

# Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

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## Chapter 4

“What opinion have you formed of our society women and clubmen on board the Willie?” was the next question.

“I think your ladies are better dressed than ours, and the gentlemen are just lovely. They don't sit around and wait while we girls amuse them; they bustle to give us a good time, and they know how to do it. I shouldn't wonder if I should have to go home and associate with lords after being a summer girl in Newport. I don't see now why American girls go out of their own country to marry.”

“I suppose we shall be seeing your brother, the duke, over here before long?”

“His grace may come to fetch me back,” replied her ladyship. “He has never been to America, but it is one of the desires of his life to come, and your American beauties had better look out, for he is a gay young bachelor, and I shouldn't be surprised if he took a fancy to carry home a duchess. Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox will entertain him also, and maybe he will paint some of America red.”

“That's all about you, I see,” Sally finished up. “The rest is about Cousin Katherine and me. It says we've come back with a touch of the Piccadilly accent, and it criticizes my nose and the way Cousin Katherine puts on her hat. It describes this house all wrong and says the Newport cottage ‘knocks spots’ out of Mrs. Van der Windt's cottage. It also mentions Cousin Potter, and calls him ‘one of our army dudes.’ But we don't mind, and you mustn't. Everybody reads the Flashlight for the sake of the shocks, but nobody believes its fashions.”

“Still, you must have said something to the man,” remarked Mrs. Ess Kay.

“I only said ‘No, but—’ or ‘Yes, but—’ I insisted. ‘Truly and truly nothing else. And oh, there was a Bat, too, who tried to talk to me.’

“Great Scott, the Evening Bat!” chortled Mr. Parker. “Look out for something rich tonight.”

“Can't he be stopped?” I asked.

“Might as well try to stop Niagara with a tin can. The less you say the more the Bat will say. But it doesn't matter. Nobody'll care. Reporters are paid by the yard for imagination; information's gone out, though I do hear you use it still on your side.”

I was just going to defend information (British) at the expense of imagination (American), when I remembered that the “army dude”—which sounds rather like something you might buy at the stores—had sent me up an enormous bouquet of violets as big as a breakfast plate, and that I'd forgotten to thank him. I did so at once, but it seemed that I had blundered.

“Violets?” he echoed. “Must have been some other fellow. I sent you gardenias.”

“Oh, then the cards got mixed,” I said. “I thought the gardenias were from Mr. Doremus. How kind of you both. I was so surprised to receive such lovely flowers.”

“Our American buds are surprised when they don't get them. They would think it a cold day when they didn't have a slight morning haul of flowers—must be out of season ones or they're no use—new novels or candy. What do men over on your side of the water do to convince you girls that they think you're as beautiful as you really are?”

I thought for a minute, and then I said that perhaps we weren't as hard to convince as American girls. I don't know whether this was a proper answer or not, but, anyway, Mr. Parker laughed, and then began to plan what we should do for the day.

“Say, let's run her over to Coney Island,” he said.

“Oh, my dear boy!” exclaimed Mrs. Ess Kay. “Not for anything. The duchess would have a fit—I mean, she would be horrified.”

But when I heard that Coney Island was like a kind of glorified Margate (which I've never been to, but only heard about), with switchbacks and all sorts of shows, I said that mother would consider it a chapter in the liberal education of a respectable British tourist, and it was decided that we should dine there. Mrs. Ess Kay had to go to a lot of things before she could get on to Newport, so we were to shop all the morning, lunch at Sherry's, rest in the afternoon and spend the evening at Coney Island. Next day we were to go to West Point, where Mr. Parker is stationed, and stay there all night for a cadet ball.

Just as we had got this programme settled, and were making up our minds

“I guess I must look in the dictionary for ‘invidious,’ but a daisy's a flower that has budded in the green fields of England, where there aren't any newspaper reporters or other strange bugs.”

“Potter!” exclaimed Mrs. Ess Kay. “don't tease her, and when you've been in the green fields of England you'll say insects, not—er—what you did say, if you don't want ladies to faint all around you on the floor.” Then she turned to me. “He means you're very innocent, because you don't know what it is to be interviewed. But you must have been it, all the same, for see here, in this dreadful Flashlight.” And she handed me a newspaper, with one page folded over and huge headings dotted about at the top of paragraphs, like the lines of big print that oculists keep to make you try your eyesight. In the middle column I saw my name, but I couldn't believe it was really there, in an American paper. I began to think I wasn't awake yet, and that this must be part of the dream I was dreaming all yesterday.

“RONNY-BETTY-BULKELEY,” I read out aloud. “A Duke's Daughter on the Dock. Call Her by Her Front Name. Please. What Lady Betty Thinks of Our Boys.”

“There was more, but when I had got so far, I simply gasped.

“How dare they?”

“There isn't much they don't dare, except to go back without a ‘story,’” said Mr. Parker, laughing. “But I didn't laugh. I was too angry.

“If my brother were here, he'd kill them,” I said.

“Then he hasn't got a sense of humor,” replied Mr. Parker. “I don't see how a duke could have and be a duke nowadays, but I guess I wouldn't mind wrapping my sense of humor for a dukedom, all the same. See here, Lady Betty, you'll get to like our newspapers before you've been over here a month. They sort of grow on you. They're as interesting as novels, and almost as true to life.”

“This isn't true to my life, anyway,” I said, not knowing whether I wanted most to laugh or cry. “Oh, Sally, Sally Woodburn, will anybody believe I said such things as these?”

“Give the Flashlight to me and let me look,” she said. And when she'd taken the paper, she began to read the stuff that came under the big headings set along in her pretty, soft voice:

“Yesterday was a blazer, but though it was hot enough on the docks to roast a roon when the Big Willie steamed in that beautiful young visitor to our shores, ‘Lady Betty Bulkeley,’ managed to look like the duke's daughter and duke's sister she is, and so far as a mere man could tell, without the help of patent hair curlers or other artificial aids to personal pulchritude.

“A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair, she sat on a throne of daintily looking gossamer in an elegant white shirt waist built mostly of bones and eminently suited to her style of beauty as well as the weather. She also had on a picture hat which was superficial, as she would have been a picture without it, and below the waist she was rather made.”

“I think it's most insulting,” I broke in. “And I was made at home, all the way down.”

“But Sally went on: ‘I soon found (writes the representative of the Duke of Stanforth, one of Britain's eligibles, preferred to be addressed by her front name of Lady Betty. ‘I feel more at home,’ said she, with a sweet voice, but a pronounced English accent, when I am called Lady Betty. And I want to feel at home in America because I expect to be some time with my friend, Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, who will show me society over on this side. I have heard so much about Newport, don't you know, I fancy it will be too utterly deevy.’”

“What's deevy?” I demanded, with scorn.

“Oh, that's supposed to be what smart Englishwomen say for divine.”

“I never heard of it,” I sneered.

“Much less said it. I'm sure mother would consider it quite profane.”

“Quiet, child, and listen tight says you said.



In another instant he was in my lap.

to go out early, “while it was cool” (we should all have been lying about with wet handkerchiefs on our foreheads at home, and there would have been special prayers in church if it had ever been what New Yorkers seem to think cool), the butler came in leading by a leash a perfect angel of a dog, a little French bull, with skin satiny as a ripe chestnut, and eyes like rosettes of brown velvet, with diamonds shining through them. He had on a spiky silver collar, fringed on each edge with white horsehair, and he came trotting into the room with a high action of his paws, dainty and proud, like a horse that knows he's on show, and his tiny head was cocked on one side as if he were asking us to please admire him and be his friends.

I supposed that the little fellow belonged to Mrs. Ess Kay, and that he was being brought in to bid his mistress good morning, but she said quite sharply, “What dog is that?”

“He's a parcel, ma'am,” said the butler, “addressed to Lady Betty Bulkeley. He was left at the door by a messenger boy, and the label's on his collar.”

In another instant that little live, warm bundle of brindled satin sewed on to steel wires was in my lap, and it did seem as if he knew that he was mine. The queerest thing was that he had no note with him. On the label—just a luggage label tied to his collar—was my name, in a strange but very interesting looking hand, and these words besides: “The dog is now found. His name is Vivace.”

“Who has sent it to you, Betty?” asked Mrs. Ess Kay, and I could see by her eyes that she was very curious.

I had just answered, “I don't know from Adam,” when some words of my own jumped into my head. I could hear myself saying, “I must first find the dog,” and then I knew that the giver of Vivace wasn't Adam. But luckily I hadn't thought before I spoke, so it was no harm to let it rest at that, and I just sat and played with my new toy while Mrs. Ess Kay and her brother jabbered about him excitedly.

“It must be Tom Doremus,” said she. “He's the only man I let you know well enough on board to take such a liberty.”

I thought of another man she hadn't wanted to let me know, but I rubbed my chin on Vivace's ear, which felt like a wall flower, and kept quiet.

“Cheek of Doremus,” remarked Mr. Parker. “He's a joshier from way back. How does he know Lady Betty likes dogs? I should send the little brute off to the dogs' home.”

“If Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox makes me do that, I shall have to go with him—and stop with him, too,” said I. And I almost hated Mr. Parker for a minute in spite of the walking stick roses and the snowstorm of gardenias upstairs.

“Of course, you shall keep the dog, if you want to,” said Mrs. Ess Kay, “unless we find out that he's been sent by some one undesirable, and then of course the duchess would expect me to see that you gave him back.”

“I feel somehow that we shall never find out,” I said, and I hugged Vivace so hard, without meaning to, that he gave a tiny grunt. But he didn't mind a bit and licked my hand with a tongue that was like a sweet little sample of plunk plunk.

I was suddenly so happy with my surprise present that I forgave America for having imaginative reporters and wasn't homesick for the pony or for Berongaria and her puppies or anything.

Vivace went out with us in the electric carriage, and even Mrs. Ess Kay had to admire him as he sat straight up in my lap, like a bronze statue of a dog. “He's a thoroughbred, anyhow,” she remarked. “He can't have cost a penny less than \$500, so whoever the anonymous giver is, he must be a rich man.”

I'm rather lazy about dollars, still, but when I heard that, I felt myself go red. I knew well enough that the giver—who wasn't Adam—was very far from being a rich man, and I couldn't bear to think that he had perhaps squandered some hard earned savings on buying such an extravagant present for me. But the more I thought of it—which I did all the way down to the shops—the more I thought it impossible that a man who had been obliged to cross the Atlantic in the steerage would even have a hundred pounds in the world. Somebody had perhaps given him the dog from a good kennel, when it was a wee puppy, I said to myself, but this, though it eased my mind in one way, made the gift seem all the more pathetic—hat that poor, handsome Jim Brett

should part with something he must have loved (for who could have Vivace and not love him?) to please me. I should have liked to write a note to the Manhattan club, where he had told me he was employed, to thank him. But he had sent the present anonymously, and I felt somehow as if he hadn't meant or wished me to acknowledge it.

While I was wondering what I should do, the brougham stopped before a shop even larger than Harrod's or the Army and Navy stores. There were lovely things in the windows, things that looked like American women and not like English or even French ones, though I couldn't define the difference if I were ordered to with a revolver at my head.

The petticoats and stockings and belts and lace things and parasols and especially blouses, were so perfectly thrilling that my heart began to beat quite fast at sight of them. I felt as if I must have some immediately, and when Mrs. Ess Kay said that this was “quite a cheap store,” I said to myself that I would do something more interesting than watch her shopping.

She had to buy handkerchiefs to begin with, for most of hers had disappeared in the wash at foreign hotels; and Sally wanted veiling. Those were not interesting to me, because they are necessary, and necessities, like your daily bread and such things, are so dull. I said that I would just wander about a little, as they thought they would be some time, and we made an appointment to meet in half an hour at what they called the notion counter. I hadn't an idea what it was, and didn't like to ask because I had asked so many questions already, but I knew that I could get some one to take me there when the half hour was up.

When you want everything you see, but aren't sure which things you want enough to buy and how many you can afford, it's less confusing to prowl alone. Besides, there was an exciting feeling of independence in strolling

Continued on Page Three

**A Horrible Hold Up**

“About ten years ago my brother was ‘held up’ in his work, health and happiness by what was believed to be hopeless consumption,” writes W. R. Lipscomb, of Washington, N. C. “He took all kinds of remedies and treatments from several doctors, but found no help till he used Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles. He is a well man today.” It's quick to relieve and the surest cure for weak or sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Asthma and all Bronchial affections. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by A. L. Thor ton.

**Timberland Notice**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1928.

Notice is hereby given that ZADA M. STUDELEY, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on Nov. 9, 1928, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 9796, for N half SW quarter, W half SE quarter section 20, Township 38 S., Range 21 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 9th day of Feb. 1929.

Claimant names as witnesses: Geo. H. Lynch, Thomas Studley, F. L. Ross, G. W. Hardisty, all of Lakeview, Oregon.

J. N. Watson, Register.

**Timberland Notice**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1928.

Notice is hereby given that JULIA ELLA RICE, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on Nov. 18, 1928, made Timber and Stone Application, No. 9842, for E half SE quarter, Section 34, Township 38 S., Range 18 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 17th day of Feb. 1929.

Claimant names as witnesses: Geo. H. Lynch, G. W. Rice, Bert S. Tatro, Edwin Tatro, all of Lakeview, Oregon.

J. N. Watson, Register.

**Notice for Publication**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, December 22, 1928.

Notice is hereby given that JOHN O. SVEEN, of Lakeview, Oregon, who on Nov. 20, 1927, made Homestead Entry No. 3981, (Serial No. 9335) for lots 1, 2, E half NW quarter, NE quarter SW quarter Section 20, Township 37 S., Range 17 E., Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Lakeview, Oregon, on the 13th day of Feb. 1929.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Jacobson, P. M. Cory, of Lakeview, Oregon, Ole Soleim, Kristian Jorgensen, of Hy, Oregon.

D31-10 J. N. Watson, Register.

**Notice for Publication**

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, Nov. 23, 1928.

Notice is hereby given that the State of Oregon has filed in this office an application to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress of August 14, 1848, and the acts supplemental and amendatory thereof, the SW quarter NW quarter, Sec 10, T. 40 S., R. 19 E., W. M., per list No. 9852.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal of applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 23rd day of January, 1929.

J. N. Watson, Register.

The above notice will be published in the Lake County Examiner, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Lakeview, Oregon, for at least thirty days prior to the date last herein mentioned.

D10311 J. N. Watson, Register.

## New Clubbing Proposition

WE have arranged to offer in connection with this paper, the new monthly farm magazine just started at Lincoln, Neb., by Prof. H. W. Campbell and devoted to the subject of how to farm in the dry country and how to get best results from soil tillage under normal conditions. This paper is “Campbell's Scientific Farmer” and we offer it clubbed with the Examiner both for \$2.50 per year cash. Prof. Campbell's new paper is a monthly, chock full of good things, the only paper of its kind in the world, and it embodies the results of the editor's many years of painstaking investigation of the soil tillage proposition.

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