby for lack of contact with the world, lack of markets for our most excellent food stuffs, and inaccessibility to our good friends who want to visit us.

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But poor roads have not kept the children away. Many of them come in wagons which have grown old in service on just such, or far worse, roads. And the station on the little Narrow Gauge is only eight miles away. From there they arrive, in the middle of April, from all parts of the state, from far south and even, this year, came one child from New York. I want to tell you a little about her. The family once lived in Asheville. She has lost both father and mother, and the large family of children is scattered to the four winds. She does not even know where her baby sister is! Here is a bit from the letter she wrote, which came into Mr. Tufts' hands, and brought her here. "I just don't know what is going to become of me. I haven't any education and I just can't get along in this world. Will you please ask the head man if he will try to get me in school some place. I am willing to work my best. Oh, you do not know how bad I want to go to school." And the child is paralyzed, too! That is, she has never outgrown the effects of a stroke she had some time ago. But she is improving wonderfully, under our dear Dr. Tate, and with the patient help of our little music teacher she is getting more and more use of her poor right hand. Her sweet, bright, joyous expression does the heart good.

We have other very pitiful cases. One poor distracted mother, whose husband's health has completely failed, and now his mind is gone, had to bring two mere babies to us to look after. And you may be sure "Miss Mildred" took them in, to her home and her heart. And she even steals time from her manifold duties, as house-mother for the graded school, to sew for them, for they have very little to wear. This little "Lady Principal" is a widow now, and in her loneliness has turned again to her old love,—the little children of the poor. She mothers them and spansks them, washes them and teaches them the catechism, and many a good mother of future big mountain families will rise up and call her blessed. In fact some of these in our

neighborhood owe much to her. We had many a wife and husband in the crowd of yesterday that have been to school here, and many little kiddies of the second generation bring their dinner pails to school each day.

This year we all go to meals at the High School, which has an ample kitchen and dining-room, and an excellent manager in Miss Phifer. And it is a heartening sight to see the children's cheeks fill out and grow rosy, and the weaker ones put on pounds. Miss Stewart, our lovely new teacher from Mississippi, has gained eleven! And we all find ourselves quite able to eat unlimited beans and potatoes and apple sauce, all of our own raising, after a mountain walk or a game of tennis on the court the young college men have laid out for us.

"Time fails me to mention" the hospital and its wonder-worker, Dr. Tate, but I will anyhow! For he is getting the desire of his heart—a home of his own. The land is being leveled and the plans are made, for a dear, homey cottage, on the ridge between the Halls' cottage and the hospital, with a glorious view of Grandfather Mountain from the rear and of Beech from the front.

The Orphans' Home is flourishing, and the farms, both there, and here at the school, are abundantly sowed and well worked for a bumper crop. How I wish that every one of you might be here to-day, and sit on the porch with me and enjoy this view—a great, impressive panorama of hills upon hills, from Blood Camp to Hanging Rock, and the river and the old mill, and the hemlocks marching up the slopes, and the cloud shadows drifting across. But come and see for yourselves. And see for yourselves how much we need that scholarship! How our little, neglected ones, both in "time or books" and play-time are "learnin' the mos' manners," as the red-headed twins would say, and learning the Bible and Christian living besides.

SUSAN E. HALL.

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

The Southern Industrial Educational Association

was organized in 1906 for the purpose of promoting industrial education for the mountain people of the South.

The Association endeavors to reach a part of the 1,500,000 children scattered in the fastnesses of these mountains. Of the 216 counties in the Appalachian region, 98 are spoken of as distinctly "mountain counties." The population of this region is about 4,000,000.

The children who live in this section get an average of only twenty-six school days a year.

A 20-year-old mountain boy or girl has had less education than a fourth grade city school child.

Quoting from a bulletin of the Bureau of Education, Dr. P. P. Claxton, former Commissioner of Education, says:

"The Southern Appalachian Mountain Region is rich in resources. Its population contains a larger per cent of native-born white persons than that of any other part of the United States. The great majority of these are of the sturdy stocks—English, Irish, Scotch, German and French Huguenot. The energy, native ability and patriotism of these people are known to the world. Yet, because of historical and geographical reasons, the section as

a whole is backward in development, and a large per cent of the people are illiterate. Here, as elsewhere, and probably to a greater degree than in any other section of this country, the development of natural resources and the turning of potential wealth into actual wealth must depend on the education and training of the people. To this end the people are eager to help themselves."

The Association is nonsectarian and works cordially with all existing boards. It endeavors to be a clearing house of information regarding these schools and gladly offers its aid and such information as it has to those who may be interested in this work.

The Association Offers

- To assist established schools and institutions where industrial training is given.
 - To co-operate with public educational agencies; to aid their efforts by securing equipment and properly trained teachers. It makes a constant study of mountain conditions.
 - To send workers into strategic points in the mountains who shall establish community centers in which teaching in industrial arts and domestic science is given.
 - To assist in developing the native industries of the mountains, such as weaving, basketry, quilting, making of furniture, etc.
 - To teach the conservation of resources. To instruct in farming, cattle raising, canning, sanitation, care of the sick, etc.
 - To teach better citizenship and care of the homes.
- These people have great capacities and possibilities and need only a chance.

Dr. George A. Hubbell.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Directors, Dr. George A. Hubbell, who has been president of Lincoln

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Memorial University for twelve years, tendered his resignation as President. His resignation was accepted with resolutions of appreciation by the Board, and a committee was appointed to choose a new president in due time.

Dr. Hubbell has wrought well in his building of Lincoln Memorial University and in leaving this field of labor he takes with him the high esteem and genuine friendship of thousands of old students, friends, and donors of the University. His broad human sympathy, sincere devotion, and untiring efforts in behalf of this great mountain school will be felt for many years to come, and the growth of the University during his incumbency of office stands as a fitting monument to his labor as a pioneer educator.—*Mountain Herald*.

Neglected Children of Appalachia*

SARA A. BROWN.

Appalachia is said to cover approximately the same area as the Alps. It extends about 650 miles Southwest, and spreads over parts of the eight states of old Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. The children of Appalachia, I have the privilege of knowing, live in Kentucky, West Virginia, and Tennessee. Their appeal is peculiarly compelling; first of all because they are just natural children, with all the charm of childhood, and because they are living in a world far removed from that world which lies "just b'yond yon mountain." Horace Kephart says, in "Our Southern Highlanders," "Time has lingered in Appalachia. The mountain folk still live in the eighteenth century. They are creatures of environment, enmeshed in a labyrinth that has deflected and repelled the march of our nation for 300 years."

The valleys of Appalachia are narrow, usually rich and

*Abstract of paper read at Sixteenth National Conference on Child Labor.

fertile; the back country rough; roads unworked, are impassable, even on horse-back, several months during the year. Roads frequently disappear entirely, give way to "bushed-out trails" so narrow it is difficult for a foot passenger and a horse-drawn sled to pass. Mountain children live near falling waters, along lazy mountain streams, a mystic beckoning that leads the boy "out to fetch me in a squirrel or a wild turkey," and the girl and boy to gather wild berries and fruits from early morning until late night. Mountain children are as wild and uncontrolled as the elements about them. More than any children we know, they do just as they please. They are keen, shrewd, high-strung, capable of initiative when once their interest is aroused. They are, first of all, free, born of free-men, who have no regard for the rights of others and know no law but their own desires. Mountain folk have not learned to work with neighbors for any common cause. They are willing to follow a leadership that knows how to meet them on their own ground and are making slow progress in developing a community spirit. Mothers with younger children "make the crops" while fathers and older boys go out to public works, bringing in a cash wage. They live literally in "a land of make it yourself or do without."

The children of Appalachia possess no prescription for immunity from diseases common to childhood. Distance from physicians, distance from telephone, conditions of roads, lack of nursing care and nursing instruction, ignorance and defiance of the simplest necessities of hygiene make protection from disease a myth and medical care practically impossible. Traveling clinics and Red Cross nurses offer about the only medical care available. McDowell County, West Virginia, has a county dental clinic, supporting a staff of 25 hygienists and dentists through a tax levied for the purpose. During this spring they began their second round of examining all children in the rural schools. Marvelous are the stories. They sound like miracles, and are. Kentucky State Board of Health has a trav-

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eling trachoma clinic visiting several mountain counties this summer. Phthisis is common among mountain children. We visited a little 10-year old girl, unable to breathe when lying down. The mother "lowed as how she'd outgrow it." A doctor had seen the child two months previous, when he came to examine the father for commitment to the State Hospital for the Insane, and once last year the mother borrowed a horse and wagon and took her to a doctor 12 miles distant.

Mountain children play naturally and freely when they have any one to play with, but wholesome recreation is woefully lacking in the life of the mountain child, due to isolation, lack of community spirit, of a library or in fact reading matter of any kind, and to a religious repression which denounces all games as sinful diversion. Jack, a much neglected tramp boy of 14, living with a feeble-minded old woman, pointed to the dilapidated log church, in answer to our question as to what he and his pals did for fun, "Go over thar to 'vivals.'"

Mountain farm work is no easier than any farm work, and from observation we are confident many children are required to perform tasks far too heavy and for too long hours. Mr. Gibbons assures us the greatest evil in rural child labor is the too-much of such as it is, rather than a question of the kind of tasks required.

The children of Appalachia and their parents unknowingly challenge the eight states of which they are a part, they challenge all states to break down the barriers that separate, to know them, to understand them, to make available education and training for leadership among themselves, to protect them from neglect in every form.

Two new trustees were elected at the annual meeting: Mr. Lawrence R. Lee and Hon. John J. Tigert, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

TRUE MOUNTAIN HOSPITALITY

BESSIE MILLS EGAN.

Night was pushing the day out fast, making it impossible for me to reach the valley before dark, so when I came to the prong in the path that led to Ashby Sour's mountain home, I decided to put myself under his care for the night. I was sure of a welcome for Virginia hospitality is not confined to plantation homes and the raw hide lath string of every mountain cabin waves as hearty an invitation as the open arms of Old Dominion planters.

A walk of ten minutes through a skirt of pines, whose whisperings were drowned out by the good-night twitterings of blue birds, brought me to the edge of a clearing. Here, a friendly supper sign, the fragrant wood smoke from a mud-daubed chimney, beckoned me on to the "two pens and a passage" where I hoped to spend the night. I was unabashed by my intimation that it was full to bursting with the stairstep off-spring of Ashby Sours and his good wife Emma Suze, for trundle beds and stoop-shouldered lofts have a surprising capacity for stowing away mountain children.

Nor were my hopes without justification. After seven different varieties of "houn" dog had welcomed me in a more or less questionable outburst, for the growing dusk prevented a sight of their tails, my prospective hostess came forth. Wiping her mouth with the corner of her checkered apron, she assured me that they would be "mighty proud to keer fer me fer the night," while nine curiosity-stamped faces formed the back ground for her lean, gaunt figure.

She was just "dishin-up," but took time from her savory duties to dust off a crippled chair with a monstrous hawk's wing, bidding me rest a spell while little Ache was dispatched to the spring for a gourd full of the "finest water on the Blue Ridge."

Inside, the glow from the open fire outshone the flicker-

ing light of the lantern suspended from one of the ceiling rafters, black as ebony with age and smoke. Steel "varmint" traps on the wall, glinted with the flare, which revealed, too, the home-made fishin' poles in the chinks between the logs, the ever ready gun above the low-hung door and the cumbrous iron cook pots and three legged skillets that flanked the hearth on either side.

On invitation to "pull up," we scattered ourselves along the benches on either side of the rough pine table, and though a sparsity of dishes and a lack of variety of food prevailed, the gap was more than filled by the warmth of hospitality that mingled with the steaming cabbage and hoe-cake.

To Emma Suze, I was something above clay in that I had "rid on the kyars," while the bits of wisdom and philosophy gleaned from her unique expressions, placed this isolated mountain woman on a plane far above the every day level of man.

To use her words: "I'm tied down hyar with my nine younguns and pears like I caint do nothin fer nobody. I've got a fine slight with the sick, fer these arms is as strong as white oak, but hyar I am, nailed to this punchcon floor. That's why I don't never want nobody to pass through this clearin' hongry, fer about all I kin do, is to fill up holler stungups."

And as I looked at her rough red arms, "so powerful with them that's aillin'," so endowed with mother tenderness, I thought of the rich reward that is promised those who give but a cup of cold water in His name.

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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