



VILLAGE-GIRL AND BAGPIPER COSTUMES

yellow affair with wicker body and canvas curtains and a team of little bay horses. It had two seats, but when five persons besides cameras and tripods were settled into them, there was no room for the director, and he had to mount the box. The driver spun the wheel that loosed the brakes, the horses gave a tug and trotted off. After so much ceremony the drive was disconcertingly short: in less than two minutes we had arrived at the Alameda where we expected to photograph. The director, taking impressive

charge of things, mesmerized the bystanders so efficaciously that

we were left free to seek a quiet place in the bushes and proceed with our work.

When the dancers stood out in the clear light before the lens, I began to have misgivings about their costumes. The girl's skirt (*saya*), though of rich red and correctly banded with black velvet, was made of cotton material, new and flimsy. Fortunately it was almost hidden at the front under a good black apron (*mandil*) of velvet trimmed with jet passementerie and lace. Her cape (*dengue*), of red wool decorated with jet beads and black velvet, she wore over a bright-figured scarf (*pano de lâ*) of orange-coloured wool deeply fringed, which in turn crossed over a blouse (*chambra*) of white cotton. Her head kerchief of purple silk was quite handsome; her necklaces (*colares*), one of gilt beads and one of black, were but ordinary trinkets of little interest and less value.

The boy's bagpiper costume gave us more satisfaction. His shirt of

