

Allerton Rites Will Be Held in Pasadena Today  
Boyd will Brought to Chicago in Two Weeks, When Son Arrives from Abroad  
Was Greatest Farmer

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Funeral services for Samuel W. Allerton, pioneer packer and multimillionaire who died Sunday at his winter home in Pasadena, Cal., will be held in the Pasadena Universalist Church this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The Rev. A. R. Tillinghast will be in charge of the ceremony.

The remains will be held in Pasadena two weeks until the arrival of his son, Robert H. Allerton, who has been summoned from Vienna. The body will be brought to Chicago. The burial will be in Graceland. The Allerton home at 1918 Prairie avenue will be opened tomorrow by William F. Williams, Mr. Allerton's secretary.

Chicago teemed with reminiscences of the life of Mr. Allerton yesterday with whom he had been associated in various business enterprises for upward of half a century were sincere in their praise of the man who, they declared, had done more for agriculture than any other human being.

**Most Progressive Farmer.**

"Mr. Allerton probably was the most progressive farmer in America," said one of his friends. "He was the first man in the United States to point out the fact that the farmers were robbing their soil – taking off big crops and putting nothing back. Soil building instead of soil robbing was his slogan."

One fact but little known was that Mr. Allerton owned more acres of developed farm land there than any other man in the country. He farmed thousands of acres.

"And I make them pay me well," Mr. Allerton told his friends. "I keep them up and I watch them and plan for them. Why, we know just what field will be plowed and just what kind of a crop we will grow on it twenty years ahead."

Once when asked how he became so deeply interested in farm life, he replied:

"I stayed on the farm from the time I was born until I was 26 years old; and never, since the day I left have I been without a farm of my own or passed a year without eating a good many meals from some farmer's table."

**Interested in Hospitality**

This phase of hospitality always interested the pioneer packer. One day he took a city friend to visit a farm he wanted him to see.

"I don't suppose we'll get much to eat here." The friend suggested, as they stepped from their buggy; "but we can get a real meal when we get back to the city."

Mr. Allerton smiles.

"If you feel hungry," he said, "when we get through you can eat at Delmonico's."

“And I wish you could have seen this man’s face,” chuckled the packer in relating the incident. “That farmer made Delmonico look cheap. We had thirty-six different kinds of things to eat that noon and they were all on the table at one time. My friend had indigestion for a week, but he had learned how farmers live.”

Those who knew the financier best declare that he had a sentimental streak as long as the roads which wound through his farms. Once each year, on the Allerton places, their owner conducted a ceremony which was, in short, a memorial to his boyhood. This ceremony consisted in planting fruit trees along every roadside, outside of the fences.

### **Took Supply of Apples.**

“You see,” Mr. Allerton would say when asked about the rite, “when I was a very little kid I drove a heard of sheep into town for my father. It was mighty hot and dusty and just about the time I figured there wasn’t much left of my bare legs I saw an orchard full of apples. It didn’t take me long to get a hatfull of the fruit.

“On my way back home I met a farmer who gave me a ride. As luck would have it, he stopped at the farm where I had taken the apples, and in the course of the conversation the farmer learned that I had raided his orchard.

“‘Son,’ he said, ‘I don’t care a snap whether you eat my apples or not, but don’t you think you might better have asked my permission?’”

“Ever since then,” said Mr. Allerton, “I have thought of other little boys and long walks and hot, dusty roads with fruit trees. A boy doesn’t have to ask anybody when he wants an apple. He just helps himself, because, you see, the trees aren’t on anybody’s land.”

