

THE TIGER GIRL

By JACK LAWTON.

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The girl who was about to enter the room stood poised on the stair at sound of voices below. She heard her own name mentioned and waited. Her hair shone tawny in the window light, and her face was soft-tinted as a flower. The golden lashes veiling her yellow-black eyes glistened like sunny dewdrops. She stood calm, expectant.

"I call her the tiger-cat," her hostess was saying. "We had one once just like her, subtle, ever ready to stab with her hidden claws. Greedy for that which was—or was not her own. Claiming, by cunning or force, it might be. And yet, we could not part from the thing. It had an endearing manner of cuddling up to one, caressing with its yellow head or begging pardon with cushioned outstretched paws. That is Pauline. When I lose patience with her completely," Marion Dale smiled her confession, "Pauline is sure to come to me one way or another. She can charm and conciliate women as well as men on those occasions when it suits her purpose."

The small person on the window seat turned so that the listener could see her face.

"Aren't you bitter, Marion?" she reproved.

"Bitter!" Mrs. Dale's tone expressed exasperation.

"It is you who should be bitter, Nell, with that woman taking Paul from you, before your very eyes. And only for a passing whim to show her powers, not that a public exhibition is necessary, mercy knows; for the men follow her about for a smile or a frown."

"I do not think," Nell said slowly, "that Pauline will throw Paul over."

Nell paused between the door draperies.

"Maybe," she suggested, "it might be better, Marion, to try to tame the tiger."

The golden-haired girl on the stair seemed to move as the one whose lover she had taken, came wide-eyed toward her.

"You heard?" Nell asked in consternation. Pauline nodded. She held out her white fingers amiably to the sunlight and studied their shining nails.

"The tiger's claws," she quoted.

The hall was silent and deserted. Nell sinking down upon a lower step meditated bravely up at the girl.

"Pauline," she said, "tell me something of your earlier life in that far-away West. I think that you must have been brought up with people different from us. People living by a different code. To be so cynical one must be unhappy. It hurt me to hear you mock at sincerity. Now I believe in the good in every one."

The tiger-girl gazed through her half-closed lids. "Even yet?" she asked insolently.

"Even yet," answered Nell. Pauline leaned forward.

"And I could take your lover from you tomorrow," she declared.

"Take him, and keep him forever." She laughed, impulsively touching her pink finger tips to Nell's arm. "With my claws," she taunted.

"Unless," Nell quietly replied, "I think it best to clip your claws. I could—do that."

The golden girl's smile was incredulous.

"You?" she mocked.

"Knowing Paul," Nell went on calmly, "do you believe that he would still care for you if he knew that you had deceived not only himself but others more cruelly? Paul is not that kind. His sense of honor is strong and he must believe beyond all question in the woman he loves. Or else love would leave him."

"When the maid brought up our letters this morning one wrongly addressed was tossed into my lap. She had mistaken the name, and I, thinking of other things, tore open the envelope absently and began to read. There was no other beginning to the letter than the word 'Dear.' It was from a broken-hearted man, whom it seems you had long ago charmed for your school girl diversion. But when you had carried the episode to the point of a runaway marriage merely to prove your triumph, you returned immediately after the secret ceremony to your parents, with a desire that the marriage be annulled."

"This they were able to accomplish, because of your minority. But the man, it seems, continued true to his love and sends now a further plea after all the years. Some men might overlook such a letter, but to Paul it would be the condemning revelation of your nature."

"And you are going to show it to him?" Pauline asked fiercely. From the pocket of her gray frock little Nell drew the letter. With firm hands, she folded it into the hands of her rival. "No," she said. "I'm going to give the letter to you. I happen to believe, you see, in good in others. So I shall leave it to yourself to be true. You will have to find your own way."

The clock on the landing ticked loudly; then the tawny girl spoke. "You have tamed your tiger, my dear," she said, "and you shall have your precious Paul. I never wanted him, anyway." But when she reached the top of the stair she stood, her finger tips pressed to her eyes; when she looked at the shining nails they were wet with tears. Pauline smiled triumphantly. "Clipped Miss Tiger," she whispered, "and clipped—forever."

MAE GIRACI



Of all the kiddies who are playing before the camera little ten-year-old Mae Giraci is believed to be one of the most fortunate, for this screen lass is "doubling" for Priscilla Dean in a characterization that shows Miss Dean as she looked at the age of ten. Little Mae started work in the "movies" at the age of six. She was born in Los Angeles and is of Italian parentage.



WELL, I been deesa place longa time now and I gotta plenty deegust for lasta me twenty-fiva year. For longa time I wanta see deesa Washtown, United S. A., but now I no wanta see any more. So I feegure I leava town nexa week and no come back.

But I wanta tella you somating. Een deesa place ees too moocha job and no moocha work. Everybody gotta poish but no ambish. I meeta plenty people and aska where he work. Mosta da bunch tella me he worka for Uncle Sam. And only ting gotta do here for holdsa some da job ees seet down and waita for da payday.

Uncle Sam gotta greata beega family but he gotta wronga idee. One my frien gotta beega family, too. But when some hees keed getta beeg he go out and makka da leeving.

But Uncle Sam gotta plenty keed wot seem lika never getta beeg. Da Uncle he gotta kepka dat bunch so longa he leave. Eef he no makka some co to work pretty queeck mebbe he ees broke before ees olda man.

You know wot's matter here ees too moocha seet down and no moocha work. Eef deesa bunch could makka da egg every time he lay round lika de cheecken we could buy da eggs feefteen cents a dozen.

And eef all da swevet chair ees dees town gotta broke sama time Uncle Sam losa da wholea family. Wot you tink?

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Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER.

HARD-WORKING MOUSE

IN A SOMEWHAT aimless after-dinner walk the other evening I was attracted to a crowd which had gathered in front of the window of a dealer in house pets.

As the crowd next to the window satisfied its curiosity and moved on I gradually came to see that fifteen or twenty human beings of which I was about to become one, had been watching the activities of a small white mouse which was the temporary resident of a new and shiny cage.

At the top of the cage was a sort of nest attached to the wires and filled with bits of cotton. Below in the floor of the cage was a feeding box and in front of that a flat tin disk, some six inches in diameter, so tilted upon a pivot axle that if you placed any weight upon any part of it that part which bore the weight would immediately turn so that it would be the lowest part of the disk. In other words, if a living object attempted to climb up the disk it would turn as fast as the object ascended and the object itself would always be traveling uphill and getting nowhere.

The white mouse pursued a program about after this plan: He would rest for a few minutes in his nest. Then he would climb down the side of the cage to the food box, nibble for a minute and then running around to the front of the floor of the cage he would jump down upon the disk and as he did so the disk would begin to revolve. The faster he ran, in his attempt to climb, the faster the disk would revolve, with the mouse always at the bottom.

For three or four minutes at a time the mouse would run as fast as he could. A human being running as fast as that mouse, in proportion to his size and weight, would have gone ten or twelve miles at a marvelous rate of speed.

After his period of running the mouse would suddenly stop, the disk would cease to revolve, he would go to the food box, nibble for a minute and then climb to his nest for a short rest, only to repeat the whole performance over again.

The mouse during the time that he was running appeared to be putting forth every physical effort of which he was possessed. He was doing everything that he could so far as running was concerned. BUT HE WAS GETTING NOWHERE.

He landed right where he began at the bottom of the disk.

He had burned out his mouse energy, exhausted his mouse condition and the result was NOTHING.

I wondered as I stood there how many of the men and women who had stopped to watch him had learned any lesson from that caged mouse and his fruitless endeavors.

I wondered how many of them were running around on a disk, striving, struggling, exhausting themselves with efforts which would end by leaving them right where they started.

The mouse demonstrated a good lesson. He taught those who watched him—if they thought at all about the thing they were looking at—that every man and woman ought every little while take a look around and see if they are going ahead, if they are advancing, if they are adding something, however little, to what life and its efforts should accumulate in wealth, experience and wisdom.

The merchant who never takes account of stock, who keeps no books, who has no way of checking his business, is pretty much at sea as to whether he is a success or a failure, whether he is making money or losing.

The man who goes through life without checking up his efficiency, taking account of his accomplishments or balancing his efforts against his accumulation cannot have any very dependable idea of what his efforts are amounting to.

There are too many of us who, like the mouse, let our lives consist of working, eating and sleeping, without knowing definitely what we are accomplishing.

If the mouse had the intelligence to know that his great effort in running on the tin disk really amounted to nothing in results he would devote himself to something more worthwhile.

Perhaps if we made an honest estimate of what we are doing and what the results are we would stop being foolish and turn to something more productive and more to our credit.

The thing for us to do is to make an honest estimate of what we are doing and what it truly amounts to and guide our future endeavors accordingly.

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KIND TO HIS RELATIVE.
"Ma, is Mr. Fullhouse very old?"
"No, dear; why do you ask?"
"I think he must be, 'cause I heard pa say last night that he raised his ante."

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Still Thrifty.
He was so miserly that the girl's family twitted her much about it. In desperation one night she decided to give him a very strong hint that she would like to have him occasionally buy her a box of candy. They were standing in front of a drug store window, which was filled with boxes of candy. The girl looked at them a minute and said archly, "Do you know that there is a kiss at the bottom of everyone of those boxes?"
The thrifty young man looked at them. "Well, some day when I have plenty of time," he said, "I'll go in and look under one to see if I can find any."

The Greater Trial.
A bride of a few months was exploring the treatment of her husband to her mother, and between her sobs was saying:
"You see, mother, I've only been married a few months, and George goes out nearly every night and leaves me all alone."
Her mother did her best to comfort her.
"You must not upset yourself, my dear," she said. "How little you know of the real trials of life, and little do you know what I have suffered! Why, your father never goes out at all!"

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