

Erskine Dale Pioneer

by John Fox, Jr.

Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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CHAPTER I.—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, Kanabo. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Vandell, a leader among the settlers.

CHAPTER II.—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.

CHAPTER III.—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.

CHAPTER IV.—Erskine meets two other cousins, Harry Dale and Hugh Willoughby.

That night the subject of Hugh and Harry going back home with the two Kentuckians was broached to Colonel Dale, and to the wondering delight of the two boys both fathers seemed to consider it favorably. Mr. Brockton was going to England for a visit, the summer was coming on, and both fathers thought it would be a great benefit to their sons. Even Mrs. Dale, on whom the hunter had made a most agreeable impression, smiled and said she would already be willing to trust her son with their new guest anywhere.

"I shall take good care of him, madam," said Dave with a bow.

Colonel Dale, too, was greatly taken with the stranger, and he asked many questions of the new land beyond the mountains. There was dancing again that night, and the hunter, towering a head above them all, looked on with smiling interest. He even took part in a square dance with Miss Jane Willoughby, hanging his great bulk with astonishing grace and lightness of foot. Then the elder gentlemen went into the drawing-room to their port and pipes, and the boy Erskine slipped after them and listened entranced to the talk of the coming war.

Colonel Dale had been in Hanover ten years before, when one Patrick Henry voiced the first intimation of independence in Virginia; Henry, a country storekeeper—bankrupt; farmer—bankrupt; storekeeper again, and bankrupt again; an idler, hunter, fisher, and story-teller—even a "bar-keeper," as Mr. Jefferson once dubbed him, because Henry had once helped his father-in-law to keep tavern. That far back Colonel Dale had heard Henry denounce the clergy, stigmatize the king as a tyrant who had forfeited all claim to obedience, and had seen the orator caught up on the shoulders of the crowd and amidst shouts of applause borne around the court-house green. He had seen the same Henry ride into Richmond two years later on a lean horse; with papers in his saddle-pockets, his expression grim, his tall figure stooping, a peculiar twinkle in his small blue eyes, his brown wig without powder, his coat peach-blossom in color, his knee-breeches of leather, and his stockings of yarn. The speaker of the Burgessess was on a dais under a red canopy supported by gilded rods, and the clerk sat beneath with a mace on the table before him, but Henry cried for liberty or death, and the shouts of treason failed then and there to save Virginia for the king. The lad's brain whirled. What did all this mean? Who was this king and what had he done? He had known but the one from whom he had run away. When he got Dave alone he would learn and learn—learn—everything. And then the young people came quietly in and sat down quietly, and Colonel Dale, divining what they wanted, got Dave started on stories of the wild wilderness that was his home—the first chapter in the life of Kentucky—the land of dark forests and cane thickets that separated Catawbas, Crookes and Cherokees on the south from Delawares, Wyandottes and Shawnees on the north, who fought one another, and all of whom the whites must fight. How the first fort was built, and the first women stood on the banks of the Kentucky river. He told of the perils and hardships of the first journeys thither—fights with wild beasts and wild men, chases, hand-to-hand combats, escapes and massacres—and only the breathing of his listeners could be heard, save the sound of his own voice. And he came finally to the story of the attack on the fort, the raising of a small hand above the cane, palm outward, and the swift dash of a slender brown body into the fort, and then, seeing the boy's face turn scarlet, he did not tell how that same lad had slipped back into the woods even while the fight was going on, and slipped back with the bloody

scalp of his enemy, but ended with the timely coming of the Virginians, led by the lad's father, who got his death-wound at the very gate. The tense breathing of his listeners culminated now in one general deep breath.

Colonel Dale rose and turned to General Willoughby.

"And that's where he wants to take our boys."

"Oh, it's much safer now," said the hunter. "We have had no trouble for some time, and there's no danger inside the fort."

"I can imagine you keeping those boys inside the fort when there's so much going on outside. Still—" Colonel Dale stopped and the two boys took heart again.

Colonel Dale escorted the boy and Dave to their room. Mr. Vandell must go with them to the fair at Williamsburg next morning, and Mr. Vandell would go gladly. They would spend the night there and go to the governor's ball. The next day there was a county fair, and perhaps Mr. Henry would speak again. Then Mr. Vandell must come back with them to Red Oaks and pay them a visit—no, the colonel would accept no excuse whatever.

The boy piled Dave with questions about the people in the wilderness and passed to sleep. Dave lay awake a long time thinking that war was sure to come. They were Americans now, said Colonel Dale—not Virginians, just as nearly a century later the same people were to say:

"We are not Americans now—we are Virginians."

CHAPTER VI.

It was a merry cavalcade that swung around the great oaks that spring morning in 1774. Two coaches with outriders and postilions led the way with their precious freight—the elder ladies in the first coach, and the second blossoming with flowerlike faces and starred with dancing eyes. Booted and spurred, the gentlemen rode behind, and after them rolled the baggage wagons, drawn by mules in jingling harness. Harry on a chestnut sorrel and the young Kentuckian on a high-stepping gray followed the second coach—Hugh on Firefly champed the length of the column. Colonel Dale and Dave brought up the rear. The road was of sand and there was little sound of hoof or wheel—only the hum of voices, occasional sallies when a neighbor joined them, and laughter from the second coach as happy and care-free as the singing of birds from trees by the roadside.

The capital had been moved from Jamestown to the spot where Bacon had taken the oath against England—then called Middle-Plantation, and now Williamsburg. The cavalcade wheeled into Gloucester street, and Colonel Dale pointed out to Dave the old capitol at one end and William and Mary college at the other. Mr. Henry had thundered in the old capitol, the Burgessess had their council chamber there, and in the hall there would be a ball that night. Near the street was a great building which the colonel pointed out as the governor's palace, surrounded by pleasure grounds of full three hundred acres and planted thick with Linden trees. My Lord Dunmore lived there.

At this season the planters came with their families to the capital, and the street was as brilliant as a fancy-dress parade would be to us now. It was filled with coaches and fours. Maidens moved daintily along in silk and lace, high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings.

The cavalcade halted before a building with a leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh over the main doorway, the old Raleigh tavern, in the Apollo room of which Mr. Jefferson had rapturously danced with his Belinda, and which was to become the Faneuil hall of Virginia. Both coaches were quickly surrounded by bowing gentlemen, young gallants, and frolisome students. Dave, the young Kentuckian, and Harry would be put up at the tavern, and, for his own reasons, Hugh elected to stay with them. With an air of white hands from the coaches, the rest went on to the house of relatives and friends.

Inside the tavern Hugh was soon surrounded by fellow students and boon companions. He pressed Dave and the boy to drink with them, but Dave laughily declined and took the lad up to their room. Below they could hear Hugh's merriment going on, and when he came upstairs a while later his face was flushed, he was in great spirits, and was full of enthusiasm over a horse race and cock-fight that he had arranged for the afternoon. With him came a



Maidens Moved Daintily Along in Silk and Lace, High-Heeled Shoes and Clocked Stockings.

youth of his own age with daredevil eyes and a suave manner, one Dane Grey, to whom Harry gave scant greeting. One patronizing look from the stranger toward the Kentucky boy and within the latter a fire of antagonism was instantly kindled. With a word after the two went out, Harry snorted his explanation:

"Tory!"

In the early afternoon coach and horsemen moved out to an "old field." Hugh was missing from the Dale party, and General Willoughby frowned when he noted his son's absence.

Then a crowd of boys gathered to run one hundred and twelve yards for a hat worth twelve shillings, and Dave nudged his young friend. A moment later Harry cried to Barbara:

"Look there!"

There was their young Indian lining up with the runners, his face calm, but an eager light in his eyes. At the word he started off almost leisurely, until the whole crowd was nearly ten yards ahead of him, and then a yell of astonishment rose from the crowd. The boy was skimming the ground on wings. Fast on after another he flew, and laughing and hardly out of breath he bounded over the finish, with the first of the rest laboring with bursting lungs ten yards behind. Hugh and Dane Grey had appeared arm in arm and were moving through the crowd with great gayety and some holstersness, and when the boy appeared with his hat Grey shouted:

"Good for the little savage!" Erskine wheeled furiously but Dave caught him by the arm and led him back to Harry and Barbara, who looked so pleased that the lad's ill-humor passed at once.

Hugh and his friend had not approached them, for Hugh had seen the frown on his father's face, but Erskine saw Grey look long at Barbara, turn to question Hugh, and again he began to burn within.

The wrestlers had now stepped forth to battle for a pair of silver buckles, and the boy in turn nudged Dave, but unavailingly. The wrestling was good and Dave watched it with keen interest. One huge bull-necked fellow was easily the winner, but when the silver buckles were in his hand, he boastfully challenged anybody in the crowd. Dave shouldered through the crowd and faced the victor.

"I'll try you once," he said, and a shout of approval rose.

The Dale party crowded close and my lord's coach appeared on the outskirts and stopped.

"Backholts or catch-as-catch-can?" asked the victor sneeringly.

"As you please," said Dave.

The bully rushed. Dave caught him around the neck with his left arm, his right swinging low, the bully was lifted from the ground, crushed against Dave's breast, the wind went out of him with a grunt, and Dave with a smile began swinging him to and fro as though he were putting a child to sleep. The spectators yelled their laughter and the bully roared like a bull. Then Dave reached around with his left hand, caught the bully's left wrist, pulled loose his hold, and with a leftward twist of his own body tossed his antagonist some several feet away. The bully turned once in the air and lighted resoundingly on his back. He got up dazed and sullen, but breaking into a good-natured laugh, shook his head and held forth the buckles to Dave.

"You won 'em," Dave said. "They're yours. I wasn't wrangling for them. You challenged. We'll shake hands."

Then My Lord Dunmore sent for Dave and asked him where he was from.

"And do you know the Indian country on this side of the Cumberland?" asked his lordship.

"Very well."

His lordship smiled thoughtfully. "I may have need of you."

sion to ride Firefly, but when he saw the lad's condition he peremptorily refused.

"And nobody else can ride him," he said, with much disappointment.

"Let me try!" cried Erskine.

"You!" Colonel Dale started to laugh, but he caught Dave's eye.

"Surely," said Dave. The colonel hesitated.

"Very well—I will."

At once the three went to the horse, and the negro groom rolled his eyes when he learned what his purpose was.

"Dis hoss'll kill dat boy," he muttered, but the horse had already submitted his haughty head to the lad's hand and was standing quietly. Even Colonel Dale showed amazement and concern when the boy insisted that the saddle be taken off, as he wanted to ride bareback, and again Dave overcame his scruples with a word of full confidence. The boy had been riding pony races bareback, he explained, among the Indians, as long as he had been able to sit a horse.

The establishment of the crowd when they saw Colonel Dale's favorite horse enter the course with a young Indian apparently on him bareback will have to be imagined, but when they recognized the rider as the lad who had won the race, the betting through psychological perversity was stronger than ever on Firefly. Hugh even took an additional bet with his friend Grey, who was quite openly scornful.

"You bet on the horse now," he said.

"On both," said Hugh.

It was a pretty and a close race between Firefly and a white-starred bay mare, and they came down the course neck and neck like two whirlwinds. A war-whoop so Indian-like and curdling that it startled every old frontiersman who heard it came suddenly from one of the riders. Then Firefly stretched ahead inch by inch, and another triumphant savage yell heralded victory as the black horse swept over the line a length ahead. Dane Grey swore quite fearfully, for it was a bet that he could ill afford to lose. He came back to the Dales, and something he was saying made the girl color resentfully, and the lad heard her say sharply:

"He is my cousin," and she turned away from the young gallant and gave the youthful winner a glad smile.

Again Hugh and Dane Grey were missing when the party started back to the town—they were gone to be on "Baron's Thunderbolts" in a cock-fight. That night they still were missing when the party went to see the Virginia Comedians in a play by one Mr. Congreve—they were gaming that night—and next morning when the Kentucky lad rose, he and Dave through his window saw the two young roistersers approaching the porch of the hotel—much disheveled and all but staggering with drink.

"I don't like that young man," said Dave, "and he has a bad influence on Hugh."

That morning news came from New England that set the town a-qualver. England's answer to the Boston tea party had been the closing of Boston harbor. In the House of Burgessess, the news was met with a burst of indignation. The 1st of June was straightway set apart as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer that God would avert the calamity threatening the civil rights of America. In the middle of the afternoon my lord's coach and six white horses swung from his great yard and made for the capitol—my lord sitting erect and haughty, his lips set with the resolution to crush the spirit of the rebellion. It must have been a notable scene, for Nicholas, Bland, Lee, Harrison, Pendleton, Henry and Jefferson, and perhaps Washington, were there. And my lord was far from popular. He had hitherto girded himself with all the trappings of etiquette, had a court herald prescribe rules for the guidance of Virginians in approaching his excellency, had entertained little and, unlike his predecessors, made no effort to establish cordial relations with the people of the capital. The Burgessess were to give a great ball in his honor that very night, and now he was come to dissolve them. And dissolve them he did. They bowed gravely and with no protest. Shaking with anger my lord stalked to his coach and six while they repaired to the Apollo room to prohibit the use of tea and propose a general congress of the colonies. And that ball came to pass. Haughty hosts received their haughty guest with the finest and gravest courtesy, bent low over my lady's hand, danced with her daughters, and wrung from my lord's reluctant lips the one grudging word of comment:

"Gentlemen!"

And the ladies of his family bobbed their heads sadly in confirmation, for the steel-like barrier between them was so palpable that it could have been touched that night, it seemed, by the hand.

(To be continued next week)

They Like Cincinnati!

Washington.—Senator Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio, received a petition signed by 68 disabled veterans who are undergoing treatment at the Rockhill Sanitarium, Madisonville, Cincinnati, protesting vigorously against their proposed transfer to other Government hospitals. Such a transfer, the petition alleges, would not only disturb the comfort of these men, but might result in the death of several suffering from advanced stages of tuberculosis.

WASHINGTON PACTS RATIFIED SHORTLY

JAPAN'S ACTION WILL SOON BE FOLLOWED BY APPROVAL BY EUROPEAN POWERS.

STATE DEPARTMENT PLEASSED

Threat of War With Island Empire Has Vanished—Further Steps for World Peace Are Contemplated by the Administration.

By JAMES P. HORNADAY

Washington.—The State department has assurances that the Washington conference treaties are shortly to be ratified by all the nations that participated in the conference. These assurances heal some nervousness that existed here.

Charles Evans Hughes, secretary of state, who carried out President Harding's plans for the Washington conference, never doubted that Japan would ratify the treaties, but it is a fact that soon after the Japanese delegation returned home disquieting reports from Tokio reached the State department. These reports dwell on the influence of the military party in Japan and reflected doubt as to whether the two steps necessary to Japanese ratification—the approval of the privy council and the signature of the prince regent—would ever be taken. The change in the situation came when Admiral Baron Kato became prime minister and declared for the immediate ratification of the treaties.

According to the State department, too much significance cannot be attached to the approval of the treaties by Japan. It was the trying situation in the Far East that brought about the Washington conference. One year ago the world was looking at the United States and Japan and saying that war between these two countries within the next few years was inevitable. It is not going beyond the bounds of truth to say that influential men in public life in the United States felt that unless the so-called Japanese-United States situation could be ironed out, it would be extremely difficult for the two nations to go ahead on a peace basis.

"Minor League of Nations."

One year ago this month President Harding and Secretary Hughes set in motion the machinery that brought to life the Washington conference with its world-wide results. It should not be forgotten that Japan in ratifying the treaties cancels the treaty between Great Britain and Japan, known as the Anglo-Japanese alliance. In place of that treaty there appears the treaty between the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan, which is known as the four-power treaty under which the security of the insular possessions of each of these nations in the Pacific is guaranteed. Thus in place of an alliance between Great Britain and Japan, an alliance which in the estimation of the United States was a distinct menace to this government, there appears what some persons have preferred to call a minor league of nations.

Looking back on the work of the Washington conference the statesmen throughout the world undoubtedly realize that the great accomplishment was the establishment of cordial relations between the United States and Japan. Even the California land controversy, which some people would like to keep alive, has apparently been buried for the time being at least.

The treaties will not become operative until the European nations that are parties to them ratify, but the State department has received satisfactory assurances that ratification in Europe will not long be delayed. Great Britain has already approved in part and will finish the work in the next few weeks, according to advices received at the State department. France is also ready to go ahead with ratification and the understanding now is that reservations will probably not be applied by the French to any of the treaties. The small European nations have been waiting on the great powers.

Other Peace Steps Coming.

Time will reveal that the Washington conference was only one of several important steps which the United States will take in the international field—steps all designed to promote permanent peace throughout the world. A member of the Harding cabinet remarked the other day that it would be a fine thing if the administration should record one international step a year—one step each year in the direction of international peace. That such an outcome is in the mind of the President is pretty well understood.

Persons who are in close touch with the administration understand that when the Washington conference adjourned it was the thought not only of the President and Secretary Hughes, but of all the delegates from the other nations that were represented at the conference, that as soon as the Washington treaties were ratified, the Washington conference would be duplicated in Europe. France flew the track and as a result the plan for a conference that would attempt to do for Europe what the Washington conference did for the Far East has not been carried out, by persons who seek information from officials who possess it, have every reason to believe

that the next important international step will be taken within the next few months.

Primer on City Zoning.

The preliminary report of Herbert Hoover's advisory committee on city zoning took the form of a zoning primer. Answering the question, "Why do we need city zoning?" the committee says:

"Some one has asked, 'Does your city keep its gas range in the parlor and its piano in the kitchen?' That is what many an American city permits its household to do for it.

"We know what to think of a household in which an undisciplined daughter makes fudge in the parlor, in which her sister leaves soiled clothes soaking in the bathtub, while father throws his muddy shoes on the stairs, and little Johnny makes beautiful mud pies on the front steps.

"Yet many American cities do the same sort of thing when they allow stores to crowd in at random among private dwellings, and factories and public garages to come elbowing in among neat retail stores or well-kept apartment houses. Cities do no better when they allow office buildings so tall and bulky and so closely crowded that the lower floors not only become too dark and unsatisfactory for human use, but for that very reason fail to earn a fair cash return to the individual investors.

"It is this stupid, wasteful jumble which zoning will prevent and gradually correct. We must remember, however, that while zoning is a very important part of city planning, it should go hand in hand with planning streets and providing for parks and playgrounds and other essential features of a well-equipped city. Alone, it is no universal panacea for all municipal ills, but as part of a larger program it pays the city and the citizens a quicker return than any other form of civic improvement.

Protects Property and Health.

The committee argues that zoning protects property and health, and in this connection says:

"Suppose you have just bought some land in a neighborhood of homes and built a cozy little house of you. There are two vacant lots south of you. If your town is zoned, no one can put up a large apartment house on those lots, overshadowing your home, stealing your sunshine and spoiling the investment of 20 years' saving. Nor is anyone at liberty to erect a noisy, malodorous public garage to keep you awake nights or to drive you to sell out for half of what you put into your home.

"If a town is zoned, property values become more stable, mortgage companies are more ready to lend money, and more houses can be built. "A zoning law, if enacted in time, prevents an apartment house from becoming a giant, airless hive, housing human beings like crowded bees. It provides that buildings may not be so high and so close that men and women must work in rooms never freshened by sunshine or lighted from the open sky."

To Alter Civil Service Act.

The National Civil Service Reform league has asked the congress to incorporate the following provisions in the civil service law—provisions which it says would remedy most of the weaknesses of the present law:

"Rules shall be made by the United States civil service commission for establishing standards of efficiency in the public service uniform for each class of employees; for ascertaining and recording periodically the efficiency of individual employees and of groups of employees; for service records and ratings to be used in determining the promotion, demotion or removal of employees.

"The commission may likewise provide for such efficiency tests, investigations, and examinations, periodical or otherwise, as may promote the good of the service and for the suspension, demotion or removal from the service of any employee who fails to pass satisfactorily such tests, investigations and examinations or who fails to reach the standard of efficiency provided by the commission.

"Employees may also be suspended, demoted or removed for any cause which will promote the efficiency of the service upon written specifications filed by the appointing authority, head of department or any citizen, with a board of hearings and adjustments appointed by the civil service commission; such board shall give notice of such specification to the person whose removal is sought who shall have the opportunity to be heard, and the hearings, investigation and determination of said board shall be made within thirty days after the filing of such specifications, and the findings and decisions of such board, when approved by the commission, shall be final unless overruled by the President, and shall not be subject to revision by any court.

"If this power is given to the civil service commission in addition to the present right of the appointing power to remove absolutely any subordinate after giving reasons and notice, there will not be left any ground whatever for the claim so often made that the civil service system prevents or obstructs the discharge of the inefficient," said William Dudley Fouike of Richmond, Ind., acting president of the league. "On the contrary it will provide for such discharges far more effectively than if they were left solely in the hands of the appointing authority. The idea of reverting to the monstrous abuses of the spoils system in order to remove the inefficient is thus deprived of the very smallest ground of support."