

# The Small Town Hotel By W. E. Hill



Mr. Art Teayle, the room clerk, handing out a room key somewhat grudgingly to a late arrival, who failed to wire ahead.



The Dugout twins, Billie and Rae, "just two little girls in a repertoire of snappy songs," are staying at the Commercial House. They are No. 2 on the bill at the Majestic this week. They have been over at the chop suey joint for a bite to eat after the show, accompanied by the hot saxophone player of the jazz band. "I wish," Billie is saying, "some nice fellow would give me a new black beaded chiffon dress. I could be lovely to a boy who was that nice to me; really, I could!"



Mr. Bodkin has been a tri-yearly guest of the Commercial House these past thirty years and more. Ever since they had one bath to a floor.



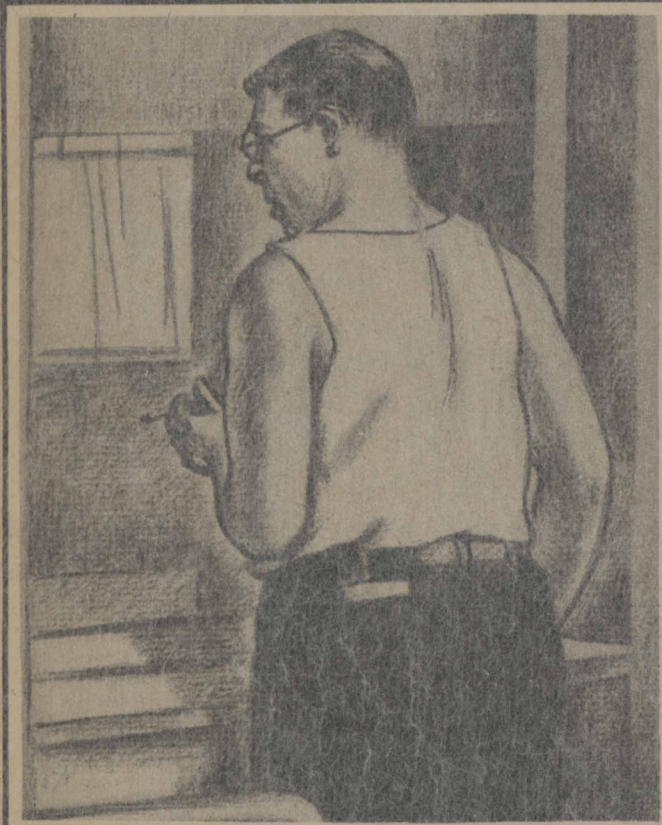
All set for over Sunday with the folks at home is Miss Burbeck, the bookkeeper, and O, won't the cashier's desk miss her!



Nothing to do till tomorrow. Sunday evening in the marble trimmed lobby of the Commercial House, showing the traveling salesboys just hanging around. Larry, the handy bellhop, is busy with the dust brush after cigaret butts. Mr. Glencoe, on the road for Sulsberger & Voss, with a shipment of S. & V. brassieres for milady, is wondering whether or not to call up the wife and kiddy on long distance. If he does, she'll probably say, "O, George, you shouldn't be so extravagant. A letter would have done." And if he doesn't, she'll probably write: "I waited up till 11 Sunday evening, hoping I'd hear from you long distance."



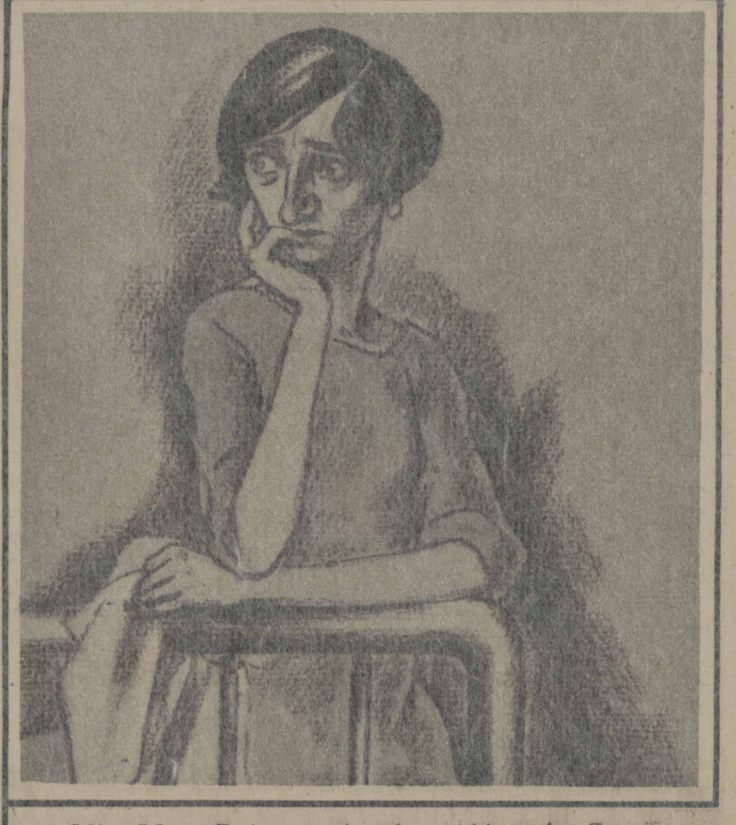
"I never seen such hangnails on any living person," says Miss Gilligan, the beautiful manicure girl, to Ernest, the head barber of the hotel barber shop.



Pleasures are few on the road. One has to make the most of the little things. Morris is being highly entertained by the beautiful and retiring blonde who neglected to pull down the shades across the court.



Waiting for the flashlight. In the Pompeian ballroom (it was the Rose ballroom last year) the local Road Menders' association is holding a get-together banquet. Paper caps have been handed around. Everybody is happy. The Road Menders' quartet has just finished singing "Everything is Hotsey Totsey Now," with special words written for the occasion, and "Bye, Bye, Road Mender," as a windup.



Miss Mary Boloney, chambermaid at the Commercial, is a little out of sorts this morning. And who wouldn't be? Seems as though some people never would get up of a morning, and how can a girl ever get her work done! "Guess I'll go rattle his door again, the big sleepy head!"