The Mystery of the Chemist’s Shop

Carrier Engineering Corporation USA
1921
The Messrs. Pill and Powder make chemicals and drugs,
Most everything from Paris Green to bottled little bugs.

Their drying kilns for powders, in spite of every care,
Will not dry uniformly, fast—they need conditioned air.
And when they've left the dry kilns their powders rare and dear
Become a caked and sorry mass in summer atmosphere.

The dust from open windows contaminates their goods,
And too-moist air makes G. E. salts stick tight in filling hoods.

Machine-rolled pills, when coated, are checked and have no gloss,
"Mech" can avoid this trouble, too, and save their daily loss.
The Messrs. Pill and Powder, convinced by
"Mech's" display
Of wisdom, put it up to him to make their business pay.

"Mech" waves his magic wand, then, conditioning the air,
And all their costly chemicals which used to cause despair

Are standardized exactly and made superior,
While everything competitive becomes inferior.