

THE FETE AT CONCARNEAU



EVERY summer the Bretons have fetes and dances, each town or hamlet having a special day, and those days are looked for longingly by the natives, for it gives them a chance to display all their dexterity and show how they can dance when they want to. Besides, all the neighboring villages turn out in full to see what their rivals can do; so quite an interesting time is generally had.

Concarneau had its day yesterday, or rather it started yesterday, for the fete lasts three days. Of course all the coiffs and big collars of the women were all fresh, the clothes presses were relieved of their clamorous contents, and sabots were all cleaned nicely for the occasion, for it is only once a year that such a chance is had.

As early as 9 in the morning the town began to fill with new faces and queer looking coiffs and costumes for each district has a distinctive coiff of its own. They were arriving from the Gare and in carts by the dozens. It looks pretty to see a small cart filled with eight or ten peasant women, each in her quaint head-dress and pretty apron, while one of the men peasants, with his little short coat up to his waist and hat with ribbons dangling down his back, drives the ass or mare. All the fishermen were out in their best, and some even got a shave, for no boats went out that day. Then all the fishing boats were cleaned up and newly painted.

The event of the day was a grand regatta, in which the rival fishing boats would be able to prove their superior sailing qualities, and settle long-standing disputes. The long dyke, or breakwater, was arranged with seats and awnings, and a frame admission charged for entrance fee. Here were assembled all the cream of Breton society—well dressed girls, some "worth" it was whispered, the immense fortune of 50,000 francs. Some were dressed in the most expensive laces and silks, and looked sweet, and were envied by the sardine factory girls and sailors gathered on the rocks opposite. Then their fathers and brothers were swell, too, for they had on all their gilt braid and brass or gold-plated buttons, and real velvet ribbons on their hats, topped off with a nice little peacock feather.

Many of the boats were coated with grease and sardine oil to make them go faster, and others were provided with brand new sails and masts—anything to beat the others. At given signals all the boats started, and were soon speeding away for the "les des Moutons," far off on the horizon.

Then came the great Breton dance, the gavotte. All made for the Place de Nation, opposite the old fortified



Sort of a leap, then a hop. Ville Close, where the dance was to be held, and the two musicians, secured from Quimper were on hand with their bagpipes. Two big barrels were fixed up with a platform and chairs for them under one of the trees in front of the big market. Around the place were shooting galleries, hitting machines, roulette wheels, cheap jewelry shops, and the like, and above all, a big merry-go-round, with an organ loud enough to be heard at Beg Miel. The musicians started up after having been liberally filled with hard cider, and the tramping of the sabots commenced, sounding like a troop of 80,000 horses on the plank road. The music sounded exactly like that you hear in Chinatown.

Of course all we Americans crowded around to learn the dance, which seemed quite complicated at first, but in fact was only a sort of trot, then a hop, and a trot again.

The spectators formed a large circle, inside of which were the dancers. The old sailors danced as well as any of them. The dance requires six in each party. Four girls clasp hands in a line, at each end of which is a man. The one in front leads as in "cracking the whip," only they don't crack, but just do the trot and hop. Oh, it's beautiful! And so they keep going round for about half hour without stop, which is rather tiresome, about the sardine girls can't get enough and never think of getting tired, and only five minutes rest between each dance. But then cider was plentiful at two sous a bowl.

It was announced that the gavotte d'honneur would commence and all necks were strained to see the

dancers, for it is the prize dance. One prize is given to the best and most graceful dancer, and another to the one that can dance the longest without rest. As soon as all was thought themselves equal to the honor had taken their positions, the band played and away they went to win the prize for the most graceful dancing. How they did dance, and the grace they had—all the grace that could possibly be put into the gavotte was utilized. Some ideas of grace were quite interesting, too, reminding one of a cake walk, but some did really well, considering that the average girl weighs about 150 to 200 pounds and wears sabots of solid wood. But the men sailed around with their long, lanky legs, the nice little ribbons streaming in the breeze. The judges looked wisely on from their stand and took notes. At the finish of the dance all crowded round the judges and received the decision.

Then came the dance of endurance. This time all gracefulness, etc., was forgotten and the easiest way was the vogue. Round and round they went, the dust rising to the tramp of the heavy sabots, the crowd cheering and yelling and clapping, and still they went. Half an hour passed, then one by one they began to drop out and at the end of an hour not over four were still at it, and they looked mighty weary. Then more dropped out until two were left, and how they went at it and how the crowd did yell and urge them on. Finally only one was left. He took the prize after an hour and a half of hard dancing, while the musicians nearly dropped dead from loss of breath.

Then came climbing greased poles and duck chasing in the bay, in which all the future Concarneau fishermen joined. That ended the fun till evening, when more dancing was to take place in the big stone market. We had all learned the dance by this time, and resolved to show the Bretons what Americans could do. So, after supper we all strolled down to the halles, from which issued a deafening roar of voices and thumping of wooden sabots on the stone floor, mingled with the delicious strains of the bagpipes. The big market was all ablaze with gas lights and filled to suffocation with girls and young men going round the old hall to the time of the pipes.

We immediately selected partners, but none of the girls would go with us for some reason, so we all got together and had a dance of our own. You ought to have seen the people stare and laugh at our attempts, but we did not mind that and kept right on, introducing a few American steps, and then the people looked serious and said: "Tres bien." "Encore!" and we did give it to them. We soon had three Britanny maidens at the end of our string and the girls began to desert the sailors for us. So finally we each got a big string of maidens of our own and led them through the mazes of the Britanny gavotte, to the envy of all the other girls, and then peasants and sailors began to hook on behind until we each had a row of a dozen or more and owned the place.

It was the most laughable thing I ever saw—a lot of American students leading the native dance away off in Britanny! Many of the men got angry at us for taking their partners, and hissed as we passed. "Talle Anglaise" (they always call us English), and "Bouchon!" But we owned the place and didn't care. The girls preferred us, as we were much cleaner and better dressed than their sailor friends. It was rather hot work for us to tow a load of Breton girls after us round the hall and dance for an hour at a time, and I had on a big pair of sabots full of big nails.

There were several American girls there, too, and they had much sport with some of the native girls doing the gavotte. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was there, leaning against one of the stone pillars with her son, and seemed quite amused at the gavotte. She came over especially from Big Miel to see the fete, and it's a wonder she didn't take part herself, for she's just the kind for such fun. At midnight all the lights went suddenly out, ending the evening and leaving all in total darkness, and much Breton squeezing, etc., was done.

Since that night we have been the acknowledged leaders of the cotillon at Concarneau, and the sardine girls point us out with great pride to their friends. The whole town knows us now.

Ashe of Early Pittsburgers.
Some bodies were removed from Trinity churchyard, Sixth avenue, Pittsburg, a few days ago, which had been interred in the early part of the century. One was that of Dr. Felix Brunot, born at Morey, France, in 1752. He came to America in 1777 with the marquis de Lafayette, and fought with the Americans during the revolutionary war. The Brunots became very wealthy, and an island in the Ohio river, ten miles below Pittsburg, still bears the name of Brunot's island. No burials have been made in Trinity churchyard for many years. It is now in the heart of the city, and the windows of the palatial Duquesne club look down upon this resting place of the early Pittsburgers.

An Aldermanic exasperation.
"Did you know that Alderman Rowdy was a great man to collar animals?"

"No; is that so?"
"Why, yes; last week he had two zebras, a siam white elephant, three llamas and a whole cage of rats."
"What became of them?"
"Oh, he took some bromide and they went away."—Chicago Record.

F. L. Wilkins said: I an ice boat a mile and three-quarters in a minute and a half on Shell lake, Wis.

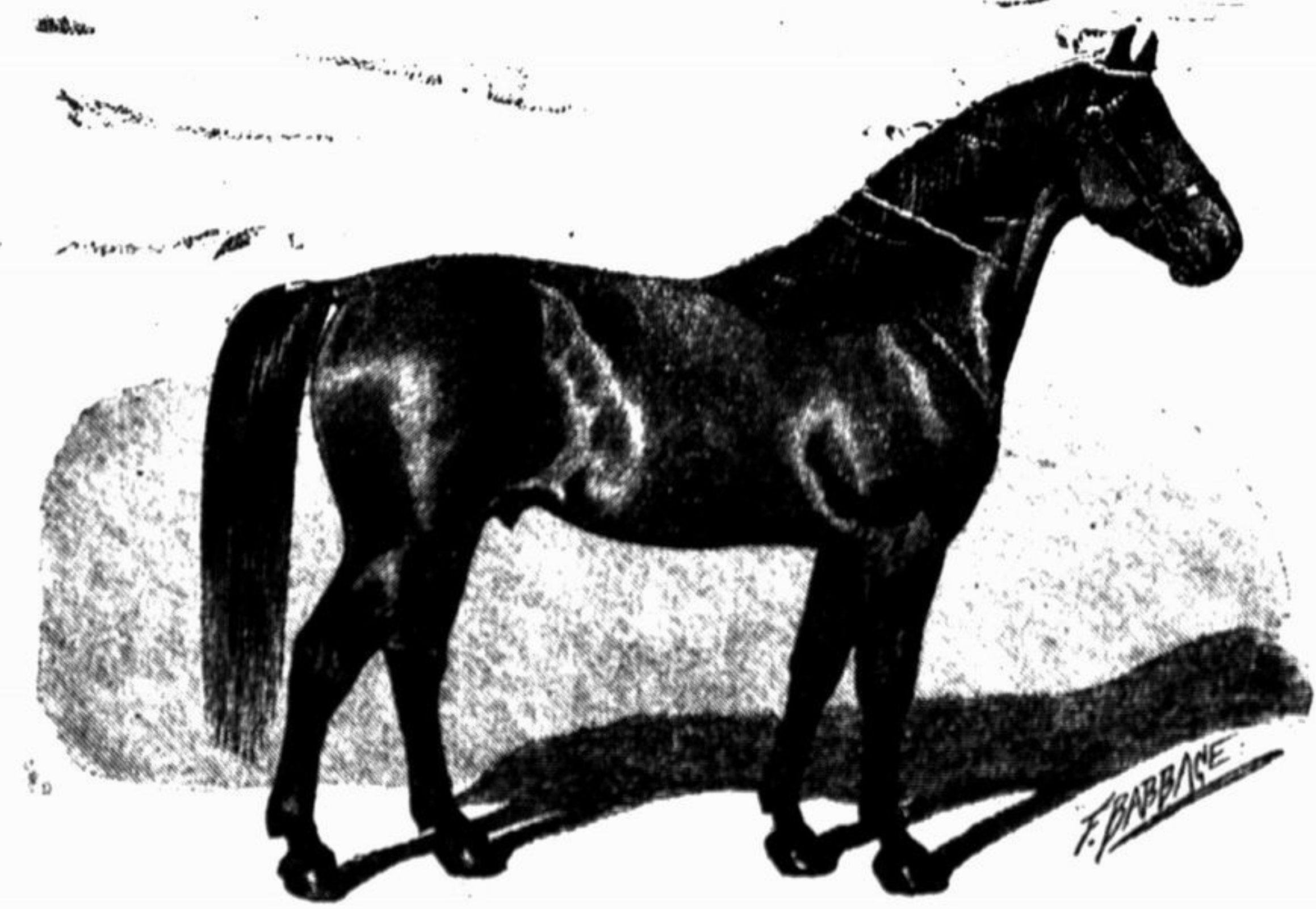
FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up to Date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Reed Canary Grass.

The scientific name of this grass is Phalaris Arundinacea. Stems stout, erect, two to five feet high, smooth, from strong, creeping root stalks, leafy; leaves large (six to ten inches long by about half an inch wide) flat, roughish or smooth, sheaths smooth; panicle narrow, its branches short and appressed or somewhat spreading at flowering time, three to five inches long; spikelets numerous, crowded, about one-sixth of an inch long, more or less tinged with purple; empty glumes equal, spreading at flowering, much longer than the flowering glume, rough on the back, but not wing-keeled; flowering glume smooth and shining, with two minute fairy scales at the base, in fruit closely enclosing the smooth grain. The South Dakota bulletin says of it that it is widely distributed over that state, growing naturally on wet ground. It is one of the most important of our native species, as it promises to do well under cultivation. In low meadows it often constitutes a large part of the hay. Stock eat it readily. On the station ground it has done well for three years, withstanding severe drouth, even on high ground. It produces a coarse quality of hay and seeds plentifully. The leaves remain green until after the



THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION SHOWS THE CLEVELAND BAY STALLION MASTER FREDERICK 1923, OWNED BY MR. JAMES F. CROWTHER, ENGLAND.

seeds are ripe so that after cutting with a header a good yield of hay of a fair quality may be obtained. A specimen analyzed gave: (air-dry substance) water, 8.37; ash, 8.42; ether extract, 2.12; crude fibre, 39.85; crude protein, 7.59; nitrogen-free extract, 12.65; total nitrogen, 1.21; albuminoid nitrogen, .86.

It is found in other states beside the Dakotas. One variety is known to nearly all our readers under the name of ribbon or striped grass, and is cultivated for ornament in our gardens. It will bear cutting two or three times during the season, but if not cut early the foliage is coarse. Cattle are not fond of it at any time of its growth, but will eat it when they can get nothing better. The grass is common on low, rich soils where the water is either standing or sluggish, and is sometimes propagated by transplanting the roots of the striped grass into suitable soils.

Another writer on this grass says: "The panicles of this grass, if allowed to stand after the time of flowering, come filled with ergot, or long black spurs, issuing from between the glumes, and occupying the place of grain. This, if there were no other reason, would be sufficient to determine that it should be cut out or before the time of flowering. I have never seen ergot worse affected than my specimens of this grass are. The effects of this mysterious disease are well known. The noxious spores that it exerts on the system of animals that receive even a small portion of it, is oftentimes dreadful, producing most horrible gangrenes, rotting off the extremities, producing internal tortures and agonizing death; it has been known to slough and kill not a few human beings who have accidentally or inadvertently eaten grain or flour infected by it."

The above paragraph refers of course to ergot and not to Reed Canary Grass. The latter is merely a host to the former, and the above is the experience of only one man. We do not know that this plant is subject to ergot. If readers of the Farmers' Review have had experience in this line we would be pleased to hear from them.

A Fruit Harrow.
The following is from "American Gardening":

The ordinary wheel-harrow is unsuited for wheeling baskets and boxes of fruit, such as plums, grapes, strawberries, etc., because of the shape of the bed. The accompanying illustration shows a fruit harrow that



is free from this objection, and one that will be found equally convenient in wheeling other articles that must be kept quite horizontal to avoid spilling. It can easily be made. If one buys one of the light iron wheels that are now sold at hardware stores for just such uses as this.

Large and Small Farms.

To the Farmers' Review: On looking over our agricultural papers I frequently notice that farmers are in favor of the cultivation of small farms, claiming that farms generally are too large, but smaller ones could be more thoroughly cultivated and as a consequence yield better returns than could be expected from large areas. They seem, therefore, to think that it would pay the owners of large estates to dispose of portions of their land.

My experience has taught me that large farms can be cultivated just as profitably as small farms and that, as a rule, the large farms were better tilled and in proportion yielded equal if not better returns than the small farms.

The value of a farm depends upon the quality of the soil, the climatic conditions, the help that can be secured and the situation in regard to the market facilities of its products, the profit upon the management its original cost and the means of the owner. Experience proves and statistics show, that even the best soil, under favorable conditions, can then be profitably cultivated if the owner is indebted to a certain extent only, and has sufficient working capital left for the proper management of the farm.

The inadequate management of large farms so often referred to in our agricultural papers, is more due to a lack of sufficient working capital than to anything else, and the advice given to farmers to concentrate their work on a smaller area is therefore well founded, although the reasons stated are not always correct. The questions, if it is not better for a country to have a great many middle-sized and small farms, or to have

raised on the farm and used in the distillery and starch factory, he purchases additional quantities of these products, which outlay, together with that for coal, amounts to \$7,500, making a total of \$16,925, as against \$1,150 put in circulation by the ten farmers. The amount expended annually in the factories for oil, belts, packing, repair of machinery, etc., and thousands of dollars paid now and then for new and improved machinery, thereby giving employment to a number of mechanics, to plumbers, boiler-makers, copper-smiths, machinists and other artisans employed in factories, mines, etc., is not included in the \$16,925.

H. Winckelmann.

To Prevent Flying Over Fences.
The following article was published in the Goflugel Zuechter, a German poultry paper published at Warsaw, Wis., and translated for Poultry Keeper.

To prevent poultry from flying over fences, says the Brandenburg Anzeiger, there have been many suggestions made to break chickens of the habit. If often causes a great deal of trouble when chickens fly over into the neighbor's yards, and even in your own, and destroy things by their scratching. Poultry netting was put up ever so high, only to last a short time before the hens would fly over again. Lately a merchant "H. W." struck on to an idea which, on account of its simplicity, can be carried out by most anybody. Place three-fourth inch wire nails, six inches apart, along the fence, and you will discover that your hens will not fly over, even if there were accommodations made for them to do so. They will "size up" the situation for hours and then turn back and give it up for a bad job. By just this simple

SHE WON THE PRIZE.

PRETTY NITA CARLYON THE TALK OF LONDON.

This Year She Captured the Honor Annually Bestowed by Sir Augustus Harris of Covent Garden, France—Lighted with Electric Currents.



THE THIRD OF the series of brilliant fancy dress balls with which Sir Augustus Harris has once more enlivened the dreary winter nights for those lucky Londoners who are able to be present at Covent Garden, when these charming reunions are in progress, passed off with quite as great success as its predecessors. That the old year lay a-dying as the merry-makers began their festivity imposed no check upon their vivacity. Rather was the glad, hopeful spirit of the new year more evident in the brilliant gathering of beautiful women and clever men who form so large a proportion of the visitors to those fascinating entertainments, and when the clock had ceased striking midnight, a jovial cheer started 1885 upon its career in gala fashion. In addition to a long and im-



NITA CARLYON.

posing array of prizes, there was one special prize, of no less value and importance than a hundred guinea Steinway grand piano, so, needless to say, the dresses were even more varied, beautiful and original than ever. This handsome prize, given by Sir Augustus, was, after due deliberation, awarded to Miss Nita Carlyon, who represented an electrically lighted "Christmas Tree," with singularly happy effect. The costume was literally a brilliant idea brilliantly carried out by the deft fingers of Miss Carlyon herself, who has been the recipient of other prizes at previous Covent Garden balls. Another striking costume was worn as the "Old and New Year," by Miss Marie Montrose, which was designed in gray and white silk. The front was of white satin, adorned with very pale green ribbons and primroses, and Cupid holds a picture of the old year going out and the new year coming in. The back of the dress was of gray satin, with a broad black ribbon inserted "1884 is dead." The dress was sprinkled with snow. An electric light was worn in the hair, and altogether this was a very dainty and charming dress and secured the first prize. Miss Sophie May was awarded the second prize for a clever and effective "Cigarette" costume, and there were scores of other dresses, each one of which was remarkable for some distinct originality or beauty of conception. The floor was again in admirable going order, the orchestra delightful, and the whole function an unbroken success from the arrival of the earliest guest to the departure of the latest, when the "two small hours afloat the t'war" were beginning to attain quite respectable proportions.

ROTHSCHILD'S MAN.

August Belmont Who is Working for the Rich Jews.

The American representative of the Rothschild millions is August Belmont, who is said to be negotiating for the placing of government bonds abroad. This is entirely in accord with the desire of the administration, which has been to place the government loan chiefly or wholly abroad in order to counteract the outward flow of gold from this country to foreign ports. Mr. Belmont is said to be desirous of taking \$500,000,000 of bonds to Europe, provided the loan can be made upon satisfactory terms. Of course this means the Rothschilds want



AUGUST BELMONT, the \$500,000,000 loan, but Mr. Belmont is uncommunicative in the matter.

A Greater Pittsburg.

Pittsburgers are working hard for a "Greater Pittsburg." It is proposed to take in Allegheny, on the opposite bank of the river, and enough other towns to make Pittsburg the fourth city in the Union in point of size. They also want a ship canal to connect the city with the big lakes, and expect to realize both projects.

The "Maryland Four Hundred."

A subscription is being raised in Maryland to erect a monument on Long Island to mark the place where the "Maryland Four Hundred" by their bravery saved the American army under Washington at a critical moment. The site has not yet been determined, but it will probably be somewhere near Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

Besides the grain and potatoes care.