

## A SWEETHEART AT THIRTY

The Story of a Woman's Transformation  
BY MARION RUBINCAM

## LETTERS FROM HOME

Chapter 29

Next day we indulged ourselves in the great luxury of lying in bed until 8 o'clock. Then we ate the rest of the sandwiches and jam. But both of us had country appetites, and we had money enough for simple necessities, so we went out and walked until we found a little restaurant and there we ordered eggs and coffee, and felt better.

"This is the second time I've been in a restaurant," Violet whispered, looking about the little place curiously. "That one Bud took us to yesterday before the first. Just wait, Aunt Enid, before we're through, we're going to eat in every restaurant in New York."

"Good Lord, child, what an ambition!" I smiled.

This day was given over to sightseeing. But first we went back to our room.

"It is dingy," I said, critical for the first time. I looked about it, the faded tan walls, the ornate lace curtains, clean enough, but with a gray-cleaness that would have shocked the soul of any country woman brought up to sun-bleached clothes. They were torn, too, in dozens of places, and the carpet was worn to the back. It, too, was a faded tan, and the counterpanes had also the gray cleanliness that comes from careless washing and indoor drying.

Violet went to the closet and took down my Paisley shawl, a possession of my mother's. She mounted a chair and hung it against the wall, twisting the fringe in some tacks to catch it. It made a gorgeous pattern on the long bare wall.

Then the girl, her eyes alight with inspiration, unpacked the big patchwork quilt. Esther had sent us, and flung it over the terrible counterpane. Last, she brought out her yellow silk scarf and threw it over the bureau.

"There," she said, stepping back to view the room.

And, indeed, with those three things she had turned a piece of dingy ugliness into one of life and color.

Violet had the home-maker's touch. It was never so much what she did, as the way she did it. The woman who has that touch, carries a magic wand with her, to transform barren places into comfortable homes. Such a woman has a thousand times more chance of being happy than the one who accepts the ugly places, and complies with them, without trying to better them.

But the girl herself, more than her actions, worked the transformation. Violet was so alive, she glowed with health, and radiated happiness. Partly under her influence, partly because the sense of oppression that Esther exercised began to lift, I, too, found myself feeling lighter and happier.

At this moment, there was a knock, and Mrs. Tupper put her head in the doorway around the open door.

"I guess these are for you," and she held out a couple of envelopes. "I see they're both addressed to 'Miss.' One is Miss Violet Haines. One's Miss Enid. Is that how it's pronounced—Haines?"

"I'm Miss Enid," I answered, holding out my hand. "I'm Miss Violet's aunt."

"I thought you wasn't her mother. I told 'em so too. Them at the door asked me last night when you went in. I says I knew you wasn't married."

She did not say I looked like an old maid. Henly Falls would scarcely have been so considerate.

"I see you been doin' things to the room," she went on.

"Of course if you mind—" Vi began sarcastically.

"Mind? Oh, no. I never take no one but nice people. And nice people

SAGE TEA DANDY  
TO DARKEN HAIR

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Bring Back Color and Lustre to Hair.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost over night if you'll get a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound tonight and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.—Advertisement.

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are always nice, I says. They would not mark up walls, nor spill ink on a body's carpet. I would have fixed up the rooms myself. But since my last operation I can't do things."

"Operation?" I asked politely, wanting to read my letter.

"Yes, my last." Her eyes lit up with the curiously eager gleam of her species—the sort of woman who delights in talking of serious operations that she has endured. I have found that such women feel a curious aura of romance and importance attached to them, that grows with each operation. In such sections of the city, the more operations a woman has had, the greater her social importance.

"Yes, in my last. I had a ligament took out. And ever since, I can't bend over much. Without falling and getting weak. Before that I had an operation right after my last baby was born." She gave us some intimate details of this, to which I listened. Violet turned her back and calmly read her letter.

"And after that I couldn't stand up on ladders without getting dizzy. So sometimes there ain't so much cleaning on the walls as I'd like to see. I keep a very clean house. But of course I have to depend on help to scrub surfaces. Seein's as I can't stoop over."

"How old are you?" I asked.

She had been so frank I dared ask her this.

"No so old, not like I look. I was 37 last birthday. That was a month ago. I used to look real young. But

it's the most that she said I was lazy and that if we married he would have to go ragged as I would not mend, and also he would have to go hungry."

"I'm glad you're doing so well," I said.

"Of All Medicines, I Owe the Most to Trutona," Mrs. Listenberger Asserts

"Of all medicines I've ever taken, I owe the most to Trutona," was the grateful assertion made recently by Mrs. Sadie Listenberger, 77 years old, who lives at 1413 Cass street, Fort Wayne.

"My son-in-law called me the 'walking drug store' because I had taken so many different medicines," she continued, "but none of them gave me the desired relief. Trutona alone deserves the real reward."

"I'm always hungry now, it seems, and I eat as I never did before. I sleep so soundly at night that often I fail to hear the alarm in the morning. My bowels act regularly at a clock now. To tell the truth, I feel just about twenty years younger than I did and I think Trutona should be in every home."

Mrs. Listenberger's statement furnishes more convincing proof of Trutona's remarkable merits as a reconstructive agency, system purifier and body invigorant. You, Mr. Rundown man and woman, will be surprised at the relief You'll derive from using Trutona.

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I kept havin' operations. I've had my appendix out—that's real fashioned to have done. And my tonsils. And adenoids. But they ain't much of an operation. They don't give ether. And the ligament. Then the baby come. And I've had six teeth out in one year."

Was there much of her left, I wondered? I looked at her curiously. If I looked 50, she looked 60. Thirty-seven!

But I turned to my letter, anxious to know what made Esther write so soon.

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