# A TALE OF LOVE AND PLAGIARISM

## Stolen Love-Letters That Broke One Engagement and Made Another.

## THE HEROINE A BALTIMORE SOCIETY BELLE

### Her Lover Appropriated Tender Missives of a Friend to His Ultimate Sorrow—Disclosure Brings Happiness to Two.

Baltimore, Md.—This is a story of how a lover lost his sweetheart through his ardent, but plagiarized, love letters. Walter Aylette's sin found him out, but the disclosure brought happiness to his friend and roommate, Ferman Phillipps.

The principals in the remarkable and interesting love drama are Molly Entrekin, one of the belles of this city, her chum, Martha Baker, Walter Aylette, son of a prominent Richmond family high in society and reputed wealthy, and Ferman Phillipps, who although poor, comes from a distinguished line of ancestors.

Aylette, it is charged by the other three parties to the case, plagiarized the brilliant love epistles that Ferman Phillipps wrote in secret to Martha Baker and, by changing them slightly, came near winning the love of Miss Entrekin through them and their passionate force. The discovery was made but a few days before the wedding was to have taken place, and the girl with the glamour of the false spell dissipated, dismissed Aylette, declaring him an impostor and cheat.

Phillipps and Aylette were friends and lived in the same boarding house. Why Aylette should have been living in Baltimore in obscurity few outside of the friends who were aware of his wildness and dissipation at Richmond knew. He was a handsome fellow, dark, dashing and romantic. Phillips, on the other hand, was timid, and the gayeties that Aylette sought he shunned, or was too bashful to participate in.

**Phillipps Meets His Fate.**

Aylette was reading law in a downtown office and Phillipps was striving for a living in a prominent mercantile house. While all business, so far as even his closest friends know, he really was a dreamer, and he aspired to write novels and plays. He had come into Baltimore without resources and worked hard. By accident he was thrown into contact with Walter Aylette, and the result was a strange intertwining of fates. Aylette, through his family's prominence, had the entree to many homes, and one evening, by insistence, he persuaded Phillipps to accompany him to the home of Miss Molly Entrekin, daughter of a wealthy merchant. Aylette did not tell Phillipps, but he invited him to go merely that he might have another man to "take her chum off his hands" during the evening.

It was that evening Ferman Phillipps met his fate in the shape of pretty Martha Baker, Molly Entrekin's chum, who—if the truth were known—had been summoned by Molly when she knew Aylette's call was inevitable.

Molly's plan failed. Instead of helping her dispose of Aylette Martha appeared to enjoy herself talking to the young department manager, and Molly was forced to be gracious to the man who, at that time, she disliked, but to whom because of the family friendship she was obliged to be gracious.

**Aylette Confesses Sordid Love.**

The families of both girls are wealthy; and, going back to their rooms in the boarding house that night, Aylette confessed to Phillipps that he did not particularly love Miss Entrekin, but that she was rich and that he was going to win her. Disgusted, sickened by the attitude of his friend, which came as a rude awakening from the dreams that he himself had been dreaming, Phillipps turned to go to his room. There, with the vision of the bright-eyed, fair-haired girl before him, he resolved never again to go near her, realizing, as he thought, the impossibility of ever winning the love of Martha Baker. He held to his determination. Two or three times the girl inquired of Aylette why he never brought Mr. Phillipps with him to call, and he admitted to Miss Entrekin that she had been interested in the reserved, handsome young fellow. Once she frankly asked Aylette to bring Phillipps to call, but the message was never delivered, and Aylette lied about it to her, telling her Phillipps preferred not to come, and the girl, surprised and hurt, never referred to him again.

Phillips became more silent than ever and worked harder, refusing to join in any of the little pleasures of the others in the boarding house. Once one of the girls in the house teasingly asked him if he was in love, and he flushed and left the room.

Aylette, to all appearances, was making no better progress in his efforts to win the love of Miss Entrekin, and he departed for Richmond for a fortnight's vacation without receiving one sign of encouragement.

**Beginnisg of Love Letters.**

Then, suddenly, there began to come to Molly Entrekin, day after day, letters overflowing with tenderness, love, and passion; love letters such as swept the hearts of her grandmothers by storm—flowery, imaginative, beautiful love letters, such as girls read and reread in the privacy of their own rooms and grandmothers kiss when they find them hidden in the bottoms of old trunks. The letters were from Walter Aylette, and they revealed to Molly Entrekin a depth of feeling, of power and passion, of love and tenderness and yearning that she had never suspected existed in the man. She was astonished.

Three of the letters, which have been made semi-public by the events that followed, have been circulated among her friends—before the real truth was known.

The first came the day Walter Aylette reached Richmond.

"My Dear Miss Entrekin: I love you. I have said it; the words that have trembled on my lips since that first evening that I saw you, when my heart fell down and worshiped you. From afar I have worshiped you ever since, daring not come near, coward that I am, for fear the secret would burst from me; that the words that I dare not speak should speak themselves; that my whole heart would cry out to you: 'I love you.'

"I am writing these words that I never will dare say to you and that perhaps you never will see. Would that I dared send them to you, I, who am so unworthy, to let them plead for me. I have said to myself: 'I love her; why should I fear?' But I see the barriers that rise between us—the barriers of money, the walls of social convention. I say to myself: 'It is pride. If she loves you these will not keep us apart.' But again, I am a coward and I tremble at the thought of asking you to share with me the little that I have.

"Again and again I have said: 'I will go and tell her,' and then I have trembled at the vision and crept back to my own room, to sit for hours looking out across the lights of the city towards where you were, and weaving on the cloth of my imagination the fairest picture the world has ever known; a picture of you, with your glorious eyes alight with the fire of love, and I have dreamed that it was I who fanned that fire into a flame.

"Night after night I have skulked past your home, just to be near where you were, for the chance of seeing you, of getting a glimpse as you flashed from carriage to door, of hearing your laugh, and when I saw you I have turned homeward thinking: 'She is safe. She is happy. Why should I trouble her in her happiness?'

"It is despair to love like this. Some day, perhaps to-morrow, I will gather up my courage and dare all by telling you. I am trembling and quaking now at the thought of what you would think if you read this. I cannot help it; I must write. I dare not whisper my love to you. It were profanation to speak of it to others.

"Good-night, beloved. I have dared to say it even to myself."

**Miss Molly Relents.**

When Mollie Entrekin got that letter she sat down in the middle of the floor and read it. Then she said: "Well, of all things." Then she read it again. Then she said: "I never heard of such a thing." Then she reread it, and, clasping her arms around her knees, sat on the floor and studied.

"I don't know why he wrote me such a letter," she said to herself. "If the fool man is in love with me, why don't he tell me so? Don't dare to come near me, don't he? I've noticed that he's been hanging around here two or three nights a week."

Finally she got up and said: "Anyhow, I'll write him a nice letter that will cure him." And she wrote. It was a kind, sisterly letter, and the burden of it was: "Impossible; I don't love you."

But there was no doubt that the letter had started Molly Entrekin to thinking.

She read it over and over. It partly impressed, partly puzzled her. It wasn't a bit like Aylette.

Three days later there came another astonishing missive.

That time Molly read seriously. Again the tone of the letter puzzled her, and she wondered if he had not received her rejection before writing, and thought it strange that he did not mention it.

"Men in love are such fools," said Molly, and, taking the two letters, she went over to see her dearest chum, Martha, and consult with her about it. Martha read the letters, and then she said: "Molly, if a man ever wrote to me that way I'd love him just in spite of myself."

"I'm afraid I'm beginning to like him," said Molly. "Maybe I misjudged him before." Then she wrote him a kinder, sweeter reply, telling him that she hardly knew her own heart—and to come to her the moment he returned from Richmond.

The following day there came another letter, tenderer, more exalted, higher in tone than the other, breathing the despair of an unloved lover exalted by the purity of his love.

And Molly was conquered. "I never did like the man," she said to Martha. "I am afraid I lost the beauty of his character through my blindness. I'm not sure I love him now, but I'm glad these letters have opened my eyes and shown me the depth of his love. Any girl can learn to love a man who loves her that way."

**Engaged But Not Happy.**

So that night Molly Entrekin, in her own boudoir, sat down and wrote her first love letter, and became engaged to Walter Aylette. For the first time in her gay, happy, 19 years she looked seriously upon love. Yet she was surprised to find that she was not happy. She confessed to Martha that she was uneasy.

There was no announcement of the engagement. Two days after she accepted Aylette by mail there came from him another letter; so different that Molly's uneasiness grew great. It was a nice letter, overflowing with rejoicing—but there was something missing. Molly felt that her surrender, her gift of hersedf to the man who had seemed to despair, was not received in quite the manner she expected it. It seemed to her that the man was gloating rather than exalted by his victory.

All that night she was uneasy. She felt that she had made a mistake, and she read and reread the first three letters before she fell asleep, happy and reassured. The thought came to her that perhaps she loved the letters and not the man, but she did not believe that art could infuse such feeling into written words.

The next morning Molly came down to breakfast late. She looked a little wan and pale, a little anxious. It was the day that Aylette was to return to Baltimore; the day on which for the first time Molly was to surrender to the kisses of her lover. She was reading the paper idly while waiting for her coffee and orange when suddenly her eye fell upon a little "want ad." that made her gasp.

"I knew it; I knew it," she said, half aloud. "Oh, the wretches!"

"Knew what? What wretches, sis?" asked Bobbie.

"Never mind, Bobbie, but I want you to go on an important errand right away."

"All right; but say, sis, do I get some of that candy Nick sent up last night?"

"Yes, all of it. But I want you to take a note right away. It is important. Everything depends on it."

**Suspicion Aroused by an Ad.**

Excitedly Molly left the table, and going into the library scratched off a note.

"Mr. Ferman Phillipps: Please come to me at my home, at once, this morning. You must come before noon. It is an important matter, one on which my future happiness my depend

"MOLLY ENTREKIN."

Phillipps, surprised, read the note and unmindful of Bobbie, rushed for a car. Twenty minutes later he was ushered into the morning room at the Entrekin residence.

"Mr. Phillipps," began Molly, nervously, "did you put this advertisement in the paper?"

She handed him the morning paper, in which appeared an ad.:

LOST—A BUNDLE OF LETTERS, PURELY personal, of no value except to owner. A reward of $25 will be paid if returned to Ferman Phillipps, —— N. Charles street.

"I did," said Phillipps, rather unsteadily, after he had read the ad. slowly.

"Are these the letters?" asked Molly, producing the three she had received from Aylette.

**End of the Mystery.**

"Why, Miss Entrekin," said Phillipps, excitedly, 'where did you get these? They are copies of mine, or part of them. I was sure they were stolen from a drawer in my room. How did you get them?"

"They were mailed to me by your roommate, Mr. Aylette," she answered, steadily. "I notice that in the first one my name was at the top, above the line. I thought it strange at the time."

"Aylette send my letters to you?" asked the astonished Phillipps. "Why should he do that?"

"He wanted to make me love him. He nearly succeeded. Oh, Mr. Phillipps, I am so ashamed and so glad. You have saved me from the wretch."

"Please don't," he urged, tenderly, as she started to cry. "Please don't. I am so sorry that I have helped cause this trouble."

"I'm not; I'm glad," said Molly, stopping her tears and flashing into anger. "I'll tell that man—" Then she broke off suddenly and turned upon the young man. "Ferman Phillipps," she demanded, "to whom did you write those love letters?"

"Why—why—" he stammered.

"Now, you tell me right away," she dictated. "Tell me, I tell you. You've saved me from that man, and now I'll help you. You are in love with a girl and afraid to tell her so?"

"Please don't, please don't," pleaded the agonized Phillipps.

"I will, too," she said. "Here, I've told you everything and trusted you, and now you've got to trust me. Who is she?"

"Really, Miss Entrekin, I can't tell you. I scarcely know her, and it would be presumptuous for me even to speak to her."

"Do you love her?"

"Yes—you must know I do from the letters."

"Do you love her as much as those letters show?"

"More."

"I wouldn't give a cent for a man who wouldn't tell a girl when he loves her. Who is she?"

"Your friend, Miss Baker."

"What! Martha Baker? Oh, this is too good. It's almost as good as if it had been me, and I'm half sorry it wasn't. You come right over to Martha's house right now and tell her you love her. If you don't come with me now I'll send for her to come here. You've got to propose to her right away, and I'm going to stand by and see you do. And let me congratulate you now—for she has read those letters."

Phillipps finally begged off, but promised to call that night on Miss Baker, and he pledged his word to Molly Entrekin that he would propose before the end of the month. And Molly, as soon as she had refused to see Aylette when he called, rushed off to tell Martha, and they talked all afternoon and cried a little bit, as girls do.

Phillipps really propesed inside of two weeks and was accepted. And Molly showed the letters to every girl in their crowd, as she told the story, and one of them copied two of them—so the secret of the plagiarized letters became known to all Baltimore.

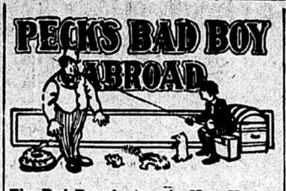
It is said that Aylette is now working in New York or Philadelphia, and Molly's engagement to Nick is expected any day, much to the delight of "Bobbie," who appreciates candy.

**Trial to All But Her.**

"Her marriage was a great disappointment to her friends."

"Indeed?"

"O, yes! They all predicted it would turn out unhappily, and it didn't."—Stray Stories.




**The Bad Boy Arrives in New York—Dad Is Caught Trying to Smuggle Merchandise—They Are Surprised to Hear About Cassie Chadwick and the Chicago Strike.**

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Editor of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)

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New York City.—Dear Old Pardner in Crime: I have more trouble trying to do the right thing than any boy you ever saw. When I lie to keep dad from being pulled by the police of a foreign country, I seem to be all right, and then dad will tell me to always be truthful; and when I tell the truth, and dad gets in trouble by my doing so, then he wants to kick me. Every boy ought to have a conscience that will prevent him from doing wrong, not one of these vaccillating consciences that have to have an alarm clock to tell it when to work properly, but a conscience that is like a detective, which never sleeps, or like pills, that work while you sleep, and regulate your conscience so it will keep time whether it is wound up or not.

On the way over from Havana, dad had several talks with me about turning over new leaves, and he said now that we are about to land in our own country, let us be honest, and tell the truth. I said I would try it, but maybe it would kill me, and then dad concealed about his person all the things he intended to smuggle without paying duty, and then he put on a pious look, just like a minister who is on his return from a vacation, and we stood on deck as we came up from Sandy Hook, looked at the statue of Liberty and swelled up; looked at the Stars and Stripes flying, and wept, and acted like fools. Dad was pussier than ever, with over 40 yards of lace wound around his stummick under his shirt, and a lot of kid gloves tied under his arms, and more things than you could count, and when the revenue officers boarded the ship dad broke out in a perspiration, which was so noticeable that the inspectors piped him off at once, and when he saw that they suspected

ABOUT FORTY YARDS OF LACE AROUND HIS STOMACH.

him, pointed to the statue of Liberty and said:

"My son, look at that female with the torch. That torch says all are welcome to come to this country who are honest and willing to help bear the burdens of our government, but to the dishonest man that torch means that he is not welcome. Be honest, my boy, if you don't lay up a cent. An honest man is the noblest work of God," and dad rolled up his eyes like Dowie, and said: "Peace be unto you," and then the inspector asked me if dad had any goods on him that he hadn't paid duty on, and I told him he could search me, and that all I knew was that dad had used extra precaution in making his toilet, and that he had to wind about 40 yards of lace around his stomach, which had been troubling him since he had a touch of cholera at Havana; and dad looked at me as though he would like to electrocute me for telling the truth.

The man told dad to peel off his outside garments, and when he come to the lace and began to unravel it from dad, dad was more comfortable, cause his clothes didn't fit so quick. When they had got the lace off, and the gloves, dad looked hurt, and said: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," and the man said it would cost $40 dollars fine, and dad paid it, and they kept the lace. And when the inspectors left dad and began to search a fat woman, he took me to one side and said: "You show the poorest judgment in telling the truth of any boy I ever met. Don't you remember the verse in the Bible which says: 'The truth should not be spoken at all times,'" and then he was going to give me a swift kick, when I told him to be careful or the diamond ring he had in the toe of his shoe would cut a hole in the leather, and be lost, and he let up on kicking me, and finally we got off the boat and went to a hotel, and dad lectured me on the subject of common sense. He said a boy that hadn't common sense enough to prevent him from talking when he ought to keep still, and giving away family secrets, would bring his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I am going to try to lead a different life from this out.

Well, sir, you don't realize the changes that have taken place in our beloved country since we left, almost a year ago. We have been reading the back numbers of the newspapers to find out what has happened since we left, cause you never hear anything in Europe about what happens in America, unless a president is assassinated, or an Indian goes on the war path in Mexico. That is all they think of in Europe, that we are Indians, that are confined on our reservations and not allowed to carry arms, and that it is no crime for Englishmen to come over here and scalp us.

"What do you think of this," said dad, as he read an account of Mrs. Chadwick forging the name of Andrew Carnegie to notes for $5,000,000, and getting feeble-minded bankers to lend her money on the notes, unsight, unseen. "Gee, my boy, when we went away, Cassie was the richest grass widow in the country, buying everything in sight, and creating a sensation wherever she went. And now she is in jail, her house and furniture gone, and a horse doctor has taken her horses for medical attendance when they had spavins and epizootic, and she looks 20 years older because the jailors won't let her have any face cream to disguise herself with. Let this be a lesson to you, Hennery, never to forge the name of any man, poor or rich, to notes for $5,000,000."

I told him I would never forge anybody's name to more than a reasonable amount, cause I was no hog. "What you crying about," said I, as dad broke down and wept. "Oh, I was thinking of poor Andrew Carnegie; the dear old case of Scotch whisky and Quaker oats," said dad, as he wiped his eyes and read more about the Chadwick case. "Here, this woman charges that Carnegie was her father, and gave up the notes to square himself with his accidental daughter, so she wouldn't squeal on him, and queer him with the library beggars, who might refuse to take his tainted money."

"It is too bad about Andrew," says I to dad, "but don't you remember what a wink he had to his left eye, that time we saw him, even in his old age?"

"Well, that woman is no gentleman, or she never would have told on Andrew," said dad and he dried his eyes and looked at another paper, and told me to hush, and he kept on reading, and finally he said:

"Well, if that wouldn't skin you," and he put his hand to his head, and sighed as though his heart would break.

"What is it, dad; out with it, cause we might as well know the worst. Has Chauncey Depew attended another banquet, and told that old chestnut about—"

"Oh, Hennery, it is worse than that, if possible," said dad. "Lookahere, a church organization has refused to take a hundred thousand dollar gift from Rockefeller, for use in the missionary business, because they believe John came by his money dishonestly, robbing independent refineries of kerosene, and John is heartbroken for fear all the religious and educational grafters will boycott him, and refuse to take his money, and it will accumulate on his hands until it ruins him. By ginger, that is hard on John," continued dad, as he kept on reading.

"Oh, don't you worry about Rockefeller," said I to dad. "He has only accumulated a billion dollars, and his son has not got gay yet. A rich man can always get rid of his money, in one of three ways; by paying taxes, starting a newspaper or letting his son get gay. Rockefeller's young man has been kept in Sunday school until he is full of texts and parables, and hymns, and he is about due to get a skin full of the water of joy, at $15 a bottle, and give a dinner to the chorus of an opera, and when that time comes, and the youngster's back teeth are afloat, and he sees double, and begins to realize that he is the greatest case of 'it' in the English language, and the chief chorus girl comes and sits on the arm of his chair and leans over so she is almost all in his arms, and her two blue eyes look to him like the showcase in a glass eye store, and her breath comes in short pants, close to his ear, and she puts her soft, manicured, veal sweetbread hand on his fevered brow, and strokes his hair away from the forehead that is beginning to ache from mixing the canvass back and budge, terrapin and champagany water, and tells him he is too good a thing to be bossing a Sunday school, he will look

GETTING A SKINFUL OF THE WATER OF JOY AT FIFTEEN DOLLARS A BOTTLE.

cross-eyed from trouble in his stomach, and tell her he will meet her at the stage door the next night with an automobile with her own monogram on the side entrance—yes, when it comes to that old John will never find any trouble in putting the tainted billion into circulation. Eh, dad, don't you think so?" says I, and dad said he guessed that would be the only salvation for poor old, bald-headed John, with the odor of kerosene on his bank account.

"But here's something that will make you stand without hitching, and I want to get to Chicago by the first train," said dad, as he turned over the paper and looked at the headlines.

"What's the matter in Chicago, dad?" says I. "Has Carter Harrison been elected again when he was not looking?"

"Oh, more fun than that," said dad. "What do you think, the Chicago teamsters are on a strike, and they have blocked traffic, and there is a fair chance that the people who are not killed with bricks will be starved to death, cause they are going to put a stop to delivering meat, groceries and milk. Gee, wouldn't I like to be there with a window looking out on State street," and dad fairly beamed with joy at the thought of bloodshed.

"Well, when was there a time when the Chicago teamsters were not on a strike?" said I to dad. "They are the most sympathetic people on earth. What are they striking for now?"

"Oh, some girls that sew overalls are on a strike, and they can't seem to win, so the teamsters have struck in sympa-

THE CHICAGO TEAMSTERS ARE ON A STRIKE.

thy with them, and the business of four million people is knocked gally west," said dad.

"Well, I guess they better let the teamsters stay out, cause if they go back to work there'll be a strike of nurses week after next, and the teamsters will have to go out again, and block things, and ball up the whole business," I told dad, and I added: "The only way to stop those teamsters striking, is to pension every one of them about a hundred dollars a month, and lay them off, and hire somebody that is not looking for an excuse to quit work and shy bricks. Make them the leisure class, with bank accounts, and they won't have so much sympathy as to ruin the business of Chicago."

"Here's something you wouldn't believe," says dad, picking up another paper. "Roosevelt is elected again, and is off in the mountains for two months, shooting jack rabbits and bears, and letting public business go to the dogs, but he has heard of the Chicago strike and a banquet in that town, and he is going to the banquet, and see if his presence will not make the strikers forget to fight, and you want to plug berths for the train to-night, cause I have got to see Roosevelt and report to him about what we did for him in Turkey and Egypt," and dad begun to pack up the things the custom house officers didn't find on him.

And so, old man, it won't be long before you will see me in your old grocery and I will tell you things that will make the Arabian Nights seem like an account of a church sociable. If I were in your place I would get a detective to protect you, for I have got so I am liable to shoot a man on sight, and rob him of all he holds dear. Scrub out and open the windows, and put on that clean shirt you have been holding for such an occasion, for "behold, the prodigal son is on your trail" with a real appetite.

Yours,

HENNERY.

## Husband and Lover

By ALICE FISCHER.

A husband's first duty is to remain the lover after he becomes a husband. He will go to any expense for flowers and bonbons or put himself to any inconvenience to keep an engagement while he is courting. Why should he not do the same after he is married?

That is just one thing I am cranky about, and Mr. Harcourt knows it. He would no more think of breaking an engagement with me now that he would when we were lovers.

But, then, how can any one woman make a set of cast-iron rules for all husbands? Don't you think the right sort of man sees his duty as it comes to him and does it? I do. All told, it is just a case of "bear and forbear," and it is as hard to define the man's duties as it is the woman's, though I am considered rather an authority on the subject, as you may see by these lines, which were sent me a few days ago:

"Said Alice: 'The world's growing ill
And domestic relations are nil;
I'll set up a school
To train husbands by rule.'
'Do you think she can do it?' Ask Will!"

We might leave it that way. You might ask Will if I have trained him to his duties?

## STUDENT GUESSES POORLY

**Man Who Acted Rational Was Insane While Loud Friend Was a Far-Famed Author.**

A student once asked the French alienist Esquirol if there were any sure tests by which to tell the sane from the insane. "Please dine with me to-morrow at six o'clock," was the answer of the savant. The student accepted the invitation, and found two other guests present, one of whom was elegantly dressed and apparently highly educated, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy, and extremely conceited. After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher he remarked: "The problem is very simple after all; the quiet, well-dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some lines, but the other is as certainly a lunatic and ought to be locked up." "You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol, with a smile. "That quiet, well-dressed man who talks so rationally has for years labored under the delusion that he is God, the Father, whereas the other man, whose exuberance and self-conceit have surprised you, is M. Honore de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."

**Getting the Habit.**

The Saunterer was amused the other day by the action of a newsboy from whom he bought several papers. After the lad had secured his pay he still gazed inquiringly at the Saunterer, who finally asked:

"Well, sonny, what are you waiting for?"

"A tip," said the urchin, as he ran down the street, laughing, and evidently thinking he had perpetrated a good joke.—Boston Budget.

## POINTS OF A DAIRY COW.

**How the Good Milk Producer May Be Told—Some Rules Which Must Not Be Held to Too Rigidly.**

In answer to H. L. Bowman, Cook county, Ill., who writes: "I want some information relative to the character points of a good cow for dairy purposes," the Prairie Farmer replies as follows:

There is no series of "points" by which it is possible to pick out a dairy cow and be perfectly sure of getting just what is desired. Good cows are not made to measure nor do they ordinarily possess certain marks that are infallible indications of superior quality. Before answering Mr. Bowman's question we are laying stress upon this point so that he will not read the "points" we print below and feel certain that all that is necessary is to look for these outward indications. While the Prairie Farmer does not desire to unduly depreciate the value of the general characteristics of a good dairy cow as has been set forth by those who have advanced the physical method of determining good milkers and butter producers, we do wish to lay particular stress upon the importance of testing by the pail and churn, providing a Babcock test is not available. In other words select your dairy cow according to her works.

Here are the points which are generally considered indicative of dairy quality: Head, small and clean-cut; muzzle large; forehead straight or con-

THE GOOD DAIRY COW.

cave; neck long and thin without being scrawny; horns relatively small; eyes bright and prominent; shoulders thin, loin broad but not thickly fleshed as in beef cattle; thighs thin; hind quarters long, deep and powerful; flank high; legs short and wide apart; tail long, slim, and loosely jointed; tapering from rump to shoulder; udder set broadly on abdomen, of generous size, extending high up behind, well held up to abdomen, not both udder and belly; teats loose, pendulous or fleshy; milk veins large and prominent, or medium size, evenly placed, and wide apart. A fleshy udder, firm to touch when empty, and retaining its size and form after milking, indicates predisposition to inflammatory disease. Skin clean, with a fresh bright color; hair fine, thick and short; temperament active and docile; large feeder.

In the accompanying line drawing are given some of the main points notable on the exterior of a dairy cow. These are as follows: 1, muzzle; 2, face; 3, forehead; 4, poll; 5, lower jaw; 6, cheek; 7, neck; 8, back; 9, loin; 10, hip or hook; 11, rump; 12, pelvic arch; 13, switch; 14, thigh; 15, flank; 16, udder; 17, barrel or belly; 18, fore flank; 19, brisket; 20, dewlap; 21, heart girth; 22, loin girth. (Mumford.)

The main points in the selection of a cow are to secure large udders that are not fleshy, and large roomy bellies, showing capacity for consumption of large quantities of food. Of course, great eaters and large producers are not always profitable cows, but they generally are. Cows are seldom profitable unless they produce at least 250 pounds, or more, of butter per year.

## LIGHT AND SHADE EFFECTS

**Well-Formed Shade Tree Must Be Open to the Sunlight on All Sides.**

The power of leaves to evaporate water is regulated by their exposure to the sun. Some leaves on the sunny side of a tree transpire three times as much water as those on the shady side of the tree, while in some varieties of trees, the leaves on the sunny side transpire ten times as much as do the leaves on the shady side. It is easy, therefore, to understand how greatly the trees need the sun. The passage of the water through the leaves, is nature's way of conveying plant food to the leaves, where it is elaborated and prepared by being combined with the carbon of the air for the work of cell building. Other things being equal, we find the tree growing more on the sunny side than on the shady side, as the work of cell building is facilitated by the action of heat and light. If a man desires a well-formed shade tree, he must see that that tree stands alone, and that as much as possible it gets sunshine from all sides. He need not suppose that he will get a symmetrical tree if he plants it so near to another tree that part of it is always in the shade. A tree will develop its branches on the side where it gets the light, and will develop but little on the side where it is shady. On the shady side the branches will be thin, and the general outline unsightly. In the north temperate zone, says the Farmers' Review, a tree in the summer time, if comparatively isolated, will receive the sun on all sides of it. In the early morning it will receive the sun on the north and east sides, in the middle of the day, on the east, south and west sides, and late in the day on the west and north sides. This is an admirable arrangement for the symmetrical development of the tree. Man interferes with it when he tries to put too many trees in a certain place.

**Winter Forage.**

Look out for winter forage. The winter is a long way off, but the man who puts on his thinking cap now and plans, will go through it a great deal better than the man who waits and perhaps starves his cattle or perhaps must sell part of them because he has not forage enough to carry them through the winter.

DEFECTIVE PAGE