

The Good Job

Railroad Magnate Tells How to Get It and Keep It

By JAMES J. HILL,
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It is one thing to get a position; it is another thing to keep it. Getting a position requires tact, forethought and perspicuity; keeping a position is an art. Getting positions is accomplished by a large number of men and women, but the number of those who can keep positions is very small.

When one starts to look for a position he must possess the qualities of cleanliness, clearness and perspicuity. So much depends upon the first impression. Lax methods, unkempt hair, soiled fingers, a necktie awry and confused speech are some of the faults that destroy the chances of an applicant.

Having secured your position, how shall you keep it? First, and always, by being absolutely and strictly honest, for honor and character are man's greatest promoters. They stimulate energy and promote confidence. Who can deny the great power of energy and confidence? After an employer finds out he has an energetic clerk, in whom he can place absolute confidence, that clerk's future is a very promising one.

When luncheon or closing time is approaching, don't begin to prepare for leaving 20 minutes beforehand. I know a young man who stopped work regularly at 11:40 a. m. and at 5:10 p. m. in order to have plenty of time to "wash up," arrange his cuffs and tie, and brush his hair, so that he could leave promptly at 12 o'clock for luncheon and at 5:30 p. m., when the store closed. It was some years ago. That man is still looking for a "good job." He has had more than a dozen. He knew how to get them, but he never acquired the art of keeping them.

Don't be afraid of trying to do more than is expected of you. This has been the cause of many a man's failure. The bookkeeper who gives up a theater party or an evening social in order to try and complete a balance sheet does not escape his employer's notice.

Always remember that, next to honor, the quality that counts the most is personality. While many will tell you that personality is a gift just as surely as is the art of composing music, let me assure you that nothing else can be acquired as easily as personality, if one has the mind and the inclination to acquire it.

Always keep your promises. Your employer will never ask you to do more than is possible. Remember that an unfulfilled promise is as bad as a downright untruth. Live within your means. Never let a month pass that you do not put something in the bank. Dress neatly and plainly, for an employer marks a man as a fool who appears himself with extravagance and glaring clothes. Never try to win the favor of your employer by slandering your fellow-workers. Slander always sticks. Resolve and act quickly. Remember, it is better to be alone than in bad company; that you can not give your employer or yourself full value if you try to work after a night of dissipation; that silence, like cleanliness, is akin to goldness; that a clear conscience gives sound sleep and good digestion, and clothes one in an impregnable coat of mail.

Last, but not least, remember that out of business hours your home deserves the most of your attention. The employer feels an immediate confidence in a man or woman whose home is free from extravagance, enmity, contempt, wrath, strife, envy and opposition. Keep happiness in your home, and you will create strength and efficiency for your work.

Healing Forces of Nature

By HADYB BROWN,
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The healing forces of nature are ever ready to help us, provided we permit them. Where nature fails, art steps in; and the greater the thinking and calculating and judging powers of the artificer, the greater and more efficacious will be the art. Even when doctors differ—who are the school scientists and specialists, all the time making a particular study of the art of healing and alleviating suffering—we often observe nature to run away with the palm, demonstrating herself to be the greatest physician of all.

But the forces of nature only operate to a certain extent. They will stop if offended or severely attacked by experimental artificers. If we apply antiseptics which are too strong, we shall hinder instead of help. On the other hand, if we find that the asepticy of nature might be augmented by safe and mild means, we wisely and carefully step in accordingly. The mouth and nose, for instance, have natural protective provisions against the harmful intrusion of injurious and minute air-borne particles in the delicate mucous membrane and secretions thereof; but occasionally these fail and gargles and mouth-washes are resorted to.

Nature prevents as often as cures. Not only does the mucous membrane of the mouth and nose and its moisture serve to catch minute particles that have settled upon it during breathing; it will convey them outside again by outward flow. An offensive dust will cause sneezing and an increased flow outwards from the nose, or, it may be, a cough. The tiny hairs of the nose also help to keep out irritating atoms, not only by their position and arrangement, but when touched lightly they give a tickling sensation to the nerves of the mucous membrane, and sneezing results. Coughing and sneezing are nature's means for keeping out impurities of the air breathed. Similarly a congestion of blood-vessels, such as is caused by cold lowering the system and allowing micro-organisms to work mischief, will reflexly cause coughing and sneezing, both designed to rid the tender parts of the afflicted from harmful intrusion.

Most disorders of the mouth as well as the nose result in increased flow of moisture outwards, to the end that offending micro-organisms shall be driven out. Dry conditions are such as occur in fevers or fluids of the digestive and intestinal tract. They suggest the ingestion of fluids to make up for the moisture of the body passing away through the skin, the pure passing in and the deleterious departing from the body.

One must bear in mind that the nose and mouth are half-shares partners in the business of providing a safe and comfortable passage for air. Breathing by the mouth cannot be avoided when the nose is completely stopped up, nor can constant breathing be maintained when the nose is even partially stopped up. The nostrils must be sufficiently free for a certain volume of air to pass through. There are many who have a small passage through each nostril, but who cannot do all their breathing for many seconds at a time through the nose. It thus behoves all who study the methods and provisions of our greatest preserver and healer, and who begin at the important question of breathing, to make sure that the nose is able to perform its breathing function just as well as the mouth.

TICKET SYSTEM IN SPAIN.

Mileage Books Must Have Photograph of the Owner.

The average first-class fare in Spain is about four cents a mile (just double the first-class fare of some American lines, and with only 60 pounds free baggage) but with these mileage books, which are good on all the railroads of Spain, the fare works out at 2.85 cents a mile for 1210 miles down to 1.85 and 1.75 cents a mile for 6,500 and 7,500 miles.

In order to secure these mileage tickets application must be made at any of the important railway stations of Spain at least 48 hours before the tickets are required. Simple blank forms to be filled up by the applicant are furnished at each of the railway offices, and the application must necessarily be accompanied by a 4 1/2 by 3 1/2 inch unmounted photograph of the applicant. This is glued on the inner cover of the mileage book. If desired several persons may use the same book, but the book must then contain a photograph of each of these persons. There is no advantage in having several names on the same book, except that if persons are traveling regularly together the trouble of making out a separate application and the additional fee for preparing separate books for each person is avoided by making a collective demand.

Second-class mileage books cost from 1.95 cents down to 1.27 cents per mile, while third-class mileage books are limited to one-third less than those for second-class. In Spain it is almost impossible, however, to travel third class. As a matter of fact even second-class is not very satisfactory, for the reason that the express trains as a rule are limited to first-class. However, for persons who do not object to crowds and slow traveling and long waits at railway stations second-class is not impossible. It is said that tourist agents in central Europe either know very little about these economical Spanish kilometer tickets or else for reasons of their own do not advise intending tourists to Spain as to their existence. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the Spanish railways allow the agents commissions on ticket sales.

CHASED BY AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

French Way Train Got on Wrong Track and Had to Make Quick Time.

Through the fault of a signalman a way train which left Paris Monday night for Amiens got on the wrong track and was chased by an express train for over an hour at the imminent risk of a collision, says the New York Times.

The mistake took place where the northern lines branches after crossing the bridge at Creil. There, through the momentary absentmindedness of a signalman, the way train was sent out on the track going to Compiègne instead of the one going to Amiens.

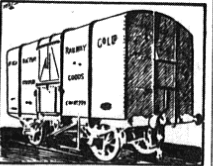
Knowing that he was followed at a short distance by the fast express which leaves the Gare du Nord at 8:20 o'clock the engineer immediately sent his train ahead at full speed for the station of Pont-Saint-Maxence, where there is a siding. The track was clear for the express, so there was no danger ahead.

The passengers, many of them commuters used to a leisurely pace and familiar with every inch of the road, soon discovered that something was wrong, and the report spread that the engineer had gone mad. This seemed verified when the train passed station after station at dizzy speed. Conductor and brakemen were as terrified as the passengers. When Pont-Saint-Maxence was reached the train came to a sudden halt and was then run safely on the siding.

The express dashed by—on time and without incident. The way train with its agitated commuters then turned in peace to Creil, where it was switched to the line it should have taken two hours before.

Steel Freight Cars in India.

The freight cars on the Bengal-Nagpur railway in India are small compared to the freight cars of this country, and resemble somewhat a large covered wagon. The body of the car



Steel Car Used in India.

is constructed of light steel plates and the flooring is made of teak-wood boards. The car is used for heavy goods traffic and carries a load of 50 tons. The ends of the car are fitted with ventilators.

Railroad Building in 1907.

During 1907 5,220 miles of railway have been built in the United States, according to the estimates of the Railroad Gazette. This was exclusive of second, third and fourth tracks, sidings and electric lines. The total is eight per cent less than for 1906, though the year began with conditions promising a larger construction than ever before. With these expectations a scarcity of labor and supplies, adverse state legislation and difficulty in borrowing money interfered. The amount spent on new equipment exceeded that of 1905 by 25 per cent, approximating \$177,000,000.



'Twas the days of the hedge-school; Mullary was then—
At the side of the ditch the most dreaded of men.
Sure the flight of the bird, or the speed of the hare
To watch for a moment there's no one would dare.
An' when circles and squares on the dirt he would trace,
'Twas amazin' the larin' that showed in his face.
While the thoughts that revolved in his towsy old head
Were deep and tremendous, himself often said,
Religion, of course, was a thame he well knew,
Not your new-fangled notions, but stuff that was true.
Wid that he taught love for the sacred old sod,
'Thus helpin' his kind, an' so plasin' his God.

Now the seventeenth of March, reckoned then by old style,
The jewel of days in the darling old time,
Was approachin' an' so the good mas-



An' Bit at Their Will All the Colleen an' Bys.

ther once more
Gave a taste to the byes av his legends an' lore.

Patrick banished the snakes and the sinners, you know,
To a place where I hope there will none of us go.
That's the legend accepted, but I have it right—
A tale the bates that out o' mind, out o' sight.

At Tara he preached to the king and the chiefs,
His Decalogues, Catalogues, Psalms and beliefs.
Once the king says to Patrick, "The Druids all say
That you're settin' the minds of me Fihrosias astray."
How can one be in three, and be one all the time?—
Come, laddy-buck, answer in prose or in rhyme."

"That's disy," says Patrick, "this dear little plant,
(Praise God! 'twill be famous the oceans beyant)—
Has a stalk all in one, but divides into three!"

Yet the shamrock is one, three in one, don't you see?
'Bedad!" says the king, "that banags Hanagher sure."
Now, byes (to the Druids), ye now have the fure."

But the sorra a word could those clergymen find;
So from then his respect for the Druids declined.

Now, Patrick, me byes, you need scarcely be toud,
Was funny an' tricky, though holy an' boud,
So none of the Druids he'd got the whip hand
Beethavin' him of blessings he'd shower on the land.

To the king then says he, "For the favors you've shown,
I'll put e'er a back and new legs to your throne.
(Not manin' the laiste disrespect, but you see
The preachers don't speak such plain Irish as we.)

In yourth a spellteen taught me herdin' of swine—
Your majesty's pardon, the fault was not mine,
Let me here introduce the bosson an' I'll go bail,
Over the evils of Erin the pig will prevail."

Now the Druids held sermons as sacred, you see;
In England they learned that, betune you an' me.
They would cast up in line sometimes nearly a mile
The sods all as one as a sarprin's prodile.

When this had been done, sorra one durst complain—
Though the land were his own and his father's domain.
It was sacred, and then for the sake of his sow,
He must part wid it, barrin' a sigh or a growl.
Then the snakes represented were
Holy likewise
An' bit at their will all the colleens an' byes.

Well, the pigs went to routin', bedad it was fun
To watch the ould Druids when their rulin' begun.
Wid faces of fury and hearts full of hate,
They would curse the dear pigs, I'm ashamed to relate.

They invoked all the planets and fairs that was then,
The fixed stars and comets, and sun and moon, too.
Next, with wraiths that inhabit the winds and the floods,
Then they danced holy figs in the scantiest of duds.
But the pigs took no notice, but ate all the more,
And the Druids saw Fate was now hard by the door.

Then they prayed to the giants that ravaged the Isle,
When ten foot of spine was the height of the style.
There was one who from Mona oft wandred to Wales,
And one who in coughin' produced the wild gales.

Another in sport tried to bridge the brook he saw,
The Causeway in Ulster bears witness to-day.
Then the one who at Powerscourt drank up the fall,
An' the one who complained "Devil's Bowl" was too small.

The priests cursed the pigs loud and long, but no matter,
On the snakes and the floods, eggs they grow fatter and fatter.
Oh, those were great times when the fictions forgo
What side they were of, and what side they were not.
The thousands would follow all Jeerin' the while,
The Druids who could them no longer beguile.

When rivers they'd reach as the Bann or the Boyne,
Baptized, they the ranks of believers would join.
It was Patrick allanna, me turn at ye please,
Wid givin' 'n' Gospel the land was ablaze.

Such dipplin' an' plungin', baptizin', confessin',
Such prayin' an' preachin', such primpin' an' dressin',
It was good for their souls and their bodies by token—
The record for batin' his satintop had broken.
And thousands who'd never been lathered or rubbed,
Had their skins an' their souls now most thoroughly scrubbed.

For the saint told them plainly for e'er they were shovin',
That nothin' enchantly was welkin in heaven.
So the pigs ate the snakes and rooted up eggs
From the round hill of Howth down to Holly-hill-begs.

With all the impartiality of the partisan, Prof. Perkins set forth the contentions of both political parties regarding the tariff.

At the close of his talk he was surrounded by the fair members of the Woman's Current Events club.
"O Prof. Perkins," cooed the fairest,
"Thank you so much for your perfectly lovely talk! I understand all about the tariff now. It's just like a lover's comparisons—the free-traders are the other girls!"—Sunday Magazine.



That's Aisy, Says Patrick, This Dear Little Plant.

From the Gap of Dunloe to the Glen o' the Downs,
And Slieve Donard grandly Killarney's lake crowns,
There was routin' 'n' preachin' an' laughin' an' prayer,
No wonder for Satan to leave must prepare.
For barrin' the Saxon and whisky I'll say—
Saint Patrick has rid us of evil to-day.
So now you all know how the snakes met their doom,
And the class will its studies in Gaelic resume.

JUDGING BY THE RESULTS.

Villager's Conversion Had Not Been of Great Avail.

"In our business we get many doubtful compliments," said Col. John P. Babson, who had been the survivor of the sort the other day, "but I do not think I ever received a compliment such as my grandfather got down in my native state of Tennessee. My grandfather was a minister and I was a very small boy when we both strolled down the road one day. One of our fellow villagers came along toward us, and he said, 'Good morning,' said the villager, who apparently had looked upon the cup. 'Feh cover—hic—led, parson,' he stammered with difficulty. 'An'—twashy—hic—that con—hic—cover—hic—me.'

"That must be so," replied my grandfather, for it's certain the Almighty had nothing to do with your conversion."—New York Evening Telegram.

THREE CURES OF ECZEMA.

Woman Teller of Her Brother's Terrible Suffering—Two Babies Also Cured—Cuticura Invaluable.

"My brother had eczema three different summers. Each summer it came out between his shoulders and down his back, and he said his suffering was terrible. When it came on the third summer, he bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and gave it a faithful trial. Soon he began to feel better and he cured himself entirely of eczema with Cuticura. A lady in Indiana heard of how my daughter, Mrs. Miller, had cured her little son of terrible eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. This lady's little one had the eczema so badly that they thought they would lose it. She used Cuticura Remedies and they cured her child entirely, and the disease never came back. Mrs. Sarah E. Lusk, Coldwater, Mich., Aug. 15 and Sept. 2, 1907.

MORE THAN LIKELY.



W. Wills—I see automobiles have been introduced in Borneo.
T. T. M.—What do you think will be the result?
W. Wills.—An increase in the number of wild men.

What Did He Mean?
For a number of years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and Perkins, next door neighbors. The trouble had originated through the deprecatory remarks of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamt of "making up." One day, however, Brown sent his servant next door with a peace-making note for Mr. Perkins, which read: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Perkins, and begs to say that his old cat died this morning."
Perkins' written reply was bitter: "Mr. Perkins is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."—Harper's Weekly.

Perfectly Plain.

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THE DOCTOR'S GIFT.

Food Worth its Weight in Gold.

We usually expect the doctor to put us on some kind of penance and give us bitter medicines.

A Penn. doctor brought a patient somewhat of a different sort and the results are truly interesting.
"Two years ago," writes this patient, "I was a frequent victim of acute indigestion and biliousness, because I was allowed to eat very few things. One day our family doctor brought me a small package, saying he had found something for me to eat, at last."
"He said it was a food called Grape-Nuts, and even as its golden color might suggest, it was worth its weight in gold. I was sick and tired, trying one thing after another, but he said at last consented to try this new food.

"Well! It surpassed my doctor's fondest anticipation and every day since then I have blessed the good doctor and the inventor of Grape-Nuts.
"I noticed improvement at once and in a month's time my former spells of indigestion had disappeared. In two months I felt like a new man. My brain was much clearer and keener, my body took on the vitality of youth, and this condition has continued."
"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkg.