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One Dollar a Year

Need of Vocational Schools for Southern States

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The passivity of educational leaders in the South with regard to vocational training for all the children who need it, the silent acquiescence of the Southern women who are, usually, pioneers in the agitation which must precede great movements for social betterment, and the lack of effective stimulation from philanthropists who have been giving somewhat liberally to Southern education, would, when seen in the light of its tragic consequence, be unaccountable except for our reaction in most transitional movements of thought.

A Cause of Tremendous Social Disaster.

If a consideration of concrete examples of tremendous social disaster through the complete wreck of individuals who might, under proper conditions become valuable members of the social whole, can result in an acceleration, however slight, of a movement which has become an absolute necessity if we are to hope for civic righteousness, happiness or prosperity, the purpose of this article will have been served.

What Lack of Vocational Training has Meant For One Girl.

A young girl born and reared in a country community has resolved to escape the monotonous drudgery and colorless life which have been hers so far. She determines to go to the city, confident of her ability to earn a living easily and to share in the life whose distant echoes are luring her so strongly.

She has been a pupil in the common school of the neighborhood and has passed through it of the highest grade. She has memorized the usual text books and has been called a bright pupil, and it is upon this that she bases her confidence in her ability not only to make a living, but to get some joy out of life. She wants comfort, beauty, varied interests and some contact with the world of life and action. It has never occurred to her that she can get all these out of her country home with less difficulty than she will have in the city, for her surroundings at home are poor, ugly, uncomfortable and unwholesome and she has not dreamed that they could be any thing else.

It has always been possible for the premises to be made entirely clean and sanitary, but

her teachers have been so busy trying to get her to memorize the physiology as prescribed for the school that there has been no time to teach her practical sanitation. Indeed, when she paid a visit to her teacher's home, she saw no difference in this respect between that and her own.

Blind to the Natural Beauty Around Her.

The natural surroundings of this girl's home have always afforded possibilities of great beauty, but she has been too busy learning the boundaries of all the states in the Union to be taught anything about tree, shrub or vine planting. The interior of her home, too, could have been made beautiful by a skillful use of the material just about her father's means; but she has had to give too much time to working the examples in Compound Proportion found in the Arithmetic book to be able to turn her mind to order, symmetry or proportion in real things.

Beautiful Color Schemes Possible in the Home.

It would have been entirely possible for her to make charming color schemes for the rooms in her own home, to work them out in inexpensive materials, and to herself do all the painting, staining and gypsining needed to transfer grimy walls into things of beauty, but she never heard of a "color scheme." It has taken so much time for her to draw the map of Eurasia, get the meridians and parallels exactly right, paint the different countries in red, green and yellow, paint the ocean blue and get in all the mountains, rivers, cities, bays, straits, sounds, gulfs, peninsulars, islands, etc., that she has not had time to think about the colors in a room. Her map was to be exhibited at the Fair, and of course she had to put a great deal of time on it. Some of the woods on her father's farm are very beautiful and a little money has come in from their sale, but the furniture in her home is of the cheapest, and ugliest kind. No one has ever hinted to her that with proper training she could become able to make furniture of wood being sold, polish and stain it in almost artistic way, and thus replace the ugly stuff with articles of rare beauty and great value.

Neither has she suspected that the natural deftness in woodwork or the "eye for color" which she always possessed, if reinforced by

training, could give her employment so lucrative that all the things she is longing for would be within her reach. The school authorities always said that there was not time in school for Manual training. The children must learn to work examples in Cube Root, Bank Discount and Foreign Exchange and they could not do this and Manual Arts, too.

Ignorance of Proper Food a Social Menace.

This girl is very tired of the unwholesome food, which makes her sick and is making her complexion so sallow. She thinks that ice cream, candy and soda water—together with other things of which she has heard—are to be found at "quick lunch" counter in the city, will be very much better both for her taste and her complexion. Of course there is very fertile soil all around her home where the vegetables which the city begs for could be cultivated by her the year round. In her father's orchard there are peaches, apples, pears, cherries and other fruits which could be canned, and which would thus be delicious all through the winter. There is plenty of room for berry culture and these, too, might be canned. Poultry of all kinds might be raised and fowls and eggs, deliciously prepared, might be on the family table at all times, but the teacher and her mother and the school authorities have all said that there was no use in learning these things at school. There was no time for any such foolishness! The children must work examples, learn the capitals of all the countries in the world; they must spell hard words and must know the dates of all the battles in the Revolutionary War. How could they find time to learn to garden or to cook; to can fruit or to raise poultry? Besides, could not the mothers teach their daughters such things? The people who kept trying to get the girls to form a Home Life Club had better attend to their own business, said the school authorities.

And so the old order has gone on; the garden has had a few vegetables in the early summer and has then grown up in weeds. The fruit has ripened, dropped from the trees, and the hogs have been turned into the orchard. The few hens that have been on the place did not lay in winter. Half the chickens that were hatched died and the mother always "felt so

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