

IMMENSE BUSINESS OF PARIS. A CITY OF 98,000 WORKSHOPS AND MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS.

(Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Paris, France.—The United States treasury is costing Paris millions of dollars. The rigid customs examinations now exacted at New York and other ports are preventing the introduction of Paris dresses, and the great firms here have had a large falling off in their American trade. As it is now no woman can take more than \$100 worth of clothes into the United States without paying duty. Everything is examined, the passengers are made to declare just what they have, and there is no possible way of smuggling in without lying.

It costs from \$30 to \$100 to get even a wooden dress made by the best Paris dressmaker, and silks and fancy gowns range from \$200 upward. Much lower prices than these are put on the bills given out by the dressmakers in order that they be shown to the customs officials and not detected. Such fraud is often detected, and even when not the extra cost is enormous.

It used to be that a multitude of American women came regularly to Paris to replenish their wardrobes. Each would buy \$1,000 or more of hats, gowns, and the richer among them would go back with eight or ten trunks filled with dresses. Many of the dresses would not even pass them in as they were passing through the customs. Others would put on a half dozen different dresses in one day, wearing each dress a few minutes in order to say that the dress had already been worn. Others had already been worn, and others had already been worn, and others had already been worn.

The customs officers were lenient and allowed such goods to pass through. French dressmakers came here and smuggled back dresses to their customers and the Paris dressmakers took orders for future delivery and sent them home by American friends. It is estimated that about 20,000 American women took home dresses in this way, and today, of the many thousands who pass through Paris, it is seldom that one leaves without a new gown and hat. The wholesale business has, however, been stopped by the customs officers, and the result is a wonderful falling off in the Paris dressmakers' trade.

PARIS DRESSMAKERS WHO LIVE ON AMERICANS.

Indeed, many of these Paris dressmakers live on the business they do for foreigners. Some of them have American custom which is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. They live in the little dark streets of Paris, and the big department stores sell millions of dollars worth of goods to American tourists every season, and that the fashionable millinery establishments depend much on their sale to American women. Paris sets the fashion for the world, and all of our big department stores send their buyers here for fashionable costumes. They buy only a dress or so of a kind to show these in their windows and take orders for copies. Such dresses are called models, and making them is a regular business. There is a large class of women here who do nothing else but design new gowns. They live in the little dark streets of Paris, working away, out of sight. They will make a complete costume for \$500 (about \$140) and upwards, and it is such costumes that are bought by the American dealers. Sometimes a design is shown in miniature a year being dressed up to explain the completed pattern, but in general the costumes are of full size, so that they can be sold outright when desired. I am told that some of our importers bring in hundreds of such designs every year.

THE SEWING GIRL OF PARIS.

Few people have any idea of the enormous amount of work done in Paris. The city is looked upon as the center of gaiety and fashion not only for France, but for the world; and it is a common saying that all the world comes to Paris to shop. The American tourist sees a crowd of leaders, old and young, strutting up and down the boulevards and the fashionable, well-dressed throngs of ladies and gentlemen driving on the Champs Elysees and in the Bois de Boulogne and thinking that this is Paris. The real Paris is a

hard-working city, with more laborers, perhaps, to its population than any other city of Europe. It is the city of workshops and petty factories. It is estimated that there are 98,000 factories and workshops in the city, and in addition there are thousands of outsiders who work at their homes. The usual factories are very small, the average number of hands being six.

A great deal of work is done by sweatshops, who give the stuffs out and take in the completed product, at so much a piece. This is largely so as to gowns and hats, upon which, it is estimated, 60,000 girls are kept working for about eight months of the year. The girls receive very low prices and ordinary sewing girls can make less than a dollar a day while working, and some not more than half that amount. The designers are, of course, paid well, but the average wages are far below those paid in the United States.

In the factories themselves the hours are long. I have gone through the busiest parts of this city at 7 o'clock in the evening and have seen sewing girls working in the collars far below the level of the streets. The stores here close between 7 and 8 p. m. Many of them have women clerks, and one of the curious sights of Paris is these clerks leaving work. Some of the stores have iron shutters which slide down from the top, making a wall of sheet iron over the whole front. This wall is let down before the clerks leave, and there is a little door about three feet high and two feet wide which is left open until they get out. They crawl through this door at night and crawl in in the morning, a long procession of women and men, going in and out like so many dogs. They straighten up, however, immediately they get outside, and walk off so jauntily that you would never imagine they had been working all day.

SOME THINGS PARIS DOES.

I have spoken of Paris as a manufacturing city. It makes everything under the sun, from pins to locomotives, from buttons to balloons, and from gloves to gowns. It has 22,000 people who are engaged in making only parts of ladies' dresses, in contradistinction to the complete gowns, and these turn out a product amounting to \$15,000,000 a year. It has tens of thousands at work on corsets, not only for Paris, but for all parts of France and for shipment abroad. The French corset is an expensive luxury, and a good one from a high-priced maker costs as much as \$40. You can get others shaped to your person for as low as \$5, and if you are so peevish as to buy a ready-made article you will find a large variety of such goods at still lower prices.

Paris manufactures a great deal of furniture. It has about 5,000 workshops of this kind, each employing three or four hands. The furniture is costly, and it does not compare in quality with that of the United States made by machinery. It has a high tariff on such importations, however, and at present about the only American furniture sold is office chairs and roll-top desks. There are 2,000 shops here which make watches, turning out a yearly product worth about \$5,000,000, and there are many thousand people engaged in making articles of Paris, which means notions and fancy goods of all sorts, including jewelry, artificial flowers, buttons, and other things in leather, ivory, horn and bone. Indeed, the French make almost everything you can imagine, and they make everything well.

WELL-FED AND PROSPEROUS.

I like these common people of Paris. They are more civilized than the lower classes of the English cities. They wear better clothes, are better fed, and seem to be happy and prosperous. There is drinking everywhere, but no intoxication. Every one has wine with his meals, but I have yet to see a drunken man in Paris. In London you meet drunken men on almost every block in the poorer parts of the city, and a common sight is a drunken woman dancing with her fellows while she holds a baby at her breast.

The average London laborer lives from hand to mouth. The average Frenchman patronizes the savings banks. He lives within his means, and there is no such thing as the regular spending of the surplus on drink, as in England. If our treaties can be modified so that American goods can be brought in on an equal footing with

Sixty Thousand Serving Girls Who Make Gowns For Americans—How the Business is Injured by the New Customs Regulations—The Queer Factories of Paris—Work and Wages—The Lower Classes and the Savings Banks—Government Telegraph Rates and the Five-Cent Telephones—The Tobacco Monopoly—A Well-Managed City and Its New Public Works—How Paris Keeps Clean—A View of the Town From the Eiffel Tower—George Washington, Lafayette, and the American Church.



Photographed for the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.

PARIS, FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

others the French will become good customers, for they appreciate what is cheap and good, and they have the money to buy it.

CHEAP TELEPHONES AND TELEGRAPHS.

Indeed, there are many things that the French do as well as the United States. Their postal service is better than ours. It includes a system of pneumatic tubes, by which, for six cents, you can send a postal card flying to any part of the city. You can send a reply card for the same amount, and thus get an answer as quickly, or even more quickly than by telegraph. The telegraphs are under the government, and the charges are less than half those of America. The rate is 10 cents for the first 10 words, and 1 cent for each additional word to every part of France. You can send a telegram to Great Britain for 4 cents a word, and a cable to the United States for 25 cents per word.

The postoffice department has a parcel system by which small packages

weighing up to 20 pounds can be sent. Six pounds will be taken to any railroad station in France for 12 cents, or for 17 cents it will be delivered at your house. A 10-pound package costs 15 cents. The stores take advantage of these rates, and many thousands of packages are sent out by them daily to their customers in all parts of the republic.

The telephones are also connected to some extent with the postoffice. They are to be found at every station, and also in stands on the streets. The fee for all parts of Paris is 5 cents for a talk of five minutes and 5 cents for three minutes up to 15 miles outside Paris, and 10 cents additional for the same time for every 60 miles beyond.

THE TOBACCO MONOPOLY.

In buying stamps outside the postoffice in the French cities you go to the clear shops, for the government here sells all the tobacco, and the tobacco agents handle stamps as well. The shops are called *debits de la regie*; they have red lamps over them, and you can

tell them as far as you can see. The prices are the same everywhere and the tobacco is universally bad. The most popular brands of the native cigars are the *Londres*, which you buy at six cents apiece, or the *Demi-Londres* at three.

Foreign cigars and cigarettes are very high and are sold only by government permission. All importations of tobacco are rigidly watched and none is allowed to be grown without authority from the government. If you sprout a plant in your garden you must notify the authorities and they will send a man to number the leaves, and when the plant is ripe you will have to account for every leaf. If you wish to import a few boxes of cigars or a few pounds of tobacco you must write a request to the officials to that effect on government stamped paper. An agent will call upon you to see that you are the person who wrote the letter and to give you permission. When the tobacco comes he will call again to see that it goes to the right party, and that the duty is promptly paid. France

buys a great deal of its tobacco from the United States. It comes in hogheads to Havre, Bordeaux and Marseilles, and is shipped thence in most cases to Paris. The government has an immense factory here on the banks of the Seine which employs over 2,000 hands and consumes more than 10,000,000 lbs. of tobacco a year. The chief officials are graduates of the polytechnic school, and they must have spent two years in its manufacture. The government gets over \$70,000,000 a year out of this monopoly, and the expenses of the army are largely borne by it. There is also a tax upon salt and on matches, both of which are government monopolies.

A WELL-MANAGED CITY.

In my English letters I wrote of the municipal improvements which the chief cities of that country are making. I found that many of them are now tearing down old buildings and widening their business streets. Paris began to do this more than 50 years ago, and as a result she now has the best streets of the world. It was in 1852 that the work began. The first improvement cost \$10,000,000, and one-half of the expense was borne by the state. Two years later an expenditure of \$20,000,000 was authorized, and later on there was an appropriation of \$35,000,000 at one time.

This year the government has voted to spend \$40,000,000 in extending the public works and beautifying the city. Two and one-half million dollars is to go for enlarging the markets, which are already the largest of the world. One million six hundred thousand dollars is to be spent on the completion of the Palace of Justice, and large sums on the extension of the boulevard system. The Champs Elysees is to be lengthened, new bridges are to be built over the Seine, and new technical schools are to be established. Paris steadily moves onward. Like her people, she delights in new clothes and appreciates that it pays to keep and improve. She is making many sanitary improvements, and with her wide boulevards and her many parks and open places she has today as good a set of lungs or breathing places as any city of Europe.

HOW PARIS KEEPS CLEAN.

The city authorities see that the town is well kept. The streets are swept every day by an army of 5,000 men and boys, and at night there are street-sweeping machines which push all the dust and dirt into the gutters, from where it is washed in the early morning into the sewers with the hose. It costs Paris almost \$2,000,000 a year to flush rubbish. It costs more than that to light and clean the public promenades, and about \$5,000,000 to keep the streets in repair. Altogether the streets are better kept than those of any other European city, with the possible exception of Berlin. They are well paved with wood and asphalt, and you can drive upon them for miles without a jolt.

PARIS FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

I doubt, in fact, whether there is a more beautiful city in the world. I took the elevator yesterday and mounted to the top of the Eiffel tower for a bird's-eye view of the French metropolis. I was a thousand feet above it, so high up that the men walking along the streets below looked like crawling bugs and those carrying umbrellas like gigantic beetles. The street cars were no larger than baby carriages, and the automobiles made me think of toy engines flying along.

At that height the city looked more like a map or model town cut out for the occasion. Acres assumed the size of town lots, and mighty buildings were a thousand feet above it, like Noah's arks which you buy in the toy stores.

Everything was wonderfully clean, as though it had just come from the hands of the polishers. It was a vast collection of cream walls and lead-colored roofs, cut by gray streets, with the silvery Seine winding its way through from one end to the other. Just under me was the Hotel des Invalides, its golden dome covering the tomb of the great Napoleon, and on the other side of the Seine the beautiful Place de la Concorde, where Marie Antoinette and thousands of the French nobility lost their lives by the guillotine. I could see the Tuilleries, and with my glasses distinguished the statue of Lafayette put up by our Daughters of the Ameri-

can Revolution. Further up the Seine was the Isle de la Cite, with the Notre Dame cathedral, and at the Tuilleries the Madeleine, with its green roof. The Pont d'Iena, the Luxembourg and the chamber of deputies, where the French congress meets, stood boldly out, and also the long line of the Champs Elysees, with the Arc de Triomphe at its end, and beyond it the expanse of green known as the Bois de Boulogne.

I took the telescope and picked out the Place des Etats Unis, or place of the United States, with its statue of George Washington, which was put up in 1899, the street of the American embassy and even the American churches, of which there are several in this great capital of the French.

The view of all Paris was as clear out as a window, and with the telescope every building was distinct in the living map below. To the naked eye it seemed a miniature city, and as I looked down upon it I could not realize that it covered an area of 30,000 acres, and that more than 2,700,000 human beings were actually living and working in the doll houses below. It was, indeed, worth coming to Paris to see.

PHILADELPHIA'S BIG CLOCK.

There are over 600 clocks in the city hall, and it takes three men to look after them. J. G. Gaskill looks after the great clock in the tower, with its hands that weigh respectively 225 and 150 pounds. He has an office on the seventh floor, and all his time is given to this task.

The dial of the tower clock is 28 feet in diameter. The minute spaces measure six inches each, and a five-minute interval between the numbers is 30 inches.

The minute hand travels 114.7 miles a year, so that since its starting, on Dec. 31, 1881, it will have journeyed, at this speed, 45.5 miles. The minute hand is 16 feet 9 inches in length and 225 pounds in weight. The hour hand is 13 feet 8 inches in length and 150 pounds in weight. The minute hand moves in 30-second leaps of three inches each, but its movement is imperceptible from the street. The hour marks are each 25 inches long and 14 inches wide.

The dials are made of glass; the hands and figures are of copper. Compressed air runs the clock, at a pressure of 12 pounds in the summer and 15 pounds in the winter.

J. G. Gaskill has all he can do, day in and day out, to look after this huge time machine. Besides the three great dials, with their eight great hands, he must keep in order the 500 candle-power lights that illuminate the clock, 140 lights to each dial; he must keep in order the two electrical air compressors that are in the tower and the two water power compressors that are in the basement, above all he must look after the clock's intricate and delicate works, and keep them accurate without ever allowing them for a moment to stop.

The clock is wound from the seventh floor. There its two sets of works—one a Swiss, and the other a German movement, stand in a room or case of glass sealed as hermetically as a jar of preserves, so that neither dust nor moisture may enter. The small glass room is, indeed, as airtight and dust-proof as science can make it. Small receptacles of chloride of calcium are set here and there to absorb any moisture that may get in, and behind the two clock movements there is a telephone. At three minutes to 12 each day there comes over this telephone the time by the astronomical clock in Washington. Up to 12 the telephone gives the ticks of the astronomical clock, and thus, even to a tick, the tower clock keeps accurate. The tower movements are not both required to run the great dials in the tower.

The movements are one an eight-day, the other a 35-day. It might be thought they would be hard to wind, but they wind easily. The first takes 20 seconds, the other 30 seconds. They are small instruments, these movements. They are no bigger than mantel clocks. Very elegant in their appearance, with their shining glass and metal work. It took two years to make them. They stand on pedestals, side by side. Their huge glass case is built on girders that are set into the wall, and therefore they are entirely free from vibration. One of them gains three seconds a month. By only those infinitesimal spaces of time are they inaccurate. The temperature of their case does not vary two degrees a year.—Philadelphia Record.

ALFONSO COMING HERE?

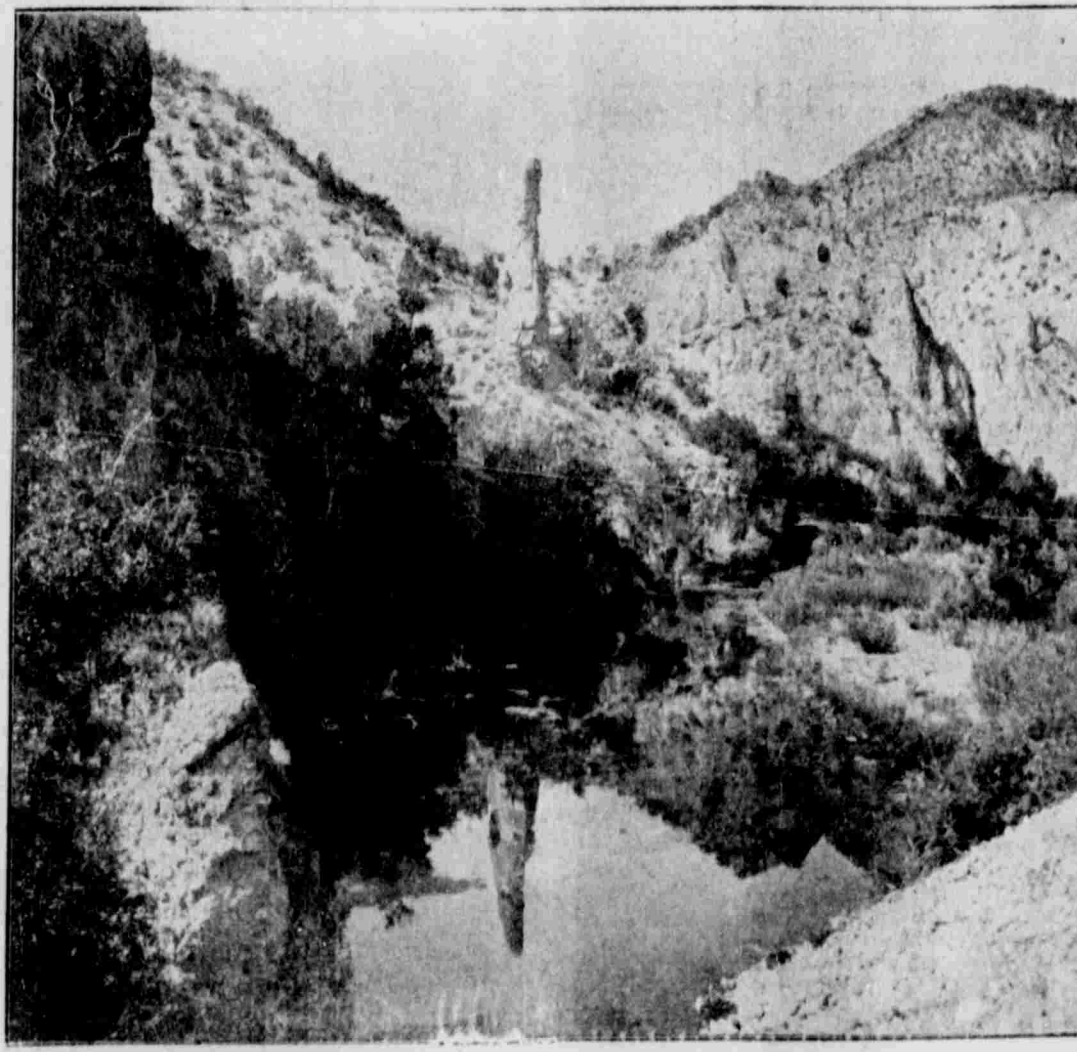


King Alfonso of Spain, has expressed a strong desire to visit the United States and considering his imperious and not-to-be-denied disposition, there is considerable likelihood of his gratifying his desire. His ministers are now said to be earnestly considering the possibilities of such a visit. It is believed by them that a step of this nature would do much to renew the good relations of the two countries.

MITCHELL'S VERY LATEST.



Mrs. John T. Mitchell, wife of the great labor leader, said to the special photographer who secured the above snapshot: "I consider this photograph the best and most faithful likeness of the many pictures of my husband I have seen published. It shows my husband exactly as he really appears."



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

Far up amid the mountain wildness encountered on the Sevier river are many scenic views that challenge the admiration of all who love the curious things in nature, and the picture portrayed in this half tone is one of them. It derived its title from the fact that as far back as the memory of the oldest settler runs the great American bird of freedom had a nest on top of the high projecting stone needle whose image is even more clearly reflected in the crystal waters of the river below than it is on the rugged and precipitous slope, where it stands—where it has stood the aerial home and place of refuge for the bald headed falconoids of southern Utah for generations, perhaps for ages. Sometimes from across the canyon the tired and vigilant parent eagle presents a tempting target for the rifle of the venturesome hunter. What happens to the yet dependent eaglet offspring in the nest when the marksmen's aim is true and when he bags his bird, can only be conjectured. But whether true or not the next year finds the towering sandstone pinnacle again occupied by this the greatest of native birds, and again is a nest of young eagles given to the bird life of the section.