The country hotel. This is Sevilla, lovely daugh-
ter 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-fa-
iente, 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
seem better." From which it is easy to see that
Sevilla Brophy is a girl not to be trifled with.

The continental type. Mr. Ed Grun,
the genial room clerk of the Hotel Los Vi
a, is a hostelry (see folder) ca-
ter specially to traveling sa-
men and theatrical folk who appreci-
ate, respectively, commodious sample
rooms and a good home table. Ed is
getting gaily upon the world right
now, due to the fact that a girl danc-
ing unit playing the vaudeville split
over has let the innocent wheel a
terrible rate out of him.

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

The winter resort. A room clerk who
works in a resort hotel has to be a swell
looker and be able to register refined sex
appeal while on duty. Now and then he
must be able to say, "Shump at the news-
stand" or "You must see the head porter
about that," and maybe fans around with
the sorted mail, the idea being that bored
lady guests hanging around the lobby can
look over and get an eyeful of boyliah
charm.

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 upper and
most of her lower, thereby disarming
the newly arrived guest, so that he
will accept a court room without pro-
test.

Meet Miss McGuily, floor clerk
of the fifth floor at Hotel Swat,
one of those places where they
have to be so careful. Miss Mc-
Guily is at the moment looking
very much solemn 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."

The personality boy. Donald is learning
the hotel business from the ground up, so
he knows. He is room clerk now, and a very
personable one. He's a great kiddie, is
Donald, and should a guest come forward
with a check to be cashed, Donald will
make believe dough and cry "Help" as he
sinks out of sight behind the desk. Should
she 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!