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WOLF MOON

A ROMANCE OF THE GREAT

BY JOSEPH J. QUINN

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED "Really, Janet, you don't take any stock in what she said, do you? She declared the girl was born in the East. What would an Eastern girl be doing out there in the oil fields of Oklahoma? If you really wish and are in earnest about it I'll make her prediction mean you. But, of course, I must have permission. If you say 'yes' then I will have something to work for beside my financial future."
"If you feel like having her words come true, they will, won't they Jack? You have my full permis sion. But remember you must.

sion. But remember you must work for a great big future for yourself, too. Don't let me stand in your way. It would be silly for me to tell you to work when you are going out there heart and soul

Work? Why I'll show Dad work! Why I'll show Dad that he has been at leisure ever since he left the cradle. And when I make good I'll come back and we'll stand here and watch those ships out there coasting along." They turned. Balls and chains of fire raced down from the sky and lovely brow. Under the eye-brows of fire raced down from the sky and lovely brow. Under the eye-brows.

"Something makes me feel so queer tonight," whispered Janet. I seem to have some strange foreseen that fortune teller; her words have filled me with uncanny uneasi-

Jack laughed at her idea of placing importance on the presagement of the woman.

"Don't let her empty words ouble you, Janet. Don't you see tat she could have you in mind if the took her seriously. You were took her seriously. You were took her seriously."

Doy and clasped his wilsts as it here took and said, with no hint of command: "It's bedtime, Michael."

Little Michael Decatur, deprived rouble you, Janet. Don't you see that she could have you in mind if one took her seriously. You were born in the East, couldn't you go West sometime later? But you mustn't think of her any more. Just remember that I will be out there in Oklahoma working for my future and you. Dad, you know, wants me to come back within a year and start to school again."

Just remember that I will be out there in Oklahoma working for my future and you. Dad, you know, wants me to come back within a year and start to school again."

Miss Everett reread a few of the sample, beautiful lines finishing.

you never were."

"No," Janet confessed. "But I will be from now on. I never had occasion to write to you often. Then I'll be so interested in you out there in the West. I will want a letter from you every day."

A sea gull riding in the surf rose from the water with a short, startled cry. A group of fishermen were pulling a boat encrusted with fish scales and dried foam high upon thebeach. One pointed to where the lightning doubled back on its own path and touched the horizon with path and touched the horizon with fire. Janet and Jack neared the

'Come on, Jack," called Dave.

"Soft on that silly stuff," rejoined Jack. "I'd like to be around when yours is read. You'll probably marry a borneo beauty with nutmeg earrings.'

'Imprint your memory right now. Say your gentle goodnight tor's verdict? and we'll track back over the walk "A cripple

walk. Dave in serious mood was as likeable as when brimming over with humor. He wished Jack hearty good luck in Oklahoma, cautioned him not to fail to call on him should he need funds and him should he need funds as such a man may make and will keep. Knowledge of this fealty had been to the elder Michael Deca-than was his wife's parting kiep.

him should he need funds and hoped he would soon return.

"I'm not so sure you'll like the West. I took a flying trip out that way once myself," recalled Dave.

"Can't say as if I ever fell in love with it." The West is to the same with it. with it. The West is too shaggy for me. That man who said that civilization is blocked by the Mississippi hit the nail's head. It might be alright for adventure or a rapid trip but for settling down out there where the sun does a 15 hour-a-day your the sun does a 15 hour-a-day job and where an opera singer would be roped for disturbing the peace is not my idea of doing the right thing in life."

right thing in life."

"That's a rather hasty impression, isn't it?" asked Jack. "Why I know of several families who went West and they like the country. They say its big, free and that there's a different spirit reigning there."

IIKE YOU LOID

His eyes flashed, his cheeks flushed, and Miss Everett heartily wished she had not stirred his too it wived imagination. "Of course, Michael," she answered quietly, laying a cool hand on his hot cheek,

"All that might be true but for my part I'm going to live right here in the East in the shadow of the major league ball parks. I would rather spend one evening at the seashore than a month of perfectly good evenings listening to timber wolves howl. That might be romantic but I would rather hear the prosaic whistle of an excursion boat."

TO BE CONTINUED

VIOLETS AND TOBACCO

By Kathleen Cooney

"and who knows? Maybe you and Striker and I will go some day to that real Bethlehem. But there's lots of time to think about that and tonight we ought just to think quietly about the beautiful story until we fall asleep."

"I'd like to 'av been there," declared Michael decidedly. "and I'd 'av liked those shepherd fellers. I suppose there's shepherd fellers. I don't see know about Him and how He growed up and cured people; and maybe—but you don't know what I'm thinkin'."

At a sign from the nurse, Striker

By Kathleen Cooney so then it's Chris'mas the treble voice trailed

"And so then it's Christmas again," a musical voice echoed; a voice which had read the wonderful story as it was first written and

may never by improved upon.

The owner of the musical voice
was dressed in white. A dainty,
filmy cap rested on chestnut hair inclined to be riotous for all the disciplinary pins, and even in little tendrils, escaping the veritable police affair of a drag-net, invisible, really infinitesimal, but, nevertheless empowered to hold rebelling They turned. Balls and chains of fire raced down from the sky and played below the waves. Pin points of light dotted the horizon—pilots for ships that passed in the night. The plangent throb of the waves mingled itself with the cadence of the music from an orchestra. Another flash of electricity showed a ship pasted against the horizon. "Something makes me feel so queer tonight," whispered Janet. their loveliness.

Sydney Everett, twenty-five years old, was not strictly beautiful. Her wish a thousand times you had not | features were far from perfect but, perhaps largely because of the wistful eyes and the rebellious tendrils, she gave the impression of beauty. She was tall and slight and as she leaned to the crippled boy and clasped his wrists as if in

can't we, Striker?"
"Yes'm, Miss Everett," admitted Striker, whose eyes held the admiration he felt for the splendid girl, and who loved poor little Michael "It's time for a little boy with a long trip ahead to be in bed. By the way, do you want your palm read tonight? It's rather late but I think I can arrange for it."

"Soft on that silly stuff."

and who loved poor little Michael with the mighty love of a vigorous man's soul. Hadn't he loved Michael's father so, and didn't he remember a gray dawn when a strong voice broke (Striker had very mother, who was starting upstairs. "Why, doctor, you here? I was reverently appropriated the sacred phrase) on glad tidings of the great joy of a little son? Didn't he remember also a gray evening four years later when the same strong voice broke on the telling of a doc-

and we'll track back over the walk to our li'l bungalows. You'll say the sad farewell to Janet tomorrow at the station. So come along big boy it's getting late."

Five minutes later Jack and Dave together walked back up the board walk. Dave in serious mood was as likeable as when brimming over "A cripple, Striker-my boy!"

Striker was now holding out his arms to take the burden he so well knew how to hold, but Michael desisted.

"How do you go over to Bethlum in your thoughts, Miss Everett?" he

demanded.
"Why, Michael, just as we go
anywhere we just think about and
make pictures of in our minds without really truly going, you know."
"But I'd like to really truly go,"

he answered with eagerness.
"People can go, can't they?
There's trains and ships and camels like you told me about, isn't there?"

I'm thinkin'."

At a sign from the nurse, Striker lifted the boy's slight form. He avoided Miss Everett's eyes, as she did his. Both knew only too well what Michael was thinking.

When he was in bed and into his first fitful sleep—for, Michael was no good sleeper—Miss Everett remarked. "The doctor has not been here today. Striker."

She was walking the room, almost spitting out the words. It was plain her hurt lay no deeper than anger.

The doctor, standing with his arms crossed on his chest, quietly watched her. Then he said deliberately:

"You do not think of Michael in any way more than you do of your Pekingese."

here today, Striker."

"He'll be here, miss, sure. I'll tell him anything you say."

"There's nothing to tell him, but I hate to miss him. The little fel-

At that moment a firm step was followed by a pleasing voice.

"You here yet, Miss Everett?

It's your turn to play a bit. Do you know it is Christmas again?"

"Yes, it's Christmas again; that's what Mishael and I have been say what Michael and I have been say-

"And what I say is, you have folks and must have some Christ-

mas. How much of tomorrow will
Mrs. Decatur give you?"

"Any or all, if I wished. She
knows Striker's enough, but I'd
rather — yes, I'd really rather be
with Michael. Our people haven't all this," she swept with appraising eyes the luxurious spartment, "but we're happy, oh, much happier than poor little Michael."

of the day?" The doctor tried to keep his cool professional tone, but he had really guessed, and the touch of indignation in his voice betrayed him.

The doctor tried to the levely sake up to stand there had a modern sculptured conception of a Stone Age physician and expect me to read your professional thoughts." She laughed lightly.

Not at Christmas?" marveled moving. the doctor.

"Yes, at Christmas, Dr. Weatherought to be a woman with a child at Christmas."

Just remember that I will be out there in Oklahoma working for my future and you. Dad, you know, wants me to come back within a year and start to school again."

"Yes, Jack, you must always keep before you the thought of your future profession. This year in the West will help you ip many ways but above all it will teach us to appreciate one another."

"But, perhaps, you may forget when I am gone," Jack threw in the statement as a question.

"Yes, jack," you may forget when I am gone," Jack threw in the statement as a question.

"Yes, isn't that possible?"

"I think not. Distance will only lend enchantment to the view. You will be forever in my mind. And then we must write often, very often."

"You re not enthusiastic about correspondence, Janet. At least you never were."

"No," Janet confessed. "But I will wand occasion to write to you often. Then I'll be so interested in you out there in the West. I will want to come hack within a year and start to school again."

"I want to hear it part over, Miss were all tiked also used to read to me, only of course a lady with a child at Christmas."

"Yes, there ought to be a woman with a child at Christmas," Dr. Weatherly echoed, "but, young, that there ought to be a woman with a child at Christmas."

"Yes, there ought to be a woman with a child at Christmas," Dr. Weatherly echoed, "but, young, that there ought to be a woman with a child at Christmas."

"Yes, there ought to be a woman with a child at Christmas."

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"Yes, there ought to be a woman with a child at Christmas."

"Yes, that of the thirty oung, the thirty oung, the thirty oung, the pound of the thirty oung, the pound of the cut us gover to cut yourself off from your Christmas. If you don't hear to the tout ound on the pound on the cut us of the pound on the cut us gover to cut yourself off from your Christmas. If you don't hear to the cut us of the cut us o

excited; 1 was sorry. He said he wanted really to go."

"Poor little tike!" said the doctor. Then he told the nurse to

"Why, doctor, you here? I was just on my way to kiss Michael good-night. I'm off for St. Louis later, and so many things to be getting off because I've a stupid new maid. The other one, my getting off because I've a stupid new maid. The other one, my second self really, just must go, without considering me, and get married. But—"

"I should like to speak to you before."

I should like to speak to you before." married. But--'' all time before.

her chatter.
"Please only a word or two. I'm

her chatter.

"Please only a word or two. I'm dreadfully rushed, really." She displayed her perfect teeth in a smile and, the fragrance of the violets at her blouse waist floating around her, preceded the physician into the drawing room.

"Christmas is as good or as bad as any other time, to my mind," she continued. "The boy will have his gifts, that well-paid nurse or Striker to amuse him, or—"" she laughed

"Now," she said, seating herself languidly, "please don't tell me Michael's got some tiresome new him. I don't imagine he'll miss me."

Christmas kiss."

"Would it cost you a great deal not to be able to give him a Christmas kiss?"

"Don't be opaque please," she "I am quite sure he will not, after all," he agreed.

When she was beyond the doctor's her furious self expressed

in the house again in the house

"Has he? I wonder?"
"You have evidently come to insult me, Dr. Weatherly. If you think he'd be happier in a home for incurables, just say so."
The determinant of the be called for and depended upon.
He, meanwhile, went over to where was a splendid portrait of Michael's father.
"Poor boy, poor boy," mused

any way more than you do of your Pekingese." She stood rigid, with an almost She stood rigid, with an almost overmastering desire to strike with her strong white hand the set face looking down at her. But an estrangement would be most upsetting, she reflected; not indeed to be risked just then with all her plans fixed for pleasure. The boy loved this hateful doctor, and a new loved this lateful doctor. loved this hateful doctor, and a new one, less frank, perhaps, might, nevertheless, be even more nagging and ordering. All things considered, mild tactics must prevail.

She approached the doctor, laid a

shapely, properly jeweled hand on his sleeve and smiled up at him in a way she had found to impress

other men. It did not impress Dr. Weatherly.

"You just will be cross," she pouted. "If you want to preach, go ahead. It's a pious time, I know, but I was never pious. If you want to tell a mether bow her beart want to tell a mother how her heart ought to feel-and as a man, you'd "Is his mother to be away much of the day?" The doctor tried to keep his cool professional tone, but

him.

"Mrs. Decatur leaves for St.
Louis tonight—midnight," answered the nurse quietly.

"I would prefer you read your own thoughts in connection with the boy," replied the doctor, un-"Easily read: Love. What

Yes, at Christmas, Dr. Weather-When she told me, I told her think of for him?" She skilfully ly. When she told me, I told her think or for nim: She sailfully I would spend the day as usual with managed just tears enough to add It seems as though there to the beauty of her eyes, but the be a woman with a child doctor spoke coldly as he moved and picked up a book on a table beside

would survive. More, Mrs. Decatur, I tell you frankly I expect you to send a last minute excuse—'Michael needs me,' true and sufficient.''

"Which I won't do." She laughed musically, but in a way that effected the decator irritaly. that affected the doctor irritably. How he would have enjoyed boxing

her pink ears.
"Oh, you musty old medico," she said in a trivial manner which alone saved her from betraying a rage that was not becoming. "I believe suddenly and walked downstairs into the dainty presence of Michael's mother, who was starting upstairs. "Why, doctor, you here? I was on my way to kiss Michael I was on my way to kiss Michael good bye when your sermon inter-vened. It has not, however, con-

verted me."
The doctor stepped to the door-

about Michael. Only a word or two," said the doctor, interrupting I may suggest, Dr. Weatherly, that you are not the judge of my personal affairs."

"Don't be opaque please," she pleaded, with a pretty frown. "I like translucense. What's matter with Michael?" the in the house scrain if it

ncurables, just say so."

The doctor started. Could it be the doctor, "your one big mistake."

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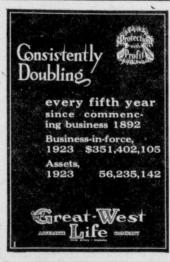
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