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A BAYADERE IN "DIEU BLEU"

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST

# Eight Designs for Costumes

From the Color Sketches by  
Léon Bakst





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LA DANSE ORIENTALE

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST





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AN ARCHER IN "ST. SEBASTIAN"

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A SHEPHERDESS IN "DAPHNE AND CHLOE"  
FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LEON BAKST





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LE FIANCÉ IN "DIEU BLEU"

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A SACRIFICIAL ATTENDANT IN "DIEU BLEU"  
FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST





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A SYRIAN SHEPHERD IN "ST. SEBASTIAN"  
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"VALE NOBLE" (CARNIVAL OF SCHUMANN)

FROM A DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST



## "HARES"

BY PAUL BARCHAN

IN Russia "blind" passengers, or deadheads, are called "hares." Some of them travel by bribing the guard, or conductor, others by concealing themselves under the benches.

**D**AWN was about to break. The night that gloomed through the small windows of the third-class carriages began to pale into a bluish mist. The sparks from the wood fuel of the locomotive still whirled by in streaks and curves, only they were no longer red, but yellow.

The wooden benches in the long, unpartitioned Russian car were crowded with passengers. Several were obliged to stand. The thick air was almost tangible, with the dense, vile tobacco-fumes of the muzhiks' pipes, with the smell of oiled boots, sausages, and sour black bread, and with sheepskins, soldiers, and a dozen other odors.

A slender, bearded Armenian, wearing his picturesque national costume,—a skirted coat with dandified waist and silver bobbins dangling across his breast,—was making heroic efforts to sell his goods. He had spread out his entire stock of pearl necklaces and colored cloths in front of a fat woman who, with distended skirts, squatted upon one of the hard benches.

"Buy, mistress! Buy, beautiful lady! Good wares; sell cheap, cheap!" he cried.

He looked winningly at his prospective victim with his small, crafty Armenian eyes. But the fat woman deliberately began to peel a hard-boiled egg with skilful fingers and then as deliberately began to eat it. A pile of egg-shells lay at her feet. Finally, however, she deigned to look at the man's wares. He kept on chattering:

"Five rubles this lovely shawl! Take it, take it—four rubles! No? Three rubles! Well, then, two rubles, only for you, lovely lady! One ruble! Come, do take it, my soul!"

"No."

"Buy, mistress! buy!"

He held his last bargain temptingly under her nose.

"No," she returned coolly, and began a vigorous attack upon another egg.

The Armenian began to pack up his wares, while his little audience, bored and weary, stared in other directions. Nodding and chaffering, the peddler made his way from bench to bench. A sleek and flashy commercial traveler called to him mockingly as he passed:

"I say, my Armenian friend."

"Buy, sir! buy something!"

"Got any Armenian jokes about you?"

The Armenian grinned good-naturedly.

"Now, just listen," the commercial traveler began provocatively, mimicking the Armenian accent. "Tell me, what is this? It hangs in the drawing-room, and it's green, and when you pull it by the tail—"

THE guard entered, and gave his warning cry:

"Get your tickets ready. *Contrôle!*"

His uniform was threadbare and faded. A rough fur cap surmounted his degenerate, puffed-up face. He made his surly way through the car. The Armenian disappeared as if by magic.

A young fellow who sat opposite the commercial traveler, and had been regarding him with a certain awe, grew suddenly pale. He gazed helplessly at the guard, rose, and stammered:

"But why—"

The guard, without deigning to turn his head, gave him a look out of the corner of his squinting eyes, and said in a low, croaking voice:

"We'll arrange that later. Stow yourself."

He indicated the long bench with a slight gesture of his head, and then proceeded on his way.

Once again before he left the coach to make way for his superior, the conductor, he cried out:

"Tickets ready, if you please."

The young fellow now made a desper-