

German music of the jolly looking band. It was after eleven o'clock before the crowd diminished to any extent, and nearly midnight before the busy village folk turned out the lights, and, with a pleasant sense of a Sunday rest between the busy fair days, left the village street in darkness.



Our next visit was paid in the afternoon, when yellow October sun light dropped through the high windows down upon booths and the picturesque village folk.

It was a pretty scene. All traces of Saturday night disorder had vanished. The fresh atmosphere was pleasantly tinged with the odors of hot coffee, roses in the flower booth, and certain German dishes. People were gathering. Up in the galleries we caught a glimpse of rows of pleasant German women, whose toil-marked faces looked patiently down upon the scene, all unconscious that they were adding one of the truest natural touches to the Kirmes.

The village folk were all in their brave attire, fresh from Sunday rest. Old and young, elder women, pretty maidens, young men, and little ones, each with just that German touch of speech and physique which enhanced the picturesque dress, and made it befitting. None but members of the Lutheran church were permitted to take part, so that the character and nationality of the fete were duly maintained.

Standing within the entrance way, we were transferred once again to the Midway Plaisance and Old Vienna. Before us stretched

a German village street en fete, with the quaintly fashioned shops and houses all garlanded and adorned with evergreen. By means of painted canvas and careful designing, all the architectural features had been reproduced, gables and balconies, odd little tower and windows bearing German inscriptions. At the head of the street stood a graceful windmill tower, with its fan that kept up a musical click-clack as it revolved. German peasants in a splendid variety of costume moved up and down the street, chatted in gossiping idleness at the shop door, or served waiting customers within the booths. The round faced German band played national airs or plaintive valse, as they marched about the street, or sat in the music gallery. Visitors came in flocks passing up and down, pausing at the booths, or patronizing one of the appetizing res-

taurants, and all about us was the dear, deep German tongue, that seems always more heartsome and expressive than any other.

The costumes alone were a study and delight in their faithful adherence to nationality. Many of them were resurrected from the depths of the big sea chests that came across the ocean half a century ago, and with a half sigh of tender patriotic remembrance, freshened and fitted to the forms of fair young German-Canadian daughters and sons; while a few dear old women wore gladly the simple peasant gowns of the Fatherland.

Alsatian, Hessian, Hanoverian, Swiss, Bavarian, and that latest German acquisition, Heligoland, and a score of other picturesque dresses bearing the general national stamp, but differing in detail and chiefly in the variety of head dress.

Our artist moved about with flushed cheeks and a flying pencil, coaxing one shy *maiden* to stand, and then another, catching here a unique cap, there a pretty face, now a jolly German lad, then a dark-eyed Romany lass, persuading and posing, and sketching until her book was filled.

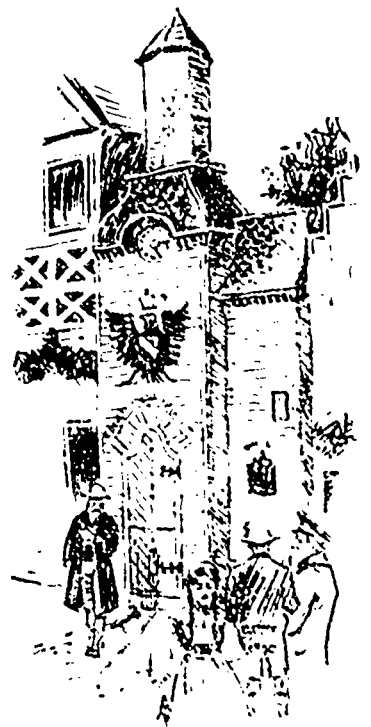
And in this again came the charm of reality. In few instances were the costumes expensive, simple linens and woolen stuffs chiefly, but they were real; and with the touch of nationality in form and face more or less marked, together with the German speech, the costume became no longer a portraiture but an original.

A twelve year old boy who grinned jollily as he stood for the artist's pencil, might have come straight from sheep-tending on the Hartz

Mountains; the wee maid with the round cap might be found plying in any Bavarian village. Those dear elder women in the "*spinn stub*" surely came direct from any one of a hundred Swiss stages, while the scarlet and yellow Romanies with their wagon and its garnishings of canvas, tin pails and ropes, might be found in many a German gipsy band.

The booths were large and airy, and we strolled amusedly in and out, taking afternoon acquaintance with the contents of each. There was the flower booth, "*Rosen, Voilchen & Co.*," with its bevy of pretty courteous young maids; the candy booth, with its gay little gift boxes of sweets, handed to purchasers with "*Süsse Grusze von der Kirmes*"; the gipsy tent deep in sweet scented evergreens. The museum contained a

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Poste.



Coffee Garden.



Kirmes Head Dresses.