

# Erskine Dale Pioneer

by  
**John Fox, Jr.**

Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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## WHITE MAN!

**SYNOPSIS.**—To the Kentucky wilderness outpost commanded by Jerome Sanders, in the time immediately preceding the Revolution, comes a white boy fleeing from a tribe of Shawnees by whom he had been captured and adopted as a son of the chief, Kahtoo. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandell, a leader among the settlers. The boy warns his new friends of the coming of a Shawnee war party. The fort is attacked, and only saved by the timely appearance of a party of Virginians. The leader of these is fatally wounded, but in his dying moments recognizes the fugitive youth as his son. At Red Oaks, plantation on the James river, Virginia, Colonel Dale's home, the boy appears with a message for the colonel, who after reading it introduces the bearer to his daughter Barbara as her cousin, Erskine Dale. Erskine meets two other cousins, Harry Dale and Hugh Willoughby.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Come, Harry!" With a gallant bow Harry offered his left arm, and gathering the little Kentuckian with her left, the regal lady swept out. In the reception-room she kept the boy by her side. Every man who approached bowed, and soon the lad was bowing, too. Barbara almost cried out her astonishment and pleasure when she saw what a handsome figure he made in his new clothing, and all her little friends were soon darting surreptitious glances at him, and many whispered questions and pleasing comments were passed around. Then General Willoughby bowed with noble dignity before Mrs. Dale, and the two led the way to the dining room.

"Harry," she said, "you and Barbara take care of your cousin."

And almost without knowing it the young Kentuckian bowed to Barbara, who courted and took his arm. The table flashed with silver and crystal on snowy-white damask and was brilliant with colored candles. The woodsman saw the men seated in chairs for the ladies, and he took Barbara's before Hugh, and on the other side of her, could forestall him. The boy had never seen so many and so mysterious-looking things to eat and drink. One glass of wine he took, and the quick dizziness that assailed him frightened him, and he did not touch it again. Beyond Barbara, Hugh leaned forward and lifted his glass to him. He shook his head and Hugh flushed—

"Our Kentucky cousin is not very polite—he is something of a barbarian—naturally."

"He doesn't understand," said Barbara quickly, who had noted the incident, and she turned to her cousin. "Papa says you are going to live with us and you are going to study with Harry under Mr. Brockton."

"Our tutor," explained Harry; "there he is across there. He is an Englishman."

"Tutor?" questioned the boy. "School-teacher," laughed Harry. "Oh!"

"Haven't you any school-teachers at home?"

"No, I learned to read and write a little from Dave and Lyddy."

And then he had to tell who they were, and he went on to tell them about Mother Sanders and Honor and Bud and Jack and Polly Conrad and Lydia and Dave, and all the frontier folk, and the life they led, and the Indian fights, which thrilled Barbara and Harry, and forced even Hugh to listen—though once he laughed incredulously, and in a way that of a sudden shut the boy's lips tight and made Barbara color and Harry look grave. Hugh then turned to his wine and began soon to look more flushed and sulky. Shortly after the ladies left, Hugh followed them, and Harry and the Kentuckian moved toward the head of the table where the men had gathered around Colonel Dale.

"Yes," said General Willoughby, "it looks as though it might come."

"With due deference to Mr. Brockton," said Colonel Dale, "it looks as though his country would force us to some action."

They were talking about impending war. Far away as his wilds were, the boy had heard some talk of war in them, and he listened greedily to the quick fire of question and argument directed to the Englishman, who held his own with such sturdiness that Colonel Dale, fearing the heat might become too great, laughed and skillfully shifted the theme. Through hall and doorways came now merry sounds of fiddle and banjo.

The doorway between parlor and the fiddlers three. Gallant and dainty courtesings and yet were tripping measures

quite new to the backwoodsman. Barbara nodded, smiled and after the dance ran up to ask him to take part, but he shook his head. Hugh had looked at him as from a superior height, and the boy noticed him frowning while Barbara was challenging him to dance. The next dance cleared his face and set his feet to keeping time, for the square dance had, of course, reached the wilds.

"I know that," he said to Harry, who told Barbara, and the little girl went up to him again, and this time, flushing, he took place with her on the floor. Hugh came up.

"Cousin Barbara, this is our dance, I believe," he said a little thickly.

The girl took him aside and Hugh went surlily away. Harry saw the incident and he looked after Hugh, frowning. The backwoodsman conducted himself very well. He was lithe and graceful and at first very dignified, but as he grew in confidence he began to execute steps that were new to that polite land and rather bolsterous, but Barbara looked pleased and all onlookers seemed greatly amused—all except Hugh. And when the old fiddler sang out sonorously:

"Gentleman to right—cheat an' swing!" the boy cheated outrageously, cheated all but his little partner, to whom each time he turned with open loyalty, and Hugh was openly sneering now and genuinely angry.

"You shall have the last dance," whispered Barbara, "the Virginia reel."

"I know that dance," said the boy. And when that dance came and the dancers were drawn in two lines, the boy, who was third from the end, heard Harry's low voice behind him:

"He is my cousin and my guest, and you will answer to me."

The lad wheeled, saw Harry with Hugh, left his place, and went to them. He spoke to Harry, but he looked at Hugh with a sword-flash in each black eye:

"I don't want nobody to take up for me."

Again he wheeled and was in his place, but Barbara saw and looked troubled, and so did Colonel Dale. He went over to the two boys and put his arm around Hugh's shoulder.

"Tut, tut, my boys," he said, with pleasant firmness, and led Hugh away, and when General Willoughby would have followed, the colonel nodded him back with a smile, and Hugh was seen no more that night. The guests left with gayety, smiles and laughter, and every one gave the stranger a kindly goodby. Again Harry went with him to his room and the lad stopped under the crossed swords.

"You fight with 'em? I want to learn how to use 'em."

Harry looked at him searchingly, but the boy's face gave hint of no more purpose than when he first asked the same question.

"All right," said Harry.

The lad blew out his candle, but he went to his window instead of his bed. The moonlight was brilliant among the trees and on the sleeping flowers and the slow run of the broad river, and it was very still out there and very lovely, but he had no wish to be out there. With wind and storm and sun, moon and stars, he had lived face to face all his life, but here they were not the same. Trees, flowers, house, people had reared some wall between him and them, and they seemed now to be very far away.



"I Was Rude to You Last Night and I Owe You an Apology."

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"I wouldn't like to lose my hair."

"I'll watch out for that," said the boy with such confident gravity that Barbara turned to look at him.

"I believe you would," she murmured. And presently:

"What did the Indians call you?"

"White Arrow."

"White Arrow. That's lovely. Why?"

"I could outrun all the other boys."

"Then you'll have to run tomorrow when we go to the fair at Williamsburg."

"The fair?"

Barbara explained.

Everybody had been kind to him—all but Hugh. Velled hostility he had never known before and he could not understand. Everybody had surely been kind, and yet—he turned to his bed, and all night his brain was flashing to and fro between the reel of vivid pictures etched on it in a day and the grim background that had hitherto been his life beyond the hills.

From pioneer habit he awoke before dawn, and for a moment the softness where he lay puzzled him, but he could smell the dawn and he started to spring up. He felt hot and stuffy, though Harry had put up his windows, and he could not lie there wide awake. He could not go out in the heavy dew he had taken off, so he slid into his own buckskin clothes and moccasins and out the still open front door and down the path toward the river. Instinctively he had picked up his rifle, bullet-pouch and powder-horn. An hour later he loped back on his own tracks.

At the front door Harry hailed him and Barbara came running out.

"I forgot to get you another suit of clothes last night," he said, "and we were scared this morning. We thought you had left us, and Barbara there nearly cried." Barbara blushed now and did not deny.

"Come to breakfast!" she cried. "Did you find anything to shoot?" Harry asked.

"Nothing but some squirrels," said the lad.

Then Hugh came in pale of face and looking rather ashamed. He went straight to the Kentuckian.

"I was rude to you last night and I owe you an apology."

He thrust out his hand and awkwardly the boy rose and took it. "And you'll forgive me, too, Barbara?"

"Of course I will," she said happily, but holding up one finger of warning—should he ever do it again. The rest of the guests trooped in now, and some were going out on horseback, some for a sail, and some visiting up the river in a barge, and all were paired off.

"I'm going to drive Cousin Erskine over the place with my ponies," said Barbara, "and—"

"I'm going back to bed," interrupted Hugh, "or read a little Latin and Greek with Mr. Brockton." There was impudence as well as humor in this, for the tutor had given up Hugh in despair long ago.

Barbara shook her head. "You are going with us," she said. "I want Hugh to ride with me," said Colonel Dale, "and give Firefly a little exercise. Nobody else can ride him."

The Kentucky boy turned a challenging eye, as did every young man at the table, and Hugh felt very comfortable. While every one was getting ready, Harry brought out two foils and two masks on the porch a little later.

"We fight with those," he said, pointing to the crossed rapiers on the wall, "but we practice with these. Hugh, there, is the champion fencer," he said, "and he'll show you."

Harry helped the Kentucky boy to mask and they crossed foils—Hugh giving instructions all the time and nodding approval.

"You'll learn—you'll learn fast," he said. And over his shoulder to Harry: "Why, his wrist is as strong as mine now, and he's got an eye like a weasel."

With a twist he wrenched the foil from his antagonist's hand and clattered it on the steps. The Kentuckian was bewildered and his face flushed. He ran for the weapon.

"You can't do that again."

"I don't believe I can," laughed Hugh.

"Will you learn me some more?" asked the boy eagerly.

"I surely will."

A little later Barbara and her cousin were trotting smartly along a sandy road through the fields with the colonel and Hugh loping in front of them. Firefly was a black, mettlesome gelding. He had reared and plunged when Hugh mounted, and even now he was champing his bit and leaping playfully at times, but the lad sat him with an unconcern of his capers that held the Kentucky boy's eyes.

"Gosh," he said, "but Hugh can ride! I wonder if he could stay on him bareback."

"I suppose so," Barbara said; "Hugh can do anything."

Many questions the little girl asked—and some of the boy's answers made her shudder.

"Papa said last night that several of our kinsfolk spoke of going to your country in a party, and Harry and Hugh are crazy to go with them. Papa said people would be swarming over the Cumberland mountains before long."

"I wish you'd come along."

Barbara laughed.

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Barbara explained.

"Dave Yandell," added the stranger, smiling and taking off his cap.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TUB FROCKS AND OTHERS; SMART CROCHETED HATS

THE streets of the cities bear evidence that women have decided to wear clothes that look comfortable and are comfortable in the hottest days of summer. All those cool and colorful fabrics that are a joy in the country, and at summer resorts, have come to town and are making themselves very much at home on the streets and everywhere else. Crepe de chine, that seems to catch and multiply every lithe breeze, other crepes, printed silks

exit, but it is only "good-by till we meet again."

"There is nothing new under the sun," but there are plenty of things that are relatively new and among them are those smart crocheted hats that are making their appearance in displays of headwear for sports and outdoorwear. One wonders that they were not thought out long ago, since caps for infants and children have been crocheted for years. But



Utility Dresses for Late Summer.

and chiffons and the sheer cottons, make a kaleidoscope of color in the shopping districts and tea rooms, set off by transparent black, pale gray, beige and a generous proportion of white touched with color.

In dresses of silk, for all-day wear, crepes are by far the most popular of materials. These utility dresses are simply designed. White skirts with colored tops or tuxedo sweaters, or the reverse order, colored skirts with white coats or sweaters, prove themselves a boon for the street, and the combination of black and white is as well considered as ever for warm summer days. The afternoon finds promenaders in more elaborately made frocks which just now are gracefully

It remained for some one to figure out a way to support the crocheted hat and keep it in shape, and now this has been accomplished, and it is here. It is a beautiful and distinctly American creation, and aristocratic affair, with all the class and informality combined, that belong to the aristocrat.

These hats are made of several materials and supported by very fine, in visible silk wires. Wool yarns, chenille, silk fiber braids and specially made fabrics, are used for them and very often their decoration is crocheted in the body of the hat, or separately pictured of wool yarns, the braided collars, balls and pompons are made separately. On two of these hats French



Crocheted Hats Now the Thing.

iraped affairs, unkle length and often of printed materials in lovely colors.

In cotton materials, tub frocks for the street indicate that combinations of the stronger colors and white, made up with white organdie, have come to stay. Dotted swiss in the darker blues, brown, black or beige, with white dots, has few rivals in its refreshing crispness and coolness, and two pretty frocks made of it are shown above. Next in popularity stand checked and crossbar gingham, with a few quiet plaids in their company, also honoring the dauntiness of organdie in their trimmings and accessories.

A new arrival among these cool cotton frocks is made of white batiste with trimming of gay cretonne and the combination is cheerful and promising. Usually the last of August finds these mid-summer frocks making their

knots of heavy yarn decorate the crowns.

Very beautiful flowers and fruits crocheted or made in other ways of yarn, chenille, heavy silk floss, or hand-made and hand-colored blossoms and fruits of velvet or silk, appear on the dresser crocheted hats of chenille and silk. All colors are unusually rich in these materials. The crocheted hat is not an inexpensive item since it is made by hand and eats up time and fine stuffs.

These hats in white yarn, chenille or silk fiber, and in white with a color, as white and emerald green, white and red, make lovely additions to late summer millinery.

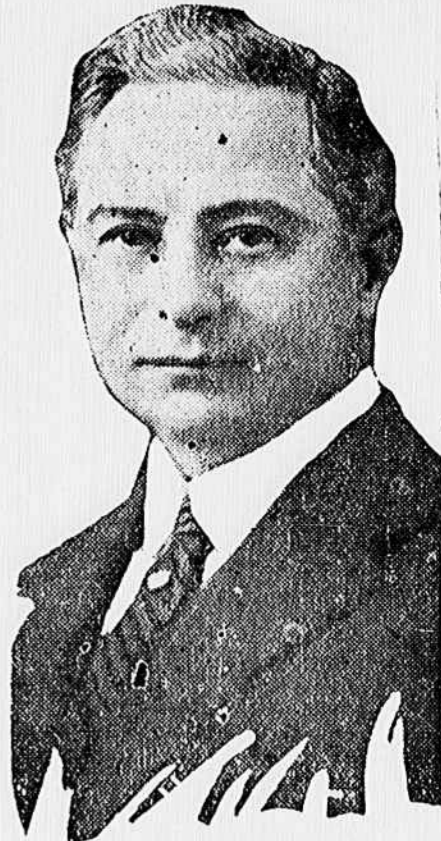
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## BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

### BUSINESS MEN IN SCOUTING

Barron Collier of New York City is typical of some of the biggest business men in the country who are devoting much time to boy scout interests. Mr. Collier is a man of very extensive national business interests. He is vice-chairman of the Greater New York committee of which Franklin D. Roosevelt is chairman. Mr. Collier is himself chairman of the camping committee for Greater New York, which is operating at this time the largest boys' camp in the world.



Barron Collier.

This camp is located at Kanohwahik lakes, Bear mountain, Interstate Park, New York. This camp accommodates 2,700 boys per week and consists of 21 different mess units. Boys come not only from Greater New York but from Westchester county, New York state, and many communities in New Jersey.

It is through the interest of men like Mr. Collier, Mr. Roosevelt, Mortimer L. Schiff, and others, that accomplishments of this kind are possible.

### BOY SCOUTS NUMBER 432,013

It has just been officially announced that the gain in boy scouts during the past full year has been 18,544. This makes the present total of boy scouts 432,013, the high water mark in the history of scouting. The number of scout officials in the country today is 127,586, making a grand total of 559,599 scouts and scout officials.

These figures were given out in a report of the chief scout executive at a meeting of the executive board of the national council of the Boy Scouts of America, which was held a short time ago. This was the last meeting of the executive board until fall.

Other figures showing a great constant increasing interest in scouting, the country over, are that during the past five months of this year a total of 57,000 merit badges were obtained by scouts as compared with 40,736 for the same period last year, or a gain of 41 per cent. The merit badges are the awards of merit that a scout attains after he goes on the ladder from a first class scout. Five hundred and sixty-seven boys have qualified as eagle scouts, as compared with 329 during the same period of last year. Eagle scout represents the highest standard of scouting that a boy can attain.

All of the above figures are very significant of the onward march of the largest movement for boys in the world that has to do with character building and citizenship training.

### GOOD TURN TO HOSPITAL

Terre Haute scouts have, by their own earnings, provided for the furnishing of a room at the New Union hospital. In carrying through this project it is worth noting that the boys adhered strictly to scout principles and asked no money from the public. The Terre Haute Star in commenting upon this good turn, says: "Through the years to come that the hospital serves humanity the boy scout room will remain as a memorial to the great movement to make better boys and as a tribute to the boys who were inspired to be helpful in a substantial way for the lasting benefit of the community."

### TAKE A BOOK TO CAMP

The library commission of the Boy Scouts of America is developing a nationwide campaign in the interest of the literature of the out-of-doors. "Take a Book to Camp" is the slogan. Editorial features are appearing in all scout publications and effort is being made to interest national and local organizations to lend cooperation in making it possible for boys to take with them to camps such books on the out-of-doors as will make nature the more meaningful to them.