"Sap's Runnin'!"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

DO YOU remember those charming sketches of old-time farm life which Charles Dudley Warner published in a book under the title of "Being a Boy"? One of them, you will recall, was about "The Sugar Camp" and in it he said:

"As I remember the New England boy (and I am very intimate with one), he used to be on the qui vive in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins—a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a handspring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted. The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy, and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots, and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little. The country boy goes barefoot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds, which were packed and varnished over in the fall to keep the water and the frost out. Perhaps the boy has been out digging into the maple trees with his jack knife; at any rate, he is pretty sure to announce the discovery as he comes running into the house in a great state of excitement—as if he has heard a hen cackle in the barn—with, 'Sap's runnin'!'"

1. Two Girl Scouts from Manhattan learn the joys of maple sugar time in their national camp at Pleasantville, N. Y.
2. "Drip! Drip! Drip!" Maple trees are a-trickle near Keene, N. H.
3. The old fashioned way of making maple sugar. Boiling the sap in an iron kettle over an open fire. In a little while those youngsters will be pouring the thick sirup out on the snow to make "maple sugar wax."
4. The sugar house in a Vermont maple sugar camp.
5. First he "taps" the tree with an auger, then he drives in a "spile," then he hangs a bucket on it, and Nature does the rest!

Yes, "sap's runnin'"—in the New England states, in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, in fact, wherever hard maples are native to the soil. On hundreds of farms in those states blue smoke, curling up into the air above the trees in a "sugar bush," tells the passerby that the "sugar camp" is in operation and that here is being produced those two finest of all native sweets, maple sirup and maple sugar. And if that passerby has ever known the joys of maple sugar time, the sight of that smoke and the smells which drift toward him from the sugar camp will make memories tug at his heartstrings and it will be difficult for him to pass on by.

For as Charles Dudley Warner says: "In my day, maple sugar making used to be something between picnicking and being shipwrecked on a fertile island where one should save from the wreck tubs and augers, and great kettles and pork, and hen's eggs and rye-and-Indian bread, and begin at once to lead the sweetest life in the world. I am told that it is something different nowadays, and that there is more desire to save the sap, and make good, pure sugar, and sell it for a large price, than there used to be, and that the old fun and picturesqueness of the business are pretty much gone. I am told that it is the custom to carefully collect the sap and bring it to the house, where there are built brick arches, over which it is evaporated in shallow pans; and that pains are taken to keep the leaves and sticks and ashes and coals out of it; and that the sugar is clarified; and that, in short, it is a money making business, in which there is very little fun, and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious sirup. The prohibition may improve the sugar, but it is cruel to the boy."

Those words were written more than half a century ago ("Being a Boy" was first printed in 1877 and Houghton, Mifflin and Company of Boston got out a second edition 20 years later, illustrated with photographs by Clifton Johnson, "lovingly taken from the real life and heart of New England," which aid in preserving the charm of those truly "good old days"). If Charles Dudley Warner were alive today he would find that in some places where maple sugar is made the "fun and picturesqueness" are gone even more than they were when he wrote. For instance, in the state with which, more than any other, we associate thoughts of maple sugar, there's a man, known as the "champion sugar maker of Vermont," who has devised an intricate system of iron pipes leading from every one of the trees in his maple grove to huge evaporators in the sugar house, and this network of pipes, more than 23,000 feet in length, sends a steady stream of sap into the place where it is converted into maple sirup and maple sugar.

But, despite this example of modern efficiency applied to a business rich in tradition, there still are sugar camps in many places where the sap drips through "spiles" made of sumach or alder into wooden sap buckets (just like the ones made famous by President Coolidge during his administration); where it is collected into great wooden tubs or barrels on sleds, drawn by a yoke of oxen or a team of plodding horses; where it is boiled down in great iron or copper kettles; where they still hang a piece of fat salt pork by a string from the pole over the kettle so that it is about two inches from the top edge to keep the sap from boiling over; and where they will let you dip some of the bubbling sirup out of the kettle and pour it on the snow where it forms almost immediately that delicacy of all delicacies—maple sugar wax. No, not all of the fun and picturesqueness has been taken out of maple sugar time by modern methods and "new-fangled notions" of efficiency in production.

Like so many other items in our national diet, we owe the addition of maple sirup and maple sugar to the Indians. There is an interesting legend about the way the red man discovered maple sugar. According to the story, a certain Woksis, a mighty hunter, was out one day in search of game and his diligent squaw, whose name was Moqua, was busy embroidering a pair of moccasins to surprise him when he came back home. But she knew, as all wives know, that in addition to a surprise she had to have an evening meal awaiting her lord.

So she hastily cut off a piece of moose meat and set it to boil in the water which ran from the maple tree at the door of her tepee—since the tree was nearer than the spring. Then she bent so interestedly over her embroidery that she forgot all about the moose meat and the sweet water boiled away into a thick, brown sirup and formed a crusted sweetness around the meat.

When Woksis returned, he graciously accepted the moccasins with their bead-embroidered bears but he exclaimed with delight when his teeth sank into the daintiest morsel that he had ever tasted. Eagerly he devoured the meat and called for the kettle so that he could lick it clean. Then he went out in his new moccasins—saying never a word about them—and told all his tribe how Kosekusheth, the heaven-sent instructor, had taught his Moqua how to make a delicious food by boiling the juice of maple.

Soon this knowledge spread to all the tribes and every spring saw them gashing the sugar maples with their hatchets and gathering the sap in containers made from birchbark. It was then boiled in earthen pots (and later, after the coming of the white man), in iron kettles which they obtained from traders, into which heated stones were dropped to facilitate the boiling. The early settlers were quick to appreciate this toothsome native delicacy and in many a pioneer home maple sugar was the only sweetening ever used. But they improved upon the Indians' method of making it—mainly in the matter of cleanliness—and maple sugar time became one of the traditions of American farm life.

For a description of that delightful period in the farm year one can do no better than to refer to Charles Dudley Warner again, and see it, as he saw it, through the eyes of Young America. After telling how the boy comes running to the house with his excited announcement of "Sap's runnin'!" he continues:

"And then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin. The sap-buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the wood house, and which the boy has occasionally climbed up to look at with another boy, for they are full of sweet suggestions of the annual spring frolic, are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded. The snow is still a foot or two deep in the woods, and the ox sled is got out to make a road to the sugar camp, and the campaign begins. The boy is everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help the excitement.

"In the first place the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts, and hang the buckets under. The boy watches all these operations with the greatest interest. He wishes that sometime when a hole is bored in a tree that the sap would spout out in a stream as it does when a cider barrel is tapped; but it never does, it only drops, sometimes almost in a stream, but on the whole slowly, and the boy learns that the sweet things of life have to be patiently waited for, and do not usually come otherwise than drop by drop.

"Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Forked sticks are set at each end, and a long pole is laid on them, and on this are hung the great caldron kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up, and cleaned out to receive the sap that is gathered. And now, if there is a good 'sap run,' the establishment is under full way.

"The great fire that is kindled up is never let out, night or day, as long as the season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to watch the kettles that they do not boil over, and to fill them. It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details.

"He likes to boil eggs with the hired man in the hot sap; he likes to roast potatoes in the ashes, and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted. . . . The great occasions for the boy, though, are the time of 'sugaring off.' Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited; sometimes even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter. . . .

"At these sugar parties everyone was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practiced in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple sugar that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever. At the 'sugaring off' they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed, without crystallizing, into a sort of wax, which I do suppose is the most delicious substance that was ever invented. And it takes a great while to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth until it dissolves. The sensation while it is melting is very pleasant, but one cannot converse.

"The boy used to make a big lump of it and give it to the dog, who seized it with great avidity, and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will do on anything. It was funny the next moment to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face when he found that he could not open his jaws. He shook his head; he sat down in despair; he ran 'round in a circle; he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled! But that was the one thing he could not do."

© by Western Newspaper Union.

Jamaica Pays No Honors to Morgan, the Pirate

There is no monument to Sir Henry Morgan in Jamaica, although he was once lieutenant governor there, following a career of piracy second to none in the wide confines of America's Mediterranean, the Carribbean sea. In all of Kingston there is not a street, square or lane named after him. Visitors to the island frequently express surprise at the lack of even a tablet perpetuating the memory of the man who ravaged the Spanish Main and then at the behest of his government stamped out buccaneering in the British West Indies.

Born in Wales, he first arrived in the West Indies as a stowaway on a ship bound for Barbados. A short time later he reached Port Royal, across the bay from Kingston, with a string of prize ships captured at Campeche. Shortly afterward he pillaged and burned Panama, the oldest town on the American continent. This raid netted him 175 mule loads of treasure.

He was infamous for cheating and ill-treating his men, usually robbing them of their shares of booty. His schemes of torture were fiendish in the extreme, combining practically all the brutalities ever invented in all countries since the very beginning of time.

Finally arrested in Jamaica and shipped to England to give an account of his crimes, his glib tongue and riches saved him from punishment. Instead of being hanged, he was knighted and sent back to Jamaica as lieutenant governor with a commission to abate piracy on all the waterways leading to or surrounding any of the British West Indies, the king of England believing it to be a good idea to set a thief to catch a thief.

Morgan betrayed his former accomplices, hanging them without trial or mercy, and thus for the time ending piracy in British dominions. His despotism finally led to his recall.

Some say Sir Henry Morgan died peacefully in England under an assumed name; others that he resumed his piratical career and was killed in a raid; while the best-liked story is to the effect that some of his old shipmates tied him in spread-eagle fashion on the shore and let the incoming tide slowly drown him—generally considered an appropriate fate.

Banish Freckles, Weather-Beaten Skin Weeks Quicker

It is so easy now to clear away blackheads, freckles, coarseness; to have smooth, white, flawless new beauty. Just begin tonight with famous Nadinola Bleaching Cream, tested and trusted for over a generation. The minute you smooth it on, Nadinola begins to clear, whiten and smooth your skin. Tan and freckles; muddy, sallow color vanish quickly. You see day-by-day improvement until your skin is all you long for; creamy-white, satin-smooth, lovely. Get a large box of NADINOLA, only 50c. No disappointments; no long waiting for results. Money-back guarantee.

Moral Health Hint

Middle-aged men must be careful to keep at bay fatty degeneration of conscience.—Dean Inge.

"I keep fit

"...in these days of recovery...if I don't, someone else will have my job." How? "Well, I learned years ago that work...wear and tear...takes something out of men and women—particularly those who work indoors.

"I tore down those precious red-blood-cells faster than my good body could rebuild. A friend told me the story of that grand medicine S.S.S. Now at 4 P. M. I am fit to still 'carry on'."

If you feel weak...lack a keen appetite...or if your skin is pale...try S.S.S. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick up in your appetite...your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on" without exhaustion as you should naturally. At all drug stores.

Beware Hasty Judgment

Don't forget that it is a good plan to think before you pronounce judgment. After-thought usually spells charity in words as well as in deeds.

Good Advice

Live every day so you can look at yourself in the mirror at night, and say, "You can work for me again tomorrow."—Exchange.

NEVER FORGET THIS TABLET

It Means the REAL ARTICLE

GENUINE ASPIRIN — BAYER — Of Bayer Manufacture

When you go to buy aspirin, just remember this: Every tablet of real aspirin of Bayer manufacture is stamped with this cross. No tablet without this cross is GENUINE Bayer Aspirin.

Remember this for your own protection. Tell your friends about it for their protection. Demand and get Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

Safe relief for headache, colds, sore throat, pains of rheumatism and neuritis, etc.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin Does Not Harm the Heart

MEMBER N. R. A.

AGENTS WANTED: Men, women and children. Handle smashing new fad—36 Inspirational Puzzles successor to cross-word puzzles. Takes instantly. BIG PROFITS possible anywhere. Send 15c now for complete set and sales plan. Money back guarantee. Inspirational Puzzles, P. O. Box 710, Pasadena, Calif.

BACKACHE, NERVOUS?

Mrs. Etta Glasple, 112 W. 8th St., S. Richmond, Va., said: "I was so nervous, I went all to pieces. Felt tired, had severe headache and pains in my back. I took one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, my nerves were soon back to normal and all pains and aches disappeared." Sold by druggists.

New size, tablets 50 cts.; liquid $1.00. Lge. size, tabs. or liquid, $1.35. "We Do Our Part."

ADVERTISING

is as essential to business as is rain to growing crops. It is the keystone in the arch of successful merchandising Let us show you how to apply it to your business.

GRAHAM McNAMEE

FAMOUS RADIO ANNOUNCER says: "I'll announce to the world that THE EDISON is a great Hotel"

FROM $2.50 daily

HOTEL EDISON

47th ST. West of B'way NEW YORK

1000 ROOMS EACH WITH BATH, RADIO AND CIRCULATING ICE WATER