

# The Thanksgiving Cranberry



HOW A CRANBERRY MARSH LOOKS WHEN THREE YEARS OLD

allowed to change to another row. The method of removing the berries from the vines is simple and expeditious. The picker places his fingers, slightly spread beneath the vine or bush, close to the ground, a quick upward movement, and his hands have stripped the vine of its fruit. The berries are dropped into a pan by the picker's side. When this pan becomes full it is emptied into a pail holding one-third of a bushel. The contents of these pails is placed in crates. The crates are taken to a storehouse, where the berries are put through a winnowing machine, which removes the dirt and leaves gathered during the harvesting. Following this they are crated or barreled, and made ready to ship to market.

Three-fourths of the cranberry crop of the United States finds an Eastern market. The remainder stays in the Middle and Western States. Every year a small consignment of cranberries is shipped to Europe, and statistics show a slight but steady increase in exportation. It is only natural that this increase should occur, because the American cranberry is incontestably superior to the European.

Gauged by the eternal fitness of things, New England, the home of the Thanksgiving turkey and the cranberry, ought to lead in the matter of devouring the latter, but figures award the palm to New York City, which buys 250,000 bushels for home consumption every year.

## QUEEREST SURGICAL OPERATION ON RECORD.

FROM a late adventure among the Passamaquoddy Indians, who live on the border of New Brunswick, Dr. Robert Loud of Boston, who has been hunting bears in the Maine woods for the past month, believes that the aboriginal inhabitants of America are possessors of a wide knowledge of medicine and surgery, using some methods which may be adopted into general practice with benefit to the public. Late in August while camping on the Micmac River he had the misfortune to cut a deep gash in his leg, which bled copiously and caused him much pain and trouble until he was

## THE CURIOUS INDUSTRY THAT BRINGS FROM A BOG THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF BUSHELS OF BERRIES AND DOLLARS IN THE MILLIONS

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND bushels of cranberries will be eaten by the people of the United States Thanksgiving day. The men who sell the berries say the chances are the aggregate will go higher, but it will certainly not fall below the number given. As the total cranberry crop of 1901 is placed at 1,000,000 bushels, it will be seen that in our section of the world man does something besides give thanks on the appointed day.

The housewife has paid for her cranberries this year from 5 to 10 cents a quart, generally the latter figure, according to the price the marketman or grocer thinks fits the occasion. The total value of this year's yield is \$1,700,000 to the producer. The consumer will pay enough to swell the aggregate amount finally paid for the crop to \$3,000,000. The latter is the amount of money the cranberry crop will put into circulation.

The new crop of berries began to drift into the market early in September. The first installment came, as usual, from the Cape Cod country. In October the Western and Jersey berries came into the market, closely followed by the Long Island product. From the first was evident that the crop was going to be greater than that of 1900, which was 569,000 bushels, and so it proved. The men who deal in cranberries say that when they make their last Thanksgiving sale the total amount disposed of to consumers in November will be fully 400,000 bushels. The cranberry is a Thanksgiving joy for rich and poor, and it will be eaten this year as never before.

Theoretically, the millions of people who eat cranberries know where they come from, of the growing and all. Practically, not five persons in a hundred know how

they grow, and the majority of those who do know live in the vicinity of the marshes or bogs. As a matter of fact, cranberry growing is an industry in which it requires considerable capital to embark, and the cranberry vine which produces the greater part of the crop is carefully cultivated.

It costs from \$300 to \$500 an acre to prepare a cranberry bog or marsh and carry it to a point of profitable productiveness. Sometimes a salt marsh is selected, but more often abandoned mill ponds are secured wherever possible, because the bottoms of these prove to be by far the best of all bogs. From five to ten inches of clean, sharp sand is spread over the peaty earth in either marsh or bog, and the uprights or cranberry shoots are either placed therein in rows fourteen inches apart, after the same plan adopted in the case of cuttings from house plants, or else cut in short pieces and scattered over the sand. The young shoots come up through the sand as thick as wheat, making an excellent growth, and the whole surface is matted with them. This mode requires more vines than the other, but yields a crop sooner than by planting in any other way. The success of this method of handling the uprights well illustrates the harshness of the cranberry vine, for, particularly where the uprights are practically only stuck in the ground and left to grow, they take root almost immediately, send out runners which, in turn, take root, and in three years' time the vine thus begun comes into bearing. In five years, if it has received proper attention, a bog so begun gives a liberal yield of fruit.

Cranberry bogs require a plentiful supply of water, and to provide this the grower follows a system of irrigation. Ditches are excavated through the bogs, and from



CRANBERRY PICKERS AT WORK



HOW CRANBERRIES ARE PICKED

these, 100 to 200 feet apart, is a cross ditches, are constructed, in which the water runs from six to twelve inches deep. The flow of water is regulated by a gate, and the different sections of the bog are separated by dikes.

These dikes are essential features of the bog, because by their aid the flooding system is accomplished and regulated. Frost is the cranberry's enemy, and, singularly, water is the only protection for the berries. Thus, when a grower believes a frosty night at hand, he floods those sections of the bog where the fruit

remains ungathered, letting the water in until its level is from 18 to 24 inches over the tops of the vines. With the coming of the sun, the water is drained off, and in a short time the ground is dry enough for the pickers to work. After the crop is gathered, in fact from the first of October until the last of March, the bog remains in a flooded state.

The cranberry vine blossoms in June, and it is this appearance which gave the berry its name. Just before expanding into the perfect flower, the stem, calyx and petals resemble the neck, head and

bill of a crane. Hence the name "cranberry," which usage has shortened to the familiar cranberry.

In September the cranberry harvest begins, although October may more properly be called the harvest month. When the section of the bog where the picking is to start is selected, it is divided into rows, the boundary lines being marked by stout twine, running the entire length in width from two to three feet. A row is assigned to a picker, who must strip the vines therein thoroughly before he is

so fortunate as to receive a visit from Chief Oku, a great medicine man of the tribe, whose fame is known among all the Indians of the Eastern States. The cut was badly inflamed when Oku arrived, but he at once reduced the swelling by bathing the leg with a decoction of elm bark and tying up the wound in fresh clay from a brook. When Dr. Loud asked the Indian to take some stitches in the cut Oku replied:

"Heem no good. I read heem mak' heem swell up, so be sore. See w'at Oku heem do."

The chief went to a clearing and returned with a dozen large and very lively brown ants. Then, grasping the two sides of the cut between his thumb and finger and pinching them together, he caused an ant to bite at the edge, putting his jaws through both sides of the cut and closing them as firmly as if they had been in a vise. When he had applied eight ants in this manner he coolly pulled off their bodies, leaving nothing but their heads attached.

"Now heem bin stay there till heem sore geet well," said Oku, winding a bandage of soft cloth around the leg and fastening it as neatly as a trained nurse could have done. "In nine day—twelve day, maybe, take off cloth; find heem all well."

Dr. Loud followed instructions and came out cured. The heads of the ants had held on as firmly as pins, and although the insects were long dead it required considerable force to pull away the locked jaws. Dr. Loud also believes that the formic acid which the ants secrete from their mandibles has antiseptic qualities, which are unknown to medicine, and proposes to make a few experiments along this line on his return to Boston.—New York Sun.