

DICKINSON FRUIT INDUSTRY UNIQUE; HAS ASSUMED LARGE PROPORTIONS

From Poverty to Affluence Has Been Achieved by Persevering Women in a Few Years Under Circumstances Far From Auspicious—Product Extensive, but Reputation Sells Entire Output.



The Modest Dickinson Farm Home Sheltered by Royal Ann Cherry Tree.



Pouring Hot Boiled Jelly from Big Tipping Kettle



In the Labeling Room

Mr. Florence Dickinson
BY JEANNE MARCY.

OREGON'S men have conquered her forests, tilled her soil and planted orchards, the fame of which has spread around the world, but it has been left to a woman to take the product of those orchards and build up an industry unique in the state and to at least one family spelling the difference between penury and affluence, failure and success.

Oregon fruit, feminine resourcefulness, a preserving kettle and a public awakening to the importance of pure food products make up the combination which has brought success to Mrs. Florence A. Dickinson, maker of jellies and jams—not "by special appointment to His Majesty," but to the people of this great commonwealth, who need no royal patronage to tell them that a thing is good.

About a dozen years ago Mrs. Dickinson with her four little children on a rented farm faced a winter of comparative privation, as the result of business misfortunes. The farm, six or seven miles out of Portland, in the Tualatin Valley, was off the main county road and inaccessible to market. In fact the only marketable products on the place were a few varieties of fruits just then coming into bearing and vegetables from the garden together with the eggs and chickens which from time immemorial have been considered the pin-money source of supply for the woman of the farm.

First Preserves Order Booked.

With her little 8-year-old son Paul, Mrs. Dickinson had established an egg route, delivering weekly a few dozens of eggs to a small group of customers. It was on the occasion of one of these weekly visits that the idea of marketing fruit was suggested to her. A customer complaining that her canned fruit did not "keep," expressed the wish that she could obtain home-made canned fruits that would taste "like mother's" and not ferment. Grasping eagerly at the suggestion Mrs. Dickinson then and there took her order for a few jars of such fruits as she grew on her ranch: strawberries, Royal Ann cherries, pears and quinces, taking home with her in the bottom of the buggy the glass jars necessary for the canning.

The next week another egg customer gave an order for fruit and added to it the names of several friends who might become customers. Before the season was over all the fruits grown on the place had been sold together with many jars of home-canned string beans, and the work, then threatened to howl, had been properly choked by the output of the preserving kettle and driven back into the wilds.

Output Now Gigantic.

From that humble beginning of the first summer has grown an industry which now engages five grown members of the family and a dozen hired assistants during the season. The fruit, jelly and jam instead of being delivered to each customer now is dispensed from 600 of the leading groceries of the city, and the output, in place of a few dozen jars, has reached to 20,000 glasses of jelly alone, while in addition to this were sold ten-ounce jars of jam by the great gross and thousands of jars of canned fruits and bottles of grape-juice.

From the beginning the demand has always exceeded the supply and the business has but waited to be by the sheer merit of the product, not a single

the particular housekeeper it was taboo.

To follow the demand is the secret of trade success.

The demand came for home-made jams of good quality, its freshness so little impaired that at any time of the year it could be found to possess just the right "quivering" quality—stiff, but not to the form of the mold but not at the "livery" stage avoided by the "best families." Instead of buying jelly glasses by the barrel as she did early in her career Mrs. Dickinson now gets them by the carload from Indiana. A carload contains 7200 dozen and the Dickinson plant is "on" the third carload since last October. Figure it out for yourself if the stigma has been removed from "bought jelly."

Variety Is Extensive.

Current jelly holds first place in popularity among the 74 kinds of jelly turned out by the Dickinson plant and after that comes blackberry. Loganberry is a strong favorite because of its excellence for serving with meat game, and from the Damson plum is held in high esteem. In addition there is currant and raspberry mixed, strawberry, quince, quince and apple mixed, red raspberry, peach and apple, crabapple, plain apple, black raspberry and gooseberry.

In the same room where the jelly is bottled the jams are made, being bottled in jars of various sizes. One holding 10, the other 15 gallons. Seven or eight kinds of jam are made during the season, fruits being cooked the same way as the jelly, beginning with the first luscious strawberries, going through with the red and black raspberries, loganberries, peaches, apricots, mixed, currant and pineapple, damson plums and later in the season, when the first oranges come up from the South, orange marmalade is made.

Bride's Present Is Ready.

Gradually jelly and jam is supplanting the canning of fruit, which requires much handling and more space for storage, although the storehouse contains this fall hundreds of dozens of jars of canned fruit ready to fill the insistent orders that come pouring in. In one corner stands a special consignment all done in pint bottles and representing a wide variety of fruits, meant for one of the season's popular brides—the gift of the thoughtful mother, who for years has stored her own fruit closed from the Dickinson product. As the light is turned on in the cool dark storage cellar, one sees a row of bottles of delicious fruit: Berries as whole and perfect as when they were picked, swimming in apricot, peach, pear and cherry, and their rich juices; peaches, pears and cherries all seeded by hand and dozens of other fruits bespeaking Oregon's fertile soil and a woman's culinary skill.

In surveying it, Mrs. Dickinson remarked: "You will observe that the labels do not mention 'purity.' The brand stands for that and never in all the years of building up the business has there been a single concession to anything that would not bear the most rigid test."

Grape Juice Added to List.

Like the woman in Proverbs, Mrs. Dickinson "considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard."

Three years ago when one of her sons was ill a friend suggested that during his convalescence days grape-juice would be palatable. Acting on the suggestion Mrs. Dickinson, taking a home recipe, made a few bottles of the juice, later distributing some of them to friends in the hospital. Instantly there was a demand for grape juice. As a result, nearly all of the small fruits on the Dickinson farm are being rooted out and replaced by vines that are being planted hundreds of Concord grape vines. Five acres are now in bearing and this month their purple ripe clusters have reached a state of perfection, at which stage they are picked, put under pressure, and boiled with a small amount of sugar, then bottled in pint quart bottles.

Waiting in line at the Dickinson plant is the fruit is very ripe and the grape sugar has developed, is a principle which is adhered to, and consequently the flavor of the Dickinson grape juice has won for it thus early in its sale a reputation among doctors who order it for their patients, and among all lovers of the pure and healthful.

Since years ago the present farm was bought with the product of the preserving kettle. This year another adjoining farm with large greenhouses where the young grapevines are being propagated, was leased.

Horticulturist Is Employed.

A horticulturist now takes charge of the fruit on the place, leaving the family time to devote their energies to the manufacture of the fruit. The three sons, now manufacturing, and the mother and father, Charles T. Dickinson, have formed what is known as the Dickinson Company, and the returns of the big and successful enterprise. Paul, the eldest son, who has aided in the work since he was a tiny lad of 8, is the agent, delivering throughout the year the supplies to the hundreds of stores which the public has found out the least of his time is spent in the field of the vineyard, which in the years to come will be put to good service in the great canning industry which the firm hopes one day to see flourish.

"The backbone of the enterprise"—as all the family unhesitatingly pronounce her, still keeps her hand on the reins, keeping books, directing every detail of the several processes and in addition finding time to make home happy and comfortable to her husband and her aged mother, who is past 80, and also acting as efficient officer of the State Grange, to the meetings of which she rides in her own motor.

Jelly Boils One Minute.

Because he has exhibited unusual expertness along the line of jelly-making, to the second son, Walter, falls the responsibility of all the jelly-making of the Dickinson firm. Under his direction is boiled each day in three shining copper kettles the hundreds of pounds of fruit juice and sugar.

Housewife Who, for years, has followed the time-honored custom of boiling her jelly for 20 minutes will be interested to know that the Dickinson jelly is boiled one minute. From the time it is placed in the kettle until it is poured into the receptacle 30 seconds are consumed, the extra half minute being needed for the heating process which is done under steam pressure at somewhere in the neighborhood of 350 degrees Fahrenheit.

This intense heat, of course, is impossible for the housewife to secure in an ordinary kettle over a kitchen range or gas stove. The quick boiling not only retains the flavor and color, but makes it possible to turn out with three kettles something like 200 dozen glasses during a day.

Apartment-House Living Helps.

It was not until seven years ago that jelly began to form the major part of the Dickinson trade, during the first few years, the canned fruit being the main industry. But with an increasing transient population in Portland, the incoming of thousands of Easterners each fall, who started housekeeping with none of the housewife's fruit-closet supplies, and without which the average housekeeper feels pauperized and with increasing of apartment-house living, with limited fruit storage capacity, the demand for good home-made jelly began to grow. The best the market then afforded was to be found in wooden buckets at the corner grocery. It made little pretense to purity, unblushingly acknowledging to glucose, coal tar dyes and gelatin. To

WORK ON BIG DAM ASSUMES PROPORTIONS SCARCELY REALIZED

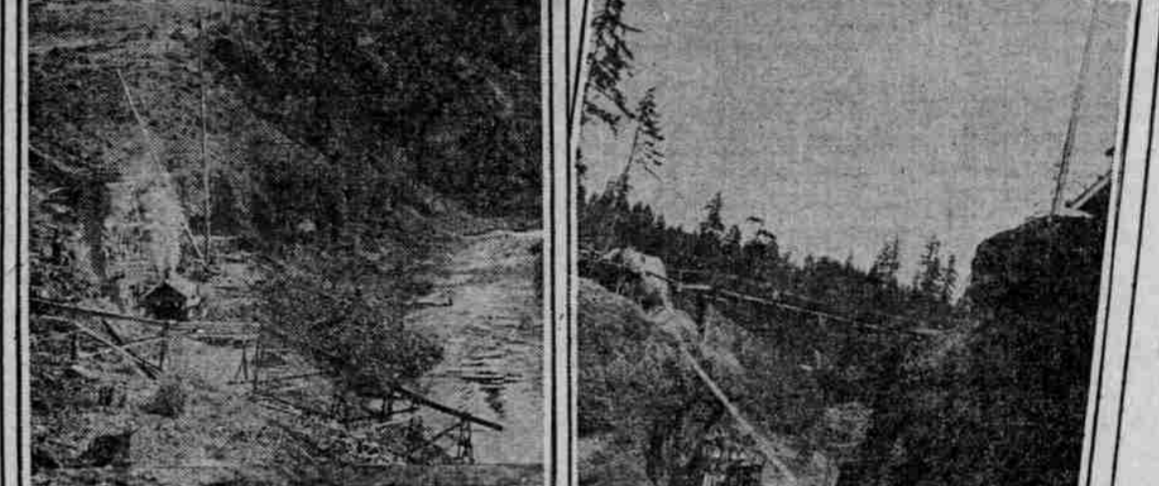
One Thousand Men Rush Construction of Big Electric Project on White Salmon River, Which Is Being Hurried Forward That Power May Be Brought Into Portland by Next March.



The Dinner Hour



Bridge Built by Northwestern Co. and Lower Camp.



Excavating for Power House.



Bed of River Below Dam Site.

USUM, Wash., Oct. 12.—(Special).—The work being accomplished on the big dam of the Northwestern Electric Company, on the White Salmon River four miles below here, is assuming proportions hardly realized by the general public. At the present time an army of 1000 workmen is employed at the camp of Stone & Webster, the contractors at the dam, and at the site of the power plant, one mile below.

Construction work on the dam is going forward with a rush, so that electrical power may be brought into Portland by March 1, 1913.

After the flow of the river was turned to one side by the construction of a coffer-dam and tunnels and flumes through solid rock, bed-rock was found about 15 feet below the stream bottom. The engineers consider it a perfect foundation for the concrete dam.

When completed the dam will be 125 feet high, 400 feet long, 100 feet wide at the bottom and 15 feet wide at the top. The laying of concrete on the bed-rock where the base of the dam is 50 feet long, the width of the stream bed, has been in operation for the past three weeks. Rock and sand for the concrete work are obtained from a rock crusher 400 feet up the side of the mountain. This crusher will grind all the sand needed in the work from solid basalt.

Auto Trucks Haul Supplies.

Seven big auto trucks are now hauling supplies into the camp from the railroad station at Underwood.

The scene is a busy one on the west side, on which side the rock crusher is installed at the top of the bluff. Below this is a building where the sand is screened into the required sizes, and below these are huge cement mixers. A small army of men are busy mixing the concrete, and in the distance the stone quarries near the rock crusher.

The estimated cost of special machinery installed for this work is \$100,000. This includes the rock crusher itself, which provides the sand for the mixer, turning out 200 tons of concrete a day. It is estimated that 45,000 tons of concrete will be required to complete the dam.

Two long two-inch cables stretched from the east bank to the top of the bluff on the west side, are operated by steam hoisting engines, carrying cement and other supplies across the river.

An auxiliary electric plant below the dam and at the foot of the present temporary flume, is supplying 150-horsepower to operate machinery and furnish lights for the two camps. Within a few days an additional 200-kilowatt dynamo will be installed. Of this electricity 75 horsepower is required for the rock crusher, the compressor, (takes 75 concrete mixer, 25 screens, 20 pumps, 60. The same amount of current will be required to run the machinery to be used in building the dam.

Laying Pipe Line Is Strain.

The laying of the pipe line, or penstock, from the dam to the power building is no small item in the construction of the big power project. The huge wood stave pipe to flume the water from dam to power-house will be 12 1/2 feet in diameter, and one mile in length. Girders grouted in concrete, placed three feet apart, will support this pipe. The diameter of the immense flume makes it the largest of its length in the world.

Two generating units, totaling 20,000 horsepower, will be installed in the power-house, the foundation for which is now being constructed. The grade for the pipe line is well under way, a steam shovel and hundreds of workmen rushing the work to completion.

Where a few men in the sun shone on growing orchards and precipitous rocky bluffs, and where there was quiet along the east bank of the White Salmon River, a great transformation has taken place. For a mile and a half

where the two camps are located there is great activity. Scores of buildings have been erected, and white tents are conspicuous. Flagged holes are cut in the scenic bluffs, and numerous roads and grades form a network in the background. The thunder of blasting, the whistles of a dozen steam hoisting engines, the roar of the river emerging from its unnatural bed, and a thousand busy workmen plying their different vocations, all impress one that there is vast work in completing a \$2,000,000 water power electric plant.

DENTIST VISIT PRETEXT

Notorious Embezzler Geb Manages to Escape From Toils.

BERLIN, Oct. 12.—(Special).—The Dusseldorf police are dismayed at the renewed flight of the celebrated embezzler, Heinrich Geb, who yesterday eluded two warders appointed to guard him during a visit to the dentist. It was discovered last year that Geb had defrauded his employers, a large building firm, to the extent of \$50,000, but he managed to escape before a warrant could be issued. The offer of a reward of \$2500 finally resulted in the discovery that Geb was living in Turkey. With his wife and son, the 47-year-old man had fled to Constantinople, where he had simultaneously arranged to purchase a marble villa, on the island of Prinkipo, where he was subsequently arrested. Geb and his family had embraced Mohammedanism, and it was expected that this move would render extradition impossible. Geb, however, had been sign officer managed to surmount the difficulty, and Geb was brought back to Germany. He showed exemplary conduct, and as the trial was expected to be held soon, special leave was given him yesterday to receive private treatment for a severe attack of toothache. On the way to the dentist's office, he is reported to have slipped his gun, and outdistanced the warders. There has since been no further news as to his whereabouts.

WONDER DOCTOR PUNISHED

Healer Who Is Cause of Child's Death 'Receives Sentence.'

BERLIN, Oct. 12.—(Special).—A remarkable story of feminine credulity has just been related to a jury at Neukölln, a suburb of Berlin. A simple carpenter was charged with illegally practicing as a doctor. A girl of 4 years died recently in hospital from rapid consumption, and the circumstances in which the child was brought to the hospital led the medical authorities to suspect exceedingly careless treatment at home. Inquiries were made through the police, who were scarcely prepared for what they discovered.

The child fell ill about Whitesunide, and a doctor diagnosed scarlet fever. Thereupon the mother, without informing her husband, decided to call in the carpenter Grabel, who had made a name for himself as a "wonder doctor" and was alleged to be capable of working miracles. The man came and laid

TERRIBLE ITCHING AND BURNING

Very Sore Leg for Some Twenty Years. Obligated to Lie in Bed. In Spots Raw as Beef. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

1766 West 46th Ave., Denver, Colo.—"I had a very sore leg. It troubled me for some twenty years and finally broke out to a running sore with much fever and terrible itching and burning. It burned and itched so badly I could not rest day or night and was obliged to lie in bed. The sores were in spots just as if I had a piece of beef. I used medicine yet it wouldn't heal. Seeing the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment I immediately wrote for some. The immediate cure was more remarkable than I can describe. I was completely cured. (Signed) Mrs. Curry Brown, April 11, 1912.

DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.
3821 Hoover St., Los Angeles, Cal.—"After using Cuticura Soap and Ointment for two months for a very bad case of dandruff and falling hair I was entirely cured. My hair came out gradually. As a last resort I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Now my hair is thick, glossy and luxurious." (Signed) Mrs. C. M. Sansé, Mar. 18, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-page Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Tender-faced men should use Cuticura soap shaving stick, 25c. Sample free.