

OLD SEWANEE to CELEBRATE



Fifty years ago next July the University of the South or Sewanee cannot deny as it is best known, was organized, and in recognition of that beginning a celebration is to be held this year on the beautiful grounds of the institution on the high plateau of Lookout mountain to which will come the Sewanee clans from all parts of the union.

In the clan of Sewanee are such men as President Roosevelt and J. Pierpont Morgan, both of whom have promised to climb the mountain and join in the festivities. Neither the president nor the millionaire-financier are graduates of Sewanee, but because of the help they have given the university they are counted as members of the clan.

President Roosevelt was particularly attracted to Sewanee because of its attitude in the negro problem. He believes that the university will play a conspicuous part in years to come in solving the question. The president is intimately acquainted with the vice chancellor of the university, Prof. B. L. Wiggins, and has professed the greatest confidence in Sewanee's work.

Sewanee teaches its students that the perplexing race problem is to be solved only by appealing to the moral side of the negro. Intellectual development of the colored man, Sewanee believes, cannot alone accomplish the work. The working out of this problem is only a part of Sewanee's ambition. The university, broad in principle upon every question, aims to turn out men who are able to grasp the hardest questions of life, guided by the spirit of altruism.

That was the spirit that inspired the founders of the University of the South when, in 1857, the corner stone for the institution was laid on Lookout mountain. Sewanee has turned out thousands of graduates, and there are lawyers, doctors and business men of great prominence throughout the country who will say that it was the influence of Sewanee that was in a great measure responsible for their success.

J. Pierpont Morgan became interested in Sewanee five years ago, when he attended a convention of the Episcopal church, in Minneapolis. The millionaire sent the university \$50,000 in railroad bonds and followed it up with a cash donation of \$15,000. Lately he has promised another donation.

There are over 500 New Yorkers who have graduated from Sewanee. They have organized an alumni society with Dr. John H. P. Hodgson, of Washington Square, as president. Dr. Hodgson's father, Rev. Dr. Telfair Hodgson, was so fond of the university that for 15 years he gave his services gratis as its vice chancellor. At his death, some years ago, Mrs. Hodgson, his widow, erected a memorial chapel costing \$23,000 on the university grounds. Rev. Mr. Hodgson, during his service as vice chancellor, presented the university with a medical infirmary.

Sewanee has a romantic history. Bishop Folk, of Louisiana, was its founder. A son of the bishop, Dr. William M. Folk, is a prominent practitioner in this city. Bishop Folk enlisted interest among southerners and got a donation of 10,000 acres of forest land on a high plateau on Lookout mountain. Besides this, he was promised endowments aggregating \$3,000,000.

The day the corner stone was laid in a Quandy.

"You are serving pure food now, aren't you?"

"That's no—"

"Then he stopped precipitately. He couldn't answer the question either way without making a damaging admission.

So he merely shrugged his shoulders and passed on—Chicago Daily News.

Technical Knowledge Needed.

"There's one thing I'd like to ask you," said the victim, after the foot-pad had relieved him of his portable property. "First, though, have you any kick to make as to the amount of stuff you have found on me?"

"No," answered the foot-pad.

"It was about all you expected from a man of my general appearance, was it?"

"Yes, what are you driving at?"

"Well, this is the third time I've been held-up, and I begin to suspect that I carry more loopy change about me than is really necessary. What I want to know is this: What is the smallest amount a man can carry in his pockets and yet be sure of not being beat up for having too little when some fellow like you goes through him?"

But the highwayman stiffly refused to give him the information. It would have been giving away one of the secrets of his trade—Chicago Tribune.

Paradoxical Ambition.

"I understand you want to be a baronet," said the American friend of the ambitious Britisher.

"I think of nothing else," declared the latter.

"Then," said his friend, "your knightly ambition is your daily dream."

At the Box Office.

"Can't you pass me in to this piece?"

"No, sir; this is no passing show."—Baltimore American.

Man's Latest Vocation.

If the women of Great Barrington, Mass., are successful in their new venture, there will be happiness for many a man along in years who has lost his hold on the business world. The servant problem has been an unusually serious one in this little city, and it was left for one to solve the "nursery maid" question. Mrs. Albert Barnes saw a possible relief in Miss Weaver. He is a man well advanced in years who retired from active business because its strenuous demands were too much for his frail health. Mrs. Barnes proposed to hire him as a nurseman for her three-year-old son Frederick, and Weaver gladly accepted the offer. Now the experimental stage has been fairly passed and Mr. Weaver can be seen with his charge almost daily, entertaining the little fellow with interesting things in shop windows and on the streets.

Since Mr. Weaver's success in the role two other men have taken it up—one, John K. Higgins, who prefers to trundle his charge in some quiet country road, pointing out the beauties of nature, and the other, Frank E. Bassett, who spends three hours every day caring for a little boy.

LADY ISABEL'S ADMIRER

By MRS. NEISH

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With all Lady Isabel's faults—and even her dearest friends cannot deny she has many—there is one of which she has never been accused, and that is of flirting, seriously.

Her dearest friend, who would, therefore, be her most candid critic, might feel inclined to add that the absence of desire to flirt is not entirely due to moral worth, but the result of a creed. "No man is worth the risk of being out in the park. This strictly held creed has saved her from even 'the appearance of evil,' and she never encourages any man's attentions, and is, therefore, the soul of honor—or caution.

Moreover, next to "Lady Isabel," she prefers Lord Etchingham—her husband—to anyone else; but of all the world she most assuredly prefers "Lady Isabel."

Once asked her if she ever asked a man to come in and dine with her when her husband was out.

"Never," she replied emphatically, "and I'll tell you why, my dear Marjorie. Unless a man is too absolute and innate a gentleman to think of such a thing, he will be sure to assume you're in love with him—at any rate, he will think you want him to pretend he is in love with you; and, what I find so difficult—"

"Well, Isabel?"

"Or rather, what I've never found," she amended, laughing. "Is the aforementioned innate and absolute gentleman."

"Are men so horribly conceited?"

"Frightfully," I'll tell you how I found out. I tried it once. I asked a man to dine here as Vernon was going out—I am generally out myself, you know; but I wasn't engaged that night, and feeling rather bored at the thought of dining alone, I wired a man we both know very well to come in and dine with me alone. He came like a bird," added Lady Isabel, "and after dinner—I had forgotten the 'after-dinner,' you see—he went down on his knees by my chair and actually held and kissed my hand, and I tried, but couldn't get it away. Pah!" she made a little grimace at the recollection.

I laughed. I ought, of course, to have been shocked; in fact, I was shocked; but I laughed involuntarily at the thought of Lady Isabel's astonished face.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Weren't you furious?"

"Of course I was," she replied, "but I could hardly say, 'Sir, unhand me,' like the lady in the melodrama when the villain claps her in his arms, especially as he wasn't clasping me in his arms, but was merely kissing my hand, so I said—'Lady Isabel's reminiscent tone became helplessly pleading—'I said, 'Would you mind getting up, please, because one of my servants might come into the room, and I should be compromised without having been amused.'"

"Oh, Isabel!"

"Yes, I did. Clever of me, wasn't it? Men can't bear being ridiculed, and I told Vernon about it, too," she added.

"Did you really? Wasn't he awfully angry?"

Lady Isabel shook her head. "Not a bit, he only said, 'As though you would look at a cow like that!' Husbands are very, very conceited," said Lady Isabel severely. "I believe that is partly why so many of them come to grief."

Lady Isabel has been in trouble—one of those little social entanglements that only so skilled a tactician could successfully unravel.

"Marjorie," she said the other day in her usual pleasantly candid way, "you know, dear, you are not very young, and you have been about and all that, so I am going to confide in you."

"Do, dear; only please leave out the 'all that.'"

"Don't regret the fact that you are a woman of the world, Marjorie," she said gently. "Knowledge is wisdom, and, besides, I want your advice. I have got an admirer—isn't it a bore?"

"Surely you can get rid of him, Isabel?"

She shook her head. "It's not as easy as you think," she answered independently. "You see, my brother Bob is in his regiment, and I don't want to offend him, because—well one never knows what one may want in this world."

"H'm, that is a little awkward," I admitted. "Can't you have the measles again?"

She pouted. "Should be silly—besides, as though I don't do the same thing twice; but it is a horrid bore."

"He so very offensively assiduous in his attentions?" I asked sympathetically.

"Yes, he sends me flowers and boxes for the play, and he calls her and discusses love—so silly of him. What's the use of discussing 'love' with a woman who is married?" she added pettishly. "Especially to any one married to Vernon."

"Poor Isabel! It must be sad to be so attractive!"

"But I'm not attractive at all," she answered—at least, not as a rule; only Colonel Allison is so peculiar, at any rate, he won't take mild snubs—and I can't be really downright rude, you see, on account of Bob."

"Poor Isabel! I repeated.

"Yes, she asserted; 'Life is full of trials if you try to be unselfish. But I believe he is getting a little dangerous.'"

"Is he? Surely not."

"Yes he is," she sighed, "one can generally tell; and she rose and began to fasten her gloves."

A few days later, on returning home from spending the day in the country with a friend, I found a little growing note from Lady Isabel. It was marked—Urgent—await an answer.

"When did this come?" I asked.

"About three o'clock, miss—a messenger boy brought it, and I sent word you were not expected home until this evening."

I opened the note.

"Dearest," it said, "can you drop in quite accidentally to see me (I insist on coming up to see me, if they tell you I'm out) at 6:30 this afternoon. Be sure and come, and don't be sent away, but stay on and the situation will explain itself."

"Yours in haste,"

"ISABEL."

"P. S.—Be sure and come."

"P. P. S.—Whatever you do, don't mention my note."

I read this hurried scrawl through slowly twice. Clearly Lady Isabel was both worried and in a hurry.

I was sorry I had been unable to oblige her, and I went round early in the morning, expecting to find her in a state of great disappointment. She was, however, radiant, and in her usual spirits.

"I'm so sorry I could not come last night, Isabel—I did not get your note until nearly ten o'clock."

"Oh, my dear, it didn't matter a bit," she said gaily, "because I used Vernon instead—I mean, you know, I hadn't thought of Vernon before; but

The GAMUT of FASHIONS



FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

How will we look when we have seriously adopted the "leg o' mutton" sleeve? This is a question we women folks are forced to ask ourselves, for we are surely, and not at all slowly, making petticoats—fashioned in the style of those worn by "skirt dancers"—held the skirt in correct position, and the cross-over bodice displayed a dainty little chemise of lace in front. There was a shaped waistband, composed of coral pink and very pale blue satin ribbons, the long ends falling loose at the left side, and all together the whole dress was charming and attractive. I have described it because it represents, fairly correctly, the style of afternoon frock we shall find ourselves wearing this coming summer. All the leading points of the 1882 dress will be the fashionable points of the season—including the generously flounced petticoats and the round skirt, which suggests, in a subtle way, the presence of a small crinoline!

I have been interviewing a number of the new millinery models, and have been struck by the amount of watered and flowered ribbons used on their decoration; in many cases the low crowns are encircled by loops of ribbon, each loop of exactly the same size as its fellow, and the whole effect very precise and prim.

The ultra-long ostrich feather, for carriage and afternoon wear, is assuming gigantic proportions; it is immensely long, immensely thick, immensely supple, and—immensely costly.

One or two of the new models for morning wear reminded me of the quaint old "Dolly Varden" fashions—the flat brim in front, and the upward tilt at the back. One dear little hat of this order was of the gray felt, the gathered crown composed of flowered taffetas which showed pale blue designs on a pale gray ground, and a length of darker blue satin ribbon crossing the crown and brim and tying behind under a coil of hair.

The panel is going to play a very important role in the world of evening dresses this coming season. It will be seen covered with elaborate embroideries on the fronts of satia velvet gowns and it will also be seen on the seams of gored skirts—hiding them after the manner of the panels on one of the splendid evening dresses worn by Rejane in "La Savelli."

A distinct novelty is a white cloth gown trimmed with pearl-gray suede and embroidered with pearl-gray silks. In our large illustration the tailor-made costume is of blue serge edged with black satin ribbon. The vest is of gray cloth embroidered in blue. The second figure displays a new morning coat made out of dust-colored cloth. The double-breasted vest forms part of the coat.

Our Language.

"Getthere is a man who is dead in earnest."

"Yes, everyone looks on him as a live man."—Baltimore American.

Settled the Authorship.

A Methodist of New York was praising the late Bishop C. C. McCabe.

"When Bishop McCabe was secretary of our missionary society," he said, "he added \$500,000 to its annual income."

"I once heard the bishop ask a millionaire for a missionary contribution."

"Who was it," said the millionaire, smiling, "that said that charity begins at home?"

Bishop McCabe frowned.

"It was someone, I'll be bound," he answered, "who was looking for an excuse not to contribute."

An Offhand Diagnosis.

A humorous variation of the formidable parent who figures in popular fiction comes from the Philadelphia Public Ledger. It was evening, and while the young man was waiting for the girl of his choice he made desperate attempts at conversation with the girl's father.

"What do you think of the outdoor treatment of disease?" he asked, rather wildly.

"Well," the old gentleman blandly

responded, "for the sort you have, the outdoor treatment might be all right in summer, but at this season a quiet parlor is better."

Would Have Ticked Him.

"Why don't you clean that snow off the pavement?" demanded the irate housewife. "I don't believe you want to work."

"Dat's where you do me an injustice, mum," replied Sandy Pikes, with a yawn. "I remember de time when I plined for de sight of a snow shovel."

"And when was that, pray?"

"When I was down in Florida, mum."—Chicago Daily News.

Sure Enough.

Dar ain't no use up-spoostin'—no pollyfoxin' 'bout dese yuh flyin' machines. They won't work, and dey isn't ever gwine to, needer!—de Lawd never intended de air to be circumnabulated.

Brother Snike—Yessah, but lemme ax you: How 'yo' s'pect we's-uh-gwine 'g'it-to Heav'n—go round?—Puck.

THE DAIRY

A PROFITABLE COW.

The Experience of One Man Who Made It Pay.

I live in the outskirts of a small city and have an occupation that takes most of my time. I find opportunity, however, to take care of two cows, which I find very profitable, writes a correspondent of Farmers' Review. Probably they would not be so profitable if I made dairy my business, but as I am content to keep the two cows as a side issue, I find the returns largely profit.

I got into the business by accident. A neighbor was going to move away and had an exceptionally fine cow with a calf at foot. The cow had no pedigree and belonged to no particular breed, but she was one of the kind we often meet with among the cows of no pedigree. She was perhaps six years old, though no record existed of her age. I judged by her horns. I was a little doubtful about the wisdom of buying her, but found out by experience that I had no reason for that kind of a feeling. Her milk was rich, and I thought then very rich indeed. As I never used the Babcock test I do not know just how large a per cent. of butter fat there was in it. I think it must have been at least 10 per cent. milk. The yield was large, running on some days to more than 15 quarts, which I hold is a good yield for a cow. In this connection I wish to say that I have heard a great many people tell about their cows giving 20 and more quarts per day, when I have felt sure that they were guessing at the amount that the cows were giving. One of the popular errors among farmers and others that own cows is to believe that their cows give more milk by 50 per cent. than they do.

The cow above mentioned gave on the average perhaps ten quarts of milk per day, but she gave it the year around, for I balance up her short dry time with the flush time after calving when she gave a very large amount of milk. Some of this milk was set for cream out of which to make butter, but most of it was sold to people that came for it. In 3½ months the cow and calf had paid for themselves, and after that we frequently sold in for milk from that cow about \$10 per month, besides having what we wanted to use on our table.

That led to the buying of another cow, and after that the purchase of two more. That proved to be too many for me to care for, and we cut the number down to two. I think it is more profitable to have two good cows than four cows of indifferent value.

One of my neighbors became so interested in the matter of milk production that he went in too deep and failed to make very much money. He had seven or eight cows at one time, and he was not engaged in dairying as a business either. He did not have enough cows to justify him in keeping a hired man, and so his wife had to turn in and help take care of the cows. I am sure that it became an element of contention in the family and led to much unhappiness. One should know where to draw the line. If one is contented to keep two good cows it is better than half keeping four poor ones, and there is more profit in it.

Butter Worker.

One of Medium Size for the Small Dairy.

The butter worker shown in the illustration stands on a table or low bench, or if made in larger size, upon the floor, says the Montreal Herald. The lever works upon a rod and can be moved sidewise. The table slopes forward and has several grooves to carry the liquid down to a pail or a dish placed to receive it. The lever at the under side has a round or sharp edge. Maple, ash or chestnut are the best woods for use in construction.

UTENSIL FOR STIRRING CREAM.

Device Which Will Blend It Perfectly.

Have the tinsmith make this of heavy tin. It is conical in shape and the holes are about the size of a half-dollar. The handle is a hollow tube, two inches in diameter, closed at top and a handle hold over it as shown in the cut. The handle hold is of inch-wide tin with edges beat over flat. The diameter of the stirrer should be an inch less than that of the cream can in which it is kept, and the top should extend to a point just below the top of the can.

When first cream is poured in, explains Farm and Home, lift the stirrer, then press down, repeating this three or four times. It blends the cream perfectly, much better than any paddle, and may be left in the can from one churning to the next.

Had Faith in Statistics.

A wealthy farmer of Lebanon county, now in his ninety-sixth year, still persists in working hard every day. One of his neighbors, more than 90, met him one day and said: "Well, Mr. B., we are getting to be pretty old men." "Not so very old," said the other gruffly. "But don't you think," persisted the neighbor, "that we ought to be considering about the next world. We must very soon die, you know." "Don't know about that," retorted Mr. B. "Very few men die at my age."—Boston Herald.

Cut Them Out.

Don't fool with the old worn-out broken down apple trees. Cut them out this spring and start some hardy new kinds, or any of the old sorts which have done well with you.

Patience and Good Judgment Needed to Avoid Difficulties.

It might prevent much profanity in thought and word, and a great deal of impatience, if the dairyman and farmer, face to face with the unbroken heifer and young calf problem, would keep in mind this advice by an institute worker in the state of New York.

"Six things so the calf can never suck its dam, and when the cow has mothered it a few hours—don't be in too great a rush about it—milk about three quarts of her milk into a pail, put it up under the calf's nose so as to touch it, and in a minute it will drink from the word go, and you have won out. A calf that has never sucked will drink as readily as it will get the hang of finding its own dinner. By the same rule a heifer should always be hand-milked, and then knows no other way. Let the calf run with her a few days, and then milk her, in her way of thinking, robbery of her calf, and you have to break her, which often is quite a vaudeville show, and often of somewhat unpleasant memory. From the start play that you are heifer's calf—and make her believe it; and to the calf, be its god of the feed dish, and the rest is a pleasant pastime."

By the way, these suggestions as to a calf's meal may be timely in this connection: One part pure ground flaxseed, two parts finely ground cornmeal, sifted, two parts of finely ground oatmeal, sifted, and the whole mixed; then boil and allow to stand for 12 hours, covered. Begin with one-fourth pound per day for calves a month old—new milk for the month previous, and no solids. Increase the amount of solids as the calf grows older, but not to exceed a pound a day. Keep fresh, second cutting of clover or alfalfa hay before it.

DAIRY NOTES.

To keep up the flow of milk always milk clean.

A really good cow will lose flesh rather than gain it when in full flow of milk.

A routine way of doing things saves much time, but we must improve that routine if we can.

Stop the churn as soon as the butter granulates if you want to work out all the butter milk.

With a thoroughly good cow to manufacture it we can always afford to put in feed and take out butter.

If the heifer calf is to become a good dairy cow she must be fed as though she were a good cow now.

All cows do not like the same kind of feed, neither will they do so well as they would on some other kind.

Under present conditions the most profitable dairy cow is the one that helps you to make the most butter in winter.

Rich food makes rich milk; the best cow in the world will not give good milk unless she is given food from which to make it.

Butter will never grain finely in "coming" if the fat globules have previously been injured by overheating of the cream or too much violence in churning.

All milk vessels should be thoroughly cleaned, first being well washed, then scalded with boiling water and afterwards sufficiently aired to keep them perfectly sweet.

Preaching Dairy Improvement.

Every farmer owes it to his community to preach the gospel of dairy improvement, if he himself has been won over by the idea. The number of men that are wasting their time taking care of worthless cows is appalling. A worthless cow is one that gives not more than enough milk to pay for the food she consumes; says Farmers' Review. A man might care for such a cow for years and never reap any benefit from his work. It is a surprising thing that it is so hard a task to persuade men to abandon such unprofitable enterprises. There are many effective ways of winning farmers from this unprofitable course, and one of them is the preaching of dairy improvement to those that never read a farm paper, never attend a farmer's institute and have no use for the agricultural college. If such cannot be reached by their neighbors they cannot be reached at all.