

BEFORE MY BABY CAME

I Was Greatly Benefited by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sydenham, Ont.—"I took your medicine before my baby was born, and it was a great help to me as I was very poorly until I had started to take it. I just felt as though I was tired out all the time and would have weak, faint spells. My nerves would bother me until I could get little rest, night or day. I was told by a friend to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I only took a few bottles and it helped me wonderfully. I would recommend it to any woman. I am doing what I can to recommend this good medicine. I will send that little book you sent me to any one I can help. You can with the greatest of pleasure use my name in regard to the Vegetable Compound if it will help others take it."—Mrs. HARVEY MILLER, Sydenham, Ont.

It is remarkable how many cases have been reported similar to this one. Many women are poorly at such times and get into a weakened, run-down condition, when it is essential to the mother, as well as the child, that her strength be kept up.

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SNAPPY SELLING IN A BOOKSTORE

THE BROWSING PROFESSOR LEARNS HOW LITERATURE BY THE POUND IS ADJUSTED TO SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Wish to look about the store? Oh, oh, by all means, sir," he said. "You'll find some things that might interest you," he said, "in the back of the store on the left. We have there a series of reprints—Universal Knowledge from Aristotle to Lord Balfour—at seventeen cents. Or perhaps you might like to look over the Pantheon of Dead Authors at ten cts. With that he waved his hand to an assistant and dismissed me from his thoughts.

In other words, he had divined me in a moment. There was no use in my having bought a sage-green fedora in Broadway, and a sporting tie done

What is it about?" "It's an extremely powerful thing," said Mr. Sellyer. "In fact, masterly. The critics are saying that it's perhaps the most powerful book of the season. It has a—" and here Mr. Sellyer paused, and somehow his manner reminded me of my own when I am explaining to a university class something that I don't know my self—"It has a—a—power; so to speak a very exceptional power; in fact, one may say without exaggeration it is the most powerful book of the month.

A Book for Mr. Rasselyer In fact it's a book that is bound



IT'S A BOOK THAT OUGHT TO BE—

up crosswise with spots as big as nickles. These little adornments can never hide the soul within. In was a professor, and he knew it, or at least as part of his business, he could divine it on the instant.

The sales manager of the biggest bookstore for ten blocks cannot be deceived in a customer. And he knew of course, that, as a professor, I was no good. I had come to the store, as all professors go to book stores, just as a wasp comes to an open jar of marmalade. He knew that I would hang around for two hours, get in everybody's way, and finally buy a cheap reprint of the Dialogues of Plato, or the Prose Works of John Milton, or Locke on the Human Understanding, or some trash of that sort.

As for real taste in literature—the ability to appreciate at its worth a two dollar novel of last month, in a spring jacket with a tango frontispiece—I hadn't got it and he knew it.

He despised me, of course. But it is a maxim of the book business that a professor standing up in a corner buried in a book looks well in a store. The real customers like it.

So it was that even so up-to-date a manager as Mr. Sellyer tolerated my presence in a back corner of his store; and so it was that I had an opportunity of knowing something of his methods with his real customers.

MR. SLUSH'S LATEST NOVEL

I had no intention of standing in the place and listening as a spy. In fact, to tell the truth, I had become immediately interested in a new translation of the Moral Discourses of Epictetus. The book was very neatly printed, quite well bound and was offered at eighteen cents; so that for the moment I was strongly tempted to buy it, though it seemed best to take a dip into it first.

I had hardly read more than the first three chapters when my attention was diverted by a conversation going on in the front of the store.

"You're quite sure it's his latest?" a fashionably dressed lady was saying to Mr. Sellyer.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Rasselyer," answered the manager. "I assure you this is his very latest. In fact, they only came in yesterday."

As he spoke, he indicated with his hand a huge pile of books, gayly jacketed in white and blue. I could make out the title in big gilt lettering—GOLDEN DREAMS.

"Oh, yes," repeated Mr. Sellyer. "This is Mr. Slush's latest book. It's having a wonderful sale."

"That's all right then," said the lady. "You see, one sometimes gets taken in so: I came in here last week and took two that seemed very nice and I never noticed till I got home that they were both old books, published, I think, six months ago."

The manager apologized humbly for the error. "But now, this book," said the lady turning over the leaves, "is it good?"

to make a sensation. In certain quarters they are saying that it's a book that ought not to be—"And here Mr. Sellyer's voice became so low and ingratiating that I couldn't hear the rest of the sentence.

"Oh, really?" said Mrs. Rasselyer. "Well, I think I'll take it then. One ought to see what these talked-of things are about, anyway."

She had already begun to button her gloves, and to reject her far piece with which she had been knocking the Easter cards off the counter. Then she suddenly remembered something.

"Oh, I was forgetting," she said. "Will you send something to the house for Mr. Rasselyer at the same time? He's going down to Virginia for the vacation. You know the kind of thing he likes, do you not?"

"Oh, perfectly, madam," said the manager. Mr. Rasselyer generally reads works of—er—I think he buys mostly books on—er—

"Oh, travel and that sort of thing," said the lady.

"Precisely, I think we have here," and he pointed to the counter on the left, "what Mr. Rasselyer wants."

He indicated a row of handsome books—"Seven Weeks in the Sahara, seven dollars; Six Months in a Wagon, six-fifty net; Afternoons in an Ox-cart, two volumes, four-thirty, with twenty off."

"I think he has read those," said Mrs. Rasselyer. "At least there are a good many at home that seem like that."

"Oh, very possibly—but here, now Among the Monkeys of New Guinea—ten dollars, net."

And with this Mr. Sellyer laid his hand on a pile of new books, apparently as numerous as the huge pile of Golden Dreams.

"Among the Monkeys," he repeated, almost caressingly.

"It seems rather expensive," said the lady.

"Oh, very much so—a most expensive book," the manager repeated in a tone of enthusiasm. "You see Mrs. Rasselyer, it's the illustrations, actual photographs—he ran the leaves over in his fingers—"of actual monkeys, taken with the camera—and the paper, you notice—in fact, madam, the book costs, the mere manufacture of it, nine dollars and ninety cents—of course we make no profit on it. But it's a book we like to handle."

Everybody likes to be taken into the details of technical business; and of course everybody likes to know that a bookseller is losing money. These, I realized, were two anxieties in the methods of Mr. Sellyer.

So very naturally Mrs. Rasselyer bought Among the Monkeys, and in another moment Mr. Sellyer was directing a clerk to write down an address on Fifth Avenue, and was bowing deeply as he showed the lady out of the door.

Another lady entered.

This time even to an eye less trained than Mr. Sellyer's, the deep, expensive mourning and the pensive face proclaimed the sentimental widow.

A Book of Many Moods

"Something new in fiction," repeated the manager, "yes, madam—here's a charming thing—Golden Dreams"—he hung lovingly on the words "a very sweet story, singularly sweet; in fact, madam, the critics are saying it is the sweetest thing Mr. Slush has done."

"Is it good?" said the lady. I began to realize that all customers asked this.

"A charming book," said the manager. "It's a love story—very simple and sweet, yet wonderfully charming. My wife was reading it aloud only last night. She could hardly read for tears."

"I suppose it's quite a safe book, is it?" asked the widow. "I want it for my little daughter."

"Oh quite safe," said Mr. Sellyer, with an almost parental tone. "In fact, written quite in the old style, like the dear old books of the past quite like"—here Mr. Sellyer paused with a certain slight haze of doubt visible in his eye—"like Dickens and Fielding and Sterne and so on. We sell a great many to the clergy, madam." The lady bought Golden Dreams received it wrapped up in green enameled paper, and passed out.

"Have you any good light reading for vacation time?" called out the next customer in a loud, breezy voice—he had an air of a stock broker starting on a holiday.

"Yes," said Mr. Sellyer, and his face almost broke out into a laugh as he answered, "here's an excellent thing Golden Dreams—quite the most humorous book of the season—simply screaming my wife was reading it aloud only yesterday. She could hardly read for laughing."

"What's the price, two dollars? Two-fifty. All right, wrap it up." There was a clink of money on the counter, and the customer was gone.

Sea Stories for the Judge

"Yes, Judge!" said the manager to the next customer, a huge, dignified personage in a wide-awake hat, "sea stories? Certainly. Excellent reading no doubt, when the brain is overcharged as yours must be. Here is the very latest—Among the Monkeys of New Guinea, ten dollars, reduced to four-fifty. The manufacture alone costs six-eighths. We're selling it out. Thank you, Judge. Send it? Yes. Good morning."

After that the customers came and went in a string. I noticed that though the store was filled with books ten thousand of them, at a guess Mr. Sellyer was apparently only selling two. Every woman who entered went away with Golden Dreams: every man was given a copy of the Monkeys of New Guinea. To one lady Golden Dreams was sold as exactly the reading for a holiday, to another as the very book to read after a holiday; another bought it as a book for a rainy day, and a fourth as the right sort of reading for a fine day. The Monkeys was sold as a sea story, a land

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story, a story of the jungle, and a story of the mountains, and it was put at a price corresponding to Mr. Sellyer's estimate of the purchaser.

I felt that I had lingered long enough. I drew near with the Epictetus in my hand.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Sellyer, professional again in a moment. Epictetus? A charming thing. Eighteen cents. Thank you."

Then from the curiosity that had been growing in me and that I couldn't resist, "That book Golden Dreams, I said, "you seem to think it a very wonderful work?"

Mr. Sellyer directed one of his shrewd glances at me. He knew I didn't want to buy the book, and perhaps, like lesser people, he had his off moment of confidence.

He shook his head. "A bad business," he said. "The publishers have unloaded the thing on us, and we have to do what we can."

"Haven't you read it?" I asked.

"Dear me, no!" said the manager. His air was that of a milk man who is offered a glass of his own milk.

"A pretty time I'd have if I tried to read the new books."

"But at any rate," I insisted, your wife thought it a fine story."

Mr. Sellyer smiled widely.

"I am not married, sir," he said. (Copyrighted, 1924, by Metropolitan Newspaper Service. Arrangement with Dodd, Mead, & Co.)

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