

MRS. HAZARD: Either hot or cold. You may also add a little lemon juice to help attain success.

MEMBER: Do you think boiling the syrup before adding to the fruit juice improves the color?

MRS. HAZARD: No. I boil it no definite time—about twenty minutes. I try it out on a cold plate.

MEMBER: In regard to paraffine. Do you find it perfectly satisfactory?

MRS. HAZARD: Yes. It is rather expensive, so I wash mine and dry it and use it again, year after year. I melt it and drain it. When filling glasses and covering with paraffine, just move the glass gently, so the paraffine will adhere to the sides. Some like to dip a paper in brandy and place it over the jelly, but I have never had trouble with paraffine.

MEMBER: Do you use beet sugar for your jellies?

MRS. HAZARD: Yes, entirely. I make a syrup and skim thoroughly; and I cook my jelly in small amounts.

CAN A WOMAN SUCCEED IN HORTICULTURE.

By MRS. EMILY HOPPIN, Woodland, Cal.

“Sitting tonight in my chamber,
An old maid, crabbed and lonely;
I fondle my old cat, and pet him,
Him, and him only.”

The above rhyme, from J. G. Holland, came into my head one evening in June, at the close of a strenuous day in the school room.

Here I was, Katherine Blake, a spinster of forty-eight years, thirty of which I had spent in the school room. I had to acknowledge to myself the fact (which no doubt my friends had long ago discovered) that my nerves were in a ravelled-out condition. Even the two months' vacation ahead did not materially cheer me.

I sat in the twilight and made an inventory of my mental and material assets. The first were soon labeled; a knowledge of Latin and English that had enabled me to prepare pupils of the high school for the university; a smattering of mathematics, a vague memory of botany, chemistry and physics, and with these an independence of thought I had carefully cultivated, for I had early made up my mind that the men of the family, while kind and good, did not always give advice worth heeding, and aside from advice, were careful to give nothing else.

My material assets were inventoried in a few words: About two hundred books, a few pictures, furniture for two rooms, and a little over \$10,000 in cash, the result of thirty years' savings and investments.

While I realized my need of other work than teaching, yet what could I do? Vainly I tried to solve the problem.

A few days later a letter came from a school friend in Michigan, Helen Ranney. “Dear Katherine,” she wrote, “I seem to have come to the end of things. I am really and truly sick; sick in both body and mind. What room is there in the world nowadays for a woman who cannot ‘do’ things? Last winter a cold settled on my lungs, and ever since I have had a persistent cough that racks my body and wears out my mind. I look forward to the cold days of next winter with an unspeakable dread. If I could only go to a milder climate!”

The same day brought a letter from another friend in California: “Dearest Katherine: How far away those days seem when we studied our Virgil together. You and I, Helen and Fannie. How we ‘V. C.’s’ planned to always keep in touch with each other; and here we are, not even knowing where we all live, and almost a continent separates you and me. How I wish you lived near. Hadn’t you better come out and live near me, and go to farming just as I have!”

“Imagine it! Don’t you remember with what finality I used to say that a farmer was the very last man I would marry? Yet here I am—a widow; and as we say here, am ‘running a ranch.’ Am thankful to say that so far it has not ‘run into the ground.’ Hadn’t you better join the ranks of women farmers?”

Next morning a letter went to Helen Ranney: “My dear sick Helen: Here is our chance. Do you remember how Anna Bacon went to California with that old bachelor? She is farming. Let us go out to see her; buy a place—you know I’ve a little money—and till the soil. I feel sure mother earth will be kind to us, and you will lose your cough, and I my nerves, and incidentally we shall make money.

"Don't hesitate; if you do, you're lost."

Two weeks later the message went to California: "Helen Ranney and I are coming to you. Keep your eyes open for a little farm."

In two months two worn-out women followed the letter. We were met at the little station of Yolo by Anna, now spectacled and matronly, who welcomed us to her home and introduced the son and daughters, the "in-laws," and the little grandchildren.

It was a September day when we arrived. The heat lay in waves along the yellow stubble fields; but there were stately oaks, and a beautiful vineyard was nearby, with its vines laden with their ripened fruit. There were alfalfa fields of living green, soft gray olive, and dark green orange trees, while in the distance lay low brown hills, and over all the blue autumnal haze.

Already the dry air was bringing healing to the worn lungs and nerves, and the charm of a California scene, even in the dust of autumn, was making itself felt.

"Have you found us a farm?" was almost the first query.

"Yes," replied Anna. "You are to buy twenty-five acres close to me. You are to raise fruit, a little alfalfa, some pigs and chickens. I am going to give you no end of good advice, for which I will not charge a cent. You are to stay with me until your house is built and your farm ready."

To our consternation we found that the bare land that could be put under water, even here, eight miles from the county seat, would cost \$275 an acre. When we voiced our consternation, and the condition of our finances, we received only words of encouragement.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," was our motto in these days, and we were led blindly by Anna and her judgment, trusting to providence that she knew what she was talking about.

Our land was bought for \$275 an acre, good alluvial soil that Cache Creek had been bringing down for centuries. On this we paid \$5375, and gave a mortgage for the balance at 7 per cent, Anna explaining that the California people who thought the banks were working for a common weal, instead of themselves, had recently voted to have the borrower pay the taxes on a mortgage, instead of the lender: otherwise we could have borrowed the money at 7 per cent, and the lender would have had the tax to pay.

The next expense was to have a surveyor come and run the levels. This cost us \$20; but we had in return a carefully made blue print map of our little farm, with every level and its elevation showing on it, so that we knew when the leveling and levying were properly done. We decided to have the entire twenty-five acres prepared for irrigation, which made an outlay of \$250.

The buildings came next. A modest bungalow of five rooms, with closets and bath, and two roomy piazzas, the rear one screened from marauding flies; a tank house with a 3000 gallon tank; a water system for house, barn, and outbuildings; a small barn for four horses; another barn that could, if necessary, hold twelve cows; a chicken house, a fence around the place, and division fences; an outlay, all told, of \$2500.

A gentle horse was the next purchase, which, with a buggy and harness, cost \$375. A beautiful Holstein heifer came next, and for her we paid \$150; the owner assured us that we would find her a good butter producer, which a butter test confirmed; a Berkshire sow, that would farrow in a few months, and two dozen Minorca fowls, finished our live stock purchases, the pigs costing us \$40, and the fowls \$20.

The purchase of five tons each of alfalfa and grain hay, and feed for the chickens, made another outlay of \$120; and wood, \$60 more.

When the rainy season fairly set in we were comfortably settled in our cosy home. We had our furniture, books, pictures and piano sent on from the East, and had bought our stoves and the few extra things we needed, which made us spend \$150 more.

We decided to hire our ground plowed, and not keep a man. We also decided to learn to milk and care for the animals. Day after day, we pored over farm bulletins on animal industry, on soils and fertilization, on almonds, on olives, figs and other fruits, on milk and alfalfa.

While we were doing all this and caring for our good Pet, and Daisy, and Peggy, (for thus we had named our animals) Helen was forgetting to cough and I to jump at every noise.

Spring came, and with it our real work. The plowing had been done at a cost of \$42. We decided to border our place with olives and walnuts. For the latter,

we planted nuts, intending to graft them later, as Anna said that this made a healthier tree.

We planned eight acres for alfalfa, as we thought that every fruit farm should also have provision made for some animals. Five acres were planted to Sultana grapes. This was because Anna insisted that we should have some. Five acres were planted to almonds, four to prunes, and the remaining three around the house were used for the buildings, a home orchard and vineyard, some small fruits and the yard for chickens.

How proud we were when the last work was done, our alfalfa field fine as a garden, our trees and vines carefully planted and cut back. But, alas, how empty our pocketbook felt.

Our fruit and alfalfa, with the probable outgo for the first year's cultivation, we estimated at an average of \$20 per acre, or \$500. Our total expense at the end of the first year was close to \$9800, which included interest on the mortgage.

We had the happiness, however, of taking in some money. We tried to take care of the animals in a scientific way, and their response was a generous one.

Peggy presented us during the year with thirteen cunning snub-nosed pigs. It nearly broke our hearts to sell six of them, but we did, and they sold for \$54. Gentle Daisy made during the year 540 pounds of butter that brought an average of \$.30 per pound, or \$162; this besides the milk, butter and cream we used. Our hens did well also, and we sold \$80 worth of eggs. We had a well-marked Holstein calf, which we kept, and a hundred lively chickens. A neighbor had put out corn among the trees and vines, and had paid us \$100 for the use of the land.

The close of the year found our trees thriving, and our alfalfa also. We put five tons of hay in the barn that we had cut from our eight acres. We paid our household bills from the money we had taken in. Our hands were not as white as they were, but we didn't care. We had been having a year of happiness, for our out-of-door work, our quiet living and regular hours had worked a miracle in our health. We had done some kinds of work that we had never dreamed we could or would do, but it had been far less distasteful than we had feared.

The second year was very much like the first, except that our alfalfa brought us forty tons of hay, which we sold on the ground for \$5 a ton; we had also put ten tons in the barn.

The third year gave us a small return from our fruit. The trays and boxes for the raisins cost \$175, and we had two tons from our five acres. We sold these in the sweat box for \$160.

The fourth year we had more generous returns, and when our vines were in full bearing, we harvested one year six tons of raisins, which sold for \$480; two and a half tons of almonds at \$.11 gave us \$550; six tons of prunes averaged \$.04, or \$480. We kept three cows now; had a few hives of bees and a fine garden of flowers and vegetables, which gave us all we used, and some to sell. We kept one man all the time, who milked, kept the place free from weeds, and cared for the animals and garden.

We had paid our mortgage, and had a small amount of money in the bank: not a princely sum, for expenses had been heavy, and the crops had some drawbacks; but our place had doubled in value, we had health and happiness. We were friends with our neighbors, the humble ones, as well as those more fortunate in education and money; so under our own vine and fig tree, with our books and work; with the busy days of sunshine and rain and the wonderful starlit nights; with the flowers and bees and birds; with mother earth good to us; with the few outside interests we had undertaken, we learned to realize that—

"God is not far from any of us!
He speaks to us in every glad surprise;
His glory floods us from the noontide skies;
The stars declare His love when daylight dies,
And we can hear His voice."

MEMBER: Did I understand you to say that their expense was \$9000?

MRS. HOPPIN: After they had bought their farm—they did not pay the entire sum; they had paid interest on the mortgage, paid for their stock, built their home, paid for alfalfa and trees, and that had cost them something over \$9000. It is almost impossible for an eastern person to come here and go entirely in debt for expensive land and expect to make a living and pay the debt. I wanted to make the point that you must have some capital to start with. I gave them 25 acres and

\$275 per acre is not a large price. They had good soil and could raise anything on the land. I am speaking of my own home land and I know what it can do. It took nearly all of their \$10,000 to get started.

MEMBER: What about those ladies that came out here without that capital?

Mrs. HOPPIN: Dean Hunt of the University of California has, in pamphlet form, information on what a prospective settler ought to know. I wish everyone would get the pamphlet. I think your eyes would be opened. It is a very great mistake to think that a person can come here with a very small sum and make a very great success. It is possible to make a living, but it is much better to wait until you have some capital to put into the land and in getting things ready. A man and woman who are willing to work and do without luxuries could, I think, be successful with less money.

HOME ECONOMICS FOR THE WOMAN IN THE COUNTRY HOME.

By MISS EDNAH RICH, President, State Normal School, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Great strides forward are being made in the development of the natural resources of California and the term one sees in large type on all of the folders is, "Buy a home". There is always a description of the fertility of the land and the nearness of the water. Nowadays the telephone and electric car find their place in the list also, but when every one of the questions have been asked and answered the great factor yet to take into account is the family, and of course most vital in the family is the child life. The home is made for the safety of the child's present, and his future.

The outdoor labor must, in these days of "intensive farming," be under the jurisdiction of "experts" until such time as it is safe to permit the inexperienced man—sometimes the owner himself—to take charge.

Custom asks no questions of the housewife. If she has the will and the strength she cooks many dishes for the satisfaction of showing her skill or of meeting her proud boast "that there is always plenty to eat in her pantry," but science is busy these days demonstrating that the human frame must be "properly nourished," not merely "fed." There is more credit in keeping the family well than in being able to boast of sick-nurse ability.

If the man must know drainage remedies for his land why should he not know the sanitation for his home? If the barn, garage and outbuildings, and even the field fences and gates, must be located so as to save labor and time and produce efficiency in management, should not the same policy be followed in the house?

Women who really know what they need, and what they want, can always convince the partners in the home that the granting of the same is the truest economy. The woman who is content to walk miles—weary miles—because her kitchen arrangement is faulty is probably wasting materials in the same proportion that she is losing vitality and initiative.

While it is neither necessary nor wise for the woman to take into her own home the question of renovation by her own labor, it is infinitely better for her to put enamel paint or water-proof varnish on the splash board back of the sink and the bowl and tubs than it is to have dirt prints and splashes always staring one in the face.

Ruskin says that "a picture frame should be a space of silence around a picture," and it seems to me that since the walls of the room should frame the family group therefore these walls should be quiet and harmonious in tone and the carpets and rugs should tone with the walls.

The woman in the bungalow without a back porch, or a front porch, with windows placed where the builder chose to locate them, and a hot cook stove, will read this and say, "What can I do?" First she can study her movements and note how much time she wastes. She can begin the experiment of rearrangement. She can read Louise Brigham's articles on box furniture and see how easily boxes can be "knocked down" and built up again, painted and placed where needed.

The government, both federal and state, is making a strenuous effort to give the people pure food and to promulgate laws for the protection of human life, and yet with all the watchful care of inspectors at the distributing points their object is defeated because housewives *will not* believe that flies are a menace to their families.