

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGE

JUMPING JACQUELINE

Myra A. Wonn, in "Continent."

"I didn't jump to conclusions this time," thought Jacqueline, as she walked dazedly down the street. "I saw her—I truly saw her go to mother's desk and look through the pigeon holes and then open the little drawer. I saw her take out mother's purse. I saw her draw out a bill and then slip away through the side door. I even saw her run across the lawn into her own house. And all the time she kept looking 'round as if she was afraid someone would see her. Oh dear! Helen, my best—my very best friend—a thief!" Visions of Helen in horrible prison stripes overcame her then. Did they put women and little girls in striped uniforms? Or only men? Oh, dear! Turning quickly into a little side path, she was soon crying stormily, hidden from view by a little thicket of trees.

Poor Jacqueline! It had all happened so suddenly. Just a few short minutes ago she had come home from school. She had opened the front door very quietly, because, when she had left at noon, her mother had been lying down with a sick headache. She had hoped to find her asleep. Then—she had caught sight of Helen in the sitting room. Amazed and terrified, she had watched her take the money and had seen her disappear into her own house next door. There was no mistake about it. It had all happened.

At dinner that evening Jacqueline's mother had quite recovered from her headache, but Jacqueline looked as if she had been sick a week.

"What's the matter, Jumping Jack?" asked her father, teasingly. "Been jumping to conclusions again?"

"No," solemnly answered his little daughter. "I haven't."

"Do you feel sick, dear?" questioned her mother anxiously.

"No, mother, but I'm tired. I think I'll go to bed." Not for the world would she tell anyone that Helen was a thief. She would die first. She had decided to keep it a secret and try her very best to reform Helen.

But reforming Helen wasn't going to be a very easy matter, she found. Not the least bit pale or remorseful did Helen appear the next morning. Instead, she came joyously to school in a beautiful new scarf and tam—the very ones that Jack herself had been watching and wishing she could buy ever since they had appeared in Hadley's window.

"They were marked down to \$5 only yesterday, and I hurried right over and bought them before anyone else could. Wasn't I lucky?" delightfully cried Helen, looking eagerly at Jack as if expecting her to rejoice too.

Rejoice! No indeed. It was all Jack could do to keep from calling bitterly: "You thief—you awful thief! To steal my mother's money to buy what I wanted more than anything!" With a very red face she started to say something, but stopped herself in time. And the school bell ringing just then, put a stop to further talking.

But all through the morning Jack was thinking rebelliously. Of course Helen had wanted the scarf. Often and often the two girls had stood in front of the window admiring it. Such a beautiful pink it was. So soft

and warm, too. Oh dear! Helen must be all bad. No use in trying to reform such a—such a brazen thief. She deserved to wear a striped uniform, and she would be glad to see her in one—almost. No—no; she wouldn't either. The harder it was to reform her the more glory there would be in doing it. She would try to think up some plan—maybe talk it over with her Sunday School teacher. Course not give any names—just pretend it was anybody.

After school Jack hurried away, determined not to walk home with Helen. She must think things out better before she saw that maddening pink scarf and tam again. They were so very becoming, too. But Helen ran and caught up with her. "Oh, Jack!" she cried, "what's the matter? Are you mad?" "If you don't know what's the matter I shan't tell you," Jack answered gravely, looking Helen straight in the eye.

Helen colored; then said gently: "I know you wanted it, but you said your father couldn't afford to buy it no matter if it should be marked down. I'm sorry. I tell you what. You wear it one day, and I'll wear it

on her father's broad shoulder and crying her heart out. What a relief it would have been to tell him everything! But it wouldn't be right. He must never know.

"No, dad," she said—her lips quivering—"It's something I can only tell Miss Dawson.

Jack put on her coat and hat and started for the door. Suddenly she drew back. Through the hall window she had seen Helen coming up the walk.

"Tell her I've gone out," she whispered to her mother. "I'm going, too—out the back door."

The bell rang, and Jack slipped into the back hall. Curiosity, however, made her pause a minute, and this is what she heard:

"Here is that \$5 you lent me yesterday. Mother thought it was so sweet of you to let me have it—specially when you had such a headache and was lying down and all. And Mrs. Brown, your purse wasn't in the right hand cubby hole as you thought. I had to look all through the desk before I found it. I felt so funny. If anyone had seen me doing it, they might have thought I was stealing."

A hot feeling of shame swept over poor Jacqueline, down to her very toes. She had been a Jumping Jack again. But how glad, how very glad she was that she had kept her terrible suspicions to herself. No one need ever know now.

That night when Jack climbed into bed she was too happy to think of sleeping. Tomorrow she was to wear the beautiful scarf and tam. She hadn't wanted to—hadn't thought she deserved it. But Helen had insisted.

"Anyhow," thought Jacqueline, "I wasn't so much to blame for being a Jumping Jack this time. Almost anyone would have been one in my place, I really do believe."—Missionary Witness.

PUT-OFF TOWN!

Did you ever go to Put-off Town,
Where the houses are old and tumble-down,
And everything tarries and everything drags,
With dirty streets and people in rags?

On the street of Slow lives Old Man Wait,
And his two little boys named Linger and Late,

With uncleaned hands and tousled hair,
And a naughty sister named Don't Care!

Grandmother Growl lives in this town,
With her two grand-daughters, Fret and Frown;

And Old Man Lazy lives alone,
Around the corner, on street Postpone.

Did you ever go to Put-off Town,
To play with the two girls, Fret and Frown?
Or go to the home of Old Man Wait,
And whistle his boys to come to the gate?

To play all day on Tarry street,
Leaving your errands for other feet,
To stop, or shirk, or linger, or frown,
Is the nearest way to Put-off Town.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

A shipmaster may as well look down into the hold of the ship for the north star as for a Christian to look down into his own heart for the Sun of Righteousness. Out and beyond is the shining.—Beecher.

TAKE YOUR PLACE!

Somewhere the world has a place for you

That is all your own;
Somewhere is work that your hand can do,

And yours alone.
Whether afar over land and sea,
Or close at your door may the duty be,
It calls for your service full and free—
Take your place!

Somewhere the world has bitter tears
Your smile might dry;
Somewhere the burden of doubts and fears,

The hopeless sigh.
There are steps that falter, weary, weak,

For the strong, brave arm they vainly seek;

Will you pass them by on the journey bleak?
Take your place!

Somewhere the world has a desert spot
Your toil might till;
Somewhere a life whose loveless lot
Your love might fill.

If the place that waits be high or low,
Question not, cry not—onward go!
The world's great battle needs every blow—
Take your place!

the next. I'd love to do it. Truly I would."

"But I wouldn't," declared Jack, angrily pushing away the scarf which Helen was offering her. "I hate that scarf. I do—I do." Without another word she fled down the street, leaving Helen looking wonderingly after her.

That night at dinner Jacqueline had two red spots burning on her cheeks. She had been lying upstairs in her hot little room, thinking—just thinking. She had decided what she would do, too.

"I think I'll go over to see Miss Dawson tonight. She asked me to come over sometime," she announced. "Mayn't I, mother? Please"—as she saw her mother hesitate—"I want to talk over something with her very, very much."

"But, my dear, you look feverish," objected her mother.

"Talk it over with dad," her father urged, pulling her down on his knee. "He's as good as any Sunday School teacher. He used to have a class of girls once, himself."

Jack felt very much like burying her head