Is the Earth Top-Shaped?

NO LONGER an "orange," but "top-shaped" with the point at the South Pole, is the latest theory of the shape of the earth, propounded by a French scientist. He claims his argument is proven in the great depths of the Arctic Ocean.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Days of Real Sport.

Roman Remains In Britain

XCAVATING for the foundation of a new factory to be erected at Keynsham, near Bristol, England, workmen recently unearthed Roman remains. The coffins contained skeletons, a Roman needle, a spoon and a brooch.

THE STRANGER" A Story of Tangled Human Emotions Told With Sympathy By a Great Writer. Joan Bids Farewell To "Knayth" the

Scene of Her Triumphs and Her Despair

"Farewell to Knayth."

Joan tried to answer, but the words died in her throat. She looked at that seemed to seek in the girl's eyes that seemed to seek in the girl's eyes not feel it so, much less resent it. This tall, grave man, with his comfriendliness. All that Joan could see in the attitude of Agnes was a hard fect on her-as though to him it was sense of vulgar triumph.

"You are Agnes De Castra?" said bois. It was only made clear to me

"Forget it!" replied Agnes, swift can play me for a sucker? You've been wise to it from the first!"

Joan shrank back as if she had at Agnes, her eyes traveling from the venomously beautiful features of the girl, flushed and dark, to the hand that rested on the table, and its tinted finger nails.

But it stirred Agnes to an uncon-trollable fury.

"Listen, you!" she snarled, coming blood in us, but you've got the habit, garden, and hurried along the farther an' I've not! I only take what's my own! This swell house you're strut-ting in is mine—the clothes you're session was to get away, quietly, and wearin' are mine. Got that?" Joan was deadly pale.

"You don't even put up a bluff, eh!" said Agnes with biting con-tempt. "No, because you know the game's lost. You haven't the sand forgotten something. Turning back, for a roughhouse! It's well for me she passed round by the cedars and I've the proofs, or you'd have handed reached the aviary under the west me the ice bowl mighty quick. Yes, you could sit tight and rake in the chips while you thought I was out of it. But when your hand's called, you throw down! Lucky for me that

It seemed to Joan at that moment as though the blood in her veins had turned to ice. It had been in might have to expect from ner "friends," as she termed Vaille and Bell. For Joan believed that she recognized clearly the handiwork of these men behind it all. One touch of pity, of gentleness in her rival and she would have uttered the warming the she would have uttered the warming the she warming th might have to expect

But Joan was no more than human. bitterness, hardly less intense than Jack," she said. that of Agnes, welled up in her heart,

you will be mistress here.' Agnes appeared staggered by Joan's said with a tremulous laugh, "it may cool self-command at such a moment, be a hard life. Come, then."

now, ain't you. You'd call in that big the pigeon inside. Jack shook his flunky from the hall, if you dared, feathers, settling down quite conand have me thrown out. But I'm tentedly. Joan left the colonnade the goods, and in a week all the world and, seeing one of the gardeners apback in the gutter where you be-

she passed out of sight.

tight: a sudden gust of

Her hands fell to her sides with a

said under her breath. "It will be a cry of amazement on recognizing having it through."

Joan went up to her room, the great "Joan! Is this you?" Emmie Joan went up to her room, the great south room with the rose silk cur-

Half an hour later she came down linen frock in which she had first come to Clievemead. It was the only dress she owned that had not been bought with Tallbois money. In the hall she encountered John Goodenough. Her appearance startled

"Has your visitor left, my ady," he asked. He had missed Agnes' de-

"No. I shall not want the car." said

She glanced up at him. "You herself, swayed blindly, and broke een happy here, have you not, into a wild storm of tears. have been happy here, have you not, Goodenough? I am glad of that. You will not wish to leave Knayth.' He came closer.

Is anything wrong, my lady?" he bos said in a lower voice.

TEA is good tea

You should try the ORANGE

PEKOE QUALITY if you like a

tea of the very finest flavor.

anxious look in his eyes. "If your ladyship would confide in me," he said, almost under his breath, "I might be able to help." died in her throat. She looked at Joan started slightly, and looked Agnes De Castra with a dumb appeal into his face. It was a strange offer for a footman to make, yet she did

vindictiveness that amazed her-a given to command, rather than to her And intuitively she felt that there was something behind his request: Joan haltingly. "If the story I have that a still more poignant experience heard is true-and I do not doubt it awaited her than that which she had -then certainly you are Lady Tall- just passed through. What it might

be, she could not guess; she only felt herself shrinking from it. Joan had borne all she could. as a whip lash. "Do you think you ladyship?" he persisted. "Yes," answered Joan: "in my bou-

doir on the sofa are a few things I have put together. You might put been struck in the face. She stared those in a bag you will find there, and bring them down," Goodenough hesitated, then bowed

He apparently did not realize that ed finger nails.

meant nothing by the look, By that simple expedient Joan found she hardly knew what she was doing. herself alone, and, returning to the But it stirred Agnes to an uncongreat dining hall, she gave one last glance round her, raised her eyes to the jeweled goblet in its recess thrusting her face into wall, and passed quietly out on to the "Maybe we both have thieves' lawn. She passed through the water

read the riddle if they chose. Joan's heart beat rapidly as she flitted

through the plantation.
Suddenly Joan stopped. She had

Jack Quicksilver, the homing pigeon, sat on the perch preening himself before settling down for the have good friends. This is where night. He turned his expressive eye on Joan, and crooned pleasantly as if in welcome.

"Jack!" she said chokingly. "I ber mind to warn Agnes what she can't leave you here—for those who from her are to take my place! You are the

> chin. Her eyes were misty. "You were an honest man's gift,

For a moment she reflected, "Was it best to free him, and let him wing when she reflected that this vitrioltongued giri was robbing her of all
she had, happiness, love, the hope of
life. And she left the warning unspoken.

"You have the proofs, you say," she
replied very quietly. "You have but
reproches them goed in a count of law.

to make them good in a court of law. returned, and settled quietly on her When that is done—and not before—shoulder. "What, will you share my lot?" she

sense of inferiority goaded her The wicker cage in which Jack resh. had come to Knayth hung on a hook "Yes!" she hissed. "you're boss here nearby. She took it down and placed in a week all the world and, seeing one of the gardeners approaching, hid herself behind a cedar.

The where you he When the coast was clear she hur-

For a while Joan stood motionless wearily up the dark staircase in Firr the window. Her teeth were set road, Lambeth, and gave a timid little father you thump him on the back, shook her. But she was thankful not knock on the door, under which shone to have betrayed herself before Agnes. a gleam of light. She was not even The whole incident seemed like a sure if she would find what she nibal Islands. If such events as marsought. But a well-known voice answered, and Joan turned the handle. Emmie Clegg stood by the dress-"What does it matter now," she ing table, her flery red hair loose and flowing over her shoulders. She gave

> stepped forward and stared blankly. Joan set down the cage. She was You men and your sense of humor! trembling slightly, and she looked pitifully at Emmie.
>
> "Twe come back," she said in

scarcely audible voice. "I-I thought easily. you would give me shelter tonight,

Emmie. I haven't anywhere else to wrong?" cried Emmie shrilly. a few faltering sentences, Joan "Yes," replied Joan, mechanically, it that at first Emmie thought she agony grow less, and the slim body and I am going, too."

"Shall I order the car?" he inkeen-witted little listener caught the gist of it, and understood. Joan tried

In a moment two stout arms were

"They've done you down have they?" said Emmie thickly, "they've did not look at him, and was hardly conscious of what she was saying.

For once Goodenough seemed puz
There was an me. Don't cry like that—dear little forbore is not the question that was a look.

They've done you down have they're and forbore is not they?" said Emmie thickly, "they've taken all you had? It's like 'em. You're safe with me, Joan. There's always shelter for you here. Joan—my little Joan—you've come back to me. Don't cry like that—dear little forbore is not they?" said Emmie thickly, "they've taken all you had? It's like 'em. You're safe winspered, not they?" said Emmie thickly, "they've taken all you had? It's like 'em. You're safe winspered, not they?" said Emmie thickly, "they've taken all you had? It's like 'em. You're safe winspered, not to speak, but no words would come, and she hid her face again on Emmie's breast. And Emprove they?" said Emmie thickly, "they've taken all you had? It's like 'em. You're safe with me, Joan. There's always shelter for you here. Joan—my little Joan—you've come back to me understood; with inborn tact, she winspered, not they?" said Emmie thickly, "they've taken all you had? It's like 'em. You're safe with me, Joan. There's always shelter for you here. Joan—my little Joan—you've come back to me understood; with inborn tact, she winspered, not they?" said Emmie thickly, "they've taken all you had? It's like 'em. You're safe with me, Joan lifted her head and looked up. They've taken all you had? It's like 'em. You're safe with me, Joan—work of they're taken all you had? It's like 'em. You're safe with me words would come, and she hid her face again on Emmie's breast. And Emlife the dear old Briar Patch ever taken all you had? It's like 'em. You're safe with me words would come, and she hid her face again on Emmie's breast. And Emlife they've done you're had and looked up.



THE MARRIAGE GAME As Played to a Decision Every Day By Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hatton

MORE ABOUT THE S. OF H. Her Play.-We were speaking only A Young Man's Fancy-If esterday about the masculine sense of humor. I confess no woman will ever understand it, my love. Why, for example, does a man think that the vow he pledges when he marries—to "cherish and love beyend all other," and so forth-why is that humorous? Yet no man ever speaks of the marriage vow he pledges without laughing, in a half-apologetic of love, manner, as if he were discussing a Warti



joke that was in perhaps bad taste I cannot understand it. No man ever suggests that the vow his wife has I daresay that if I were to apologize for that and laugh if off casually, you would clamp on ong!"

She turned with a whisk of her made a detour to the park entrance. The contains, you would clamp on your hat and go out, not forgetting to slam the front door as hard as She turned with a whisk of her skirts, and, laughing triumphantly, strode out through the open window on to the lawn. She made her way across to the park road, turning back twice to look at the great house, and again Joan heard her laugh. Then It was late when Joan stumbled marriage ceremony is the very heigh announces that he has become shout loudly and behave as if he was nominated to be king of the Canriage and births are so terribly sidesplitting to the masculine sense of humor, it is a mystery to me why death is not considered too fun for words by you super-humorists. Whenever you mention some chan having been fired from his job you laugh. Why? Is that so funny?

Directed.

Estelle-What a lovely night! Martin-It's a real spring night. Estelle-I just love to sit and look Estelle-You're just beginning to Martin-It makes you dream all awaken and understand the language

kinds of things-Estelle-Yes, it makes you think

Martin-See how graceful the trees are-silhouetted against the moon! Estelle-Their branches are intertwined—as though they were stretching out their arms to love each other. Martin-Listen to the tree toads! Estelle-How beautiful they sound forth in full bloom! -they're piping their love songs like true lovers—
Martin—You're feeling sentimental perfect lover!

tonight, aren't you?

Estelle—Oh, I just love to think of all the animals in the world-Estelle-And I love to think of all

Martin-You do? Estelle-And I love to think of all the people in the world-

Martin-Yes-ves-Estelle-All loving each other!



By Thornton W. Burgess. He wisdom shows who doth arrange

For now and then a little change.

—Johnny Chuck Now that Johnny and Polly Chuck had awakened from their long winter sleep they were very much awake fortable spring they ever had known. It was because they had slept extra/ long. Always before, after waking in work to get even a bite here and there, because always they had awakstarted off with Johnny Chuck oped.

There, if I haven't snared Original started to grow. This time it was different. Food wasn't plentiful by any means, but by looking for it they and hurried to tell little Mrs. Peter they may not be as sensitive to the

In a moment two stout dails.

A thought came into a chair, her face darkened.

and held the sobbing girl to her her face darkened.

"Wasn't there one to stand by you, and it have any love for home at all? Why Mrs. Peter and I have a lived all? Why Mrs. Peter and I have a lived a lived. Joan?" she whispered, "not even all? Why Mrs. Peter and I have lived they were met, they always sai they were just looking around. (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Bu



Estelle-Seize me in your arms, my

Estelle-Ah, how lovely it all is!

Estelle-Why, love, it was or-

dained! I've known it for weeks!

(Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

Martin-Ye-yes---

I never imagined this!

roposal of love!

very sincere thanks to everyone, although space is so limited that I am able only to briefly acknowledge cards "stopping" with Farmer Cranston, front of a country schoolhouse in the country school of of love.

Martin—I—what?
Estelle—You great big loving, lovable lover:

Martin—Er—er—
Estelle—lsn't it wonderfully lovely your love has awakened:

Martin—H—has jt?

Able only to briefly acknowledge cards from December Bride, Peggy's Man, Many Elken, Captolia, Busy Hands, Lady-Slipper, Thirty-Seven, Tip, M. L., Budd, Just Neoma, Mama's Doll, Tildie, Mrs. H. W., Elgin Lass, Tiger Lilly, Sussex, Shivers, The Nipper, Union Jack, Diana, Mother of Four Little and that he was "helping out" at that he was "helping out" at the was the social cards from for a country schoolhouse in that who lived two miles down the main indefinite region of New York States who lived two miles down the main indefinite region of New York States and Annie reflected that all she had learned concerning the life story of the stranger youth was that his name was Ralph Holden and that he was "helping out" at the shoot to see what was the social cards in the state of the school to see what was the social cards in the state of the school to see what was the social cards in the state of the school to see what was the social cards in the state of the school to see what was the social cards in the state of the school to see what was the social cards in the state of the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see whether the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see whether the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see whether the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see whether the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see whether the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see whether the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see whether the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see whether the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see the school to see what was the social cards in the school to see whether the school to Estelle—It was like a delicate green Ones, and others, all of whom are enfarmer thusiastic concerning the badge. I am forth in full bloom! know soon regarding it.

Ada's Hubby.

Estelle—Ah, how lovely it all is! Hubby wearing a woman's badge, shall never forget your rapturous other than a blackened eye, but Martin—In—in my wildest dreams badge, not the eye—a lodge pin, never imagined this! better half is in league with a gang of ladies. I am not sure how much we are—or I'd better say, I am—supposed to deposit for the emblem. I say "I am," because possibly it is not so expensive for women as men, or does the price run according to size? One or two questions: How much should a man weigh when he is 23 summers and 6 feet 3½ inches? To be in style. I might add, now don't semble "a long string of human sufering," as Sad Buster described.

Now, Ada is 5 feet 7½ inches and 21 years old. What is the ideal weight that how much or how little you may say she ought to weigh will not alter my opinion and affection one little

> us we could dig out March Wind, April Showers, Heart of the Night Wind, Original Lonely, Scottie Frate Dundee, Mother Goose, Inspired Dish-washer, Rose of Sharon, and more of the "old" ladies, from their winter herbors, now that spring is or should be

started off with Johnny Chuck obedi- here? There, if I haven't snared Original Joan, don't cry!"

Joan as a mother soothes a child. A lump rose in her throat as she felt the girl's quivering.

Joan to be as sensitive to the that the Chucks were going to move. From that time on Johnny Chuck up all that extra fat they had carried soothes a child. A lump rose in her throat as she felt the girl's quivering.

Joan as a mother soothes a child. A lump rose in her throat as she felt the girl's quivering.

Joan as a mother soothes a child. A lump rose in her throat as she felt the girl's quivering.

Joan as a mother soothes a child. A lump rose in her throat as she felt the girl's quivering.

Joan as a mother soothes a child. A lump rose in her throat as she felt the girl's quivering. soothes a child. A lump rose in her throat as she felt the girl's quivering agony grow less, and the slim body become limp in her arms.

"Try not to think of it, Joan," said Emmie softly, "cross it all out—its finished. I'll look after you, dear. You're with friends now. Lord help 'em if they ever meddle with you when I'm around."

A thought came into her mind, and her face darkened.

"Wasn't there one to stand by you, Ican." should not a new howe any love for home at Ican." should rever meddle with you when I'm around."

When I'm around." Should the matter with this one? I never did see such folks. It was only last spring that you moved over here. Don't you have any love for home at Ican." should the your way were met, they always said the slim body to think less about their most unexpected times and in the most unexpected places. No one ever knew where to look for them. Sammy lay saw them up in the Old Orchard. Jerry Muskrat discovered them nibbling tender young grass on the bank of the Smiling Pool. Jimmy Skunk met them in the Long Lane that leads down from Farmer Brown's barnyard down from Farmer Brown's barnyard with was even reported that they had been seen in the Old Pasture, but last spring that you moved over here. Don't you have any love for home at they were met, they always said the sim of the widting room in a station. You know most unexpected places. No one ever knew where to look for them. Sammy lay saw them up in the Old Orchard. Jerry Muskrat discovered them nib- ling tender young grass on the bank of the Smiling Pool. Jimmy Skunk met them in the Long Lane that leads down from Farmer Brown's barnyard with the same to most unexpected places. No one ever knew where to look for them. Sammy lay saw them up in the Old Orchard. Jerry Muskrat discovered them nib- ling tender young grass on the bank met them in the Long Lane that leads down from Farmer Brown's barnyard down from Farmer Brown's barnyard

they were met, they always said that Without more delay I "dance my way in spirit, if not in body ADA'S HUBBY. Nothing short of 200 pounds, I should say, would save you from appearing absolutely emaciated, with that height, Ada's Hubby, and to my way of thinkof again on Emmie's breast. And Emfort weeks and weeks in the weeks in the forbore to put the question that was upon her lips. Indeed, she did not think it worth asking.

"Toffs!" whispered Emmie, staring before her with extraordinary virulence. "Blast them all!"

Joan remained motionless; she seemed to have sunk into a trance of complete exhaustion. With deft fingers Emmie undressed her, and put her to edd as if she had been a baby. For a long while, Emmie sat watching over the tired face on the pillow, "So Mister Philip Mottisfont stands down?" murmured Emmie, "and well for her!"

She crossed to the table, and twisted ther red hair into a coarse plait. "I think," she said between her teeth, "I can get a bit of her own back for Joan here!"

(To Be Continued.)

(To Be Continu

very pretty girl of about twenty-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

UNDER FALSE COLORS.
By H. IRVING KING.

ne of twenty-two sat on a mossy birds sang in the trees, a brook regarding the strangers within his murmured as it ran below the bank gates—whether they were relatives, and everything was idyllic as could be desired. The girl was dressed like any other country girl; her face and hands were browned by sun and wind, and a healthy, ruddy glow shone through the tan on ther Holden's stuck in the war and wind. which emerged down the woods was Raiph Holden, millionaire banker near where the meditative maiden and railroad director, sixty-five years sat came a young man in overalls, old, clearly not her Ralph. She wrote driving an ox-team loaded with to an old schoolmate in New York wood. The oxen came to a stand-still at the end of the forest road had lately gone in for doing society

but it did not work. The maiden cating somewhere on a farm recuper-by the brook laughed. At the sil-very sound the young man turned and, for the first time, realized that he was observed.

Cating somewhere on a farm recuper-ating his health which had suffiered from too much football and too much Greek—a dangerous mixture. Annie heaved a deep sigh and was very pen-

be forgiven if you will tell me how to get these beasts in motion again, for I am a farm hand of but brief

"Thanks, awfully," said the tall, sun-burned, blue-eyed stranger, "but before acting upon your expert advice, as my flery steeds and "Were you and Lof the same soils!" their driver are somewhat wearied. would you mind if I sat down a order things might be different. But while until we recuperate?"

the girl suddenly started to her fawn, ignoring Ralph's entreaties to feet and cried: "My, look at the "just listen a moment." sun! It must be getting late in the

come here?

babbling brook.

They often met after that—quite by accident at first, of course—and sat together and talked and talked began to cry.

"Ralph—you?" said Annie. And to the amazement of her pupils she sat right down there on the doorstep and began to cry.

"Ralph—you?" said Annie. And to the amazement of her pupils she sat right down there on the doorstep and began to cry.

Dear Miss Grey.—Now, I don't know about how you feel about Ada's Hubby wearing a woman's badge, other than a blackened eye, but other than a blackened eye, but diately after their first meeting. that it will resemble-I mean the Annie learned that Holden was taught. People say that Mrs. Raiph really a summer boarder at Lor- Holden is the most charming hostes ing's and his "helping out" was in Newport.

parely voluntary and in the healthy

BY JOHN

GOODWIN

and the youth looked at them in notes for one of the papers, and perplexity, evidently undecided just what he should say to get them started again. He tried "giddap!" spring and now supposed to be rusti-

"My dear young lady," said he, lifting his hat and slowly approaching the fair unknown, "your merriment is, no doubt, justified and will things drift along as they were. The

"Oh, that's easy," replied the girl, "just say 'gee up there," and flick them with your whip."

an ideal summer. I shall never forget it, nor you. But tomorrow I must feture to the city and resume those social duties to which I was unforth.

Permission being hesitatingly given, the young man seated himself and they began to talk. They started with the weather, of course, and then branched out to birds and flowers, and brooks and brooks and brooks and brooks and brooks and brooks and brooks. flowers and brooks and scenery,

exercise line. Farmer Cranston was the most bank beneath a spreading oak. The he would never supply information

sun and wind, and a healthy, ruddy glow shone through the tan on her cheeks. Swinging by its ribbons a strangely familiar. Where had she coarse straw hat, she looked out over the summer landscape and hummed a gentle tune. Down a forest path was Bainh Holden millionalte harber

summer passed and the first of Sep

tember approached. Then one day, as they sat in their experience and wot not of bovine self-starters."

accustomed place by the brook, Annie suddenly said: "Ralph, we have had social duties to which I was unfortu-nately born. I have been deceiving

> "Were you and I of the same social you, dear, are only a simple farm

Ralph, "Let me explain. I am not—" "Never mind; not a word more and might have got to Shakespeare and the musical glasses had not Annie ran away with the speed of a

The next day Ralph went early to fternoon. Good-bye."

"Hold on," said the youth as she explanation with Annie, But he found prepared for flight. "Do you often she had gone—departed the night be ome here?"

"Oh, yes, very often," she said, nation. Ralph searched for her high and then was gone, tripping over and low, but without avail. He made the footbridge which crossed the extensive inquiries in social circles but society knew her not. So the So many of the Boxites remembered me with Easter greetings that I am more than delighted and grateful. My very sincere thanks to everyone, although the six of the woods was that her name the month Ralph Holden's high-

> casion of the tumul "Annie!" cried Ralph "Ralph—you?" said A



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