

THE BABIES OF PLOUGASTEL

A Part of France Where the Birth Rate Stays Up.

PLOUGASTEL (Finistere, France)—"No, this part of France, especially the Finistere peninsula, the westernmost point, is not included when they talk about declining birth rate and dearth of babies," said Monsieur le Cure with a smile, tapping his snuff box thoughtfully, "and I doubt if Prof. Charles Richelet and M. Leroy Beauvois had us in mind when they were planning to give bonuses for big families."

The priest had just changed his vestments and had come from the old church after a christening service. It was a strange sight, this ceremony in the gloom of the ancient chapel with the rays of light from the windows overhead falling upon the bowed heads and somber black coats of the men and the mites of creation in their brilliant christening dresses. The bells in the tower were still ringing, and one of the grandmothers on the steps of the church was holding the baby so that all might see it. The mother standing smiling behind and the father proudly distributing sugared almonds and continue pieces to the children that Rocked around him.

The sweetmeat stand at the church gate was doing a lively business, and further down the street crowds were gathered around the big red and blue umbrellas of the itinerant dealers in gewgaws for grown-ups and playthings for little ones. The day had been made Breton holiday, and the women in their brightest shawls, their newest caps and their tiny petticoats of varying colors, and the men in knee-trousers coats rich with gold embroidery, waistcoats in number from two to seven, and in colors from purple and red to orange and yellow, and low black hats made in red and blue streamers, had all come from miles around to see their babies and those of their friends christened.

A baby was a good institution, and they were all going to see it well started in the world, for christening to these impressionable strongly religious people was its true start.

"We are fond of children here," the Cure continued as little ones crowded around him for his blessing, "and although we are perhaps the poorest of the French peasants, the good Lord has blessed many of the fathers and mothers with large families."

"They are mostly fishermen and sailors those that live along the coast, and further inland small farmers, who wrest a living from the poor soil, and often practice some of the customs of the past, many of their usages coming from the Middle Ages."

"One of these customs is that all the marriages, or very nearly all, are celebrated on the same day, usually the second Tuesday in the year. Sometimes as many as 75 couples are united on that day, and the church will scarcely hold the bridal parties with their numerous attendants and relatives."

"A great feast follows, and then the gravito, danced to the music of the bagpipe and the fife, continues in the streets and in the houses for days. Then they settle down to the lives that their forefathers for generations have led."

A child occupies an important position in Breton life. Just at the foot of the hill is a little chapel, a place for pilgrimage of those whose babies are weakly, and around the altar are many images of wax, some scarcely more than candles, fashioned by the mothers' own hands, offerings to the saints, put there by women pleading for strength for their babies."

"There is a spring where the anxious parent endeavors to discover if her prayers have been answered. She places upon the water the little one's tiny shirt. Should it sink she is filled with sorrow, but if it floats all is well, the child will be strong and healthy."

You will find too simple votive offerings at the roadside shrines or clustered beside some deep wood fountain to which in their simplicity the people ascribe some mysterious power.

On the night of St. John's day, when fires blaze on every hilltop, the mothers gather around the crackling branches and wait until the flames have died down. Then they wave their little one over the embers with a prayer that it may be strong if a boy and beautiful if a girl.

But there is enough of sunshine and light in little ones to brighten up Brittany a child's own land. From out of a little stone hut that looks not overcast, there will come as if a child from one of Rubens' canvases, the sturdiest-looking little chap imaginable.

You may wonder from what you know of the frailty of child life how

they

would exist in such surroundings. He waddles over the roadside from the mud and dirt around the door among the pigs and chickens, a rosy bright-eyed picture of health. He runs around as he pleases, plays in the water, swims, paddles in the water or waits until father comes in with the sardine boat and then romps among the nets and sails.

You may be sure that his mother after her day's work in the field or on the docks with the fishing boats is not going to bother about his dirty face or soiled hands. He doesn't have time to bed for fear she will call out, "Now, Jean, did you wash your face?" Just look at your feet and you were going to bed in that condition! His bed is like a clothes press, close up against the wall, with a carving on the front, a hole to let in the air, and a crucifix, and he crawls in with the other little ones and sleeps close with never a thought if his face is clean or not.

And then, just think of all the child lare and child stories that have come from Brittany. If he wants to, he may play in the very castle where cruel Gilles de Rete, whom every French boy and girl believes is the real Blue Beard, killed his wives and ate them raw. He can explore over the ruins and into the dark dungeon wheres the monster imprisoned his victims, but of course he would not want to go there at night, for old Gilles' ghost haunts the ruins looking for little boys and girls who would pay into secret places.

He has, too, such great rocks and stones to play upon—domestic stones of monsters, and even iron armaments known nothing and which fill all the grown-ups with so much awe.

There are wonderful stories told by the old grandmothers of almost every one of these mysterious relics of a forgotten people. If you only know the right stone to go to you can get almost any gift, at least that is what the elders say.

If when father comes home the next morning after coming out all night and singing a song of one of these big stones opened and a giant held him prisoner until he dug up his mother, believe him, should she not also believe a little boy whose hair is wet and his shirt or wrong side front when he says that a sea nymph grabbed him by the foot and dragged him in swimming? And Breton mothers often do believe both of these stories, the father's and the boy's.

The dwarfs that built these meadows dance about them on starry nights and sing a song of one of these big stones and a giant who held him prisoner until he dug up his mother,

but just what was going to take place on all these days no little boy or girl ever found out, since the song must always come to an end after Friday, for Saturday and Sunday are holy days in Brittany, and must not be named by pagan dwarfs.

The devil, the Loup Guillou, hides in lonely woods and paints his chants voices to distract them, and a child passing raves himself to death—a clever trick of the devil. Lonely pools are haunted by korrigan, the wreaths of heathen princesses who refused Christianity, and however merrily they may be dancing they have got to scurry at the sound of a church bell.

King Arthur and his knights, some people say, had their adventures in this part of the world; but the good priest said that this is a mooted question.

"But," he added very seriously as if not to deprive Breton childhood of any of its legends, "the towers of Lancelot's castle, or joyous Garde, are still to be seen, as well as the islet of rocks where Tristan hid from his wife, and in the fall of the forest of Brocéliande, where Merlin even to this day lies bound in enchantment."

The peasants call the constellation of the Dipper Arthur's Chariot. His knights still fit through the passes of the Montagnes Noires and some day they will come back under Arthur's own leadership to rescue the Bretons from the hated French rule. His home is in the fall of the forest of Apples off the coast, guarded by lines of spouting reefs and watched by the spirits of Breton maidens in cap and coat.

"The stories of the pardons, which form such an important part of his parents' life, he learns with all their mysticism and symbolism early in life. He is caused to a babe in arms to his first pardon, and as soon as he can walk tramps happily along in the strange processions with his playfellows. Next to the pardons come the great family reunions. The child goes to the first of these as to the pardons, a babe in arms, and then he continues going until perhaps he is the last of his generation.

The Breton family reunions seem to express as well as anything the love of Bretons for family traditions and the more children that attend them the merrier the occasion. Not long ago a birthday party was celebrated in one of the Finistere villages in which 150 direct descendants of the woman in whose honor it was given

were present. Almost all of these

descendants lived in the same neighborhood, and all have homes of their own,

poor, even though they may be, and

may add that not one childless;

besides in all the homes there were

twins and in another triplets.

"In fact of this I don't see that the

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Paris to give a bonus of \$66 francs

for a second child and of \$66 francs

for a third and so on, has done

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