

any and all such attempts, caring nothing for literary idiom. They love and cherish their dialect, handing it down to children and children's children.

As in speech, so in apparel. Feminine Foresters have no need of *modiste* or fashion-sheet. Mother, grandmother, grandchild, all wear garments cut by the same pattern. Gown, bodice, ruffle, pleat, head-gear, ribbon or braid, color and cut are all alike. Any chance variation lies in the quality of goods, not in the milliner's art. Each locality has its separate and distinct *Tracht*. On market days or in railway stations the sight-seer delights in picturesque costumes. From neighboring Swiss cantons, from Alsace, from the Upper Rhine, from the Schwarzwald, from the Neckar Valley, oddly picturesque costumes drift together, each proclaiming to the trained eye the spot where the cradle of the man or the woman, thus apparelled, stood.

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Other customs are adhered to equally tenaciously. In legends, tradition, elf-lore, proverbs, habits, the living present is built upon the *living* past, unconsciously, it is true, nevertheless understood only by the past. Thus Saint John's Day (June 24) is still celebrated by engaging in rustic dances around a burning pile in the center of the *Dorfplatz* and the villager seizes his "best girl" and leaps with her across the embers. True, he is unaware that he, in a manner, celebrates the glory of the sun's strength, on the arrival of the great Sun-god at his highest elevation. The ancient Peruvian, at his Feast of Raymi represents one stage in this cult, the Forester another. Strange peculiarity this, of the human mind!

The fireshovel, sign and symbol of the primitive house-god or god of the hearth, the *Lar Familiaris* of the Romans, must first of all be taken to the new abode which the peasant builds for himself. Every family looks upon this act as essential to all future peace within that dwelling. Clearly, the ancient ancestor worship, when the hearth was the altar and the house-father the priest,

is still remembered in this practice of the poor fireshovel.

So again on the eve of every first of May, the village youth honor their sweethearts by erecting the May tree or May pole. Ill luck would surely be his portion who neglected to leave a handful of grain standing in the harvest field as an offering to the field-god or god of Plenty. Wodan, in the old religion, was entreated to replenish the earth the next season, an offering was made, water was sprinkled upon it and the reapers with uncovered heads called upon the deity to remember his kindness to them. In some parts of Germany the harvest-home festival is still known as Wodan's mead.

The Spectre Huntsman still runs his mad chase across the fields and stubble of the Black Forest peasant. His snorting steed and baying hounds and harsh commands often terrify the belated traveller. Never must a woman be the first to enter a stranger's house on New Year's morning, else a grievous fatality will surely follow in her careless steps.

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The wedding party, led by the blushing bride and her more blushing maids, the bride's female companions, all afoot and decked in holiday attire and clumsy *artificial* flowers; the groom and his companions, father, uncles, friends, similarly decked; the bride a magnificent crown (the property of the village) on her brow, which may have rested on her mother's head when she wedded; the joyous ringing of the church bells during the march of the procession, the humble offerings of the villagers consisting of various useful articles, money, kitchen utensils, garden-tools, furniture, table linen, etc., the "wedding drink" when all the assembly drinks from the cup of husband or bride—all these mark the Forest region and its inhabitants as having been but slightly touched by the great world outside.

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Only one bell tolls now. The train of mourners, all afoot, follow the coffin borne