

# CONOCO STATIONS A JOHN D. CINCH

**J**OHN D.'s undisputed ability to get the boys coming and going is demonstrated in the establishment of five service stations in this city, for the distribution of motor oils and gasoline during the present year. They have been installed under the name of "Conoco," meaning that they are the depots of the Continental Oil company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil. A year ago the independent service stations of the town were buying gas from the Continental Oil company which, in turn, was selling oil to car owners at the company plant, in any quantity from a gallon up, at the same price they were charging the dealers. As a result the dealers found that they were losing nearly all of their gasoline customers.

In retaliation, the small dealers in an effort to realize on their small investments, and for the additional purpose of existing—just as others have in the past, in an attempt to buck the Standard people, began to purchase from the Bennett and Culmer companies, supposedly independent concerns. Then John D. alias Continental Oil, got on the job, and negotiated for the locations for the service stations mentioned above similar to those being operated in every place where gasoline is in great demand. At these service stations the same price is charged for gas as is charged by the other dealers in the town, but it is possible for the motorists to still secure gasoline, at the main plant of the Continental Oil at one-half the retail price. The small dealer has a fat chance to get by, and even if he survives the present crisis, he is bound to continue on a forlorn hope, for there is every evidence that there is nothing temporary in the plans of the Standard Oil people, for the construction of their stations is of steel and cement, and they would not build as they have if they did not have long leases on the valuable corners they are occupying. In the meantime Salt Laker are paying more for gas than the company has any right to charge in comparison with the prices prevalent elsewhere. On the day this article was written, gasoline sold for 28 cents and it is the expectation of the oil men that during the summer the price will exceed 30 cents.

There is a possible explanation of this, in the success of the Rittman process, recently exploited under the auspices of the government, which process it is thought will probably reduce the price of gasoline to 15 cents, cents.

There are eleven refineries now making preparation to manufacture gasoline according to the Rittman process, but owing to the necessity of installing the necessary apparatus it is thought likely that the product from these refineries cannot be put on the market before July. Another factor which has to do with the present high price of gasoline is the failure of the Cushing field in Oklahoma, where the production of crude oil has dropped from two hundred fifty thousand to thirty-five thousand barrels a day. In the meantime John D. gets them coming and going.

There are motor tourist cars of

many descriptions and all sorts of equipment, but here is the latest. It's yellow in color, and it was christened a few days ago in New York City. With wine? Goodness, gracious, no. Something vastly more valuable, a quart of gasoline. And it's going to take a trip clear across the country, through Salt Lake and on to Frisco. Its equipment for this journey is going to be a sewing machine, a fireless cooker and a baby typewriter. Who do you suppose it belongs to? None other than Miss Nell Richardson and Mrs. Alice S. Burke, who will tour the country under the auspices of the National American Woman's Suffrage association. At the christening Miss Chapman Catt, president of the association broke a bottle of gasoline over the radiator of the tiny yellow automobile. If any anti-suffragist out here in Utah makes remarks about suffrage destroying woman's feminine talents it will be Miss Richardson's cue to get out the sewing machine and run off an apron while the crowd waits. If, on the other hand, he says women have no brains, she will pull the typewriter out and write him a poem.

Dr. Walter S. Rittman, chemical engineer of the bureau of mines, and inventor of the new process for obtaining a much greater yield of gasoline from crude oil, has resigned his position with the bureau to become head of a company organized for the purpose of manufacturing gasoline.

No part of the car is more responsible for your safety than the steering gear, steering connections, etc. Never allow any rattle to get into these parts for it is a sure sign of looseness in the connection somewhere. It tends to excessive wear of the parts effected and should not be neglected. In the steering wheel there should not be over a quarter of a turn play.

The police department of Detroit, Michigan, has announced that the locking ordinance which was passed by the city council last year, and until now disregarded, will be enforced in the future. During 1915, according to the police records, 1,391 motor cars were reported missing in the city. It is claimed that if they had been locked the cars would not have been taken away.

A thrilling motor movie feat has

just been accomplished in southern California. Albert Thompson, who sometime ago held the record for daredevilry before the moving picture camera by plunging in a motor car off Chalk Rock into the Santa Ynez river, has just leaped a thirty-five foot chasm over Las Posas creek near Santa Barbara, where a bridge stood before the floods of January. In order to make the leap and land on the other side it was necessary to obtain a speed of fifty miles an hour. Thompson made one test leap before the final jump across the chasm. The car cleared eighteen feet, and when an hour later the real jump over the river bed was made the machine, with two passengers and a driver, landed fourteen feet from the edge of the break with a crash that wrecked it.

Mrs. Bertha Spengler, a pretty widow of Davenport, Ia., recently resisted a replevin suit filed by Thomas Brown, a farmer, to secure possession of a motor car which she claimed he had given to her.

"What did you give him for the

car?" was asked of the widow when the trial came up.

"One kiss," was her reply. "Do you think one of your kisses is worth a motor car?" she was asked.

"I certainly do," came the emphatic reply.

That appeared to settle the case, as the jury gave a verdict in her favor. It developed that Brown was perfectly satisfied with his bargain until he saw the widow riding in the car with another man. Then he filed suit.

**Salt Lake  
Brokerage Co.**

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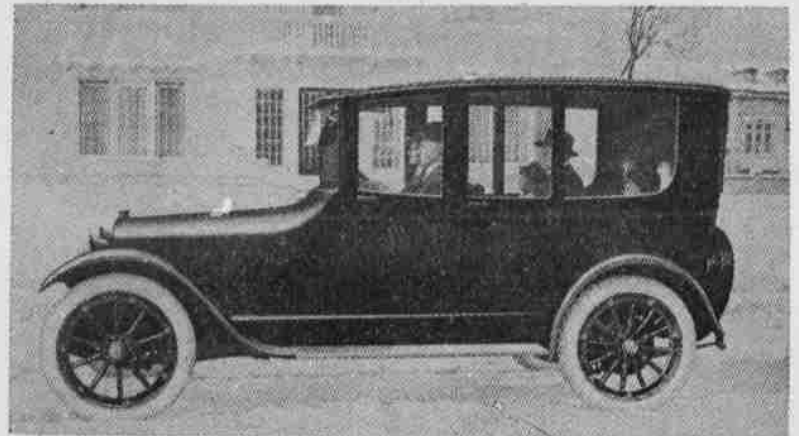
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