The Chain Drug Store

By W. E. Hill

Meet Mr. Brophy, Miss Nierhaugen and Miss Wohle, on duty at the chain drug store luncheonette, where anything from a tabled dinner to a Western Egg Special can be had during lunch hour. Miss Wohle (right), who is a very dainty girl, is having a terrible time with the mayonnaise dressing getting into her fingernails, and you know how boys and girls praise cleanliness! Pinned to the bosoms of Mr. Brophy and the Misses Nierhaugen and Wohle are framed cards with their names printed thereon. This is so you can speak to them without having been introduced and is a welcome innovation in more ways than one.

This refined young bachelor is waiting twenty minutes that is going to take half an hour. Meanwhile he is learning something he never knew before about griddles how suppurates from a showcard opposite.

"Dentists are simply crazy about these brushes! We can't get enough of them," Mrs. Phyliss, Tish is behind the counter, where they sell the home remedies, the medicine, and the tooth brushes. Here she is, matching the bristles of a toothbrush for a customer who wants a medium soft.

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Joe, the handy man and sometimes delivery boy around the drug store, on route with a sedative marked "Rush" for a charge customer who can't sleep.

Miss Moyahan, the cashier, is being admired by Mr. Russ, the manager, and well she may be, for Miss Moyahan has a brand new permanent. As Miss Moyahan explains, it will look better after being loosened up a bit.

The girl behind the perfume counter—Miss Rose Ragan by name—is personally recommending the latest French perfume, "Quelle Was d'Amour," and, if that doesn't get by, maybe "Vous Veux s'Amour" will be just what the customer wants. You never can tell.