

THE ALTRUISTIC MISSION OF A MILLIONAIRE...

Samuel Hill's Hobby the Building of Good Roads Throughout the United States.



Samuel Hill, who Devotes His Time and Millions to Building Good Roads

SAMUEL HILL, "of the United States," is a millionaire with an altruistic mission.

His home is in Seattle, Washington state, but his missionary activities and his eagerness to aid mankind, distribute his helpful efforts over most of the states of the Union, so his friends call him "Samuel Hill, of the United States."

Good roads form Mr. Hill's one great absorbing hobby. No matter whether improved roads are needed in his own state, in Pennsylvania, Ohio or Missouri, he is always ready to devote his time and his means to helping the beneficial work along.

He says he would rather leave behind him a monument of good roads than a prominent record in the United States Senate. He is devoting his life and his fortune to improving the nation's highways.

WHILE Andrew Carnegie builds libraries as monuments to his memory, while John D. Rockefeller and others endow universities and Mrs. Russell Sage is giving away \$70,000,000 for various purposes, Samuel Hill, the college-bred millionaire, clubman and lawyer, has dedicated his time and fortune to the construction of good country roads throughout the United States, and especially in the state of Washington, where he has established his home.

Schooled in his boyhood under Alexander J. Cassatt, the late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in middle life becoming the son-in-law of James J. Hill, builder and master mind of the Great Northern Railway, Samuel Hill has cast aside the mantle of business and taken up the cause of the people—the dwellers in the rural districts.

For years he has been an enthusiastic leader in the good roads movement. Today he is its leading exponent, whose aid and influence are sought and given in every state in the Union.

He gets out of his expenditure of thousands of dollars annually naught but the knowledge that he is contributing to the common good and aiding the country's prosperity by encouraging thousands of people to go back to the soil.

APPLIES RAILWAY METHODS

Samuel Hill, like his famed father-in-law, James J. Hill, has spent the best years of his life railroading. As president of the Minnesota Eastern, one of the Hill lines, he demonstrated his ability, and that branch of the Great Northern was never more prosperous than under his management.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that in the building of country roads he applies railroad methods.

Where James J. Hill straightens curves, bores tunnels and reduces grades that freight may be transported at a more economical rate, Samuel Hill is using his time, money and will in paving the rural districts with a network of solid highways, over which the farmer can haul to market or shipping point, at less expense, many times the amount of grain or produce he piled on his wagon in the days when ruts and bogs occupied the line of travel.

Although a member of twenty-seven clubs, located from New York to Seattle, most of which he finds time to visit every year, Mr. Hill takes more pride in the fact that he is an honorary member of the Farmers' Club of New York than all the others combined.

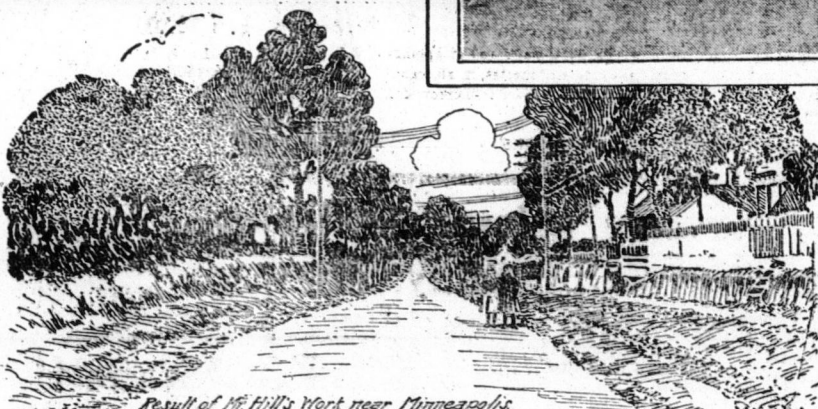
At present he is about to begin the construction of a \$1,000,000 residence located on one of the most slightly viewpoints in Seattle. But his office, in one of the old-fashioned buildings in the heart of Seattle's business district, would not attract attention.

It consists of one room, with a stenographer's apartment adjoining. Its appointments are simple. On the window facing the street is the plain sign, "Samuel Hill, Lawyer," but it is very rarely that law is discussed within, unless it pertains to good roads or good road legislation.

At one side of this room is an extra desk, occupied by Samuel C. Lancaster, formerly a consulting engineer of Jackson, Tenn., and one of the best good roads experts in the United States.

For years before locating in Seattle, Mr. Lancaster was an authority on this work who was often consulted by the United States secretary of agriculture. It was through this department of the national government that Mr. Hill was brought in touch with the expert and, once determining his qualifications, took him to Washington state at his own expense.

A few months ago Congressman Richmond P. Hobson undertook a campaign to teach the farmers of Alabama among other things, the benefits of good roads. He first journeyed to Washington, where he sought the advice of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, as to who was the best man to be secured for demonstrating.



Result of Mr. Hill's Work near Minneapolis



Former Condition of Road near Jackson, Tenn.

Secretary Wilson's reply was Lancaster. But Lancaster was engaged by Samuel Hill in work that could not be delayed in Washington state, so to Hobson's request Mr. Hill replied that instead of sending Lancaster, he, Hill, would go to Alabama himself.

He did go, and for several weeks devoted his time and means to the beginning of a movement which Mr. Hobson declared will mean the revolutionizing of roads in his home state.

Mr. Hill does not favor a national good roads association or government appropriation to carry on the work. He has had his experience with a national association, accused some of those in it of graft, dissolved it, and then came to the conclusion that state associations are the only proper means of carrying on the movement.

He does not approve of government aid, believing that it would create a grabbing. But he does believe in state aid by legislative enactment, and at the last session of the Washington Legislature caused to be passed the first good roads bill to assist the movement.



A Highway Improved on Left, in Natural Condition on Right.

tion. Then Mr. Hill began demonstrations in different parts of the state.

A mile of specimen road was built at his own farm, and stretches were constructed in various counties. Mass meetings were held, at which Mr. Hill was the speaker.

He told the farmers that the average cost of hauling over the wagon roads of the United States was 30 cents a ton, while the cost for this same load in the state of Washington was \$1 a ton.

He gave them figures, gathered at his own expense, showing that in France it costs less to haul farm produce and grain by motor cars over good French roads than it does by railroads in that country.

He showed that in King county, Washington, alone, more than \$1,000,000 had been spent on roads, and there was but one mile of good road in the county.

The sentiment of the farmers was aroused, and the work in the state, through his influence, is further progressed than in any other poorly roaded state in the country.

"We want that man for United States senator," came a cry from an audience at a Washington meeting. Mr. Hill raised his hand.

"I have an ambition, but it is not to sit in the United States Senate. I want good roads in every state in the United States, and I want to be remembered by

them when I am gone."

Probably the first actual roadbuilding done under the supervision of Mr. Hill was eight-and-a-half miles, leading from Minneapolis to and about Lake Minnetonka. This was completed while he was engaged in railroading in Minnesota.

In the beginning it was called "Sam Hill's Folly," for the expenditure, it was asserted, would far exceed

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its usefulness. But today Minneapolis points with pride to the stretch of driveway and Mr. Hill has received his thanks.

The work in the beginning, or when Mr. Hill took it up, was not encouraging. He had traveled extensively, and knew of good roads contributing to the upbuilding of thickly settled portions of the East.

He had figured out that between Washington, D. C., and New York city, a distance of 223 miles by Pennsylvania Railroad, there was a population of 8,500,000, or one-tenth of the whole inhabitants of the United States. Between New York and Boston, a distance of 222 miles, there was a vast settlement.

He saw the old red mud roads of Pennsylvania, which he knew in boyhood, converted into good roads and lined with a prosperous people.

Then he compared the 470 miles across the state of Washington, with its scattered farms, and said: "If the state of Washington is to continue its prosperity, it must have good roads to induce its increasing population to direct its attention to the cultivation of the soil."

In the movement in Washington he has had the support of the press, regardless of politics. He has pushed his work in Washington, yet at no time has he felt too busy to take a train to an adjacent or distant state when he thought his presence was needed.

It is his life's work, and he expects to devote the remainder of his days to the cause, in the same way he has begun.

Fighting the Chestnut's Enemies

VISITORS to the Chestnut Grove stock farm of C. K. Sober, in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, recently have witnessed a most interesting spectacle—four hundred acres of Paragon chestnuts, with the trees loaded down with maturing fruit.

About ten years ago this same land was barren mountain side. At that time Mr. Sober was beginning his experiments to reclaim this waste mountain land, and was removing the worthless logs, brush and rubbish, all that remained of a heavy growth of chestnut and oak that had originally covered the mountain.

A great change has been wrought in ten years. That mountain side is now covered with more than 10,000 Paragon chestnut trees, grafted on native chestnut sprouts, and the most of these trees are loaded with burs.

Some young trees contain only three or four burs, others will yield a quart of nuts, and, in a few of the largest and oldest trees Mr. Sober will gather this year one-half bushel of nuts each.

Mr. Sober has shown the possibility of turning large areas of land in this commonwealth that are now entirely unproductive to usefulness and largely increased value.

ORDERS EXCEED SUPPLY

Last year one carload of chestnuts was sent to Washington state, and this year orders have been received for over six carloads, but this is more than Mr. Sober can furnish. It is estimated that the crop this year will amount to nearly 1,500 bushels, and will sell readily at from \$5 to \$7 a bushel.

The chestnut is not free from enemies, and Mr. Sober says the success of its culture in America will largely depend upon whether or not the insect pests can be controlled. During the last five years Mr. Sober and Professor N. E. Davis have made extensive experiments, which seem to prove that the insects can be controlled. Cleanliness is the method suggested.

Of the insect enemies, there are two which cause most of the trouble—the chestnut weevil and the bur worm. At harvest time all nuts are gathered, the good and bad. Mr. Sober would rather have a good nut left in the grove than a bad one.

The larvae of the weevil remain in the nuts until



The Same Road Improved, Permits Much Greater Load.

they are full grown, when they leave the nuts and bury themselves in the ground. Fortunately, the larvae are not full grown until after harvest time. Thus if all nuts are gathered there are few weevils that escape to reach maturity. Of course, not all the nuts can be gathered, and so it will be impossible to exterminate them, but they can be controlled. This was proved last year.

The bur worm lives not so much in the nuts as in the bur of the chestnut, but they injure the nuts by eating large irregular shaped holes into them. This does not so much injure the nut if it is used at once, but it makes the nut unfit for market, and such nuts would quickly, and so are a great loss. Professor Nelson E. Davis, of Bucknell University, has worked out the life history of this enemy, and now Mr. Sober is confident that his two worst enemies are conquered.

Another enemy is the red spider. This is one of the mites, and lives on the leaves of the chestnut. It thrives only in the warmer parts of the country, and has caused but little damage to the grove. A dry hillside situated on the south side of the mountain and containing about ten acres has been seriously attacked; but as practically the entire grove is on the north side of the mountain, little damage is expected from this pest. When it occurs in abundance it can be combated with any of the washes found useful in destroying scale insects.

Chestnut trees grow rapidly, and one can scarcely conceive the changes that a year more will bring to the chestnut grove. Fire, wind, rain, hail and thieves are enemies which may be controlled in part or wholly, but the success of the cultivation of Paragon chestnut depends upon whether or not the insect pests can be controlled. Mr. Sober believes that he now has the upper hand of these pests.

Squared All Around

IT IS the busy sovereign that does the work, as this story proves, says the London T.H.H.

"Mr. Brown keeps a boarding house. Around his table sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, flour merchant.

"Mrs. Brown took \$1 out of his pocket and handed it to Mrs. Brown, with the remark that there was \$1 toward the \$2 he had promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the sovereign to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying, 'That pays for my new bonnet.' Mrs. Andrews in turn passed it to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpenter work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour.

Mr. Hadley gave it back to Mr. Brown, saying, 'That pays \$1 on my board.' Mr. Brown again passed it to Mrs. Brown, remarking that he had now paid her the \$2 he had promised her. She in turn paid Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour bill. Mr. Hadley again returned it to Mr. Brown with the remark that it settled for that week's board whereupon Brown put it back in his pocket, observing that he had not supposed a sovereign would go so far."

No One Has Yet Seen the Merode Ears.



The Famous Merode Bandeau



The Dancer at Six Feet



Cleo de Merode at Seven

"**W**HY, yes, indeed; I have ears.

"There, I hope that little romance is relegated forever to the dark bag that holds the things consigned to eternal oblivion!

"Just because everybody remembers seeing me always with my hair dressed à la Botticelli they imagine I must have been born without those cunning little doors to the soul which Nature graces either side of the head.

"When I was a child I had such a regular cascade of hair falling all about my neck and back that, as I grew older, I confined it within modest, unobtrusive bands. I did it just to get rid of my hair without cutting it off. People said the bands were becoming to me. So I have kept to my girlish style in hairdressing. That is all

there is, or has ever been, to the mystery of Cleo de Merode's ears."

CLEO DE MERODE—beautiful, puzzling, mysterious, thrilling Cleo—driven to desperation and violent talk, accompanied by excellent portraits of herself, with herself studiously unaccompanied by her famous ears, writes thus of the mystery which has made more talk in Paris during the last ten years than all the brains the great Bernhardt has had back of her ears during the same decade; and the great Bernhardt is no kindergarten, either in high art or free advertising. Cleo is now worth a million, and she is an artiste.

She used to be a danseuse. Before that she was a ballet dancer.

If one could follow her as far back as the time of Herod—about the period when the head of St. John had a quotable market value with ladies of the ballet—she would have been simply a dancing girl.

But those were the days before the days when every woman, including Cleo, was her own press agent. In those later, economical, universally talented days the stage has known many women who have risen to glory by means of some one possession which they esteemed—and induced everybody else to esteem.

It is no breach of either confidence or etiquette to recall the choreographic pulchritude of Fanny Elssler, whose most lauded beauties were those very members which raised her feet to the heights of her profession—about six inches above her ears.

And the present pulsating generation rejoices to its inmost heart to gaze into the veiled depths of Anna Held's alluring eyes. Or fond memory may turn its appreciative gaze upon Olga Nethersole's lips, or upon Mrs. Carter's Vesuvius hair, or even upon the Bernhardt's and Terry's plain, unadorned human intelligence.