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Yes, Mr. Presi twenty years-all

OUR GREAT I

Whatever diffe exist in the futu greatness of Wo a President, we

most of his enm rapidly getting f that he has mad dent, in which ca completed his firs ing since he retire House has been all doubts as to dents should con With a dignity bim as a mantle more eloquent th quat speech; w cheerfulness that 1 brightened his per as a semi-invalid: al word of wisdo to his fellow-citize evidences of an t the ultimate triun ples of truth a which this great d ded, he has admir

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Villian Mar Horgand Edwin Balmer Illustrations by Irwin Myers Copyright by Edwin Balmer -

"FLESH! FLESH!"

SYNOPSISI-Wealthy and highly to his associates. After a stormy interview with his partner, Henry spearman, Corvet seeks Constant perrill, daughter of his other Sherill, daughter of his other business partner, Lawrence Sher-rill, and secures from her a prom-ble not to marry Spearman. He then disappears. Sherrill learns Corvet has written to a certain Alan Conrad, in Blue Rapids, Kanas, and exhibited strange agita flon over the matter. Corvet's let to a ver the matter. Corvet a let-ter summons Conrad, a youth of unknown parentage, to Chicago. Alan arrives in Chicago. From a statement of Sherrill it seems prob-able Conrad is Corbet's flegitimate son. Corvet has deeded his house and its contents to Aian.

CHAPTER IV .- Continued.

What Sherrill had told Alan of his father had been iterating itself again and again in Alan's thoughts; now he recalled that Sherrill had said that his daughter believed that Corvet's disappearance had had something to do with her. Alan had wondered at the moment how that could be; and as be watched her across the table and now and then exchanged a comment with her, it puzzled him still more. He had opportunity to ask her when she waited with him in the library, after dinner was finished and her mother had gone upstairs; but he did not see then how to go about it.

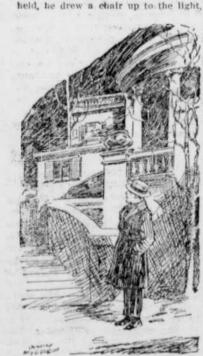
"I'm sorry," she said to him, "that we can't be home tonight; but perhaps you would rather be alone?"

He did not answer that, "Have you a picture here, Miss Sher-

rill, of-my father?" he asked, "Uncle Benny had had very few ple-

tures taken; but there is one here.' She went into the study and come back with a book open at a baif-tone picture of Benjamin Corvet. Alan took it from her and carried it quickly closer to the light. The face that looked up to him from the heavily ginzed page was regular of feature, handsome in a way, and forceful, were imagination and vigor of thought in the broad, smooth forehead; the eyes were strangely moody and brooding; the mouth was gentle, rather kindly; It was a queerly impelling, baunting face. This was his father! But, as Alan held the picture, gazing down upon it, the only emotion which came to him was realization that he felt none. He had no emotion of any sort; be could not attach to this man, because he bore the name which some one had told him was his fa-ther's, the passions which, when

dreaming of his father, he had felt. Alan stood still a moment longer, then, remembering the book which he



He Could Not Call Up Any Sense That the House Was His.

and read the short, dry biography of his father printed on the page oppo-site the portrait. It summarized in a few hundred worts his father's life. ful. The tall clock in the hall struck He got up and went out inte the hall and asked for his hat and him, he put them on and went out.

When he reached the house of his father he stopped under a street lamp. looking up at the big, stern old mansion questioningly.

that street! Yet was that in itself noticed that Sherrill's hands were any more remarkable than that he slender and delicately formed; Cor- with him. Was it . . . his father free and, with all his force, struck the of looking in the dictionary.

should be the guest, the friend of such people as the Sherrills? No one as yet, since Sherrill had told him he was Corvet's son, had called him by name; when they did, what would they call Alan Conrad still? Or Alan

He noticed, up a street to the west the lighted sign of a drug store and turned up that way; he had promised, he had recollected now, to write to

those in Kansas-he could not call them "father" and "mother" any nore-and tell them what he had discovered as soon as he arrived. He could not tell them that, but he could write them at least that he had arrived safely and was well. He bought a postcard in the drug store, and wrote just, "Arrived safely; am well" to John Welton in Kansas, There was a little vending machine upon the counter, and he dropped in a penny and got a box of matches and put them in his

He mailed the card and turned back Astor street; and he walked more swiftly now, having come to his deciion, and only shot one quick look up at the house as he approached it. With what had his father shut himself up within that house for twenty years? And was it there still? And was it from that that Benjamin Corvet had fled? He saw no one in the street, and was certain no one was observing him as, taking the key from his pocket he ran up the steps and unlocked the outer door. Holding this door open o get the light from the street lamp he fitted the key into the inner door hen he closed the outer door. For fula minute, with fast-beating heart and a sense of expectation of he knew not what, he kept his hand upon the key before he turned it; then he opened the door and stepped into the dark and silent house,

CHAPTER V

An Encounter, Alan, standing in the darkness of the hall, felt in his pocket for his natches and struck one on the The light showed the hall in front of him, reaching back into some vague, distant darkness, and great-rooms with wide portlered doorways gaping on both sides. He turned into the room upon his right, glanced to see that the shades were drawn on the windows toward the street, then found the switch and turned on the electric light. Alan had the feeling which so often comes to one in an unfamiliar and acant house that there was some one in the house with him. He listened and seemed to hear another sound in the upper hall, a footstep. He went out quickly to the foot of the stairs

and looked up them. "Is any one here?" he called, "Is

my one here?" His voice brought no response. went half way up the curve of the wide stairway and called again, and listened; then he fought down the feeling he had bad; Sherrill had said there would be no one in the house, and Alan was certain there was no one. So he went back to the room where

he had left the light, The center of this room, like the room next to it, was occupied by a library table-desk. He pulled open some drawers in it; one or two had blueprints and technical drawings in them; the others had only the miscellany which accumulates in a room much used. There were drawers also under the bookcases all around the room; they appeared, when Allan opened some of them, to contain painphlets of various societies, and the scientific correspondence of which Sherrill had told him. Alan felt that seeing these things was bringing his father closer to him; they gave him a little of the feeling be had been unable to get when he looked at his father's picture. He could realize better now the lonely, restless man, pursued by some ghost he could not kill, taking ip for distraction one subject of study after another, exhausting each in turn until he could no longer make it engross him, and then absorbing him-

self in the next. On the top of a chest of high draw ers in a corner near the dressing table were some papers. Alan went over to look at them; they were invitations, notices of concerts and of Alan shut the book and sat thought. plays twenty years old-the mall, probably, of the morning when Corvet's wife had gone away, left where her maid or she herself had laid then coat. When they had been brought and only picked up and put back there at the times since when the room was He went down the steps and to the dusted. As Alan touched them, he corner and turned west to Astor street. saw that his fingers left marks in the dust on the smooth top of the chest; he noticed that some one else had touched the things and made marks of the same sort as he had made. The He could not call up any sense that freshness of these other marks starthe house was his, any more than he | tied him; they had been made within had been able to when Sherrill had, a day or so. They could not have now, for the realization was quite dif- fell to the floor, the big man undertold him of it. He own a house on been made by Sherrill, for Alan had ferent from the feeling he had had neath. His hand shifted its hold and body would rather take what you say

own hand was of god szemnd the not state sible see met the pro-erful, but when he put the fingers over the tooper of the same the marks the other man had made, he found that the other hand must have This proof that some one and been case. His hands were cold and moist orying about in the house before himself and since Corvet had gone, starfrom his excitement, and his body was tled Alan and angered him. Who had | hot and trembling. Whoever it was that was moving

least felt secure from interruption.

shade up, he pulled it down brusquely

though it had startled him; then, after

an instant, he pulled it down again.

last caught sight of him. He was

blg, young-looking man, with broad

shoulders and very evident vigor;

was handsome-he had a straight

his nose, lips and chin were power

that the man carried in one hand

light as he directed it; and now, as

the light chanced to full on his other

and-powerful and heavily muscled

-Alan recollected the look and size

of the finger prints on the chest of

frawers upstairs. He did not doubt

that this was the same man who had

gone through the desk; but since he

had already rifled the desks, what did

out of sight. Alan crept on down as

far as the door to the library; the

and Alan went far enough into the

He had pulled open one of the draw-

ers in the big table in the rear room

and with his light held so high as to

show what was in it, he was tumbling

over its contents and examining them.

He went through one after another of

the drawers of the table like this;

after examining them, he rose and

cicked the last one shut disgustedly;

tioningly, then lie started toward the

He had, as yet, neither seen not

heard anything to alarm him, and as

he went to the desk in the front room

and peered impatiently into the draw-

ers, he slammed them shut, one after

another. He straightened and stored

he stood looking about the room ques

man had gone on into the rear roo

library so he could see him.

Alan crept still farther down and at

een searching in Benjamin Corvet's -in Alan's house? He pushed the frawers shut hastily and hurried cross the hall to the room opposite. In this room-plainly Benjamin Corvet's bedroom-were no signs of intrusion. He went to the door of the connecting with it, turned on and with a violence which suggested smaller room than the others and a shade, which had been pulled down, contained a roll-top desk and a cabi- flew up, and the man damned it as net. The cover of the desk was closed, and the drawers of the cabinet were shut and apparently undisturbed. He tried the cover of the desk, but it appeared to be locked; after looking around valuely for a key, he tried again, exerting a little more force, Alan guessed his age at thirty-five; he and this time the top went up easily, tearing away the metal plate into forehead over daring, deep-set eyes; which the claws of the lock clasped and the two long screws which had fully formed; and he was expensively held it. He examined the lock, sur- and very carefully dressed. The light prised, and saw that the screws must by which Alan saw these things came have been merely set into the holes; from a flat little pocket searchlight scars showed where a chisel or some metal implement had been thrust in which threw a little brilliant circle of



Somewhere Within the House, Unmistakably on the Floor Below Him, a shout.

inder the top to force it up. upper part of the desk, as he swiftly cases. ers of the cabinet too had been forced. These drawers and the drawthe feeling that he had been in the floor and bluspkemy burst from him. house very recently was stronger than The beam of light from the torch in

ever. Alan ran out into the hall and listened; he heard no sound; but he went back to the little room more excited than before. For what had the other man been searching? For the same things which Alan was looking for? And had the other man got them? Who might the other be, and what might be his connection with Benjamin Corvet? Alan had no doubt that everything of importance must have been taken away, but he would make sure of that. He took some of the papers from the drawers and began to xamine them; after nearly an hour of this, he had found only one article which appeared connected in any way with what Sherrill had told him or with Alan himself. In one of the little drawers of the desk be found several books, much worn as though from being carried in a pocket, and one of these contained a series of entries stretching over several years. These listed an amount-\$150-opposite a series of dates with only the year and the month given, and there was an entry for every second month.

Alan felt his fingers trembling as he turned the pages of the little book and found at the end of the list p blank, and below, in the same hand out in writing which had changed slightly with the passage of years, an other date and the confirming entry of \$1,500. Alan looked through the little ook again and put it in his pocket It was, beyond doubt; his father's memorandum of the sums sent to Blue Rapids for Alan; It told him that here had been in his father's thoughts. He grew warm at the thought as he

into the drawers. He started and straightened suddenly; then he listened attentively his skin, warm an instant before, turned cold and prickled. Somewhere within the house, unmistakably on the floor below him, a door had slanfmed. Some one-it was beyond question about that before-was in the house

"D-n Ben! D-n Ben!" he ejaculated violently and returned to the rear room. Alan, again following The him, found him on his knees in front digeonholes and little drawers in the of orie of the drawers under the book-As he continued searching opened them, he found entirely empty, through the drawers, his irritation be-He hurried to the cabinet; the draw- came greater and greater. He jerked one drawer entirely out of its case. and very recently; for the scars and and the contents flew in every directhe splinters of wood were clean and tion; swearing at it, he gathered up the letters. One suddenly caught his ers in the lower part of the desk attention; he began reading it closely, either were empty, or the papers in then snapped it back into the drawer. them had been disarranged and tum- crammed the rest on top of it, and bled in confusion, as though some one went on to the next of the files. He had examined them hastily and tossed searched in this manner through half them back. To Alan, the marks of a dozen drawers, plainly finding noth- head and left the black mark. That violence and roughness were unmis- ing at all he wanted; he dragged some takably the work of the man with the of the books from their cases, felt be big hands who had left marks upon hind them and shoved back some of the top of the chest of drawers; and the books but dropped others on the

> white circle of light gleamed into Alan's face, the man looked that way and saw him. The effect of this upon the man was so strange and so bewildering to Alan that Aian could only stare at him. The big man seemed to shrink into himself and to shrink back and away from Alan. He roared out something in a beliow thick with fear and horror; he seemed to choke with terror. There was nothing in his look akin to mere surprise or glarm at realizing that another was there and had been seeing and overhearing him. The light which he still gripped swayed back and forth and showed him Alan

again, and he raised his arm before his face as he recoiled. The consternation of the man was so complete that it checked Alan's rush toward him; he halted, then advanced silently and watchfully. As he went forward, and the light shone upon his face again, the big man cried out

"D-n you, d-n you, with the hole above your eye! The bullet got you! And now you've got Ben! But you can't get me! Go be to hell! You can't get me! I'll get you-I'll get you! You-can't save the Miwaka!" He drew back his arm and with all his might hurled the flashlight at It missed and crashed some where behind him, but did not go out:

vereil and flickered over both of them, as the torch rolled on the floor. Alan began putting the other things back rushed forward and, thrusting through the dark, his hand struck the men's chest and seized his cont. The man caught at and seized Alan's arm; he seemed to feel of it and

the beam of light shot back and wa-

assure himself of its reality. "Flesh! Flesh!" he roared in relief; and his big arms grappled Alan. As they struggled, they stumbled and caught Alan's throat; Alan got an arm | for granted than be put to the trouble

man's face. The man struck a heavy blow on the side of Alan's bead which dizzled him bu! left him strength to strike again, and his en:reached the man's face once

Alan got to his feet; dizzied and not yet familiar with the house, he blundered against a wall and had to fee his way along it to the service room; as he slipped and stumbled down the about downstairs, even if he was not stairway, a door closed loudly at the one who had a right to be there, at end of the corridor he had seen at the foot of the stairs. He ran along the corridor to the door; it had closed He was going with heavy step from window to window; where he found a | with a spring lock, and seconds passed while he felt in the dark for the catch he found it and tore the door open the light, and looked in. It was a great strength under a nervous strain; and came out suddenly into the cold air of the night in a paved passage way beside the house which led in one direction to the street and in the other to a gate opening on the alley. He ran forward to the street and looked up and down, but found it empty: then he ran back to the alley. the end of the alley, where it intersected the cross street, the figure of the man running away appeared suddenly out of the shadows, then disappeared; Alan, following as far as the street, could see nothing more of

him; this street too was empty. He ran a little farther and looked, then he went back to the house. The side door had swung shut again and latched. He let himself in at the front door and turned on the light in the reading lamp in the library. The electric torch still was burning on the floor and he picked it up and extinguished it; be went upstairs and brought down .. is shoes. He had seen wood fire set ready for lighting in the library, and now he lighted it and sat before it drying his wet socks behe want here now? As the man moved fore he put on his shoes. He was still shaking and breathing fast from his struggle with the man and his chase after him, and by the strangeness of what had taken place.

When the shaft of light from the torch had flashed across Alan's face In the dark library, the man had not taken him for what he was-a living person; he had taken him for a spec ter. His terror and the things he had cried out could mean only that. The specter of whom? Not of Benjamin Corvet; for one of the things Alan had remarked when he saw Benjamir Corvet's picture was that he himself dld not look at all like his father. Be sides, what the man had said made it certain that he did not think the specter was "Ben"; for the specter had "got Ren." Did Alan look like some one else, then? Like whom? Evidently like the man-now dead, for he had a ghost-who had "got" Ben. in the big man's opinion. Who could

that be? Alan got up and went to look at himself in the mirror he had seen in the hall. He was white, now that the flush of the fighting was going; he probably had been pale before with excitement, and over his right eye there was a round black mark. Alan looked down at his hands; a little skin was off one knuckle, where he had struck the man, and his fingers were smudged with a black and sotty dust. He had smudged them on the papers upstairs or else in feeling his way about the dark house, and at some time he had touched his fore-

The rest that the man had said had been a reference to some name; Alan had no trouble to recollect the name. and, while he did not understand it at all, it stirred him queerly-"the Mihis hand swaved aside and back and waka." What was that? The queer Without warning, suddenly it excitement and questioning that the caught Alan as he stood in the dark name brought, when he repeated it of the front room; and as the dim to himself, was not recollection; for he could not recall ever having heard the name before; but it was not completely strange to him. He could de fine the excitement it stirred only in that way.

Sherrill had believed that here in this house Benjamin Corvet had leftor might have left-a memorandum, a record, or an account of some sort which would explain to Alan, his son, the blight which hung over his life. Sherrill had said that it could have been no mere intrigue, no vulgar personal sin; and the events of the night had made that very certain; for, plainly, whatever was hidden in that house nvolved some one else seriously desperately. There was no other way to explain the intrusion of the sort of man whom Alan had surprised there

an hour ago. The fact that this other man searched also did not prove that Benjamin Corvet had left a record in the house, as Sherrill believed; but it certainly showed that another person believed-or feared-it. Whether or not guilt had sent Benjamin Corvet away four days ago, whether or not there had been guilt behind the ghost which had "got Ben," there was guilt in the big man's superstitious terror when he had seen Alan. A bold, powerful man like that one, when his conscience is clear, does not see a ghost. And the ghost which he had seen had bullet hole above the brows!

"For this was the man whom he had fought in Benjamin Corvet's house the night be-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jud Tunkins. Jud Tunkins says there's a big adrantage in using long words. Any(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) With exactly 5,000 persons enrolled in the "Better Sires-Better Stock" campaign at the close of the calendar year 1921, records of the United States Department of Agriculture show a continued interest in this work which has extended to all states and several island possessions. During the year the number of live stock owned by the persons enrolled increased from about 400,000 to 750,000. The figures include both male and female

LIVE STOCK

FACTS

INTERESTUM BETTER SELS

and the females, which may be of varied breeding, are bred in all cases purebred sires. It is noteworthy that 56 per cent of all female stock listed in the better sires campaign are purebred. This figure is 1 per cent higher than a year The effect of the use of purebred sires in reducing the number of scrub animals on farms is shown by the small proportion of scrubs in herds

and flocks headed by purebred males,

The figure at the end of the calendar

stock. All of the males are purebred,

year 1920 was 2.1 per cent and for 1921, 1.9 per cent scrubs in such herds. At the request of several state extension workers a special report has been made for the last three months of 1921 with respect to progress by states. Enrollments of persons agreeing to put their live stock on a pure bred-sire basis totaled 716. The greatest activity during the quarter was in Ohio, Nebraska coming next, followed in turn by Washington, Virginia, Kentucky, and North Dakota, in the order named,

The leading countles during the quarter were Hardin County, Ohio, with 100 persons signing enrollment blanks. Kittitas County, Wash., was second, with 56 enrollments: Belmont County, Ohio, 49; Grand Forks County, N. D., 47. Other active counties



Horse.

were Ellis, Okla.; Gallia, Ohio; and Lewis, Wash. These results make Hardin County, Ohio, with a total of 166 enrollments, the third highest county in the United States, the first and second being Pulaski County, Va., 446, and Greenville, S. C., 176,

The widespread interest in the use of purebred sires as a means of improving live stock is evident from the umber of counties where the work has already gone forward. Live-stock owners in 548 counties, and, in addition, in the islands of Guam and Porto Rico, were participating in the work at the end of the calendar year.

Summary of Results in "Better Sires -Better Stock" Campaign, October 1, 1919 to December 31, 1921, by States Having More Than 1,000 Animals Listed.

		Persons	Animals.	Poult
	State-	Enrolled	Listed	Liste
	Virginia	. 1,681	44,601	94,90
	Nebraska		57,420	115,333
	Ohto		37,404	- 87,261
	South Carolina	302	5,504	4,74
	Washington	. 262	8,151	46,891
	Kentucky	. 250	7,915	18,010
	Massachusetts	. 160	5,149	10,978
	Texas		12,506	6,797
	Vermont	. 96	4,753	4,061
	Connecticut		3,692	10,638
	Indiana	. 87	2,347	9,077
	North Carolina		1,489	3,175
	Oklahoma		3,736	7,677
	Florida		7,231	6,414
l	Colorado	. 71	2,647	3,3%
	Wisconsin	. 62	2,862	4,977
	West Virginia .	. 62	1,734	5,847
	North Dakota.	. 54	3,340	4,948
	Minnesota		1,294	2,135
	South Dakota	. 50	9,308	4,917
	Utah	. 45	4,023	2,114
	Montana	. 42	18,846	2,000
	New Mexico		9,482	1,275
	Nevada		4,456	995
	New York		1,259	1,204
	Idaho	. 17	1,059	461

Diseases Decreasing. Diseases of live stock are said to creasing and a general improvement in quality is reported by the Department of Agriculture,

Feed for Wintering Sheep. Fed liberally on straw and one ear of corn each per day, sheep will winter as well and more cheaply than on hay and on grain.

Better Animals Result. Better sires in all cases mean bet