

THE REVIEW

Entered as Second-Class Matter

G. F. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1901.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

METHODIST CHURCH

First Tuesday evening of each month... Sunday morning 10:30 a. m.

SALEM UNITED EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Sunday Services: Sunday school, 9:15 a. m. Preaching service (German) 10:30

EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Sunday morning service, 10:30

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Sunday Mass 12 m. Vespers and Benediction, 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Saturday evening, prayer and praise service, 7:30 p. m.

ZION CHURCH

Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Morning service, 10:30

We regard ourselves as the apostles of haste, whether we work or play. It is with all our might, even if our hospitality is the two-forty gall.

Wall street operators now have cyclone chains right under their desk chairs, with a trapdoor between, so that when President Roosevelt discusses the weather they can touch a spring and drop down out of the storm.

A vigorous declaration by James H. Mason Hyde of Eminent Life notifies that he will never return to the city evoked the suspicion that some misguided person has been coaxing him.

It is announced that the sultan of Morocco wants to negotiate a "foreign" loan. In that case he ought to have some sympathy for a good many Americans in a similar fix.

Even a world trust is not without a sense of humor. Threatened with a coal famine, the ice trust says to the country: "Cheer up, I've cut the price!"

Root has been given the freedom of Mexico. In the light of some Americans' adventures beyond the line this is important.

For an indolent people the Cubans seem to suffer remarkably from unrest.

Another European princess has married a saddle, and it is said that the pair will go into the show business. A princess is supposed to follow her own sweet will, and, anyway, vaudeville may pay better than an empty title.

In a short while now we will be beating from the man who went to his trunk for his winter fannels only to find that the wools have been dining off them during the summer.

The New York idea of matrimony, according to a popular play recently put on the boards, is to marry for what and stay married until a stranger whips "butts in."

Everybody is raising prices because everybody else is. Now is the time for a contrary "everybody" to step into the breach and mark prices down.

As the days grow shorter prices grow longer.

John Smith, Clerk.

By Frank H. Sweet.

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ONCE there was a man. He was a clerk in a bank at \$45 a month. His name was John Smith. At a directors' meeting one day after the discounts had been passed upon and the portly directors were laboriously getting up to the president, who had the latest and most expansive test of any of them stopped them. "By the way," he remarked, "I have a note from John Smith—one of our young men, you know; some of you know him—but I guess I have lost it. Anyhow, he wants his salary raised. Says the lustiness of the bank is four times what he used to be and his work has increased accordingly. Says with an increase in the amount of money handled comes increase in the strain on his integrity. Seems to think he ought to be paid for not robbing us. Besides, he says he can scarcely keep his family on his salary. I suppose I can answer it without calling another board meeting," he concluded facetiously.

my suggestion about the advisability of getting some cash on the counter. You are very short, and you ought to attend to it at once."

"Two of the directors drew their checks on other banks and went them out, although the signatures were very shaky, and then, quite at his ease, Mr. Smith leaned up against the carved mantelpiece, read the president's note refusing his request for an increase and went on:



ON THE WHOLE, I THINK I HAVE MADE A GOOD APPLICATION OF MYSELF.

"Dear Sir:—In answer to yours of even date I am instructed by the board of directors to say that they cannot agree with your view of the case. It is true that your work has largely increased with the growth of the bank under its present management, but it is no more than you are able to do and no more than you can first of all do for the salary we may pay you. The other phase of the matter you present—that we should pay for the moral wear and tear incident to resisting temptation to steal as well as for the physical and mental work you do—is no weight.

"Our relations, however pleasant personally, are purely a business affair on both sides. We pay you so much money for so much work. Your honesty is presumed, and you should be discharged, we would discharge you and the law would send you to prison.

"But your family affairs we have nothing to do, but I may suggest to you that careful economy in small household expenditures will result in annual savings which will perhaps surprise you. I never endeavored to pry into your private affairs nor inquired how you live, but I may say that, in my opinion, the prevailing tendency of young people nowadays is to live too high instead of being careful, there ought to be something for a rainy day. Yours truly, etc.

"The directors hadn't been in session long the next day when John Smith opened the door, stepped in a slip of paper and walked back to his desk. There was silence for a minute, then a murmur; then the clerks outside heard a clatter of moving chairs in the board room, and then the door opened and two or three voices called "Smith!"

"In a moment," answered Smith, cheerfully laying a blotter between the leaves of the book he had been writing and carefully tucking the pen behind his ear as though he were making his toilet.

"What do you mean by this," they demanded when he appeared in the directors' room—"telling us there is only \$2,647.50 available cash and suggesting that we get some for the counter?"

"It's so," responded Smith, "and I thought you ought to know it before the money is offered out. The bank oughtn't to have to close its doors in the middle of the day."

"But, according to your statement yesterday and your showing of today's business, there ought to be \$250,000. Where is the quarter of a million? We were just discussing an investment for it."

"I've invested it myself," responded Smith coolly, "in a safe place—\$250,000. It's there. The other 20 cents I took for street car money. I took a quarter of a million away with my last evening."

"I stole it, in plain English. When I got this response to my note to the president I—but really I must renew

so thrust out, and Smith would be satisfied for. Then the face would be withdrawn, and the directors would fall to discussing whether, at all, Smith hadn't taken their bond and given them the slip. At the stroke of 12 the door opened and Smith walked in. He picked up the resolutions, read them with approval, and with a "Thank you, gentlemen; this is handsome," he handed a package to the president, saying:

"Here's your money."

"Then he took his former stand by the mantelpiece and watched their eager faces while they bent over to count it. A hundred crisp \$1,000 bills, then \$25,000, some of it in small denominations; \$25,000 more yet, and then, to their amazement, another hundred \$1,000 bills.

"Why, it's all here. You've brought it all back."

"I never meant to steal it," said Mr. Smith coolly. "I made you believe I did merely to convince you that you were conducting your bank on the wrong principle in keeping a man on a starvation salary with a fortune within his grasp. I wanted to make you understand that there is something more in the relations between a bank and its trusted employees than cold business. I suppose you have no further use for me, and I'm ready to turn over my books as soon as you name my successor. He will find them all right. Good day."

He walked back to his desk. Pretty soon after he had left, the president made a little speech. He said the lesson had been an unpleasant one, but they were disposed to take it in the spirit in which it was given. Perhaps he was right.

"They had no desire to punish him, but—here he hesitated and stammered a little—they were also unwilling—that is to say, they had no desire—to keep a financier of his capacity in the humble place in which he had hitherto been employed. Therefore one of their number, Mr. Wilkins, who was the agent of an insurance company at a salary of \$1,000 a year, had decided to resign; that position would have Mr. Smith appointed his successor.

"They had thought to keep the whole matter a profound secret. He was not to say, they had decided to resign; that position would have Mr. Smith appointed his successor. They had thought to keep the whole matter a profound secret. He was not to say, they had decided to resign; that position would have Mr. Smith appointed his successor.

"In time some of the rumors crossed into another city and found the ear of

the insurance president. He looked over a few late entries in the company's books and found that John Smith was doing remarkable work for them.

Now, extraordinary men are scarce in all kinds of business, so much so that the insurance president soon went down personally interviewed his agent. He found him quiet, self-possessed man of good business capacity, but not showing evidence of anything unusual. But the power was there.

"The president knew that from the business being done, and, besides, there were rumors in the air. Coming from such sources, they stood for a good deal. What he did not know was that these same mysterious rumors were almost wholly responsible for the ex-bank clerk's sudden popularity and patronage. Given a clear mind to grasp things, after all, it is often opportunity that does all the rest.

When the insurance president left John Smith had been advanced to a far more responsible position, with a corresponding increase in salary. After that his rise was rapid.

Two years later the bank president resigned, and the directors came together to elect his successor. Oddly enough, their thoughts went almost unanimously to their former clerk. The honesty had been tried, and his business foresight was a matter of common talk on the street. They offered him the position, and he accepted.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BEEF. DOWN GO THE PRICES. Front quarters 4 1-2 and 5 1-2. Hind quarters 6 1-2c. Apples, Grapes and Oranges. ONLY THE BEST OF GOODS IN STOCK. Alverson & Groff. PHONE 483 BARRINGTON, ILL.

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