

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, MAY 11, 1890.

NAST'S EYE FOR ART.

The Caricaturist Sketches Outdoor Washington.

NOVEL VIEWS OF STATUES.

Unlucky Babies Who Get Kisses Intended for Baby McKee.

BASEBALL CUT IN THE COLD STONE

WASHINGTON, May 10. OOD morning, Th.

You will notice I am now on terms of such intimacy with Mr. Nast that I address him by his first name.

He was walking along near one of the beautiful circles (as I should in the Capital City, his hands thrust to the profound depths of his trouser pockets and his mind lost in serious contemplation of some subject gravely important to the peace of his artistic soul.

"I was thinking," said he, "what a charming city Washington will some day be."

"Is it not a charming city now?" I asked, a little piqued.

"But it will be more charming by and by."

"What will make it so, Mr. Nast?"

"A little more street ornamentation. I notice a good beginning in the pretty vases of flowers that ornament many of the street doorsteps, but they only make more conspicuous the lack of other street ornamentation."

"What ornamentation?"

"In Paris it is against the law to throw bits of paper and other litter into the streets. Here the law is not so stringent, or at least it is not so strictly enforced. The people, therefore, should get out not only vases of flowers but waste-baskets (they might ornament them with pretty ribbons, you know), and then, here and there, at convenient intervals, they might place, at a good many useful ornaments, hand-painted porcelain, or patch-work, or a Worcester, or even the plain brownstone kind—almost any sort would do.

"Then, think," continued Mr. Nast, while his artistic imagination pictured the scene as such ornamentation would make it—"only think what a delightful city Washington would be!"

He was pleased with the suggestion I made and accordingly accompanied me to Lafayette Square, where the bronze figure of old General Jackson sits proudly erect upon its noble rampart, and his proudly erect saluting, with hat in hand, his sinking sun, I thought maybe Mr. Nast could tell me why the stern old General should salute

sh. I brings 'em o'bah hvar to play in de grass an' grabble ebery day. But I done recon I 'se got to quit bringin' hvar, sah, 'o' dey jes kiss pretty nigh to death w'at de President an' Harrison, an' looking out dis way. I doan' see w'at gits inter all de men dat dey allus goes to kissin' all de chills 'n' dese ground's every time de President an' de President's son. And asty mesled indignantly away with his crying charge.

But I had started out to show the art features of Washington to Mr. Nast, so I drew him away down Pennsylvania avenue and pointed with just pride to the statue of Benjamin Franklin which surmounts a tall shaft in the very entrance to the Capitol—the main entrance at that—the figure of Mike Kelley in the act of calling

Mr. Nast stood before it—no, behind it—in rapt admiration of this marvelous work of art. A profane and irreverent young man passed and flippantly said: "Old Ben looks as if he had been out with the boys last night."

But Mr. Nast heard nothing of this. His mind was not over to such worldly words. His sensitive soul was stirred and he stood upon the heights with the grand old philosopher who had lived his status in society, and had things enough with them to convince him that honesty is the best policy.

Philadelphia Avenue After Nast's Arrival, the storking sun in these days of civil service reform.

With a delicacy of which I felt proud, I brought Mr. Nast into the presence of this work of art by degrees, as it were. That is to say, I led him round to an easterly approach, that he might reserve the full front

of the monument to the view of the city.

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hat and giving three cheers for the Stars and Stripes.

By careful degrees and easy stages I led Mr. Nast round to the western side, or rather front, of the statue. At each step he stopped and looked with freshly-kindled interest and a newly-stirred emotion, for each view struck him as a new idea. Finally I turned him suddenly and let the full front view present itself to his wondering gaze.

It fairly took him off his feet.

Just then a ruidic came along and explained, that this statue was made from bronze cannons captured "by Ole Hick'ry himself at the battle of Noor Lesau" and pointed to the four cannons raised upon the pedestal to prove the story. Mr. Nast, in a bewildered sort of way, asked:

"Did I understand you to say the statue was made from these four cannons here?"

"We were so near the White House that Mr. Nast wanted to stop over and take a look at it.

As we approached the main portico we saw a little child playing under the watchful eye of its nurse. A tall man, with an office-hungry look, came up the walk. He turned his eyes toward the Mansion and saw the President looking out at a window. Suddenly he stooped and picked the infant up. His cries and struggles were of no avail. Eagerly he put a fond, parental kiss upon the little darling's cheek, and vanished hopefully within the portals of the Mansion.

"Is that Baby McKee?" asked Mr. Nast.

"Law! no, sah," said the nurse; "dis am one o' de chillen 'im de foun'lin's home, dere I intended to point out to him the piece of resistance of our national art. As we were passing up the central steps to the east front of the majestic edifice, Mr. Nast

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CLARA BELLE'S CHAT

The Papa of a Famous Beauty Converted to the Idea of Rousing.

FADS OF THE ATHLETIC MAIDEN.

A Champagne Luncheon to Settle a Dispute About an Actor's Face.

PRETTY ROBBERS AT THE BENEFITS

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, May 10.

SOCIETY is suffering from amateur clothing, and amateur vocalists, whose artistic sides are covered by charity, for they read and sing for benevolent causes, ostensibly. These performers imitate professional actresses not only in manner, but also in making up their faces with paints.

These examples have led to a suddenly free use of artificial colors on girls' faces, and that is the whim of the movement. It has been observed that a famous beauty, whose raven hair, almond eyes and marble white throat have combined to reduce a small army of men to the state of helpless adorers, now wears a pale pink on her cheeks, and her cheeks to such appliances are put up so cleverly by the French in neat boxes. One old crab of a man made the remark in the hearing of her father, that if she would stop putting rouge on her face she would not be so stared at by strangers who saw her on the street. The father accordingly put on his glasses the next time he saw his daughter and examined her carefully.

"What is that red stuff on your cheeks, my child?" he asked, wetting his finger and rubbing it over the girl's face.

"That's nothing, papa," she replied, "only a little pink powder—that is all."

HER PAPA CONVERTED.

"Go and take it off at once," exclaimed the old gentleman.

"But, papa," protested the girl.

"No, no," shouted her father, "but do as I bid y."

The humiliated beauty went to her room and washed her face thoroughly. Then, she took a mirror and looked at her face and knelt down before her father, imploring his forgiveness for being so foolish as to put her cheeks.

The old man put on his glasses and more and scrutinized his daughter's face.

"You've taken it off, haven't you," he said.

"Yes," replied his daughter.

"Well," said he, after a moment's pause, "for Heaven's sake go put it on again."

The famous belle now rouges her cheeks in the ordinary way of the Washington art.

A young lady wearing the latest thing in waistcoats took a pair of glistening bay horses down Fifth avenue, turning into one of the crooked streets and driving to a well-known gymnasium. Her groom sprang to the horses' heads and she, with the grace and speed of a bird, leaped to the carriage and hastened to the entrance. Two minutes afterward she had donned a gymnasium suit, and then for an hour she exercised on the parallel bars, the arm and leg weights, and the other things of a half mile dash around the running track.

BEAUTY AT THE BATH.

She then pulled a heavy shawl known as a "sweater" over her shoulders and hurried down stairs again. Next she wrapped a soft pink towel about her neck, and entered a hallway into a marble-lined bathroom. Throwing aside her robe she placed herself under a shower bath, and pulled the cord, pulling and slapping herself as the icy spray deluged her. Then with a little cry of excitement, she ran across the floor and flew head foremost into one of the hot plunge baths. Here she disrobed like a mad for five minutes of her dress, and then pattered back to her dressing room, getting into her street clothes with interesting rapidity, and when she brushed her wet hair lying out to the street, where her car awaited her.

Whipping up the horses she sped away to Forty-second, and got out at a door bearing the name of a well-known professor. Here upstairs she called out a bright good morning to two men who were lying about in fighting togs, and stepped into a side room to make her toilet ready for the day.

Fourth street in the same manner as at the gymnasium, and, pushing her white hands into a huge pair of boxing gloves, squared off before the opposite seat. But for some moments the spat of the gloves kept up a regular music, the girl leading straight from the shoulder, and the professor, at her instigation, landing heavily on her pretty face. Agile as a cat and strong as an Indian, the fair fighter danced gracefully about, darting forward and jabbing a vicious blow at the teacher's nose and getting away with a light tap on the jaw.

THE OBJECT OF IT ALL.

Three rounds of two minutes each satisfied the athletic maiden, and then the professor called his wife from upstairs to give her a rubbing down. When she appeared in her street clothes again there was an unornamented straightness about her dark brown hair, but her face was clear and healthy.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked the young bantam. She next drove to a restaurant and drank a bottle of stout and ate a hard cracker. After this she went home and ate a cold dinner.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon she was galloping through the park on a thoroughbred hunter. The horse kicked his way through the trees and was doing such a regular work.

I am in training to become healthy, wholesome, long-lived wife and mother, she replied. "Jack was stroke in his college crew, you know, and I mean to be a wife whom he will be proud of."

This is one girl out of many in society that are running athletics into the ground. An old sporting man said at a dinner table the other night that he thought the best girls had decided to show that New York could be populated with Sullivans instead of dudes, and were taking on muscle for the good of the next generation. But it is more probable that the girls are taking on muscle for the good of the nation.

AN ACTOR'S BEAUTY.

Two young women, in an almost deserted Broadway car, were discussing a man reading a newspaper in the corner furthest from them on the opposite seat. "I'll tell you what," said one, naming an actor who is famous for his physical beauty, and who passes most of the time in which he is not acting in tearing up undivided letters from the United States; "I believe at the end of a week this wife of his would do the honors of the White House with the ease and grace of a high-born lady."

"In England it is just the contrary. Of course, good society is good society everywhere. The ladies of the English aristocracy are perfect queens, but the English woman who was not born a lady will seldom become a lady, and I believe this is why mesalliances are more scarce in England than in America, and especially in France. I could name many Englishmen, standing at the head of their professions, who cannot produce their wives in society because these women have not been able to raise themselves up to the level of their husband's station in life. In France the mesalliance, though not rebuffed by parents, is not feared so much, because they know the young woman will observe and study and very soon fit herself for her new position."

"But I have sat in a box, Marie, within a week and he has looked square at me. Do you imagine I would forget his eyes. That man over there is nothing but a brute."

"Why isn't he like him?"

"That man is ugly and the actor is beautiful. You could never look at that big, red-faced, unshaven fellow, a second time,

while a mere glance of B. sets my heart beating like everything. Really, Marie, I think it remarkable that you should be so bold as to think that horrid-looking man is B."

The man with the newspaper smiled to himself. He was overhearing much of the girl's conversation.

"Well, I am willing to bet everything in the world I'm right," insisted Marie. "I will make you a bet and prove it to your complete satisfaction."

BACK THEIR OPINIONS.

"What shall it be?" retorted the other, flushing with half indignant determination to back her opinion to any extent.

"A luncheon with champagne."

"Done. How are you going to settle it?"

"I am going to ask him," said Marie was pale and trembling from nervous resolution.

She rose from her seat and approached the man with the newspaper. He sprang to his feet and doffed his hat.

"The lady is speaking to me, gazing into the girl's eyes with his prettiest stage smile, 'to save you the trouble of asking any questions. You have won your bet. I am B.'"

"I am very glad to say, while riding in a Broadway horse car. To avoid the suspicions of your charming friend, who insists that I am not B., I have arranged for you to accompany my car. And at that luncheon to-day would it be too much for me to hope that one glass of champagne may be sipped with you, and breathe on the brim. Good morning."

The stalwart fellow stepped quickly to the platform and thence to the street. Both girls looked at each other without speaking for a full minute. Then the blonde stretched the card that the actor had placed into Marie's hand. The name was correct.

"It ought to have known, Marie," she said. "I ought to have known that the name he began to speak he was the beauty again."

The girls alighted in front of a fashionable restaurant and disappeared within its doors. Marie had chosen the car for the actor. I could imagine the romantic and exciting luncheon that the two pretty disputants enjoyed in their solitude, and am sure that the name of the wine was well pledged to the name of the handsome player.

WILES OF THE ACTRESS.

Some of those magnificent actresses who cheaply devote their valuable services to selling flowers at theatrical benefits are too shrewd for any sort of use. One of the prettiest that ever tied 10 cents' worth of violets in a bouquet was disposing of her wares with splendid success the other day when it was observed by a few of the more watchful loungers that she was a party in a vulgar little trick that successfully pulled the wool over the eyes of the credulous public. By the side of her table stood a young man who has a mental acquaintance with a wonderfully large number of the most famous actresses of the day, and would stroll near to this young man he would speak