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Southern Industrial Educational Association

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124

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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Shall We Americanize the Real Americans?*

Our philanthropists have interested themselves far more in the immigrants than in our native-born. They have turned to the melting-pot and forgotten the log cabin. Our great cities are filled with worthy philanthropic societies financed by well-meaning and generous people. These societies are operated by highly trained and well-paid social workers for the uplift of those who pour into our country from the back yards of Europe, while the forgotten millions of our own people wait neglected in the fastnesses of the Southern mountains.

And how worth while they are, these boys and girls of the mountains! This country has been called the birth-place of statesmen and soldiers. Every school-child knows that Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in the Southern mountains. At twenty-one Andrew Johnson could neither read nor write, yet he became President of the United States. Sam Houston, Governor of Tennessee and Territorial Governor of Texas, one of the most brilliant and original personalities in the annals of American history, was of these mountains. David Farragut, who brought enduring fame to our navy, lived within a few miles of the McAfee cabin in the Cumberland Mountains. James K. Polk, who became President of the United States, and fighting Andrew Jackson were products of this mountain country. William G. McAdoo, the man who pushed the tunnels under the Hudson River and linked Manhattan Island with the New Jersey shores, and who was afterward Secretary of the Treasury, is a mountaineer. So was Cassius Clay, who, as United States Minister to Russia, refused to take off his hat to the Czar unless the Czar took off his hat to him. Yes, it seems that mountains make men.

From "The Living Memorial to Abraham Lincoln," by Ida Clyde Clarke, *Pictorial Review*, February, 1923.

And back there in the mountains today are men and women with the spirit of Lincoln and of Clay and of Jackson and of Farragut—men and women who have been pure, one-hundred-per-cent Americans for two hundred years, and forgotten and neglected by their own people. Woodrow Wilson has said that “These people are a great people stored away by Providence for a time of need.” Surely that time of need has come. Just as surely as America is the hope of civilization, so surely are these real Americans in the Southern mountains the hope of America.

A Word from Mount Berry

DEAR MRS. STONE:

I have just opened your letter and found two checks, one for \$50.00, for the Burkham Scholarship, and the other for \$50.00, for the Leeds Scholarship. These gifts have made me so happy; I cannot tell you how much it means to me personally to have these gifts and how much it means to our six hundred boys and girls and the members of the faculty at Berry Schools.

Our fall term opened with the largest attendance in the history of the school and with every mail the applications continue to come in. I wish we had the money and the room to care for them all. We do need help. It is my one thought day and night, and I am hoping and praying that our friends will continue to remember us. Please tell your friends of the need we are facing. Through friends others may become interested to help and have a share in this great work, which I believe is paying the greatest dividends in the world.

With grateful appreciation,

Sincerely yours,

MARTHA BERRY.

Moonshine Ethics in the Mountains*

Up into and through the thick timber we passed, where the branches of beech, gum, oak, wahoo, and hemlock made a deep twilight. Then, at last, to the “gap,” or top of the divide, where we looked over into a lovely, steep valley, with green ridges billowing away on either side, and, at my entreaty, Banner stopped that I might have my fill of looking.

Also it occurred to me that here was an ideal place for lunch, and, although my watch said only eleven o'clock, we drew forth the box I had brought and satisfied our acute hunger.

“What’s that funny little play-house for?” I asked, when we were about to start on again, pointing to a small structure of logs that stood about thirty yards from the road, in the timber.

Banner shot a quizzical glance at me before inquiring, “Don’t you know a rat-house when you see one?”

“A rat-house! I never even heard of such a thing.”

“Well, you see that-air leetle, small hole in the wall this way, not nigh as big as a window? All you got to do is to pass in your jug and your money, and the rat he passes hit back filled, and you can’t never in the world swear who sold hit to you. See?”

“You mean that’s where one can buy liquor. Do they make it there, too?”

Banner looked at me pityingly. “Quare women has quare notions,” he remarked. “Stills has to be where there’s running water, and ’way back from the roads, up hollows, where marshals and revenuers won’t find ’em, too.”

“Well, you don’t suppose there are any around here, do you?”

*“Out by Ox-Team,” by Lucy Furman; *The Outlook*, April 11, 1923.

"I don't suppose nothing about hit," he replied; "I know. If I had a mind to, I could p'int to four hollows right in sight from here where stills is a-running. But I hain't got that kind of a mind. I hain't no traitor to my friends and neighbors."

"Of course not," I agreed.

Illiteracy in the South

An excerpt from a letter written by a teacher in a girl's seminary in Virginia.

"I can tell you, perhaps, some of the reasons for the illiteracy in these mountains. For one thing, in this county of 1,020 square miles, there are 269 school houses, 9,000 children of school age, and only thirty miles of paved roads. I have gone with Miss M. when she has examined these schools, the most wretched, dreary, forlorn, filthy places, most of them are. There are no supplies to help a teacher, for a blackboard, perhaps a space of 10 feet of tongued and grooved board, painted a shiny black. The children have text-books handed down from father to son, not all in class alike, making it impossible to do constructive work. Then where are the teachers to live? Neither in these mountains nor in the mining districts, can they live in the native cabins, nor eat the food the natives do. You cannot imagine it! (Here I must pause to smile, a very slow, sad smile, for I was raised in just that stratum, grew up among just those cabins, and I know the struggle to get out.) Friends tell me that there are three schools, closed for two years, and no church on Greenbrier Mountain, from White Sulphur to Anthony, twenty miles, and from Anthony to Alvan, ten miles. I do not know how many people live there. I do not agree with a wealthy friend of mine, who is educating one missionary for Africa and one for Korea, that these people do not want to do better, nor live differently. It is not true."

—*New York Times*, April 4, 1923.

Making a Blue-pot

DEAR MRS. STONE:

As the time is near for me to send in a report of our work for the past six weeks, I hardly know how to begin, because there are so many interesting things to tell you.

At last, I have decided to tell you about our indigo dye, or the blue-pot, as our great grandmothers called it. When I wrote to Miss Pettit about coming to Pine Mountain to teach the weaving, she wrote right back and asked me if I could get a good indigo blue that would not fade. Before that time I had never the opportunity to learn the indigo dyeing. After reading Miss Pettit's letter I felt that I could not come to Pine Mountain Settlement School till I learned to dye with indigo. I was not satisfied to let that keep me from coming to Pine Mountain. I wrote Miss Pettit right away and told her I would go to Berea and take special work from Mrs. F. E. Matheny, who is very skillful in getting satisfactory colors with indigo, also with the vegetable dyes.

I did not know for sure till the day before I registered for summer school, that I was coming to Pine Mountain. After I got Miss Pettit's letter telling me to come, I gave my entire time to the dyeing. The day before I left Berea I went over to Mrs. Matheny's and got a half-gallon fruit jar full of yeast, to bring to Pine Mountain with me. I would not risk packing my yeast for fear it would get broken. I carried it along with me; and when I got home my brother told me that he would pack it safely and send it to me.

I had not been here very long when Miss Pettit showed me two beautiful coverlets and a blanket woven by Grandma Stallard of Whitesburg, Ky. Not only are the colors of the coverlet wonderfully lasting, but there is a quality in the homespun thread that resists the moth of time. Miss Pettit asked me if I could get a beautiful blue like that of Grandma Stallard. Since I had dyed a lovely blue like it, I felt sure that I could do it again.

125

Now, I must tell you just how we get this beautiful indigo blue.

After I had been here one week I said to Becky May, "We must go and set up our blue-pot." We put half a gallon of yeast into a big iron wash kettle, and let it get lukewarm. To our yeast we added one gallon of lukewarm water, one pint of washing soda lye, one-half pint of indigo, one-half pint of madder, and one pint of wheat bran. After our bran and madder had settled well in the bottom of the kettle, we covered the pot and let it set on the stove till morning. It usually takes three or four days for the blue-pot to get ripe; all the while the yeast must be kept lukewarm. Sometimes it takes about a month to get a good blue-pot. It is easy to tell when the blue-pot is ready for dyeing, by putting the palm of the hand on top of the dye. If the indigo sticks, then it is ready.

Becky May and I worked hard with our blue-pot for one week, and it was not ready for dyeing. Of course we were discouraged, but we did not give up. I did not know what was wrong unless the yeast at some time had gotten too hot, and killed the yeast. In that case there was only one remedy, and that was to strain the yeast and start from the beginning.

We took courage and did this, and patiently waited. At the close of the fourth day of our second trial, the blue-pot was not ripe. I got so anxious about it that I sent a little of our yeast to Mrs. Matheny, also a special delivery letter asking her to please tell me if we could do anything with it, and if not, for her to send us another half gallon. Of course Miss Pettit was anxious to get a good blue-pot and she would keep asking me how the blue-pot was, and I kept telling her that I thought it was doing nicely. At last I had to tell her that I thought we had let it get too hot, and had killed our yeast. But I told her I was going to have a blue-pot if I had to go to Berea to get it.

We decided to set the blue-pot back and wait till we

could get a letter from Mrs. Matheny. I cannot tell you how disappointed I was about the way our blue-pot turned out, so on the afternoon before I heard from Mrs. Matheny. I went up to pour out our yeast, as I was so sure that it had gotten too hot, and thought it useless to have it setting there any longer. While standing there by the pot, I thought I would put my hand into the dye and see how it looked, and to my surprise, we had a perfect pot! Mrs. Matheny's letter came that night, and she told me that our sample was all right, and we were just too anxious about it.

We sent Aunt Sal Creech a sample of our blue, and she said that the best she could see, we had a good blue. Of course it was encouraging to hear her say this, because she used to do the indigo dyeing long ago.

Perhaps I ought not to have taken so much of your time, telling about our blue-pot, but it is very difficult to get a good blue, and we have tried so hard that I thought we ought to tell you about it this time.

We are now making a blanket for you and using some of our blue.

Very truly yours,
LUCY NICHOLSON.

Under the auspices of the Philadelphia Auxiliary of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, a play and a dance were given in the ball room of the Bellevue-Stratford, on the evening of November ninth, the proceeds from which will be sent as an endowed scholarship to one of the schools in the Southern Appalachians.

The Reverend C. McCoy Franklin, from the school at Crossmore, N. C., made a strong appeal in an opening address for the mountaineer. The entertainment was largely attended and gave promise of a financial as well as a social success.

Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

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WASHINGTON, D. C. SEPTEMBER and DECEMBER, 1923

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

By Their Fruits

From time to time we have published statements in the QUARTERLY concerning the purposes for which the Southern Industrial Educational Association exists. In this number we are letting our workers tell the story, since they are the ones who are making practical demonstration of these purposes.

While it is true that we are supplying scholarships to many deserving children, that perhaps is the less important part of our work, for it means that here and there one child has the chance for an education. The really great thing that is being accomplished is through the workers who train scores of boys and girls along industrial lines in the various settlement schools, who go out into the mountain counties teaching better methods of gardening, organizing canning clubs, so that fruits and vegetables may be stored away for the winter, visiting the cabin homes, where lessons are given in simple hygiene, sanitation, nursing, and the care and proper feeding of babies, and by stimulating the women to take up once again the weaving and the making of coverlets and other domestic articles of service and beauty, which were fast being forgotten because there was no way of putting such articles into the market. In these ways not only schools but whole communities are substantially aided by this Association.

How far reaching are the results of this work is made clear by the reports that are sent in by the workers, some of which we publish so that our subscribers and helpers may know to what end our funds are used. This year the Association is paying out about \$400.00 a month to teachers of weaving and fireside industries, to house-mothers in the practice homes, to extension or field workers, and to a teacher of carpentry in a school recently established. These are indeed the fruits of the work in which many have cooperated through their contributions, and we point again with pride to the fact that not one penny given to the Association is used for anything but the educational work,—scholarships and salaries. All the expenses incident to sustaining the work of the organization are paid from the proceeds of the exchange under Mrs. Stone's efficient management.

A Hindman Graduate's Opportunity

DEAR MRS. STONE:

I want to tell you of a recent visit I made to Montgomery Creek on Carr, where Miss Pettit and I spent one of our summers in tents. It was good to see my old friends, though the railroad has gone all the way up that creek and spoiled its natural beauty, in spite of bringing many opportunities in the way of schools and a market.

At the head of Montgomery, in one of the new mining camps, I found Mary Ritchie, one of the girls who was trained by Mrs. Davidson at the Practice Home the first two years. Mary has married and her husband is doing electrical work at the mines, and she is running the Club House for the officials of the Company. It was a great source of pride to see how well she is doing this work, for which her preparation at Practice Home has so well fitted her. As she can not get any good help she must do almost everything herself in this large house with twelve boarders.

The house was spotlessly clean, comfortable and homelike with rugs, curtains, good furniture, music, an excellent table and the real home atmosphere. I consider these young men fortunate to have fallen into such good hands. We had dinner with her, and a better cooked and served one it would be hard to find in any camp, or elsewhere. She had kept up to the high standards she had learned. In visiting friends along the creek, we found she was looked up to by all and already a power in the community. The influence of the Practice Home is thus spreading and making many comfortable and happy, and thus able to do better work for their employers.

Our Fair Friday and Saturday was a great success, and you will have a report of it at the end of October.

We appreciate very much your continued interest and help in providing these two good workers for us and the people of Knott County.

With all good wishes for you and the Southern Industrial Association, I am,

Sincerely,
MAY STONE.

Practice Home Report

DEAR MRS. STONE:

The Practice Home was opened on the twenty-seventh of August with six splendid girls, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, who, with Miss Thompson, a friend who came with me, and one of Miss Stone's secretaries, make up our household.

The girls do all the work, plan and cook the meals and run the house. They are divided into two groups of three each to work alternate weeks, one doing the cooking and taking care of the kitchen and dining room, and the other making the beds and doing the sweeping and dusting. On Saturday the laundry is done by one girl from each group. This system works out finely, and gives each girl a chance to learn all parts of housework.

The girls are very sweet and lovable, and seem very happy and contented in their pretty home. What surprised me most is that they are all so agreeable and willing to help one another. I don't know whether this is true of the mountain people, or that I have a very unusual group of girls with good dispositions. We have a victrola here, and it is running from morning until night. The girls are laughing and playing while they work, so instead of their work being hard, it is more like play.

On Thursday we have a tea for the teachers. This gives the teachers a little diversion, and also teaches the children to cook and serve dainty dishes that they would not have in the every-day menu. With the money the girls made last year they helped to redecorate the house with fresh paint and paper. We are hoping we will do as well and leave some improvement for the girls who come next year.

Respectfully submitted,
GRACE A. SARGENT,
Directress of the Practice Home,
Hindman, Ky.

128

Extension Work at Hindman

Friends of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:

October has been a month of all degrees of temperature, from a very warm, cloudless day to a bleak gray day with an inch of snow on the ground. The first of the month the leaves changed their coloring remarkably fast and we all looked forward to being out of doors to behold the gorgeous dress of nature. Very little foliage had fallen when the snow-storm came, and the unusual weight broke off not only a large part of it, but branches and tops of trees, even uprooting large trees. Now everything is as bare as winter and the rains are beginning.

Have I told you that our Community Club radio is in working condition now? We have heard from Montreal, Schenectady, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Newark, Washington, and of course all of the nearer stations. We bought our instrument from the Post-Glover Co. in Cincinnati, and they were kind enough to send a representative to set it up for us. Just as soon as we can tune it properly we are to let them know and they are going to broadcast a special program from Cincinnati for our club. Unless you have lived in an isolated community you cannot possibly imagine what it means to be able to get in immediate connection with the outside world. The snow broke down our aerial, our dry batteries have been short circuited and our storage battery has gone dead, but we forget all of that when we can hear a concert or a lecture or a speech or a football score.

When we had our County Fair a year ago we decided to have one again this year and try to improve on it. Accordingly I appointed committees for sewing, weaving, and canning, since those come under Home Improvements. About two weeks before the date set for the Fair I learned that the County Agent and the Home Demonstration Agent had made themselves a County Fair Association and had

asked three others to go in with themselves. It was embarrassing for all of the Department Chairmen of the County Contest and also for the Settlement School. There are a certain number of points in the Contest which are made at the County Fair and no other way. So the Settlement School arose to the occasion and we engaged a vacant storehouse down town and made a "House Beautiful" exhibit. The platform in front of the building was made into a porch with hickory splint stools and chairs, tables, etc., and ferns and vines grew around very naturally. Inside there was a living room, bed-room, dining-room and kitchen. All of the walnut furniture used had been made by boys in manual training and was really beautiful. The walls were of brown building paper which was tacked to strips of wood nailed to the ceiling and floor. In each room there were appropriate wall decorations and window draperies. Samples of weaving such as scarfs and runners were used to advantage. The large double window in the living room was hung with our hand-made curtain material and underneath it was a window seat covered with a beautiful coverlet. Two or three shelves of books, a dulcimer, a library table with a reading lamp and magazines, and Miss Stone for hostess, made the living room the most popular place at the Fair. The dining table was carefully laid for luncheon, and I heard several ladies speak of the luncheon set and the arrangement of the silver. The bed-room had a carefully made up bed with a "tufted sheet" on it, an adorable dressing table (made right here), and a washstand—all properly equipped. I was most interested in the kitchen, for the ordinary mountain kitchen is devoid of shelves, cupboards, and equipment. A table, stove, frying pan, kettle, spoon, knife, churn, and pan for washing dishes usually make up the inventory. We had a cabinet, sink, and drain board, stove, table, shelves, and cupboards. We tried to show how kitchen utensils should be kept and also how groceries and canned goods should be stored. Also we

had a tin can sealer and steam pressure cooker demonstrated. In connection with our House Beautiful the Practice House people had a Japanese Tea Room with Japanese decorations and Japanese waitresses. Delicious sandwiches, tea, coffee, and cakes were served, and it was a great addition to our family circle and budget. We hope that our work will not have been in vain and that it will bear fruit.

Respectfully submitted,

LILLIAS R. WARREN,

Handman Settlement Extension Worker.

A Letter from the Plumtree School for Boys

DEAR MRS. STONE:

In response to your request for a statement of the work we are doing at Plumtree, I am sending your Association the following outline of our aims and plans.

We believe every boy should learn to work and that he should be taught to be dependable in that work. In order to teach this we require every boy to work an hour and a-half each day, and most of them have special jobs, for which they are responsible, and they are taught to do that work without reminding or urging. Most of the boys here have to work to pay their board and tuition; we charge them the regular rates and allow them 15 cents per hour for their work. In order to make jobs for the boys and to make the money which is given for the support of the school go as far as possible, we have the boys do all the work that there is to do—they fire the furnace, they cook the food, they can the fruit and the vegetables, they cultivate the land, they care for the chickens, they cut the wood, they do all of our carpenter work and repairing, in fact, do everything except the teaching. This was our program last Saturday, or next Monday or any other normal day: At five o'clock one boy got up and waked three others; two of them went to the kitchen to prepare break-

fast, and the other went to the basement to fire the furnace; at 6.00 this official waker got another boy up, who went to the dining room to build a fire; at 6.20 he waked the bugler; at 6.30 all the boys who were not on regular jobs were out on the campus for setting-up exercises; at 7.00 breakfast was served; after breakfast rooms were cleaned and inspected and everyone was ready for school, except the three who were preparing dinner. We had classes until 1.30, one boy being out enough to keep the fire going and the dinner cooks enough to keep their jobs going. After dinner work was assigned and those who are working to pay their way but who do not have regular jobs, were given credit for all the afternoon; others, whose way is paid, only worked an hour and a-half; supper was at 6.00; call to rooms at 7.00, and lights out at 10.00. This is our schedule six days a week.

Now, as to the kind of work we are doing; we have been using rooms in the dormitory for class rooms; we are so crowded that we are putting up a temporary school building. We had the lumber and the boys are doing all the work. We cultivate all the land we have and last year rented two acres for potatoes. We have a flock of well-bred and well-graded chickens, which the boys care for according to modern methods. Last summer some friends in West Virginia gave us a canning outfit, and we put up about five thousand cans of fruit and vegetables, a great many of which were gallon cans. We are pioneers in the canning work in this part of the county and we feel that the experience last summer will put us in position to do real work next year.

Our boys are all satisfied and willing to work for the opportunity of an education; our teachers are entering into the spirit of the work and are doing high class school work. We have three teaching in high school, who taught last year in state schools, one in West Virginia, one in Kentucky and one in Ohio. Their combined salaries in those

state schools were \$520.00, and now they are doing just as hard work and just as good work here and we are paying them \$333.00. Those men, all college graduates and all high class gentlemen, are giving the difference between those salaries for the good of the work.

We are having a hard time financing the work, because so many of our friends have heard the reports that Plumtree was being neglected. I give you these facts to show you that we are still doing all we can for the poor boys in these mountains. We have an enrollment of seventy-six and applicants are coming in almost every day; we are refusing most of them on account of lack of room.

The name of the school has been changed from the Leas-McRae Institute, Boys' Department, to Plumtree School for Boys.

Very sincerely yours,
F. W. CLAPP,
Successor to Rev. J. P. Hall.

Extension Worker's Report

Friends of the Southern Industrial Educational Association:

Instead of coming back the first of July I came the first of August. I was very sorry to miss a month, but it may be just as well, for the country schools were just getting organized when I did come, and they are the medium through which we work.

I have a very attractive room with a mountain family. Mr. Cornett does surveying and is away from home, so the family consists of Mrs. Cornett and three children and myself. I get my meals with another family.

Home Improvements are in better shape than the Community Clubs, but we are working on both. Mrs. Craft, the Home Demonstration Agent, and I have tried to divide our work so that we will cooperate but not duplicate. She has all of the Junior Club work, and we are dividing the

Adult work. Any home canners or steam pressure cookers count points in Home Improvements, and also in her club work with the women, so we have bought a canning machine together and are both using it at demonstrations. One of the members of our county committee has a pressure cooker and we are using that also. For the most part tin cans are more practical here than glass jars, and a great many families are using them now.

We had a very interesting demonstration about eighteen miles from here. The women did not know how to do cold pack canning, but were anxious to learn, and were at the meeting with all sorts of fruits and vegetables. It was in a section of the county where there are natural gas wells, and we cooked with gas. Our equipment for heating the water and processing the canned things was a big iron kettle placed directly over the end of a gas pipe, very crude and simple, but efficient.

There were several visitors here this month. Among them was Mrs. A. J. Rowland of Philadelphia. Probably you know her, for she is connected with the S. I. E. A. of that city. We took a car ride to a meeting at one of our country schools. It was about an average school, but she thought it rather noisy. The greatest wonder to her was how one could drive a car over these roads.

Our Club radio is not working, and in behalf of it I took a bus ride to Yellow Creek to see an electrician. It was soon after Circuit Court had adjourned, and it so happened that on that particular day the county sheriff was taking the convicts to the state prison at Frankfort. One man was sentenced for life, one for two years, and one for nine months. I was glad that they did not wear handcuffs. On the way over from Hindman we passed the home of the man who has to serve two years. He asked to see his family and was allowed to stop a few minutes. There were eight or nine children, and they and the wife were in tears. As we started away Mr. Bates said, "Son, you are the old-

est. Keep on with you school and help your mother all you can." Then he buried his head in his hands. He was charged with murder, but was given a light sentence on the plea of self-defense. Often I wonder why it can be just for some to never know anything but peace and happiness while others are born to have to fight their way through life.

Respectfully,
 LILLIAS R. WARREN,
Extension Worker, Hindman, Ky.

Making Indigo at Pine Mountain

DEAR MRS. STONE:

Since our previous letter was sent in I fell as if we had accomplished quite a bit, for we have learned the art of extracting indigo from the plant.

The indigo plant was grown and cultivated here in our garden. It is best to gather the leaves before the plant blooms. We used only the leaves and tender tips of the plant, which weighed about ten pounds. First we put them in a large, clean vessel and covered them with cold water, placing the lid on top of the leaves, and keeping them under the water by putting a heavy rock upon the lid. After heating the leaves to just below boiling point, we left them on the stove until the liquid became red, taking care that it did not boil. After it became red it was removed from the stove and strained through cheese cloth. Then the liquid was poured from vessel to vessel until it dyed everything that it came in contact with a bluish-green. When this occurred we put about a half teaspoonful of lime in it and set it away until morning in a cool place.

When the indigo had settled and the liquid on top was clear, we drained the liquid off, the sediment in the bottom being the indigo. It was then put on a cloth and kept in the shade until it dried. When thoroughly dry it was easily mashed into powder, and yielded one fourth of an

ounce. It was very interesting to take the leaves through this process.

I must tell you what we are weaving now. On one loom we have fifty-six yards of warp, which we are weaving into curtains for our Old Log House. We have just woven fourteen yards of blanket material. We are making a coverlet now,—the design being the Martha Washington,—in indigo-blue and white. The coverlet weaving is very slow, one yard a day being a good day's work.

We have woven six yards of rag rug material, known as the hit and miss pattern.

Most of our time in the afternoon is spent with the dyeing, as we need to keep a good supply of various colors on hand.

We wish you might come into the weaving room and visit with us and see what we are doing.

Very truly yours,
 LUCY NICHOLSON,
*In charge of Fireside Industries,
 Pine Mountain, Ky.*

Recent Literature on the Southern Mountaineers

"The Quare Women," by Lucy Furman, is the title of a collection of stories based upon the adventures and experiences of a little group of young women from the Blue Grass country, who more than twenty years ago made a summer pilgrimage into the mountains to see what could be done to better the conditions of the people of whom the outside world knew little and apparently cared less. From this humble beginning has grown up the splendid Hindman Settlement School, the pioneer in that type of schools. In these stories, several of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Miss Furman has presented in a most fascinating and picturesque manner, not alone the customs, their psychology, the humor and the pathos of the wretched, poverty-stricken lives of these people, but she

132

has pointed out their finer qualities, their ambitions and aspirations for their children, and the splendid possibilities that are only waiting for development. No one has surpassed Miss Furman in her reproduction of the dialect of the mountaineer whose roots lie far back in the language of Chaucer and Shakespeare, or in her wonderful delineations of character drawn with sympathy for and understanding of the finer side of the mountain people. The book, which is altogether delightful, is a valuable contribution to the literature upon the Southern mountaineers. Published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston; \$1.75.

Horace Kephart's book, "Our Southern Mountaineers," which first came out several years ago, is republished in an enlarged edition, which contains much new matter. Mr. Kephart writes from the experiences of eighteen years with this sequestered people, "who," he says, "are more English in speech than Britain herself, more American by blood than any other part of America, yet less affected today by modern ideas, less cognizant of modern progress than any other part of the English-speaking world."

Mr. Kephart has made a careful and authoritative study of the origin of these people, showing how environment and seclusion have worked their inevitable results upon the descendants of what was once a part of our best pioneer stock, and he points out the wrong and injustice of referring to these sturdy people as "poor Southern whites."

Published by the Macmillan Company of New York.

"Daniel Boone, Wilderness Scout," by Steward Edward White, while not so closely connected with the general subject of the Southern Mountaineers, nevertheless is a most interesting and thrilling portrayal of the life of this typical backwoodsman of colonial days, who pressed on beyond the mountains and was the pioneer in the opening up of the vast country beyond the Appalachians. The book is a most desirable addition to the Boy Scout literature.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Company; \$1.75.

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133