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Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

Southern Industrial Educational
Association

DECEMBER, 1917

VOL. IX.

No. 4.

Southern Industrial Educational Association (Inc.)

(NON-SECTARIAN)

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

Headquarters and Exchange for Mountain Crafts: 1228 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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The Death of Judge Shepard.

It is with profound sadness and a sense of deep personal loss that we announce to our friends the death of Judge Seth Shepard, President of this Association, early in December. He had been in somewhat delicate health for several years but when he retired from his duties as Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals last April it was with the hope that he might grow stronger and that he might live to enjoy for years the leisure he had so well deserved.

Judge Shepard was born in Washington County, Texas, April 3, 1847, and was only seventeen when he enlisted in the Confederate Army serving as a private in Company F, 5th Texas mounted volunteers until the close of the war. After the war he entered Washington and Lee University (then known as Washington College) and graduated in 1868, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He practiced law at Brenham, Galveston and Dallas, Texas, from 1869 to 1893, was a member of the Texas State Senate in 1874, was president of the Texas Bar Association and for eight years was a Regent of the University of Texas. In 1893 he was appointed Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia by President Cleveland, and in 1905 President Roosevelt appointed him Chief Justice of the same court, from which position he retired upon reaching the age limit, in April, 1917.

His life during his residence in Washington was an extremely active one. He was lecturer in Constitutional Law, Equity Jurisprudence and the Law of Corporations in the School of Law of Georgetown University.

He was a member of the Bar Association, Sons of the American Revolution, the Mayflower Society, the United Confederate Veterans, the Southern History Association, a Fellow of the Texas Historical Association, and a member of the Cosmos Club in Washington.

Judge Shepard was President of the Southern Industrial

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Educational Association from its beginning in December, 1905. He assisted in its organization and his deep interest in the problems for the betterment of the conditions of the white inhabitants of the Southern Appalachians never flagged.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Julia Towsley Shepard, two sons, Seth Shepard, Jr., an attorney in Washington, Nelson M. Shepard who is with General Pershing's forces in France, and two daughters, Mrs. G. Gould Lincoln of Washington, and Mrs. John W. Faison of New York City. He was buried from St. John's Church in Washington of which he was a member.

Resolutions on the Death of Judge Seth Shepard.

WHEREAS, in his infinite wisdom, our Heavenly Father for the accomplishment of his great purposes did on the third day of December, 1917, summon to a higher and nobler sphere, our greatly beloved leader and President, The Honorable Seth Shepard; and,

WHEREAS by giving most generously of his time and ability to the work of the Association in preparing its charter and by-laws, in perfecting its incorporation and organization, and in acting as its chief executive officer from the beginning until he was called from us, he in a large measure made possible the success which it has attained. When the Association was weak and struggling for existence, through his influence it was given high standing, through his wisdom it was made strong, through his zeal the cause was made inspiring, and through his devotion the work became more consecrated; and,

WHEREAS through his fair rulings, patient hearing, and considerate and thoughtful manner, he had become greatly endeared to the members of the Association, who feel that

in his passing away they individually have sustained a personal bereavement.

NOW, THEREFORE, be it resolved, that in his going from us this Association has suffered an irreparable loss, and has been deprived of a wise and loving leader, those of the Southern Highlands, who are perishing for useful training and helpful knowledge, have lost a true friend, and great benefactor, and our country has been deprived of one of its most worthy and useful citizens.

Be it further resolved, that the deepest sympathy of this Association be appropriately expressed to the good helpmate and the other members of the bereaved family of our departed leader.

Be it further resolved that these resolutions be made a part of the permanent records of this Association.

C. C. CALHOUN,
President and Chairman of Committee.

Bishop Perry, head of the Episcopal War Council, writing of his recent visit to the cantonments of the South says: "According to Army plans, schools are held each day, especially for the enlisted men. I discovered some schools not exactly provided for in the Government regulations, and so splendid that officers and Government deserve the gratitude of all citizens. Thousands of men and women among the mountaineers of Tennessee and the Carolinas can hardly speak the English language and know little of Americanism. Army officers have opened classes to these people as well as to soldiers and the outcome is a popular university in effect. It is a product that I never dreamed of finding as an outcome of preparation for war."

A Christmas Reminiscence from Pine Mountain.

"Well, Christmas, hit used to be the rambangin'est, shootin'est, killin'est, chair-flingin'est day in the hull year till the school come, and now look what a pretty time we've had today. I didn't know you could git so many folks together, and have sich a peaceable time. I never did come to one of your Christmas trees before, but I seed you never had no killin' at em yit. So I come this year."

Not a chair was flung at Pine Mountain on Christmas, nor a dram drunk, and no one was killed! These are meaningful negatives to us at the "Back of the Beyond," telling of something accomplished since that Christmas two years ago when we collected the pistols before the party began. But you "furriners," who have dwelt under the wing of peace, "since allus ago," can scarcely imagine how pretty a time the negatives made possible.

Our neighbors know that we like gifts of hemlock and holly and mistletoe better than any "fotch-on" presents. So, for two weeks before Christmas, we were continually interrupted by visitors bringing us greens;—grey worn figures, honest, plain, kindly faces—what a glory they gained from the marvelous boughs of holly or the great bunches of mistletoe that somebody had "clomb a tree fer." The golden apples of the Hesperides could be given with no sweeter grace. Sometimes a neighbor brought us a gift of eggs, a rarity at Christmas when "the hens aint layin' good." Sometimes honey just "robbed" out of a bee-gum, and once it was a great bunch of gorgeous feathers of the pea-fowl.

Some ten days before Christmas just at dusk Santa Claus left a letter at our gate, full of kindly information about himself and his ways, for the thirty or forty children who had never seen Christmas before. He not only laid stress on his well-known love of good behavior, but went into particulars, writing: "I won't bring any candy to little boys or girls who leave their nightgowns on the floor in the morning, or don't

open their beds, or keep their noses clean." Our chattering little boys and girls discussed these commands from every angle, and with whole-hearted faith. Much-desired ends were accomplished by Christmas magic.

One night reindeer bells were heard far off. Undoubtedly Santa Claus must be riding along the hill-tops, hiding presents against Christmas Eve, when he could not possibly bring enough for all from the North Pole. The children, just dropping off to sleep in the dark of the sleeping porches, quivered with joy; but small William, six years old, remembered the least boy's morning shortcomings. "Pleath, Santa Claus," he called out in the dark, "ecthuse Cam just thith once for leavin' hith nightgown on the floor. He won't ever do it again."

A few nights later, when the bells were heard again as the children were undressing, little Green already in his pajamas, dashed across the room for his handkerchief. "Look out for your noses, fellers," he called, "thar's Santa Claus." And then, with irreproachable nose tilted high, he leaned against the window, hoping that Santa Claus would favorably note him.

One night, when we were all at supper, Santa Claus left a birthday cake for himself on the living room table. No other explanation could account for the mysterious frosted cake loaded with candles, and exclaiming on its top in red letters: "Merry Christmas!" Every night the baby Christmas tree was lighted, when the children danced around it, singing Christmas songs and blowing kisses to it.

The day before Christmas each one of our four households carried its baby tree to some dear old neighbor's. If you could know how those trees are cherished! Sometimes they are kept through a whole year, treasured as a joy even when the needles have dropped off. To one old lady, living three miles off at the backside of a mountain in a dark little, windowless house, the children carried a window—a common barn sash left from our building operations.

"Why," she said, "why I wouldn't take ten dollars for my window. I've had to set in the dark by the fire cold or windy days when the door had to be shut, and I couldn't see nothin'. There haint much to see here, 'way off the road, at the head of the holler as we be, but hit's mighty lonesome in the dark on a winter's day." Then, carrying her little window gently in her arms, she laid it on the bed in the one safe place in the room. "Lord, I wouldn't take a nigger baby for my window," she cried.

Was this the sweetest incident of Christmas, the carrying of light to those that sit in darkness? Or was it the caroling of the boys at four o'clock in the morning, singing through the dark from house to house, "Hark, the herald angels sing," and "God rest you, merry gentlemen." To the small ones, of course, the dearest moment came when their stockings were handed to them, and they drew out barley candy and oranges, a French harp or a doll,—some trick, the like of which had not come to their ken before. Table manners at breakfast were suspended while whistles and harps and laughter and "Christmas gift," perceptibly reduced our daily consumption of oatmeal.

Of course, there was a beautiful community tree, and how peaceable a time we had at it you already know from the first sentence of this letter. Some five hundred people came, among them an old lady sixty-nine years old, who had started before day to come clear across Pine Mountain. "I've never seed a tree," she said, "and I allowed thar mought be a pretty on the tree for an old woman sixty-nine years old, what had never seed one."

Silent and spell-bound, we all watched the progress of the beautiful Nativity Scene, which had the simplicity and sweetness of an early mystery play. Then Santa Claus came tramping through the woods. We hailed him with joy, we laughed at his jokes, and we had a "big time" flinging confetti at him and blowing balloons in his honor. You, who treasure your Christmas ornaments from year to year

with wise economy, do not blame us that we gave most of ours away to the mothers who looked so wistfully at the radiant wonders on the tree, and who carried the tinsel and the balls home to brighten lives and homes already too grey.

I can not write you of all the bits of joy, that pieced together made Christmas so lovely a mosaic. It seemed to us that the wealth of beauty that centuries have given the Christmas festival was all flung into our laps. We want you to share with us the most beautiful Christmas we ever knew.

Sincerely yours,
ETHEL DE LONG.

The December Bazaar.

Last year when the final touch to the baskets and pat to the spreads had been given we thought that nothing could be more beautiful, but we had to admit that the Bazaar this year was the "best ever," in every way. The baskets showed many new shapes and the colorings were soft and pretty. The weavings had improved wonderfully and dainty articles, such as hand-woven linen guest towels with blue borders, bureau scarfs and table runners, were sent. People found it hard to resist the knotted spreads with their hand-tied fringe and many were made happy by such a Christmas gift. Even the flowers, so thoughtfully sent by Miss Margaret Wilson, from the Conservatory at the White House, were lovelier, or seemed so, this year in the new baskets. The Bazaar continued for a week and was as successful financially as it was artistically. The money for the articles sold was sent off to the workers in time to gladden their hearts for Christmas.

Quarterly Magazine

OF THE

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, 1228 CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

DECEMBER, 1917

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

To Our Subscribers and All Members of The Southern Industrial Educational Association.

In these days when there is a nation-wide desire upon the part of every individual to do his or her "bit" it becomes necessary to take counsel together now and then in order that we may not altogether lose our sense of proportion or fail to realize that there are certain "fixed charges" which must not be allowed to lapse. It is right and good for us all to respond cheerfully and willingly to the calls that our nation makes upon us in this time of world-wide suffering and desolation, but we must not lose sight of the fact that nothing must be neglected which affects the efficiency of this nation.

From England comes the warning that we must not neglect the education and training of children because now as never before we must be preparing boys and girls who shall be fitted to help in rebuilding and re-peopling the world. Hon. P. P. Claxton, one of our trustees, declares that our highest patriotic duty consists in increased efficiency in our schools. He says: "If the war should be long, the country will need more trained men and women than it now has. When the war is over the world will have to be rebuilt, and American men and women must do a

large part of that task. To do this our schools must be kept up."

Nowhere in our land is there finer material upon which to draw for our country's needs both now and in the future than in these Southern Appalachian Mountains. Thousands of boys and men from these mountains have voluntarily responded to the nation's call for help, while the young women and girls are engaged in knitting and sewing for the soldiers and assisting in the food conservation movement by rapidly increasing gardening and canning clubs.

From the schools with whose work this Association is closely associated, hundreds of boys have gone who will never return to give to their home localities the benefits which came from their school training, so that it becomes the imperative duty of all those connected with this work for the mountain children to see that funds are supplied wherewith the schools may be kept up in order that the boys and girls now attending them may be prepared for the burdens and responsibilities that the nation will lay upon them.

Most of the mountain schools are suffering from the falling off of contributions and some are even facing the deplorable necessity for closing for want of funds to meet the legitimate expenses.

Does it not seem a terrible pity that hundreds of eager, patriotic boys and girls should be turned away from these schools for want of a few hundred dollars to tide them over a difficult situation! Helping these boys and girls is a form of preparedness that we can not afford to neglect and we urge all our friends to rally as never before to this cause which is of such vital importance to the nation. We must not abate our contributions to the varied demands for War Relief Funds, but we should study our home problems with serious thought and weigh the responsibilities that they entail. It is not a matter of large gifts, but rather of small ones to be met regularly and conscientiously.

The Southern Industrial Educational Association begs you to continue your aid to the work of the mountain schools.

How An Extension Worker Travels.

Here in the mountains the only reliable mode of travel during the months of this winter has been to go with the "mail-man." All the automobiles that during pleasant weather gaily mount up the steep grades have retired to winter quarters, and nearly all the horses have been rented to stables in the lowlands on account of the present high price of feed. So if one wishes to journey from one village to another, one must rise while the stars are yet bright in the heavens and grope one's way through the unlighted village streets to the post-office. Six o'clock is the hour scheduled for these country mail carriers to start from Blowing Rock, the converging point of many rural and star routes.

It is the latter men who are generally glad to take a passenger in their small uncovered buggies. At times the bags of mail securely strapped together will be piled in behind higher than my head and my feet are often protected from the morning chill by merchandise of various kinds thrown in upon them. One cold day a lively rooster and three hens with feet tied together acted as a very efficient foot stove for me.

When all is ready away we go, I with the mail "pokes" that belong on my side of the road in my lap, the driver looking after those that are to be left on his side.

The first part of our drive is up a steep mountain road and we have neared its summit when we come to the first stopping place. I have a "poke" ready in my hands and am preparing to throw its long string over a nail in the wooden box near the road, when a man comes around the corner of the fence and takes it from me—asking as he does so:

"Can you-all tell me the price of co'n?"

"Was it by the ear or the acre you was aimin' to buy?" asks my driver jocosely.

The questioner ignores this piece of wit and says to me: "I was needin' a load or so. You-all travel round so much thought maybe you could give me an idea whar I could git it and the price. All the co'n on my bottom lands was washed out by the flood. First time I ever had to buy co'n."

The driver and I both promise to inquire along the road and report, and then on we go.

As we near the next dwelling two little bare-headed bare-footed girls run out of its door.

"Howdy teacher," they call to me, this being the title given all otherwise unidentified women by the children of the poor in this as in all other sections. "Didn't you bring us nary letter?"

Alas! The "poke" I drop into their eager little hands is empty, and their faces fall.

"Better luck next time," I call back to them as we drive on.

All children love to receive a letter directed to them and to these lonely mountain children it is an event as wonderful as rare. It would seem a small thing for the children who are sometimes weary of their many games, to make a game of writing letters and sending them to those who can see that they reach the kiddies weary, also, of having an empty mail "poke" as the result of the visit of the mail-man.

At the next place I have a bottle of liniment to deliver. Uncle Abe whose "rheumatiz" is "powerful bad," hobbles out to get it.

"Middlin' poorly," he says in reply to my query, "Not quite able yet to make you them little spoons you was awant-in', but maybe this stuff you've brung will fix me up so'st I can work. I don't reckon you'll like 'em made like the picture you sent me, han'les too bulgin', pears to me." Remembrance of the length of a former argument about the bulging handles causes the driver to use his whip sharply and the horses start forward on a brisk trot.

By the next turn of the road stands a little girl waiting for a ride to school.

"Can't take you this time, sister," calls the mail-man. "Got a full load today." The little one looks so disappointed I say: "She can sit on my lap. It's all down grade to the school and she doesn't weigh more than a butterfly."

"Well pile in then," responded the driver, but she is already cuddling down in my lap with delighted little shivers.

"Maw, she saw someone was in the buggy when you stopped over to Uncle Abeses, and she 'lowed I'd have to walk, but I just tole her, 'Why that's Miss Large, she'll *make* room for me'—and you did. And she wants you to stop by when you come back and stay all night. She said she was kinder mixed up drawin' in the threads for the sister blanket you asked her to weave and she wants you to help straighten 'em out.

"Say," asks the driver, "ain't they somethin' the matter with that tongue o'yourn? It sure runs like a clapper."

Near the school where the little girl climbs out, a woman is waiting.

"Mornin'," she calls, and as the driver hands her a full poke, she says:

"I sure hope you've brought me my lace thread. You just ought to have seen the thread that come up after my last order. Looked like they'd swept the mill floor and then spun the sweepin's. It was that dirty I just couldn't use it. Just plumb black it were, and that's the reason I ain't sent you in the fringe I promised you I'd make. I was gittin' on so nice with the new pattern you showed me and then come that black thread." Here she transferred a few red apples from her apron to my lap. "Ef this thread I got today ain't no good neither, will you go to the mill and talk to 'em about it? Writin' don't do no good."

I promised to remonstrate with the mill if necessary and then on we go again, through the brisk morning air, the beams of the sun at last flashing from the frosty branches

of the hemlock and laurel and the gay patches of galax leaves beneath them.

Many times more we stop to hang the full or empty pokes in place, while almost every time a mountain friend calls a salutation, an invitation or a query to us. The day is more than half spent when I reach my objective point—a house where the women and girls of that neighborhood await me once a week and we spend several hours together over different handiwork interspersed with good natured gossip—or singing or playing a mountain game—an afternoon in which much is learned by both students and teacher.

I alight from the buggy rather stiff and sore after the long jolt over the rough roads, but cheered by the warmth of my greeting. As the women hurry me up the path and into the heated house, I hear the mail-man urging on the weary steeds which are both looking curiously over the fence after me.

"Aw get-ep!" he calls—"can't you? What if she is gone—don't you know you got the United States mail still behind you?"

One such trip as described above means a ride of twenty or more miles, or a round trip of forty miles. I make one such trip every week in different directions and sometimes two. Frequently I walk at least part way back stopping in the different houses as I go along. Besides this I make short trips of two or three miles each around Blowing Rock and an occasional trip to interview the "mill" as mentioned above.

I have five classes or clubs of girls and women in this county that I help with their handiwork, and show something of plain sewing and cooking. These clubs vary in number according to the weather, but the different lists show a total of more than 100 names. There are other girls and women who can not come to these meetings, whom I try to see in friendly calls at their homes. There are also

two carpentry classes for boys which, alas, I can not instruct, but oversee.

I have spent several afternoons since coming up here last September in primary schools in the neighborhood showing the children how to train their eyes and hands and the importance of exactness in every form of handicraft.

I have mentioned only the work around my present headquarters but I spent all of January and parts of December and February in Polk and Henderson counties, looking after the workers of whom I had previously been in charge. It was hard to leave them again, yet the need seemed greater up here and I often mentally echo the thought of an old weaver who said, "You'd ought to be twins."

Each month I become more convinced of the value of community centers in this mountain work as in every other effort for rural uplift.

MARY LARGE,

Field Extension Worker in North Carolina Mountains.

Change of Location.

Owing to the fact that the Navy Department is gradually taking over the offices of the Southern Building for its war needs, the Southern Industrial Educational Association has been obliged to seek new quarters. It is now located at 1228 Connecticut Avenue, where it has commodious well-lighted rooms, in which the various articles of mountain manufacture are displayed to much better advantage than in the former quarters.

It is hoped that the friends of the Association, whether in Washington or elsewhere, will take their first opportunity to visit its new home.

At the last regular meeting of the Trustees of the Southern Industrial Educational Association held December 31st it was voted, that because of the very greatly increased cost of printing, there should be but two issues of the Quarterly for the year 1918, namely June and December.

This is in accordance with the desire of the Trustees to keep expenses down as much as possible in order that its help for the schools which it has been assisting shall not be curtailed any more than is absolutely necessary.

Value of Mountain Settlement Schools.

IDA M. TARBELL.

Tucked away on the tops and slopes of the mountains of eastern Kentucky and Tennessee are thousands of families, many of them descendants of the best of English stock. Centuries of direful poverty combined with almost complete isolation from the life of the world have not been able to take from them their look of race, or corrupt their brave, loyal, proud hearts. Encircled as they are by the richest and most highly cultivated parts of this country, near as they are to us in blood, we have done less for their enlightenment than for that of the orient, vastly less than we do for every new-come immigrant.

On the religious side all that they have had is the occasional itinerant preacher, thundering at them of the wrath of God; and on the cultural side the "pindling" district school. In the teachings of both is an over-weight of sternness and superstition, little "plain human kindness," almost nothing that points the way to decent, happy, healthy living.

The results are both grotesque and pitiful. Is it strange that the feud should flourish in a land ruled by a "God of Wrath?" Is anything but sickness and death to be expected where both are looked upon as visitations of an angry God?

Among these victims of our neglect and our blundering methods of teaching the settlement school has gone. It goes to stay. Not three months, but twelve months its teaching goes on; not one Sabbath in the month but three hundred and sixty-five days in the year it preaches. Liter-

ally it is a new world which the settlement school opens up to the mountaineers, one ruled by cleanliness, thrift, knowledge and good will. The beauty of it is that living day after day under this order they come to know that its principles are practical truths that they work out. To be told that the baby is dying, not because the Lord is angry with the family but because the milk is impure may seem little better than impiety at first, but save the baby by proper care and you have gone a long way to proving that pure milk is God's law and that all the prayers in the world will not change His ruling.

New notions of heroism and honor are filtering into the country along with the notions of sanitation and health. That injuries can be honorably forgiven and forgotten is a hard doctrine to swallow in Eastern Kentucky, but when you see it practiced by those from the great world of which you have only dreamed, it comes easier.

The contrast between the two ways of living—that in the settlement and that in their mountain homes—is not long in doing its work. Decent living, even in great poverty, is possible if you know how, and the settlement shows what can be done with what they have. The relation of their poverty and ill-health to their lack of knowledge and their perpetual lawless warfare is quickly enough grasped by the young, and means a new generation with vastly improved morals, health, self-control. Miss Lucy Furman's words are full of significance—"What other boys have such gifts to bring to their nation? Proud, self-reliant, the sons of heroes, bred in brave traditions, knowing nothing of the debasing greed for money, strengthened by a hand-to-hand struggle with nature from their very infancy (I have not known of one who did not begin at five or six to shoulder family responsibilities such as hoeing corn, tending stock, clearing new ground, grubbing, hunting, gathering the crops) they should bring to their country primal energy of body and spirit unquenchable valor, and minds untainted by lust of wealth."

SI EA
Trustee

John Fox's New Mountain Book.

When John Fox writes a book upon the mountains and the mountain people he is dealing with a subject upon which he is an indisputable authority. Born and reared in the Big Stone Gap region he has had opportunity to know the mountaineers as no outsider ever could and it is with a complete understanding of their peculiar psychology, their archaic speech and their customs and manners, still retaining many traces of the old-world setting of their ancestors of two centuries ago, that he reveals these people to the outside world.

His latest book entitled "In Happy Valley" is a collection of ten short stories dealing with the lives of one small community which serves as a type of the many remote inaccessible little communities that have existed in almost complete isolation from the rest of the country. A settlement school is established in Happy Valley by two enthusiastic young women who by their friendliness and tactful patience gradually awaken in the rude and uncouth inhabitants the desire for better things than feuds, moonshining, squalor and the pathetic poverty that have characterized the lives of most of them.

The book is sure to make a strong appeal in behalf of the mountain people and all the agencies that exist for the purpose of helping them to catch up with the best that modern education and industrial training can give.

(Charles Scribner's Sons \$1.35)

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.

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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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