

The Commercial House

By W. E. Hill

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Good, clean fun. Edythe, the popular waitress of the Commercial House dining room (known of late as the Pompeian Room), knows just how to humor the traveling salesmen. Gets them over their grouches and feeling happy in two shakes of a lamb's tail—and that's pretty snappy working. This morning Edythe is making believe to hand Mr. Sultzgarber a fork, and every time he reaches for it she snatches it back. Mr. Sultzgarber is delighted.



The elevator (at right). "Leave me be, Howard!" I screamed madly; "you are a lascivious cur!" No wonder the Commercial House elevator service is not so hot this evening. Gracie, the elevator girl, is a great reader and dearly loves her "Passionate Confessions" magazine.



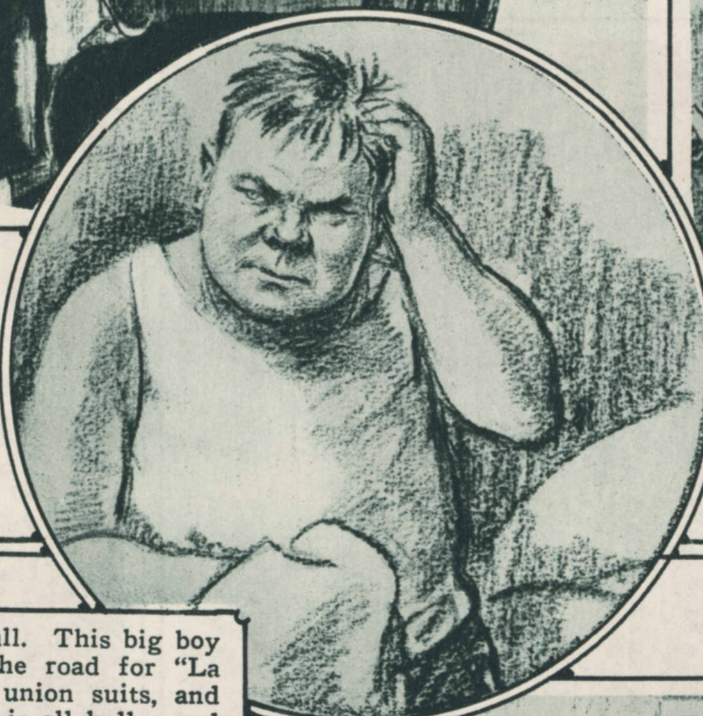
Lottie, the chambermaid, and Mrs. Noise, the housekeeper—two lovely girls as ever you'll meet—are peeking into a sample room full of the latest things in hats. They are almost crazy, what with wanting to try them on.



The tourists. Albert, the obliging bellhop, en route with a pitcher of cracked ice, helps the overnight tourist pick out a nice route. Albert's first aid is the longest way home with three long detours, but the tourists will be far away when they find out the extent of Albert's misinformation.



The hotel lobby. "Foibles of Folly," the big girl act from the bill at the Capitol, has just fluttered in to see what the Commercial House has to offer in the housing line. Six of the girls are going to team up with Mme. Lizette's parrot and monkey act in one room, thereby getting an appealing rate. Miss Bebe (Curly) Beeman, she with the long curls, is the vamp of the "Foibles" and hasn't taken herself to dinner since the act opened last October. Watch her. She's trying to make the visiting baseball team—entire—which is difficult, but possible.



The early call. This big boy travels on the road for "La Charmante" union suits, and as a rule he is all holler and yell and the life of the party. But not at 6:30 of a rainy morning after.



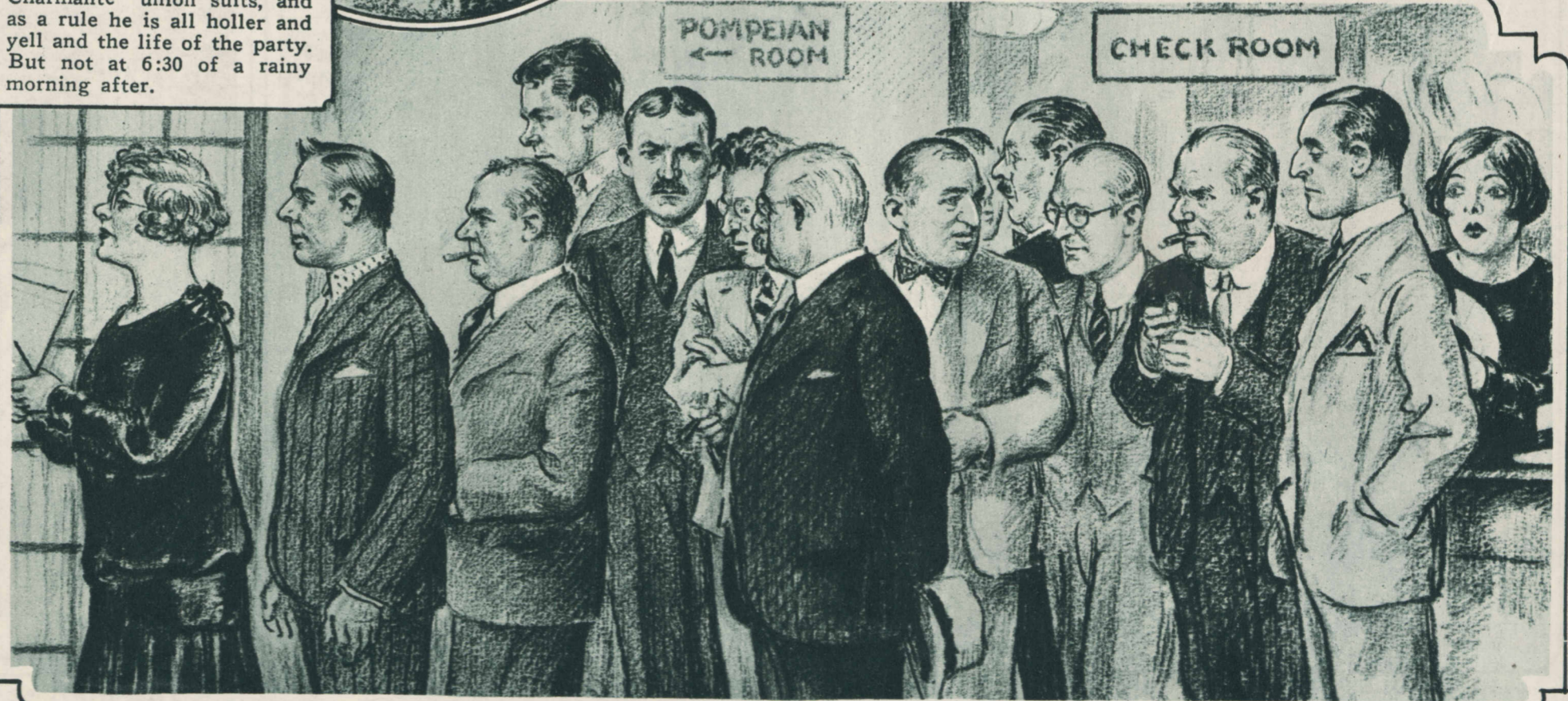
The bath girl. Hattie, although she spends her work hours in an atmosphere of ammonia fumes and roach bane, is very much above that sort of thing, and don't you forget it, big boy. She takes nobody's back talk. Hattie wears the biggest bar pin in the state.



The sample room. "Yes, siree, I'm showing you a line of goods that haven't been shown to any other concern in this town!" This is what this big gift card novelty boy will hand the customers when they come to look over the swell assortment of Mother's day cards for 1929. And the birthday cards! Listen to this, will you—"Just a golden smile, and a lovelit glance, with oceans of kisses, to the most generous of aunts." This ought to go big. It's the last line that gets 'em. It sort of shows the aunt that the next move is hers.



The successful salesman. Many wholesale houses pick out salesmen with big, appealing, saucer eyes that look as though some one had struck them. Lady buyers simply can't refuse a big order when the sales boy has that hurt look about the eyes.



The jury panel. Hazel, the chic headwaitress, is piloting a jury into the dining room. There's a holdover session at the courthouse. The jurors are not so congenial, practically no two of them having a thing in common (except Mr. Dough, who works in the postoffice, and Mr. Heaney, who collects stamps), but in no time at all Hazel will, through her magnetic personality, have all hands giggling and going on like anything!