

BIG CITY'S SALESMEN HYPNOTIZE VISITING BUYERS

Attractions to Sell Clothes Display Psychology of Highest Order and Success Is Well Earned

By JANE DIXON.

Arrivals of Buyers.
Cohocton, Ohio.—Mrs. Francis Sulzberger, women's kimono, bodice accessories, silk petticoats.
Texarkana, Tex.—John Smith, women's suits and suits, bargain basement.
Natchez, Miss.—Quality Shop, notions, jewelry, leather goods.
Pittsburg, Pa.—Kaufman & Kaufman, "K and K." Miss Wolfe, millinery.
Miss O'Donnell, corsets; Miss Nussbaum, children's wares; Mr. John Smith, house furnishings; Mme. La Roche, evening gowns.
Los Angeles, Cal.—H. O. W. Rainey, umbrellas.

A SLIGHT segment from the page of a big town paper. Not verbatim, it is true, because by being verbatim we might be accused of boosting certain interests.

Little Platte district to set back the old man a hundred bones for a gown. She times her attack on father to take place immediately after he has sold his wheat, when his pockets are so plastered with money he hasn't any place to carry his pig tobacco.
When father sees the wisp of tulle he drew in exchange for the century case note he threatens to break the altitude record. His bellowing rival those of Caesar, the prize Holstein bull raging around the barnyard. Daughter simply smiles. In her secret soul she knows that right then the buyer from the Bon Marche in Kansas City is down in New York with a commission from her to bring back anything nifty he sees up to \$500. Five hundred dollars is not such a lot of wheat at that, not as wheat goes to-day. It is even less in terms of tulle.
Meanwhile, in the city of sighs and soldiers, friend buyer is struggling through a jungle of fall and winter models. You might think he was manager of a dog and pony show from the way his clothes are cluttered up with hairs. He bears the indubitable marks of contact with gray squirrel, red and white fox, taupe wool, black



"What chance has a buyer with a bead on him like that?"



Robert Steub

hotels in the morning and blow them to breakfast. No California grass for Magda now. Vintage, with squash. In passing, kindly note that a New York breakfast and a Munroe, Ind., breakfast are two separate and distinct meals. In New York we slip the top from a brace of soft boiled eggs, have a bit of fruit or jam, nibble a piece of toast, sip a cup of coffee and call it a meal. Out in Munroe the native sons go down to a small steak smothered in fried potatoes, some fried mush with maple syrup, a dish of canned cherries, assisted by a half dozen home made cookies, three crockers of coffee and a couple of doughnuts for luck. When these corn fed buyers lamp the food programme of the New York hotels, they just naturally run wild.

The Season's Fashions.
Understand, we are not picking our visiting buyers. We love them. We kiss them on the brow. They are part of the big town, the ever changing, ever shifting part. They close up the chinks in our theatres. They use up the extra tables in our restaurants and cabarets. They are almost the sole survivors of the dancing madness, from which we suffered a few seasons back. They still imagine they are slumming when they go to a spaghetto parlor and drink red ink. They have



"The spotlight is turned on that number."

Ohkosh that the blue foulard model was no good because it sagged in the back.
There is always some one to go any given proprietor one better. The some one in this case thought it would help the illusion along if heads were added to the bodies. Success and flowers for this idea. Headmakers got busy. The result was far beyond the dreams of the sanguine inaugurator. Blond heads, brunet heads, heads with hair that drew forth the derisive "Bricktop!" back in pigtail days, hair drifted with the snows of life's winter. They were all there.
They were so natural, these headed figures, that the trusting soul from the blue-eyed belt often made the mistake of going up and attempting to shake hands with the hand tailored ladies. One even grew frolicsome with an attractive form and asked her out to dinner. He was a trifle shortsighted.
He thought his innamorata updid brightly, but he missed the mistake series before he turned away. A salesman saw the whole blunder. After that the buyer had to come over for anything the salesman pushed. But, oh, how the buyer took it out on his oculist when he got back home!
Next we come to the live model period. Not the live model period as it is to-day, but when it was but a babe in swaddling clothes. Early in this period firms picked out the most attractive of the girls in their work-rooms and when a buyer here in sight they gave the word for Magdie to don the brown velvet with the pink collar. Magdie came right out into the plain oak show room, turned around a few times and retired to her regular business of pulling bastings.
Now we begin to get on. The feel of soft silk and glistening satin began to get in Magdie's blood. It sang in her brain. She found that not only is beauty very often dress deep but it is a matter of a marcel wave or two, long shiny finger nails and high heeled shoes. No more bastings for Magdie.
We next find her a person of consequence and airs such as no queen ever attempted, peacocking her way up and down a plateau of gray velvet carpet. She has changed her name to Magda.
The firm Magda honored by consenting to show their goods gave her a fitting background for all this grandeur. They had the show rooms done by an interior decorator instead of just a painter. The furnishings were few but costly, with hints of Paul Poiret or Joseph Urban. When Magda sauntered down the length of that arched velvet plateau she made Lillian Russell look like a farmer's daughter.

Fashion in a Garden.
This is Lillian Russell's day. Since "we have" advised a long way. Our route was by way of promenade. When one of the big shops in the Big Town called in the landscape artists and caused a complete garden to be erected on an upper floor of the establishment it seemed as if we might have reached the zenith of fashion show frenzy.
For a week beautiful ladies in exquisite frocks and frills stepped out on the pillared veranda, sauntered down the broad stone steps and strolled the gravelled paths between beds of roses, borders of geraniums, arbors of wisteria and crimson rambblers.
Buyers and their victims-to-be jammed the side lines. The well known mob scene was repeated each day at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Magda was there, gazing with scorn upon the milling herd, toying with her borrowed lognette. The weekly stipend Magda received for queening it thus was the same as the amount she used to dream she might save if she worked every day of her life for ninety-nine years.
When she received this princely sum for six days of strutting did Magda tuck it in her gold mesh bag and beat it for the bank? No. She held out a measly dollar. The rest she sunk in a piece of scenery by Paquin, one of those things you simply can't resist. The dollar? It went for a mess of corned beef and cabbage delightfully frescoed with draughts out of a seidel. Even iced claret and chicken salad will pall if they are a cultivated taste.
Shortly after the inauguration of the garden party to bait buyers, Magda and her contemporaries began to make their appearance at the smart functions of a public or semi-public nature.
"Who is that stunning creature in moleskin and violet?" Mrs. Astorbill would whisper to Mrs. Vandergrift at the Horse Show.
"I was asking myself the same question," confessed Mrs. Vandergrift. "She can't be one of our set. I've never seen her before."
A reporter seeing the two great carinas of "What's What and Why" conferring together, would get the direction of their gaze, sight the stunner in the moleskin and violet and chase her six times around the tanbark before the secret was out.
The bold mad mannikins began to crash in everywhere. Even the opera was not safe from their machinations. They penetrated as far as the golden horseshoe. Odds bodkins! This could never be! Besides, their outfit often made many of the neighboring entries in the fashion race look like plough horses. That divine person in cloth of gold with a million dollars worth of spivivens from Smith & Jones, evening gowns and accessories. It was too awful.
At the races you will see Magda and her gang, spick and span, sporty, smartest of the smart. They will have the last hoof beat in track togs. Just now they are manifesting themselves at fashionable first nights, in a stare box, of course, where the out of town buyer and that dear public can get an eye-ful of evening clothes.
The dainty doll you saw at Piping Rock the other day may not be a billionaire's bride. She may be none other than Magda wearing the latest model from Mannheim's. I do not say she is, mind you, but I say she may be.
The starting person in pulsing pink who was the sensation on the Waldorf roof was touting the makes of Mannde Morris. Diana, bouncing her way through the park on the heels of a midnight mare, was the salmon coat and the black patent leather boots and bonnet for a purpose. The purpose is Hertz, builders of riding togs that are different.
It certainly threw a thrill into the buyers when their baiters began to

hire theatres for the fashion shows. This was opulence with reinforced heels and toes. Alla Nazimova did not have a thing on the queen of the fashion parade who appeared on the stage in a clingy affair of purple chiffon over burnt orange. The ingenue lead wore frilly frocks of net and organdy and taffeta, with large floppy hats sporting streamers.
It was a happy day for Magda. Buyers were hanging around the stage entrance waiting for her to come out so they could buy her set of chicken a la king with real California champagne.
By what gradual stages has a perfectly innocent scheme to extract orders painlessly from visiting buyers developed into an institution? The buyer of the present would be bored by a mere theatrical performance of the fantastic farce comedy called "Fashion." He would fall sound asleep in his seat while Magda languished in the loveliest lingerie.
So we have the ballroom. Not the ordinary ballroom, mind you. The ballroom de luxe in the smart hotels—that is the set.
Should the rank outsider find his way into the Bal des Toilettes by mistake he would wonder which one of the four hills was throwing a party. It is more stupendously correct than a dance for a debutante with a dowry in seven figures. Rome was something like this before it took to the dogs, only not so much so. Everything is there but the jewelled goblets and the lions. Lions are there too, but they do not roar. They purr. They wear silk, satin, velvet, chiffon, net, tulle—just as little of it as possible.

The Gorgeous Mannikins.
They are gorgeous creatures, these ballroom mannikins.
"If I was picking out my life partner on looks I'd call them all 100 per cent perfect and pick mine by number out of a hat." Is the way one of the buyers sized up the show.
The ballroom is decorated, without regard to the first of the month. Tea tables are placed discreetly about so that the poor victims can draw their troubles in oolong or a pale amber potion with an olive resting at the base. Masonic Hall out in Massillon is nothing like this.
There is soft music. The birds of paradise preen and prance. An under-sized fellow with a French accent guaranteed to disguise the English language entirely converses on the history of dress. He tells you he designed the first nightgown for Mamma Eve. He knows exactly what woman Cleopatra wore the day she looked that Marc Antony chap. If you think he hasn't the dope on how Josephine put it over on Napoleon ask him about her wardrobe.
To give an idea to what a fine point



"The purpose is Hertz, builder of riding togs."

this baiting is carried, when a buyer asks about a certain gown on a ball room mannikin the number is flashed to a man in the gallery, who operates a spot light. The operator knows the gowns and their wearers by number. The moment he gets the flash he turns the spot light on that number and follows it around the room so the spectator can see it from all angles. What chance has a buyer when they have a bead on him like that?
What the next move will be New York dare not predict. Some say it will be a house on Fifth avenue where mannikins conduct themselves quite as if they were the mistresses of the mansion, going through an entire day changes of gowns, and all for the edification of the buyer. But this will entail also a country estate for the showing of clothes adapted to this style of living, not to mention a suite in a Palm Beach hotel, a camp in the Adirondacks and so on.
But what you ask, has become of Magda? Lucky Magda! She has more pictures in the papers than Mary Pickford. While the poor, perspiring salesman is out taking a big fish from Little Creek, Mich., to breakfast she is revelling in the comfort of a faded draped chaise longue for tailors. Magda has yielded to the Greek influence in evening gowns. Black, dark blue, gray and beige are the colors favored by Worth for evening. Trains are either square or pointed.
But what will she do? Let the buyer who will spell the names and see. Let them come often and stay long. And next season we may have a bigger surprise than the ballroom to spring on them.
"Cherry and blue are the leading colors so far as I have seen," was the dope. "Here in New York I see a great deal of black, especially satin, and of mahogany in millinery." Paris says copper, gray and corinth are the favorite shades for tailors. "Wagon" "Corinthine." This is a new one.
"Yes, it is gray with a sort of red shade to it. Costs are long and have waistcoats in contrasting colors. Serge dresses are made with straight lines. The afternoon models have tiny, with draped corners for the shoulders. Magda has yielded to the Greek influence in evening gowns. Black, dark blue, gray and beige are the colors favored by Worth for evening. Trains are either square or pointed.
But what will she do? Let the buyer who will spell the names and see. Let them come often and stay long. And next season we may have a bigger surprise than the ballroom to spring on them.

in Cohocton, Ohio, or in Natchez, Miss., and such is not our purpose. On the subject of out of town buyers we stand perfectly and entirely neutral. We do not care whether they come from Boise City, Idaho, where sheep ranching is the popular occupation, or Fresno, Cal., where the populace pick raisins for a living, or Macon, Ga., in the cotton belt, or Newport, R. I., where the residents are popularly reported to be engaged extensively in the burning of bank notes.
We are for them one and all. From Al Wasserman of Seattle, Wash., who came over in the steamer and now owns the biggest dry goods store in the Northwest, to Miss Nancy Jane Lee of Lynchburg, Va. whose grandfathers fought for the South and who lives in the decadent family mansion when she isn't selling perfumes and toilet dainties to ward off the Sheriff. We say to them all, welcome to our city.

the steer they gallop and spurt and kick and bellow, but the rope gets them just the same. They are tied, thrown, left to the mercy of the ropers.
"I can remember that when I first came to New York to buy, maybe a few coats and suits for the trade, they showed them to me by hand, or on the back of a chair. Now I must look at them in a swell hotel, in a coat with a tail to it and patent leather on the feet."
The plaintive note is sounded by a visitor from the corn fed country adjacent to and immediately bordering on the Little Platte River. If you do not know where the Little Platte River is, look it up. You will be surprised. You thought they were satreen dresses and sunbonnets out there in the alfalfa. Some of them do. But some of them have the names of our very highest modistes embroidered in their dress bands—highest both in point of exclusiveness, sartorially speaking, and of price.
It is nothing for a daughter of the

lynx. Spangles glitter at unexpected places on his clothes, tangible evidence of billowy bouts in steaming show rooms.
Every year he is more and more amazed at the grandeur of the traps set to catch him. Once, as the buyer from the Little Platte plaintively put it, the wily salesman was content to bring out his wares and exhibit them by hand. If he was an enthusiast at his business he may have gone so far as to hold a garment up against his own body to encourage his customer to visualize. It was, "Here it is. Take it or leave it."
Next came the form method of display. This was an improvement. Forms were built in exact imitation of the human figure. Inanimate perfect thirty-sixes were scattered all over the place. It would have been something of a shock for a stranger to the practice to stumble into a showroom in the dark and see dozens of headless bodies standing bolt upright about the room. Nevertheless the buyer knew before he returned to

ous effort to do it in that one way. Another man might well have considered it impossible to moderate the natural brilliance of his eye, but the one-eyed man had educated the rest of his countenance so well in the art of expressing nothing at all that he believed he could tame his eye, and he undertook to do so.
It was perhaps easier for him than it would have been if he had had two, for he was able to concentrate his effort on the single one, and by fixing his mind on it he believed that he could stop it from gleaming and glittering as it had the habit of doing. It would have been vastly easier, of course, if he could have procured a glittering, gleaming glass one, but that, as has been said, the dealer did not have.
Followed, therefore, a period of seclusion, during which the one-eyed man struggled with his eye till he believed that he had it well in hand. Then one more he appeared in the haunts of men, ready, as he fondly hoped, to resume his professional activities with a reasonable expectation of renewed prosperity.
In one particular, at least, his expectations were fulfilled completely. The professional players whom he encountered in his quest of an open game recognized him instantly despite his two-eyed appearance, but the non-professionals were not so leary of him as they would have been had they seen him without his disguise. They did not perceive at a glance, as the professionals did, that he was the person who had so firmly established his reputation for uncanny powers with playing cards that even the wayfaring

man's turn to play and he gave it an extra boost every time the occasion to do a little careful studying.
While so engaged he looked very intently at the one-eyed man, as did the others. The one-eyed man was keenly conscious of it, though he pretended unconsciousness while he waited patiently for whatever might happen next.
Presently he saw a bewildered look come on each of four faces. Then this bewilderment became astonishment. Then fear, amounting to terror, was manifested, and in a moment mere sudden panic seized all four men, and with one accord they rushed violently out of the saloon, leaving the one-eyed man with a most unsatisfactory and a bitter disappointment in his mind. Not did he ever learn what had happened, though the story of the game was widely told.
Among others who heard vague reports of the matter and were greatly puzzled thereby were old man Greenleaf of Arkansas City and four friends of his who frequented his little saloon on the levee during the most of their leisure hours.
While they were discussing it Mr. Owen Pepper entered the saloon and in the expectation of news, the old man set 'em up.
"How come them fo' men done quit the one-eyed man so sudden like?" he asked eagerly while Mr. Pepper was still drinking. "Did they recognize him?"
"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I reckon they couldn't have, bein' 's they wouldn't nobody 'spection he was one-eyed, just lookin' at him. He's done got two on 'em now."

ONE-EYED MAN USES GLASS OPTIC TO ADVANTAGE UNTIL A SAD ACCIDENT HAPPENS

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

IT is one thing for a man to inspire great respect in the minds of those who are best qualified to judge of the nature of his professional achievements, but it is another and a wholly different matter to excel so greatly in one's performance of the duties pertaining to his profession that others regard him with awe, not to say terror.
The personal pride begotten of emulgence is fed up, properly enough, by the wholesome respect of others, but the legitimate profits of a professional man may be sadly diminished if his prowess be such that those others fear to engage him. He may or may not be prompt in recognizing the fact that his too great success is really detrimental to him, but much depends on what measures he adopts when he does recognize it, in case he really does.
The one-eyed man was notably quick in his perception of any and all things likely to affect the conditions under which he pursued his calling, and he was by no means unconscious of a certain difference on the part of other poker players which seemed to be manifested when he desired to sit in at the game. There was nothing in his character or in his personal appearance which could be cited as being the cause of such a feeling, for neither morals nor manners were accounted important in the selection of participants in a poker game on the Mississippi River boats, where the one-eyed man was in the habit of playing during the period in which he was one of the best known

players in that part of the world. And the one-eyed man knew this perfectly well.
He did not need to be told that even if he could by any possibility have been less prepossessing or less scrupulous than he was no other player would have objected to playing with him because of either of those two things. Something far more serious was operating in the minds of the sporting fraternity to make him an undesirable member of it, and whatever it was it was gradually becoming so generally recognized that it interfered seriously with his income. When he played he could always win, but manifestly it was impossible for him to win if he did not play. Neither could he play alone, and after a time it seemed as if nobody was willing to play with him.
At first this was a source of considerable gratification to him, for he knew that other professionals would gladly play with him if there was any possibility of beating him, but when his fame became so great that even suckers refused to sit in with anybody who had less than two eyes he realized that it was up to him to do something about it.
There had been a time when men would sit in at the game, and say in a jocular way that if they caught anybody at the table cheating they would shoot his other eye out, but nobody had ever caught him cheating. It was practically impossible to detect him, and the remark no longer passed as a witticism. Instead of joking about it they refused to join the game. "I reckon I'll have to git a other eye," was what he said to himself

man, though a fool, would have sufficient discretion to shy off from an encounter with anybody who had had the misfortune to lose an eye.
It happened, therefore, on the very first occasion on which he appeared in public wearing his new one, that he found a party of four persons with an appearance of propriety engaged in a game of poker in the saloon of the Belle of the Bayous, and he saw, moreover, that no one of the four was a professional. This was undoubtedly an example of bull headed luck of the very first order, but the one-eyed man would never have been what it was if he had not been phenomenally well used to having things come his way that he was less surprised than he might have been at finding the precise opportunity he sought without difficulty or delay.
It was not in his nature to hesitate about seizing an opportunity when he found one, and realizing immediately that this was just the one he wanted he said in an offhand way, "I wouldn't mind takin' a hand if th' ain't no 'jections."
Luck was still with him. There were no objections entered. The players all preferred a five handed game and really seemed to think he was doing them a favor by sitting in, which he did promptly, though with no show of eagerness. The game too was of a kind in which the one-eyed man took great satisfaction. No chips were on the table and the betting was done with coins and paper money, the smallest coin in sight being a \$5 gold piece, and each player having a good sized wad of bills in front of him.

"Men likely he's done had a hawk's eye graffed in," said the old man with some wink like awe. "Them docters does wonderful stunts nowadays. I heard of a man had a new nose set in his last."
"I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I reckon melbe it's glass. Anyways, they was some 'sion of 'spection at, frim what I heard, but I reckon they wouldn't nobody look no particular notice first off, only them that knowed him by sight. I knowed him my own self, soon's I'd seen him, but his other eye sho' I'd look right at 'em, and them that was settin' in didn't seem to have no idee who they was playin' with."
"It was lookin' on, but I reckon 'spection' what they'd be comin' out at, didn't be long, an' they sho' was. Come on 'One Eye's' deal of cards, an' after the others had done skeddaddled I had curiosity enough for to look at the cards they left. They'd skeddaded one on 'em had a straight flush."
"I'd notice they wouldn't make no strangle about what happened, but them docters done it. I was awfully interested in my own self, but I happened to look at One Eye after he done rose it some heavy an' I plumb forgot all about the game for a minute."
"They wouldn't neither make me forget no such games as that," said Jim Blaisedell rather indignantly.
"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I reckon they wouldn't nobody pay no great'ntention to a poker game if he seen what I seen. They was a po' 'ol' sucker had done lit on One Eye's glass eye, an' he was breakin' his bill all up tryin' to buy a hole into it. I reckon them yaps must a seen it, too, an' lit out, 'twain' they had 'em again."