

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 29, 1901.

HOW CALIFORNIA FRUIT IS PUT INTO CANS

Pretty Girls With Their Arms Immersed in the Clear Syrupy Streams---The Drying Process on the Hayward Farm---Millions for the Orchardists.

Do you appreciate the artistic and appealing possibilities of pretty young girls of Latin type, their arms immersed elbow-deep in clear syrupy streams, their dimpled brown hands peeling an apple, and throwing the curling paring over the shoulder, as was done in the days of our witch-fearing ancestors? If you care for bright dresses and tendrils of hair softly curling from fair, damp brows---if it please you to think that your morning dish of peaches is prepared by these clean young girls and women, then visit a fruit cannery in the height and rush of the season, and fruit will always be sweeter to you.

Within electric car and easy bicycle ride of San Francisco, in the orchard district about Haywards are exemplified the methods of preparing various fruits for markets thousands of miles away. At Haywards may be seen during the summer months acres of fruit being canned under the spacious roofs that shelter hundreds of women, girls and men.

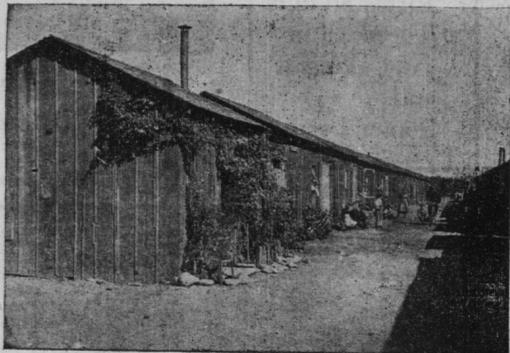
On opposite edges of the little town are a typical fruit dryer and a fruit cannery. For long hours every day in the summer hundreds of persons find employment in converting the freshly plucked fruit of the surrounding orchards into the marketable form in which it is to be transported in ship-loads to European purchasers of "California fruits." To be sure some of these very California fruits come back to America as jams and jellies and are sold by retail grocers in little packages at fancy prices, the labels showing that they are the real imported thing and consequently worth the price demanded, a price made necessary by the double duty the fruit has had to bear. Some day Americans will learn to buy home products, but until they do, English packers will make money by returning fruit under an alias.

The Apricot Harvest.

At the fruit-drying concern, a type of many small ones in that orchard valley, about 200 persons are at work. Possibly 100 of them are women and girls, thirty boys, thirty Caucasian men and thirty Japanese. There are no Chinese, and some of the boys and girls are little tots. The

pay of all the cutters is 8 and 10 cents a box for cutting and packing apricots. A tot can cut but two or three boxes a day, while an expert can do as many as twenty-two boxes. As these boxes contain about seventy pounds of fruit, or something like 300 apricots, it will be understood that the cutter must hustle to open and pit and spread on trays a total of more than 6,000 apricots.

the consignment, then the boxes are passed out a side door, loaded on small cars and trundled along to the awning-sheltered open air cutting tables at which sit rows of women, girls, boys and men, operating with a short wooden-handled knife, each operating on a drying tray on the table upon which to put the cut fruit, cut side up. As each box is finished the cutter hurries with it to the clerk and



WHERE THE WORKERS LIVE.

Orchards surround this particular dryer. The ground under the trees has been smoothed by a clod roller. Men gently jar the trees and then pick up the ripe apricots from the soft earth, putting them into boxes. These boxes are piled on open light wagons, which patrol up and down the rows, while wagon loads are hurried over to the dryer, stopped before an elevated porch and transferred to scales. A clerk weighs and receipts for

is credited with a punch in the record card. Other men work the little car up and down between the aisles of tables and load it high with the shallow trays of cut fruit. Then they shove the load down, whirl it around, open a door and wheel it gently into one of a row of dark closets, from the cracks of which issue pale clouds of yellow smoke. These stuffy closets are the sulphur houses, in which the freshly cut fruit remains for one, two, sometimes

three hours. The fumes from five pounds of pure California sulphur, burned in holes in the earth floor, will bleach a ton of fruit and give it that pale, yellowish or reddish color which is so desired. Without the sulphur, most fruit turns a dark brown or mahogany as it dries. From the sulphuring process the tray load is drawn out and trundled along little car tracks to the drying trays. In all, some three acres being devoted to drying grounds.

For three, four or five days the fruit remains in the shallow trays shriveling under the sun's rays, the moisture at night preventing it from hardening to the tenacity of sole leather. The process goes gradually on until the fruit is perfect. Once the interval the fruit is scraped loose from the trays and turned over to prevent the honeyed juices from glueing the fruit to the smooth thin board bottoms. The next step is the collection of the trays, the fruit being put in clean white sacks. From this particular dryer the sacks are shipped immediately to a packing concern in San Jose, where the dried fruit is assorted for size and boxed. The whole process from orchard to freight car for shipment to Europe requires but ten days. The fresh fruit delivered to the dryer by the orchardist brings \$15 a ton. Five pounds of green apricots make one pound of dried. Dried and sold at wholesale, the fruit brings about 6 cents a pound. Retail in distant markets it brings from 8 to 10 cents a pound. Apricot trees begin to bear at about 4 years of age and continue no one knows how long, provided good care be taken of them, proper pruning and trimming being necessary. The apricot is at its best in California. On the Wolfskill ranch, near the town of Winters, are three apricot trees believed to be 60 years old. They measure nearly two feet in diameter near the ground and are still good producers. But most of the California apricot orchards are from 10 to 20 years old. In a good season apricot trees will produce thirty-five tons, or \$525 worth of fruit to the acre.

This one Hayward's dryer intends to handle from neighborhood orchards this season about 200 tons of apricots, 100 tons of plums, 250 tons of pears, one crop succeeding another in the order given. It pays better to dry fruit than to sell it fresh to canners. The same methods of preparation hold for all the fruits named.

The Big Cannery.

The big fruit cannery at Haywards is a picturesque colony of 600 women and girls and about 200 men. There is not a Chinese in or about the institution. The superintendent, who has been managing fruit canneries for twenty years, declares emphatically that he would not have a Chinese if he could get white labor. He maintains that one intelligent white operative can accomplish in the long run nearly twice as much work, and do it more satisfactorily and from distant places. It is summer-time novelty, a sort of vacation for young women who have had to engage in other employments in the city. The work is in the free country air, the pay is from \$1.25 to \$2.50 a day, according to the skill and speed of the individual.

Close to the big cannery are four long rows of quite little frame buildings, looking like four unwhipped trains of old box cars standing on parallel tracks. These "ude things, with their peculiar streets and monotonously similar doors and square windows, are the cottages where dwell the women and girls, and near them are tents and a few detached extra buildings. These cottages are partitioned off into rooms that are built, each one having a door and a window. If three girls take a cottage they get it for \$3 a month. Provided they remain at the cannery all season, the season being from late in May until late in October, they get their money back, so that the lodging costs them nothing. They get their meals at the boarding-house. During the season the women and girls make from \$40 to \$85 a month for five months. Then they may go back to their country homes or to their city work, fairly well paid for their time at the cannery.

The fruit comes to the cannery in wagon loads, fresh picked from the orchards. It is weighed in boxes, dumped out, assorted for size and appearance, reboxed and trundled in to the rows and rows of seated cutters. It is cut open and panned by hand and put in pans in front of the operator. The filled pans are gathered up by men and taken over to the middle of the great barklike room. There it is dumped by the packers in the wooden troughs in tables at which they work, these shallow troughs being flooded with fresh running water to cleanse the pieces.



PASTING LABELS.

From this floating supply the girls take pieces with dextrous rapidity and place them in fruit cans. Each of the ordinary cans is filled until it weighs full twenty-six ounces on the scales standing before each girl. Then it is quickly stamped with a rubber type dangling from the girls' belt and is placed on a tray on a rack above the table. Men operating small cars gather up these trays of filled cans, taking them to the farther end of the great room. There the cans in groups of a dozen are placed in a metallic square frame and shoved under a machine that sends warm, water-clear sugar syrup into each until it is full. That liquid completes the standard weight. Tops are then adjusted to the cans; a man calls out the brand and grade; a clerk repeats and records it. Then, through a low doorway, the cans are shoved on cars to the soldering room, where a group of men with plumbers' irons and small blast furnaces run the grove flush with solder in a twinkling and pass the groups of cans on to the men who slide them into the cooking machine. Through that they pass slowly on a moving metallic plane to come out at the other side, after being subjected to boiling water from one to three minutes. As they come

out other solderers stand ready and are kept very busy touching the little air holes with solder.

From the cooking machine the hot cans are whisked round on roller tables to the spraying jets, where they are cooled. Then they are dumped out of their iron forms, thrust upon cars and moved on into the big warehouse, where they are piled high, the different grades in separate tiers. All about in the avenues are isolated tables, at each of which two girls are busy labeling the cans with the fancifully colored covers peculiar to tinned fruits. They know by the little black-stamped letters on each can just what it contains and by the number on top just which girl packed the can. With small paste brush and thick rolls of labels the girls work away very rapidly. They are paid 75 cents for every 100 cases of cans labeled, and some of them can label 400 cases, of a dozen cans each, in a day. This means \$3. This particular cannery turns out 125,000 cases of fruit in a season.

Connected with the Haywards cannery is a box factory, and, more interesting than that, a can factory, which makes thirty-five cans a minute, or 15,000 cans



CANNING APRICOTS.

a day. The output of this cannery is 15,000 gallons of canned fruit a day. From orchard to box car, the whole process can be completed in less than two hours. Some thirty-five barrels of white sugar are used each day in making syrup.

England the Best Market.

England is the chief market center for these fruit shipments, but all the countries of Europe, the continent of Australia and many cities of the Orient receive regular and increasing quantities of the dried and canned orchard products of that state.

The tremendous amount of California's fruit crops cannot be comprehended by mere figures. Already the growing industry brings about \$15,000,000 a year to the orchardists. It means other millions divided among the packers and shippers.

Fruit drying and fruit canning are conducted on a gigantic scale in California. The season includes the months of June, July, August, September and October, one kind of fruit succeeding another, so that nearly five months are devoted to handling in succession cherries, strawberries, raspberries, green gage plums, apricots, peaches, egg plums, pears, late peaches, tomatoes and other fruits and vegetables.



A TYPICAL CANNERY.



PEELING.

OUR FOURTH IN FAR LANDS

FIRST INDEPENDENCE DAY OF THE 20th CENTURY WILL BE CELEBRATED ON AMERICAN SOIL HALF WAY AROUND THE GLOBE.

Strange people, in remote and widely separated places will witness the celebration of Independence Day, on the first Fourth of July of the Twentieth century. The message which rang out from the old Liberty Bell above the little red brick hall in Philadelphia one hundred and twenty-five years ago, has traveled swift and far in these last three years, until now it has extended half way around the world.

It will be repeated and indorsed, at this anniversary, by Americans living on American soil which is eternally bound in the Arctic ice. It will be read to Americans whose home is 900 miles south of the equator. While the rockets and Roman candles are closing the day in Maine, the morning sun will be lighting the folds of the stars and stripes in the western confines of the republic. On the shores of the China sea the cannon of our navy will

fire the salute to the union, and little brown Americans will doubtless hear the cheer with terror, fleeing to the woods of Palawan. Black, brown, red, yellow and white are the skins of the people of the United States. They live as far north as human beings may exist, and they live naked under the equator's fierce sun. Wherever the flag has gone the national holiday will be celebrated in some fashion, and the work will begin of instructing our new subjects in its meaning.

above the horizon; but the crew of the Concord will not be troubled with the heat. The man who hoists the flag will be wrapped to the eyes in heavy furs, and if the cabin boy decides to set off any firecrackers he will have to wear warm mittens. The special dinner served out to the men in honor of the day will consist largely of hot soups and canned vegetables and will be consumed in the company of red-hot stoves.

While this is taking place there will be another celebration--still on American soil--of a very different character. In the island of Tutuila, in the Samoan group, there will be a repetition of the celebration held April 17, when the American flag was formally raised there. Tutuila is 15 degrees south of the equator, and is the southernmost American possession. Captain E. F. Tilly, who is governor, believes in teaching the natives to reverse American customs and institutions. In addition to dressing ship and firing twenty-one guns from the American man-of-war in the harbor of Pago Pago, Captain Tilly will give shore leave to his men and invite the Samoans to join in the game, feasts and general jubilation. There will be boat races, bobbing for apples in tubs of water, catching the greased pig, hurdle and running races, swimming and general athletics.

are former residents of the United States, and the day will not pass unnoticed even in the remote sections. From the palace of the governor general in San Juan will float the stars and stripes, and wherever there is a postoffice or a public schoolhouse, the colors will be displayed and the natives will be apprised by fireworks and shooting that the day is one to be remembered.

Following the example of Captain Leary, his successor, Captain Seaton Schroeder, will issue a few ringing manifestoes. The natives will be told that the day marks the birth of the nation of which they are now a part, and that it is their duty and privilege to set off firecrackers, shoot pistols, burn pin-wheels and have as good a time as possible, all the while remembering why they do it, and being careful not to burn their fingers. The natives will be supplied with translations of the Declaration of Independence, and will be urged to participate in games and festivities.

Snapshots of the Recent Chippewa Celebrations at White Earth.



BIRCH BARK WIGWAMS AND CHIPPEWA FULL BLOODS.



MISHA-A-KEE-GEZ-ZHIK, A RACE RIVER CHIEF.



THE WAR DANCE ON JUNE 14



IN FULL REGALIA.