

The Dispatch

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TERMS OF THE DISPATCH. POSTAGE FREE IN THE UNITED STATES. DAILY DISPATCH, One Year, \$1.00. DAILY DISPATCH, One Quarter, \$0.25.

THE WESTINGHOUSE INDUSTRIES. So long as there was hope that the Advisory Committee on our banks and business men appointed to help the Westinghouse industries out of their difficulty would be able to see their way clear to rendering...

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him. A few months after his liberation, in want and privation, he may be seen, in these sections, to the commission of crime. Even without such possibilities, it is an injustice to any innocent man, or woman, who may be committed to jail through error, to be known by the other inmates.

Prisons are growing larger in this country and yet only a small proportion of the criminal classes is confined. Crime is increasing more rapidly than population. This speaks ill for the present system. Then why not make a change? It may cost something at first, but it will be cheaper to pay the money to prevent crime than in the conviction of the criminal.

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SNAP SHOTS IN SEASON.

A DRESS coat is called a swallow-tail presumably because a man swallows more when he wears it. Did the carrier on your route ever miss you? I mean did your morning newspaper ever fail to put in an appearance while you were toasting your toes and the better half was toasting the silver?

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THE TOPICAL TALKER.

Some Great Pictures. The Verestchagin—a pleasant word to pronounce by the way—collection is interesting, and doubtless the art critics who tell us to bow down before the Russian painter are right. As soon as you emerge from the rather close atmosphere of the Carnegie Hall gallery the very picturesque vista of Federal street, the dingy market square and the outworn City Hall and even the fog, if there be one, and there was yesterday morning, may strike you as a relief to the eyes after gazing at the riotous assemblage of figures in the Verestchagin brush has summoned together. There is nothing meretricious or mean about Verestchagin. He is a prodigal with paints, a spendthrift in canvas. So he pictures run to extremes in size, color, and sometimes in the choice of subjects. I do not think his smaller pictures would attract much attention in a miscellaneous collection, and occasionally rising far above the ordinary. One of his greater combinations of large figures and superb coloring I take to be the picture of "The Entry of the Prince of Wales to Japan," and it is to be noted that the artist has distinguished the eye and the imagination of the spectator. But in the battle scenes, or the much advertised picture of the Russian general, we are at least something considerable seems to be lacking. It may be the hardness of realism that jars upon one in these huge pictures, but it seems to me to rather detract from their quality. The picture of the field hospital is, however, intensely horrible, as many others of the battle scenes are, but it recalls the spectacular realism of the panorama.

Here, perhaps. It is a rash thing to say, I suppose, but it strikes me that there is not a penny-worth of poetry in the composition of the picture. Some of its most splendid and terrible conceptions Verestchagin has reproduced with wonderful accuracy no doubt as to form, color and the actual historical incidents. But in so doing which he has worked in cold and unimpassioned. There are warmth of color, richness of contrast and the inherent attraction of foreign lands, pictures that are not his own, but his pictures, but the painter's soul is not in them. The critics of a certain school may delight in them, but Verestchagin's pictures can hardly create any leadership. The artist, however, is touched to that, and the Russian's work does not appeal to the heart. The majority of the pictures seem fitted especially for a fine art gallery, where the patriotic pride of whose people they appeal. To the Russian, of course, this pictorial narrative of the most stirring part of the last Russo-Turkish war, has a value that we can hardly appreciate properly.

There is one picture, or rather a series of three, that will be hard for anyone to forget, and to which the foregoing comments do not apply. The three small paintings framed together illustrate the terrible fate which overtook the Russian fleet in the winter of 1877. There is a quiet pathos in the picture, which one cannot but feel deeply. Somber as the snowy dead scene is, I would rather have seen the gorgeous paintings, heavens know how many pictures of the same kind, which Verestchagin rests his reputation. But fortunately for the artist and his financial supporters, this is not likely to be the prevalent choice.

It is Not a Circus Tent. By the way, are not the signs and posters with which the various circuses, lectures and religious people are generally plastering the front of the Carnegie Hall somewhat of a nuisance? That beautiful building? It may be necessary to announce entertainments to be given in the hall, but it surely should be done in a modest and artistic way, and not with the vulgar characteristics of the architecture and high purpose of the institution. The committee of Councils has charged the committee with the duty of retaining the trustees of the hall. Advertising is a splendid thing in the right place.

The Rat Returned. Some weeks ago in this column a veracious account was given of the singular linking for music shown by a rat who chose the interior of a grand piano for his home, and made itself a bed out of Chopin's Sonata and other classical sheet music. It may be remembered that the narrative closed with the expulsion of the rat; and the rat, it is said, has since returned to the piano. Night before last a gentleman who speaks in extracting his fingers' worth from the keys and down at this veracious music master, Major General Williamson, a prominent military figure of the city, was invited to reside at the residence and began to test its sonority. The response was disappointing, especially in the bass octave. They sounded dull and woody and unmelodious. The rat would increase the volume of sound from the bass end. "Can that rat have returned?" asked the pianist.

"No!" was the incredulous chorus. "I'm going to see all the same," retorted the pianist, and he lifted up the square cover of the piano. Over and among the wires of the piano and on the left side of a mass of music in printed form, a fat, plump, white rat, with large rat feet and a long and extremely well fed. Of course the rat escaped, and all that could be said was that the rat had returned. The rat had evidently intended to remain in the piano. She had built it firmly with music, which she had previously torn and shreds into pulp, and she had made herself a bed out of Chopin's Sonata and other classical sheet music for the most part. The most frivolous material that figured in the nest was a sheet and a half of "Echoes of the Ball," and an imported part song for the piano, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" For the rest the nest had accumulated scraps of the choicest words within reach. But this is not surprising for an animal which is so fond of music among the bass wires of a piano, which is constantly in use—not a little practicing of scales—must be devoted to music to an extent that mortal men can hardly comprehend.

NOT AT ALL EXHIBITED. Indian Pupils at Carlisle Attending Strictly to Their Studies. FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT. HARRISBURG, Jan. 15.—Two noted women were at the State Capitol today. One was Mrs. R. H. Pratt, of the celebrated Indian school at Carlisle, and the other was Mrs. C. I. Wade, as Chairman, and Miss Virginia Hyde as Secretary.

THE WOMAN'S COMMITTEE for the Press Club Conference met yesterday afternoon and perfected arrangements for the entertainment of the members of the Pittsburgh Press Club, C. I. Wade, as Chairman, and Miss Virginia Hyde as Secretary.

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A GREAT NOVEL.

From the Pen of F. Marion Crawford Serial. THE DISPATCH has received a splendid serial written by F. Marion Crawford, author of "The Witch of Prague." Publication begins next Sunday, January 18.

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SWEETS OF SOCIETY.

Interesting Amateur Theatricals—Several Weddings That Took Place Yesterday—A Green and White Farewell to Mrs. Parthenia—The Social Chatter of a Day.

Parthenia, the quaint, the naive, the loving, the devoted, the brave heroine in the play of "Jagmoot" was assailed last evening by Mr. Washington Library Hall by Miss Edith Smithson, with an amateur support of popular young people.

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CURIOS CONDENSATIONS.

—Gold closed on Monday at 238 per cent premium in Buenos Ayres. —Nearly 1,500 of little hot tomatoes, a Mexican variety, are sold upon the streets of Atlanta, Ga., every night.

—The constitution of the New State of Washington enters the session of the Legislature to 60 consecutive days. —There are 26 monarchies and 25 republics in the civilized world to-day. Sixteen republics are in the South American continent.

—A teacher of mathematics says that the simple tearing up or cutting of paper is a great relief to the mind after mental labor. —The widest plank on earth is on exhibition in Humboldt, Cal. It is 16 feet in width, will amply amply the session of the Legislature to 60 consecutive days.

—Elizabeth M. Proctor, who died at Salem, Mass., a few days ago, aged 100 years, had been 40 years President of the Seaman's Orphan Society. —A crab was caught in the harbor of Victoria, B. C., that was three feet six inches around the waist. It was presented to the Museum of Natural History.

—It is stated that 1,150,000 Christmas parcels have been delivered by the British post-office, of which 1,110,000 comprised turkeys, game and Christmas puddings. —A small leather bag was kicked about in the streets of New York recently by pedestrians which, when opened by a hotel waiter, was found to contain \$20,000 worth of diamonds.

—Arthur Willmetts, of Detroit, has stated to the Michigan Legislature that he has wanted to beat Suob. If he succeeds he will get \$1,000, if he is alive in 30 days he gets \$1,000. —There are, according to the State Comptroller, 7,012,725 miles of railroad in Michigan. The gross earnings for the year 1890 aggregated \$98,328, 071; net income, \$31, 899, 274.

—The high tides did \$10,000 damage in Diney county, N. S., on Monday. Waves were covered, streets flooded, hundreds of cords of wood carried away, roadways washed out and much destroyed and other damage done. —Mr. John Robb, of Kingston, suggests to the Ontario Minister of Education that all public school children of Canada should wear the uniform of the same material, thus securing uniformity, and checking the disparity in the cost of the poor.

—Down in the basement of a private boarding house in Washington street there is to be found the youngest married couple in New York without doubt. It is Yusuf Gorn and his wife, 1,000, both of whom are now 11 years, and they arrived from Beirut on Sunday last. —A Bath, Me., man says the reason he doesn't smoke is because he can't find a pipe to suit him. He smoked one meerschaum steadily for 12 years, and then left it on the rail of a steamer on which he is engineer, and somebody has stolen it. He has since bought a new one and he has remained so constant to the memory of that pipe that no other would take its place.

—On their return from their holiday vacation the Cornell students are similar to those to the four and much destroyed and other damage done. —Mr. John Robb, of Kingston, suggests to the Ontario Minister of Education that all public school children of Canada should wear the uniform of the same material, thus securing uniformity, and checking the disparity in the cost of the poor.

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