

Calvin Coolidge Says:

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NORTHAMPTON, Mass., March 18.—Springtime is advancing up the valleys and slopes of the northern hills where oldtime country life still lingers. The end of the work of the winter is revealed in the accumulated wood pile in the yard. The mounting sun has started a new earth movement in preparation for another seedtime. Hope is returning.

The sugar season is opening. It is time to bring out the sap buckets and the great pans. In the early morning the long sled drawn by the strong, steady oxen will break out the road into the sugar lot. Then the maple trees will be tapped, the spouts set and the buckets hung. The dropping sap will make pleasant music, mingling with the cry of the bluejays and the complaining of the squirrels.

After noon the gathering of the sap begins. The great fire roars in the arch. The sap dancing in the pan sends clouds of steam to the tree tops. The air will be filled with the incomparable flavor of new maple syrup in assurance that the earth is again pouring forth her first seasonal bounty. Those who once lived among these scenes of the awakening of nature cannot but find themselves awakened and transformed.

CALVIN COOLIDGE