

A Page of General Interest

CRANIAL BUMPS FORM STRANGE EFFICIENCY TEST



CLARENCE S. FUNK

(Copyright, 1912, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.)
FASHIONS in cranial indications, the new president's ap-
 bumps, which were praising eye, alighting on such a patch of
 scanned by the erstwhile yellow, travels immediately to the office
 president of the M. Rumelty exit door, and the applicant follows di-
 cally Company, agricultural
 implement manufacturers.

At the Porte, Ind., as in-
 dication of the mechanical or other abili-
 ty of applicants for important jobs in
 the plant have changed materially, since
 Clarence S. Funk, formerly general man-
 ager of the International Harvester Com-
 pany, became head of the Rumelty concern.

Also, Mr. Funk does not concern himself
 only with perspective judgment of the
 applicant's mental processes; he looks
 the applicant over from head to foot.
 One bit of "yellow" loses the seeker his
 job.

Not the "yellow" of cowardice is thus
 perceived by Mr. Funk. The yellow he
 observes is between the index and second
 fingers of the applicant's hand.

That yellowness, to Mr. Funk, means
 cigarettes. Cigarettes form no part of
 Mr. Funk's specifications for a good em-
 ploye. Passing rapidly over good cran-



DR. EDWARD RUMELTY

observer he lacked responsibility and was
 not conservative or exact. His hair
 waved up and down instead of from side
 to side, a sure sign, as all know, that he
 was a man of single purpose, incapable
 of broadening his view for emergencies.

Plainly the evidence gathered from his
 humps and bumps showed that he was no
 fit person to be an auditor, an office boy
 or a teamster? Yes, possibly; but not
 ing more.

This was excellent, mused the doctor.
 Every man for his place. No machinists
 whose proper vocation was stenography,
 no typists who should be core makers, or
 artisans who ought to be salesmen.

It was not considered so excellent by old
 men in the plant. Several, seeking ad-
 vancement, first gained skill in the tasks
 they hoped to assume, then went in and
 asked the promotion. They went, like
 the others, under the far seeking eye of
 the phrenological capability-determiner.

Many of them could not understand
 how the hollows and protuberances back
 of their eyes or their skill at wiggling
 their ears or shifting their scalp by mov-
 ing the eyebrows possibly could indicate
 that they were incapable of doing the
 tasks they had become proficient in.

Many of these men, also, had been with
 the father of Dr. Rumelty, and were not
 afraid to call the doctor "Ed." What
 they told "Ed" about the dent and bump
 system of placing men was only such as
 might be said by old employees.

So things went with the company until
 Salmanson & Co. and Hallgarter & Co.,
 the New York bankers who backed the
 concern, arranged to do a little head hunt-
 ing by themselves.

Their method varied slightly from that
 of Dr. Rumelty, however. Bumps, hol-
 lows, dents and cavities they overlooked
 entirely.

They found a man for president whose

cranial bumps showed on the sales slips,
 whose humps of the skull were displayed
 in the form of increased output, whose
 head hollows were in the shape of de-
 creased running expenses. They got
 Funk.

Mr. Funk admits he still considers a
 job applicant's head carefully in giving
 him an important place, but, like the
 bankers who picked Funk, Funk picks
 men whose peculiarities of the body north
 of the topmost cervical vertebrae are
 represented in work accomplished with
 the least apparent effort and friction.

The only "ear-wigglers" Funk wants,
 he says, are those who are so busy using
 hands and feet attracting attention to
 the merits of Rumelty products that they
 need not use their ears, eyebrows, and
 shoulders to attract further attention
 thereto.

Mr. Funk goes into applicants' family
 histories, too. He goes back only one
 generation, though. His chief question

is, "Did your father make you get out
 of your hands dirty, depend on yourself
 for your living, and otherwise try to
 make a man of you?"

The artist at the Rumelty plant, Mr.
 Funk thinks, who has acquired sufficient
 skill to be a superintendent of depart-
 ment will be examined phrenologically.

Mr. Funk also, but in a way of about
 bankers who picked Funk, Funk picks
 men whose peculiarities of the body north
 of the topmost cervical vertebrae are
 represented in work accomplished with
 the least apparent effort and friction.

The only "ear-wigglers" Funk wants,
 he says, are those who are so busy using
 hands and feet attracting attention to
 the merits of Rumelty products that they
 need not use their ears, eyebrows, and
 shoulders to attract further attention
 thereto.

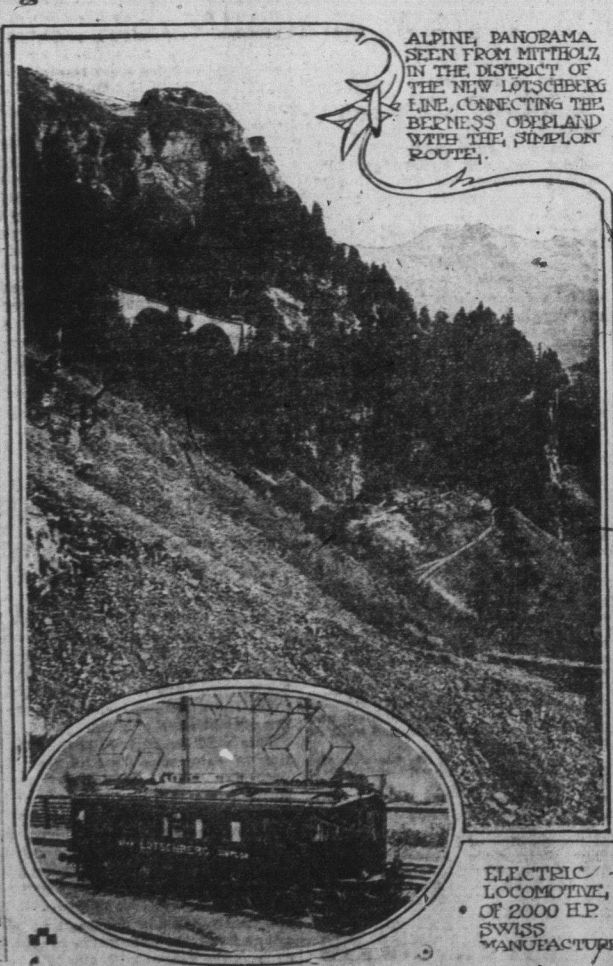
Mr. Funk goes into applicants' family
 histories, too. He goes back only one
 generation, though. His chief question

New Railroad Line from Switzerland to Italy, Running Through Two Mountain Ranges, to Open This Month

THE new route to Italy, via the Lötsch-
 berg, will be opened to the public this
 month. Thanks, however, to the cour-
 teous management, the writer was
 enabled recently to form one of the first
 parties to travel from Switzerland to Italy
 by this new highway through the Bernese
 Alps.

We left Spiez, the northern terminus of
 the line, on a fine sunny day, which
 painted the Lake of Thun in as many
 colors as are contained in an artist's pal-
 ette. The first section of the line, from
 Spiez to Frutigen, is actually completed,
 and we made this portion of our journey
 in company with figures of our journey
 their way home from the manoeuvres,
 and to exchange the sword for the
 plowshare. In fact, the pastoral scenes
 through which we passed showed us many
 a soldier busy making hay while still ar-
 rayed in the uniform of war.

Blasting operations on the section be-
 tween Frutigen and Kandersteg pre-
 ceeded our using the service trains here,
 so we proceeded along the beautiful valley
 by carriage. Soon after leaving Frutigen
 the road passes under the immense vis-
 ited of thirteen arches which spans the
 valley, destined to serve as a landmark
 for centuries to come. The graceful vis-
 ited is overlooked at one end by the
 ruins of the mediæval Castle of Felsen-
 burg, the two structures affording a
 striking contrast of the old and the new.
 The line follows the left hand side of the
 valley and is carried by magnificent
 granite embankments as far as Blue
 Lake, where it describes an immense loop
 in order to overcome the steep grade here.
 The line crosses and recrosses three times,
 equalling one of the similar point on the
 Gothard Railway. Thence it is carried
 over great chasms by picturesque bridges
 and soon reaches Kandersteg, the north-
 ern portal of the great nine mile long tun-
 nel. The road thus far bears quite an
 Italian air, owing to the barracks and
 mountain peaks give the place a ghostly
 toward evening when the mists begin
 rise. The place did not seem less
 mysterious at half-past five of the follow-
 ing morning, when we assembled at the
 tunnel mouth to await the service train,
 and the stars peered inquiringly over the
 face of the dark mountain silhouettes.



ALPINE PANORAMA SEEN FROM MITTELALP IN THE DISTRICT OF THE NEW LÖTSCHBERG LINE, CONNECTING THE BERNSE OBERLAND WITH THE SIMPLON ROUTE.

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE OF 2000 H.P. SWISS MANUFACTURE.

which were at our disposal, we started full. We had not reached the centre of
 on our long journey through the dark, the vast burrow when a chorus of ex-
 press of the tunnel. The uncertain light cited shouts and exclamations arose in
 from an acetylene lantern carried by an the tracks ahead, which were filled with
 engineer showed us a memorial tablet in Italian workmen. In the dim light dark
 through in the luxurious corridor train, we goggled dead while the engineers
 a burrow through two mighty mountain ranges and had travelled from Switzerland
 to Italy by a route which will for decades
 through the passengers who will later rock train onto the permanent way, and then
 a memorial tablet erected to the memory west to investigate. It transported that
 of the twenty-five workmen who met a wagon had jumped the rails, and with-
 their death there on July 24, 1908. out much ado it was dismounted and
 A journey through the tunnel with the hauled on one side, when we proceeded
 service train is seldom entirely uneventful, on our jolting way as though nothing

had happened. After nearly two hours
 spent in the gloom of the tunnel we
 emerged at last in Goppenstein, amid
 the wild, barren scenery of the lower
 Lötschen Valley.

The construction of the railway in this
 avalanche swept place has been accom-
 panied by almost insurmountable diffi-
 culties, and here also the Alps have ex-
 acted their toll of human life, a fact of
 which one is grimly reminded by the
 train graveyard near the tunnel mouth,
 filled with the victims who met death
 during the construction of the railway.
 Avalanche barriers have been constructed
 along the mountain sides above Gop-
 penstein, and the line where it emerges
 from the tunnel is guarded by a wall
 like one of those which guard mediæval
 cities at the point.

The line is now carried along the left
 side of the narrow Lötschen Valley,
 where every foot of ground has been
 veritably wrested from Nature, and after
 passing through a number of smaller tun-
 nels leaves this uninhabitable region and
 enters the smiling Rhone Valley. With
 the Rhone stretched like a broad ribbon
 a thousand feet below, we continued our
 journey along the edge of dizzy precipices
 and over frail wooden temporary bridges
 across apparently bottomless ravines—a
 journey fraught with many dangers
 and accompanied by many exciting
 incidents when made with the service
 train on a temporary set of metals, but
 which will be one of the most interesting
 in the Alps when accomplished with the
 fine electric train of the Bernese Alps
 Railway. Many of the great steel bridges
 and granite viaducts were not yet quite
 completed, and the service train made
 many a detour which will be later un-
 necessary.

Travelers will be interested to learn
 that one of the tunnels of the southern
 portion of the line is named the Victoria
 Tunnel, a Union Jack will fly here at
 the opening. The name has its origin in
 the fact that the mountain upon which
 the tunnel penetrates forms a wonderfully
 faithful silhouette of Queen Victoria's
 head, with crown complete.

A Sherlock Holmes Dog Story.

THERE was a springy step on the
 stairs, and in a moment, before I
 had finished my marmalade, Sher-
 lock Holmes appeared in the doorway of
 my breakfast room.

"I see that your wife is away," he
 remarked immediately, "and that you
 have not shared."

Accustomed as I was to Holmes' remark-
 able deductions, I rather gasped at his
 instant utterance of these undeniable
 facts.

"How did you arrive at those con-
 clusions?" I demanded weakly.
 "My dear Watson," explained Holmes
 quietly, "the three days' stubble on your
 chin explains both assertions. You would
 not dare to remain unshaved if your
 wife had not gone visiting."

"But to the serious business of life,"
 the great detective continued. "You have
 probably seen by the papers that Sir
 Arthur Conan Doyle, to whom we owe
 our very existence, has been summoned
 to the Mark Cross Police Court at Tun-
 bridge Wells, England, to answer to the
 charge that his collie dog has been kill-
 ing and worrying the sheep of his farmer
 neighbor, Mr. Arthur Hale."

Holmes begged me to go to the police
 court where the trial was then in pro-
 gress, and as we made our way along the
 streets to this establishment I saw that
 he was plunged in deep thought, and
 judged that some peculiarly difficult mis-
 sion was before us.

When we arrived at the court we found
 Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself engaged
 in cross-examining the farmer witness,
 who was the prosecutor in the case.
 The noted novelist had determined to
 act as his own counsel, and had just
 brought out the fact that he had argu-
 ed to the farmer, in order to prove

which dog it was that had killed his
 sheep, that he should fire at the dog from
 a distance of thirty to forty yards, and
 a mark would be made on the guilty dog.
 The farmer admitted that Sir Conan
 Doyle had made such a request.

The novelist elicited from the farmer
 the admission that it was unusual for
 a dog to take to killing sheep at five
 years old—the age of the novelist's dog.
 It was also admitted by the farmer that
 the Doyle dog had to pass another sheep-



SIR CONAN DOYLE

fold which it had never disturbed in order
 to get to that of the angry farmer.

"Is it not strange that my dog would
 pass a sheepfold bearing his home in order
 to get to yours and yet never once in-
 vade the nearer sheepfold?" asked the
 novelist.

The farmer said that he did not know
 about this.

The next witness was a young
 farm boy, who said that he had seen
 the defendant's dog, and that he had
 seen it on his face and in his master's
 sheep.

"The dog was running when you
 approached?" questioned

"Yes, sir," said the boy.
 "Well," said Sir Arthur, "don't you
 think it is pretty difficult to see a patch
 on a dog's nose when the dog is running
 away from you?"

Sir Arthur then addressed the Court
 and said that the police had wanted him
 to kill the dog before it had been proved
 that it was guilty of sheep killing at all.
 "The dog is of the gentlest type," he
 said, "and is the playfellow of my chil-
 dren."

Although Sherlock Holmes had sat quiet
 through this whole proceeding, I had
 noticed for some time that he was becoming
 restless, and presently he arose and spoke
 a few words to a strange looking man who
 sat unobtrusively in the corner of the court
 room.

Immediately this person arose and ad-
 dressed himself as a witness. "I am a vet-
 erinarian," he explained, "and I have had
 charge of Sir Arthur's dog for several
 years. The dog has always been afflicted
 with a family conformation of the jaw
 which makes it quite impossible for it to
 kill sheep. It has never been possible for
 it to eat anything hard."

"If that is so," declared the Magistrate,
 "it is folly to proceed with the trial. It
 is evidently a case of mistaken identity."
 Saying which he departed from the court
 room, leaving Sir Arthur to take away his
 dog at his leisure.

"Marvellous!" ejaculated, turning to
 Holmes for an explanation. "How is the
 world did you know that evidence of that
 sort was to be gotten from a stray un-
 looked-for?"

"My dear Watson, it was the simplest
 thing in the world," replied Holmes.
 "The gentleman is an old friend of mine,
 and he told me last night that he expected
 to testify here. My conversation with him
 a few moments ago had nothing whatever
 to do with his evidence. I simply went
 over to ask him if he had time to go out
 for a little treatment before he went on
 the stand. When he assured me that he
 had not, I decided to sit out the trial and
 wait for him to go to judgment with me."

"When you which project I will now carry out, if you
 will excuse me."

"Father," asked
 going to marry a
 think I ought to
 should econom-
 in only one at 11
 hundred dollars.
 "No?" replied
 will get one for
 are married."

A Fit For Any Foot
 During the feet. COOL
 You Pay us

Next Dominion

For

Duck Tr Athle Pa

Silk and Bel

A.Z. Clothes.

A NATURAL ABSOLUTELY TREATMENT ED TO CU

PIL

in a few weeks, has never failed if you are tired different recom come and see me Examination free. General office in Berlin; 25 Ch Lancaster Street Church: Wednesday from 8 to 11, 2 9 p. m.

JUL. W. N.

25 Chapel Ph Practitioner drugless Form

CHOCOL Swaisla represent for exclu of chocol

For those know: Huyler's Dono Gift lates. Neilson's lates. Only sto where you above ass We carry est. C. E. SW Druggist a 14 King

EXTI

"You worship me you not?" "Yes," replied ent Chinese ph los interest that you the opposite idea. Doctrine of heredi ancestors for all

NEEDLESS

"Father," asked going to marry a think I ought to should econom in only one at 11 hundred dollars. "No?" replied will get one for are married."