

# The Room Clerk

By W. E. Hill

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The country hotel. This is Sevilla, lovely daughter of Proprietor Brophy of the Hotel Brophy-Ritz. She is minding the hotel register this a. m., and with what an air of hauteur and dolce-far niente, which is Italian for "I don't have to work if I don't want to." A drummer from a hardware concern allowed it was a nice day today on his way to breakfast, and Sevilla murmured coldly, "I seen better." From which it is easy to see that Sevilla Brophy is a girl not to be trifled with.



The commercial house. Mr. Ed Sitz, the genial room clerk of the Hotel La Villa, a hostelry (see folder) catering especially to traveling salesmen and theatrical folk who appreciate, respectively, commodious sample rooms and a good home table. Ed is gazing coldly upon the world right now, due to the fact that a girl dancing unit playing the vaudeville split week has but this instant wheedled a terrible rate out of him.



Meet Miss McGuffy, floor clerk of the fifth floor at Hotel Swatt, one of those places where they have to be so careful. Miss McGuffy is at the moment looking very much askance at something getting out of the elevator.



Night room clerk. Night clerks are born, not made. Most of them can't sleep in the daytime except by fits and starts, and get practically no beauty sleep at all. A night clerk's bedroom is usually just over a school playground, or next door to a lot of riveting, or directly under a player piano that does "Kiss Me Again."



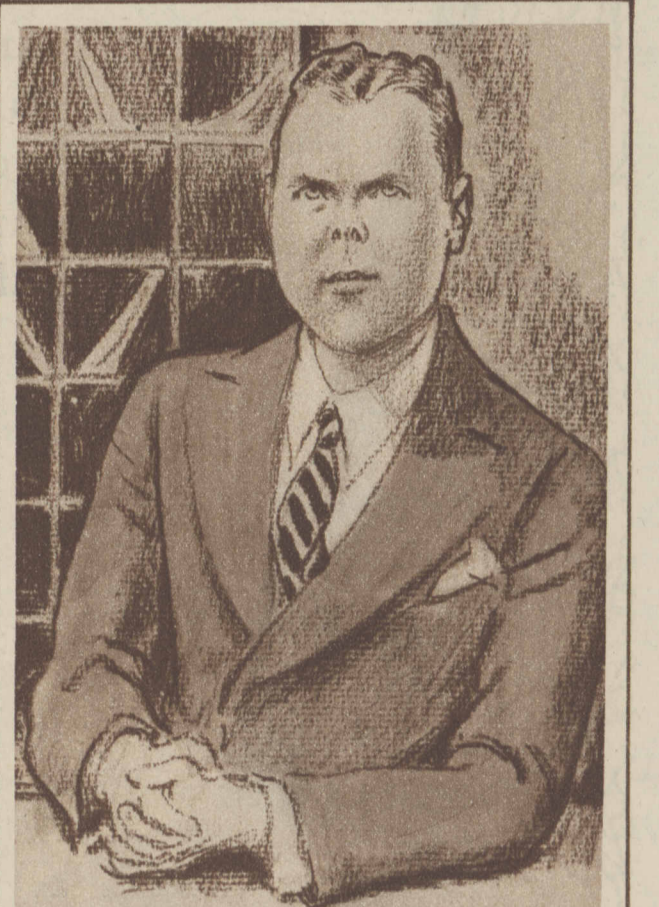
A room clerk has almost no time for introspection or meditation. There's always something. If it isn't a new arrival, or some one wanting to know if the Cleopatra club meets in the Rose ballroom or the Italian lounge, it's Miss Nusbaum, the assistant cashier, wanting the date of his graduation from high school and the size of his neckband, which, added to the current year and divided by four, will give his age. Assistant cashiers dearly love mathematical puzzles!



Family hotel. "There's an enormous roach frisking around my bathtub, and I ask you as a favor, Mr. Porous, to please do something right away. And don't send Joe, the porter, up, because he was very rude to me yesterday!" (Just a sample of what a room clerk in a family hotel has to battle with during working hours.)



The assistant room clerk. While the regular room clerk is pretending to look up a reservation and generally stalling till the occupant of 308 is checked out, Miss Timkins' job is to step forward and smile a devastating smile, showing all of her uppers and most of her lowers, thereby disarming the newly arrived guest, so that he will accept a court room without protest.



The personality boy. Donald is learning the hotel business from the ground up, so to speak. He is room clerk now, and a very personable one. He's a great kidder, is Donald, and should a guest come forward with a check to be cashed, Donald will make believe drown and cry "Help" as he sinks out of sight behind the desk. Should said guest still ask to have the check cashed, Donald will counter with "Hey! Would you kick a defenseless woman in the face?" Smart boy, Donald!