

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1892.

BALFOUR'S HUSTLING

To Press Forward His Measures Rapidly as Possible, That Parliament

MAY DISSOLVE THIS YEAR.

Gladstone Attacked Viciously by Lady Florence Dixie

FOR HIS WOMAN SUFFRAGE VOTE.

The Grand Old Man She Calls Simply a Grand Old Humbug.

GOSCHEN'S ILLNESS GETTING SERIOUS

(BY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH.)

LONDON, April 30.—[Copyright.]—Several members of the Government who have been on the stump this week have made statements which, if taken literally, would warrant the belief that a general election will not take place until next year, but announcements as to the course of public business made by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons show pretty conclusively that Parliament will be dissolved within a couple of months. It is known that at the last Cabinet council a general agreement to dissolve this year was arrived at, and the actual date will probably be decided upon at the next meeting of the Ministers.

Meanwhile, Mr. Balfour is pressing forward, with as much skill as he possesses, all necessary business and comparatively non-controversial bills. To judge from his methods of procedure, he has decided to drop the Irish education bill, as well as the Irish local government bill, together with half a dozen more or less important measures mentioned in the Queen's speech at the opening of the session.

Balfour Not Yet Out of Hope.

Mr. Balfour will not yet admit that the Government has abandoned hope of conferring local government on Ireland—indeed, he has given notice to move the second reading of the bill the middle of May, not, however, in the belief that the bill can be passed into law, but with the intention of provoking Liberal obstruction and appealing to the country thereupon. Attempts are made almost daily to raise confusing side issues. The foregoing programme, which THE DISPATCH set forth months ago, remains practically unaltered.

Contrary to general expectation, Mr. Gladstone came to town Wednesday in time to vote against the woman's suffrage bill, and thereby to add further fuel to the burning wrath of the advanced females.

Lady Florence Dixie was unable, owing to alleged ill-health, to attend the meeting in St. James' Hall, Tuesday evening, and in her absence the chair was taken by an obscure male person.

A Riotous Display of Different Opinions.

The meeting, instead of being, as the bills announced, "a great demonstration in favor of woman's suffrage," developed into a riotous display of hopeless differences

of opinion among female suffragists themselves and their masculine friends, and incidentally emphasized one of Mr. Gladstone's principal arguments against conferring a parliamentary franchise upon women. The promoters of the meeting wanted to accept Sir Albert Rollit's bill conferring the franchise on a minority of qualified women, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, while the advocates of absolute equality of the two sexes declared that they would have everything or nothing. The latter, numerically the weaker, proved to be physically the stronger section, and its male members demonstrated their vigor by smashing reporters' hats and tables and storming the platform.

Several strong-minded females went into hysterics, and quite a considerable number of bonnets were spoiled, but no serious injury to limb resulted, and it is just to state that no fair faces were scratched or otherwise damaged.

Lady Dixie's Opinion of Gladstone.

Lady Florence Dixie comes of an Irish fighting family, and has been in the chair of the proceedings might not have ended so tamely. She has had recourse to ease her feelings by writing a letter to Mr. Gladstone, the tone of which may be understood by the following lady-like and elegant extract:

Unwilling to lose the maid-of-all-work-like services of the Women's Liberator, you have sought to still, by your pamphlet, the devoted and by the noble spirit of that band of women, that woman's suffrage movement shall be a plank in the liberal platform. Willing to accept women to do the dirty work, you dread to invite them to treat you as equals, but you are willing to give them, by giving them the vote. Ah, sir, you wonder that many a reader of your pamphlet should be provoked to such ineffectual indignation, but you will be surprised to find that your words, in tones of meanness and derision, "What a Grand Old Humbug!"

Mrs. Gladstone is known to be an opponent of woman's suffrage. It would be interesting to obtain her opinion of Lady Florence Dixie and other prominent members of "the shrieking sisterhood."

Gladstone Not at All Disturbed.

The Grand Old Man is in no way disturbed by her ladyship's vituperation. Having said his say and recorded his vote he dismissed the subject from his mind with a facility which is one of his characteristics. On Thursday he delivered a weighty speech in the Commons, in support of the Government bill concerning upon the secular army great powers for dealing with peccant persons of the Established or State Church. Yesterday he lectured Mr. Balfour upon the duties of a leader of the House, and to-day he is considering the Liberal prospects in North Hackney, where a Tory seat has been rendered vacant by the death of Sir Lewis Pelley. He attaches great importance to this election because it will be the first that has occurred in London since the Liberals gained their remarkable victory in the municipal contests early in March.

A superficial observer would excusably infer from the electoral figures that the Liberals have no prospect of success. In 1885 the Tories had a majority of 400, and in 1886 Sir Lewis Pelley polled 1,500 votes more than his Liberal opponent, but since then the electoral vote has increased from 8,000 to 11,000, and it is believed that a majority of the 3,000 new voters are Liberal workmen. The contest, therefore, is by no means a hopeless one, in Gladstone's opinion.

Something to Set Tory Teeth on Edge.

The biggest Tory and Unionists of the Joseph Chamberlain stamp, who have staked much upon Mr. Gladstone's advanced age, read with grief and indignation in the pages of the "Tory Evening News" and "Post" this striking and generous description of the Grand Old Man as he looked

and spoke in the debate on the clergy discipline bill Thursday evening:

The right honorable gentleman was in excellent voice. It is little to say the best years he has not spoken with so much resonance, with so much of that rich, friendly tone, so peculiarly his own, as he did last night. The sense of hearing was delightful; his gestulation, too, was remarkably dramatic. He emphasized his points by sweeps of the arm, by striking the knees of the chair, by waving his hand, and by a manner which would have been a lesson to a past master in the art of gesture. He lives again in his youth. His back was as straight as that of an officer of the Guard, his figure as lithe as that of a Greek athlete, and as his intellect heated with thought his face glowed with a radiance, and his voice grew in volume, ripeness and charm of tone, the House tilted up, and he sold all intellects as by a spell. His vitality is marvellous. If we ask what is the secret of his wonderful voice, the answer is obvious. It is in the possession of an exceptional organ. His chest is of extraordinary depth even now, though when he is walking across the floor of the House he seems bowed and shrunken with age. When he is speaking it expands and his shoulders are drawn back, and his chest is thrown forward. An actual physical transformation takes place before one's eyes. He is in the habit of taking a deep breath of his voice is the rapidity and vividness with which his ideas troop into his mind and his tongue follows, and his voice is quickened with ideas, and a physique which has defied age, it is no wonder, after all, that his voice should be so finely effective. Last night's speech was indeed a triumph, and an instructive lesson to his political opponents with whom, for once, he was in cordial agreement.

Gladstone's Figure a China Curiosity.

At an auction sale of china Thursday 14 of the lots were catalogued as "formerly the property of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and disposed of by him at the sale of his collection several years ago." The auctioneer expected this announcement would attract a big crowd of enthusiastic Gladstonians, and that large prices would be realized, but he was disappointed. In each respect for only dealers attended. The chagrined auctioneer remarked, somewhat flippantly, "Gladstone was a better judge of china, and the dealers, who were mostly of the Hebrew persuasion, jovially agreed with him. The best price realized for a Gladstone set was 14½ guineas, paid for a pair of old Chelsea groups of shepherd and shepherdess, with a dog and lamb seated under flowering trees, with nouzels for candles, 12½ inches high. Seven guineas were paid for a pair of small Dresden busts emblematic of the seasons, and a similar price was given for a box figure of Mars in open pink and white porcelain, but only 9 shillings could be obtained for "a Frankenthal cup and saucer painted with Watteau figures, and a Paris eggshell cup and saucer with lotus flower pattern on the cup, on a raised branch stand." Somebody at the sale suggested that if Mr. Gladstone would sell his books his correspondence there would be no 9 shilling lots.

Goschen's Illness Getting Serious.

The illness of Mr. Goschen is more severe than is generally considered. His absence stops all financial discussion, and if his condition continues the Government will find itself in something like a dilemma, for the House is opposed to giving grants on account of votes without a show of discussion. Moreover, Goschen is not likely to have things entirely his own way when the budget resolutions are discussed. By a process of arithmetic which may not have been provided for in Goschen's curriculum, Sir William Harcourt seeks to show that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had no surplus at all last year. He says the Chancellor borrowed a million for the needs of the army and navy, and that this sweeps away the surplus entirely. If Harcourt is right then Goschen has been doing some financial juggling.

The Duke of Devonshire goes down to Windsor next week to deliver up the insignia of his father's Knighthood of the Garter, and it is understood that the Queen, acting upon Lord Salisbury's advice, will confer the same buble upon the present Duke for the adornment of his shapeless shanks. There is another Garter vacant, and this is regarded as a sure thing for the Duke of Fife.

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BRITISH ART GALERY.

At Least 21,000 Subjects in the Exhibition, of Which 6,000 Are Rejected.

LONDON, April 30.—The amazing fertility of production which has of recent years been a feature of doubtful merit in the life of British art has this year shown no sign of slackening. Reports said that no less than 31,000 subjects had been sent in, and although this is an exaggeration, the total number rejected, which was close on 6,000, implies a melancholy mass of lost labor. Many of the most famous artists do not exhibit. Indicating what will probably be the pictures of the year, Millais' landscapes, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," Orchardson's "Napoleon at Longwood," Pettie's "Ultimatum," Rivers' "Dead Hector" and Waterhouse's "Revenge of Cleopatra" can be named. The two best mentioned take precedence of anything in the Academy for nearly every quality that distinguishes a great work of art.

Of Sir Fred Leighton's five pictures the largest in point of size is the "Garden of the Hesperides," and his finest in point of execution a small study called "Olytic." Bonnat's protest the jury rejected a picture of the nude entitled "Big-noses," by a regular contributor, M. la Lyre, who has already sold various pictures to the State and to provincial museums. The artistic merit of the painting was not questioned by the jury. M. la Lyre was indignant, and sent the picture to the opposition salon in the Champs de Mars, where it was accepted.

On Monday last there opened at No. 28 Bond street, London, a noteworthy art exhibition. The artist is a native of Tokio. At an early age he displayed a talent for drawing, and so engrossed did he be at times become over his pencils that he was often reproached for neglecting his duties. Finally an elder brother had him put in the studio of Kikuchi Yosa. Here his ability was soon recognized, and in 1878 he was enabled to visit France. In that year some of his studies were exhibited at the International Exhibition and met with much praise. In 1887 he was selected to do the ceiling of the Imperial Palace at Tokio. He has been the recipient of many medals in Japan and in other countries.

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THE RIVAL PILOTS.

NEW THINGS IN ART. WHAT WILL BE SEEN AT NEW YORK'S EXHIBITION TO-MORROW.

Interesting Event Prepared by the Society of American Artists—A Fine Picture by Brush—Bold Conception of a Portrait by Sargent.

(SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, April 30.—As usual, the opening of the annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists, to which the public will be admitted Monday, has proved much the most interesting event of the year. And never before has interest meant so large a measure of hearty admiration. The average of excellence is distinctly higher than in any past year, although last year it would have seemed ungrateful indeed to ask for general improvement. And yet quite as many pictures as before stand out as distinctly above the average.

Conspicuous among these is Mr. Brush's beautiful genre picture, called "The Portrait." Even those who cannot fully appreciate its admirable execution will delight

in it, for the subject is as attractive as the treatment. The artist who sits on the floor prepared to draw the family group before him, the mother who, seated on a chair, holds her blonde baby's head against her shoulder; the sturdy, shy, blonde little boy who leans against her knee, and the moon-faced servant maid behind her—such is a portrait of the utmost individuality and charm. And this wonderful group of portraits has been made into a wonderful little picture by exquisite arrangement and drawing, and a deep, rich, glowing harmony of color. Perfect is a big word to use, but I am not a bit afraid to say that this is a perfect piece of work—perfect in excellence and perfect, too, in tender charm.

A Painter in the Wrong Path.

It cannot fail to be contrasted, and, I think, in a somewhat wondering way, with the picture called "Orestes" by the same artist. It is hard to believe that they were both painted by one hand and practically at one time. In the "Orestes" we see the half-nude, long-bearded old poet touching his harp for the delight of a group of half-nude barbarians seated in a woodland glen. Given the trying circular shape of the canvas, it is very well composed, and of course

Mr. Brush could not help drawing with accuracy and completeness. But here his painting, as such, has no charm, his figures are not convincingly or interestingly characterized, external nature is rendered without atmosphere and without beauty of color or clear expression of textures, and the picture, as a whole, lacks vitality and beauty, and has a manufactured, artificial, academic air.

It seems ungracious to speak such words about Mr. Brush with so exquisitely complete an example of every pictorial excellence as the "Portrait" to rebuke them. But they are spoken to show that, well as Mr. Brush has often done before, he has never done nearly so well as in the "Portrait," and to explain why everyone therefore feels that he has now found his right path. In future he cannot always keep on painting his own wife and children; nor is he likely often to find women and children of such rare beauty as theirs. But he can paint real things instead of imagined ones; warm living things instead of dead and dull ones. He can paint with his heart and soul instead of with his archeological fancy; and it must be that, so doing, he will continue to paint his best.

A Portrait by Sargent.

Absent though Mr. Sargent is, he has left a splendid witness to his existence in the

portrait of Mr. St. Gaudens' young son, painted a couple of years ago. It is a large, upright canvas, deep in tone, and depending much less than last year's lovely little "Beatrice" upon color for its charm. But even Mr. Sargent has not rarely shown us so fine an example of rapid, massive, spirited, yet truthful execution; and even in his other children's portraits he has rarely combined so more instantly that he can paint character as well as outward aspects. This dark, strong, reticent and somewhat imperious young face is as sympathetically rendered as the delicate, shy and tender one of the little "Beatrice" or the gentler, more placid, more poetic one of the other lad, whom we once saw standing with his arm around a figure model.

No one could have been bolder in pictorial conception than Mr. Sargent has been in this case. The boy's careless attitude is plain; that of one who is sitting, not quite willingly yet not quite discontentedly, to have his picture taken; and still more unconventional in the manner in which the boy's mother has been introduced. She is sitting behind him, seen in profile, bending over a book, and all the emphasis of the painting, as well as of the pose, declares her accessory role. She is not there to have her portrait painted, too, but simply to read aloud that the boy may keep still. It cannot have been easy to make a figure thus play an accessory role, and yet not really put it in the background. But Mr. Sargent has done this admirably.

A Personality Charmingly Expressed.

Among other conspicuous pictures in the collection are Mr. Thayer's "Madonna" and Mr. DeKrom's "Christ Child," both already well known by repute, although not previously exhibited in New York; Mr. Cox's figure of a young girl, called "Orestes," Mr. DeKrom's "Ode to Anahit," Mr. Robinson's "Roman Garden," Mr. Wiles' "Woman and Child in a Garden," Mr. Simmons' "Carpenter Shop," portraits by Mr. Chase, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Blair and Mr. LeBaron, three or four works by Mr. Childie Haseman, a nude by Mr. H. O. Walker and landscapes by Mr. Weir, Mr. D. B. Marston, Mr. D. Donolo, Mr. Bolton Walker, Mr. Platt, Mr. Rice, Mr. Horatio Jones, Mr. Kost and Mr. Dearth.

But a first hasty glance does not fit me to speak about these or anything else to-day except Mr. Beckwith's interesting large portrait of Miss Lillie Hamilton French, the writer, who is shown at three-quarter length in a white ruffled gown with a yellow sash and against a pale-green background. The likeness is faithful, not only in form but, a rarer thing, of course, in sentiment as well; and a charming personality has been charmingly expressed in the pose as well as the head itself. As a study of color, illustrating the modern love for very bright notes in a very high key, the work is extremely interesting, if, as regards the tones of the background, not perfectly satisfactory.

M. G. VAN RENSSLAER.

IT FAILED FOR A MILLION.

Efforts to Put the Suspended St. Paul Bank on Its Feet Again.

ST. PAUL, April 30.—The defunct Commercial Bank is in the hands of the assignee, but there is a strong feeling among business men that it should be placed once more on its feet.

While the liabilities reach well up toward \$1,000,000 its assets exceed that figure, and the stockholders, all wealthy, are liable for double their stock.

The Child Was Murdered.

The unknown male child found in a vault on Madison avenue, Allegheny, some days ago, with a stone tied around its neck, was murdered. That is the verdict of the Coroner's jury in the case. The parents have not been found yet, and the Allegheny police have failed to find a clue.

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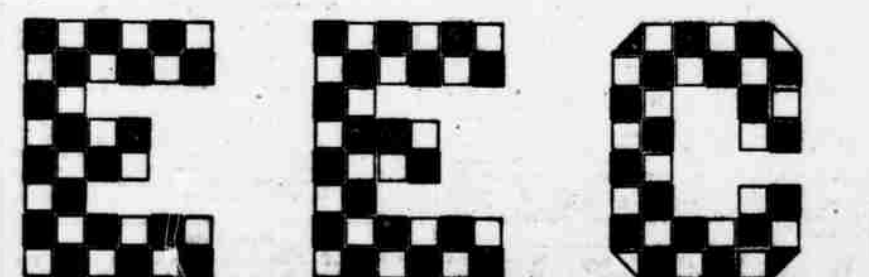
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