

syrup should be taken from the fire and the stirring begun. If cooked too much the product would be lumpy and grainy. If not cooked enough, it wouldn't harden.

The farmer had dozens of small bread pans, and all the children had brought small patty tins from their mother's kitchens. The latter tins were shaped like stars or hearts or just round with fluted edges. When the stirred sugar was ready to pour, the group gathered in single file to pass through the sheds while the chief "cook" ladled out the sweet golden mass into the tins each child was carrying.

By this time everybody was hollow with hunger. Lunch boxes were hastily produced, the leeks were gathered up to be used as filling in bread and butter sandwiches. When all the children had found some sort of seat--on the stone boats, fallen logs, or just the leafy ground--it was suddenly quiet for a little while until it was time to sample the new sugar. Then such a chattering began as the molded sugar, firm now, was pried out of the tins!

"Look at my star!"

Shyly: "Jennie, you can have my heart."

And they ate and ate and ate! Do you think they had had enough? By no means! The best was yet to come. Mr. Atwood brought out two huge dish pans and asked for volunteers to fill them with snow. A dozen youngsters came running, fought over the pans and started for the little banks of snow in the fence corners. Two carried pans, some scraped off the black surface of the winter snow and filled the pans with the dubiously clean snow beneath. The rest bossed the operation. The pans were