

Putting the Famous and the Fantastic Into Bronze

Striking Work by the Russian Sculptor, Moise Wainer-Dykaar, Who Interprets Celebrities and Many Strange Dreams



Moise Wainer-Dykaar.



Former Speaker Champ Clark.



"Statirque," an Imaginative Study of the Fantastic.



Vice-President Marshall.



Count Ilya Tolstoy.



A Dream Figure, the First Flowers.



Unfinished Study of "The Modern Sphinx."

tor has pure symbolism in mind, the mystery in all personality plus that eternal mystery of sex of which men

have talked since the beginning of time. What painter or sculptor has not at least wished to express that mystery?

Countless devotees of art have sought to express it. Perhaps those artists succeed best who put into their trans-

lation qualities that leave the spectator fullest play to the vagaries of his own imagination.

BY BARBARA CRAYTON.

RUSSIA may have been more debated than any other country in the world, its real sentiments and aspirations may have been regarded as the supreme puzzle, but there has been at no time any great diversity of opinion as to her instincts for art. Russian painters and writers have long held a very high place. Her sculpture has been not less notable.

A Russian sculptor who has established himself in New York and who expresses the hope of winning a real knowledge of American life, is Moise Wainer-Dykaar.

Wainer-Dykaar seems to have made a rather positive impression in this country as an artist of more than ordinary versatility. His breadth of subject is, indeed, remarkable. Most men of rebellious imagination are likely to be limited to a bizarre, if not a freakish, output. The Russian appears to pass from scholarly interpretations of portraiture to highly imaginative devices with perfect ease and to accomplish notable results in both fields.

the work that was being done on Mr. Clark's bust.

A committee of the library of congress having passed upon it, the Marshall bust in marble will stand at the senate end of the capitol among the figures of the vice-presidents of the United States.

The incident illustrates a significant fact in the career of portrait artists, whether they work in clay or in paint. A mere theory of fame, or even a guarantee of faithfulness, is not so important in luring a sitter as an actual example of work reflecting known feelings.

Instructions Simplified.

brothers and five sisters he had to make his own way. His parents wished him to go into the church, but the artist in him rebelled. Chance permitted him to get a little art education at the age of 17. He followed this up with other study and finally made his way to Paris, where he studied under Raoul Verlet. A figure of a peasant woman won his first recognition from the Salon, and a dream figure, a symbolic creation in marble which he called "First Flowers," made a strong impression on the French art world.

Thus his progress has not been meteoric, but rather has been a steady upward progress, a fact which gives to his work a maturity and confidence particularly to be desired in sculpture that is to endure. Unlike a painter, a sculptor cannot expect greatly to profit by artistic accident. "Tricks" avail him little. He must know form and see it, and in the translation he must pursue his task with full control of this knowledge.

Wainer-Dykaar is a modernist without being in any sense an extreme radical. He is, indeed, a conservative in his adherence to what he regards as the best ideals of the classic.

Modern Sculpture Changes.

In the "Modern Sphinx," an unfinished study of a girl's head, the sculptor

CONFESSIONS OF A TIN HAT RELATED IN ALL CONFIDENCE

Battle-Scarred Helmet Tells Story of Doughboy's Bravery and Love While Fighting Abroad.

JUST a few days before the Fourth of July I know, because I can see the calendar below me on his sister's desk. I've been billeted on this mail for quite a few days now and I must say I'm quite comfortably situated. Next to his head, it's the best observation post I've struck, but I can't help thinking how different it all is from last year—last Fourth of July, which was the first day he wore me. I was a rookie then—and now I'm a veteran.

of his way lay across open fields and as the moon was shining he could be plainly seen by Jerry. He didn't seem to realize this, however, until machine-gun bullets began to fall within a couple of feet of him all around. He made a dive for a shell hole about five yards away but just as he reached it one of them struck him in the back, grazed his cheek and sank into his shoulder. You see, it's a trick of Jerry's to turn a machine gun on one man, like that.

Message Is Delivered.

My boy lay very still and I guess Jerry thought he "tumped" him off for he stopped firing in our direction. Luckily for me, I stuck tight when he fell. If I hadn't I probably never would have been home with him now, even though his name was printed on my chin strap. No one would have thought to pick me up, but I didn't mind more than they'd think of picking up a lady's handkerchief in a railroad accident.

on me he used to say he could sleep "till the war's over"—and in those days to say, "till the war's over" seemed like saying, "till the world comes to an end."

But, oh that wonderful day—the 11th of November! We'd just come through the hardest "push" of the whole war—at least, what we saw at it—so to have the tension let down so unexpectedly—well! I thought my boy had gone mad. He whirled me into the air again, shouting "La, greatestest fin!" Once he kicked me so hard I have the dent in my crown yet. I thought he was angry with me at first, but when I saw all the other boys doing the same things I realized it must be just some queer way boys have of expressing great joy. I was glad, for once in my life, that I had no feelings.

Then came our last hike together—down the great, broad avenue of his home city. He wore his little O. D. cap, but I was fastened to his left shoulder just as I had been so many times when he tramped the roads of France. It was great to hear the people shouting their welcome to the boys and to see their happy excited faces, but I couldn't help feeling a bit sober, knowing that it was the last time I'd ever hike with him. However, just as his company was ordered to break camp, something happened. Someone broke through the crowd on the curb and rushed toward him—somebody very young and adorable, with curly light hair. I didn't look to see what happened next. I didn't think it was fair to look just then, but I heard him say one word—"Dearest!"—and then I knew it was she!

PULL OF EARTH'S SATELLITE RECOVERS GUN FROM OCEAN

Chinese Engineers Show Officers of American Warship Simple Use of Lunar Energy.

HOW the Chinese use moon power to recover objects lost overboard from ships is shown in the following incident:

ties are made to do work both going and coming. To make this method efficient on a large scale it is necessary merely to construct reservoirs of great size, with the requisite machinery, in places where huge bodies of water can be handled. Why has not this been undertaken? Nobody knows. But at the present time (so cable dispatches say) capital is being enlisted for the purpose in England—some scheme contemplated being that of damming the waters of the river Dea, and equipping an immense power plant with turbines and electric generators to furnish energy and distribute it for long distances over wires.