

Elbert Hubbard Interviews and Estimates John D. Rockefeller

(Continued from Page 3)

A Beauty Bath
for Every
Home



There is nothing simpler to establish in a Home than a Beauty Bath. It is not a matter of luxurious fittings or costly appliances. Pure water and

Pears' Soap

nothing more is required. With these you can accomplish all that is possible in the way of beautifying the skin. Pears softens, purifies, and sanitises the skin, making it of a natural pink and white color. More than all the cosmetics in the world, Pears is the special beautifier of the complexion.

Pears does the
beautifying



an ability to select men, inspire them with love and loyalty, and thus secure from them a maximum of service unequalled by any other man in the world. 10. He knows more of the minutiae of living and has a greater capacity for detail, and yet is less submerged in detail than any other big business man in the world.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER is no steam-roller; he is no tyrant, either in his domestic relations, in business, in church affairs or anywhere else. He never puts things through over the heads of other people. He gives everybody a run for his money. Nothing is decided until all parties are heard.

An executive has been described as one who decides quickly and is sometimes right. Mr. Rockefeller does not decide quickly. The habit of the man is gracious, gentle, suave. His voice is low, and while he does not talk very much, yet his silence contains no menace. Any one who meets him is not abashed.

I have seen him talking to Italian laborers, foremen, superintendents, and also to men high in the financial world, and seemingly his manner toward each and all was the same. He is simple, frank and direct. He impresses you as a man who has all the time there is. His feelings never run riot. He has the well-ordered mind that listens, considers, appreciates and then decides. His success in the business world has been no fluke.

Mr. Rockefeller said to me, "I have been very fortunate in being associated with able people." And his genius is shown in his management of men.

In his book entitled, *Random Reminiscences of Men and Events*, Mr. Rockefeller lays bare his heart on various interesting things. The book has a distinct literary style, and this style is simplicity in itself. Mr. Rockefeller never talks or writes Johnsonese. He speaks gently and quietly. In his book he tells of the men who have helped him most, and he pays them great tribute.

Some of these were men of totally different temperament from himself. For instance, H. H. Rogers was what is called "a good sport." Mr. Rockefeller knew the worth of H. H. Rogers, and managed him by leaving him alone. Mr. Rockefeller gave Rogers an opportunity to become what he was. Rogers was abrupt, fiery, profane, with very pronounced ideas on a great many subjects. He took chances. Mr. Rockefeller is mathematical. Mr. Rockefeller gave Rogers his own way, and at the last always had his.

Mr. Rockefeller has met the world of society on a church basis. But in religious affairs he is not dogmatic. The Baptist denomination in America traces a pedigree to Roger Williams of Rhode Island, and Roger Williams stood for liberty when the thing itself in America was a barren idealism. The Baptist denomination has neither pope nor bishops. Mr. Rockefeller is a primitive Baptist by prenatal tendency—a semi-ascetic, first cousin to the Quakers, Menonites and Dunkards.

Mr. Rockefeller likes to associate with plain people. Tobacco, strong drink and the wide social-swath have never been for him. All of his pleasures are of a very simple sort. He has been an expression of his times, and of the best in his times. He has played the game of business according to the rules laid down by the times, and as the times have changed so has changed John D. Rockefeller.

Cosmic ankylosis has never caught him. His soul is not of the vintage of 1873, of 1883, nor 1893, nor 1903—he has always been abreast of the times, or in the vanguard. Just now he is deeply interested in road-building, tree-planting and farming. These three things he is studying from every possible point of view. He

knows what is being done at Ames, Iowa; Manhattan, Kansas, and at Cornell. He himself maintains dozens of scholarships at various agricultural schools. He does not tell you this—you have to get it by cross-questioning.

He never boasts of what he has done or what he is going to do. In his nature there is nothing sordid, selfish, mean, contemptible. He is not resentful. His patience under criticism sets him apart as a marked man. He does not attribute wrong motives to people—he looks for the best in everybody and everything. In his personality there is nothing of the parvenu. The man is modest, deferential, gentle, discriminating. He has a sense of values. He knows that the mere possession of wealth, of itself, makes no man great. And he, of all men, realizes that there are some things which money can not buy.

He has infinite faith in the future of America. He knows that co-operation means the elimination of waste. He knows that wealth must not be hoarded. He invests and reinvests, and thus gives work directly and indirectly to millions.

Until recent times Mr. Rockefeller has been a great borrower, and he has kept his credit absolutely untainted. He has never defaulted on his paper or on a payroll. In his book he tells of the proud moment when he was able to borrow at a bank two thousand dollars on his own name—this before he was twenty. When he was thirty years of age he was borrowing money in a way that would have staggered his creditors if they had known how much he was owing. However, he was working out a definite plan, and that was the organization of the oil business so as to reduce the cost of pumping, refining, transporting, distributing, selling and advertising.

Mr. Rockefeller is well, sinewy and strong. He has cut down his food supply to Edison's ten ounces a day. He eats little meat, subsisting mostly on fruit, salads and milk. I noticed that his breakfast was usually just a baked apple, and nothing more. He goes to bed between nine and ten and is always up before seven. He sleeps soundly, and no one can meet him and not be convinced that he enjoys life. His brain is active and he is hungry to know. He often refers to his "lack of education," not realizing that in the broad sense he is one of the best educated men in the world.

I think it is a source of great satisfaction to him that anyone who has invested money with him has made money. If they lost money, they did so by not "coming in" on his invitation. Those who lost did so by staying out and fighting.

It will not do to say that Mr. Rockefeller has the brain of Sir Isaac Newton, Alexander Von Humboldt, Herbert Spencer, or Thomas A. Edison. Nevertheless, he has succeeded in doing what he set out to do. And he has kept his sanity, and moved in the line of evolution, without getting submerged in success. He has played the game and played it according to the rules.

To free himself from importunity, he has organized a bureau to take care of his charities. Every application is referred to this bureau and investigated. Said Mr. Rockefeller, "I used to give to the plausible and the persistent, until one day it came to me that this was not only unwise but silly. Just as if I would hire a foreman because he begged to be hired! Now I delegate my giving to men whose judgment in these matters I consider better than my own." And thus does Mr. Rockefeller make himself free.

The Standard Oil Company has stopped the leaks, taken up the economic slack, reduced friction, and rendered a service to the world that

is the nearest approach to business perfection of any example that can be named.

I thought of this last summer when I visited Association Island, in Lake Ontario, an island that happens to be surrounded by water and is five miles from the mainland. This island is the tying-up place for a goodly fleet of gasoline launches. To minister to the requirements of these launches the Standard Oil Company laid a pipeline directly across from the mainland, and maintains a station on the island, where with one whirl of the handle of a "Bowser" you get your gallon of gasoline and away you go to the fishing grounds, care-free, with never a thought but that when you want more fuel you can put into port there at the island and get the perfect service which makes you forget about it.

When things are done smoothly, rightly, properly, beautifully and well, the world knows nothing of them. As a rule we only print accounts of the unusual, the extraordinary, the abnormal, the terrible and the tragic. The world accepts the service of the Standard Oil Company just as we accept the sunshine, the dew, the starlight, the silver moon, and the parcel post.

Gasoline cannot be transported safely in wooden barrels. It must be held in metal. Mr. Rockefeller had to build pipe lines, tank cars, tank wagons, and storage tanks; and beside he had to manufacture a most volatile and dangerous article. The Standard Oil Company has been the biggest consumer of steel, next to the automobile industry. And the automobile gave the Standard Oil Company its proud position in the world; but in the evolution of the automobile, the Standard Oil Company has no part. It simply met the demand for gasoline. The users of gasoline are an exacting clientele. To satisfy them with a reliable product at a fair price, has been the work of John D. Rockefeller.

THAT the Standard Oil Company should thrive through this service is exactly as it should be. At the same time let it be noted that the Standard Oil Company does not hoard its money. It is eternally building, and laying out new pipe-lines, arranging new stations, building new steamships, and now it is exchanging its forty thousand horses for motor trucks that will carry light, lubricant and power to every farmhouse, village, town and city in the United States of America and elsewhere. It has been a jest up to this time that the Standard Oil Company has used horses to deliver gasoline instead of using gasoline to deliver gasoline. The simple reason that horses have been used is because our roads in America have been of so impassable a kind that gasoline trucks were only for the favored few who lived on faultless roadways.

Mr. Rockefeller said to me: "I will never be satisfied until every Standard Oil tank-wagon runs with oil or gasoline for motive power, but this cannot be until we have good roads leading from every farm to every schoolhouse, and from every schoolhouse to every postoffice.

"Build your country roadways fourteen feet wide of nine-pound brick on a concrete base," said Mr. Rockefeller. "Then leave eight feet of macadam on the side. A fourteen-foot road will compel automobiles coming toward each other to slow up. A driver when he gets off the brick will involuntarily lessen his speed. This makes safety doubly sure. Fourteen-foot brick road, that's what you want—not sixteen feet. Save that two feet on the side and put it on the end of your road." Here we get a straight, example of lucid logic. That is just the way he talks. His reasoning is never muddy,

(Continued on Page 10)