

ABOUT OUR TABLES.

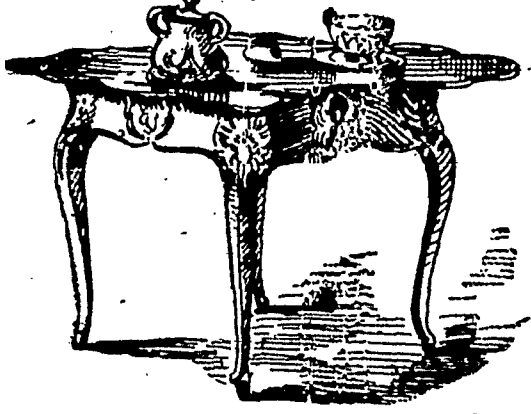
Some interesting suggestions from the Pen of Helen Anderson.

The New York Decorator and Furnisher, in an excellent article by Helen Anderson, has the following to say "About Our Tables."

Once upon a time we were well content with one stiff and shiny table in the center of our best room; a table that made not the slightest pretense to drapery, not even a scarf. But today such a table in our modern houses would look like a desolate island in the sea, for almost every house abounds in little tables scattered in every possible nook and corner. Many of these are very dainty and artistic, a great many copied from old tables, and still a great many more purely American in make and design; and there are any amount of them made so heavily gorgeous, so overloaded with ornamentation that one feels under great obligations to the maker for giving entirely too much for the money.

Before furniture was turned out of factories by thousands and tens of thousands, the work being made by hand was, of course, more expensive, much more careful in form and execution, and it was utterly impossible to indulge in the cheap and gaudy style of decoration which is the mistake of the modern makers.

Many people fail to realize or are indifferent to the fact that a table costing thirty dollars cannot be duplicated for three. Although ambitious dealers to cheap furniture will make and advertise the attempt, the result is seldom satisfactory. In fact, after all the dainty form and finish has been lost, poor materials substituted, the imitation is so poor that it hardly justifies the term imitation at all. It is so hard for the majority to realize that one can more than get their money's worth, and as the demand is for this style of work, it becomes quite a difficult matter to find a simple and good article that will not put its owner to shame by its unmistakable air of trying to be fine. Of course there is no trouble in finding good articles in first class concerns, but unhappily it is just the plain

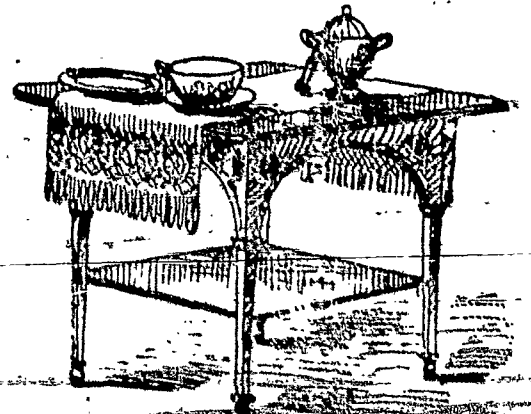


A LOUIS XV TABLE.

style of work that is beyond the means of many who would appreciate it. So that although one may be able to find charming, picturesque little tea tables for thirty, twenty-five or even sixteen dollars, it is quite another matter when one starts out to find one for five or six dollars.

A beautiful little tea table in the style of Louis XV, of which the sketch on this page gives a very good idea, has the top in onyx and the rest of the table in gilt. This would necessarily be very expensive, and only appreciated for a certain style of room, but the same design might be used in mahogany or cherry, or any other kind of wood that might be preferred. The use of such little tables, when the style is really good, is invaluable in helping out the decoration of a room; they break the monotony of an otherwise stiff looking room and form centers around which people naturally group themselves. A pretty leaf or bit of drapery is of course an improvement to almost every table. Some very handsome tables or stands are made by the Japanese of teakwood with marble tops. In design they are straight and square, the legs beautifully carved; the only objection is they are very heavy looking and so distinctly Japanese that they would be out of place in a room that did not in some way suggest the Japanese style in decoration. Some of these tables cost as low as \$5, and considering their workmanship, seem very cheap.

A very inexpensive little table might be made for a library or sitting room of almost any wood one might fancy, and it might almost serve for a bookcase, and has ample room for books or papers. In construction it is something like a very high office stool, except that the top and shelves are square and it has four legs instead of three. At about a foot from the top a second shelf is placed, and this is followed by three or four shelves the same shape as the top; of course the natural spread of the legs would make the bottom shelf considerably larger than the first, and these



AN INEXPENSIVE TABLE.

shelves are not only very odd and pretty, but are also very useful, with a few bits of pretty china on the top and the rest of the shelves used for books and papers; this makes a nice little table for a library or general sitting room, and almost any carpenter could make one.

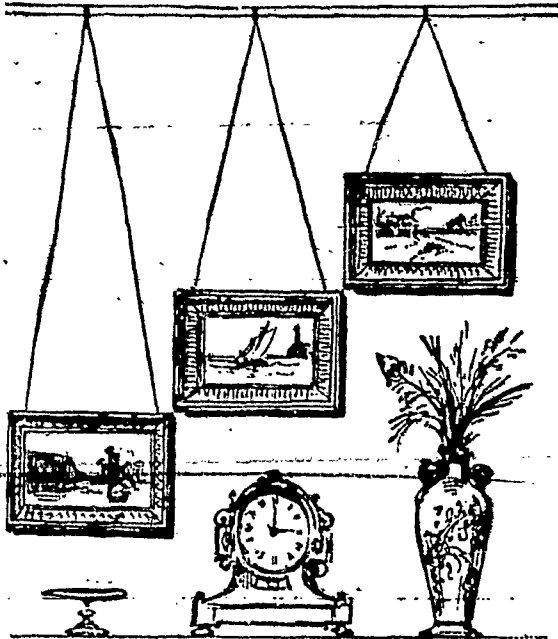
Many fanciful ideas are carried out in the way of tables now—some heart shaped, some called kidney shaped and others where both the heart and kidney shapes are combined, the one for the upper, the other for the lower shelf. They could hardly be called tea tables, but, as they are small, they make a nice resting place for a bracelet and are very appropriate for small rooms.

In the dining room of a prominent New York artist is a dining table that might be used with good effect in many houses, and the expense of making such a table could, if one were handy, be said to be literally nothing, and the result, if only half as good as the original, would still be a very unique and artistic thing in the way of tables.

In the first place a pair of ordinary wooden horses had been taken, painted white, then stained down to a fine varnished surface; upon these horses was placed a large piece of square wood, very much like an enlarged drawing board, which had been previously treated in the same manner as the horses. This board was then fastened to the horses by means of large brass headed nails. Of course the only part of this table which would be at all difficult to make would be the enameling, as it generally takes from five to six coats of paint before it is rubbed down with pumice stone and oil. It might be made on the same plan, stained black and then finished with the brass headed nails. This would be very much easier to construct, and would not require even the aid of a carpenter.

Few cities in the world have such perfect postal arrangements as Berlin, and it was the fame of the "Stephan system" which recently induced the Italian government to send some men to Berlin to study it, with a view to its introduction in Italy.

A Suggestion for Picture Hanging.



What to do with the large space over the mantelpiece when all the good sized pictures are needed elsewhere is a puzzle to housekeepers. It was solved very nicely by one lady who had three small pictures, uniform in size and resembling each other in subject. She hung them like steps, the one at the left being placed lowest, the one next to it a little higher, and the third higher still. It is a new way to treat pictures, and affords a relief from the time honored plan of hanging two or three pictures at the same distance from the molding and the third a little higher between them.

Let 'Er Rip.

"George," she said, as she lay quivering in his tightly clasped arms, "what was the noise I heard?"

"Nothing of importance, Gladys, darling," he answered. "A slight rip in my coat, that was all."

And then as the sound of two beating hearts slowly filled the room and floated through the back door, she murmured softly, "George, dear, you couldn't make that coat rip a little more, could you?"—Clothier and Furnisher.

Ready Made Clothing.

I am sometimes amazed in passing the great ready made clothing establishments of Boston to note how differently they are regarded than formerly. It was less than a generation ago that they were patronized almost exclusively by workmen, mechanics and farmers, who desired rough, cheaply made clothing. Merchants, bankers, professional men invariably left their measure with their tailors, and scorned what was familiarly termed "shop made" clothing. But a demand arose for fine grades of ready made clothing, and the alert American manufacturer was ready to meet the demand.

The demands of the customer were exacting, and to reach his high standard of excellence scientific methods were employed and competent designers. It was the old story of the relative cost of making one coat or of making 500. But there were men of peculiar shape who heretofore had been able to become fitted only by the custom tailor. He was too tall or too fat to be fitted from the ready made stock of the olden time. This difficulty was soon met and overcome until to-day, although the custom tailor has by no means disappeared, the ready made dealer has for his customers that class of men who once scorned him.—Boston Advertiser.

It is rumored that a Brooklyn expert has invented or perfected a storage battery that will cause a sensation in the electrical world. Life and efficiency not hitherto attained are claimed, and also that it does not conflict with patents on storage batteries now existing.

Proceedings have been entered in Pittsburgh to contest the will of John Scott, deceased president of the Allegheny Valley Railroad company, in which the widow is entirely ignored and three sons are bequeathed \$1 each.

The World's fair commissioners have decided very properly that the intricacy of shafting and belting, so prominent in all displays of machinery, will be done away with, their place being taken by electric motors.

NATIONAL DIRECTORY.

THE WONDERFUL SCHEME OF A ST. LOUIS INVENTOR.

He Proposes to Keep Track of Every Person in the United States—Useful in Hunting Wrongdoers—A Machine for Measuring Heads.

While looking for a furnished room in a tenement and office building near the corner of Fourth and Market streets last night a reporter from the Globe-Democrat stumbled upon a genius who was burning the midnight oil in a back dingy room up two flights of stairs. To reach this obscure retreat the reporter had groped his way through devious halls and passages where darkness was as palpable as the rats which scampered over his feet. Knocking at a door through which shone a dim gleam of light, the intruder was invited to enter a scantily furnished room, where the marks of hard times and industry vainly tried to obliterate each other. The occupant of the room was a tall, slim, serious man, somewhat in need of a shave, and attired in garments little less rusty than the room itself.

There was no carpet on the floor of this apartment; on the whitewashed walls hung a saw; in one corner stood a table strewn with books and scraps of paper; the bed was covered with a red calico spread, and the appearance here and there of pieces of crockery among the odds and ends of old clothing gave evidence of the carelessly concealed culinary of a bachelor's hall. It matters not how the talk between the reporter and the serious man drifted into the discussion of the latter's affairs, but so it did, and soon the outline of a gigantic enterprise was being poured into an attentive ear.

D. B. Bradley is the name of the man who unfolded a scheme for a national directory.

THE SCHEME EXPLAINED.

No confidence is violated in publishing the details of the enterprise, as the plans have been copyrighted, and all that is required to place them in practical operation are the energy of capital and the establishment of a newspaper to acquaint the public with their advantages.

"You see," said Mr. Bradley, "it is like this: I will have an agent in every town and county of the United States to get names and furnish them to the central office. It will cost them that has their names in the directory fifty cents apiece for enrollment, and a stamp to identify themselves by. Every man will be registered in this way: say, for instance, 'G. A. Moore, No. 3, book M, vol. 2, Nineteenth century.' Now suppose Moore lives in St. Louis and goes to California. His friends doesn't know where he's gone, and want to write to him; what do they do? Why, they just write to this directory, and the directory forwards the letter."

"Free?"

"Oh, no; it will cost about ten cents."

"How will the directory know he's gone to California?"

"Why, he'll tell 'em of course. You see it's only honest citizens that will be expected to send in their names, and if any of 'em commit a crime we will have their record, and making the directory a kind of detective business too."

"Suppose he don't tell the directory where he's gone?"

"Then that's his fault, and he don't get his letters. But we're liable to find out where he is just the same. There's an identification goes along with the directory that practically prevents a man from losing himself."

Here the professor produced a nickel plated instrument of his own invention for taking head measurements. The production of this device caused Professor Bradley to branch off somewhat into phrenology. He explained that the human head was a globe like the earth, but not so large, of which the meridian line ran around the head through the ears and eyes.

PRIVATE NUMBERS.

"In addition to the public number above given," continued Professor Bradley, "every man will have a private number, which he can change at will. His public number and name is never changed, except by law. You know men sometimes have their names changed by statute. The advantage of being able to change the private number is easily shown. Say Moore's private number is 12, and he gives it away. Some other fellow attempts to personate him by using his name and number from some other town. As soon as the matter passes through the directory office two postal cards are sent—one to Moore at his regular address, and the other to his changed address. If there has been any monkeying it is detected right there, the number is changed and further fraud prevented."

"How long have you been working on

your invention, asked the reporter.

"About eighteen years, but I've only been pushing it strong for the last four years. I went to Washington in 1887 and got eight congressmen, four senators and President Cleveland interested in it for a time, but they ain't done nothing to amount to anything. I reckon I'll have to start the thing with private capital. I think I can get some help to start a weekly or monthly paper to advertise it. It won't take much money; the thing will pay its way from the start."

Besides the headometer and the directory Professor Bradley has invented a buggy wheel, an attachment for a piano to play any piece of written music mechanically; has written a book entitled "The Science of Mathematics," copyrighted two calendars and written the "Age of Reason" in several thousand stanzas of verse.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How These Girls Love One Another!

Winifred (insinuatingly)—Mr. Randolph comes to see you every day, doesn't he?

Julia (with the sailor hat)—Oh, yes; but he's very easily entertained.

Winifred—He must be.—Life.

Dr. Lutz, the Leper Curer.

Sister Rose Gertrude writes to us as follows from Honolulu: "Dr. Lutz, the eminent dermatologist, who has studied the disease of leprosy in Brazil for ten years, has already effected some wonderful improvements in the patients under his care at Kalaiki, and the people do not know how to be grateful enough to him for his affectionate care and indefatigable efforts to restore them to health."

"Indeed the government has received numerous petitions to nominate Dr. Lutz as president of the Hawaiian board of health, to give him the charge and control of all the lepers or suspects, and, although these are all tabled, it is curious to see such demonstrations in a people who, as a rule, are eminently opposed to treatment by foreign doctors. Dr. Lutz is also an enthusiastic bacteriologist, and it may be hoped that ere long a prophylaxis and therapeutics of leprosy may be made known to the world by him which will prove more efficacious than the means hitherto employed by either scientists or so-called doctors or leper cures."—Pall Mall Gazette.

And Cotton.

For two years or more considerable publicity has been given to and no little interest excited by the discovery of red cotton and the efforts to perpetuate its growth. According to the latest report the several attempts have been successful in the main. A planter in Alpharetta, Ga., has an acre of cotton, every stalk of which is said to be of a deep red color, leaf, ball and bloom. This novel crop is the product of seed derived three years ago from two stalks of red cotton found in a cotton field. If this variety can be perpetuated it will likely mean a fortune to the successful planter.—Baltimore Manufacturers' Record.

Near Gladstone, Mich., a few nights ago, a locomotive on the Soo line killed three deer. The engine was running thirty-five miles an hour, when a buck and two does stood in the center of the track "fascinated by the flash of the headlights." The engineer could not stop his train in time to avoid the collision, which resulted in injury only to the poor wretched fools.

A jury at Syracuse, N. Y., a few days ago found a verdict for the defendant, but the foreman blunderingly announced a verdict for the plaintiff, and the court recorded the same and gave judgment accordingly. When the mistake was discovered after the jury's discharge the judge said he could not change the record. The case furnishes a riddle for the lawyers.

While swimming in the Marine dock, St. Louis, a few days ago Richard Jackson felt a sharp, stinging pain in the leg, and thought he was bitten by a snake. Dressing himself he was on his way home when he fell screaming in agony. Investigation disclosed that the "snake bite" was a two inch sliver of wood.

Herman Zietung, now in London, expresses a desire to be nailed up in a box and shipped to New York. He has traveled considerably in that way and likes it. He once made the journey between Vienna and Paris in a trunk, and has just completed the trip between Berlin and London, also in a trunk.

Street Commissioner Wolverton, of Adrian, Mich., had a calf which had the habit of sticking its head out of the barn door. Recently a bolt of lightning killed it. The queer part of the case is that the barn entirely escaped.

The Anglo-French postal convention, signed in Paris on Sept. 24, 1886, which expired on the 30th ultimo, has been prolonged until Dec. 31 of this year by exchange of notes between the two governments.

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