

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

In the basement shelter of a London Hotel comes the dawn.  
The night porter checks up the seven o'clock morning calls and goes  
to rouse the sleeping guests.

They are city workers who are living that "low down" life so as to  
maintain business as usual. Such a nice chap the porter;  
they call him Macbeth, because he murders sleep.

In the corner reserved for stenographers and Secretaries, the girls  
bestir themselves at the command to "show a leg". Literally speaking,  
that's what happens as Miss Telephone Switchboard tunes in the radio to the  
Physical Jerks. Most disconcerting looking for a collar stud when  
this sort of thing is going on.

Hello, there's the boss and the chief accountant tuning up the Chassis.

That's Mr. Simpson, not Samson.

Now, full of vim and vigour, the girls ~~make~~ retire to put on their  
pretties, while the mere males look at themselves in the mirror and curse  
themselves for their good looks.

Look snappy, there, the girls are almost ready... almost.

Really, Mr. Whats-your-name, still in your pyjamas? - - Oh, wise guy, eh?  
You'll have to be quicker than that you know, if you want to get on in  
the business (That's the boss) At last the staff of Messrs, Lock, Stock &  
Barrell are ready for the office, all neat and tidy and nothing forgotten.