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THE STORY OF A WO-
MAN'S TRANSFORMA-
TION
By Marion Rubincam

WE ARRIVE
Chapter 48

It was ludicrous and pathetic to see our preparations for a summer at home in the country. "You both look as though you might be getting ready for your own funerals," Helen remarked, making a pile of cushions on the floor and sitting down on them. Helen always preferred to sit on the floor or on the arm of a chair. And curiously enough, these unusual positions were more becoming to her than the conventionally seated one.

"Well I don't feel particularly cheerful about going home," Violet said. "You'd better get up yourself then—you'll appreciate it better than I do." Violet answered putting. "May I spend two weeks vacation this August with you?" Helen asked eagerly. And of course we were overjoyed to have her.

And so that was arranged and we went on packing for our trip. "I think you should take along some of your ornaments," Helen said. "Because I've a lot of candlesticks of my own—and if your place is as plain as you say, it will be nice to have reminders of this charming apartment." "That's a good idea," Vi said, beginning at once to gather up our little treasures. "I'm going to make my room at home as much like this place as possible. I won't feel so badly then."

So candlesticks, silk covered sofa cushions, the strip of brocade over the mantel, the incense jar, the Buddha and the various other little artistic things I had gathered, went into a large box to be shipped on our ticket.

And finally we were ready. Violet went to the window and stared out at the sun-baked street below. It was never a pretty outlook for this neighborhood was far to one side of the city, and inconvenient, and down at its heels. Wherever the air looked red brick houses with occasional a mattress thrust through an open window, and in the streets, push-carts and children and babies, and mothers too languid from the hot day to work—women who sat about in the shade of doors and nursed the babies and talked and talked.

"And you regret that," Helen said, waving a hand up the street, "that ugly smelly outlook for green fields and a woods and a waterfall!" Violet smiled a little and turned from the window. "But I knew why she was sorry to go—she was worried over Bud. For the lad had been on his good behaviour for weeks now, but he was a little impatient about it. After Helen left she talked about him a little, and we were taking a Saturday afternoon train and we were to arrive home Sunday. This was done so Bud could see us off. "He has been saving money," Vi said. "He showed me his bank book last week, and he has \$50 saved from his salary. And he hasn't been gambling in stocks lately. I do hope he'll be contented over the summer. I anything should happen to him—" her voice trailed off into nothing, and her eyes were round and worried.

"But when Bud came to see us off he was so sweet and so charming that Violet cheered up immediately. "It's such a long time—four months," she said, looking up at him and trying to smile. "Of course it is. But I think of me in the hot city all that time. You will be cool and comfortable at least. There was just a trace of impatience in his voice. "Except that there are ever so many things to do in the city. At home there's nothing to do but think about you." Her cheeks reddened a little as she made this confession.

Bud smiled down at her. "That's right—don't forget me."

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"Bud! As though I could!" "Oh, you might—here give me your things, we'd better start." He seemed almost to want us away. He could not go through the train gate, so he gave our luggage to a porter, tipping him for us, then he turned to me. "You've been a peach all winter Auntie, and I'm darn glad you came to town," he said. And he put his arms around my shoulder and kissed me. Then without a word he stepped down and kissed Violet on the cheek. Then he turned and hurried off.

The girl's face was transformed in an instant. She turned to follow the boy as he went through crowd, her eyes luminous with happiness. "Bud! As though I could!" "Oh, you might—here give me your things, we'd better start." He seemed almost to want us away. He could not go through the train gate, so he gave our luggage to a porter, tipping him for us, then he turned to me. "You've been a peach all winter Auntie, and I'm darn glad you came to town," he said. And he put his arms around my shoulder and kissed me. Then without a word he stepped down and kissed Violet on the cheek. Then he turned and hurried off.

Half a dozen people got off the train and there was the usual little crowd of friends and relatives that always make a country homecoming such an exciting occasion. Violet and I, each with a suitcase and a bundle, started towards the carriage across the platform. James stared at us a full minute without recognition. "James?" Violet cried in alarm. "Why, good—good Lord, Vi. I didn't know you! I didn't know my own sister!" he cried, jumping out of the carriage at once. "And Aunt Enid! Why—why, what have you done to yourselves?" he asked, looking at the full force of the change we had been through. "Come to me. We were different—so different James really didn't know us. We were so used to nice clothes by this time that we had forgotten the difference between our appearance and that of the other people on the little local, and especially between ourselves as we went away and as we came back. "How do you look?" I asked kissing James affectionally. He hugged us both in his arms and happily as he looked at me then his pretty sister. "Then a humorous gleam came into his eyes. "Oh gee," he exclaimed joyfully, "wait till mother sees you!"

Laughing and talking we piled our things on the platform and, on the miles of road between the railway station and the little town of Henly Falls. I found Violet watching her brother closely as we drove along. And I too looked at him with more attention than was ordinarily given to James. Different, indeed, he looked 25, and his shoulders were bent over as those of a man of middle age might be. His eyes were as fine as ever—all the boy's good qualities were to be seen in these splendidly intelligent, rather drooping eyes. His hair was washed back from his head showed the intellect of the forehead. But the lower part of his face was heavier than ever.

Yes, there he was—all possibilities and impossibilities. James' life would always be a fight between the upper and lower parts of his face. In that he was like a great many men—heredity was at war within him. Given congenial surroundings, James would have given an discouraging surrounding, and down into nothing. "What has been happening I asked casually. "Oh, father fired our best hired man last week because he wanted a relay horse," James said. "Mother and Laura are always fighting about something or other. Guess mother just likes to have someone around to pick on, and there hasn't been anyone since you left but Laura."

"Yes, tell me about Laura," Vi said eagerly. "She hasn't written a line to either of us since we left and Mother's letters didn't always give much news." "Oh, nothing much to tell," James said casually. "Laura got Charlie Dwyer and they're going to be married this summer, after the first rush of work is over and before harvesting begins." "Is she very happy?" Vi asked, a little wistfully. "I dunno," James answered slapping the reins on the horse's back to hurry him into a jog trot. "I'd go faster," he apologized only I've had him in the hay rake nearly 16 hours yesterday, and pretty hard at it all week. "I want to drive slowly and talk," Vi said. Tell me more about Laura—and Charlie.

Oh, there's nothing to tell James repeated again. Mother said there was no living with her before, she was so cranky. That's when she wasn't sure of him—Charlie was running over to see Clemmie Burke, and Laura was scared for fear she'd lose him. "Poor Laura," Violet's voice was full of pity. It's dreadful to be in love with some one and know there's another girl. Her eyes were all tenderness for her sister. "She's not in love with him," cooed James. She wanted him before because—oh well she liked

him better than the other fellows and he paid the most attention to her. And then when she found he was going to see Clemmie, she made up her mind Clemmie wasn't going to get him away from her. Gosh, she was always in the front of the house! He couldn't go by on his way to Burke's without her seeing him and calling him in. Maybe that's love," James had been insight at times. Violet felt her cheeks grow hot as she went on in all our minds, and that very little escaped those quiet eyes. "But—it seems curious—they are going to be married—" Vi began, a little puzzled by the unromantic motive attributed to her sister. Yes, sometime soon. And don't you think they'll be happy?" "Oh, I suppose as happy as anyone ever is. Laura has been more goodnatured since Charlie spoke to her, what she was doing. She calmed down a bit. Gee, she used to take our heads off sometimes, she'd get so mad. Poor Charlie!" James grinned broadly to himself. Violet was plainly unconvinced. She could not believe there was no romance in this affair of Laura's.

THE SENSATION
Chapter 45

The difference between Violet and myself as we left Henly Falls and as we returned, was borne in upon us more and more as we reached home. Driving through the short street that formed the heart of the village and at the end of which our home stood, we created little surly of a real sensation. It was early Sunday afternoon and everybody was out front—we could not have chosen a more public time to arrive, had we wanted to make our return dramatic. It was just at the time that the Sunday dinner had been cleared away when the men were resting or perhaps reading in the shade of the porches, and when the women having cleared away the dishes as quickly as might be, were coming out either to sit and rest, to enjoy the first relaxation of the week—or to visit about socially until time for the light supper and church.

"That's the third person that's said 'Hello, James,'" Vi remarked as we drove along under the trees. "Doesn't Jim Henderson know me any more? Aunt Enid there's the Diggs family on the porch—they don't know us either—at least they're not sure. Hello there," she leaned out to wave a greeting. "Well my land—" were the words we caught faintly from the porch, and Mrs. Digs came down the steps to follow us better with her eyes as we drove along. Violet leaned back to giggle mischievously. "Wait a little, we'll startle them she said turning to me. She gave her hat an expert little push which tilted it to a yet more becoming angle. Then she reached down into the very stunning hat, and Helen had given her, found a little vanity case and deliberately powdered her nose with a miniature powder puff, so everyone around could see.

James looked at her with his slow grin, and she suddenly turned down into the very stunning hat of the boy. A great affection and a great sympathy always existed between Vi and her brother, and now she was adding to this a little of the sophistication and a little of the newness of a strange girl. But the climax of the whole afternoon was Esther. She came to the door as she heard the carriage wheels grate on the stones of the roadway, wiping her hands on a towel. She was getting dinner—we were to have it later than usual because of our arrival. So Esther had covered her Sunday dress with her weekday apron, and her face as usual was red and moist from cooking. "My land!" she exclaimed. And again and again "My land!" Vi sat up in her seat and kissed her then turned to watch her face as she greeted me. "My land!" Esther said for the fifth time. "Enid Haines! I wouldn't have known you. What have you been doing to yourself?"

But I turned from her more or less cool greeting to see Violet hugging her father and laughing up at him from the pleasure of seeing him again. Jim kissed me too something he had not done for years, and then we both turned to the rather perfunctory embrace that Laura gave us. "Well I shouldn't know you! Jim said frankly, looking at me as we stood on the porch after dinner. "I swear you looked like a little old lady when you went away. And now—gosh, you don't look 30—not more'n 30 anyway. You look like the little sister I used to be so fond of." "That is charming of you Jim I said. "Until time for Sunday 'tea' as we called the meal of cold meat and odds-and-ends that we ate for Sunday supper, friends and neighbours kept arriving and we had a real reception. I was rather amused by it, and very much pleased. Their faces and comments were a reward for all my work and study of the winter. Again and again I heard that remark "I wouldn't have known you."

Of course, our clothes helped a great deal. We had worn very nice things that we did not want to pack, and—perhaps too, we had worn our prettiest because we knew the sensation we would create. In every woman there exists a great actress. Unconscious I we all know when the dramatic situation occurs and how to play up to it; indeed, we all know unconsciously how to bring about the dramatic climax. Even I knew that though all coquetry had been killed in me long ago. We were a sensation indeed. They told us about it; they told each other about it. Of course, Violet was such a quiet out of the way little village; that almost anything new was apt to be astounding. As I look back now, I marvel that in this busy age, such a town can exist. Yet it was logical enough—the country around us for miles was splendid farm land; the railroad was quite far away; our little river was not strong enough to furnish motive power for any factory; our falls, from which the village took its name, were very charming but had not value but that of beauty.

So we lived a placid out of the world life. And Vi and I came as new, strange people with our city clothes and city manners—all the more curious because they had known us before as even plainer and quieter than they. Laura said she had never seen anything so different. "Of course, if you dress anyone up in such looking clothes, they'd look young. The idea of Aunt Enid acting like a girl! And wearing such a hat!" A little chilled feeling went over me.

MARK AGAIN
Chapter 46

That night I sat in my room a little while before going to bed, and thought hard about Violet and myself. My thoughts were not cheerful, and there was nothing in the room to make them cheerful. It was that sort of room—a hopeless affair in every way. The ceiling was too low. Low ceilings are usually very cheerful but this was so low it was depressing—fairly rested upon one's feet. The walls had once been plain white plaster, but some years before Esther took it into her head to do over the house and she had chosen for my room a brownish paper with an enormous gilt and green design. My thoughts were not cheerful, and there was nothing in the room to make them cheerful. It was that sort of room—a hopeless affair in every way. The ceiling was too low. Low ceilings are usually very cheerful but this was so low it was depressing—fairly rested upon one's feet. The walls had once been plain white plaster, but some years before Esther took it into her head to do over the house and she had chosen for my room a brownish paper with an enormous gilt and green design.

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loves once, he cleared his throat— he really seemed very embarrassed when a man loved once he doesn't care much about other women. "Oh—your wife, you mean I said. Of course yes, when a man has a wife he cares for I suppose other women do seem a little—" "Well—uh, no, that is, I didn't mean that." I never saw a man so embarrassed as Mark. I was almost sorry for him, I could see the red run up into his face, for he was sitting where the lamp light from the room inside fell over him. I was almost sorry for him, almost inclined to let him down easily. But not quite. I remembered how he had treated me years ago when he came to see me so often that he, frightened away every other possible man, and then how he suddenly left me, to run after a girl in another town—and how he had married still another one. I was not resentful—perhaps I felt a little romantic about him years ago. But I did not now—and I remembered his stumbling almost insulting proposal to me last summer. Then, I remembered the other man—Francis Meade, seen so casually one evening last Spring. What a figure he was—beside this uncouth creature!

ESTHER'S IDEAS
Chapter 47

"It's Providence, that's what it is," said Esther, shaking a pillow vigorously. "What is Providence?" I asked smoothing the sheet carefully and tucking in all the corners methodically, as Esther liked. For reply she murmured some words which would be impossible to set down as she gave them. "What she said was: "It's Providence that Sarah's sister died, and she found that other fellow out West some place. But as she was holding a fat pillow tightly between her teeth and pulling on a pillow case, her words were very much garbled. I saw that Esther was about to express her opinion concerning Mark and myself, and there was nothing to do but let her have it out. I pulled the white counterpane up neatly, and began folding the blanket carefully at the foot of the bed. It had been a hot and busy week. The farm work alone was more than enough for us. Jim had enough hired men now, but two of them lived with us, and that

meant extra beds to make up, two more rooms to be kept clean, and two more to cook for. Having accustomed myself to the small amounts of marketing necessary for Violet and myself during the winter, I used to stare in amazement at the huge roasts that went into the oven for the mid-day dinner—and that were completely demolished before the meal was over. Jim was always what Esther called a "hearty feeder," and James came home home ravenous. The hired men always ate enormously. We had meant three times a day—at least they did Violet and I—I supposed having trained our appetites differently during the winter—i.e., as Esther said, "like sparrows." But I think we were the healthier for it. "We really worked so hard that there was little time for long conversations. Mark came once again that week, but I managed not to see him alone. Then he went back to his own home. This morning we heard he was coming back again in a few days, and that started Esther on the subject. "Providence!" she affirmed, shaking the pillow hard and then setting it erect on the head of the bed. "I can see the hand of Providence as plain! You was fool enough to let him get away when you was young, I don't know whether you could have gotten him back last summer or not—I guess you could, he really did ask you to marry him, didn't he?" she gave me a shrewd glance out of her little greenish eyes. "He wanted a housekeeper that's what it amounted to," I replied, gathering up the soiled sheets and going off to another bedroom. Esther followed behind me pretending to do the room work—my special task, e scrippled the covers from the bed, and began putting on fresh linen, still fragrant from its long sunbath when it was bleached on the grass. "Well he'll be more romantic this time," she predicted. "Even a man of forty has romance in him!" "I suppose—though Lord knows, Jim got over his romantic notions soon enough after we were married. I pulled the white counterpane up neatly, and began folding the blanket carefully at the foot of the bed. It had been a hot and busy week. The farm work alone was more than enough for us. Jim had enough hired men now, but two of them lived with us, and that

and only married a few years to grow fat and rather blowsy. "She had fulfilled her mission in life—she had found a man married him, she was bearing him children and keeping his house. What else was there? Why should she keep his love? Hadn't she married him? Wasn't that enough? He had to go on loving her—he had promised to; it was in the wedding ceremony. And beyond that she did not think. Later she regretted—but that was later. Meantime we shook out the pillows and turned the mattresses and discussed Mark. "Course we all thought you were a hopeless old maid," she said with her usual frankness. "But now I got hopes of you. I dunno what you did to yourself this winter—maybe you needed a change of air, or something. But you used to look older than me, and now you look younger. I don't think you even look as old as you are. Course you got gray hairs, I can see them, but your hair somehow has more color." "And of course," she went on, Laura I both think your clothes silly and affected—but they do make you look younger, there's no denying that. And as I says to Laura, after all it don't matter what she does to herself now, she can wear things with skirts that hike in and show her ankles, and she can toddle about on high heels when she ought to be wearing common sense shoes at her age, and she can smear her face all up with creams and such truck—but it's all right, I says, as long as she gets a him." "Esther!" I cried in anger. "What are you talking about?" "Mark of course, she said her eyes growing round in surprise. "You had these sentimental ideas about not taking him because he didn't love you. Now you are making yourself look young again, so he'll fall in love. And he'll do it too, if you treat him nice. As I said, it was Providence made Sarah's relation die out West and sent her out there to marry that other man. Otherwise she'd have Mark and you'd been so late."

(Continued on Page 2)

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