

Our Banking Force

By W. E. Hill

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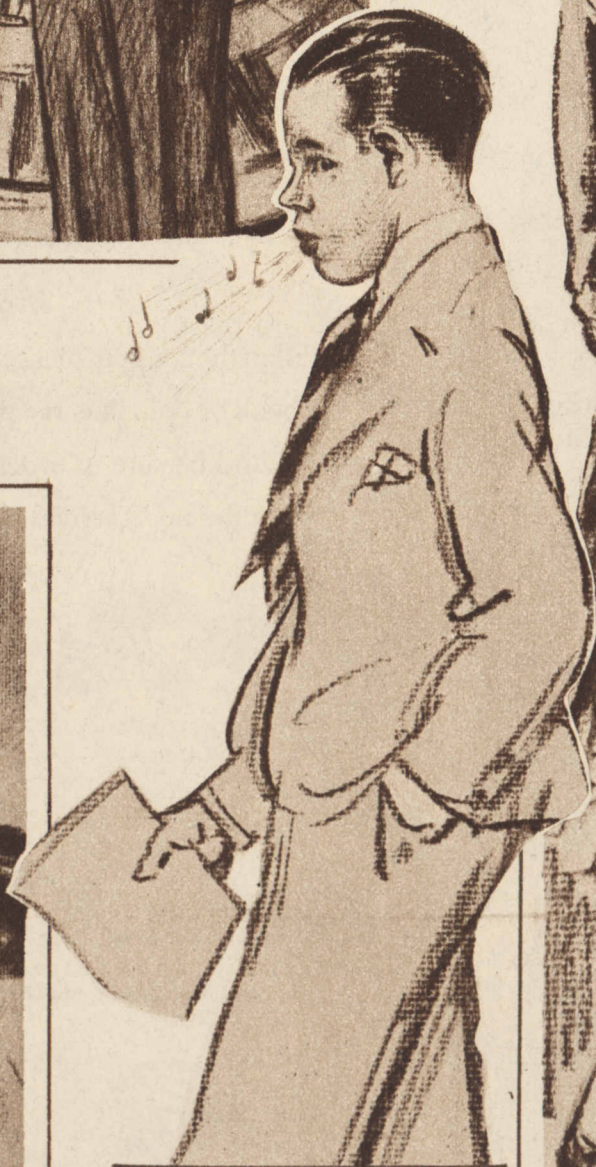
This is Mr. Winterbottom, who inhabits the safe deposit vaults, being very stern and cold to a lady boxholder who has forgotten her number. Sooner or later he will have to look it up for her in the files, then she will repair happily to a nearby cubby hole and will detach all the wrong coupons from her bonds.



In the outer office sits one of the several vice-presidents thinking about tarpon fishing, common stock, and a dentist appointment for the morrow. An attractive looking vice-president in the outer office lends an air of stability to a bank, and gives a depositor a feeling of confidence. All well run banks recognize this factor.



Leo, the guardian of the law, is supposed to glower at suspicious looking individuals who come too near the cashier's window during banking hours, but his real use is in supplying the correct date of the month to forgetful customers who are making out checks to currency.



Ambitious parents landed Harvey his job in the bank. They want him to be a power in the financial world in the years to come and think it best that Harvey should get used to being around with drafts, check stubs, deposit slips, and security holdings. Harvey runs errands and asks visitors whom they want to see and what they want to see him about. At the moment he is headed for the candy concession in the outer lobby, whistling, painting the clouds with sunshine, because around 11 o'clock he feels the need of a candy bar.



Dorothy is private secretary to the head of the customers' security department, and also to the head of the foreign infidelity department, so that her time is pretty well taken up with one thing or another. She is all set for some heavy dictation this morning and is wishing it were lunch hour.

Sometimes a customer will want to move his valuables from one safe deposit to another. Here is where Charley, the armed escort, comes in. Nowadays the better banking houses dress their armed escort in the height of fashion so that they will not be mistaken for common gunmen.



Meet Mr. Foss of the custodian department, which specializes in watching out for heirs and such who never passed their algebra and are deficient in business sense. Mr. Foss is holding a late afternoon chat with Mrs. Gritt, the head cleaner. Mrs. Gritt was pretty well cleaned out in the Wall street upheaval. She is asking Mr. Foss if supposing he were in her shoes would he buy some more shares of Carolina Clay or would he switch to Mexican Ash Can preferred.



At the paying teller's window stands Mr. Weevil, the teller, looking first at the check and then at the customer, none too pleased with either. At Mr. Weevil's right we have the customer registering roguish expectancy, which is terribly hard to do.