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THE GUARDIAN JOB PRINTING DEPT.

CHARL OTTETOWN

The Woman Who Loved --- and Earned

Continued from Page Seven

rubbed Aladdin's lamp and that the wonderful weather we had for our honeymoon in the White Mountains was the result.

I was deliciously happy. Robert was all and more than I had pictured he would be. He was so tender, so loving, so all that seemed to be necessary in a husband that I felt like a happy child instead of a staid saleswoman of 25.

We were staying at a very nice, quiet hotel, yet one that we could scarcely afford. But Robert said: "It's only for a week, and as you are determined to work I may as well use some of the money I have been saving to go to housekeeping with, ever since the first day I met you."

It was the first time he had spoken of any saving for that purpose and somehow there was a tone of a hur child in the words. But I pretended not to notice, and changed the subject.

Afterward I thought of it, the hurt little note in his voice came back to me, and I made up my mind that I too would save, and some day, a long time distant, perhaps we would go housekeeping; perhaps we would have a home such as Robert dreamed of having.

Often I have looked back at that happy week of my honeymoon and wondered if all brides are as happy as I was. If all men were as thoughtful, as perfect as Robert seemed to be—when first married. And I have decided they are not. Robert loved me unselfishly. He gave out making me uncomfortable, just as he gave up other dreams he had had without even letting me know he had been dreaming.

I felt, in that glorious week in the mountains covered with their mantle of red and gold drapery, as if the sun would always shine upon me as it shone upon those wonderful trees, making them glow and quiver like living things. And just as the gold in light filled with colour and glory the earth around us, so would Robert's love fill my life with sunshine, I believed.

To those who have studied the marvelous physiological effect upon women of love, of happiness, the exuberance of my feeling will not seem strange. My life had been rather drab and dull. Not as much so as many girls who were obliged to work, because until I was 18 I had had Mother. But my ambition to become expert in the business had left me little time for frivolity. So now I was making up for lost time. I told Robert. And I laughed, and sang, the blessed hours away, while we wandered along the mountain paths, finding new beauties each day and, as Robert said: "Getting acquainted."

"I want you to know Mrs. Meredith," he said one day after a mock introduction. "You think she is the same woman, you used to know as Geraldine Frost, but she isn't. That Frost girl was quiet and rather dignified, while Mrs. Meredith is a happy, mountain sprite."

I am not the only one who is different," I assured him. "You are changed too. I never knew I had married a poet, rather a man with a poetical mind. You never know a person until you have lived with him to them." But wait until we go back to town; I'll wager we will both be practical then."

I little knew how prophetic was my speech! Not once had Robert spoken of my giving up my work; not once mentioned his disappointment that he was not to have a home. The reference to the money he had saved for furnishing was the only hint that he had thought of it. But the evening of our last day he was very silent. We were sitting on the broad piazza of the hotel, he was smoking, my hand clasped in his.

"What are you thinking of, Robert?" I asked.

"Of tomorrow—we must go back to everyday life. Isn't it sad, Gerry, that joyous things never last? We shall be just a prosaic couple like thousands of others tomorrow. You will be wrapped up in your work, I in mine. Now we are engaged solely in each other. I wonder—how it is going to work out."

"What do you mean, dear? What work out?"

"Our lives together. Come dear, it is growing chilly. Let us go in."

He had not given me time to answer.

ONE ROOM—INSTEAD OF AN APARTMENT

CHAPTER VII.

Robert had given up his room in the bachelor rooming house, and we had taken the second floor front in the house where I had lived for nearly a year. I had only a small room on the third floor, but as we

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were both working we thought we might take the second floor room.

"It seems rather ridiculous to pay as much for one room as a flat would cost," Robert remarked rather wistfully.

"But we have no other expense no house laundry, no lights, ice, or any extras. When we pay our board and room rent, the rest is ours to do with as we please. I have heard people who keep house say they never have anything for themselves because there is always something coming up to take the money—some household expense."

"Perhaps they get more comfort—and that means a lot to a great many people," Robert returned, the wistful note still in his voice, as his eyes roved about the room.

"It was our first day at home. We had house, and each of us had gone to business. So we were to spend the evening unpacking, and getting ready to live as I expressed it.

"But, Robert, we shall be quite comfortable here." Really the room seems almost palatial after my small quarters. "The bath is on this floor too." "The bath is on this floor too," was one of those old-fashioned houses with only one bath room.

"Do you know, Gerry, that to me is one of the greatest comforts people who live by themselves—people like us who haven't much money, I mean. Nowadays all the apartments, no matter how small, have a bathroom. It would be a great luxury to have one others didn't use."

"Some day when we get to be millionaires we'll have two! One for you and one for me," I replied lightly. "Now get busy helping me unpack. We'll have this place looking more like living in a little while."

The room was rather dingy. The draperies and carpet were faded and old, and the furniture had surely seen better days. But I had some photographs, a few gay pillows, a "throw" for the couch, a handsome lamp Madame Leets had given me when I was married, and several other gifts from the girls, which I knew would change the form and appearance of the room. Mary Ryan had given us a lovely big chair. It had been sent, but was still crated in the basement.

"I couldn't afford but one, so I sent one big enough so you could both sit in it," she had told me. "Perhaps we will quarrel and then you will have to trade it for two small ones." I had returned with a laugh.

"If you quarrel I shall cut your acquaintance. I told you what a risk you run getting married—Gee, but don't I know some what wish they was untied!"

"There are lots of happy married people, Mary," I told her. "You have been unfortunate in knowing the unhappy ones. Then, if folks are real happy no one ever hears anything about them. But if they are not, everyone seems to know it."

When we had the trunks unpacked Robert brought up the chair. He had uncrated it in the basement. I told him what Mary had said, so we tried to see if it was big enough and strong enough for two.

"It would easily hold three!" Robert said as he pulled me down beside him. He laughed heartily when I told him Mary had also said we ran a great risk in getting married. And when I told him my answer, he agreed with me.

"Really happy people live so calmly, so quietly, Gerry, that there is nothing to gossip about. But there are a great many unhappy marriages—I don't pretend to know why, but I guess it is because in some way they don't get started right, don't pull together."

"We are going to be one of the happy couples, aren't we dear?" I asked, as I reminded him that if he were going to get the trunk out of the room he would have to do it at once or the landlady would be cross.

He started to say something—then stopped with a short laugh and took the empty trunks down stairs.

Tomorrow—Robert Stops Meeting Gerry After Work.

Hints for the Motorist

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

at O B is the bracket which secures it to the engine-base, S the driving shaft C the impeller or fan that forces the water and E is a packing nut intended to prevent water from escaping along the shaft. Since the pump is near the lowest point in the system, its body is filled with water, even though the radiator may be partially empty and, as the pump is always connected with the engine, usually by S being permanently connected to a shaft operated from the front gears, it starts and stops with the engine. As the impeller C turns, water which has entered at the axle of the body through D is given a rotary motion by the impeller blades, in the direction of the curved arrow. The axis of the impeller is so placed and the inside of the pump body so formed, that each impeller blade runs closely to the body for a part of its revolution, but has more and more clearance with it as it approaches the outlet O and in passing leaves it entirely clear. The water, whirled by the impeller, is thrown off the impeller blades, by centrifugal force, so that a pressure is set up against the inner wall of the body and when any particle of water reaches the outlet O this pressure acts to force it there through and into the rest of the system, as described above. Meanwhile the water thus pumped is replaced by that which enters through D only to be whirled in the pump and sent into jackets with a considerable velocity, dependent upon pump speed and hence upon the speed of the engine. Familiar examples of machines in which centrifugal force acts to throw whirling liquids away from the axis of rotation are the cream separator and the centrifugal clothes-drying machines and the pump, here described in forcing the water outward and into the outlet acts in a similar manner. The difference in the methods adopted to cause a circulation in pump system and in the thermosiphon system gives rise to numerous differences in their performance, some of which will be referred to in a later article.

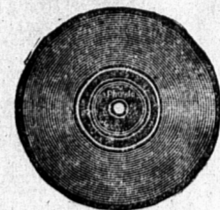
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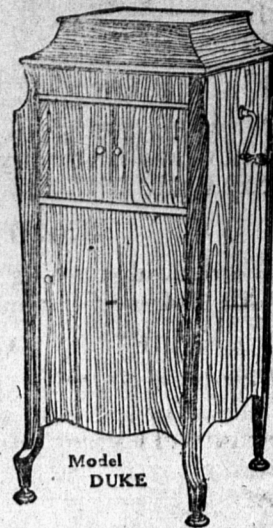
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