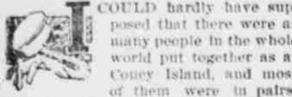


Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

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Chapter 5



COULD hardly have supposed that there were as many people in the whole world put together as at Coney Island, and most of them were in pairs. Like the animals on their way to the ark. They all seemed to be engaged to each other and delighted with each other's society, or else married and dreadfully tired of it. Or else they had dyspepsia. Or else they had brought too many of their children, for they had droves of very small ones, who belted louder than any English children I ever saw and trampled over their parents in the most unbridled way.

But Coney Island was fun, and I felt more than ever that I was dreaming—a long, long dream of sands and huge hotels and queer little booths. For dinner we ate nothing but fish, of so many different kinds and some of them so strange, that I almost feared the dream might turn into a nightmare afterward. I found the clams rather like olives. You hate the first, but when you have had three you feel you would like three dozen, and they are not at all easy to forget.

We went down under the sea and were introduced to horrible monsters, called up and down on switchbacks.



Coney Island was fun.

which made Mrs. Ess Kay ill, but she nobly refused to desert me in such surroundings—a state of mind which made her chin look incredibly square. Eventually, after many adventures by the way, we arrived at the moon, and not only got into the middle of it, but made acquaintance with the inhabitants, none of whom appeared to be over two feet high or to have anything to speak of between their chins and their toes. After that experience, minstrel shows and concerts and persons who told your fortunes with snakes, or ate glass, were rather an anticlimax; still, I enjoyed them all so much that I was incapable of extreme annoyance when we discovered that the Evening Kat had an "impressionist sketch" of me which made me look like an elderly murderer.

We got back to New York almost indecently late, but in the meaner parts through which we had to pass on the way to our gorgeously furnished apartments with poor creatures, pauperish heat, evidently preparing to camp out of doors till morning. It was a strange and interesting sight, but made me feel guilty when I recalled it afterward in my most cool bedroom, with my five different kinds of baths.

Next morning I was waked early to find more presents of flowers in huge stacks and to get ready for West Point. I was a little tired from yesterday, and the day had given me rather the sensation of being a scientist's field mouse in a vacuum, so that I should have dreaded even a short journey if we hadn't been making it by water.

It was even better than if we had been ordinary tourists on one of the big Hudson river boats. I had heard about, for we were to travel luxuriously in a little steam yacht of Potter's, which he calls the Poached Egg because it can't be beaten. It is not a vulgar yacht, as one might have thought from the name, but a dainty thing that ought to have been the Butterfly, Ye White Lady or something of that sort. When I said so, Mr. Parker insisted that he would at once christen her Lady Betty, which would have a prettier meaning than anything else, and then I was sorry I'd spoken.

I had expected to be disappointed in the river, because nearly everybody I met on board ship tried to impress upon me that we had nothing half so good in England, while as for the Kluge, it wasn't a patch on the Hudson. I even wanted to be disappointed, out of patriotism or spite, which are

much the same thing sometimes, but I couldn't. I found the Hudson too grand for petty jealousy. It seemed to me a great, noble poem, rolling on and on to splendid cadences, and I have heard some music of Wagner's that reminded me of somehow.

The hills or mountains—I'm not sure which to call them—even the Highlands which have been so dinned into my ears, were not high enough to satisfy me at a first glance, but soon I saw that it was their grouping and their perfect proportion in relation to each other which made them so exquisite. As we steamed on along the green and golden flood between banks that appeared to fall back in admiration I began to love the Hudson so much that I could have shrieked with rage at the great staring advertisements on boardings. What can the scenery have done to Americans that they should do their best to spoil it? No wonder most of them come over to see ours, which we have the sense to let alone even if it crumbles.

Sally and Mr. Parker laughed at my fury, but I didn't see how they could take it so calmly. "It isn't my scenery, so I don't trouble myself," said Potter when I asked why he didn't get up a secret night expedition to burn or chop down all the boardings. But I'm sure English people aren't careless like that. Each person thinks the good of the whole country is his business—at least one would suppose so by the way everybody who comes to Battlement talks politics and affairs of public interest morning, noon and night. It seems, though, in America only politicians and people who live in Washington care about politics really except to get benefits for themselves, and it isn't good form to be too much interested in such things.

Victoria would like this rule, for she has confessed to me that political questions bore her, and she would much rather be talked to about love or motoring or even bridge, but she always reads the newspapers hard for fifteen minutes while Thompson does her hair, if she's going out to a big lunch or dinner, so that she will be up in everything and able to talk brilliantly to members of parliament or stuffy old things in the house of lords.

I calmed down somewhat after I'd recovered from the first shock. There was so much to admire that it seemed a shame to fret. Besides, it was soothing to sit on the yacht's deck under a pale green awning, drinking what I call a lemon squash and Potter and Sally obstinately believe to be lemonade. While Mrs. Ess Kay angrily read nasty paragraphs about herself and hilariously about her friends in a regular highwayman of a paper, Smart Sayings, Sally Woodburn told me charming legends of the Hudson, dear old Dutch things, most of them, which had been made into plays and poems, and I was sorry when we came to West Point at last.

But I wasn't sorry for long. The minute we got on shore at a quaint little landing shoved inconspicuously in among beautiful wooded hills, the most exquisite scents of ferns and trees and sweet, moist earth came hurrying down to welcome us. Eton is not more beautiful than West Point, and as we drove up the hill under an arbor of trees I saw that the buildings cleverly contrived to look old and gray and picturesque, like ours. The elms in a big green square past the top of the hill had a venerable air, too, so they must have been precocious about growing, for it doesn't stand to reason that West Point can be as ancient as Oxford or Eton. But anyway the elms were there, making an effect that England couldn't improve on, and there were some gray stone barracks and a long line of officers' quarters built of wood and brick. I was glad that we were to stop with Potter, instead of going to a hotel, for I did want to see thoroughly what garrison life is like. Potter has only half a house, though I suppose he's rich enough to buy up all West Point if it were for sale, but he had got a chum of his who lives in the other half to clear out of his part and give it to us for the day and night.

He has been to Aldershot, and even to Malta and Gibraltar. But I never have, and I never saw any officers' quarters at home, so I don't know how they compare with American ones. Potter's and his friend's are exactly like a doll's house turned into a museum. The rooms are tiny and most of the furniture is made to fold up, but Stan would be green with envy if he could

Timberland Notice.
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that ZADA M. STUDEY, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on Nov. 9, 1908, made Timberland and Stone Application, No. 0796, 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. 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Geo. H. Lynch, Thomas Studley, P. L. Ross, G. W. Hardisty, all of Lakeview, Oregon. D385. J. N. Watson, Register



It was even better than if we had been ordinary tourists.

see their Persian rugs and their silver things and their dozens of meerschautaus and their curiosities from all over the world.

I asked Potter what he would do when he was ordered away.

"That depends on where I'm ordered," said he. "If I don't like the place, I'll resign and be a mere citizen. It would be easy to get back again into the army if there were any fun going."

"What kind of fun?" I wanted to know.

"A war with somebody, of course," said he. Men have the most extraordinary ideas of fun. But they seem to be alike about that in England and America. They are never so happy as when they are killing something or in danger of being killed themselves. I can't imagine how it would feel to be like that, but I know if they were different we should hate them. And Potter looked so nice in his soldier clothes (which he got into while we were making ourselves pretty for lunch) that I couldn't help thinking it would be a pity for him to leave the army.

His friend was invited to lunch with us, to make up for sacrificing his house. He is nicer than Potter or even Mr. Doremus, but not half so handsome or brave looking, or with such a charming voice as poor Jim Brett, who is not, I suppose, a gentleman except by nature; otherwise he couldn't have been in the steerage.

I thought it was silly to have wire nettings in all the doors and windows, just to keep away a few innocent midges, until we sat out after lunch. There is a pleasant balcony with an upstairs and a downstairs, which Potter and Captain Collingwood call the "plaza," and it would have been delightful sitting there while the men smoked if appalling little animals with a ridiculous number of thin, stick out legs hadn't come buzzing around us. They were saucy looking things, got up in loud suits of black and gray stripes, not in the least like our quiet, respectable midges at home, and they weren't even honorable enough to wait until sunset before attacking you. They pricked horribly, like pins your maid has stuck in the wrong places, and they had a horrid penchant for your ankles. I was sorry I had on cloaked stockings! And I apologized heartily to Potter for poking fun at his wire nettings.

Though it was so hot, the air was delicious. It smelt of new mown grass and lilies, with a sharp little spicy tang of the thick Virginia creepers, which made a shadowy green room of the "plaza." Birds were simply roaring with joy in the trees that overhung the house, and Potter and I almost quarreled because he would insist that some huge creatures hopping about on the grass were robins. They would have made three of ours and were much more like quails that had split strawberry juice on their breasts. By and by Captain Collingwood asked if "Lady Betty didn't want to go and see things."

"She's booked to me for Flirtation Walk," said Potter, before I could answer. "There's a crowd there, old chap." On which I regret to state Captain Collingwood suggested that Potter should teach his own grandmother something about nourishing herself with an egg diet.

"Anyhow, I suppose you don't object to a rear-guard for inspection of camp and other features of public interest," he went on, and after some hesitation Potter decided that this would be admissible.

Mrs. Ess Kay and Sally both wanted to lie down (it's strange the fondness American women have for putting themselves in a horizontal position in the daytime), so Mrs. Ess Kay said that she would commission her brother as chaperon; I needn't be anxious, she assured me, it was quite comme il faut. As if I would have worried about a thing like that!

I was delighted to go, because the most interesting groups had been passing the house, and it was difficult to see all you wanted to through the veil of creepers, without continually craning your neck. Tall, brown faced boys, got up much like glorified Buttons, were sauntering about, holding sunshades over the heads of girls so young that they would have been in short frocks with their hair down their backs, in England. The girls were in white muslin or pale colors, with charming, floppy Leghorn hats trimmed with flowers, and they looked like the daintiest, prettiest of French dolls. But I was a great deal more interested in the youths, who were the cadets—first classmen, Potter said, and would

be second lieutenants next year. I never could take much interest in Eton boys, the few I have seen, for they look such children that one would be positively ashamed to bother with them, but the West Point cadets (though one couldn't exactly take them seriously like regularly grownup men, perhaps) fascinated me from the very first glance through Potter's Virginia creeper. They looked as if they thought a lot of themselves, and the girls they were with had the air of encouraging them to think it. I wondered what kind of things they said to girls and secretly longed to find out.

It seems that in summer the cadets leave their barracks and go into camp, which is a time of year that the girls who visit West Point and those whose fathers are stationed there like very much. We had a glimpse of the tents from the long street of the officers' quarters, and after we had visited a few technical things in which I was too polite to show that I was hardly interested we strolled over to where we could see the little white pyramids gleaming under the stars and stripes.

I had been afraid that all the cadets would have gone away to Flirtation Walk with girls, but to my joy there were plenty left in camp. On chairs under the trees near by two or three ladies were sitting with some white butterfly girls, and a crowd of cadets were talking to them.

"There's a great pal of mine, Mrs. Laurence," said Captain Collingwood. "She would love to know you, Lady Betty. Do you mind if I introduce you to each other?"

"See here, that means we shall be hitched up with all that lot of cadets," Potter objected quite crossly. "What's the good of wasting time?"

I hurried to say that I shouldn't consider it a waste of time, that I should be delighted to meet Mrs. Laurence and also a few sample cadets, if any could be provided for the consumption of an inquiring British tourist.

Captain Collingwood thought that one or two might be found who would not object to the sacrifice, and five minutes later I was having more fun than I had ever had before in my life. Mrs. Laurence was sweet and so tactful. She scarcely talked to me at all, except to ask me how I liked America and a few of the things people are obliged to get off their minds when they meet a foreigner, and then she introduced five cadets.

I was terrified for a minute, because until I left home my whole (youthful) male experience consisted of one brother, three cousins and two curates, dealt with separately and with long, sleepy intervals between. I began to wonder how I could possibly manage five tall youths at once and to rack my brains for the right kind of conversa-

—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. Thornton.

Timberland Notice

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, November 25, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that JULIA ELLA RICE, of Lakeview, Oregon, who, on Nov. 18, 1908, made Timberland and Stone Application, No. 0842, 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. 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Geo. H. Lynch, G. W. Rice, Bert S. Tatro, Edwin Tatro, all of Lakeview, Oregon. D385. J. N. Watson, Register

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, December 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that JOHN O. SVEEN, of Lakeview, Oregon, who on Nov. 20, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 3981, (Serial No. 0335) for lots 1 & 2, E half NW quarter, NE quarter SW quarter Section 30, 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. 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Jacobson, P. M. Cory, of Lakeview, Oregon, Ole Soleim, Kristian Jorgensen, of Bly, Oregon. D31-10 J. N. Watson, Register.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, January 7, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that the State of Oregon has filed its application to select under the provisions of the act of August 14, 1854, and the acts supplemental and amendatory thereto, the SW quarter, Sec 9, T. 36 S., R. 21 E., W. M., per list No. 0953. 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 6th day of March, 1909.

J. N. Watson, Register. The foregoing 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 mentioned in the above notice. J21M5 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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