The Girls Behind the Counter
By W. E. Hill

THE DRESS GOODS—Mrs. Maybe has been with Grogan & Ginsberg ever since they had the old store, with one counter and one delivery boy. She knows everything there is to know about shoppers. She can tell a mile off if a shopper is just looking.

THE TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD—Poor Viola, she is having such a hard day. A party who got a wrong number and any number of unpleasant things: a woman who kept getting "No answer" complained to the district manager, and a man who called long distance left without paying. "That's life, that is!"

THE BARGAIN BASEMENT—Bertila, the knife of the Bargain Basement, has been punished again. Two ladies, if you dare to call them that, asked Bertila to please hold up the little garment you see in Bertila's heering; to see how it looked. "It looks like the rag end of a perfect day to me, Mrs. Lacy, now doesn't it?" said one to the other shopper in. Oh, the serene way!

THE DEMONSTRATOR—The beautiful saleslady who demonstrates the advantages of wearing a little violet and mauve rayon appears in your home is very persuasive. She just loves her violet ray. "Yesterday," she will tell the world, "I wore a large gown on my walk. So I got out my violet ray, and after just a few minutes' treatment it had straightened!"

THE GREEN HAND—Louise has only been at the novelty edging counter two days, and it's two days too long! She can't get the hang of her color book. She never can remember what to do with a charge account.

The ART GOODS—Everything is supposed to look very art in the art goods department, where they sell the uncolored porcelain statues and the silk boxes and the stamped towels. Miss Bancroft is looking for all the world like the spirit of the Latin quarter in a real artist's smoke.

THE RUBBER GOODS—Rubber goods is not the place to get an education. Miss Lingard, the famous shoe lady, has been talking about rubber shoes all day. "Rubber shoes are for the modern woman," she said. "They're comfortable and they're washable!"

THE PERFUME COUNTER—Miss Binnie Toles of the toilet goods is stationed right across from the elevators, and hurried shoppers are customarily coming up and form questions about their skin, such as "Where can I get a face-in-the-box?" or "Where do they keep the salve crepe?" Poor Binnie used to have the most terrible time trying to get her mind off "Whiff de Janisse" and "Nouveau de Chaot" in a hurry, for she is really a helpful little thing, but it was too much, and she had to answer wrong half the time. Now she just says sweetly, "Three sisters over, madam;" and trusts to luck that she'll never see the person again.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT—Mrs. Lillian Hattleson has charge of the "Sedimento" counter at Grogan & Ginsberg's big store. Lillian's job is to see that all who come within range, via eye, ear or nose, shall be made acquainted with the untold possibilities of "Sedimento," with its "Aromatico" mixes, and its "Rusticator," with its "refreshing" aroma. "Say," Lillian is begging, "offer you a slight sample of the world's favorite Sedimento, the latter substitute with the lasting flavor! Have in this little book your "Sedimento" attributes. Sold in one, two, and two and a half pound jars just you!

THE LADY OF THE LAUNDRY—Sometimes a shirt doesn't come back, or only half an envelope doesn't ring home, or perhaps a few collars have been eaten away by sea. Because, you know, accidents will happen even in the best lands. Miss McGarry of the Parisian Home Laundry has to do a lot of explaining to Mary to those occasions. (Home laundry, you know, is the Dmitry laundry just as though it were right in your home.) "Sure," Miss McGarry is explaining, "I know of your shirts was missing, but we sent him a wash cloth that didn't belong to you, and you can keep that till we return your shirts."

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