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**Silent Friendships.**

BY RUTH CAMERON.



I moved out here we seem to have drifted apart. I guess she's entirely forgotten her old friends."

Yesterday I happened to meet the mutual friend on the street, and our greetings were scarcely over before she had launched into eager questioning about my neighbor. "It makes me very sad," she said, "that I haven't seen her nor heard from her so long. But you know how busy one is, and how one gets out of touch even with those one loves the most. It isn't because I haven't thought of her, you may be sure. You know how much Mary always meant to me in college, and ever since then the thought of her has been a kind of tower of strength to me. She's so kind and fine and splendid every way that I like to think of her when I need courage for things. She is one of those people whom you are glad to know are in the world even when you don't see them or communicate with them."

And call the time the woman who was enshrined on that altar of loving reverence thought that her friend had forgotten her!

Of course some people will say that

If this busy woman had really cared for her friend she would have found time to visit her or write her.

Perhaps, and yet I'm not so sure. I think one may care a great deal for a friend and yet be so involved in the all-absorbing all-demanding business of daily life as to get out of touch with him or her.

I scarcely live through a week without thinking of a certain professor who did a great deal for me at college, and yet I do not see him or communicate with him from one year's end to another.

Silent friendships, like silent partners, may be a big force in spite of their silence.

Do not think you have lost your friends just because in the confusion and absorption of the day's demands you have fallen out of touch with each other. Real friendship goes farther below the surface than that. "Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should join its friends, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years," says Emerson. And that is a description of real friendship.

You think often of your friend. Doubtless he or she thinks as often of you. Some day you may be able to enter into more material communication, but for the present can you not be content to say,

"We both are busy and we seldom meet yet & our faith in friendship so complete we can commune without the spoken word."

And know the message by each heart is heard."

*Ruth Cameron*

**Saved From the Waves.**

Salvage the Remnants of Wrecks and Sunk Vessels.

"Can she be saved?" is the question the man in the street asks on hearing of a shipping catastrophe.

"Will it pay to save her?" is the question of the salvage officer.

With the scientific methods, made possible by modern invention, a vessel can always be saved if the prospect of reward be sufficiently great to justify such measures.

The salvage steamer is a personality among ships. Most of these working from our coast are composite built—i.e., wooden hulls on steel frames. The wooden hull possesses many advantages, principal of which is that it is far less likely to be damaged by bumping against the wreck than is a steel one, and so can stay by a wreck during weather which would compel a metal-hulled vessel to stand off.

The steamer, so far as its internal arrangements are concerned, resembles a floating workshop.

There are powerful winches, pumps, both steam and motor, and much impedimenta. Ready for emergency are wonderful pneumatic tools, mainly for use under water, diving apparatus, air compressors, huge purchase blocks tested up to fifty tons, thick wire hawsers for heaving off, slings and shackles, and quantities of canvas and oakum, deals, and steel plates for patching.

Probably the salvage steamer has been lying in her home harbour for weeks, her crew are waiting with the patience bred of the sea, when suddenly news of a disaster is received, and the steamer is ordered to the scene of the wreck, perhaps several thousands of miles away.

In a remarkably short time the steamer is speeding across the ocean on her mission. If the weather or the tide does not make it impossible, work is commenced as soon as the wreck is reached.

Every man on board has his own carefully-appointed tasks.

Practically the first thing is to get the pumps aboard, often a hazardous business. At this moment the men bless the motor-pump; it is lighter and more compact, and much easier to install on the wreck than the steam-pump, with its cumbersome

boiler. The pumps generally start their work as the tide rises. If it is found they can keep pace with the thrush of the rising tide, then it is known that the leakage is not very extensive.

Divers are then sent down to locate the position of the damage.

If there is a big fracture a wooden patch, large enough to cover it, is made, and this is held in position by long bolts with hooked ends. A canvas mattress, stuffed with oakum, is held against the gaping wound by the wooden patch, and when the whole is in position, the patch is tightened up by thumbcrews on the ends of the bolts.

Holes in the ship's bottom are sometimes closed from the inside with cement.

Often when the leakage has been stopped, it is found there is not sufficient water to float the wreck. Then if it has not already been done, the task of taking out the whole of the cargo must be undertaken. The great enemies of the salvors are adverse weather, tides and currents.

At night they still proceed with their arduous task, aided by the light of 500-candle-power arc lamps.

There is always the danger that a sudden storm may arise, and the result of days of hard labour, and the expenditure of hundreds of pounds, may be destroyed within an hour.

On the other hand, there is probably no pleasure to equal that of men engaged in rescuing bullion from the sea when they see the first fruits of their labour—a bucket filled with glittering gold—rise from the swell. Some of the best paid of the crew of the salvage steamers are the divers. In addition to their wage, they receive 10s. per hour under water.

The motor engineers also receive handsome wages, which they well deserve.

The expense of salvage is enormous. In the case of a big cargo-laden liner badly ashore, £500 a day is spent, and when all expenses are settled there is very little margin left from £1,000 a day. However, the vessel when salvaged will probably be worth well over a million.

A great advance in methods is constantly being brought about by science, the latest development being the electrical submersible pump.

**LOST ON HIM.**

"Hallo, Jim! You're the very man I want to see. I've got a new one for you."

"A new what?"

"A new conundrum."

"There isn't such a thing," asserted Jim. "If it's good it isn't new; if it's new, it isn't—"

"Oh, stop it, man, and listen! What's the difference between a poet and a plumber?"

"A poet and a plumber? That's easy enough. A poet hasn't any money, and a—"

"My good chap, you're miles off the track," his friend interrupted. "This is the answer: A poet pipes a lay, and a plumber lays a—"

"My plumber, doesn't," began Jim.

"He—"

But there Jim stopped. His friend

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Pea Beans, Green Peas.

**Soper & Moore.**

was stalking off, muttering fiercely: "What's the good of telling a joke to a man with no more sense of humor than an ox?"

**Moonlight.**

By H. L. RANN.



Moonlight is an intoxicating beverage which awakens love's young dream and inspires a breath of promise suits. A man will say and do things under the influence of a full moon which are liable to bob up later and cause an uncomfortable snicker to run around the court room.

Astronomers tell us that the moon has no light of its own and that the self-tripping gas meter and the short-lived 80-cent electric bulb are luxuries unknown to its citizens. The moon rents most of its light from the sun, whose rays strike it on the bias and then slant off in the direction of the earth, causing a pale, sickly effulgence, like the aspect of a man who is trying to explain why he didn't get in until three o'clock a.m. There is something about this effulgence that causes a man to create evidence that is used afterward with crushing effect by the attorney for the plaintiff.

Moonlight has been found to be very useful in inspiring original poetry. Thousands of our best known poets got their start by attacking the muse of poetry in the moonlight with a fountain pen, ever and anon landing heavily on the pre-occupied visage of the domestic mosquito. You can take a staid business man who doesn't know whether Keats was a spit ball pitcher or a grand opera star and lead him out into the moonlight, and inside of ten minutes he will begin to spout poetry with the enthusiasm of an Oklahoma oil well.

In the smaller cities of the country the electric light plant shuts down whenever there is the slightest suspicion on anybody's part that the moon ought to be up. This is a comfortable habit and has allowed many a man to waltz blithely up the front walk and fall into the outstretched arms of the lawn mower, arising with murder in his heart and deep throbbing dents in both shins. Moonlight is all right for love-making, but as a substitute for the tubular lantern it is a ghastly joke.

**KINDNESS MISPLACED.**

The kindly old gentleman paused in his afternoon walk to watch a wee tot, who was diligently searching the pavement for something she had evidently lost, and at the same time sobbing loudly.

"Come, come, little girl!" he ventured at last. "What have you lost?"

"Boo, hoo!" came the reply, between many sobs. "I've lost the penny grandpaw gave me! I came along the way you've just come, and I missed it about here!"

Touched by the child's grief, the benevolent old gentleman ponderously extracted a penny from his pocket, kindly pressed it in the little tot's hand, and said:

"There, there, little girl, here's your penny. Now, stop crying and run along. You must hold your money tighter next time!"

To his utter surprise, the child stopped her crying immediately, and flashed on him a look of bitter contempt.

"Why, you wicked old man," she said, stamping her tiny foot, "you had my penny all the time!"



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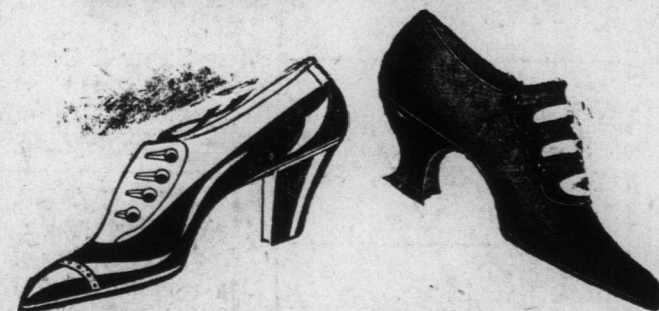
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