

# REGINA'S DEN

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

The Blisses were gathered in their cozy living room for one of their long, cheerful evenings together. There were four of them—Richard, Tom, Maud and Regina. Richard, the head of the family, looked scarcely more than a boy himself, but there was his pretty wife, Maud, sitting at his side darning very small white socks. At the other end of the table sprawled Richard's young brother Tom, with a look of uncomfortable determination, over a book whose contents he was not absorbing with any too great ease. Regina, Richard's sister, who taught school and longed to be literary, had withdrawn to a far end of the room where by the light of two shaded candles she was trying to write.

Tom grated his teeth. For just a moment he was perilously near saying something that gentle little Maud didn't allow on these pleasant family evenings. Instead he slammed his book together and came out with a loud, "Rats!" that made Regina pause forcibly in her writing and sent her muse flying. "It just makes my blood boil," Tom went on, "to be stuck with a subject like Latin. The dean says I can't get my degree if I don't pass the examination this time."

"Say, Sis," he said presently, appealing to Regina, "have you seen that tutor of mine? He's a corker—captain of the crew when he was in college, played first base on the team. He's the best set up fellow I ever saw anywhere."

"I don't see that that has anything to do with his being a good Latin tutor," said Regina. "No, I haven't seen him. Does he come to the house?"

"Yes every afternoon. He'll be coming for the next two weeks, till that beastly old exam comes off. He'll get me through if anyone could."

Regina went back to her writing. Presently Maud looked over at her.

"Regina," she said sweetly, "have you seen Baby's new tooth today? It's just as white and nice—I meant to show it to you—"

Regina's patience had been tried to the limit.

"Well, of all the places to try to write!" she exclaimed. "I thought you all knew I didn't want to be talked to. Now this settles it. I'll just have to have a den. I've been thinking of it a long time and now I'm settled. I'll rig up a place in the attic where I can be quiet. It's a perfect shame the way we all herd together—just stick down here as if we didn't have an original idea in our heads."

"Why, Regina," said Maud tearfully, "I thought you liked being with us. We've always been so fond of each other till now." Here there was a little sob. "Oh, to think I have driven you to the attic!"

"Don't be silly," said Regina. "I can't poke off in my bed-room, so I'm just going to rig up a place in the attic. Why, I almost think I can write something worth while if I can get off by myself."

In spite of tearful protests on the part of Maud and jests on the part of her two brothers Regina was installed in her sanctum in the attic. Here, with a desk and a lounge, a bookcase filled with her favorite books and the walls covered with her favorite prints and photographs Regina had a place that was to be all her own.

One evening after Regina had retired to this sanctum with a freshly filled fountain pen and her brain full of ideas, her voice was heard in the upstairs hall calling her brother Tom, in none too gentle accents.

Tom left his books in the living room below and went two steps at a time to see what his sister wanted. He followed her into the attic and there by the light of the shaded desk lamp he saw the reason for his hasty summons. Regina pointed to a group of cigarette ends, and a box of overturned matches that lay on the blotter at the end of her desk.

Tom, in spite of his six feet of dauntless manhood, crumpled before his sister.

"I'm awfully sorry, sister," he said, "but to tell you the truth Harry Titus, that tutor of mine, and I have no other place to go. You know what it is down in the living room with Maud and the baby coming in and out. It was just my luck to forget to clear up the cigarettes after him, though."

"I've suspected it for a week," said Regina sternly. "I find matches in the rose jar and ashes in the pen tray, and look," she said, drawing forth a bundle of her manuscript covered with Latin words written in a masculine hand. "If that Mr. Titus did that please see that he doesn't repeat the offense. Didn't he know that this was my den?"

Tom promised faithfully never again to invade the sanctity of his sister's den and returned to his books. But the next day when the athletic tutor refused to give his lesson in the hubbub of Maud's little living room Tom was forced to break his promise. As Regina didn't get home from school till four and the lesson was over at half-past three Tom felt that he would have no trouble in covering his guilt. Accordingly the lesson was given as usual in Regina's den. Just as they were about to end

the lesson Maud's frantic voice was heard on the stairs.

"Thomas, Thomas Bliss, come here at once! Don't let that Mr. Titus out!" And then as the two men ran to the door to see what was the trouble Maud continued her cries. "Don't let him out I say! They've got measles at the college dormitory and he has come from there and he'll give it to baby. I just found it out!"

Mr. Titus didn't deny the fact that there was a case of measles at the dormitory and that he lived there. He hadn't dreamed, however, that he was in any way dangerous. But Maud was stubborn and after she had got Tom out of the attic room turned the key on the tutor to make sure that he didn't escape. Then she dispatched Tom to the health bureau to get someone to come and fumigate the offensive tutor before she would let him pass through the hall to the front door.

Before many minutes had passed Regina came in from school, let herself in the front door and, impatient to be at her writing, passed up to her attic den.

As she pushed back the door and stepped into her room she almost fell upon the astonished Mr. Titus. He had been sprawling on her couch, reading her favorite poems, resting his head on her cushions. For a moment they stood looking at each other.

"You see, I am dangerous," he began.

"No I don't," said Regina, feeling added resentment at the unusual looks of the intruder.

"Aren't you afraid of me?" he asked pleadingly.

Regina raised her brows haughtily, and it was not until this presumptuous Mr. Titus had actually urged her to be seated in her own sanctum and had seated himself at her side that she was able to explain to her the cause of the disturbance. It was Regina's turn to be apologetic then.

"It's a shame for Tom to drag you up to this crazy attic," she said; "it's just a bad of mine."

After this under the magnitude of the tutor's manner Regina forgot that she had ever objected to his intrusion and wondered why Tom had never introduced him to her.

"I have often wanted to meet you, Miss Bliss," the tutor told her. "In fact it has been something of a hardship not being able to know you."

In a few more minutes Regina was busy over her tea table, and as the tutor's eyes met hers as she passed him his cup of tea, she caught herself blushing foolishly. It was not till after the light of day had begun to fade, and Regina had lighted the shaded lamp on her desk that they heard footsteps on the stairs below.

"I think they have come to let you out, now," she said as she started to the door.

But the tutor slipped behind her and held it closed.

"Don't open it till you promise one thing," he begged as he put his hand over hers on the door knob. "I want to come here and see you often. Right here—away from everybody but you. You will let me, won't you?"

Regina whispered "yes," and then laughed as she opened the door.

There was Tom, breathless and excited. "They don't have to fumigate you at all," he gasped. "The man at the board of health said you couldn't carry it. Oh, hello, sister. I guess you know Mr. Titus by now."

It was about a month later. Tom had taken his finals in Latin and had passed with credit to himself and his tutor. Now he had come up to see his sister in her den. There was a large jar of roses on the desk, a half a dozen new books, a few prints on the wall that a more suspicious eye than Tom's would have recognized as new.

Suddenly he caught sight of some papers on the desk.

"That looks like Titus' writing," he said. "He must have scribbled over everything." He looked up to see Regina blushing with her eyes cast down. She quickly folded the papers in her hand.

"Tom, dear," she said coming towards him and putting her arms up around his broad shoulders. "Tom, I want to ask you to forgive me for being so cross about your bringing your tutor up here. I've wanted to ask you to forgive me. I am really glad you did, bring him. You see he liked it, and—well, you see he came so often after you showed him the way—that—"

Tom looked densely and helplessly at his sister, who stood before him with tears glistening in her eyes.

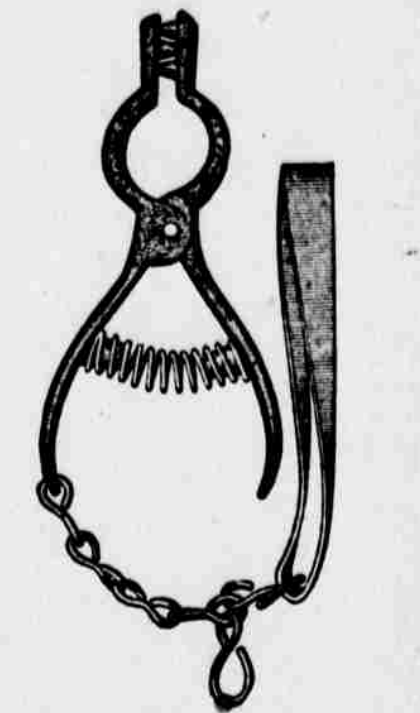
# DAIRY



## CLEANLINESS IN THE DAIRY

Sanitary Condition of the Cows Has Much to Do With Bacterial Content of the Milk.

The cows as well as the dairy barn must be kept clean. Experience has shown that the sanitary condition of the cows has as much to do with the bacterial content of the milk as any other factor. The method used in certified milk dairies is first to place



Cow-Tail Holder.

the cows in a stall according to their size, to have sufficient bedding to keep them clean and comfortable to keep the hair short in the region of the udder, groom the cows every day, to wash them before every milking with clean, warm water and a brush, and just before milking each cow to clean the udder again with a clean, wet towel.

During fly time the tails of the cows to be milked are fastened with cow-tail holders, such as the one shown in the illustration. The pinners snap around the cow's tail and the rubber band is passed around the leg on the chain.

After the cows are washed, a small chain is fastened across the stanchions under the cow's necks to prevent them from lying down; after they are milked, the chains are unfastened and the cows are allowed to lie down.

The manure is not removed immediately before milking, and nothing is done which will raise a dust, as dust is one of the most prolific sources of milk contamination.

## HANDY TRUCK FOR MILK CANS

Illustration Shows How Wheelbarrow May Be Converted Into Useful Low-Wheeled Vehicle.

The illustration shows how a wheelbarrow may easily be converted into a low-wheeled vehicle or truck for carrying milk cans of large size. The body of the wheelbarrow is removed and pieces put in to hold the can.



Handy Milk Truck.

One man can handle a 100-pound can with this truck much easier than two men in the usual way.

## MILK FROM DEVON WAS BEST

Celebrated Chemist, After Examination, Gives His Opinion as to Which is Best for Babies.

Some years ago a celebrated chemist, after examining the milk of different cows, made the following report as to which was the best milk to raise babies on: The Jersey too much cheese, the Holstein too much cheese, and the milk from the Devons was the best, as it had more sugar in it and nearer the milk of the baby's mother, says the American Cultivator. Just then a young mother died leaving a baby twelve days old, and it so happened that the father read this report, so he rented a fresh Devon milk cow and fed the babe on the milk of that cow for more than two years. She grew up to be a fine, large, healthy young lady, and at fifteen years of age was two inches taller than her father, and in her class at school with girls much older than she was.

## Silo Has Advantage.

The man with the silo is the man who has the advantage at this time of year when the dry spell strikes. Milk flow that is once decreased by dried up pastures can never be restored until the next freshening. Don't let the milk flow decrease.

## DAIRY COW IN THE SUMMER

Fly Pests and Drought-Stricken Pastures Are Discouraging—Keep Animals Comfortable.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.)

The late summer months are the most critical time of the year for the dairy cows and the most trying time for their owner. Fly pests and drought-stricken pastures are discouraging to a dairyman. Everything possible should be done to reduce the loss and suffering of the cattle during this period. I find that it pays to keep the cows inside during the heat of the day and feed supplemental forage crops and a little grain feed.

The sight of a herd of cattle stamping flies in a drought-stricken pasture does not speak favorably of profits and comfort. I have never been in favor of growing acres of forage crops and catch crops for soiling purposes, for on the average farm it is not necessary.

However, it does pay to hold over an abundance of ensilage and cut either alfalfa, clover or corn to feed the cows when the pastures are failing. No catch crop exceeds these regular crops in the amount or quality of forage yielded per acre and when they are harvested in the ordinary way they will furnish the best feed for the herd during the winter.

In trying to save tons of hay and bushels of grain for winter feeding many men allow dollars of immediate profit to slip through their fingers, by holding back these crops for winter feeding when their animals are suffering and falling away in flesh condition.

It is far more sensible to cut and feed a portion of the green feed than it is to take the land out of the regular rotation and grow supplemental crops that are less desirable for soiling purposes. It seems difficult to impress it upon the average man's mind that the best winter feeding crops are the best selling crops.

## MORE MILK FROM HOLSTEIN

Breed Does Not Always Indicate Good Milkers—Selection Should Be Made From Individual.

The breed does not always indicate good milkers. There are poor cows in all breeds and the selection should be made on the merits of the individual cow. However, the average Holstein cow will probably produce more milk than other breeds, but with a lower fat content than the Jersey or Guernsey.



Excellent Type of Holstein.

says a writer in an exchange. Should you desire to build up a good reputation for table milk in your town, it might be well to have two breeds. I have known of instances where half the herd were Holsteins, to furnish the quantity, and the other half of the herd were Guernseys or Jerseys, which helped to bring up the fat content of the milk when mixed before bottling for market. This will increase the per cent. of fat in the milk as well as give it a better body and color.

## DAIRY NOTES

Mottled butter is generally due to improper working.

Udder troubles are frequently the result of bad feeding.

More sunshine for the big producers more fresh air for the whole herd.

Sunlight and pleasant surroundings are great factors in stimulating large milk yields.

Dairy work is no longer guest work, but science. Simple, it is true but all the same science.

When the cream runs off the spoon like oil and has a slight acid taste it is usually ripe for churning.

Salt on the casein in butter forms lighter spots and the remedy is thorough washing before salting.

A flimsy fence will not restrain a bull—and will cause no end of annoyance, especially in a busy season.

The secret of a big, steady summer milk flow is a generous and uninterrupted supply of good succulence.

The cow should have a capacity to produce more milk than she is called upon to produce in ordinary dairy work.

The cow should be fed so that she will produce a full flow of milk and maintain practically the same flesh condition.

From twelve to twenty-four hours before churning you should commence to ripen the cream, according to the time of the year.

Dairying need not imply abandoning wheat, but more wheat on less acres. Both bread and butter should be produced on the farm.

Grading of cream is receiving more attention by the dairy press and dairymen than it possibly has in the history of the dairy business.

Ever notice how the dairy business booms when the owner is interested in this work? There is too much lack of interest among dairymen.

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Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Distressing. "Here is the account of a poor woman who lost both arms in a railroad wreck."

"It must be dreadful to go through life without any arms." "Yes, indeed. And much worse for a woman than for a man." "How is that?" "Well, a woman without any arms can't reach around to feel if the back of her collar and the back of her belt are all right."

J. PIERPONT, NO DOUBT.



Smith—My boy thinks he'll be a pirate when he grows up. Jones—Thinks there is more money in piracy than anything else, eh? Smith—Yes; but I think he's got Morgan, the buccaneer, mixed up with Morgan, the financier.

STRONGER THAN MEAT A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.

A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the bench out in the Sunflower State writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as food. He says:

"For the past 5 years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare.

"The crisp food with the delicious, nutty flavor has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts, and do not crave rich and unwholesome food."

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Ever send the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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