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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT
SOUTHWEST

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED

The smile that appeared on the face of John Trichell vanished. The elder Corcoran stopped in his tracks with eyebrows narrowed, his expression piercing, amazed. He observed the color leave the face of the man in the wheel chair then return suddenly in full flush. His jaw lowered, his mouth dropped open. He was the picture of utter astonishment. A strange feeling rushed over him, the blood mounted to his brain and his temples throbbed.

Jack observed the wonderment and surprise and something about it all startled him. Before he could speak a word of introduction his father rushed forward.

"John Trichell! As I live, and Margaret Tipton!" He clasped the hand of each feverishly beyond his staid self. "And Joe! I can't this perfectly wonderful! Janet come here and meet your sister Joe."

The Trichells looked at each other in consternation, their faces blank as Janet and Louise embraced; the unreality of the situation flashed to them. A cry of surprise was about to break forth from Mrs. Trichell but she suppressed the shock that was shaking her frame. She wanted to protest against this seeming truth, then at graver thought she acquiesced.

Jack observed the fight that was taking place within them. He was in a quandary. A thousand questions rushed to his mind, bleared his senses confusedly. But a hasty analysis urged him to wait. The situation would explain itself. "Joe, my dear! I wish a wonderful girl you are. And just think, I have not seen you for fifteen years. Jack, you surely have staged a wonderful surprise. I feel this is the happiest day of my life."

"But Mr. Corcoran you never told me Joe was here in Oklahoma, here with Jack," Janet hurried to protest.

"Only because I never knew. Now I understand why Jack wanted me to come west to see him. Not to see him altogether but to meet Joe."

Louise stood with flashing currents of surprise and consternation rushing through her brain. She too was puzzled at the meeting, the words of Mr. Corcoran, the confusion of the Trichells at Jack's drawn brows and puzzled appearance.

"Oh, I'm so happy John to see you, to find you all so safe and well. And I'm thankful that I have found Joe. It is so good to be here today."

"Let's get in out of the sun father," Jack suggested, hoping a spell would clear the situation. "Or better yet, let's move on to the ranch and then we can talk to our heart's content. There's so much to talk about."

"And explain," added Senior Corcoran.

"Yes, explain," repeated John Trichell.

Mrs. Trichell set the table under the cottonwoods that evening. A soft breeze sprang from the South as the sun touched the horizon and exploded into color.

"How wonderful to be here," the elder Corcoran continued to repeat. Just look at that mountain up there and those endless plains. This is where men really live."

"Right you are Dad. Out here is where the world gets large. Men know each other here."

"Yes but at times strangers come to us whom we do not know," and then catching the reflection upon Louise he added, "as for instance Tulane." It was John Trichell speaking.

"Who is Tulane?" asked Senior Corcoran, interested.

"Just a gypsy, Dad. He was a rider for Mrs. Trichell but he left recently."

"There have been stirring times here since Jack came. Has he told you all about them?" asked the ranch owner, as he leaned toward his old friend.

"No, not a word. He just intimated that he liked the west and declared with emphasis that he liked you all."

"But there had been stranger things before Jack came. In fact ever since I left the East."

There was profound, piercing silence. During the pause the shadows lengthened and the day bloom was swallowed in the zenith. The earth gave up its heat to the cooling breeze and lay tranquil under the light of the candles of far-off worlds. A mocking bird perched on a post near the ranch-house poured out its tremulous song to the new-born night and was answered from close by. Far down the mesa a rider disappeared into the gloom, whistling as he rode. A group of cowboys leaned on the coral fence and jested about their ponies, who glanced at them suspiciously, ready in a moment to rim-mill from their ropes.

"Fifteen years ago I left Georgia, John, fifteen years ago. The speaker began as if lifting a weight from his breast. "In a way I'm sorry that I left. In another I'm not. You advised me not to leave

until cotton picking was over I remember, but that offer from Chicago enticed me. Then I was tired of plantation life although I was young and I had no reason to be. We took along Joe, little Josephine Hathaway. Like many distant offers this one in Chicago did not pan out well. I left and went to St. Louis looking for employment. Then Margaret received a letter one morning from old Robert Cotton. He had come here to Oklahoma in the early nineties in fact when they opened up this No Man's Land. He staked out land here, made money, but Cotton was old. He originally came from the East and like many Oklahomans when they make their fortune they want to go back to their native state. He said in his letter that he would let me run the ranch and as built it up I could repay him. The offer was a fair one and I accepted it. We started for Oklahoma but when near the line we happened to strike the wrong route and we were forced to take a stage to cut across the country. A sandstorm came up that night, one of those dense summer storms, and the driver declared he could go no farther until it blew over. We were mired on the plains and were forced to spend the night in the stage coach. There was an Indian or gypsy in that coach whom we saw but once and never saw again. He looked part Mexican. We never knew just who he was, but we do know that next morning he was gone and so was Joe. Her sudden disappearance mystified us. We searched weeks for her everywhere, went into the surrounding towns. Then one day a boy handed us a letter saying that if we deposited \$5,000 in the bank at Phoenix, Arizona in the name of Pete Gander the child would be delivered to us the following day. Well, in the first place we didn't have the money and a few days later we heard the rumor that the letter was written by a scheming Kansas who had heard of our plight and was so base as to try to obtain money from us without having the child to deliver. Yes, John, you marvel at such low deals but this western country was filled with the most lawless degenerates. In the end we had to give up searching for Joe. There was no trace, no trace. "How terrible!" gasped Senior Corcoran.

"Yes, it was terrible. It upset our lives to put it lightly. That is why I never wrote you. I was ashamed to confess the truth, knowing of your love for both the Hathaway children. It literally broke us apart. When Cotton left, which he did shortly after our arrival, I changed my name to Trichell. I wanted to start all over. Well, we both worked hard through the hot suns of summer and the biting Northerners. John, I tell you it was a struggle. Times were different then. We had rustlers and bad men to contend with. There were horse thieves and robbers of every kind. At times it seemed that every outlaw in the country came to this country. But we won out. I built up the ranch to 2,500 head and paid off Cotton besides."

"Then one Autumn day two years ago a stranger came to our ranch. She had escaped from a gypsy camp. Margaret declared she looked like Joe. But I dismissed the idea for her hair was lighter and her face seemed darker than Joe's. However, Margaret insisted that it was and even went so far as to write to you in Georgia but as we had not corresponded with you for so many years her chances to get in touch with you were slim. Our letters were returned."

"She and I often considered telling Louise, as we named her name which she agreed to, about Joe, our lost child. But I always thought it would be better to wait. The Lord is patient and I felt sure that all would come out right in the end. We hated to tell her and later have her claimed by some family who could positively identify her. But the needless Margaret always felt that she was Joe's Hathaway."

"Then another stranger came to our gates or at least to Christian's ranch—that's across the way. Buster Christian brought him to the West from the oil fields. When I heard the name of Corcoran and that he was from the East I immediately thought of you, John. Margaret asked Jack how long he had been living in Philadelphia. He said, 'As long as I can remember.' Our hopes fell. Similarity in names only was how I explained it."

"Then came the news of your coming here to visit Jack. I was glad, mighty glad, for I wanted to meet his father. But I never dreamt that it would be you. When I saw you—well, John, fifteen years makes a difference in men at our age of life. We recognized each other, of course, but the unexpectedness of the meeting confused us."

"But I recognized Joe at a glance," interrupted Senior Corcoran with emphasis. "Those blue eyes, why even the same expression of her father, but—" a gush of disappointment swept upon him. "Well maybe I did associate her with you, John."

Suddenly the speaker acted as if some turmoil was taking place within his mind. He brushed his forehead with his palm and with concern outlined upon his face bent over toward Louise. A question had come to his lips and he must have an answer. Without a word he reached for her hand.

Louise was almost prompted to withdraw it under his close scrutiny, his unexplained action. But she

only marvelled and remained speechless.

A moment later John Corcoran nodded his head as if confirming some past surmise. Then to the party who had watched him as eagerly as he had scrutinized her hand, he announced:

TO BE CONTINUED

THE WINNING OF SHEILA

By Anna Cullis Kuhn in 'The Missionary'

It was just five-thirty when Sheila Kernan closed her desk with a firm little bang, as if to shut forever within the humdrum of business. As secretary to John Hopkins of Hopkins and Company, Inc., important mail and business meetings often kept her past regular office hours and this had been the case today.

Hurriedly she slipped into her coat, adjusted a close, stylish hat to her well-shaped head and drew on her gloves. Sheila was a remarkably pretty girl, slender, with strong almost boyish lines, a natural wave to her blond hair, and deep set brown eyes.

"And to think all I have planned to do before mother comes tonight," she thought to herself, as she hastily moved toward the elevator.

At nine Mrs. Kernan would arrive after a month's visit with her sister in Columbia. It had been a rare, unusual treat, this visit—the result of months of saving on her daughter's part and no small amount of persuasion either, for until the day she started Mrs. Kernan had worried about leaving Sheila.

"Much as I've longed these twenty years to see my dear sister Mary and her grand family now all grown up, does that seem possible dear, I can't bring myself to go and leave you here alone in this great city with ne'er a kin to know nor care whether you're dead or alive—why I'd do nothing but fret all the time, Sheila,—baby."

Mrs. Kernan always added "baby" to her daughter's name, when she was concerned about her; in fact, Sheila was the youngest of the five Kernans, the others having married and gone some years before. When their father had passed away, Mrs. Kernan had sold their old home and moved to the city, where she and Sheila had taken a small apartment.

"Baby" Sheila had teasingly repeated. "Why you darling, forgetful mother, don't you know I'm almost twenty-three and earning a salary bigger than lots of men?" and then she had kissed the worried, kindly face until Mrs. Kernan smiled from sheer joy at the comforting caresses. So the trip was taken and each day Sheila had a letter filled with delightful details of Mary and her family, of the wonderful time they were giving her mother and how pleased they were to have her with them.

Tonight Sheila had planned a warm welcome for her. Their tiny apartment was to be in perfect order and there would be a little dinner with just the delicacies Mrs. Kernan liked. A cold, brisk wind was blowing, and as the girl joined the hundreds of people hurrying home in the dark, November night, she made two stops on her way, one at the market; the other at the florist. Yes, they were to have flowers—roses, long stemmed pink ones Sheila had decided, even though the price did make her do some rapid calculating before she ordered six.

It was well after seven that evening when Sheila took a last, critical survey of their home. She had worked unceasingly and each room looked it. The rose shaded lamp on the living room table cast soft shadows on the davenport with its bright colored pillows thumped smooth and plump; on the polished floor and the shining grottoe tastefully arranged about the room. On a side table was a frail vase and in it were two of the roses. Her mother's room was in crisp, fresh white, while two more of the roses bent their fragrant heads towards her favorite statue of the Sacred Heart. Then the well-ordered kitchen, with its gay crockery and the shining staid table set for two. Sheila had polished the silver and brought out the best linen for the occasion and placed the last of the precious roses as a centerpiece.

She had always stopped in St. Paul's on her way from business: This visit was a part of Sheila's life, however, tonight the girl had been so late leaving the office that she hurried home without following her daily habit. Now as she looked at the clock she decided.

"I've just about time to run out to St. Paul's. The side door is never locked until eight." As the Kernans lived within a few minutes' walk of the church, Sheila was soon saying her prayers in the flickering, uncertain light of some dying tapers on the side altar. Devotedly, attentively, the girl prayed and finishing, she slipped quietly to the side door, through which she had entered.

It was securely locked.

"The janitor, he's getting so old—he must have locked in and failed to see me and locked up for the night," she told herself in a bewildered sort of way.

Heavily she walked to the three other street doors. They were all locked, too!

For a while she calmly tried to pray, but soon she found herself only murmuring half broken ejaculations and wondering what she was going to do. Suppose she were forced to remain there till early Mass in the morning—who would meet her mother—and what would her mother think to come home and find her gone? These and numerous other thoughts flashed through her mind. By now the tapers had completely died out and save for the dull red of the sanctuary lamp, the church was in darkness. Guided by this light, she groped her way to the railing and knelt there in mute appeal before the tabernacle.

Suddenly her body became almost rigid with terror. She listened intently, yes, there could be no doubt about it, she heard a footstep was softly, steadily approaching nearer—nearer. When it was almost directly back of her she stopped. Summoning all her courage Sheila turned and demanded:

"Who are you?"

"I beg your pardon. I am a workman here and have been locked in. I thought I heard a slight sound in this direction and followed to see if it might prove to be some one who could unlock a door," the speaker hesitated.

Where had Sheila heard that voice before? So familiar it sounded, that deep, masculine voice, yet felt to recognize it at once.

"Have you any idea how we are going to get out?" went on the speaker, "for I conclude you too, have been locked in."

It was then that it suddenly dawned on Sheila who the stranger was. He was John Hopkins! Of all persons on earth to be thus annoyed—fastidious, correct, man of affairs that he was, even under the trying circumstances, Sheila's deep sense of humor caused her to smile before she replied:

"Why, Mr. Hopkins, I believe I recognize your voice. I am Sheila Kernan; yes, I, too, am locked in and have no idea what I'm going to do."

Then followed a silence, a silence so profound that Sheila was startled—could she have been mistaken? Was it some one else?

"Well, Miss Kernan, this is indeed a strange coincidence." Once more Sheila at least breathed freely, for it was John Hopkins, but how changed his voice sounded. Not the rigid, business-like tone of her employer, but the more kind voice of a friend, a young person's voice. For, indeed, John Hopkins was still a young man, as well as a very successful one, but aside from the fact that he was unmarried and a member of St. Paul's, Sheila only knew him in a strictly business way.

I dropped in here on my way to the club this evening, knowing that the side door was always opened until eight," he went on. "but it must be the janitor looked in a bit early and failing to see anyone, he locked the door."

"I've tried the other entrances," ventured Sheila.

"Yes, I have, too," added Hopkins. "Now if only I had my keys, you don't happen to have any with you, do you, Miss Kernan?" he questioned.

"Oh, I had forgotten. There are some in my purse." A moment later she reached for his hand and gave him several various shaped keys.

"This thin one may a skeleton key. Let's see if it will do us any good," suggested Hopkins.

Together they alightingly reached the side entrance and the key was inserted. Vigorously Hopkins turned the knob and with a loud creak, the door opened. With a laugh, he held it open, while Sheila stepped out.

"Well, of all persons, to think it was you who were locked in here, too," he said, as they reached the walk.

"My visit to St. Paul's is always a daily one. It was only chance that caused me to neglect it till evening," said Sheila.

"An extremely lucky chance for me," Hopkins remarked, as he looked admirably down at the trim little figure beside him.

"And you'll let me drive you home, Miss Kernan," he added. "My car is right here," he pointed to the conservative car at the curb.

"Thank you, Mr. Hopkins, but I'm not going home," replied Sheila in her prim little way, and wondering at the same time how on earth she was ever going to reach the station in time to meet her mother.

"But," he went on, "I'll gladly take you anywhere you may be going."

She hesitated a moment, then remarked, "Well, I'm to meet Mother here at the Central Station, if you could take me there it would be a convenience."

"We have just twelve minutes to make it," Hopkins glanced at his watch and led her towards the car.

From the depths of the luxurious cushions, Sheila looked out as they glided swiftly past the lighted, crowded business section, past the majestic municipal buildings, the public library—on. Once or twice they were detained by the signals at crossings. During these brief intervals she studied John Hopkins from her position in the rear of the car. Strange, she thought to herself that she had never noticed how good looking he was—indeed young—why, he did not seem much older than she was.

The train had already arrived when they stopped at the station entrance. Sheila thanked him and would have been lost from view in the hurrying masses, had not Hopkins called:

"I'll wait here and take your mother home."

She nodded and entered the huge waiting room, where Mrs. Kernan was scanning each new face for sight of her.

"Sheila—baby," in an instant she gathered the girl in her motherly arms.

"You dear, forgetful mother," Sheila kissed her tired face, "how glad I am to have you again—and we're to ride home in a car, instead of the trolley. Mr. Hopkins is waiting for us."

"And how do you know him?" demanded her mother, "isn't he the man you worked for?"

"I didn't know him, mother, until half an hour ago," whispered Sheila, as she took her mother's bags and led her towards the car, "but I'll tell you all about it later."

However, it was Hopkins, not Sheila, who told Mrs. Kernan all about it. Above the low hum of the motor, as the car crept forward between trucks and buses, pedestrians and trolleys, he boyishly related how he and Sheila had been locked in St. Paul's.

"And in a better place no one could be locked," declared Mrs. Kernan, with a rich, Irish brogue in her gentle voice.

"When they reached home, John Hopkins insisted upon carrying the luggage up the three flights of stairs and into that home-like living room."

"Now, wouldn't you stay and have a bite to eat with us, for I'm sure Sheila has something ready," Mrs. Kernan was the soul of hospitality, so true to her race.

"If I were sufficiently urged, I'd be very glad to," replied Hopkins, looking directly at Sheila, who was helping remove her mother's wraps. She smiled her welcome and he stayed.

Later that evening, when dinner was over and Mrs. Kernan had gone to say her beads beside her beloved statue with its pink roses, John Hopkins remarked to the charming girl in the rose-shaded front room:

"For over a year now, I've wanted to know you, to know you as I have tonight—Sheila."

"WILD BILL" DONOVAN

INSPIRING STORY OF THE MAN
KLAN WOULD KEEP FROM
OFFICE BECAUSE OF HIS
RELIGION

"Every one should learn to take a punch on the nose, to give one and be in shape to give and take," says "Wild Bill" Donovan, after asserting that "the fellow who gets used to the soft seat of an automobile is liable to look for the soft side of popularity." In other words Donovan believes that the big danger in America is the softening of our citizens, and his remedy for the perils which threaten it fitness—preparation physically for whatever may come. Who is Donovan? Hugh Fullerton, in the Chicago Tribune's weekly Liberty, thinks Donovan "is the sort of human being God planned when He decided to create a Man," and introduces us to him thus:

Father Duffy, the warrior-priest of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" New York, officially the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry, came upon three doughboys crouched under cover near the Ourcq River. One was blaspheming and abusing his lieutenant-colonel. The two others were trying to convince him the lieutenant-colonel was the greatest man in the A. E. F., and by rights should be King of Ireland. They were not convincing him but overpowering him by force of a two to one argument, and he compromised.

"He's a blank, blank, blank—" he conceded, "but he's a game one."

The priest, overlooking the swearing because of its sincerity, chuckled, and slipped away to tell the lieutenant-colonel. The latter did not laugh.

"Father," he said, seriously, "that's what I want for my epithet."

The lieutenant-colonel was "Gallop Bill," "Wild Bill," "Hard Billed Bill," Col. William Joseph Donovan, C. M. H., D. S. C., D. S. M., now William J. Donovan, Assistant United States Attorney-General, the most feared and hated, the most loved and idolized of American soldiers who served in France.

Donovan is the finest object lesson in preparedness I ever have found. He was ready at college to carry the ball when the extra yard was needed; ready to whip the leader when a gang of road workers made trouble; ready when called to the Mexican Border with his troops; ready when the World War came; ready and fit when called to lead his men over the Ourcq and into the welter of death in the St. Mihiel smash; ready when drafted to clean up vice and crime in Buffalo; ready when former United States Attorney-General Harlan F. Stone summoned him to help clean up the Attorney-General's office in Washington.

And he is ready and fit now, whether he should be called upon to die, to box Jack Dempsey, or to be President.

Donovan's people were poor, but of good old Irish stock, three generations in America, Fullerton tells

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