

# 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 said any number of unpleasant things; a woman who kept getting "No answer" complained to the district manager, and a mean man who called long distance left without paying. That's life, that is!



**THE PERFUME COUNTER**—Miss Billie Toles of the toilet goods is stationed right across from the elevators, and hurried shoppers are continually coming up and firing questions point blank, such as "Where can I get a jack-in-the-box?" or "Where do they keep the satin crepe?" Poor Billie used to have the most terrible times trying to get her mind off "Whiff de Jasmine" and "Poudre de Chat" in a hurry, for she is really a helpful little thing, but it was too much, and she used to answer wrong half the time. Now she just says sweetly, "Three aisles over, madam," and trusts to luck that she'll never see the person again.



**THE BARGAIN BASEMENT**—Bertha, the belle of the Bargain Basement, has been insulted again. Two ladies, if you care to call them that, asked Bertha to please hold up the little garment you see in Bertha's keeping, to see how it looked. "It looks like the tag end of a perfect day to me, Mrs. Lake, now doesn't it?" said one to the other shopper in, O, the *cattiest* way!



**THE DEMONSTRATOR**—The beautiful saleslady who demonstrates the advantages of having a little violet and sun-kist ray apparatus in your home is very personable. She just loves her violet ray. "Yesterday," she will tell the world, if it will listen, "I noticed a large wen on my neck. So I got out my violet ray, and after just a few minutes' treatment it had disappeared!"



**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 sales book. She never can remember what to do with a charge account.



**AS ADVERTISED**—Miss Lorraine Oberholtz has, much against her wishes, been transferred from the women's wear on the third to the special sale of bath mats on the main floor. "Now this one," Miss Oberholtz is saying in her grandest ready-to-wear manner, "though slightly 'seared,' is *very rich!*"



**THE ART GOODS**—Everything is supposed to look very arty in the art goods department, where they sell the undecorated parchment shades and the silk floss and the stamped towels. Miss Bachman is looking for all the world like the spirit of the Latin quarter in a real artist's smock.



**THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT**—Mrs. Lillian Bathsheba 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," the better-than-butter substitute, with the peanut flavor and the violet color. "May I, Lillian is begging, offer you a slight sample of the world-famous 'Sedimento,' the butter substitute with the lasting flavor? Here is a little booklet showing 'Sedimento's' medicinal attributes. Sold in one, two, and two and a-half pound jars only!"



**THE LADY OF THE LAUNDRY**—Sometimes a shirt doesn't come back, or only half an envelope chemise is sent home, or perhaps a few collars have been eaten away by acid, because, you know, accidents will happen even in the best laundries. Miss McGarrity of the Parisian Home Laundry has to do a lot of explaining to unruly patrons on those occasions. (A home laundry, you know, is where they treat laundry just as though it were right in its own home.) "Sure," Miss McGarrity is explaining, "I know one of your shirts was missing, but we sent home a wash cloth that didn't belong to you, and you can keep that till we locate your shirt."