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OF THE

Southern Industrial Educational Association

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Uncle Ephraim's Fourth of July Oration at Hindman, 1900*

On Tuesday noon, Uncle Lot announced to Aunt Ailsie that he would go to the strange women's Fourth-of-July picnic the following day, and would take her along.

"Hit appears to be my duty, as a law-loving man, like they said, to be thar on the hill in case of trouble, which is nigh-about sartain to come, there not being hardly a gethering in two year, be hit election or court or funeral-meeting or what not, that hain't been shot up, and sometimes broke up, ginerally by Fult and his crowd."

About eight o'clock Wednesday morning, the two started down the branch—Uncle Lot, a tall, grizzled figure in dark homespun and black slouch hat, leading, on Tom-mule; Aunt Ailsie following on the old fat fleabitten Darb. Profiting by the quare women's example, she had discarded the hot brown-linsey dress in favor of an everyday one of blue cotton; but she still clung to the black sunbonnet and light-print apron—inevitable badges of the respectable married woman.

When they arrived at The Forks, the one street was lined with nags,—they could scarcely find two palings to tie Tom and Darb to,—and a stream of people was zigzagging up the steep hill behind the court house.

The first thing they saw as they toiled up past the deserted tents was a tall pole, with the great flag which usually hung in the large tent flying before the breeze. It was set beside the flat rock, just at the top of the ascent, which the women had named Pulpit Rock. Beyond, on the level top of the spur, were numbers of seats made by laying saplings across logs; and here elderly folk and mothers with babies were tightly packed, while hundreds wandered about or sat under the trees or against the small, latticed grave-houses; for the spur-top was also a burying-ground.

*Abridged from "The Quare Women," by Lucy Furman, *The Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1922.

The programme was already beginning, with the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" by the class, Fult's rich voice leading. Then followed a prayer by Uncle Lemmy Logan, an Old Primitive Preacher. Then the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Lawyer Nath Gentry, and a song and march by fifty little kindergartners who aroused more enthusiasm than any of the performers; then Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, read, somewhat haltingly but most impressively, by Uncle Lot. Then more patriotic songs by the class, and an oration, "The Founding of Our Nation," by Robert Galbreth, a young lawyer just returned from Law School.

All had gone finely so far. Everybody was reassured by seeing Fult and Darcy in such conspicuous and peaceable proximity, and attention was rapt, even the scores of babies being quiet. Then, when everybody hung breathless upon the orator's words, and he was just launching into his peroration, three loud pistol-shots were fired in the immediate rear of the crowd. Instant panic fell. Women, without a word, seized their smaller children and scuttled down the hill like rabbits; men sought the shelter of trees, all save a compact group, headed by Darcy and Uncle Lot, which made for the scene of the trouble. Aunt Ailsie wrung her hands.

"I seed Fulty leave the singers a little grain ago," she said; "I'll warrant hit 's him!"

It was. They found Fult bending, pistol in hand, over a prostrate young man. "Hit 's Charlie Lee, my best friend," he said. "He holped me sarch all comers for liquor this morning, and then I left him and two more to patrol the hill whilst I sang. First thing I knowed, I seed him behind a tree tipping a bottle, and gethered that he was drinking some he had tuck off of somebody, and, knowing his weakness, I felt sartain he'd never stop till he was crazy drunk. I had give my hand to the women thar would be no drinking on the hill, and there wasn't but one thing to do—take hit away from him. When I come back to do

so, he already had enough in him to be mean, and refused to give hit up; and when I tried to take it anyhow, he drawed on me. I seed then the onliest thing to do was to shoot the pistol out of his hand, which I done, scaring him pretty bad, and maybe grazing two-three of his fingers, but not hurting him none to speak of. Hit was the only way."

Sure enough, while Charlie's hand was bleeding profusely, it was found that there was not even a bone broken.

"Where's the fotched-on nurse-woman?" was the cry.

But she was already at hand, with a small first-aid outfit; the fingers were quickly bandaged, and Charlie, sobered by the shock and extremely shamefaced, was soundly berated by Fult for his faithlessness.

Then Uncle Ephraim stepped forward and spoke authoritatively.

"Fult here deserves a vote of thanks from the citizens of this county for keeping the peace here on this hill today, and not having hit broke up by even his best friend. In the name of the people, and the women, I thank him." He solemnly offered a hand to the boy, who took it, flushing.

Uncle Lot also stepped forward. "I hain't never in life seed you do nothing I tuck pride in before," he said to his grandson; "but you done hit today when you went pine-blank again' your feelings and your friendship to maintain the peace." He also put forth his hand, which Fult accepted as one in a daze.

In fifteen minutes the women and children were all back, relieved and smiling, and the young lawyer was completing his peroration. There was then a slight pause in the proceedings, while everybody talked of the panic and its happy ending.

Then, very slowly, Uncle Ephraim Kent, a notable figure, with his mane of white hair, his crimson hunting-jacket, his linen trousers and moccasins, his tall, lean body very little bent by the passing of eighty-two years, mounted the pulpit-rock and faced the audience.

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"Citizens and offsprings," he began, "hit were not in my thoughts to speak here in this gethering today, even though the women axed and even begged me so to do. I never follered speaking, nor enjoyed listening at the sound of my own voice, the weight of no-larning allus laying too heavy upon me. But carcumstances has riz and sot up lines of thought that calls for the opening of my mind to you, and I will therefore do the best I am able.

"And firstways I will say how I rej'ice that them shots that brung fear to our hearts today was good shots, and not bad ones, fired to keep the peace by one that has too often follered breaking hit. And I'll say furder that, in my opinions, Fult never would have broke hit that first time but for old, ancient wrongs, done afore he seed the light, sins of the fathers, visited down on the children, and ketching 'em in a quile they can't hardly onravel."

The audience, well-knowing that the old man referred to the killing of his son, Rafe, by Fult and to the previous warfare between Kents and Fallons, listened breathless.

"But," continued Uncle Ephraim, "let me leave that sorrowful tale for a spell, and go back to the good old days when there wa'n't no seeh things as wars betwixt friends and neighbors—the days when our forbears first rid acrost the high ridges from Old Virginny or North Cyar'liny and along these rocky creeks and tuck up land in these norrow valleys. A rude race they was, but a strong, with the blood of old England and bonny Scotland in their veins, and in their hearts the fear of naught; a rude race, but a free, chasing the deer and the b'ar and the wild turkey and the Indian, tending their craps with a hoe in one hand and a gun in t' other; a rude race, but a friendly, banding together again' all foes, helping one another in all undertakings. Some of 'em, like my grandsir, the old cap'n, come in to live on land that was granted 'em because they had fit under Washington; t' others jest wandered in and tuck up what pleased 'em.

"Well, atter they settled theirselves in this rugged,

penned-in land, then what happened to'em? Well, right thar was the trouble, *nothing* never happened. Here they was, shut in for uppards of a hunderd year, multiplying fast, spreading up from the main creeks to the branches and hollows, but never bettering their condition—you might say, worsening hit. For before long the game was all kilt off, and life become the turrible struggle hit still is, jest to keep food in our mouths, raising craps on land that 's nigh straight-up-and-down, like we have to. And while a many of the first settlers, like my grandsir, had been knowledgeable men, with larning, their offsprings growed up in the wilderness without none, because there wa'n't no money to send the young-uns out to school, or to fotch larning in to 'em. And the second crap, of which I was one, was wusser and ignoranter still, being raised up maybe like me, eighty mile from a schoolhouse or church house; and the third was wusser and meaner yet, and so on down to now, when they hain't no better, though there is a few pindling deestrict schools here and yan.

"And about the onliest times in all them years our folks found out thar was a world outside these mountains was when the country sont in a call to fight hit's battles. Then we allus poured forth, rej'icing—like when thar was trouble agin with the British, and we mustered under Old Hickory behind them cotton-bales and palmetty-logs at New Orleens; and then later, when Mexico got sassy; and then when the States tuck sides and lined up, you know how we fit through them four year—mostly for the Union; this here stiff right arm I fotched back remembers me of hit; then thar 's this here leetle war in Cuby, too, not long finished.

"All of which proves we air a brave and fighting race. And if the fighting had stopped with wars for our country, all would have been well. But, citizens and offsprings, hit never stopped thar. You all know how, when thar wa'n't no outside wars to keep us peaceified, there was allus them amongst us, for thirty year and more, that could n't take

no satisfaction in life onless they was starting wars amongst theirselves. If ever a people was wore out with wars and troubles, we air them people; if ever folks yearned and pined and prayed for peace, we air them folks.

"Yes, many's the time, walking the ridge-tops, standing up yander on the high rocks, I have looked down on the valley of Troublesome and agonized in sperrit over hit, calling upon the God of Israel to send us help and peace. Many 's the time, too, up there, I have dreamed dreams and seed visions.

"And several times in sech visions, friends, I have beheld down there below, in the valley of Troublesome, all manner of peaceful and happy homes, where every man had his mind made up to let liquor and guns alone, and the women folks tended their offsprings in the fear of the Lord, and even the young was too busy getting larning to be briggaty and feisty.

"I allow, moreover, that there is but few here that, in their better hours, hain't beheld and wished for the same. But how hit was to come about, did n't appear. We wa'n't able to help ourselves, or bring about a change; hit was like a landslip; things had got too much headway to be turnt back. We needed outside help, but where hit was to come from, nobody knowed. But from the time I were a leetle shirt-tail boy, hoeing corn on yon hillsides, I have had faith to believe the Lord would send hit in some time, from somewheres, and have never ceased a-praying for hit.

"And in the week past, friends, sence these here women tuck up their abode with us, hit has appeared like my prayers was answered, my visions a-coming true. I hain't heared a gun fired off sence that first night they come in; I have seed the boys that ginerally drinks and fights and shoots (because they hain't got nothing better to do) all a-gethered in, happy and peaceable, singing and playing and even sewing; and the gals, that is apt to idle and squander their time, taking joy in larning how to cook right vittles and dig out dirt; and the older folks likewise

waking up to things they never heared of before; and me myself,—which hit don't seem noways possible, but yet hit is true,—me, that nigh a lifetime ago had give up all hope of ever being knowledgeable; me, with you might say both feet in the grave, becoming a man of larning. For the women here has already teached me my letters, and I'm studying on Page 3 of my Primer; and before the summer passes I 'll be a-reading in my grandsir's old yaller Bible I have churrished so long, praise the Lord!

"In all which, friends, I see the hand of the Almighty. Hit is Him that has sont these women in to us; hit is Him that has led 'em along the rough way to our help; hit is Him that has answered my long-raised prayers. And now, may the Lord dig round our hearts with the mattock of His love, till the roots goes to spreading, and the sap to rising, and the leaves buds out and the blossoms of love and righteousness shoots forth and abounds in all our lives!"

Hindman Twenty Years Later

DEAR FRIENDS:

The twentieth anniversay of the Hindman Settlement School, celebrated last May, was an occasion of such great pleasure and inspiration, that we should like to share the experience with all our friends and supporters.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached on Sunday by Mr. Albert Smith, who was principal of the school for three years and who has ever since been a friend and helper of the people of the mountains.

On Monday there was an exhibit of the work done by all the industrial departments. The excellent furniture, made by the boys in the workshop, consisted of pieces suitable to be used from the porch, kitchen and dining room to the bedroom and library.

The wonderful results shown by the younger children in hand-work and older ones in sewing showed ability on the part of the children and patience and devotion on the

part of the teacher. The smaller children had made useful articles in miniature, girls of the fourth and fifth grades had made underclothes and dresses by hand; girls of the eighth grade, underclothes and dresses by machine; the Juniors, pretty colored organdies; and the Seniors, dainty white dresses for graduation. Girls of the fourth and fifth grades had made a very artistic quilt, with baskets of pink flowers appliquéd on white and some from each class had done the fine quilting.

The Fireside Industries Department showed a great variety of willow and split baskets, brooms, rustic furniture and woven articles. (These articles are made for sale. Information may be had by writing the department.)

The Alumnæ Luncheon on Tuesday was the special occasion devoted to renewing old associations. The luncheon was prepared by the girls of the Practice Home and the Cooking Classes and the early vegetables were from our own garden.

It was an especial privilege and pleasure to have with us Miss Katherine Pettit, one of the founders of the School and here for ten years; as well as Mrs. May Elkin Day, a teacher for the first three years; Miss Harriet Butler, our faithful nurse for ten years, who organized the health work of the settlement and community; Mrs. Katherine Hurxthal Stewart, who taught the Kindergarten for four summers and raised the money to build and equip our attractive Kindergarten building; Miss Southworth, our Domestic Science Teacher for nine years; and Mr. Kelly Day, a member of our first local Advisory Board, an ever loyal friend and wise counsellor, whose help, particularly in the early years, did much to make the way easier for us.

Among the guests were several here for the first time, and many Knott County people, who have stood by us through all the twenty years; notably: Mrs. Eva Hays Duke, in whose father's hospitable home we spent our first night in Knott County, on our two days' journey from the railroad at Jackson and where we were welcomed many

times later at the end of a day's travel through rain, cold or heat, and always given a good, hot supper, a cheerful fire and a comfortable bed; Dr. J. W. Duke (now a member of our Advisory Board) on whose land we pitched our tents at Hindman in 1900, and whose dear mother took us into her heart and under her protection when we were strangers, and who still loves to talk of those first days; Mr. J. M. Baker, another of our Advisory Board, and Mrs. Baker, in whose home we lived when we came to start the school and who have been our cordial neighbors and friends.

Mr. Kelly Day, who was born and brought up in Knott County, and who has known our work since the days of the first camp in 1900, and who has been living away from Hindman for some years, has expressed his appreciation of the school in a letter after his return from the reunion, as follows: "It had been five years since I had last been at Hindman, and I assure you that, in even five years, to say nothing of the first fifteen years of the school, I can see a wonderful improvement. I was most happy to hear so many expressions of appreciation of the good work of the school from the people in Hindman and throughout the county. A number of the men of the town remarked to me that they would have left Hindman for some better business location, where they could make more money, but that they could not afford to take their children away from the school. I have often remarked that I fully believe you have the best all-around school in this county any where. I never looked into the faces of a finer body of boys and girls and young men and women than that in your auditorium at the Commencement. The fine spirit of them all was so pronounced, that I was made to remark, 'This is the finest body of young Americans I have ever seen.' It was so different from what we saw on similar occasions twenty, ten, or even five years ago in this same place, that I could fully appreciate the wonderful progress of the school. My heart is so full I can hardly write. I hope

the good work may go on and the influence of your school continue to spread as it has in the past."

Much is being accomplished along health lines through the work of the doctors and the public health nurse, who have already examined 1,085 school children in 21 public schools in the county. Two clinics have been held in the Settlement Hospital by doctors from the State Board of Health, many children have had tonsils and adenoids removed, a specialist has examined crippled children, and a group of them will go soon to the city hospitals to be relieved of their suffering. The nurse and extension worker are also working along the lines of sanitation in the home and the school.

At the request of the people of the neighborhood, we have taken this year, a small country school nearby and are making it a center for educational and social work. The men, women and children have cooperated heartily. One day we all met for a "working," when the women and girls scrubbed and cleaned the school house, while the men and boys made tables, shelves, laid a walk and worked the road. They have rented a cottage for the well-trained teacher and a volunteer worker, and on Sunday afternoon young and old come out for Sunday School. We hope some friends will send us maps, globes, pictures and material for hand-work at this school and that it may in time prove to be a model one-room country school.

We are most grateful to our good friends who have helped us through the hard times of the past year and made it possible for us to meet our obligations.

Will you not continue to contribute as generously as you have in the past? We believe there are greater opportunities for work before us than those of the last twenty years.

We therefore ask your cooperation and help to make a reality of our ever-widening vision of the possibilites for good of the young people of the Kentucky Mountains.

Very sincerely,

MAY STONE.

Extending Our Work

The Association has added two more schools to the list of those with which it is co-operating,—Crossnore, North Carolina, and Wooton, Kentucky.

At Wooton a community center has been established under the able leadership of Miss Rosa McCord, which is doing splendid work in an isolated community. A clinic by the State Board of Health was held recently, a library of 700 books has been gathered together, a cottage for teaching fireside industries, which also serves as a practice home, has been established, while a barn and chicken houses are important factors in the plant. A letter from Miss Large, who has been sent there by the Association as extension worker, gives our readers some idea of the conditions which make Wooton a most important strategic center.

Crossnore is in one of the mountain coves of North Carolina, and during the seven years since work was begun there a farm of 75 acres has been purchased, the school has grown from a one-room shack, that was a disgraceful pretense of a rural school, to a five-room building with five good teachers, has built a co-operative cheese factory, a grist-mill, an electric light plant, an industrial building and a teacherage. The school is doing splendid work in its community under the direction of Mary Martin Sloop, who has a peculiar gift of leadership.

Christmas Sale

The Special Christmas Sale held at the Exchange during December was a great success, and it could hardly have been otherwise, for with so many beautiful things it was not hard to arrange the rooms attractively.

The baskets were filled with bitter-sweet, cat-tails, dried grasses, milk-weed, straw flowers and bay berries, which proved most becoming to their soft grays and browns.

A great improvement has been made in the finish of the

baskets, due to the refusal to purchase anything from the workers which was not well made.

It being possible now to obtain more wool, a much greater variety of blankets and "kivers" and lovely soft homespun scarfs and baby blankets were sent in. More linen weaving is also being done and many table and bureau covers in the natural color and cream with blue borders woven in, found a ready sale.

The new colored tufted bed-spreads being quite inexpensive continued to be popular for wedding presents and many people ordered curtains and scarfs to match the spreads, making a very complete gift. The spreads are tufted in pink, blue, lavender, yellow and white.

The women of the Kentucky mountains do the most wonderful old-time quilting, and some lovely specimens of their work were on exhibition.

Many of the friends we made during the war, when Washington was filled with strangers, did not forget us after they returned to their homes, and orders were filled as far west as California.

It is with great satisfaction we receive letters from the mountain workers telling of the homes they have been able to build and the children they are sending to school with the money they have earned by articles sold through the Exchange.

We are always glad to send articles out on approval to our far-away friends, and are most grateful to all those who have made this work possible.

Why This Association Exists

Scattered through the 98 mountain counties of Southern Appalachia are approximately 1,500,000 children who have little or no opportunity for education. In some sections the average school term is less than thirty days per year, and there are many boys and girls who have passed out of their teens with less education than the fourth-grade child in a city school.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association, realizing that the Settlement School and the Community Center offer the best means for developing these young people of the mountains, co-operates with agencies already at work in different sections, the best of which are the settlement schools. In these schools the children receive training suited to their peculiar environment, which sends them back to their homes with a practical knowledge of carpentry, agriculture, care of stock, domestic hygiene and sanitation, sewing, cooking, housekeeping, simple nursing and care of infants. This Association co-operates with the settlement schools by paying salaries of industrial teachers and extension workers, and providing scholarships for children whose parents cannot afford to pay the necessary expenses for eight months in a settlement school.

In this copy of the QUARTERLY are several letters and reports which show the very far-reaching results of this kind of training in the reaction upon the mountain homes.

It is for the purpose of raising funds for providing salaries and scholarships that this Association makes its appeal. Not a penny that is contributed to this work is used for expenses, but goes directly to the work for which the Association stands. Will you not become a subscriber to the QUARTERLY, which is only one dollar a year!

The Creed of the School Garden Army Soldier.

I believe in the plant and the soil, helped by the air, the sunlight and the rain, as the great producers of food and beauty for the use of man.

I believe in my mind and my body as the means by which the plant and the soil may be made to produce this food and beauty.

I believe in working happily together with my fellows, without strife or contest, that the people may be fed and the world made beautiful.

I believe in America, and I pledge my honor so to work and to play that I shall be proud to be called an American.

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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.

In Memoriam

Thomas Nelson Page

Since the last issue of the QUARTERLY, our beloved President, Honorable Thomas Nelson Page, has been summoned to labor in a higher sphere.

Dr. Page planned to close his career, which had been one of great usefulness and honor, on the Oakland Plantation, in Virginia, where he was born. In this quiet retreat, hallowed with the memories of childhood and the traditions of a noble ancestry, he sought to spend the rest of his days. These days were fewer than he dreamed, for on November 1, 1922,—one of those days of color and glory he had described as "Smiles of God"—the message came to him as he walked in the rose garden at Oakland.

Thomas Nelson Page, scholar, churchman, diplomat and statesman, was an artist who crystallized the spirit of the Old South in his prose writings and preserved for posterity a truthful record of a civilization and a culture that are rapidly becoming only a memory.

More than this, the author of "Marse Chan" was a master of character delineation. His fiction people presented the perfection of cameos in their utmost devotion to type. There were no anachronisms in his productions nor false accents in his negro dialect tales. He knew whereof he wrote.

From childhood on the same Virginia plantation where ended his labor, he had been imbued with the traditions, the ideals, and the heroic history of the Old Dominion. There was background too, in his own descent that would still more acquaint him with his chosen topic, the motiff, as it were, of his long and honorable career in American literature. In his line of ancestors were numbered pioneer leaders and colonial governors of Virginia; Revolutionary heroes; great churchmen; builders of America all, and staunch adherents of the Old Dominion through all the epochs of her being.

This passion for public service and devotion to state and national ideals that had distinguished the men and the women of his race, flowered into full blossom in the person of Thomas Nelson Page, and from his school days he was known among his companions for his chivalry, his spirit of fair play and his love of his state and country.

Educated as became the son of a noble Virginia house, young Page selected the law as the means whereby he was to fulfill his boyish dreams and ambitions.

After three sessions at Washington and Lee University he graduated in law from the University of Virginia in 1874, and practiced his profession for nearly twenty years in Virginia. This legal training was of inestimable value to him in after life, for it taught him the equities in human relationships and gave a balance and roundness to his writings when at length he took up literature seriously.

During this period his life was blessed with the fragrance of a wonderful romance with the lady who became his first wife, Anne Seldon Bruce. Their married life was only a short two years, from 1886 to 1888, but he im-

mortalized her lovely nature in "Meh Lady," one of the most pathetic and classic of his stories. After her death he turned to his writings for comfort and began his series of successes in the field of American letters.

Five years later, Mrs. Henry Field, of Chicago, became his second wife, whose death a few months before his own was a profound grief to him.

The welfare of the Episcopal Church in America was of great concern to him. Session after Session he sat in the House of Deputies of that church as a delegate from the church in Virginia, and many constructive pieces of religious legislation were due to his far-sightedness.

The crown of his career came when President Wilson appointed Dr. Page as ambassador to Italy, a country for which he had always cherished a sentimental interest and with whose arts and letters he was thoroughly familiar. It so happened that he served during the war period, and won all Italian hearts by his spirit of justice and his untiring efforts on behalf of the Allies.

For many years Dr. Page had been one of the electors of the Southern Industrial Educational Association. In the early days when the Association was struggling for existence, he gave to it the power of his great influence, and helped with his wise counsel and commanding presence to put it on a firm, enduring basis. Neither his great labors as one of America's leading authors, nor the stress of deep responsibility in one of the most critical situations during the world's greatest war, could destroy his interest in the work of the Association. And so after his return from Italy to America, one of the first things he did was to renew his activities in its behalf. He most graciously consented to act as President of the Association, and very fittingly he was unanimously elected, which position he was holding at the time the end came.

One of the last acts of his noble career was to send a check for $100 to the Association. The Trustees of the Association sent this donation as a memorial scholarship

to one of the mountain schools of Virginia, and naming it the "Florence Nelson Page Scholarship." This, together with the telegram from him to the Board of Trustees, regretting his inability to be present at the meeting on the afternoon of October 30th, just two days before the final summons, closed his active labors in the Association.

What a beautiful and striking example that this great author, scholar and statesman should have closed his career which had been resplendent with honors, in assisting to carry the light of knowledge and hope, and the comforts and happiness of home life into the dark and isolated regions of his country.

Rich in the honors of the mighty, he steadfastly remained the friend of the lowly; and as a young poet sang, "He went to meet Death as a friend," while the world mourned and America wept for this son of the Old Dominion who had wrought mightily in his day and generation.

CLARENCE CRITTENDEN CALHOUN.

Leigh Robinson

Three days after the distinguished President of the Association was taken from us, on November 4, 1922, another notable Virginian, Mr. Leigh Robinson, the Vice-President and member of the Board of Trustees passed away.

Seldom, if ever, has any organization such as ours sustained two losses as great, almost at the same time; for rarely indeed has any organization been so fortunate as to have on its governing board two such members as were these distinguished Virginians.

Mr. Robinson was born in Richmond, Virginia, February 26, 1840. Like Dr. Page, Mr. Robinson came of the best cavalier stock of the Old Dominion, and right nobly did he live up to the high traditions of his ancestry. The keen wit, the genial humor, the gentle, courteous manner, the indomitable courage, and the chivalrous de-

meanor of that stock, were strikingly exemplified in all that he said or did.

When the souls of our people were being tried over the principle of local self-government, the settlement of which almost rent the nation asunder, he unhesitatingly placed his life in the pawn of battle in defence of principle as he saw it. When that great question was finally settled through fire and blood, against him, he laid down his arms with a soldier's honor unsullied, and turned his activities to the work of helping to build up those institutions which his people had almost lost in the sacrifice which they had made in the righteous defence of what they believed to be a great principle. Shortly after the Civil War, Mr. Robinson began the practice of law in Washington, undaunted by the difficulties which were to be overcome by such a course, on account of those whom he had so recently opposed in arms being completely in control. His professional learning and attainments soon placed him at the head of the bar in the Nation's capital.

Notwithstanding he had been educated in the leading institutions of learning in Virginia, and had acquired an extraordinarily broad culture, especially in the classics, his heart was touched with deep consideration for those who had been less favored in this respect. It is not surprising, then, that when the Southern Industrial Educational Association was being organized he became one of its strongest and most helpful supporters. For more than a decade and a-half he gave liberally of his time and substance to the Association and the objects for which it stood. The Association was incorporated December 27, 1905, and the records show that he was made an elector in December, 1906, and a trustee in March, 1907, which latter position he held until the day of his death. But the value of service cannot be measured by time. The loyal devotion, the broad vision, the ability to plan and execute, and the courage to do the wise, right thing, instead of what is always the popular thing, determine the value of

service. According to these standards Mr. Robinson came up to the full measure of the highest service to the Association.

He greatly delighted in learning that through the work of the Association the heart of some highland mother had been gladdened, and some mountain home made more comfortable and happy, or that as a result of the work of the Association some highland boy or girl had been given an opportunity through educational facilities to break away from the deadening environment of isolation. It was a great pleasure to observe in the Board meetings the expression of delight which illuminated his entire countenance as the achievements of the Association along these lines were reported.

He was a man of extraordinary mentality. The regal supremacy of his mind was unaffected even by the dull, cold hand of death. Two days before he passed away he gave a most illuminating account of the almost forgotten exploits of a Revolutionary War hero, and on the day before the end came he quoted with verbal accuracy and clearness many stanzas from his beloved Shakespeare, and brought his labors to a close with references to the great Book of Books, which had been a lamp unto his feet and an inspiration to his soul.

CLARENCE CRITTENDEN CALHOUN.

Revival of Fireside Industries *

By MISS MARY H. LARGE

To one whose interest in the living conditions in the Southern Highlands is the outgrowth of a long period of personal experience in the mountain homes, it is a joy to find a locality where such conditions are keeping pace with the forward march of the civilized world.

These dwellers in the highlands are, as a rule, keen to

*Extract from an article in the *Mountain Herald*, October, 1921.

recognize the value and to adopt any discovery or invention that tends to transform the "trivial round, the common task," from drudgery into pleasure.

Their primitive practices, though full of interest, are the natural sequence of long years of isolation and are rapidly becoming obsolete owing to the influences of good schools, the telephone, rural mail delivery and better roads.

The lives of the Cumberland mountaineers are full of charm. Their customs, even in the most remote corners, by no means deserve a wholesale condemnation. Their unfailing hospitality has become proverbial; their old ballads and games possess interest raised to a high power. Even their manner of speech is most impressive. To "aim" to do a thing implies its immediate performance. The double negative in their speech does not make an affirmative, but renders the negative doubly sure. The accepted theory for these peculiarities in speech, their inheritance from an Anglo-Saxon ancestry, hardly covers all the unique phrases one may sometimes hear.

Recently a woman telling of the pecunious old man in her neighborhood who had been murdered for his hoarded wealth said: "He always was quare. When he was a little boy he'd mize an' he'd mize anything he could get hold of." The verb she used is obsolete, but it expressed her meaning exactly.

The mountain women, shut off from the world in their lonely cabins, formerly found an outlet for the desire to create something beautiful that is inherent in every woman by weaving the blue and white coverlets with their various names and drafts. In many cases the cotton had to be carded and spun for the warp, then the sheep were sheared and the wool picked, cleaned and dyed. Afterwards followed making the warp, the tedious job of winding the threads on the warp beam and then drawing each thread through the proper needle eye and space in the reed. All this had to be done before the real weaving began.

An old weaver of coverlets was asked if weaving was not tiresome work and she replied: "No honey, weavin' is plum easy, but drawing in the chain (warp) is the dickens."

Recent inventions have relieved this job of its difficulties, but the ease with which one can buy machine woven fabrics is banishing the looms and the spinning wheels from the mountain firesides.

Handwoven clothes have their value and place in the world and a reaction against the machine made materials has already set in. There is always a market for a genuine well-made product and now, when discarded heirlooms are being brought down from the attic and sold for fabulous sums to the collectors of the antique, it seems especially appropriate that those industries should be revived.

An institution that will further and encourage this end surely deserves the co-operation of everyone interested in the traditions and development of the American people.

Extension Work at Wooton, Ky.

To the Board of Trustees, Southern Industrial Educational Association, Washington, D. C.

The beautiful fall weather that has continued up to date has made it possible for me to journey about on foot with ease, 13 miles a day being about the highest record I have made. Fortunately the homes of this county are comparatively near together.

The public school at Wooton has all the grades up to and including the ninth grade, or first year of High School. About 100 pupils attend and there are three teachers, all of them excellent. Miss McCord is School Trustee. Beside the regular course of study this house furnished sewing teachers, not only at the Wooton school, but also at three other schools in this district. The residents at the Community House conduct Sunday Schools in four of the

outlying school houses. There is also a small but active band of Boy Scouts and the Christian Endeavor is represented here both in the Senior and Junior branches.

As I wrote previously, much work has been done and is being done to improve the roads. You may know that there is not a mile of railroad yet built in Leslie County. One day early in November the first automobile ever seen here made its way over from Hyden, the county seat. Of course it was a Ford, or it could never have succeeded in pushing its way over the steep mountain trails and through the rocky creek beds. The owner kindly took most of the school children a ride over the good strip of road many of them had helped to make. Quite a number of the children had never before seen a "naughtymobile."

The difficulties of transportation act as a hindrance to rapid progress in any line. It takes so long to get needed materials. But now that the pioneer Ford has been through, one can hope for quicker and easier modes of travel before many more months have passed.

Respectfully yours,

MARY H. LARGE.

Martha Berry's Illness

The many friends of Miss Berry will be pained to learn of her illness, as told by the following article, printed by the Atlanta Constitution, Nov. 14 1922:

Announcement of the serious illness of Miss Martha Berry, founder and director of the Berry Schools, of Rome, Ga., which appeared in the news columns of *The Constitution* Wednesday, is deplored by the hosts of friends and well-wishers of this philanthropist and public benefactor, who are to be found, not only in all parts of the south, but throughout the whole country.

According to the news report Miss Berry's illness is the result of her having overtaxed her strength in her efforts to supply wholesome mental nourishment for the poor boys

and girls of the mountain districts of Georgia and neighboring states.

For more than twenty years Miss Berry has devoted all of her time and her private resources to the development of the institution which, as a brilliant, talented and charming young woman, she founded; and as compensation for her ceaseless efforts and zealous devotion she has seen it grow from a little school in a one-room log cabin into the great educational plant which it is today.

It is an institution that essentially reflects the gracious and dynamic personality of its founder—an institution dedicated to the service of the masses and to the development of latent human resources that have long been neglected.

No boy nor girl has ever been denied admittance to the Berry Schools' "Door of Opportunity" on account of poverty.

But, seeking admission, many have been turned away because of the institution's lack of facilities to accommodate them.

Each year the popularity of the institution has increased to such an extent that the demand made upon it has been greater than its ability to serve, and at the beginning of the current school year several hundred applicants were unable to gain admittance and their names were added to the "waiting list."

On account of her compassion for those mountain boys and girls who are hungry for education Miss Berry is said to have overreached the limits of her physical strength in her efforts to recruit the financial resources necessary to provide the needed accommodations and equipment.

Considering the singular merits of the Berry Schools—of which Professor Willis A. Sutton, superintendent of the Atlanta school system, said in a recent address delivered on the Berry campus, "this is the most perfect environment I have ever known; here the practical and the aesthetic are perfectly blended"—the institution should

neither suffer from the lack of material support nor be dependent upon the ability and resourcefulness of any one personality to finance its operations and activities.

Letter from a Volunteer Worker

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

I know you are all interested in the work I'm doing, so I'm not going to take up time explaining why I left sunny California to come here. Sufficient to say I'm at Pine Mountain this year giving my services, and doing my best to train twenty-five boys to be happy and useful, hoping that later they will be happy, useful citizens in this great United States.

My day is a busy one, but I'm contented and happy and love my boys, many of whom are the sons of moonshiners or feudists.

One little fellow with the hottest temper I've ever known, has a father who has killed three men and is lying in wait for three more. When I first came it was no unusual thing to hear a commotion on the middle-sized boys' porch and later hear a chair or other article of furniture that came in handy fly against the wall, this act being followed by words not meant for ears accustomed only to Sunday School language. It was always Ray who threw the chairs and always before the day was over a sorry little boy wanted to be excused. Now his greatest ambition is to get on the honor roll of the Boy Scouts. I'm sure you will be glad to hear that it is two weeks since he threw his last chair or has given way to this terrible temper of his, and I think he is as happy over his triumph as I am.

Perhaps you would like to know what we do before breakfast. At four-thirty the alarm goes off to awaken the boys who milk, and at five another alarm reminds the boy who carries the mail that it is time for him to be stirring. The first alarm usually awakens me, for I want to be sure that the day's work is not delayed because of the failure of any boy in the performance of any duty assigned to him. At

5.30 the rising bell rings and forty-two feet are heard as the boys jump out of bed. Ten minutes later each boy is busy at his before-breakfast task, which lasts ten minutes. There are twenty-eight beds to be put airing, three dressing rooms, the upper and lower halls, the living room, the porches and stairs to be swept and put in order, the slop-buckets carried out and emptied, the library put in order, the pitchers to be filled, the play room put in order, the fire built so that we shall have hot water, the fire laid in the fire-place, wood to be cut, coal to be brought, chips to be picked up, the cellar to be put in order, the playground cared for, and one boy goes out to pick up papers which have been carelessly dropped by others. So you see we really have no time to play.

I wish I could make you see in your mind's eye some of my boys. Frank, for instance, a big brown-eyed six-footer, nineteen years old according to the family reckoning. Until a year ago (when he went to Lincoln Memorial University for seven weeks) he had never been in school and says he could not even count beyond ten; now he is in the fourth grade and working as hard on his simple arithmetic as your boys ever worked on geometry or trigonometry. He tells me that he used to smoke and drink and was generally bad, except with girls, whom he always treated as he wanted other boys to treat his sisters. He is gentle as a woman and so sweet and lovely both with me and the little fellows, who simply adore him. One day after I had explained to the boys why I thought they should take off their hats to the workers, he met me out of doors, and taking off his hat in the most graceful manner possible, asked me whether, when he stood talking with me he should put his hat back on his head or hold it in his hand. Not infrequently he comes to my door after he is undressed and ready for bed to say good-night or to ask some question as to how he can improve himself. This may seem strange to an outsider that a big boy should come to my room in his nightgown, and I must say I felt

queer at first, but they look upon a night-gown as they look upon their day dress, and far be it from me to disturb them in their innocence. I'm here to try to bring the trying boys to the standard of the fine boys, and do not feel discouraged at what I have accomplished in the two months since I came.

(Signed) CLARA WILSON.

Kentucky Superstitions.

Lovers of folk-lore will find rich material in the volume entitled Kentucky Superstitions, by Daniel Lindsey Thomas and Lucy Blaney Thomas (Princeton University Press). This very varied and unique collection, nearly 4,000 in number, is gathered in the main from three sources—the mountaineers, originally from the Virginias and the Carolinas; the lowland whites; and the lowland negroes. The superstitious beliefs still retained by the old-type mountaineers are, in general, those that were brought to Kentucky by their English and Scotch-Irish ancestors and which still actively survive in the mountain fastnesses. Besides the curious folk remedies, medicines and charm cures still trusted by the highland people, is the very wide-spread belief in the presence and power of witches. Perhaps there is at this time no other place in the English-speaking parts of the world where superstitions concerning witches receive so much credence. With the opening up of the mountains by the new industrial activities and the gradual spread of education among the younger generation, these primitive beliefs and practices must of necessity disappear in a few decades, so that this volume constitutes a most valuable contribution to this particular field of literary research.

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