

**Keeps His Eyes Open:
The Bank Teller**

A paying teller can usually walk along the streets of his city and locate each man he meets, not by name but by his correct position, in the financial category of the business world. Most of the people the veteran cashier can group with respect to vocation and employer, each pedestrian by his relation with someone else.

Money paid out at a bank is generally gone for ever. It must be done in such a way that the responsibility is shifted on to some one beside the paying teller. In his struggle to be eternally exact, this latter official transforms his mental machinery into one vast catalogue in which every customer of the bank has a specific and instantaneous rating.

People do not like to be identified but once at a bank. The second time they usually get huffy. If they are questioned after the first visit they get mad. The next time they go somewhere else where they can secure the services of a teller with a better memory.

A bank must gain and hold customers, so this sort of thing will not do. The paying teller mustn't make any breaks either socially or financially.

Individualism is the great lever which the paying teller must learn to control deftly and well. At a glance the veteran banker can tell the man or woman who would commit murder rather than overdraw. They are scrupulously exact. There is no use in watching them.

By the same sign the slipshod meet their undoing. Life with them is one long struggle to get as much as they can on credit and then studiously and artistically ward off the day of payment. These are "looked up" every time their checks are presented. It is useless to add that the looking up consists of a hasty balancing of accounts with the slippery one.

"In all my life," said a Lincoln bank teller, "I never had but one check protested. Then a man of unquestioned reputation had certified to the honesty of the delinquent one. The case in question was that of a disinherited son

who had forged his father's name on a check. The bank customer had known the boy in his youth but was not aware that he had gone wrong during his absence from home. The check went on its way and was protested. To save trouble the father paid it."

Crooks with hard luck stories usually make for larger cities than Lincoln but occasionally some of them drop in to cause trouble. Nine times out of ten they are detected by the wide awake teller. The smoothest ones generally win out by worming into the confidence of some business man and getting an introduction at the bank. In such a case the sponsor is held responsible for the loss.

The Dog Catcher

Nerve, clear, unlimited nerve, is needed by the municipal dog catcher should he faithfully perform his humble duties.

The fist of every man, the broomstick of every woman and the execration of every youngster is the lot of the canine raider. He gets it all and more—he rarely ever passes through the season without engaging in fights innumerable. At nights after the electric lights are out, the wise dog catcher sallies along in the darkness of secluded alleys months after his official connection with the municipality has been severed.

A dog or a cat always holds a high place in the list of the household lares and penates. The city of Lincoln assesses a canine tax, which is conscientiously eluded by nine-tenths of dog owners. Hence the creation of such an officer as the catcher.

City Treasurer Fox has some glittering tags. These will save the canine and nothing else in the shape of inoculation will do the work.

As for the long suffering, much abused canine catcher, he gets up before the dawn of day. With a wire lasso he lariats the dogs, looks for the tax tag and if it is absent hurls the animal into a wagon driven by his assistant. Carefully and cautiously the rounds are made. When the wagon is full the vehicle is driven to the pound and the cargo unloaded.

In the howling pandemonium of the dog pound the pets of rich and poor are kept for a specified length of time. Then if the price is not forthcoming,—well, there will be a mild eyed dog that will never trot home again.

But the dog catcher! What of him? He makes all kinds of coin, escapes in high luck if he does not get his head punched every day and deserves the plaudits of all for the enemies that he makes.

When the dog catching is all over, the petty official has a substantial bank account. For sometimes he nails a hundred dogs in a cool morning. He gets a silver quarter for each of these whether they live or die.

But the day of reckoning comes. Canines without tax tags get scarcer than pearls ornamenting the nasal appendages of toads. The catcher has to seek another job.

To employer after employer he goes. But it is no good. In many a home he has created mourning and woe. His sins can never be forgiven. Finally he gives up in despair if he is sensitive. Sometimes he strikes something he can do and hangs on. It takes many years of official oblivion to erase his deeds from the public mind.

It was far better to be a publican in the days of Peter and Paul than a dog catcher in a modern municipality.

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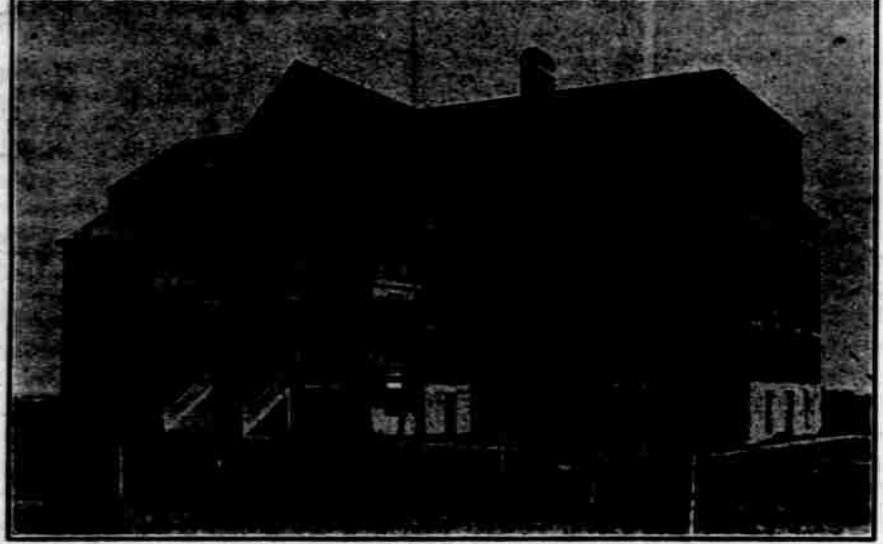
WIN FAME IN FIELD OF LITERATURE



Finley P. Dunne, author of the "Mr. Dooley" philosophy now appearing in the Sunday State Journal, is a native of Chicago, where he was born in 1867. He was educated in the public schools and from there drifted into newspaper work as a reporter in 1885. He was city editor of the Chicago Times from 1891-2 and was connected with the editorial staffs of the Evening Post and Times-Herald for five years thereafter. In 1897 he became editor of the Chicago Journal. He held this position for three years until he became famous with the Dooley sketches.



George Ade, everywhere celebrated as the author of "Fables in Slang," was born in Indiana in 1866. He graduated from Purdue university in 1887 and for three years engaged in newspaper work in Lafayette, Indiana. Then he went to Chicago, where he worked on the Chicago Record. Here his "Fables," now a bright feature in the Sunday State Journal, first began to appear. Mr. Ade made a trip to the Philippines in the early part of the insurrection and there gathered the information which inspired his comic opera, "The Sultan of Sulu."



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Often have you heard that told."

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