

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

### Gossip About the Wizard of the Northwest

*Something About Our Last Line Across the Continent: His Days in the United States Army of the Far West—His Career—A Fair Boy Without a Father—His North-Western Education—His Knowledge of Agriculture, Geology, Art and Domestic Science—His Early Progress—His Wonderful Travels—Stories of His Railroad Management and How They Were Discharged—His Stock Farm and How an Old Farmer Lost a Bargain—He Is a Dynamo in Cloth—His Steamship Line and a Week About His Mission and His Pilgrims—The Wonderful Curved Bridge at Minneapolis and Other Matters.*

St. Paul, April 3, 1893.—"Well boys you may laugh at Jim Hill now, but his time will soon come when you and every railroad manager of the United States will have to take your hats off to Jim Hill. He is the greatest railroad man in the country today, and you'll

The speaker was S. S. Merrill, the manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, who was giving the opening of the great railroad north of the country, which took place a few years ago. James J. Hill at St. Paul, then representing a comparatively small railroad, had made a speech in a halting, modest way. After speaking he had left the meeting and some of the eastern railroad men had laughed at his name and his ideas and this had angered him. "Friend, Mr. Merrill, and the above," he said, "I have made a big discovery some time. The railroad men of the United States have long since begun to take off their hats to Jim Hill and he has since that meeting accomplished more than a railroad builder among any man in the world. He is, in fact, the modern Aladdin of the great northward, though he is as yet practically unknown to the rest of the United States. You can buy his railroad for \$100,000,000, and he will give you more than \$25,000,000. He started here as a clerk on the levees along back town and he has since become the greatest builder of the Great Northern railway system, which has just been completed, and which with its more than 5,000 miles of track will cross the continent. I have spent some time here studying the man, and I have been through him with his last motive power, through the great trunk line across the continent. I

one of the most remarkable men in the world. His great truck has saved the continent has been practically built within the past six years and the United States already knows it as the "United States Road." It is one of those things like television that will reach along, after day, laying down this wonderful road from coast to coast. The fact has been shown that it is even more wonderful. Every foot of it has been built in steel. It is called here the Pennsylvania Road because it was first built; that it can be run more cheaply and better than other roads of the country. Built as it was by a man, it is now being used by a nation. It costs only \$20,000 a mile, while the average cost of the roads in the United States is \$60,000 a mile. It carries ten cars and not the stock, is 24,000 ft. The Union Pacific has 1 and told cost something like \$100,000 a mile. The Southern Pacific runs 24,000 ft. The Southern Pacific runs 24,000 ft. for every mile of track. Mr. Hill's new road has a grade of only thirty-one feet per mile. It is so good that you do not need such a little engine can carry 1 ton over its heaviest grade. When it is completed it will save the country \$100 million a year. It is the maximum for heavy grade it will be kept until a wonderful difference this will make in the transportation of goods. It is so good that freight rates by rail will be eventually cheaper than by water, and he expects to see the day when in the future the heat of modern engines a ton of freight can be carried across the continent cheaper than it could be sent the same distance by sea.

THE JAY GOULD OF THE NORTHWEST.

In this letter I have not space to write of the Great Northwest and of the wonderful region it traverses. I may speak of it hereafter. I can only give you something of the personality of the man who built it. James J. Hill has been called the Jay Gould of the northwest. His friends spare this insinuation. They say he is a builder up of countries rather than a wrecker of railroads. He has never been a speculator, and he has made his great fortune by studying the

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THE GREAT MOUNTAIN SYSTEM

The Great Northern system was given by the buying of the old St. Paul and Pacific road by Mr. Hill. The new line and was owned by the two brothers, and Mr. Hill raised money and bought it for a sum representing only a few miles of it and it had been raised expensively. It was not well enough made, however, to suit Hill and he tore up the line and reduced the grades little, because that new locomotive would do work of three in going down it, gradually as needed his idea increased. But the new line was

United States and in his gratitude for the railroad. Then he said, in a voice that was heard by all the others, the Canadian Pacific said, "And he was," he told, the president of the Canadian Pacific, and he told them that he had decided to extend their line toward the east by all once across the west and he planned the great trunk which was this month completed. He said that he had decided to build a line from the coast to the eastward, and he knew that every foot of track and the narrow gauge of the line would be built in nearly three thousand miles of track. He has made a thorough of what is under the soil as well as the surface of the land, and he has recently went over the land and Mr. Hull knew as much as he did as to the value of the land. He was the sister with his train, the of national size, and Mr. Brackett said that he had seen the details of the construction of every track and every water tank along the line from the bookworms

HOW HILL BUYS STEAM ENGINE

There is probably nothing connected with railroad building that Mr. Hill does not know. He has a mind which

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translators, there is something wrong about these bulls. You have combined together in the making of a bull, and that is a punishment. Now, I want to tell you just a few of the scores of different ways we just can take; you can tell yourselves all of the rooms. And with that he threw their papers to them and showed them the choice. He then had his own engineers draw up a picture of just this kind of locomotive for scented, and he went to the companies and told them if they wanted to put honesty on them, they could do so, but he would have nothing more to do with their engines, and they must have honest bulls or he would send the work

At the same time, a friend of his tells me, Mr. Hill went to Tiffany's to buy some jewelry for his wife. The assistant at a counter picked up a watchband and looked at it and said it was one of the Tiffany watches that were stolen. He asked him what he thought the man would be and Mr. Hill began to calculate. He told the value and weight of each stone, estimated the cost of the watchband and figured it was worth a few dollars, at the actual price. Tiffany says he is one of the best judges of precious stones in the United States.

A FARMER AND AN ART CONNOISSEUR.  
It is this month with Mr. Sargent. 11.

knows about stock, and he knows the market, and he has some of the finest stock in the United States on his farm near here. This farm contains about 2,000 acres. It has more than one hundred fine animals on it. He can, I am told, tell you the pedigree of any one you may pick out at a glance, and he knows the record of each one. It is the same with a half dozen other branches of knowledge, and you cannot strike a subject in which he is not posted. He is a man of keen literary reading and he is one of the best judges of pictures and paintings in the United States. He has got into a gallery and has left you the names of the artists of some famous pic-

tures that may be upon the walls, and his house here is just filled with paintings by the great masters. He has a large art gallery connected with his house, which is linked from the road

And when someone says, "He reached Vietnam late, you will see, in the Communist victory in Washington." It is the last collection by Miller, the American writer's journey, narrated by Vietnam, and others by Chin, Minkowski, Volsky and others. Some of the poems are in French, some and some are in the original form of the poet. I don't believe there is any other person here in the country, which has so many poets. I found it today and I will send it to my son and Miller.

Hill's knowledge of his road is, I say, wonderful. He knows personally every rock strewn upon it and

in 1968 to become its first president. He was a member of the National Student Reliance Council, a through-the-city service organization that provided food, clothing and shelter to the poor. He was also a member of the National Student Reliance Council, a through-the-city service organization that provided food, clothing and shelter to the poor. He was also a member of the National Student Reliance Council, a through-the-city service organization that provided food, clothing and shelter to the poor.

"Where's the conductor of this train?"  
 "Here," was the reply in a gruff voice.  
 "What time are you running?"

"You are not telling the truth," replied Mr. Hill. "You have been running over thirty miles an hour, and your orders are not to run more than twelve. You are discharged, this instant, and I will have another conductor to take your place." When that conductor left Little City Mr. Hill was sitting in his office in St. Paul, and it must have seemed the man almost to death to find him away out here in the heart of Montana.

UNCHANGED BY THE LIGHT OF THE

Another instance of Mr. Hill's prompt discharge of an inefficient employee was at a famous trestle bridge on the line. A man was kept to patrol this bridge day and night, because he was

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who will not obey orders.

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HE WANTED THE LETTER.

ing along his lines of road. He has for

that were destroying our sick stock, sheep, and horses. The different owners of the herds for breeding purposes, upon learning that the animals shall be for the use of the communities. He has usually sold them at a moderate figure to one of the leading farmers in each place with this provision, that the animal shall be kept in the pen from the cost of the freight from St. Paul. Young ones, things that he distributed in this way were some very fine horses, the offspring of some that he had raised, and some that he had bought which cost him several hundred dollars apiece. He sold them for about five dollars apiece to these farmers and sent them out all along the line. One day he was coming to the river, and in his office in the jail he saw an old farmer waiting for him. He asked him what he could do for him and the farmer said: "Mr. Hill, I have come down

a hour some months ago and I took it from you in five dollars. Well, I like it so well that I have come in to tell you that I am going to buy it from you. If you will let me have it, there at the old prices. Mr. Hill then sat down and explained to the man the philosophy of breeding. He told him what the boys have actually cost him, and when the old man had heard all that, he said, "I will give you, I am told, as big as your fist."

Mr. Hill is acting on this same way as to all matters concerned with the lands along the Northern Pacific. His judgment is that the prosperity of his country must depend on the prosperity of the small farmers living along it, and he goes far to help to make it so that their products can be shipped to the east and compete with any in the United States.

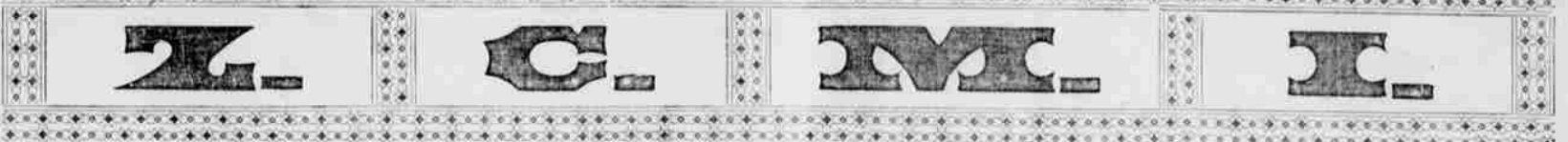
HILL'S STRAIGHT LINE.

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One of the most prominent traits of Mr. Hill is his modesty and his retiring

position. He does not like to be talked about in the newspapers and he has not been in the papers since the publication. He has not been in jail. Paul during the week I have spent here and I have not met him. From the old portrait of him which I saw in his home in the city of Portland, I know that the man is Frederick Garfield, a man rather stoutly built, broad shouldered man of about fifty-five years of age. He is said to be a pleasant man with his friends, a splendid conversant, a good talker, a man who is very intelligent and thoroughly posted on almost any subject under the sun. During my stay here I have gone through his mansion, which George W. Claiborne says is the finest in the city of Portland, and of this and of the man and unknown country opened up by his road across the continent I may write hereafter.



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T. G. WEBBER, Supt.