Young People Should Know How To Sell Their Services

The days are over when we had more jobs than people, so it is now up to you to sell yourself in securing a job. So why not start now in preparing yourself for that job?

Normally, jobs are filled by three types of people: those with outstanding ability, those who have an inside "pull," and those who know how. If you have already selected the type of occupation you wish to enter, the job is to find the job itself.

When should you start looking for a job? The ideal time to begin looking for a job is long before you must go to work. In that way you will have time to study vocations and to analyze your own ability.

Remember that when you begin looking for a job you are a salesman selling a definite product: yourself. Decide what you are best qualified to do, write out a complete inventory describing your own education, experience, capabilities, and qualifications. This helps you to get a good picture of yourself. It refreshes your mind on "talking points" which you can use in selling your services.

Next, make a list of employers or companies in your locality that would be most likely to have a job of the kind for which you are qualified. You might also list people, organizations or employment agencies that you feel can help you make the proper contacts. Decide how you should carry on your side of the employment interview, and ways and means to follow up your job prospect after the interview.

A job is not a matter of luck, so go out to get a job with an attitude of confidence, determination and self respect. If you really want work, you must keep at it. You should know the exact name of the individual to whom you wish to apply, and talk to no one else about the job, or you may be turned away without an opportunity to see the person who could have helped you. If you would ask to see Mr. Jones, for example, your chances of getting inside the door would be better than if you asked to see the manager. Looking for a definite person gives you more confidence in yourself.

Let your friends and acquaintances know that you are looking for a job. Be sure that they know what you are best qualified to do. Some of them may be in a position to help you get a job, or tell you where you may go. There is no harm in asking a person if he has any suggestions. If he has been given a good impression of you, he may offer suggestions if he has nothing to offer you himself.

You might run an advertisement in the "job-wanted" column if you have some special ability or extraordinary job qualification. The average person out of a job does not have the money upon which to gamble, so therefore it might be a worthwhile experiment. It would be worthwhile to watch the help wanted columns closely. Small employers very often resort to this method of making contacts with applicants.

From the gas station man or corner druggist you may learn if business is busy or slack, or even the name of the men who do the hiring. Another good way would be to look in the classified telephone directory, especially in large cities or communities. This is a good way of obtaining names of companies in different lines of business. List the names of the concerns and then take a few days looking up the companies and see what you think of them from the outside, as you can tell a lot from the outward appearance of a place of business.

The telephone and telegraph have the advantage of commanding attention. There was one young lady who answered six "help wanted" advertisements in one day, three by letter and three by telegram. From the wires she got three interviews. One can hardly doubt that the power to arouse interest was a factor in getting tthose interviews. From the letters she did not receive an answer. You can use the telephone to arrange an interview, if the man likes your conversation, and in that way saves you a lot of time. Some people secure jobs by the telephone.

You may use the public employment offices, or a private employment agency. Do not depend too much on a public or private agency. Consider them just one job prospect. Call on them frequently so they will not forget you, as they handle a lot of applications. The Chamber of Commerce is another helpful organization.

A person may enlist assistance from friends, former teachers, preachers, relatives, business associates, fellow church and club members, etc. You would need a recommendation and these people often prove helpful. Do not beat around the bush, as to say, but go to them in a straightforward way and ask their help.

This "pull" does not enable a man to hold his job if he does not do his work. Right or wrong, a pull does help a man to get a job. This cold fact cannot be denied, but it is your ability to do the work that will hold the job for you.

A letter of introduction is very good. It gives you common ground to begin with, and a sense of confidence. It sometimes helps you to get by the information clerk, or watchman at the gate.

If you use letters of recommendation, they must be well writen and attractive. You must plan the letters to break down the employer's natural tendency to say "No" to job seekers who apply to him. It must be good enough to get by the secretaries who have been asked to weed out all except those of unusual interest. Be specific about the kind of job you want and about your experience, strive to make your letter short, cutting out unnecessary words and thoughts. Always remember that neat letters make good impressions. Be careful about spelling and punctuation. Use good paper, writing on one side. Do not base your request for work on sympatthy. Never mention salary in the first letter. Wait until your prospect is sufficiently interested.

One common mistake of job-seekers is that they wait for the prospective employer to take the initiative in dragging ou qualifications, purpose of visit and information about yourself. If you can enter, take the initiative and tell a complete, well-organized story about yourself; it will be to your favor, for hardly one out of a hundred realizes the importance of standing on his own two feet. At the same time, one should not try to take control of the interview from he employer.

Now you are ready for your interview. Above all, be well drsesed, and neat in appearance. You do not know how much this helps sell your services. Another thing, self-confidence is essential and nothing will give it to a person more than knowing that he looks his very best.

After you have a job, do not try to sell yourself further to your employer by words; put some work behind it and he will see what you can do and that will go farther than words. Do what he tells you and listen, learn, and above all, live up to the qualities and abilities by which you sold your services.

It is up to you to stay on, make good, and go up the ladder.

Coming Attraction—The first Indian actress to play a top role in an American movie is Radha Sri Ram, above, of Madras. Radha is one of India's leading classical dancers.

Laughter

A Frenchman recently laughed himself to death. His friend told him a good joke, he began to laugh and went on laughing for three days and nights until he collapsed and died. "Laugh and grow fat," is very sound advice for thin people, but for people who are fat already, it would be equally sound to say "Laugh and grow thin." Laughter gives rise to a cheerful and contented mind. It stimulates the glands and digestive organs and so helps a thin person to put on weight.

But it is also one of the finest exercises for people who have to sit down most of the day, for it pulls and pummels muscles all over and inside the body, producing a similar effect to that of massage. That is why a fat man becomes thinner when he laughs a lot. The historian Hume, examining an old manuscript written during the reign of Edward II, found a sum of money set down in the private accounts of the King—several crowns paid to somebody for making the King laugh. Edward probably thought it was cheap at the price.

There are very few passages of intentional humor in the Bible. Dean Inge once said that he could recall only three verses in the Old Testament where laughter is mentioned, except where someone is to be "laughed to scorn." There is an outcast tribe known as the Veddas of Ceylon to whom laughter is entirely foreign. No Vedda has ever been known to laugh, and when asked why, they reply, "What is there in this world to laugh about"

Global Merchants Gather For International Trade Fair

Eight-Nation Welcome to Canada's International Trade Fair is posed by girls representing (left to right) France, Scotland, Norway, Canada, Holland, China, Italy and Sweden. These girls worked at the exhibits at last year's fair.

By JAMES MONTAGNES

Toronto—For about a week and a half, in late May and early June, this metropolis will be transformed into an international market place. Mingling with business-suited Canadians and Americans will be turbaned Indians, colorfully - dressed Portuguese and representatives of many other nations.

The occasion is Canada's third annual International Trade Fair, which will run from May 29 to June 9. A few months later, the U.S. will stage its first such fair in Chicago.

The big fair is based on the international trade fairs which have been common in Europe for centuries. Some 60,000 buyers from all parts of the world have a chance to inspect world-wide merchandise and meet sellers who come from remote corners of the globe with rare goods.

American and Canadian business men can look over Swiss watches, Italian dolls, English textiles. Similarly, their products will be on display to the keen-eyed merchants of Siam, Norway, Pakistan, Greece, Czechoslovakia, Australia.

Actually, the trade fair is a great many industrial exhibitions under one roof. The largest number of exhibitors represent textile industries, but there are a myriad other products scheduled to go on public display.

Among them are jewellery from Europe, India and Australia; hand-tooled leather goods from Spain; radium and chemicals from Yugoslavia and Canada; cosmetics from France; bicycles and sporting goods from Belgium; coffee from Costa Rica; cheese from tropical Jamaica; liquors and wines from Europe and South Africa; scientific instruments from the United States and Great Britain.

While no complete figures for the past two fairs have been issued, some available statistics indicate the tremendous volume of business transacted.

For instance, last year the Czechoslovakian textile exhibit did about $4,000,000 worth of business. A British exhibitor rented a booth for $300 and sold merchandise worth $900,000 in the two weeks of the fair.

Besides actual goods on exhibit, information booths will be set up by various Canadian provincial governments and municipalities, British cities, and the governments of Pakistan and Yugoslavia to inform manufacturers on the possibilities of opening branch plants in those areas.

Some of the world's leading shipping and air transport companies will also take space to advertise their services for handling international freight.

SMOKY, a fifteen-year-old horse, returned to his farm duties near Cuyahoga Falls, Ont., with no ill effects from a collision that wrecked an automobile.

* * *

IN BROCKTON, the dogcatcher got a complaint from a woman that a puppy had been peeking in her bedroom window every night.

Death and a Small Boy

Johnny Stibli Is Only A Memory Now, And A Lesson For You

By NICHOLAS BLATCHFORD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Every town loves its children; lots of towns display that feeling with signs like the one at right. But lots of youngsters get run over by lots of cars just the same. Not many stories are written about them. Here's one with unusual human impact. It first appeared in the Washington Daily News, but it could be any place—your own street, even your own small boy. You could even be the driver, for it doesn't have to be your fault for a little boy to die. It could be his. You have to look out for him, too.

DEATH and a small boy have little in common—meeting seldom and then only as if by chance—so it is not surprising that Johnny Stibli's family still cannot quite think of him as dead.

Johnny would have been five years old this month if he had not been run over by the truck.

That was two weeks ago.

* * *

JOHNNY STIBLI was a 10-pound baby when he was born, his mother remembers, and he was 10 months old when his father, a soldier, came back from overseas.

He was three years old when his mother, whose married life had become a nightmare to her, took Johnny and the new baby, Bobby, back home to live with her mother in Washington.

This is where Johnny began to grow up.

The house is big and airy and filled with sunlight. When the Stiblis moved in, it was already full of people — Johnny's middle-aged grandparents and his great-grandfather and several aunts and uncles who weren't many years older than Johnny, himself.

It was a big, happy devout Catholic family and Johnny, who had a sort of inner brightness about him, became the center of it.

* * *

Johnny's mother, Bernadette, is a young, pretty girl with a fresh, open face like the cover on an outdoor magazine. When she talks about Johnny her face lights up and she laughs when she remembers how he was.

"Johnny," she says, and the name comes out full of tenderness, "Johnny was an extremist. He ran hot and cold. When he loved you, he just loved you. He was on the garage roofs and fences and in the alleys all the time. He was one complete bombshell. He just never let go."

She laughed just to think of it.

"He was very athletic," she said. "He could ride a two-wheel bicycle with one hand. I've got it out in the shed, locked up now. He was always on it.

"And roller skates! Oh, it was windy that day he learned. I was almost freezing standing outside watching him. He was rolling up and down, hands out, and then bent down, holding his knees.

"Not going fast, but learning good control. My, I was proud of him."

* * *

Mrs. Stibli's voice became serious now—serious and intent.

"You know we are religious," she said, "Johnny always wore a crucifix around his neck and at night he'd hang it on his bunk bed. He just wanted it . . ."

Johnny's grandmother, Mrs. Mary Spalding, an intense, emotional woman, said:

"He wasn't afraid of anything. Not cars, trucks or devils. He had the bluest eyes . . ."

She turned her face away and wept quietly.

"He wanted to go to school so badly," Mrs. Stibli said. "He stayed around the older children all the time. That Monday, just before he was killed, the sister told my mother: 'Mrs. Spalding, don't send Johnny to school next year. Let him play just one more year. They have so little time."

* * *

The Saturday before the Monday when Johnny was killed, he came in late from the movies.

"He was tired," his grandmother said, "and I carried him upstairs and put him on the bed. I started taking his shoes off and then I pulled his pants off and then quickly—just like lightning—he threw his shoes at me. He kicked with both feet, right in my stomach.

"He was awfully tired and all mixed up and I started to say something to him, but he just lay on the bed and said, 'I'm going to die . . . I'm going to die . . . I'm going to die.'

"'Well, if you aren't the funniest looking dead guy I ever saw,' I told him.

"I was so amused. Because he was a hundred miles from dying."

"He would do that for love," Johnny's mother said.

* * *

"The more you talk about it, the easier it gets," Mrs. Stibli said. "It was about two o'clock Monday afternoon when Johnny came in. I was sitting here. I pulled my chair over to comb his hair.

"My, you look good,' I said."

Johnny stepped back, brought his heels together smartly, made a little bow and kissed his hand to her.

"That was the last time I saw him," Mrs. Stibli said.

"Later, I heard he had been playing ball with some older boys and someone threw the ball at him and he missed it. Then he must have run out in the street. That's when it happened.

"First thing I knew of it was when Wendell Brooks — that's Johnny's friend — came running back and gave me Johnny's penknife.

"'Johnny's been hurt,' he said.

"Is he by himself?

"'No. Some men are with him.'

"I don't think I asked any more questions. That was enough."

* * *

Mrs. Stibli's father had just come home, and she got him to drive her to the Boys Club.

"As soon as we turned down 17th Street and saw that little blond head sticking out of that blanket, I knew," Mrs. Stibli said. "Blood was coming from his head, and I called to him, but he didn't recognize me."

"Mother, you'd better wait in the squad car," a policeman told her.

"Is he conscious?" she asked.

"No," the policeman said.

"My first prayer was 'God, don't hurt his little brain,'" Mrs. Stibli said. "He was so bright.

"I really began to pray fast. Just as fast and hard as I could. A woman asked me if I wanted a drink, but I didn't want one.

"I got in the ambulance with him, and the doctor was working on his lungs. We were just turning down 19th Street when I saw his ears were turning blue.

"'He's not going to die, is he?' I asked the doctor.

"'All right now, mother,' he said.

"I knew what that meant. I'd have to keep my head if I wanted to stay with him. The siren was going, but I didn't hear it."

* * *

Mrs. Stibli followed her boy into the hospital.

"They took Johnny right into the middle of the room and cut his shirt and long underwear up the back," she said. "There were five or six doctors there."

Later, Mrs. Stibli joined her mother on a bench in the waiting room. Her mother wanted to go in to Johnny.

"You couldn't do any good," a policeman told her. "He wouldn't know you now."

Another policeman came up and asked Mrs. Stibli some questions about Johnny. His name, his address.

Telling it, she struggled to keep herself composed.

"I kept saying 'God is good,'" Mrs. Stibli said. "Then I was putting a question mark on it. 'God is good?'

"What I meant was 'God is wonderful,' but what it came out was:

"'Is this what He means?'

"Then I had an answer right behind it. I had an increase in faith."

* * *

They brought Johnny Stibli home Wednesday and laid him out in the front room in a white satin-lined casket. At first they wanted to dress him in his cowboy suit and bandana. But when they decided to dress him in an Eton coat, long gray trousers and white shoes—"like he was going to church." That's the way it was.

Everybody sent flowers and all the kids came over from Payne School, the Negro school in the neighborhood. They were friends of Johnny's.

Mrs. Stibli's wreath of white carnations was set over the casket, and Johnny's baby identification bracelet from Sibley Hospital was on his wrist . . .

"I really regarded that child," Mrs. Stibli says. "He was something special to me."

Johnny's brother, Bobby, is too young to understand most of this. He is aware that Johnny has gone someplace, and seems to miss him; but he is happy, the way healthy, tiny little boys usually are.

He has taken to wearing some of Johnny's clothes.

"Johnny can't wear this shirt now," he'll say. "Just me."

This is Johnny Stibli's mother. Those are Johnny's skates.