

GOOD WOMAN, GOOD CHILDREN, GOOD ROADS



Mrs. Frank De Garmo, a Pioneer in the Movement for Country Road Improvement by Children

Better Schools Also Result From This Fortunate Combination, the Result of One Motherly Idea

By Ellen Foster Stone

WHAT is the use of a very good teacher and a very good school unless there be a good road to reach them? In season of drought dust obscures the way. It is not uncommon experience for a party starting out, each wearing clothes of different color, to return uniformed, "wearing the very roads on their backs," as the jocular member puts it, while questioning, "What color did you buy?" Dust is bad enough, but when this dust becomes mud!

Not many months ago, while visiting after years of absence a most prosperous agricultural section, noted for its fine apples and "best butter," the beauties were appealing one by one. The heavens above, clear as sapphire, delighted the eye, as did the surrounding hills, gay in their autumn garb, revealing wondrous colorings; but from this panorama one must turn to consider the earth beneath to insure safe footing in the quagmire. Some children trudging bravely along, picking a dainty way, were asked, by way of making acquaintance:

"Do you go to school, children?" Immediately came the answer: "Nope, not now. Roads is too bad; spoil our shoes." A child denied its birthright! Shoes and roads as against human development was the fact impressed.

ROAD conditions are not exaggerated by those urging improvement. It is not difficult to find bad roads; rather it is difficult to avoid them once the main highways are left. But all homes are not on main highways. Our rural population is a scattered population living along roads accepted through habit as matters of course rather than matters to be remedied—the sort of roads you go through rather than over; the sort of roads that place a mud embargo on educational, industrial and social life.

Did you ever attend a carriage-cleaning fest in a rural district? How the whole family, the hired help and the visitor fell to remove the marks of travel from the conveyance caught in a sudden downpour of rain and uprising of mud some miles from home! Such a jacking up of wheels and laborious water carrying! A sort of frolic for the visitor, perhaps, but to the family repetition year in and year out gradually causes the older folks to become stay-at-homes. And the young folks? They go to some city oftener than not.

To restrain this appalling exodus of country children to the city, to build up the rural communities by furnishing mental and moral instruction and entertainment, is a work undertaken and designed to be carried to successful completion through highway improvement.

It is known that hundreds of thousands of country children are deprived of the rudiments of education because of road conditions. In Texas alone, 120,000 children were out of school in 1909.

In our mountainous regions, we are told, over 4,000,000 children are almost wholly untouched educationally. Facilities are of the crudest and altogether inadequate. In some localities the dry creek beds are the roads to the faraway school to which the eager youngsters walk gladly.

The dreary monotony of the poor road locality, the lack of prosperity, the restricted crops, the illiteracy, are drawbacks to general development and progress.

GOOD ROADS AND SCHOOL ATTENDANCE

In our country there are about 37,000,000 children, a power for weal or woe as is their advancement or retardment. All improvement comes through intelligent effort.

Ancient wisdom built roads for war. Rome, that she might swiftly, safely march her men to victory, compelled the building of roads which today are invaluable legacies. Modern thought built roads for commerce. The twentieth century will have good roads for social and educational advancement; this shall be twin to economic development. Improved roads increase school attendance and increase the general production of marketable stuffs.

But how are we going to get this improvement? How pay the price? We are paying the price, though it is not so itemized in accounts. Bad roads, restricted crops, are the highest taxes we pay. Far more than is realized is living cost affected by road conditions. All that we eat and drink and wear, our shelter, light and heat, come primarily from the soil—and first the materials, raw or finished, must be hauled over roads to stations and wharves for shipment—or to markets for sale.

the constructionists, improvers or maintainers of the roads over which they travel, developing their country while developing themselves.

"Stay-at-homes" and "fair-weather travelers" only will become fewer in number. The monotony of shut-in life will make less havoc with physical and mental health. More contented people will be found in rural sections. The text will be not "Back to the soil," but "Stay on the soil."

For years various organizations of mothers, in their work for world welfare through child welfare, confined their efforts mainly to childhood in the cities and smaller towns. It was found that the city child was the "hopper" into which was being poured most of the help and blessings—all of which were justly due—and the country children were deprived of much of their rightful heritage. Studying more closely, interviewing the rural youth flocking to the cities, it was learned that chiefly they were urged by the natural instinctive desire of the young for life, for pleasure, for companionship of their kind, the comradeship of touching shoulders, as it were, with other folks.

A MOTHER-HEART'S REVELATION

A mother-heart received the revelation: impassable roads, unbridged streams, exiled boys and girls in far too many localities. Lack of recreational amusement, a dearth of sociability or opportunity to enjoy it. And this mother, a city dweller now of St. Louis, then in Shreveport, La., thought out a plan whereby the boys and girls might stay at home and be aided to lift these veils of monotony and dreary routine; to gain stimulus through recreation and education and add to their sturdy characteristics the buoyancy which comes through joy in doing; to enable them by their own efforts to bring the best of life to their very doors; not to desert the homesteads for city life, but rather to stay where there is room to grow, thus strengthening the vertebrae of their country.

And is it fanciful to believe the roads and waterways are bones and sinews of a country's body? The picture would not fade from Mrs. De Garmo's vision. She saw a pleasant road well kept, beside it a model schoolhouse, a consolidated school to which the children from some miles might come, there to receive not only book learning, but education—manual arts, domestic arts, physical culture, the study of hygiene and sanitation. But how, oh how, with such highways and means of conveyance so limited? Better them, that's all. Another how?

First of all, the story must be spread, and Mrs. De Garmo evolved a plan, very simple but wholly effective. Publicity, through the great American press; education, demonstration at state fairs and by stereopticon; then legislation, federal, state, county and local.

So it transpired that Mrs. Frank De Garmo was the first woman to launch a campaign for road improvement in any country, under the authority of the national congress of mothers, which, through the indorsement of the president of the United States and co-operation of the

department of agriculture, has roused the womanhood of the nation and its territories to organized effort.

In a special department of the national congress and as special agent of the agricultural department, Mrs. De Garmo is preaching highway improvement in the interest of mothers and school children. The Federation of Women's Clubs, state and general, and the Daughters of the American Revolution are planning to work along similar lines.

The actual accomplished work during but four years of rural work is registered in Oregon, Tennessee, Missouri, Louisiana particularly, and in every state of the thirty-eight wherein are state organizations of mothers. The children of the fields and the foothills are benefited. The consolidated school is existing beside the good

roads. The wagonettes traverse these roads, picking up the children before the school hour, depositing them at the model schoolhouse, and returning them to their homes at closing time.

In Southington, O., eleven wagonettes are in use, carrying over one hundred children daily to school. It is found that the expense of maintenance of the one consolidated school and the necessary wagonettes is less

than that of the numerous small schools of primitive appointments, scattered here and there along the way, each with separate equipment and teachers.

But what about road improvement and maintenance? Well, tomorrow's roadmakers are among today's school children. Why not teach them now the elementary principles of road making and implant the necessity for improved avenues for traffic? And



Company A, First Regiment, Missouri Division, Rural Cadets of America. This is a Cadet Road Patrol That Gave a Demonstration at Lynchburg, Va. to Fight of Captain Won First Prize of \$5. for Best Log of Unimproved Road

Consolidated School, Put Up Since the Road Was Improved Near Memphis, Tenn.

Bad Roads Decrease the School Attendance

so, after experiment and conference with national and state highway officials and superintendents of education, the Congress of Mothers, in its rural welfare department, evolved the organization at present termed the Road Cadets of America, or the Cadet Road Patrol.

The object of the organization is to familiarize the boys with commercial, educational and social value of the roads, to enable them to acquire the principles and practices of roadmaking; the causes and effects of good roads; their location, grades, drainage, maps and profiles, construction and maintenance; machinery necessary in road building, and to practice a certain light military drill in current tactics which will develop discipline, chivalry and joyousness as characteristic of every valiant road cadet. More dignified, erect and civil in their bearing the road cadets become, more respectful to parents and teachers, more orderly in their habits, more conscientious, more careful in dress, thus eliminating the stigma of "country town" and "hayseed," too often resting on many ruralite.

On arbor days, led by the cadets, the school children plant trees along the roadways, learning not only the value of the tree and improved road, but the connection between the tree and the road, the various kinds of trees adapted to roadside planting and the extent and character of tree planting adapted to the kind of road. Hickory, pecan and walnut trees are planted where they thrive, as are shade trees, also, where most needed.

The boys learn in their patrols of the road, and each company patrols a certain number of miles, the origin of roads, the trail, the footpath of the pioneers evolved into earth roads, the corduroy road, the charcoal, gravel, rock or concrete roads. They soon know which are state, county or neighborhood roads; what permanently improved roads mean to a community, how they effect rural mail delivery. They find out what grade means and the loss in haul over steep grades; the vital importance of drainage and the necessity for maintenance; the importance of prompt repairs and how to make them.

The use of the split-log drag is easily learned, and the boys are impressed with the fact that it is the solution of the whole earth-road problem the country over.

PATROLS KEEP LOGS

Each patrol is required to keep a log, and prizes are offered for the best. In this log the condition and kinds of roads are noted, the number of accidents and why. Danger signals, sign posts, bridges and culverts, weeds, clods and rocks in roadbed, all are considered. The cadets are under direction of highway engineers, who determine the territory patrolled. Their drill is that of United States army infantry regulations.

Constant instruction of this kind will produce citizens who will not tolerate a long line of liquid morass and dignity it with the name of roadway. "Mudways" will disappear much quicker by this system of education than by legislation.

Five years in the time the mothers have set in which to accomplish the proposed improvement. Then, with well-kept roads between homes and schools, will come the real help to rural progress, the consolidated school as a recreation social center, where many gather, under the community for instruction and entertainment by illustrated lecture, song and story. Enlightenment by the traveling university or library will be open to all.

Like the demonstration made at state fairs, a great aid in suggesting help. A model home, a model school, connected by a model road, is a permanent part of the state fair in Louisiana. The buildings, completely furnished by the handicraft of the scholars, are under 15 years of age, show the possibility for economical and artistic furnishing in any rural home. A day nursery was maintained in the model home, where hundreds of infants were cared for while the parents saw the fair. Here also, on Mothers' Congress day, the governor drove the split-log drag before the grandstand to demonstrate its use. The whole exhibit resulted in passing the best road laws the state has had.

Teeth From Pebbles

IT IS wonderful where man will go for crude material with which to manufacture something that is in demand throughout the whole world, or in some particular land or district.

Men and boys on the coast of Normandy, between the towns of Dieppe and Havre, on the English channel, are searching daily for a certain kind of small stone or pebble. They carry sacks, and when these are filled they take them to a superintendent, who pays them about one franc. The actual number of pebbles is shipped to the United States, where, through certain mechanical processes, these Normandy pebbles are reduced to the finest kind of modern porcelain, which is used in the manufacture of face-plates.

No stone yet found answers the purpose so well as the small pebbles picked up on that distant shore from among the rocks of other parts of the coast. The pebbles in Normandy, and those engaged in gathering the rock seem to feel they earn their money easily.

along on; but Mrs. Coates, down to about the ninth generation from Charlemagne, had nothing but kings of France, Italy and England—to acknowledge in an ancestral show-down. It comes pretty near being a royal flush.

Or take one of the shorter pedigrees, like that of Edward-Cogswell-Converse, of New York. He whoops back through twenty-two generations to Edward I of England. So he's about one-eight-millionth part of royal. Where a healthy man can get one eight-millionth part of a king in New York city would be hard to guess; and where that one eight-millionth part ought to stick out would be harder. But suppose it turned up in his whiskers. The actual number of hairs on a New York man's whiskers hasn't been publicly announced yet, because they mostly shave. But allowing as many as 50,000 of them to a strong, heavy set of whiskers, he would have just one one-hundred-and-sixtieth part of a hair that he could claim as his share of royalty. Now, if he could grow that hair five inches long and could determine which thirty-second part of an inch of it was truly royal, and then tie the pink baby ribbon above and below that fragment, why, it might be made visible to the naked eye. But if the royal part should happen to stick permanently in the roots, there would be no hope, at all.

A LITTLE BIT OF HUGH CAPET

Suppose you're like Mrs. Jonathan R. Bullock, of Bristol, R. I., with grandfathers who reach right back, through the thirty-three generations behind you, on past Pawtuxet, R. I., and beyond Lady Gwenthellean de Talbot de Turberville, of Glamorganshire, to Hugh Capet, who was king of France. Well, one sixteen-billionth part of you would be royal.

On the other hand, suppose you're Mr. Neil McCoub, of Richmond, Va., and that you're a direct, fifteen-millionth part of the royal blood of King of Scotland. You have the pleasing mathematical fact to brace you up that one fifty-six thousandth part of you is royal, or nearly royal, or possibly a few ounces if you weigh 150 pounds.

The royal blood may run pretty thin by the time you get back to Egbert, who was king of England thirty-three generations before Professor Francis S. Sampson, D. D., was born for the good of humanity and of Union Theological Seminary, at Hampden-Sidney, in Virginia. This latter has one sixteen-billionth part of royal blood.

It's simply wonderful how the inheritance of royal blood will tell. There was Charles Martel, who lambasted the Saracens and was Charlemagne's granddad. When it reached the fortieth adulteration, and amounted to only one two-trillionth part of Charles Chauncey Darling, of Utica, N. Y., that one two-trillionth fraction of Charles the Hammer helped to make up the modest owner, General Charles C. Darling.

There are, it appears, about 700 more who have a millionth or a billionth part of themselves to boast of as royal. The documentary evidence is all there; but it is liable to prove mighty inconvenient to demonstrate the leaving of, say, 47 pounds of Colonial Dames by means of one-sixty-billionth part of a dusty old royalty-test. It's rattling around amid her avatars. The worst of this scientific, Davenport calculation is that the further back you have to chase your king, the less of him you have in you to make you royal.

American Ratio of Royalty; 1 to 5,000,000

THE cold eye of science—imagine it, frosty, calm, unbiased, unribbible—has been turned on human heredity and has reduced to mathematics the extent to which ancestry plays its part in every generation's make-up.

The frosty eye aforesaid ducked scientifically the modern American passion for genealogy, perhaps because that is a department belonging strictly to the Order of the Crown and pink teas; perhaps because it might make trouble among a lot of descendants who have proved better satisfied with ancestors than with themselves. But it has nevertheless revealed the exact mathematical truth about distinguished ancestry so clearly, so indisputably, that when its chill and painful facts become universally known, there will be heraldry experts hunting jobs as card cataloguers and Colonial Dames sandpapering royal devices off the doors of their motorcars. They may even use plain notepaper after this; who knows!

BIG books have been published about them. One is limited to Colonial Dames and the members of the Order of the Crown. There are 643. These democratic—or republican—United States have the royal honor of including in their population 542 ladies in whose veins flow the purple drops that prove them the descendants of kings. The drops, of course, don't flow separately, so you can notice them; they're all mixed up with the common, red drops that came down along with them from the butchers and bakers and candlestickmakers; but they're there, circulating, just the same. You can tell their existence by the touches of royal condescension they give to some woman who, otherwise, might harshly refrain from associating with the rest of the world at all. You can also notice that, when the leucocytes of one drop encounter the red corpuscles of another, they shriek: "Oh, gracious heavens! my long-lost sisters!" and proceed to eat 'em alive, just as kings and queens used to chew up one another in the Dark Ages, before Benedict Arnold translated treachery into democracy.

This scientific heredity-thing has been worked out by scientists. Recently one of them wrote:



of King William I of England—"Hold up—easy there! He isn't saying they all have King William as their ancestor; there's no need to phone the heraldry man to make out another ancestral tree on the strength of the original William. Of course, if he'd said Henry VIII, it might be different; Henry had a record—not perhaps equal to some of his successors, like those among the Georges and the Edwards; but he has specifically named William I, and as specifically referred to a common ancestor in William's

ancestry about the ultimate ancestry is to be counted on. For instance, there are the half dozen children of Mrs. Lida Campbell Grissim Leib, who belongs to the Virginia and California Societies of the Colonial Dames, to the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, to the Order of the Crown and also to Etc. Their father is Samuel Franklin Leib; but we needn't waste any excitement over him. He's just a judge in San Jose, Cal.

The royal descent of those children's mother, like the name of Abou ben Adhem, leads them all; and it harks back to bully old Alfred the Great, the king of England, through thirty-six generations. Count them—thirty-six. That makes some 6,128,000,000 ancestors those children had in the time of Alfred in England, all alive and, from historical evidence of the state of affairs when Al began reigning, most of them kicking. You can see now why Mr. Davenport was so scrupulous and scientific about putting in that word "theoretical" in parentheses. He knew that there weren't more than sixty-five billion people in Europe when Alfred reigned; fact is, after you count Alfred and the peasant lady who roasted him for spilling the ash cakes, and Lady Ethelbith, who is mentioned in small type as having been married to Alfred, there weren't more than about a million more—cooks, crooks, bottle washers and plain and fancy robbers.