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# A Bachelor's Shopping

By William J. Lampton

THE man stood helplessly before the counter in a large department store. He didn't know what was on the shelves behind the counter. All he knew was what he had come to the place for, and already he was wondering why he had ever been persuaded to come. The young woman who presided over that particular department saw the man, and pausing in her conversation with a fellow clerk she asked him what he wanted.

"I want a dress for a lady," he said quickly, as though he might forget.

"Third aisle to the right and back three," she responded, and resumed her conversation without giving him a second look.

The man stood irresolute.

"Where?" he asked in such an appealing tone that the clerk took pity on him, and told it over, pointing out the way. He thanked her and hesitatingly started off.

When he thought that he had reached the right place he approached another clerk. She smiled at him as at one who might be easy.

"I want a dress for a lady," he said phonographically.

"What kind of a dress?" inquired the clerk.

"Silk," he replied briefly.

"This is the flannel counter," explained the clerk. "Silk over at the other side."

"Which side?" he asked, observing that the store had four sides, not counting the top and the bottom.

"Over yonder by the pillar," said the clerk.

"Thank you very much," he said, and went toward the spot.

The clerk was busy there, and he waited until she was ready to attend to him. He mopped his face several times, and bumped into six women while trying to keep out of the way of a dicky.

"I want a dress for a lady," he said, coming back to the original proposition.

"What kind of a dress?" she asked, encouragingly.

"A silk dress," he replied, gathering a little spirit.

"What kind of silk?"

"I don't know," he said, utterly helpless in the face of details.

"About how much do you want to pay?" she inquired, hoping to get some idea of his needs.

"Well, they said I could get silk at from twenty-nine cents up, and I don't care to pay too much, as it goes to my sister-in-law in the country," he explained with so much effort that he mopped his face vigorously.

"This isn't the cheap silk counter," sniffed the clerk with considerable disdain. "Cheap silks over in the corner," nodding in a north-westerly direction.

He didn't dare to go behind that imperious nod, and set off toward the only corner visible from where he stood. He stopped at a counter that seemed favorable.

"I want a dress for a lady," he repeated slowly to a red-haired clerk.

"Ready-made dresses on second floor," began the clerk, when he found courage to break in:

"I don't want a ready-made dress," he asserted boldly.

"Oh," she said, "you want a dress pattern."

"No; I want a dress," he insisted. "I guess the lady's got a pattern at home."

The girl looked at him with a half-scornful leer.

"Well," she said, "a pattern means the goods. You want the goods, don't you?"

"I guess so," he answered, meek as a whipped school-boy.

"What kind of a dress do you want?" she inquired in a dictatorial tone.

"A silk dress," he replied, dropping easily into the accustomed form of speech.

"Well, this ain't the silk counter," she snapped. "If you want gingham or calico,

"

"But I don't," he interrupted. "I want a silk dress."

"Very well, go over yonder to that counter where you see the girl in the blue shirt-waist."

This was an explicit direction to follow, and he went straight to the spot. The girl appeared to be waiting for his arrival, and she was quite pleasant of manner.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, smiling at him.

"I want a dress for a lady," he said for the thousandth time, it seemed to him. He had tried to think of a different form of expression, but his mind refused to depart from custom.

"What kind of a dress?" inquired the clerk.

"A silk dress—something from twenty-nine cents up," he said in the haste of desperation.

"What color?" asked the clerk kindly, because his face showed signs of care.

"Does it come in colors?" he exclaimed, appalled at the thought of more detail.

"Oh, yes, we have it in red, blue, green, gray, pink, cerise—"

"I want black silk," he said confidently, after taking a letter from his pocket and looking over it.

"We don't keep the black at this counter," the clerk told him. "You will find it at the third counter down the aisle and to the left."

There was a stool before him, and he sat down to think. The girl watched him sympathetically. She knew that he was in deep distress, but she didn't know what caused it.

"That way?" he asked after a minute, pointing aimlessly in front of him.

"Yes," she said, and he rose feebly and moved off. A floor-walker met him wandering about and took him to the counter.

"I want a dress for a lady—" he almost choked on the stereotyped words. "Something from twenty-nine cents up," he added feebly.

The clerk, a motherly sort of woman, took down two or three pieces of silk and spread them before him.

"This is twenty-nine," she said gently, "but this other, at fifty, will give you much more satisfaction. It is really quite serviceable."

"Well, give me fourteen yards," he said promptly. "That's seven dollars, isn't it? You ship it from here, don't you?"

"Yes, if you want it to go out of town."

"Here's the address, and here's the money," he said, handing out four two-dollar bills and started away.

"Wait for your change," suggested the clerk.

"Keep it," he said. "I can't stand this any longer," and when he got outside he lifted his tired soul to heaven and breathed a prayer of thankfulness.

# Shrewdest of Advertising

MAX LANSBURGH, venerable and alert, in a reminiscent mood, narrated an interesting event concerning the coming of Jenny Lind, the great Swedish singer, to America in 1848. He said:

"In addition to making herself rich and comfortable for life, Jenny Lind brought wealth to two other men. One of them, as you know, was Barnum, the showman. It was Barnum who brought her to America. He ventured all that he could raise in advertising the wonderful woman, and his successful management of her tour in this country lifted Barnum from failure to grand business success.

"But there was another man who got rich without having anything to do with the management of the Jenny Lind concert tour. It was Genin, the New-York hatter. You probably never heard of him; but his name and business were advertised by Barnum wherever the Jenny Lind concerts were advertised; and it didn't cost Genin one penny for all of the advertising that Barnum did for him.

"There was no hall in New-York big enough to accommodate the crowds which attended the first concert in this country, so Castle Garden was fitted up for the purpose, and the seats were sold at auction. Now, Genin was an unknown hatter, although he was a good one. He went to the auction sale

of seats at Castle Garden and outbid everybody. He ran up the price of the first ticket until some of his friends thought he was going crazy and tried to induce him to desist. But Genin was not crazy by any means. He kept on bidding until he finally got the first ticket for seven hundred fifty dollars. He had outbid the richest men in New-York.

"The next day and every day afterward for many months it was announced that 'Genin, the New-York hatter, paid seven hundred fifty dollars for the first Jenny Lind ticket.'

"And, wherever Barnum advertised his concert he advertised that fact, to show what a great attraction he was touring with. As a consequence, Genin's hats were in demand all over this country, and he became enormously rich."

## HIS LONG EXPERIENCE.

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Country Cousin: "Ever been? Why, thump it all! I've took in every opery, from 'Ten Nights in a Bar-room' and the 'Swiss Bell Ringers' clear to hypnotizers and learned pigs, that has exhibited in our opery house back to home for the last nine or 'leven years."

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