

# HOW THE SUNDAY LADY BROUGHT SANTA CLAUS

## The Wonderful Story of Martha Berry's Christmas Tree in the "Land That Forgot"—How it Started New Life and Hope Among the Isolated and Ignorant Mountain People of the Southland

Rome, Ga., Dec. 18—Here is how Christmas came to the Land That Forgot.

This country, itself forgotten, is the mountain region from Virginia to Alabama. Here were left stranded pools of humanity when the streams of westward migration trickled to nothing 75 years ago.

Today there are 3,000,000 people in the mountain land. In the 75 years, cut off from the world, they forgot even the commonest knowledge possessed by their forefathers. They just slept and forgot like so many southern Rip Van Winkles. They drowned in ignorance and poverty.

So the Land That Forgot is still a land of looms and latch-stings. To step into a mountain cabin is like turning time back a century. Single, windowless rooms, strewn with dirt and cooking utensils, squirrel life on its peg, log rafters black with smoke from the fireplace. Behind the table is the lean-to with its ragged beds and filthy shakedown.

To a stranger the shy, deer-eyed



Miss Martha Berry, the "Sunday Lady," and the Georgia mountain cabin in which she brought Santa Claus to the mountain Rip Van Winkles.

people are as harsh to approach and understand as the mountains. And that is why it is so wonderful the Sunday Lady of Possum Trot could win their confidence and tell them about Christmas again.

That was ten years ago. The Sunday afternoon three of the wild children, with the curiosity common to them and to brown raven into the flat woods, that same Sunday afternoon the Sunday Lady then, but was Miss Martha Berry of Rome, Ga., sat reading in her cabin den on a tract of land her father had given her just at the edge of the flat woods.

Miss Martha felt strange eyes upon her and looked up the rose with an exclamation at the sight of three tousel heads at the window regarding her. There was a scampering of feet. When Miss Martha reached the door the three children were peeping at her from behind trees.

If you have ever tried to lure the park squirrels to your side with peanuts, you know what the mountain children do. First she tried coaxing, but the children only stared. Finally she stepped back into the cabin and reappeared with three rosy apples.

This bait was irresistible. The children approached fearfully, snatched the apples, retreated a step, and then, as Miss Martha showed no signs of pursuing, followed her timorously into the hut. They ate with wolfish bites for they were hungry. There is always starvation in the mountains.

Miss Martha stuffed them with cakes and apples. Then she questioned them, found they lived along Possum Trot, the brook that tumbles down Mount Lavender, forming pools to which the possums come to wash their faces. They had never been to school, knew not how to read, had never seen a book till that day, had never heard of Sunday school, knew of the Bible only in a vague way.

So all that afternoon Miss Martha told them fairy stories, and the children listened breathlessly, as though fearful lest a breeze might blow this great happiness away. Then, because it was Sunday, she told them the old story of Jesus and his love for children.

Said Minty: "I'm 'bliged not to believe Jesus was ez pore an' low-down ez I be."

"Marm 'lows hit 'pears like that 'aint nobody ez plumb pore ez we uns," echoed another small skeptic.

They came again the next Sunday, bringing their ragged brothers and sisters to hear the stories. Successful Sundays packed the hut, for wistful men and women, starving for knowledge, came along with their offspring. A few weeks later found a Sunday school established on Possum Trot, and Miss Berry, driving old Roney, the "Sunday school horse," through the mountains, meeting ignorance half way. The few weeks had transformed an idle society girl into a woman, herself and her fortune dedicated to the work of making the Land That Forgot remember again. And to the mountain folk she became simply the Sunday Lady.

Faces were hastily scrubbed, for that was part of the lady's teaching. Then little hands caressed her skirts and tears sprang smarting to eyes unused to them as faded, hopeless women and faded, helpless men told of their yearnings for better things.

The weeks passed. The Possum Trot Sunday school became a day school too. The first good school teacher ever in Georgia mountains



streamed out and simultaneously the children literally tumbled in. This wasn't according to schedule. For weeks the children had been practicing a carol, and they were to march in singing it. The woe melody began bravely but the tune cut in vain. The children were dumb.

The Sunday Lady turned from the instrument to see. The wonderful tree reached from floor to rafters, blazing with tapers, glittering with toys, bright with popcorn strings, boughs bending under their loads of gifts. Before it the children stood open-mouthed, unable to speak. One ragged urchin lay sobbing for joy on the floor where he had thrown himself. The carol wasn't sung.

So the gift distributing began and then the children's spell was broken. "Oh, pappy, h'ist me clean up, so we-uns can see them that red shoot 'in' crackers."

"Hilt 'pears like I'm just 'bliged ter git that doll—hilt's dress is not on same ez a butterfly's wings," cried Minty, from Dark Corners, and later she got that same doll.

There were dolls and toys for the little children, heavy gloves and caps for their fathers, warm stockings and cloaks for their mothers, knitted mittens for the old women, and slippers for the old men, bright ties for the mountain swains and ribbons for their shy girls—happiness for everybody.

By mistake a tiny mirror, intended for a girl, went to Grandpapp Dye. The tears of second childhood dripped down his withered cheeks as he looked at the first Christmas present he ever got. He was so happy with the mirror the mistake was never explained.

And Fighting Bill didn't lose his bulldog head after all. That intelligent animal refused to follow his new owner, so the Sunday Lady made a substitute present.

But Bill scarcely noticed this canine devotion. He had achieved his life's ambition. The finest, fattest pre-

day Lady's first efforts to help the Possum Trot people have developed into a great mission. The Martha Berry school near Rome is a great industrial farm, of 2000 acres, with shops, dormitories, classroom buildings, barns and granaries. There are 200 mountain white students getting their "book Valed" and learning scientific farming and housekeeping. As they graduate they go back to the Land That Forgot as teachers, helping to lead it back into the light.

The students come in the spirit of the lad of twenty, who walked 40 miles to the school from Lookout mountain, driving before him the family's only team of oxen to pay for his tuition.

These students have the minds to learn. They have lacked only opportunity. Ordinarily the most ignorant complete the grammar grades in two years. Four years more give them a high school education, besides turning them out good farmers and housekeepers. The students pay half their tuition by working on the school farm. The rest of the school's expenses are met by private subscriptions.

There have been other better Christmas trees following the first one at Possum Trot. Some years the Sunday Lady has provided four trees in different parts of the mountains.

This year—today—there is a different plan. Two wagons are starting out from the school. Each is drawn by two mules. Each is loaded with Christmas presents. It will take each one three days to distribute its gifts. That's carrying Christmas to the people too far away to come down out of the mountains.

If you have a doll with a dress "not on same ez a butterfly's wings," or a dram you will tire of in a week, why not send it to the Berry school at Rome, and help load next year's Christmas wagons?

### LEWIS ELECTED.

Halifax, Dec. 23.—Latest reports from Indianapolis indicate that T. L. Lewis has been elected president of the United Mine Workers of America with more than 10,000 majority.

### Mdme. Sarah Grand On Seasickness

Madam Sarah Grand, Author of the Heavenly Twins, etc., has this to say of Mother's Seasick Remedy: "Gentlemen—I enclose postal order with thanks for the box of Mother's Seasick Remedy. I have had much experience with the remedy and have never known it to fail in any case either of sea or train sickness. SARAH GRAND.

(Later) Mother's Seasick Remedy Co., Ltd., Gentlemen: Pray make use of my letter as a testimonial if you think it would help to make the remedy known. Faithful yours, SARAH GRAND, 10 Grove Hill, Tunbridge Wells, England.

Mother's Seasick Remedy Quickly Cures Sea or Train Sickness. Guaranteed safe and harmless, 50c. and \$1.00 a box, at all Drug Stores and Drug Departments. If your druggist does not have it in stock, he can get it for you from any Wholesale Druggist in Canada. Mother's Seasick Remedy Co., Ltd., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

# "CHRISTMAS" A BITTER JOKE TO THESE 75,000 CHILDREN

## "Peace on Earth" Means Hunger and Cold to Great Throng of Innocent Little Victims of the Chicago Strike, Says Miss Price in Vivid Picture of Their "Celebration."

BY LUCY PRICE

Chicago, Dec. 23—Can you remember when you lost faith in Santa Claus? I can, and it's a bitter memory with me yet. I have just discovered 75,000 boys and girls here, all in one bunch, who are about to find out that Santa Claus is a cruel myth, that "Merry Christmas" is a bitter joke, that "peace on earth, good will toward men" means for them going hungry in chill, comfortless homes.

I came to Chicago to find out just what Christmas would mean for the 150,000 people involved in the great garment workers strike. I want to help you live through Christmas day with the families of these girls and men who quit work about three months ago in a great uprising against conditions that drove them to desperate but enthusiastic revolt. I talked with the strikers; visited their homes; sat down and chatted with their mothers and little brothers and sisters; I held the babies—and kissed them, despite the germs! Christmas doesn't mean gifts and joy and happiness for them. It's just another cold, dreary day to be lived through somehow.

They won't exactly starve on Christmas day; they won't exactly freeze. Oh, no. They'll have one very plain, scanty meal, for which they are indebted to the pittance doled out weekly from the small fund contributed to keep souls and bodies on speaking terms with each other. They'll sit around and be cold; or perhaps go for a walk past the homes of the more fortunate, where candles gleam on Christmas trees, where music and laughter and joy reign supreme.

The tiny babies won't mind so much. There's a milk fund, to which thousands have contributed providing milk for the babies. The strikers and the rest of the grown up folks perhaps go for a walk past the homes of the more fortunate, where candles gleam on Christmas trees, where music and laughter and joy reign supreme.

But the boys and girls who've always believed in Santa Claus and always found SOMETHING in their stockings will have a mighty tough time of it on this one-meal Christmas of 1910. To them comes the physical suffering and the loss of faith in childhood's happy fiction, without their knowing why, without any fault on their part.

Thousands of other Chicago working people, not out on strike, are giving up part or all of their simple Christmas celebrations to keep the strikers from being starved out by the National Association of Garment Manufacturers.

For instance, there's Agnes Johnson, a glove-maker and she doesn't earn so very much. She has to count every penny and make it go twice as far as you'd ever guess a penny COULD go. But by being very careful of every cent all this past year she saved up her pennies until



Agnes Johnson, a glove-maker, who smiles because she had \$10 saved up to buy Christmas presents for her loved ones, but she gave it all to the strike sufferers.

she had ten big dollars to buy Christmas gifts for those she loved. While I was in the Women's Trade Union league headquarters, Agnes came in. She dropped the 10 dollars into the strike fund.

"My people can live without Christmas presents", was all she said. Those words cost a world of self-denial. Factory girls, all over the city, in all lines of work, are doing the same thing, and it means considerable happiness to buy presents for one's family and friends. But they think it's more important to buy bread for homes where there is no pretense of saving more than one meal a day.

The realization of this by the poor and their instant, generous response to the need with gifts from their own scanty store discouraged a club woman who came in with her collection from club members the same day. "I am discouraged," she said. "I hoped for so much more."

"It isn't really anything to be discouraged about," Mrs. Raymond Robbins explained to me. "The club women have responded splendidly to our appeal for contributions. The trouble is that she expected the wealthier class to give as much as the poor people do."

Eva and Mary Tuzil are two of the 50,000 to whom Christmas is a mockery this year. There are nine children in the Tuzil family—fatherless. It keeps the mother busy cooking and caring for these nine. Of course, her work isn't so heavy now—there isn't so much food to cook. Two brothers work, but they, like Eva and Mary, are garmentworkers, and all have joined the revolt. The other children are in school.

"Christmas won't be nice this year," Eva told me when I sat beside her at a big rally meeting of the strikers. "And it won't be just ordinary 'not

nice' like other days. It will be worse than other days, because we always expect Christmas to be good, no matter what the rest of the year is. All of us in our family are children when it comes to Christmas. I am twenty years old and I am just as foolish about it as my little sister May, who is six. She believes there's a Santa Claus, you know. We always liked to have her believe that as long as she could. But, now, what are we going to do?"

"I can't tell May there is no Santa Claus this year. You see, when any one believes in something nice that makes them happy it is awful to tell them it isn't so. When she gets older she will know there isn't any Santa, and then she will have to go to work

and be scolded and worry and cry. Now we like to keep her different." Eva worked in one of the Hart Schaffner & Marx plants.

Christmas is going to be just the same for her employers this year as it is every other year. There may not be the same legends and quite the same kind of observance in their homes that Eva wants, because she is a Bohemian Catholic and their religion makes some difference. But there will be gifts and lights and joy with them.

"It would seem like every day was Christmas in those homes," Eva said. "They have such grand times, and such good things to eat all the time. I don't see how they know the difference when it's a holiday."

# 'LEST WE FORGET



**HA! THAT LITTLE BOY NEEDS RUBBER BOOTS**

**HA! THIS LITTLE BOY NEEDS TO HAVE HIS NAILS MANICURED**

# PADLOCK BILL BECOMES LAW

Madrid, Dec. 23.—After a stormy all night session the Chamber of Deputies today passed the government's "Padlock Bill" by a vote of 108 to 30.

This is a notable victory for Premier Canalejas, obtained after a bitter fight involving not only the opposition in Spain but the Vatican whose seal of disapproval was set upon the legislation even before it had been submitted to the cortes.

The final fight was waged until the depths were pretty well exhausted physically. Amendment after amendment was voted down. At seven o'clock this morning Canalejas intervened and in a strong speech disclaimed any hostility upon the part of the government toward the religious orders. He insisted nevertheless, upon the necessity of passing the bill in order that the government might resume complete negotiations with Rome.

# PLAN ADOPTED IN PORTUGAL

Lisbon, Dec. 23.—The plan of government for the Portuguese Republic has been elaborated by the provisional cabinet. It is based upon the parliamentary system with certain modifications adopted from the United States.

The president will be chosen by parliament for five years and he will be ineligible for re-election until a regular term has intervened. As in France the cabinet will be appointed by the president in accordance with the political complexion of the legislative body, but the ministers of war, marine, finance and public works, being considered non-political, will continue irremovable in the event that the government loses the confidence of parliament. Members of parliament will be elected for three years.

# PARLIAMENT OPEN IN JAPAN

Tokio, Dec. 23.—The Diet was opened today. The emperor being indisposed was not present and the speech from the throne was read by Marquis Ka'oura, the premier and minister of finance. Referring to the annexation of Korea and the conference with Russia, the throne emphasizes the necessity for the maintenance of peace in the Far East. The houses adjourned to Jan. 20.

# BAGGAGE CAR DESTROYED.

Fredericton, Dec. 23.—A baggage car attached to the Fredericton train was destroyed by fire at Fredericton Junction last evening. It contained Christmas parcels and a strong box of the Dominion Express Company.