

### THE POINT OF VIEW

"Falling in love," said she, "is absurd."  
 "It depends," said I, "upon the point of view."  
 "You can't make black white," she protested, "however you look at it. You call yourself a platonist!"  
 "I call myself anything that gives a chance of unlimited discussion with Molly."  
 "Quite so. As a platonist I hold that falling in love is undesirable, if not necessarily absurd."  
 "The absurd is necessarily undesirable."  
 "Not a bit. You are absurd."  
 "I'm sure I'm not."  
 "But extremely desirable."  
 "If you mean—"  
 "As a platonic companion."  
 "Platonic friendship has nothing whatever to do with falling in love."  
 "She was so emphatic that I knew she was doubtful."  
 "The same qualities which, from an enlightened standpoint, make you desirable as a platonic friend, from another point of view would excuse an ill-regulated person for falling in love with you."  
 "How dare you speak in that way?" she demanded, hotly. "Of course, I shouldn't allow any one to do such a thing; but, if any one did, I don't see why he should be called names."  
 "Neither do I. That's just it."  
 "Of course, he would be very foolish."  
 "Exactly."  
 "She tossed her head."  
 "Mamma will be wanting me," she announced, loftily. "So perhaps you can find something to amuse yourself."  
 "She gathered up her wools and rose. 'Don't go for a minute, Molly,' I pleaded."  
 "I am going this instant."  
 "She sat down again."  
 "What I meant," I explained, "was that, although he would be foolish from our standpoint not to embrace the opportunities of the higher platonic friendship which we have found so delightful—"  
 "Have we?" she observed, with great disdain.  
 "Yet he would be human, rather than absurd, in falling a victim to your charms. Speaking with our brotherly frankness allowed by our compact, they are so considerable—"  
 "Flattery is forgotten by the compact," she said, in a mollified tone. "Of course, I know you don't mean it."  
 "But I do. You have a way of looking at a fellow—"  
 "I haven't."  
 "Which might easily disturb a susceptible mind."  
 "You silly fellow!"  
 "A way," I repeated, feelingly, "which is very trying, even to so pronounced a platonist as I."  
 "I sometimes think," she murmured, thoughtfully, "that your platonic flows are not so pronounced as you profess."  
 "Surely my practice confirms my theory?" I inquired, with astonishment.  
 "Last night, when you put us in the hamper—"  
 "She paused, doubtfully. I raised my hands in protest.  
 "A casual and extremely slight deviation from the platonic standpoint."  
 "Her mother was with her. 'I may have squeezed your hand a little, but what of that? Why, you returned—'  
 "I didn't. It was absurd of you."  
 "Again, you might refer to the night we walked home from Hamilton's."  
 "I am not likely to refer to that."  
 "But I wish to be clear from any risk of misconception," I insisted, loftily. "It is true I kissed you, but—"  
 "I was exceedingly cross." She wasn't.  
 "That, again, was merely a relapse into the—human point of view, for which I was not responsible."  
 "I'm sure I wasn't."  
 "Excuse me. You twisted a wrap round your shoulders so that you looked well, if I were speaking from an ordinary point of view, I should say bewitching."  
 "I don't want to talk about it."  
 "You have such big, deep eyes—"  
 "My appearance has nothing to do with the matter."  
 "It has a great deal to do with it— from some points of view."  
 "You have no business to take such points of view. We agreed not to be—foolish."  
 "You make it impossible for me to keep the agreement," I groaned. "If you really wanted me to—"  
 "Of course I do." She doesn't.  
 "You would make yourself look as unattractive as possible."  
 "No woman would do that." She spoke with intense conviction.  
 "Then you must not blame me for any weaknesses called forth by woman's natural vanity and perversity. From my point of view—"  
 "Your point of view is absolutely ridiculous," she declared, waving her hand as if she were sweeping folly into space. "Every woman tries to make herself look nice—every woman you know. You don't, therefore, consider yourself at liberty to go—and—"  
 "Kiss her?"  
 "Well, I suppose you don't?" I assumed a guilty smile, which seemed to annoy her.  
 "Why don't you answer me?" she demanded, stamping her foot. She wears "woes."  
 "I don't see anything to answer." I tried to blush, but, of course, I couldn't.  
 "Do you mean to tell me that you are kissing women who look nice, whenever you get a chance?"

"No-o," said I, slowly. "I don't mean to tell you." She gathered up the wools again with her haughtiest air. "If that is your point of view," she said, "please consider our friendship at an end."  
 "Look here, Molly," I protested, "it wasn't in our bargain that I was to be platonic with everybody, was it?"  
 "I don't care what was in our bargain. It was a piece of foolishness altogether."  
 "Besides, I haven't said that I—er—kissed anybody."  
 "Oh, yes, you have! I know you have, and I know very well who it was. So there!"  
 "If she meant Nora Teesdale, it was only two or three times—just for a joke."  
 "Perhaps you'll tell me, then?"  
 "I'm sure I shan't! Though, of course, I know very well, and so do you."  
 "I naturally should, shouldn't I?"  
 "You would, if you—"  
 "I shall not stay to be insulted." She moved to the door, but I intercepted her.  
 "Look here, Molly," I said. "Don't let us quarrel over such a trifle. If you'll believe me—"  
 "How can I believe you when you behave in such a way? Didn't we agree faithfully that we— but I don't want to discuss it." I tugged my mustache a bit; then I took hold of her arm.  
 "We agreed," I said slowly, "to be the fastest and best of friends—in a purely platonic way. Aren't we?"  
 "Not if—"  
 "She quivered a little at the corners of her rosy mouth, and stopped.  
 "Not if either of us like any one else better, you mean, Molly?" She nodded. "Upon my honor I don't, Molly. Do you?" She shook her head. "I never shall, dear," I cried, eagerly. "Will you?" She dropped the wools and let them roll away unheeded, and I seized her dear little hands.  
 "Not," she said, tremulously, "from a platonic point of view."  
 "Platonic point of view be hanged!" I put my arm round her.  
 "She put her head down upon my shoulder and laughed and cried a little, too, I fancy."  
 "I don't mind," she said.  
 "Do you still consider falling in love absurd, Molly?" I asked, a little later.  
 "Certainly," she said, resolutely. "In other people."  
 "Which shows how much depends upon the point of view." I A Flynn, in Free Lance.

**Our Trade with Mexico.**  
 Some idea of the value of Mexico as a market for United States exports may be gained by a comparison of the figures issued recently by the United States Treasury Department. The exports from the United States to Mexico during the year ending June 30, 1903, reached a value of \$42,227,786 in gold. Argentina the best market in South America spent only \$11,430,496 in the United States and Brazil a million less. The total exports to all South America reached only \$41,114,091—a million dollars less than Mexico's total. Exports to Mexico were double the exports to Cuba and four times the exports to the British West Indies, while they were seven times as large as the exports to the five Central American countries combined.  
 In considering the Latin American field as a market for United States products, this fact of the already established demand for them in Mexico should be ranked with the republic's good government, its accessibility by land and sea, its established credit, and the period of remarkable development upon which it has entered. In every one of these points, Mexico is far in advance of her Latin sisters—Modern Mexico.

**How Liszt Played.**  
 As Liszt played his theme—now changed in sympathy with the intensely dramatic context of the work during the somber phantasy his teeth were set, his lips and massive jaw firm, his entire face almost rigid; his gray eyes burned with the composer's inspiration, and his body straightened out as he leaned somewhat away from the keyboard. When he struck the ponderous chords of terror there was a vehemence almost aboriginal in the sudden swoop of his great hands, and the tremendous crash fairly made one shiver. His nostrils became distended and his breath came quickly, as one laboring under great excitement. Indeed, it seemed that the spell of the great "Composse" with whom, in his earlier years, he had been on such friendly terms, had completely mastered him; as though he felt himself again in his presence, and he would once more prove his devotion to Chopin's inspired art, and show him that Liszt still knew and could portray his innermost soul—Rooklovers Magazine.

**Only a Few Real Criminals.**  
 My experience gained by close contact with the men in our prisons during the last seven years had convinced me that but a small percentage of the 80,000 now within prison walls should be called criminals at heart. In this statement I have been endorsed by wardens who have had a far longer and more intimate experience than I, and who duty it is to watch very closely the actions, character and tendencies of the men under their charge.  
 I believe that in every man's heart, however hardened or hopeless the exterior, there is some tender spot, if one knows rightly how to touch it, some chord of sweetness that can be made to vibrate to the very harmony of heaven, amid all the jangling discords of life.—Mrs. Ballington Booth, in Leslie's Monthly.

### TWO CASTAWAYS AND A COOK.

**A Story For Children of a Pirate Who Was Really a Jolly Good Fellow.**

Once upon a time a French cook was washed overboard from an ocean liner.

It happened this way: He had carried the enormous wooden bowl in which he was chopping onions for the passengers' potato salad to a cool spot on the ship's side, when, suddenly, the bowl had tipped, and in trying to save it over he went into the water, clinging desperately to the bowl.

So quietly did it happen, however, that his loss was not discovered until the head cook was ready for the onions and found a trail of them on the railing.

"How unfortunate," cried the head cook. "There are no more onions!" And that night the passengers complained of the tasteless salad.

But the bowl saved the French cook. Being of wood, it floated, and as it had not turned over, the onions provided the cook with food enough for a week, for it really takes a great many onions to season salad for an ocean liner.

The French cook was very glad, however, when he floated to an island, and once on shore, being tired of one kind of diet, he looked around immediately for something else to eat.

But there was nothing on the island. No breadfruit, no oysters, no goats, no berries, nothing that one expects on a well regulated desert island.

Finally, when he traveled over long stretches of hot sand, he came to three coconut trees, and in a little bay made by a curve in the shore he found swarms of crabs.

Then the French cook recognized his opportunity.

"It is fate," he said, "that has brought me here. I shall thus learn to cook crabs in all ways, and when I am rescued I shall be famous."  
 So every day the French cook was busy. He boiled crabs and he broiled them; he fried them and he fricasseed them; he sautéed them and he smothered them, and he broiled them in many new and wonderful ways.

Of course he lacked the proper seasoning, but he discovered a certain kind of pepper grass and mustard grew thickly on the island and he invented strange but delicious sauces.

And for a time he was very happy. But then a storm, which he longed for, completely ruined his little bay. All day he would stand watching, waiting for a sign of a sail and for the boat and amos to come to eat in his anxiety.

One night there was an awful storm and in the morning, when the French cook looked out he saw lying on the sand two small figures.

He ran to them quickly and leaned over the younger a girl. She was not dead, but was sleeping peacefully with her hand under her cheek. The boy was asleep, evidently they had become exhausted after a long struggle in the water.

The French cook did not wake them. Instead he hurried back to his little cave and prepared a wonderful dinner of crabs.

The delicious fragrance stole out on the air and woke the little girl.

"Up, up, Ben," she cried, leaning over the boy, "some one is cooking dinner."  
 "Oh, you are dreaming, Babe," murmured the boy and went to sleep again.

Just then the French cook came around a sand hillock and Babe jumped to her feet. The French cook wore his apron and cap, and they shone dazzling white in the sun.

"Dinner, dinner, mamzelle," he said and bowed with a flourish.

Babe clung to Ben who sat up blinking.

"Dinner is served, monsieur," repeated the bowing French cook.

"Well, I suppose we are dreaming," said Ben, "but it's a jolly old dream," and taking Babe by the hand he followed the French cook.

He led them to the opposite shore of the island. There in a cool spot under one of the coconut palms he had set the table. The plates were big leaves, and he had whitened small spoons and forks out of driftwood. The crabs were served in their gleaming red shells and a pale green coconut milk filled with its own refreshing liquid was their water jug.

"Oh, how sweet," cried Babe, and the French cook bowed delighted thanks.

"Gee-ee," said Ben and looked hungrily at the bountiful fare.

The French cook waited on his two guests with ardor, and while they ate he told them his story and they told theirs.

"We are poor children—orphans," said Ben, sighing, "and we were playing on the pier and climbed into a boat. It became unfastened and we floated out into the bay and then to sea. Of course, no one will try to hunt for us, so we may stay here for years."  
 "I, too, am poor," said the French cook, sadly. "I haven't been missed." And he sighed. "But wait," he went on. "When once the world has eaten my crabs it will embrace me and cry, 'We have found an artist, and when I have made a fortune, you shall share it, little ones.'"  
 And every day after that the French cook prepared the crabs in so many ways that Ben and Babe never tired of eating them.

But they grew weary of the island. It was very hot and their clothes became torn and they had no books to read, and nothing to do but catch

crabs or play in the sand. They even wished for school—anything to break the monotony.

One morning a break came.

"A sail, a sail!" cried Ben, as he stood on the top of a little hill and looked out over the sea.

"What flag?" asked the French cook, as the vessel came nearer.

"Can't see," said Ben. "Oh, yes," as the boat swung around, "it's a black flag—with skull and two bones crossed."  
 "Pirates!"

The three castaways looked at each other with pale faces.

When the ship was some distance from land it put out a boat, and six sturdy men rowed it ashore.

The first pirate to step on land was the captain of the crew. He was a jolly old fellow, and would never have been a pirate except that he inherited the business from his father, who was a bold buccaneer who sailed the seas and scuttled ships and carried a cutlass as an orthodox pirate should. But the jolly pirate was very peaceful, and only boarded other vessels when the food on his own got so bad that his crew complained.

When the jolly pirate saw the French cook he held out his hand to him.

"What ho, brother!" he said, which is the way pirates talk to their friends.

"Oul, Monsieur," said the trembling French cook.

"Who are the kids?" went on the jolly pirate, smiling at Ben and Babe, who were clinging to each other and looking very frightened.

The French cook told of their adventures.

"Then you can cook?" asked the jolly pirate eagerly.

The French cook raised his eyes to heaven.

"Can I cook?" he exclaimed dramatically. "Can I cook? Behold!" and he rushed into the cave and brought out a tray of delicious devilled crabs.

The jolly pirate sat down on the sand and ate one on the spot.

"You shall own our hand," he said when he had finished, "and become a pirate's cook instead of a French one."  
 And the old Monsieur, Monsieur, chattered the quaking French cook.

The difference between the jolly pirate and the old Monsieur was in their faces and natures.

As for the kids, he continued, "they also shall own our hand, a kind hand, an other world, and his fat sides shall be with you."  
 So Ben and Babe and the French cook went on board the pirate ship and sailed away from the island.

As there was no one else on the island, the jolly pirate and his crew were completely satisfied.

To France he said the French cook, "for sauce and seasoning."  
 "Good," said the jolly pirate and headed the Star Spangled Banner.

On the way the French cook set the pirate crew to catching crabs, and when other vessels passed them they wondered at the strange sight of the crew of a pirate ship, a black-headed man along the side of the hull, pulling up crabs industriously.

And when Ben and Babe learned what a really good fellow the jolly pirate was they teased him to take down the skull and crossbones and to put up the Stars and Stripes, so that when at last they sailed into the French port, happy and prosperous, with a cargo of crabs the American colors were flying overhead and the pirate band played the Star Spangled Banner.

**If You Would Live Long.**  
 It is well known that women live longer than men. Out of a million people 227 women and only 82 men reach the age of 100 years. The longer you sleep the longer you live.  
 Sleep on the right side and sleep as much as you can.  
 Keep the bedroom window open all night.  
 Have the morning bath at body temperature.  
 Keep no pets in the living room—they steal the oxygen you need. They carry disease germs.  
 Take plenty of exercise in the open air.  
 Watch the three D's—drinking water, dampness and drains.  
 Worry less, walk more, eat less and chew what you eat; preach less and practice more. Last and most important—breathe long, deep breaths and often.

**One of King George's Ships.**  
 The old British receiving ship *Urgent*, which has been used by Jamaica for a number of years by the English navy, has arrived in Norfolk harbor in tow of the tug *Powerful* from Bermuda.

The *Urgent* was at one time one of the best ships of the British navy and was one of those used by King George against the United States in the war of 1812. The old vessel has been purchased by a shipping firm in Boston and will be converted into a coal-carrying barge. Her timbers, made of wood raised in England, are almost as good today as they were the day she was launched.—Philadelphia Record.

**An Inventor's Exhibition.**  
 It is stated that an exhibition has been arranged by the Central Association of Inventors of Bayreuth for the purpose of facilitating the sale of patents. There are more than 140,000 patents in Germany, not half of which are in public use, the reason being "that the inventors are not able to exploit their inventions." The purpose of the Central Association is to assist its members to put their inventions on the market. Poor inventors will be furnished space at the exhibition free of cost.

### HIS CHARMER A JEWEL.

Had Enough Gems To Start a Jewelry Store.

He is like all lovers and can talk of nothing besides the young woman to whom he is devoted. He sat in the club window smoking and thinking of her; then suddenly he burst out, directing his remarks to the man who was deep in the news of an evening paper:

"Lovely girl!"

"Who?" asked the man with the paper.

The lover looked so indignant at this that the other hastened to rectify his mistake.

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed. "I forgot you were engaged."

The lover was appeased.

"Wonderful girl!" he said. "I find more to admire in her every day. She is not only beautiful, but she is courageous and has nerves of steel."

"Ah, yes," said the man with the paper, absent-minded.

"It's in her beauty, however, that she excels," went on the lover. "Her neck and throat are like chiseled marble."

"Ah, yes," said the man with the paper again.

"And then think of her golden hair."

"I do," said the man with the paper, in an offhand way.

"And her silvery voice."

"I've noticed it."

"And her ruby lips."

"Quite so."

"And her pearly teeth."

"You've spoken of them before."

"Then her eyes are like diamonds, too, and her conversation is full of sparkling gems."

The man who had been trying to read threw down his paper.

"Why not start up in business with her?" he asked.

"What are you talking about?" asked the lover.

"Business—plain business," returned the other. "I always have an eye to business. That's what made me what I am, and from your description I can't help thinking that in that girl you've got enough to stock a jewelry store. Why not try it?"

Since then they have not spoken.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**His Question.**  
 The late John R. Proctor, president of the Civil Service Commission, was one of the best story tellers in Washington. He went to a dinner the night before he died, says an exchange, and told this tale of his college days:

"The professor in psychology when I was a senior was an erudite man who sometimes talked of things so far above the heads of his class that nobody understood what he was driving at."

"One day he started in on some abstract proposition and talked for half an hour. He was away over in the back of the book. The entire class was dazed. The professor rambled on with his propositions until everybody was so tangled that nobody was sure of his name. Finally the professor took out his watch. 'Now, gentlemen, there are ten minutes remaining of the recitation hour.'

If anybody wishes to question me concerning the subjects I have just treated I shall be glad to answer to the best of my ability."

"There was a ghastly silence. Nobody knew what he had been talking about. The old professor gazed complacently around. Finally a student stuck up a timorous hand."

"What is it?" asked the professor.

"Please, professor," said the student, "what time is it?"



**Flekkle.**

The Kid—Say, Mister Editor, yesterday I sent you a poem, "To Maggie's Eyes."

The Editor—Well.

The Kid—An' I wants you to change it to "Katie's Eyes." Me an' Mag's fell out.

References Required.  
 The Customer—Here, waiter. Take my order, please.

The Waiter—'Scuse me, sah. But sah must just inquirah if you reconized de grand Confederated Union ob Colored Gentlemen Help?—Brooklyn Life.

**Great Head.**  
 Cholles—But a fellow can't always pick the winner!

Gussie—Then, Bah Jove, pick the losers, and bet against them!—Puck.

In a deed recorded at Newark, N. J., Miss Mabel B. Coe conveys a strip of land four inches wide and 100 feet long to William H. Everett. The price paid for the strip was \$33.

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