LOG cabin in a stretch of pine woods in the north Georgia hills where a young woman from the big house nearby sits reading. The cabin is her den, and her spare hours she spends here among her books in the solitude and quiet of the green woods that stretch to the very lintel of the cabin. It is a spring Sunday afternoon and her peace is undisturbed except for the chirp and chatter of the birds in the blossoming new-leaved trees. The book lies idle in her lap, for the beauty of the outdoor world lures her with its spell and her eyes turn to the open window. Suddenly the view is blotted out by the appearance at the window of three dirty little faces peering at her with wide eyes of wonder. Like startled birds, the children flutter away when the lady in the cabin speaks. She goes to the door and calls them, but they hug a distant tree. She coaxes them with apples and finally they creep timidly near and at last enter the cabin. They are shabby little backwoods girls, shy and silent. The lady remembers it is Sunday afternoon and she begins to tell them a story from the Bible, then other stories. They listen with solemn eagerness to every word, their hungry souls glowing in their eyes. When the stories are at an end, the cabin lady tells them to come again the next Sunday and bring with them their sisters and brothers.

The same little cabin in the pine woods in the fuller flush of summer, the same lady and the three shy little girls, this time with faces washed clean, and tangled hair grown neat. Only the three must be sought out, for the Sunday afternoon audience has grown in numbers into a congregation of lanky, rough boys, of girls poorly dressed and of crude exterior, older men and women of the same type with barefoot children playing at their feet and babies asleep in their arms. The congregation is much too large to be seated with any dignity. Soap boxes serve, corn shuck mats, the door sill, anything, and still some are standing. The lady of the cabin, the “Sunday Lady” the people have christened her, plays a melodeon which is so rickety that while she plays some of the boys hold it to keep it from falling. There is but one hymn book, for few of the congregation can read. The “Sunday Lady” lines out the hymns until they grow familiar to the audience. There are some stories in simple language, a few songs and the meeting disperses.

The pictures follow one another like those of a mutoscope until it is hard to keep them distinct. The three curious little faces that appeared at the cabin window that spring Sunday afternoon stirred a deeper chord than they dreamed in the heart of the lady. She was
Miss Martha Berry, who lived on the big plantation that her father had owned for years among the foot-hills of northwestern Georgia, two miles from the little city of Rome. All her life she had dwelt close to these poor white country people whom the three children represented and had thought little of them until their faces peered in at her and piqued her interest. At once the cabin Sunday-school became the vital thing in her life and at once the "Sunday Lady" became a vital influence in the lives of the people about her. On Sundays they came to her to listen to Bible stories; on week days she mounted her pony and went to them in their shacks in the woods. The whole family was always "pow’ful proud" to see the "Sunday Lady," and at her coming the chickens, dogs and babies were cleared out of her pathway with much ceremony and the children made a dash for the one tin basin for a hasty scrub.

Only those who know a Southern mountaineer's dwelling place can realize what the coming of a "Sunday Lady" could mean to the occupants. It is a dingy, bare hut of logs with two rooms, the floors uncovered, no more furniture than a table, chair or two and beds, and an air of naked, staring poverty about it all. Few of these people can read, rarely have they been beyond the county line, of the thousand opportunities the world offers they know nothing. Life is a dull gray grind to them. With lands groaning with the riches of earth at their door, their days are a struggle to get food and homespun enough to go round. And the children are bent to the struggle, too.

The cabin meeting soon outgrew its small quarters and the "Sunday Lady" provided lumber for a larger cabin about half a mile away, the boys and men doing most of the work. The new cabin when it was built had a bigger purpose than the first one. School was to keep every day as well as Sunday, and the hungry minds of the children were to be fed. Miss Berry secured a teacher from the county for the school for five months, and she paid her to stay an extra month and gave her further remuneration to visit in the homes of the children to find out the needs and condition of the families and to circulate books among them. She supplied the school with umbrellas and warm wraps so that the children could come in bad weather. Pupils came to the school from miles and miles through the woods. The capacity of the school was taxed, and the one room soon had to be added to. A sewing class for the girls was started, a debating club for the boys, and there was a class in singing. The teacher, Miss Berry and one of her sisters threw their whole time into the work, visiting the pupils in their homes, stimulating their interest and caring for the sick.

Some of the pupils who lived at 'Possum Trot, eight miles from
MILKING TIME ON THE SCHOOL FARM AT 'POSSUM TROT.

THE RUSTIC DAIRY BUILT BY THE BOYS ON THE SCHOOL FARM.
THE LITTLE CABIN WHERE THE SUNDAY LADY FIRST TOLD STORIES TO THE 'POSSUM TROT CHILDREN.

A GROUP OF STUDENTS WHO WORK THROUGH THE SUMMER AT MISS BERRY'S SCHOOL FARM.
the schoolhouse, wanted a Sunday-school there. It was started, and out of it developed another day school, which was equipped with an organ and a library of fifty books. Later two other schools were started in the same way, one at Mt. Alto, and another at Forster’s Bend, an isolated, neglected district twenty miles away.

From the schoolrooms with their hopeful, vivifying atmosphere these country children went back to their bare, dull huts. The six months that school doors were closed did much to undo the work of the six months they were open. Hope must struggle hard to flame in these surroundings. Seeing this, and stirred by the barren outlook of the poor white country boys especially, Miss Berry determined to start an industrial school to help the boys of the nearby rural districts. Going daily, intimately into their homes, seeing at close range their lives in all their sallow monotony, the need pressed home to her, and the desire to open the way to these people became the great interest of her life. Out of this desire and with her own patrimony she has built the school in the Georgia hills that has become a model for the industrial and agricultural schools that are springing up in the South as signs of a new and better day for the backwoods boy.

IN JANUARY of nineteen hundred and two Miss Berry deeded eighty-three acres of woodland left her from her father’s estate and erected a two-story building at a cost of one thousand dollars, opening the school with an enrollment of six boys. She was assisted in her work by Miss Elizabeth Brewster, a graduate of Leland Stanford University who had been drawn into the work when it was distributed among sporadic wayside schools. The new school started with a modern dormitory, a kitchen, dining room and library, and was soon followed by a workshop, a laundry, a dairy and later an additional dormitory.

One afternoon soon after the industrial school was opened, Miss Berry and her sister while driving to the ’Possum Trot Sunday-school found two boys in a bare, unfurnished cabin by the roadside cooking their dinner. They stopped and talked to them. Their homes, the boys told them, were too far from the county schoolhouse for them to walk, so they came and lived here, doing their own cooking in order to get their schooling. This was the kind of boy for whom the new school was opened. They were told to come the next morning and enter. They came and they both followed the full course the school offered. One of them, after he had finished, entered the State University and this past year was graduated first honor man in his class.

Out of material like this the Berry School has drawn its student
list, boys from the isolated, untrammeled places athirst for knowledge and ready to pay the price of any sacrifice to get it; pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon boys, some of them sons of sires who fought for America’s liberty, whose fathers have huddled in poverty for two or three generations in the Southern mountains, but in whose souls lies an eagerness for knowledge and power that needs but a spark to light it. The good news of the “Sunday Lady’s” school spread fast. One boy would come, and then his brothers and his neighbors would follow. Now there is an enrolment of a hundred and fifty boys, mostly from Georgia, but many from Alabama, Tennessee, the Carolinas, Florida, and Virginia. Some of them drive up in their canvas-covered wagons with their battered trunks beside them and beg the opportunity to learn. And the pity of it is that many of these have to drive back. There is not room enough for all who come and ask.

No boys can enter the school except country boys and country boys of “limited means and opportunities, but unlimited determination and perseverance,” to quote the school circular. They must be sixteen years of age, but their previous training matters not at all. It is the undeveloped material, the untouched lives hidden away in the mountains and foot-hills of the South that the school purposes to reach and uplift.

Out of the very needs of these country boys and according to their capacities the school has been hewn and shaped. When it first opened the buildings were set in virgin woodland, paths to its doors had to be chopped through dense forest; and so with its training and curriculum, the material was rough, primitive. Careful hewing and surveying were needed on the part of the builders. But the path has been cleared.

THE keynote of the school is work; the foundation principle is that what is worth having is worth working for. Every boy is made to feel that in his own hands lies his salvation. The drones either do not come or they are caught up in the spirit of industry. Every boy must do two hours’ work a day, anything that is required of him, besides his classroom work. They attend to the farm of four hundred acres, look after the grounds, attend to the cows, chickens, pigeons, do every bit of building that is accomplished, in addition to the indoor attendance on the dormitories, dining room, kitchen, dairy and laundry. These same boys who, half a dozen years ago when Miss Berry held her Sunday-schools in the neighborhood, often let her build the fires for them and do what chores there were while they stood and looked on, are now churning, milking, cooking, washing dishes, doing laundry work, sweeping, dusting,
putting their hands to whatever is needed, for every bit of work that
is done in the school or on the farm they do and do blithely. There
is nothing they scorn, nothing they are not proud of the privilege of
doing in order to gain an education and make the school possible.
These sons of men who scorn above all things to do "woman's work"
whistle as they cook and wash. The influence that has brought them
to it is the teachers about them who, from the first, went in with them
and worked at any task with unafraid hands.

The first Sunday that Miss Berry held her class at 'Possum Trot
the roof of the old schoolhouse they made use of leaked so that her
muslin dress got soaked. She told the people that there must be a
new roof before the next Sunday. Some of them shifted their wads
of tobacco in their mouths and said, "But it moughtn't rain for a
month, lady."

"Yes, but it mought," she answered. It took a bribe of lemonade
to accomplish the work, but the following Sunday the roof was cov-
ered. The next time she wanted anything done the response was
more willing. The "it moughtn't" spirit has vanished entirely
from the Berry School. One looks for it there in vain. The spirit
is all one of "it will, so let's provide."

It is marvelous to look at the twelve buildings that comprise the
school now, most of them large and substantial and all of unmis-
takably good workmanship, and think that they have been built by
the rough hands of these country boys. It is more than marvelous
to look at these eager, alert boys at their tasks and note the courtesy
of their manners, and think of their uncouthness, their crudeness
when they first came to ask entrance to the school. Some of them
are not boys, they were men of twenty-five and more when they
entered, great hulking men who could neither read nor write, who
carried their outfit in a small pack on their backs, but who had labored
hard for the money for tuition and in whose eyes was the fire of deter-
mination. If it were needed to grovel on their hands and knees for
learning they would gladly grovel. Undeveloped Lincolns some
may be; at any rate men who will not be afraid of life and any task
it may bring them.

The wife of the president of one of the great Eastern universities
for men visited the school last year, and when she had seen the work
she said to Miss Berry, "At our university I see hundreds of young
men who are surfeited with this world's goods and are so unused to
labor that they resent the least exertion. Here you have the opposite
extreme. I think these boys have the better chance to succeed in
life."

One of the most prominent public men in the State came to Miss
Berry once and asked for admission for his son in her school. "He can get here," he said, "what no other school that I know offers. Nothing need be said of his coming and if you will take him I will raise a great deal of money for your school."

Miss Berry's reply was, "Your boy lives in the city and has at his door the opportunities of a hundred schools. If he came he would be keeping away some boy who has no other school to go to."

The curriculum has had to be adapted to the needs of boys whose early education has been scant and desultory. The course of study extends over six years, the first three being grammar-school years which give a grounding in the fundamentals of common-school education. The high-school course is for two classes of students, for those who cannot go to a higher institution and for those who intend going to college. A certificate of graduation from the school admits students to several of the largest universities and colleges of the South. The course is very thorough and the faculty is of the best, not only of the best mental but the best spiritual timber, each member being attracted to the work by an interest in the cause. These men and women come very close to the boys in the classroom and out, and it is this personal touch and contact that is one of the greatest uplifting influences of the school. Into the work of the boys, into their sports, their games, the teachers enter, and from no interest or enterprise of theirs are they aloof. In this way the rough, burly boys from the backwoods are mannered and toned.

Imagine the influence of the Sunday afternoon cabin meeting on these boys. The present cabin is a log and mud idealization of the original home of the school, a place where some of the teachers live, and which is in a way the heart of the school, the embodiment at least of its spirit. It was built by the boys, and some of their joy in the work seems to have clung to it. Its exterior is simple and beautiful. The cabin nestles amidst thick dogwoods which in spring are a glory of white blossoms, and around the mud chimney and the low-roofed porch gourd vines clamber, and honeysuckle and wild rose. On the rough doorway of the cabin hangs a coon skin, as it might on a typical mountaineer's dwelling place, and there is no door knob, but a latch string on the outside. Within, two big rooms open together and they are furnished with soft-toned rugs, a few pieces of old mahogany, restful pictures, and quaint little bookcases full of friendly books. There is in each room a great stone fireplace and the motto inscribed on one, "Come sitte besyde my hearth, 'tis wide for gentyle company," seems to express the hospitable atmosphere of the cabin. Here at six o'clock on Sunday afternoons the boys gather and dis-
tribute themselves on the floor around Miss Berry, or some other
member of the faculty if she is away, who talks to them in a simple
way of some truth from the Bible just as in that first log hut in the
woods. There is no light save soft glow of candles and the blaze
of the great logs in the fireplace. The boys’ voices beat against the
rafters in waves of outpouring songs as they sing the old familiar
hymns. They listen and sing and talk together, lingering long in
the mellow atmosphere of the place.

There is much in the way of equipment to which the Berry School
still aspires, because its hopes have no end, but what is already in-
stalled is of the best and most up-to-date. The dairy is thoroughly
modern and is planned according to specifications furnished by the
Department of Agriculture in Washington; the workshop is fitted
with the necessary wood-working machinery and there is an adequate
dynamo; the laundry has all the outfit of a modern steam laundry;
the cow barn is ideal in its arrangements. In the farming, the
handling of the peach orchard, the raising of chickens and squabs
and the care of the cows the most improved methods and appliances
are employed. In every detail of the school there go hand in hand
the two invaluable lessons of doing and saving, the end being held
well in view of not educating the boy away from the country but of
giving him back to the country with quickened energies and a mastery
of the situation. In the very grounds themselves and the outer
shell of the school is an expression of the endeavor to fall in with Nature
and develop according to her cue. There are but few bare cleared
stretches of campus, most of the land having been left in natural
woods with benignant pines and oaks, dogwoods and gums. And
the buildings, the little log dairy, the cabin and the dormitories with
their columns of polished but unheown cedar, all show a harmony
with the natural and the surrounding.

The school spirit of the Berry Industrial does not waste itself
in hip, hurrah yells and midnight revels on the campus, but is
an actual all-pervading spirit that vents itself in an eagerness to
work and help whenever there is anything needed for the school,
and in a devotion, almost a worship, of her who has brought an edu-
cation within their reach. One year when the school was having
a celebration the founder had been on a tour and was delayed. The
boys thought she would be unable to get there and a cloud of depres-
sion hung over the students. They forgot, however, to calculate
on the ingenuity of Miss Berry. She boarded a freight train from
Atlanta, and dusty and weary from her journey, appeared in the
assembly hall while the exercises were in progress. For a second
there was a hush and then the hundred and fifty boys rose to their feet and burst into one loud whooping cheer of joy that rose and died and was born again over and over.

Many a boy works on holidays in order to earn a few extra dollars and turn it over to the school. Last year the bath house burned and the boys got together among themselves and determined to raise money enough to build a larger and better bath house with a gymnasium attached. They have no means to draw on, but they have an exhaustless fund of determination, and they have said they will raise money for the new building. The ignorant, untaught mothers and fathers of the boys in their bare homes fall into the spirit of loyalty, too, and make their meager donations. The recitation hall of the school, which is a splendid building at the head of the long, shaded avenue leading from the road, represents eight hundred one-dollar gifts from the small savings of these people.

From the log-cabin schoolhouse with one acre of land has grown this school of many buildings with land amounting to a thousand acres and an equipment approximating one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And it has all been wrought out by the faith and persistence of one woman. The "Sunday Lady" has given her means and herself to these piney woods boys. It is as if the school were her own offspring which she has brought into being and tenderly nursed. She has seen it through whooping cough and measles and colic, has sat up with it night after night, her hand on its pulse, her ear to its heart, fearing the breath was leaving the body. Its perils and dangers have been ceaseless. Many an agonizing hour she has paced the floor wondering where the money for its needs was to be had. The school is not endowed and in all its history it has never received a single large gift. In small amounts the provision for its living has come, amounts secured by Miss Berry from friends in the North and the South where she often travels in behalf of the school. Each boy pays fifty dollars a year for his schooling and the amount it costs per capita is a hundred. The deficit has to be made good. Many persons contribute scholarships to help these boys grow into men of training and education, but the strain of maintaining the school is enormous. Its doors never close. In summer there are thirty-five boys who remain to work on the farm and in the various capacities they are needed, in this way earning their tuition for the following year.

Whenever a new agricultural or industrial school is to be started in the South Miss Berry or one of her representatives is sent for to explain the methods of her school. It is considered the model for all those that have come after, the pioneer in a type of school that is
PERVASION

going to do more to upbuild the South than all the measures of the legislatures that have been passed since the Civil War. When one of these new schools grows uncertain, a pupil is brought to the Berry School to take back to his own new life and inspiration. Because it is a missionary school, because it is a school that is making history, because it turns into men of power and strength the untrained boys of the backwoods, and not least of all because it is built on the faith of one single woman, the fame of the Berry School should not be hidden away in the Georgia hills. The faith of that one woman has been unlimited, and her industry. Ripe and waiting to start into life is a similar school for girls. The land is in readiness and the girls in their mountain homes are crying out for it. It needs but funds to give it breath. The "Sunday Lady" is eager to mother it, for her heart is no less warm to the sister of the piney woods boy than to the boy himself.

PERVASION

YOU are all vague and haunting things to me:
The shimmer of the moonlight on the mere
Is your strange being, and the brooding fear
Of the black midnight. Everywhere I see
A symbol of you; in the cedar tree
That dreams beside my window, in the clear
Eyes of the lonely stars, in the austere
And melancholy ocean's mystery.

Never the moon beholds my secret hours
But you behold me, never the grey dawn
 Comes without word of you on its cool breath.
And will I find you in my coffin flowers,
When over time's cold borders I am drawn
By the inexorable desires of Death?

ELSA BARKER.