

New Pilots for an Old Ship

SOME OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION WHO WILL DIRECT THE FUTURE COURSE OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY

FOR forty years the men who have made the Standard Oil company the greatest business organization of its kind have been fighting hard battles—men against the natural difficulties in the way of bringing the oil to market; then against competition, and finally against the effects of the great corporations. The battles in the oil world are won from victory to victory, and never ceases being especially with the present stimulating those to greater endeavor to extend absolutely their sphere of influence and control, but they are now fighting a harder battle against time.

The men who are leading the oil field of the Standard Oil today in the late nineties and early seventies, the company had its inception and in the subsequent years that saw its growth in wealth and power have gone where no previous attempts and effort can compare them no more. Charles Isidor, who was interested in natural oil long before any of the Rockefellers, died in 1893. W. M. Harkness, whose estate owns more Standard Oil stock than any other person or organization except John D. Rockefeller, died long ago, and Charles Pratt passed away in 1891. Among the other well known oil millionaires who have "no beyond" are C. M. Brewster, Daniel O'Day, Samuel Andrews and William C. Whitney.

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WILLIAM G. ROCKEFELLER

EDWARD T. BELLARD



CHARLES M. PRATT



JOHN D.
ROCKEFELLER, JR.



PERCY A. ROCKEFELLER



JAMES A. MOFFETT

States Steel corporation, the Missouri Pacific Railway company and various other enterprises.

In one physical respect at least William G. Rockefeller resembles his famous uncle. The financial cars heaped on his young head—he is only thirty-four years old—have worn off most of the hair that formerly adorned it. In other more important respects he resembles John D.—in his close, unfailing attention to business, his thorough knowledge of the oil industry and his financial talents. In facial contour he resembles his father rather than his uncle, having the former's full face, hooked nose and long, full eyes. He wears a scrubby black mustache that fails to hide the genuinity of a mouth that has been seen to laugh in public many times. One of the most notable occasions on which Mr. Rockefeller displayed his merry disposition for the benefit of the public was about two years ago, when his efforts to escape portrayal at the hands of newspaper artists created much amusement. The incident took place at the examination into the affairs of the Standard Oil company held by the state of Missouri in New York city.

Perry Avery Rockefeller, the younger son of William Rockefeller, is twenty-nine years old. He has not been very active in Standard Oil affairs, but is not, in fact, in the employ of the company, but is interested in banking. Like his older brother, he is a son-in-law of James Stillman, president of the National City Bank of New York. He is already considered one of the shrewdest of the younger generation of American financiers, and it is certain that his holdings of Standard Oil stock will give him an influential place in the company's counsels, although he is not a practical oil man. The same may be said of Henry H. Rogers, Jr., whose hands have been placed

many of his father's widespread business and financial interests. Young Mr. Rogers is a director of the Amalgamated Copper company and the National Copper bank.

With Charles Millard Pratt, manager of the Standard Oil company, Herbert L. Pratt, his younger brother, C. W. Harkness, and the son of John D. Archbold, this list of the sons of former leaders in the oil world who are at present actively engaged in industry is about complete. Mr. Pratt is no longer looked upon as one of the younger oil men, as he was born in 1872 and has been in business for many years. He knows from the ground up, and his fitness is well attested by the fact that the family holdings of Standard oil stock have largely grown in his hands. He is the eldest son of the late Charles Pratt and has two sons in culture, will in all likelihood follow in grandfather's and father's footsteps. Young Archbold is a young man, business facilities under the aegis of his father and is already a director in the International Mercantile Marine company and interests in other large affairs.

Though the name Rockefeller, Rogers, Pratt and Archbold will for many years to come be prominent in the affairs of the Standard Oil company, keen observers are not wanting who declare that the next generation of leaders in the oil world will come from the men who have worked their way up to the heads of the great corporations' smallest companies. At present the most prominent of these men, some of whom are still young and all of whom are energetic, ambitious and financially connected with industry, are James A. Moffett, Wesley H. Tifford, Henry M. Tifford, Alfred Jennings, Edward T. Bellard and Paul Q. Barlow. Some of them and others of less present note have been in the employ of the Standard and others in training into the business world. Others were connected with industry long before their men were absorbed by the vast concerns of the petroleum business of the world. The paper of the Standard has always been, whenever possible, to permit its executives opportunity to exercise independent authority in their own fields, and these men are now at the heads of organizations whose relation to the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is similar to that of the states of the Union to the federal government.

Mr. Barlow is president of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio and Mr. Jennings is president of the Standard Oil Company of Nebraska. Mr. Moffett has come prominently before the public recently as president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, which was fined \$20,000,000 by Judge Landis. The Standard's aversion to publicity is well illustrated by the fact that before this great penalty was imposed the name of Mr. Moffett was never heard outside of Standard circles, and the reference books contain no mention of him. Mr. Bellard is in charge of the export department of the Standard and is considered one of the company's most valuable experts in matters of international finance. Henry M. Tifford is president of the Standard Oil Company of Iowa, the Standard Oil Company of California and the Continental Oil company. His brother, Wesley H. Tifford, is treasurer of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. CHARLES N. LURIE.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

HALLOWEEN, with its crimson and shadows and mysteries, is near at hand. The veriest witchie bairns to whom all fear of lurking shadows and things that walk by night is plotting ays and means of startling the travelers, late and lone, or of striking terror in the bold and loving hearts of his household. To the contrary, the gentle sister, who thoughts highly of us, is including in dreams of romance, driving down blue bairns and magic mirrors.

"Angels and minstrels of grace descend upon us, a gift of health, or joyful sleep."

Be thou a gift of health, or joyful sleep,

Be thou a gift from heaven, or

Be thy intents mixed of cheerfulness,

Thou comest in such a questionable place!

Tour I will come to thee!"

Lighted-upon the meadows at a certain hour, by naked and many sounds were attracted to grottoes and there on the verandah in and about a crooked tree, a wretched wench, wrapped in shrouds of ghostly faces; on each hand a hatchet, and from each mouth a wild and blood-curdling yell. When the batty had sufficiently shamed and scared these most spectre hosts out to scatter and shrill away. The last one, however, the wretched trifles shot upon being captured and carried into the house turned out to be a baby thing unable to speak plainly.

"Me ahead," she explained.

"And what is that?" some one asked.

"A dog wot comes out of a draw."

"Some have mentioned blights and possets, For specters, apparitions phantasies, With saucy eyes and horns, and some Have heard the devil beat a drum."

"What was that?" said a girl in terror as she noticed in her hair breaking and turned to her friend. "The dogs were barking at the Holloween noise."

"Who was that?" asked her friend with hating eyes.

"I don't know, she was a whopper,

or didn't bear anything."

"Well, over here."

tee jumping over the fence, he began shouting a bairn he had brought along with him. All this time I was wondering what planting meant and what was going to become of us. By and bye John took us from his pocket, and counting us said: "one of you will win us the prize this year."

Next I saw him take a long pointed stick and make a little hole in the ground, and almost before I knew it I was in it and all covered up. "Right what a place and all alone, too," thought I. "I'd rather be where I was, but then the earth was soft and warm and I saw my mother, I don't know how long I slept, but must have been quite a while, for I awoke feeling so turvy. I hardly know myself. I was larger, and could actually feel myself growing, and by and bye, I realized I was in the most beautiful place. Above was the sky, at this as little could be, and the words "I am a pumpkin" could be heard coming of birds, and little brooklets rippling near by. "Oh!" I thought, "how glad I am John planted me."

I saw other pumpkins growing nearby, but I hardly had time to take to them, so busy was I. I grew and knew in the warm sunshine until I was a vine big one, and next I knew I was a pumpkin.

"Peeew!" I thought, "here I am a pumpkin again, and is this all of life? that then I'll do my best to grow and be a prize winner."

All through the long summer days I stretched in the sun, drank the dew at night, bathed in the warm rains. I was other pumpkins around me but they were large and did not try to do them best. From time to time I heard comments on my size and beauty.

I kept close watch on my neighbors to see what they were doing, and I think they rather suspected me, else they suddenly remembered about the prize, and I soon learned I had rivals.

I had failed. Still, I felt perhaps there was some chance for me. One night we became chilled and in the morning my vine was withered and brown. Soon I heard the rattles of insects, and here came the flyver, and took me into his wings bag. I was a common pumpkin, after all, and won't be good for nothing, I thought.

My evening and morning home, the bags, the bag would appear with an old hatchet and cut me two or three of my neighbors and turn them over the fence to the cover. I was frightened and tried to hide as small as possible.

I escaped all right for several days, after which I was discovered, but in a strange way. I was eaten and suddenly awakened by a bairn shouting in my face. Two boys were laughing beside me and talking about Holloween. Of course I didn't know what that meant, but I soon discovered. The boys picked up two or three of us and exchanged us. They didn't feel just right some way, they were in such a hurry, and when we were quickly covered me up all day long. I was glad to rest, and went to sleep again. But my rest was brief. I was again hustled out, and the boy having something that looked like them invited me inside a door and bed.

The door, but I was buried and not to be found, I was impaled on the sharp spikes and stuck in the ground, and lay there.

"Just what I wanted," she said. "Now get me some bacon pie."

Next day I was cut into pieces and cooked, and after much heating and stirring, I was thrown with milk and sugar into a saucepan, and then popped into a hot oven to bake a nice brown.

Baked and cooked, the old lady carried me to a very pale little girl, who seemed to suffer me very much. While she was eating me, I wished to think of my poor old mother. I was disappointed in not winning the prize at the fair, though. I thought, "I am satisfied; it's better to be useful than to be admired, and if I was alive again, I choose to make boys, old ladies, and little girls happy."

LADY BABIE.

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