

ERSKINE DALE PIONEER

by JOHN FOX JR.



Continued From Our Last Issue.

"You haven't made me unhappy. I don't know what you have made me. Papa says a girl does not understand and no man can, but he does better than anybody. You saw how I felt if you had killed him, but you don't know how I would have felt if he had killed you. I don't myself."

She began patting her hands gently and helplessly together, even as she dropped her chin into them with her eyes lifted to the moon.

"Whenever you look at that moon over in that dark wilderness, I wish you would please think of your little cousin—will you?"

"You don't know how often our thoughts will cross, and that will be a great comfort to me. Sometimes I am afraid. There is a wild strain on my mother's side, and it is in me—I am afraid I may sometimes do something very foolish, and it won't be me at all. It will be somebody that died long ago." She put both her hands over both his and held them tight.

"I never, never distrusted you. I trust you more than anybody else in the whole world except my father, and he might be away or—he gave a little sob—she said, 'I want you to make me a promise.'"

"Anything," said the boy huskily. "I want you to promise me that, no matter when, no matter where you are, if I need you and send for you you will come." And Indian-like he put his forehead on both her little hands.

"Thank you. I must go now." Bewildered and dazed, the boy rose and awkwardly put out his hand.

"Kiss me good-by." She put her arms about his neck, and for the first time in his life the boy's lips met a woman's. For a moment she put her face against his and at his ear was a whisper.

"Good-by, Erskine!" And she was gone—swiftly—leaving the boy in a dizzy world of falling stars through which a white light leaped to heights his soul had never dreamed.

WITH the head of Clark's column of stalwart backwoodsman went Dave Yandell and Erskine Dale. During the months Kashkashie fell then Vincennes passed into the hands of the Americans and there came one morning, when Erskine went forth at dawn, and his coming of a king. Early Morn greeted him with glowing eyes, his foster-mother brought him food, looking proudly upon him, and old Kahtoo harangued his braves around the council-pole.

"My son spoke words of truth," he proclaimed. "He warned us against the king over the waters and told us to make friends with the Americans. My son is the true prophet. Bring out the false one, and Crooked Lightning and Black Wolf, whose life my son saved though the two were enemies. My son shall do with them as he pleases."

Many young braves sprang willingly forward, and the three were halted before Erskine.

Erskine rose and fixed his eyes sternly on the cowering prophet: "He shall go north from the village, and shall not return. He is a false prophet, and he must go." He turned to Crooked Lightning.

"Crooked Lightning shall go or stay, as he pleases. Black Wolf shall stay, for the tribe will need him as a hunter, and a warrior against the English foes of the Long Knives."

The braves granted approval. Black Wolf and Crooked Lightning averted their faces and the prophet shambled uneasily away.

Again old Kahtoo proclaimed:

WITH HIS FIST HE CAUGHT THE SAVAGE ON THE JAW.

she told little, and his own native delicacy made him understand. She, too, had been captured with a son who would have been about Erskine's age, but her boy and her husband had been killed. She had been a slave and—now she drew the blanket across her eyes—after the birth of her daughter she felt she could never go back to her own people.

She loved her daughter; she would not subject her or herself to humiliation among the whites, and, anyhow, there was no one to whom she could go. Her concern was with her daughter—what would become of her? Many a young brave, besides Black Wolf, had put his heart at little feet, but she would have none of them. And so Erskine was the heaven-sent answer to the mother's prayers—that was the thought behind her mournful eyes.

All the while the girl had crouched near, looking at Erskine with dog-like eyes, and when he rose to go the white woman dropped the blanket from her face and got to her feet. Shyly she lifted her hands, took his

face between them, bent close, and studied it searchingly: "What is your name?"

"Erskine Dale." Without a word she turned back into her tent.

At dusk Erskine stood by the river's brim, with his eyes lifted to a rising moon and his thoughts with Barbara. Behind him he heard a rustle and, turning, he saw the girl, her breast throbbing and her eyes burning with a light he had never seen before.

"Black Wolf will kill you," she whispered. "Black Wolf wants Early Morn and he knows that Early Morn wants White Arrow."

Erskine put both hands on her shoulders and looked down into her eyes. She trembled, and when his arms went about her she surged closer to him, and the touch of her warm, supple body went through him like fire. And then with a triumphant smile she sprang back.

"Black Wolf will see," she whispered and fled. Erskine sank to the ground, with his head in his hands. The girl ran back to her tent, and the mother, peering at the flushed face and shining eyes, clove to the truth. She said nothing, but when the girl was asleep and faintly smiling, the white woman sat staring out into the moonlit woods, softly beating her breast.

Urges Canadians To Rear Their Families by Rhythm!



LONDON, England, Feb. 21.—Winifred Sackville Stoner wants to teach mothers her theories of raising children by rhythm.

It is Mrs. Stoner's belief that being rhythmic prolongs life.

"If people were rhythmic," said Mother Stoner, "they would live to be 150 years old."

"Rhythm is the very fluid of existence. It is the foundation of all natural education."

"And that is why," said Mrs. Stoner, "I started from the very moment my daughter was born to teach her rhythm."

Mrs. Stoner's daughter is the Countess Bruche and during her childhood, as Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jun., won world-wide fame as a prodigy.

"I am a jingle maniac; I have a jingle for everything, even jingles which tell the antidotes for poisons—and why not?" she queried. "Don't you remember the months by 'thirty days hath September' and so on? Didn't you learn it so when you were a child? Then why not learn everything that way from babyhood on?"

"Environment is the architect of heredity," continued Mrs. Stoner. "Toys are the architects of environment."

"Thus if a child is surrounded with rhythm and beauty in its toys from its earliest days, that child will become practically anything its mother wants it to become."

"Even a baby's rattle should be the loveliest toned one that can be found. There should be music and beauty about everything."

"And by that I'm not suggesting that every mother ought to sing her sides Black Wolf, had put his heart at little feet, but she would have none of them. And so Erskine was the heaven-sent answer to the mother's prayers—that was the thought behind her mournful eyes.

All the while the girl had crouched near, looking at Erskine with dog-like eyes, and when he rose to go the white woman dropped the blanket from her face and got to her feet. Shyly she lifted her hands, took his

face between them, bent close, and studied it searchingly: "What is your name?"

"Erskine Dale." Without a word she turned back into her tent.

At dusk Erskine stood by the river's brim, with his eyes lifted to a rising moon and his thoughts with Barbara. Behind him he heard a rustle and, turning, he saw the girl, her breast throbbing and her eyes burning with a light he had never seen before.

"Black Wolf will kill you," she whispered. "Black Wolf wants Early Morn and he knows that Early Morn wants White Arrow."

Erskine put both hands on her shoulders and looked down into her eyes. She trembled, and when his arms went about her she surged closer to him, and the touch of her warm, supple body went through him like fire. And then with a triumphant smile she sprang back.

"Black Wolf will see," she whispered and fled. Erskine sank to the ground, with his head in his hands. The girl ran back to her tent, and the mother, peering at the flushed face and shining eyes, clove to the truth. She said nothing, but when the girl was asleep and faintly smiling, the white woman sat staring out into the moonlit woods, softly beating her breast.

XVIII. IN the white woman Erskine soon saw a change. Once she had encouraged him to stay with the Indians; now she lost no opportunity to urge against it.

Her face had blanched, she argued passionately that he must go, and—

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

DRIED BEANS

If you would use dried beans as a meat substitute remember two details: All beans require, long, slow, cooking and the addition of fat. The long cooking softens the skins and makes them digestible and the fat adds the element lacking in beans.

There are at least eight varieties of dried beans to choose from—white, speckled and colored. The colored beans are richer in flavor than white beans.

Baked Beans. Three cups navy beans, ½ pound salt pork, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 dessertspoons molasses, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 cup boiling water, 1 small onion.

Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner and her daughter, now the Countess Bruche, whom she made an infant prodigy by rhythmic reading. Mrs. Stoner Below.

WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER'S COMMANDMENTS FOR MOTHERS

1. Thou shalt not administer unto thy child physical punishment.
2. Thou shalt not scold thy child but give rewards for good behavior.
3. Thou shalt never say "don't" to thy child.
4. Thou shalt never say "must" to thy child.
5. Thou shalt not give thy child occasion to disrespect thee.
6. Thou shalt never frighten thy child.
7. Thou shalt not allow thy child to say "I can't."
8. Thou shalt always answer thy child's question.
9. Thou shalt not tease thy child.
10. Thou shalt make thy house the most attractive place thy child can find.

child to sleep at night. That might be inhuman! Some mothers sing their babies into a state of coma! They make them miserable by squawking at them.

"I would suggest for the mother who can't sing and has no music about the house, the reading of poetry to her baby at bedtime."

"I used that system with my daughter," said Mrs. Stoner, "and that is why at six months she talked; at 17 months she wrote poetry; at three years she published a book and by the time she was 17 she had published 17 books."

Mrs. Stoner's daughter is now 19. "Rhythm did it," continued Mrs. Stoner, "and rhythm can do that for any mother's son or daughter."

"Children do not need to be spanked. They can be controlled by song suggestion. They can be made to eat the porridge they don't like by having music at their breakfast. They can be taught their letters and figures and to be graceful with music."

"A musical marmalade should take the place of the slipper."

Erskine was sorely puzzled. The girl, too, had grown rebellious and disobedient, for the change in her mother was plain also to her, and she could not understand. Moreover, Erskine's stubbornness grew, and he began to flame within at the stalling insolence of Black Wolf, who continued to seek the hand of Early Morn.

One day in the open village the clash came. Black Wolf darted forth from his wigwam, his eyes bloodshot with rage, and drink, and his hunting-knife in his hand.

A cry from Early Morn warned Erskine and he wheeled. As Black Wolf made a vicious slash at him he sprang aside, and with his fist stayed Erskine's advance. Black Wolf fell heavily and Erskine was upon him with his own knife at his enemy's throat.

"Stop them!" old Kahtoo cried sternly, but it was the terrified shriek of the white woman that stayed Erskine's hand. Two young braves disarmed the fallen Indian, and Kahtoo looked inquiringly at his adopted son.

"Turn him loose!" Erskine scorned. "I have no fear of him. Next time I shall kill him!" The white woman had run down, caught Early Morn, and was leading her back to her tent. From inside presently came low, passionate pleading from the woman and an occasional sob from the girl.

An hour later at dusk, Erskine turned upward toward the tent, and gave a horrified cry, flashed from the tent, and darted for the high cliff over the river.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

WHITE SPOTS. White spots on furniture, oilcloth or linoleum can be removed by an application of camphor.

Bean Stew. One cup dried lima beans, 1 cup sliced raw potatoes, 1 cup diced carrots, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 cups tomato juice, 2 tablespoons catsup, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper. Wash beans and soak over night in cold water. Drain and put in kettle with cold water to more than cover. Simmer for an hour after the beans begin to boil. Add potatoes

and carrots and salt and pepper. Cook an hour longer, adding water to prevent burning. Let the water cook away as the vegetables become tender. Add butter, tomato juice and catsup and simmer half an hour. Serve with soda crackers.

Bean Patties. One-half cup black beans, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, ¼ cup cracker crumbs, 3 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 egg. Wash beans and soak over night.

POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CAPITULATION.

By Zoe Beckley.

"ALL right," said Paul, with a shrug. "You win."

He turned away wearily, crossed the room and sat down at the desk. It seemed drop the whole thing and say no more about it. I can make out without Rigaud's order."

Polly remained staring out of the window moodily trying to justify her refusal to "do the snappy social stuff" that would, her husband believed, get him the order from Rigaud's big firm. Polly hated the idea. It seemed cheap to her. Yet she knew it was done every day.

Wasn't it an old story that big business deals were constantly put over "by the boudoir route," by social angling, dinners, teas? Didn't the diplomats' wives and cabinet women in London have quite as much to do with getting appointments and preferment as the men themselves did?

In her heart of hearts Polly knew it was not only the idea of entertaining the Frenchman and exercising a few innocent blandishments she objected to. It was that the idea was Violet Rand's.

She began to be honest with herself—to admit she was jealous. She realized now that she had disliked Violet from the moment that dashing young woman had edged into the heavenly orbit of the honeymoon.

Much as she disliked Violet, Polly suspected that in this particular instance she was acting in good faith. The realization burned and rankled.

"It isn't that I'm perverse, Paul," she began haltingly, still unable fully to admit the truth, "it's simply that a Canadian girl feels too proud to play a game of wits."

His face grew stern.

"Now look here, Polly, cut it! You know perfectly well I'd slash off my right hand sooner than ask you to do anything to hurt your pride—or mine. I merely asked you to do a little tactical social stunt. If you're not a good enough sport to do it, let's drop the whole thing and say no more about it. I can make out without Rigaud's order."

He turned back to his writing. The words "not a good sport" flashed in her mind. With an effort of will she choked it back. A quick retort was on her lips. With an effort of will she choked it back.

He was right. . . . Suddenly she remembered an old saying of her mother's, so oft repeated that it had lost its meaning. Now it sounded in her ears: "It's the first quarrel that matters. Fend it off—before it becomes a habit."

Polly went over and gently laid her cheek against Paul's hair. With the action came an amazing sense of peace. It was as though something cold and hard within her suddenly broke and melted into waves of happiness.

"I'm sorry, dear. I'm wrong."

The simple words wrought magic. With a swift movement, he turned and held her close.

"Good! It's said," said Paul softly. "Trust my girl to think straight and act square every time! Mrs. Dawson," he rose and bowed gravely, "you are a brick, Madam—a square little, straight little pure gold brick!"

"Sounds like a doubtful compliment to me," caroled Polly, "but I'll show your silly old Frenchman a think he'll like the brown taffeta—or the blue brocade crepe?"

"Wear the blue—for me—and I'll bring you a bunch of violets as big as a house and lot."

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1922.)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS.

Diddyvvers and Korsknotts

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



Long ago a soothsayer had decreed.

"AND now," said the Magical Mushroom. "I cannot stay with you, children. It would only be a drawback, because no other magic is allowed in the kingdom of the Diddyvvers, nor yet in that of the Korsknotts, except that which they practice themselves. That is the reason, I haven't any doubt, why Nimble Toes stumbled on the rubber moulinet and lost the magic record of Longhead the Wizard."

"Can't we take our Magic Green Shoes?" asked Nick.

"Yes," answered the Mushroom quickly. "But run and get your goshes. Not that the goshes will deceive anybody, but if anyone tries to get your Magic Shoes the goshes will prevent them. Goodby, when you find the Fair Queen's Palace, and she will summon King Indig of the Diddyvvers and King Verdo of the Korsknotts, to hear what the Wizard said. You see it's this way. The Diddyvvers have pretty bows, but they can't make

good arrows, while the Korsknotts have famous arrows but their bows are no better than barrel hoops. And long ago a soothsayer decreed that after a thousand years had passed, the ones who had become the handsomest would have to give up their secret to the other. Then the fortunate ones would be able to conquer the world."

"Perhaps we'd better not find the lost record then, with the Wizard's words on it," said Nanny. "The world doesn't wish to be conquered, I heard Daddy say."

"Well, it might be a good thing," said the Mushroom. "But anyway this only means the world of Fairy Land. There isn't any sense in people fighting for a thousand years."

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1922.)

Mary Pickford Writes About Newest Styles For Girls!



MARY WRITES ON STYLES



MARY PICKFORD.

MARY PICKFORD knows style as it really is. She is just back from Paris—the style famous city—and she has seen what Dame Fashion has decreed the real dressers will wear.

In fact, Mary helped Madame Lanvin, celebrated designer of youthful frocks, work out some of the prettiest dresses that Mary possesses.

And now—Mary is going to tell girls all about these frocks. The first "Mary Pickford's Styles for Girls" article appears today. There will be six articles in all.

Keep up with Dame Fashion by reading what Mary has to say.

Spare Time Jobs for Father—



IT is not always necessary to discard a broken piece of china. A simple way to mend is to melt some powdered alum in an old spoon and before it hardens rub over the pieces to be united. Then press them together and put aside to dry.

and carrots and salt and pepper. Cook an hour longer, adding water to prevent burning. Let the water cook away as the vegetables become tender. Add butter, tomato juice and catsup and simmer half an hour. Serve with soda crackers.

Bean Patties. One-half cup black beans, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, ¼ cup cracker crumbs, 3 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 egg. Wash beans and soak over night.

Boil until tender in salted water to cover. Drain and rub through a sieve. Add chili sauce, bacon fat, and crumbs to bean pulp. Mix well and stir in egg slightly beaten. If moist, enough to shape well and a little milk. Shape in a roll and let become firm.

Cut in half-inch slices, roll in flour and fry a golden brown first on one side and then on the other in hot drippings in a frying pan.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Now You Can Understand Ibsen--With Aid of Nazimova!

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Let those who think they cannot understand Ibsen see how Nazimova has interpreted him for the screen in "A Doll's House."

If there is anything deep or complicated about this film then this interpreter has a simplified complex. The picture is so simple that it is flat, colorless, as kickless as a marshmallow sundae.

The highbrows have held Ibsen for their own long enough. The screen matches him away from them and shares him with the hot polloi for what he really was. The picture holds true to the book and to the stage play.

The story of "A Doll's House" is simply that of a woman slamming the door on her husband after six years' of his domination. That might be startling in Europe, but the tang is taken from the situation in Canada, where women have had the right to slam doors on domineering husbands for many years and full franchise since 1917.

The stage play ended with the slamming of the door. Since the movies have undertaken to improve stories so much of late, one expected the film story to show what happened to Nora after she slammed the door.

Nazimova rested content to button up the neck of her coat and lift up her face to the falling snow.

That one really would like to have seen whether her feet became causing her to return to her husband and children, or whether she went around the corner and obtained a job washing dishes.

It was very satisfactory in that regular and Nazimova didn't help him.

From unnecessary acrobatics the early footage by which the ought to portray the emotions quivered or those of a lark. Nazimova gave a notable performance, was quite a relief to see such a able performance on her part.

The anguish she created in her polished version of "Camille."

He credit for that should go to husband, Charles Bryant, who "A Doll's House." He seems



NAZIMOVA, PLAYING "HORSEY" WITH BARBARA MAIER AND PHILIPPE DELACEY, WHO APPEAR WITH HER IN HER LATEST MOVIE, "A DOLL'S HOUSE."

to have observed that Nazimova is more effective in middle-distance action than in close-up posing.

A few weeks ago it was announced that the big Long Island studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation would remain closed until next fall, and it was reported that they might be permanently abandoned.

It is now announced that the Long Island studios are being put into condition for immediate occupancy by



There are at least eight varieties of dried beans to choose from—white, speckled and colored. The colored beans are richer in flavor than white beans.

Baked Beans. Three cups navy beans, ½ pound salt pork, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 dessertspoons molasses, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 cup boiling water, 1 small onion.

There are at least eight varieties of dried beans to choose from—white, speckled and colored. The colored beans are richer in flavor than white beans.

Baked Beans. Three cups navy beans, ½ pound salt pork, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 dessertspoons molasses, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 cup boiling water, 1 small onion.