

EXCHANGING SWEETHEARTS

What Happened When Patsy Tried to Make Norma Jealous

By PEARL C. FOLEY

"HELLO, Patsy! Don't you know it is five o'clock and that you are wasting the coolest and best part of the day in a hammock. You are almost as much a surprise as the news in my pocket."

"Oh, Tony, it's not finished, is it?" cried the girl excitedly, leaping from the hammock.

"Say, Pat, I'd like you to remember that the world isn't composed entirely of yachts. No, I learned this morning that the boat has to have two more coats of paint, as well as a hundred and one other things done to her. This is something entirely unexpected," and he held up a slip of yellow paper from which she read:

"Will be at Uncle's to-night to spend fortnight, Ray Princeton."

"Three cheers for Ray!" cried Patsy, clapping her hands gleefully. "Now for the fun, but oh dear," and her face lost some of its animation, "if only Norma would be reasonable and act nicely with him."

"He may have another girl by now," replied her companion carelessly.

"Tony, you are terribly skeptical. It would really serve you right to be disappointed in love."

"No fear of that," said Tony fondly and with a meaning glance.

"It's wise not to be too sure," said the girl coldly, turning to pluck a berry from the loaded bush tempting-ly within reach.

The boy took her by the hand and drawing her towards him looked searchingly into the brown eyes raised to his. Seeing the light of mischief there his own softened and they both laughed together, at which the threatening cloud sped away.

"It's an hour and a half before dinner, Patsy, so let's go for a ramble."

"All right," agreed the girl readily, and the two wended their way towards the lake at the foot of the garden.

The hot summer day was gently giving place to cooler evening and life seemed very beautiful to the boy and girl as they walked hand in hand through the old-fashioned garden down the grassy slope to the golden tinted water.

"Let's sit here and watch the sun go down," said Patsy, seating herself on a drifted log.

"Now Tony, you are to listen quietly to a little plan that has just formulated in my mind, regarding Ray and Norma. I am sure Norma likes him, but she is too self centred to know it, and there is no doubt about Ray's feelings for Norma, she is such a dear."

"Well, out with your plan, leave the raving to the last," said Tony, who was trying his skill at skipping stones on the water.

"Don't be so rude—I want to ask you a question, Tony—now answer it sensibly. Don't you think it our duty to be self-sacrificing when it helps to make two people happy?"

"Yes," hesitatingly, "but what are you driving at anyway? You have had so many of these conscience whims lately. I am in hourly terror that you will be wanting to sacrifice me next."

"That's just it. How well you read my mind. I want you to let me make love to Ray—or at least give him the opportunity of making it to me."

"What!" shouted Tony. "I thought I was past being startled by you. Is this some joke or are you trying to make me madly jealous?"

"No, I want to make Norma jealous. Now, don't frustrate my plans, because I need all the help you can give me. They say jealousy often creates love and if there is a spark of love (which I am sure there is in this case), it might fan it into a blaze."

"Oh, I see," said the boy drily, "so you want me to sit around watching another have all my good times."

"No, you are to look after Norma—of course," she added quickly, "you will not need to see her nearly so often as you do me—once in two weeks I think will be quite sufficient."

"Not if I know it—I shall see her just as often as you do Ray. You see, dear," he explained, "the trust should not be all on one side."

"No, I suppose not," said Patsy doubtfully—"but," her face brightening, "don't you think it a splendid idea? It seems a perfect shame for two lives to be wasted for want of a little awakening."

"How about Ray, is he to be taken into our confidence?"

"Gracious no," looking at him scornfully, "why, that would spoil everything. We are not really positive that he cares for her."

"A nice chance you are giving him to cut me out."

The girl continued unheeding, "A great deal will depend on you. You must ask Ray to be your substitute, pleading some business excuse each time. You'll do it, won't you Tony?"

Patsy's persuasive powers finally won Tony's glum assent, but he added, "Remember, Pat, I don't altogether like the idea."

"Never mind, old boy, you're a brick," and Patsy gave his arm a friendly pat.

As Tony looked into the clear brown eyes

some misgiving assailed him and he said abruptly.

"Do you know, Patsy, you are altogether too sisterly, and when I come to think of it, you have never let me kiss you once."

Patsy jumped to her feet, a mischievous smile playing around her lips. "How absent minded on your part, Tony; but I believe mother and father have returned, as I just heard the toot of the car. Good-bye till after supper," and before the boy could overtake her she had disappeared up the slope.

CHAPTER II.

"I WONDER if my plan is going to fail after all!"

It was two weeks later and Patsy was in the hammock again, a rather troubled expression on her face as she soliloquized. Norma so far had not evinced a bit of jealousy, but on the contrary, seemed to be enjoying Tony's society to the full. Supposing after all she did not care for Ray—and the strange part of it was he did not seem to mind her indifference in the least, but sought her, Patsy's, company now every chance he got. This last thought brought a rosy glow to her cheeks. "I am glad I told Tony I couldn't marry him, and it was such a relief that he took it so reasonably. Naturally he would avoid her for awhile, but time was a wonderful doctor and a few months would work the cure."

At that moment a merry whistle sounded near by and Patsy started to her feet guiltily, but immediately reseated herself in the hammock and was unconcernedly nibbling a chocolate and trying to read a book upside down when a tall fair youth came into view.

"I thought I would find you here," he said, throwing himself on a bench opposite the hammock. You see I have become pretty well versed in your daily habits."

"You learnt the lesson quickly, didn't you," said Patsy. "Have a chocolate, they are delicious. I must compliment you on your judgment of sweet goods."

"I think my last choice permits me to merit your compliment," and the tone made Patsy rather uneasy. "Do you know Patsy, it generally takes me two years to know a girl, but somehow it has been different with you. Do you believe in affinities?" he asked abruptly.

"Why—er—really, I haven't thought about it—but don't you think we had better move, the sun is getting around here and it is becoming unbearably hot," and indeed her flushed cheeks were sufficient proof.

"I'll soon fix that," and Ray, for he it was, promptly raised the white parasol he spied and seated himself in the hammock to shelter his fair companion.

"I don't like to be personal, Patsy," he began in some embarrassment, but I have been wondering lately what came between you and Tony. I understood you were engaged."

"Tony and I have decided to remain very great friends."

"But you are a greater friend of mine, aren't you?" and he raised her blushing face until—and she permitted it.

Five minutes later after a certain explanation had been made, for Patsy was too conscientious to let the shadow of deceit enter this wonderful chapter of her life, they both decided it would be better for Patsy herself to break the news to Tony.

So absorbed were they in their new-found happiness

they did not hear the rustling of branches behind them, but if they had turned they would have seen two pairs of eyes peering at them from the shrubbery.

"By George! if she isn't letting him kiss her, and she never let me have one."

"Did you speak, Tony?" inquired his companion. "The deceit of some people," he murmured unheeding-ly. "She might have told me about it," then recollecting that his words might sound rather strange to the girl beside him he explained, "You see, Norma, we are just like brother and sister."

"Yes, that's what Patsy told me, she said you had always seemed a brother to her."

"The little wretch!" he said beneath his breath.

"Why, Tony, you look positively angry. I do believe you are jealous."

"Jealous, I should say not," replied the boy loftily. "Only you could make me that—and when I come to think of it, Norma, I guess it would be better for me to break the news of our engagement to Patsy myself, you see"—

"Just as you say, Tony," she interrupted, "only the quicker we tiptoe out of here the better, for we are almost eavesdropping."

Stencils and the Japanese

TO most minds stenciling means dabbing color through holes in a piece of paper or metal backed up by a piece of cloth, the result being a household decoration, says Herbert S. Stone. The patterns or stencils are usually bought by the dozen or more in a dollar box, and not even the most enthusiastic woman who had stenciled everything in her home would think of treasuring one of these pierced patterns as a work of art. With a good Japanese stencil, however, it would be different. That is a work of art, though the Japs themselves, regarding it merely as a tool—a means to an end—could not understand those first Europeans who raved over its marvelous beauty of design and skillful cutting out, and who wished to buy it as a picture. Stencil-makers were as astonished at being asked to sell their patterns as an etcher would be if asked to sell his copper plates to some one who intended hanging them on the wall instead of obtaining prints from them. But now the Japs have grown all too sophisticated, and make stencils for European trade that would be rejected by their own cloth manufacturers for poor design and careless cutting. They come over with shipments of cheap fans and lacquer trays, and a connoisseur knows at once that they are new, unused, and of feeble design. To tell the non-connoisseur how to pick out a good stencil is no easy matter; we can only point out that everything shown him by a dealer is not necessarily good. Besides beauty and rhythm of the pattern, there must be a precision and delicacy of execution which only the best modern Japanese stencil makers are capable of; therefore, get an old and worn stencil if possible.

The way these beautiful perforated pictures are made astonishes us, so clumsy by comparison are our own fingers. Some fourteen sheets of thin paper made waterproof by dipping in a varnish made from the persimmon, are laid above each other in a frame fitted to their edges. On top is the drawing. Through all these sheets at once, and pushing his little blade from him so that the cut will have a clean edge, the Jap ploughs with un-failing accuracy. The cutting out finished, half the sheets are brushed over with sticky rice paste, and then, with wonderful rapidity, human hairs or extremely fine silk strands are laid across in a network from edge to edge. One of the dry sheets is pressed against this to imprison the filaments, and so exact is the cutting out and placing together of the edges that even a microscope cannot detect that two pieces of paper went to the making of the stencil. Sometimes the widely separated parts of a pattern, instead of being joined in this manner by hairs, are joined by hair-thin strips of paper cut along with the pattern. In either case the lines are too fine to form any obstructions to the brush full of color, and the space appears on the stenciled cloth as a broad, flat tone. One can see that it is not the stenciling of crepe, silk, paper, etc., which requires magic fingers, but the making of the perforated pattern. The process was discovered by a dyer of Kioto in the late seventeenth century, and is still regarded merely as a saving of labor and trained ability. But we are glad to buy these labor-saving tricks, put a sheet of white or tinted paper behind to show up the design, and then frame them and hang them up as specimens of high artistic handicraft.



"He raised her blushing face until—and she permitted it."