

OUR INVASION OF PARIS.

QUEER FEATURES OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL AS AFFECTED BY AMERICAN GOODS.

Special Correspondence of the Desert News by Frank G. Carpenter.

Paris, France.—I have been wandering about Paris for a week in the footsteps of the American invasion. They are as plainly marked as the footprints of the American soldiers on the battle field of the French capital. The big hotel of the boulevard where I am writing, is filled with Americans, and I am surrounded by American goods. Our consul general has his office just over the way with the American flag flying from a pole out of one of the windows. Spaulding, the Chicago jeweler, is just below, and the American flag is on the opposite side of the street. In the same direction I see the sign of the Equitable Life Insurance company, which has recently

city. The French have no typewriters of their own worth mentioning, and at this writing the American sewing machine is considered by far the best and it gets the trade.

THE FRENCH EAT AMERICAN GROCERIES.

Our American goods are slowly but surely pushing their way into the markets of Paris. Not a few of the largest grocery establishments advertise American goods, and some of them make such goods a specialty. I visited today the grocery of Felix Potin at the junction of the Boulevard Haussmann and Maubert. It is the greatest establishment of the kind in Paris and perhaps the finest grocery of the world. I found the windows piled high with American goods, and placards hung up here and there advertising American

Machines a Ecrire and Soupes Americaine—The Grocers of Paris and How they Display their Wares—Boston Codfish Balls and Baltimore Terrapin—A French Department Store that Gives its Clerks Free Meals and Pensions—Lazare Weiller on American Coal—How the French Keep Warm—Yankee Paper on the Prince of Wales' Bed Room—Our Baby Carriages Abroad.

I noticed that the price of eight of these was 7½ francs, or almost 20 cents each.

The chicken and game were dressed with their heads turned under their wings. They were laid on their breasts on the counter and a little printed price mark was placed in the center of the back of each of them. They looked clean enough to kiss, and I do not wonder they sell. Each cut of meat was beautifully wrapped or tied up and each bore its price mark.

OUR GOODS IN THE DEPARTMENT STORES.

I find American goods for sale in the department stores of Paris. There are several such establishments here and some quite as large as any in the United States. Indeed, I doubt whether there is a department store in America larger than either the Bon Marche or the Louvre. The Bon Marche has five floors and a basement, each of which covers an acre, so that it has about six acres of floor space. It employs 4,000 clerks and does a business running high into the tens of millions of dollars per year. It was founded by the son of a hatter named Boucicault about 50 years ago, who began in a small way, but who gradually built up the business into one of the greatest of Paris.

A peculiar thing about the Bon Marche is that it is managed on the co-operative principle. Boucicault married a common working girl, and after he died his wife took the business. When she died she made a will leaving it to her employees and assistants, so that the establishment now has about 500 stockholders, and every clerk gets some percentage over the amount paid him for wages. In 1880 the shares in the company were worth about \$10,000, the same shares are now worth over \$50,000, and pay annual dividends of \$2,500.

A STORE THAT FEEDS ITS CLERKS.

After going through the lower floors I was taken to the top and shown the dining room. All the employees are fed free. They have a breakfast at noon which is more like a dinner than our breakfast. It consists of soup, meat, vegetables and dessert. One thousand clerks are dined at a time, the eating beginning at 11 and continuing until 1. There were one thousand men at the tables today when I entered the dining room and several hundred women in rooms adjoining. The big dining room must cover at least half an acre. It has eighty windows and is six hundred feet long. I noticed that each man had a quart bottle of wine at his place, and was told that even the wine is free, and that every one has coffee and a glass of brandy, rum or other liquor at the close of the meal. Indeed, I saw the brandy served.

From the dining rooms I was taken into the kitchens, where at least a score of cooks, scullions and butchers were at work. Most of the cooking is done in enormous gas ranges and steam boilers. There are nine boilers each as big as a hoghead, used to make the soups and stews. Three of these contain 800 quarts and two others have each a capacity of more than 100 gallons. When the whole store takes mutton chops for dinner the meat is cooked in grills which open and shut just like a waffle iron. If you would take two iron-barred garden gates and hinge them together so that they could be laid on the coals you might have something like one of these grills. Each will hold a hundred chops, and the arrangements are such that 600 steaks or chops can be broiled in twelve minutes. Seventeen hundred pounds of potatoes are fried at the same time and 1,400 eggs can be boiled at once.

EVERY CLERK A PARTNER.

Connected with the Bon Marche are lodging houses for the women employees, who are given house, linen, fire and food free of charge. All employees after five years' service have an interest in what is called the Boucicault Provident Fund, consisting of a certain amount of the profits of the house proportionate to the salary received. Four per cent interest is paid on the accumulations of this fund, and this is added to the capital. After a woman has been employed for fifteen years or a man for twenty, he or she can withdraw this capital, or the same right is given upon reaching fifty years of age. If a girl marries, however, she is given the entire amount of her capital, irrespective of the term of service. Since the foundation of the firm more than \$50,000 has been paid out to employees, and the capital of the fund at present is about \$700,000.

PENSIONS FOR CLERKS.

In addition to this there is another fund which provides pensions for such employees as have worked in the establishment for twenty years or have reached the age of fifty. The capital of this fund is \$1,000,000, and it gives life pensions of from \$25 to \$300 per year. The wages paid here, I understand, about the same as those of other establishments, but the employees' receipts largely depend on the amount of their sales, regular commissions on such sales being given.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS AND REFRIGERATORS.

Among the curious American goods for sale in the Bon Marche are ice cream freezers and refrigerators, as well as churns and washing machines. The English clerk who acted as my interpreter told me that the ice cream

freezers are very popular. The French do not know ice cream as we make it. Indeed, I have not had a good dish of ice cream since I left the United States. Ice cream is served at the hotels and restaurants, but in many cases the amount given is not more than a tablespoonful, and it is served in a little glass with a bowl like the hole in the bottom of a wine bottle. The amount of ice cream given with the usual glass of soda water in our drug stores is about four times as much as you receive here in a dish, and the usual restaurant portion at home would make twenty portions as served in Paris.

YANKEE SHOES AND HATS.

You can get the chief makes of American hats in Paris, but they cost fully as much as they do in the United States. I was asked 25 francs or \$5 for a derby today. This year many Panama hats are being worn, and I do not see why an importation of such goods from the Philippine islands would not pay. The Philippines make as good hats as South America and they sell them at a much less cost. I bought a hat in Manila for \$5 which would cost \$25 here in Paris, and the ordinary \$2.50 hat sold there would be worth three times as much here. Men's Panama hats trimmed with eagle feathers are now especially popular with fashionable ladies of Paris. A good hat of this kind is worth \$15.

The American lamp is beginning to make its way into Europe, as are our gas stoves and ranges. There are plenty of American shoes, both real and imitation, in Paris. Those made by the French are nothing like so good as the imported article, nor will they sell as well. One man tells me that he handles about 2,000 pairs of American shoes every year, and that his sales are steadily increasing. He says they are excellent shoes when the makers are conscientious.

YANKEE PAPER ON THE PRINCE OF WALES' BEDROOM.

I met a curious American on the top of the Eiffel tower yesterday afternoon. He came from Portland, Ore., but of late years has been representing one of our companies which manufactures burglar wall coverings. He tells me that this is one of the live articles of the American invasion, and that it is steadily pushing its way into the palaces of the rich on this side of the water. His firm sold over 300,000 yards in Europe last year. The most of this went to England, and a part of it is now on the walls of the Prince of Wales' bedroom. Another roll or so was used in the decoration of Baltimore castle. Queen Victoria's favorite palace in Scotland, and other rolls decorated

the mansions of lords and dukes galore. The young Queen has all her royal establishments in Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Italy, and he is now making arrangements to paper the French republic.

AMERICAN PAPER NEEDED.

It would seem to me that we might sell more writing paper and pulp paper to France than we are now doing. The paper used here is of two kinds—very good and very poor. For business letters the French use a cheaper grade than that used in the United States, but for social correspondence they have the best.

The newspapers are printed on the cheapest of wood pulp, with the exception of the expensive journals, such as the *Figaro*. There are 2,600 journals and periodicals published in Paris alone, and of these a large number are dailies. The newspapers are much smaller than those of the United States. Even the *Petit Journal* and *Le Matin*, have enormous circulations. The *Petit Journal* claims the largest circulation in the world. The papers sell from 1 to 4 cents, or from 5 centimes to 20 centimes each. They are carried on the streets, and also sold in little galvanized iron news stands on the outer edges of the street in all parts of the city. The kiosks belong to the government, and the newsdealers pay rent for them. They make their money by the commissions they receive on the sales of the papers. The usual rate is two-fifths of a cent per copy for a one-cent paper, and three-fifths for a five-cent paper. The newsdealers pay rent for papers that sell from 2 to 3 cents each. Such newsdealers on the boulevards sell the different American magazines. They not infrequently have American newspapers and always the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, which is partly in French, and which has so much continental social news in it that it can hardly be called American.

FRANCE WANTS AMERICAN COAL.

I had a talk last night with Mr. Lazare Weiller, who recently returned from the United States, where he has been locating a place for the 20 young students which France from now on must keep in America to study our industrial and business methods. Mr. Weiller is delighted with his reception in the United States, and is urging that closer commercial relations should be established. Said he:

"The French have never felt more friendly toward the Americans than they do now. We appreciate your wonderful kindness and great magnificence in sending supplies to our suffering people of Martinique, and we should like to do what we can to make our trade relations with you closer. Indeed, I may say the French will do all they can to meet the people of the United States in this way. We should be glad to buy anything of you when it is not to our great financial advantage to buy elsewhere."

"Along what special lines can our trade with France be most easily increased?" I asked.

"There are several lines," replied Mr. Weiller, "and especially that of coal. I should say that you could give us one surplus coal outfit as advantageous as the English or Belgians. Our annual production of coal is about 15,000,000 tons short of the demand, and we have to go to England or Belgium for supply. The United States could easily furnish this and I hope that arrangements can be made to that effect."

HOW FRANCE KEEPS WARM.

Since I saw Mr. Weiller I have had further talks about the coal industry of France with other parties. I am told that the time is ripe for the introduction of our coal here and that there is no doubt but that if properly pushed it could make its way into the markets. At present France is using about 45,000,000 tons of coal, and the home production last year was not quite 32,000,000 tons. Only 5 per cent of this is anthracite, the remainder being bituminous and lignite. At present quite a lot of American coal is coming into Marseilles, and I understand that it is successfully competing with the Cardiff coal there. The American coal receipts at that port during the last year have been over 300,000 tons. The most of the Havre coal comes across the channel from Great Britain, and that from northeastern France from Belgium in railroad and canal.

All sorts of fuel are used in France and that most economically. There is no waste of wood or coal. Many of the

railway companies use coal dust for running their steam engines. The dust is pressed by hydraulic force into briquettes or bricks. Coal dust pressed into balls the size of eggs is used for cooking and for householding and grate fires. It seems to heat as well as lump coal.

Here in Paris wood is sold by the bundle and the ordinary wood yard is a little store about eight or 10 feet wide, facing the street, the wood and kindling being piled up on shelves. It is estimated that France spends almost \$70,000,000 a year for wood, and I am told that wood outside of kindling is as costly as it is only used by the rich.

A great deal of gas is now being used for cooking, especially in the larger establishments. There are no hot water plants here, heating plants to speak of, and the average flat or office building is heated by coal stoves or grates. The people do not know what it is to be warm in the American sense of the word, and the luxury of a fire is dispensed with, except in the coldest weather.

YANKEE COMFORTS FOR FRENCH BABIES.

I have already spoken of the American toys which are sold in different parts of Europe. You may find some in Paris and they are to my mind prettier than the French toys, and, as a rule, much cheaper. There are open toy stores for our baby carriages, both here and in England. Those used in Paris and London are the most uncomfortable things I have ever seen. The London baby is wheeled about in a sort of a foot bath on wheels, called a perambulator. The most common carriage has two seats, so that it can be used for twins if needed, and it is not uncommon to see it so occupied. Even the perambulators are rough looking and the beautiful basket work affairs made in America would certainly sell.

The baby carriages of France are more like ours, but they are not half so comfortable nor so pretty. The best are made of basket work, with four wheels, two big ones and two small ones behind. You see the little ones of Paris everywhere in the parks and squares in such carriages. Each has a nurse guarding it and as a rule a policeman or a soldier is nearby, gratuitously guarding the nurse.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

BRIDAL SUPERSTITIONS.

Many and curious are the customs regarding brides. In Switzerland, for instance, on her wedding day a bride is not to be kissed by her husband, nor even her parents, to kiss her upon the lips. In parts of rural England the cook pours hot water over the threshold after the bride couple have gone, in order to keep it warm for another bride. The pretty custom of throwing the slipper originated in France. An old woman seeing the carriage of her young king—Louis XVI—passing on the way from church where he had just been married, took off her shoe, and, flinging it at his coach, cried out, "Tis all I have, Your Majesty, but may the blessing of God go with it." There is an old superstition in Germany against marriages in May. A favorite wedding day in Scotland is Dec. 31, so that the young couple can leave their old life with the old year and begin their married life with the new one. The Italians permit no wedding gifts that are sharp or pointed, connected with which practice is our superstition that the gift of a knife severs friendship. One beautiful marriage custom is that of the bride, immediately after the ceremony, flinging her bouquet among her maiden friends. She who catches it is destined to be the next bride.—London Globe.

KITCHENER'S SARCASTIC.

Kitchener's scathing sarcasm was well illustrated by the reply he is said to have sent to the leader of a not over-successful column. This officer had several slight engagements with the enemy, mainly consisting of flinging a few shells at them at long range. After each engagement he wired to the commander-in-chief substantially: "During action several Boers seen to drop from their saddles."

"The thing was becoming tiresome, for Lord Kitchener's rule was that only those actually 'gathered' should be counted. He soon thought of a remedy, and sent back to the officer this polite telegram: 'I hope when they fell they did not hurt themselves.'—London Express.



Photographed for the Desert News by Frank G. Carpenter.

OPENING FOR OUR BABY CARRIAGES.

The Baby Carriage of Paris.

The Baby Carriage of London.

built a lot under the shadow of the Eiffel tower, where it expects to build a big American building, and around the corner is the office of the American Express company, with reading rooms containing the leading American papers. There are American newspaper correspondents scattered throughout the buildings nearby, and within a stone's throw of here are a score of our manufacturers and others who are here to stimulate my tongue with a figure for the letter to an American machine, at which sits a pretty French typewriter girl who writes English, and who I found of American drinks. I bought a bottle of Kentucky whisky at the American bar in this very hotel.

AMERICAN MACHINES A ECRIVE.

Seeing of typewriters, all of the best American makes are being sold throughout France and the French typewriter girl is already an institution. Paris is as bright as her American sister and is often as pretty and beautifully dressed. She appreciates her charge for her work and when she catches a wandering American she takes him pay well. The usual rates for transient work of this kind in Paris are 10 francs or \$1 per hour. For long jobs there is a considerable reduction for steady work the prices are about the same as at home. The Remingtons have a typewriting school that they advertise as Ecole de Stenographie and their machines are here and there. The Smith, the Yost, the Calligraph, the Remington, the Oliver, the Densmore, the Swift and the Williams are American machines which I have seen and heard of these have offices on the boulevards. In the same locality may be found the Columbia phonographs and gramophones offered for sale or talk at a bargain in French at fixed prices. There are five different brands of American bicycles for sale in one shop near Madeleine and American sewing machines are advertised on the boulevards and other stands throughout the

city. California fruits and other delicacies. Among the curious things were Little Neck clams in tins and codfish balls from Boston. There were also tins of potted ham, tongue, turkey, chicken, silver spray, succotash and cans of corn on the cob. Among the soups were oxtail, mock turtle, hare soup and clam chowder, each of which sells for 25 cents per can, green turtle and terrapin soups at 40 cents per can and mulligatawny and others at lower rates. I talked with the manager. He says that American goods are steadily increasing in popularity and that they are making their way among the French.

I heard the same from another grocer close to the Place Vendôme, in the heart of the Rue de la Prie, where the leading French dressmakers are situated. This man is handling American cereals, American whiskies, crackers and biscuits from New York, as well as the various goods I saw at Potin's.

EVEN THE GROCERIES ARE AMERICAN.

At all the grocery stores our goods are well displayed. The French are the most artistic of all window dressers, and they can give us many points on preparing merchandise so that it will catch the customer's eye. I spent some time looking over the fruits, vegetables and meats at Potin's. Among the fruits were ripe strawberries, each strawberry lying half wrapped in a green leaf and in regular rows in flat boxes. The boxes appear to be covered with glass, and the strawberries are prettier than any fruit you have ever seen. They are as big as hen's eggs and as rosy as the cheek of a freshly washed baby. The covering of the boxes is a thin film of hard gelatine, as transparent as glass. Then there were peaches in boxes laid in the same regular order on white paper, with a pinch of red tissue paper tucked in each hole where four peaches touched. The effect was beautiful. Other peaches, especially fine, were displayed on beds of white cotton, and



THE SAMUEL M. BARRATT MEMORIAL BUILDING.

Early in the spring of the year 1901, Mrs. Matilda M. Barratt, desiring to aid the cause of education in our midst, made to the trustees of the L. D. S. University the offer of \$20,000 with which to erect a building to perpetuate the memory of her son, the late Samuel Moorhouse Barratt. The trustees accepted the munificent gift with thanks expressed in a resolution dated March 15, 1901. On May 24, the plans of the Samuel M. Barratt memorial building were submitted first to the building committee and then to Mrs. Barratt. The plans were approved and bids were solicited for the erection of the building. When the bids came in, it was found that the lowest would bring the cost of the contemplated structure to nearly \$25,000. Mrs. Barratt was unwilling that the committee, who asked if they might raise by subscription the other \$5,000 necessary. Mrs. Barratt was unwilling that this should be done, but generously authorized the committee to proceed with the building as planned by them, so that it should be, in the first place, entirely suitable to the uses for which it was intended, and in the second place, that it should be solely a memorial of Samuel M. Barratt. Contracts for the erection of the building were let on June 27, and the new structure was first occupied by certain departments of the university last spring.

The Samuel M. Barratt building is 66x66 feet in lateral dimensions, exclusive of the small wings, of which there are four, one on each side, two for stairways, one for the front portico, and one for the rear stage. The first story contains five class rooms, devoted to high school and normal work. The second story is a beautiful auditorium, with inclined floor and gallery, seated with opera chairs, for one thousand persons. The assembly hall will constitute also the reading room and study room of the students, during any hour of the day. The room has been specially designed to meet the dual requirements of an assembly and study room, and for these purposes it is admirably adapted. It has a high ceiling and a dome, which admits a strong but mellow light, and is an ideal room both for study and for an auditorium. The students of the Latter-day Saints' University have the use of this room at every hour of the day, and it is also used by various school organizations at night.

The formal dedication of this building to its uses as a hall for educational purposes occurred on Thursday, Oct. 2, as described elsewhere in the "News."



SAMUEL M. BARRATT.

The late Samuel Moorhouse Barratt was born at Stockport, Eng., on Feb. 24, 1861. Much of his life was spent in Salt Lake City. He was a quiet, simple, and gentlemanly youth, greatly devoted to his mother, whom he always attended and waited upon with rare and exemplary devotion. He was widely and favorably known in this city. His death occurred on Dec. 25, 1900. It has been remarked several times in public that it was a gratifying sight to see this cultured English lady driving out in her carriage, always attended by her refined and thoughtful son.



MATILDA M. BARRATT.

The late Mrs. Matilda M. Barratt was chiefly distinguished by the leading trait of devotion to the cause of truth and of attachment to her son, her only child. She left her native country, England, in order to identify herself with the Latter-day Saints in the Rocky Mountains. Her death, which occurred on April 14, 1902, seemed to be, in a measure, a consequence of her bereavement. Her own loss became the means of a blessing to the children of others, and in her last hours she spoke with great satisfaction of the gift she had made to the Latter-day Saints' university.