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WHERE POOREST PARIS SHOPS

An Astonishing Market in a Historic Section.

PLACE OF QUEER SURPRISES

Heterogeneous Collection of Old Wares Offered for Sale Near Temple Prison—Prices Calculated by Fifths of a Cent.

PARIS, Sept. 5.—To ordinary tourists there seems to be no alums in Paris. This impression is not altogether correct, but it is certainly a fact that there is no place in the world where eyes the most grinding poverty is faced with more indifference and covered up with more skill than in the French metropolis.

Pleasure-loving dispositions and a national artistic sense help to conceal the ugliness of the struggle for existence. In a quarter to which the American visitor almost never finds his way, although it is but ten minutes' drive from the opera, one may see the real, working, struggling Paris.

This is the quarter of the Temple. Here one sees narrow, swarming streets and old houses, which formerly sheltered the elite of Louis XV's reign, but now are hives teeming like an East Side tenement.

It is a historical and interesting bit of Paris, too, this old quarter. Here at one time aristocracy lived in luxury, and now under the porte cochere of some once princely mansion will be established a stand where one can buy fried sausages and potatoes steaming hot. In the four streets which surround the Temple, the Rue Charlot, Rue de Bretagne, Rue Baucce and Rue Cordierie are many old houses full of romance and association, for here lived at various times those foolishly brave conspirators who were so willing to give up their lives in trying to aid the ill-fated Marie Antoinette to escape from her imprisonment in the temple. Here they stayed to be near her, and there is a dilapidated house in the Rue Charlot which has a subterranean passage from the cellar, running through to the strip of ill-kept garden of the temple, where the queen and her children were sometimes allowed to breathe the fresh air.

Once It Was a Prison.

The Temple itself has seen many changes in the whirligig of time. For centuries it was a dreary prison, where many innocents and many guilty were confined in its dungeons. Under Louis Philippe it flourished as an immense market, with four large pavilions.

Then, as now, it was the trading place for the submerged tenth of Paris. A few years ago a modern building was erected after the style of the central market, and here are held every morning until 12 o'clock the most remarkable sales.

It is surely true that the French throw nothing away, for here are to be found not second and third hand articles, but articles which must have passed through scores of hands, belonged to scores of people before they reached their present lowly position on the pavement of the Temple market. Such a heterogeneous collection of things!

Fles of trousers, waistcoats, shirts, bed coverlets, women's hats, cloaks, skeletons of umbrellas on neighboring terms with old lamps, bandages which have been used, and traveling bags, shawls, colored, re-colored and discolored, packages of feathers of all

hues, photographic materials and trimmings of jet. One even finds in this astonishing square of the Temple all sorts of trinkets and ornaments, some hair bracelets, a lot of watch chains, three portraits of Napoleon I., a compass, an enamelled box decorated with a picture of Louis XVI. contemplating a pot of lilies, a bust of Henri Rochefort, a chromo after Edward Detaille and two pipes strongly colored and ornamented with most immodest nymphs. Here, too, the wandering Parisian with no settled home or laundry can exchange his soiled shirt for a clean one, none too new, on payment of 15 cents. An exchange of socks costs two cents; white waistcoats vary from 5 to 11 cents. Imagine the bargaining at the top of high pitched French voices and imagine the stiffness of the air in this place, where struggling, screaming, perspiring Paris does its trading.

Queerest of Queer Shops.

Leaving the Temple and walking down the narrow little Rue de Bretagne one finds an even more curious and interesting market, that of the Red Children. Crushed in between a modern butcher's shop and a delicatessen shop is the queer ramshackle shed where the market has been held for a century.

The black beams of its roof help to shut out the pale light which comes filtering in through the broken glass windows just above them. They sell everything here—the heads of sheep, freshly skinned, muslin by the yard, sponges, post cards, pigs feet, pots of wall flowers and corset laces.

This is a particularly tumultuous market, and here they deal in centimes, the fifth of a cent. Articles are sold for three or four centimes, which makes change counting difficult and disputes many. Just outside the shed a pedlar is found plying a peculiar trade. Surely nowhere but in Paris would he be able to draw such an admiring crowd around him.

On a large sheet of white paper he has scattered a number of insects, in plain English, bedbugs, and over these he shakes a yellow powder, instantaneously accomplishing the death of the luckless vermin.

But this is not the worst. Amid most flattering murmurs he produces more victims from the various pockets of his clothes and renews the experiment, talking volubly all the time.

"Paint your beds with this," he cries imperiously, "and you will kill all that infest it, even the most active. Hold on, monsieur, you will try it. Very good; for you it is only 6 cents a bottle."

Street of Surprises.

It is full of surprises, this part of Paris, which connects the market with Rue Baucce, and here in the first houses, only a few yards from the seething crowd, are resting comfortably on litters of straw some fifteen sleek red cows enveloped in a strong stabling atmosphere and quite as placid as if in their natural environment of green fields.

This is the dairy of the Market of the Red Children.

In the Rue Dupetit-Thouars, the other side of the market, some years ago one used to be able to find beautiful relics of the past. Here tapestries of Gobelin, Audran and Beauvais could be bought for absurdly low prices and little stuffy shops would produce rare bits of old Saxon Sevres for the artist or lover of antiques who showed knowledge and interest.

But not any more. Gone are the days when one could pick up bits of rosewood furniture or Renaissance chests from these dealers, who were as interesting as the goods they dealt in.

Now this street is a sort of morgue of the army. They sell uniforms, battered helmets and torn and tarnished epaulettes.

One even sees garlands of the Legion of Honor with discolored ribbons throwing the light of their glory over the medley of swords, scabbards and other paraphernalia of war.

In fact, all these little streets are filled with second-hand clothes shops and one really wonders as one turns back to modern Paris if the people in this quarter ever wear new things, or whether old clothes, like old associations, are an indispensable part of the neighborhood and just keep changing owners, never really wearing out.

CUNNING EAST INDIAN SHARPS

Spurious Goods Worked Off as Skillfully as Occidentals Do the Job.

Consul General William H. Michael furnishes a report from Calcutta explaining the skillful methods of some of the native dealers in substituting, by means of spurious brands and packages, counterfeits for imported articles. He writes:

"The cunning Indian has demonstrated that putting up liquors in labeled and capped bottles, with special stamps on the corks, is no protection at all to the high-grade goods thus treated. In fact, these precautions simply make the way of the swindler easy and profitable. Hotels and individuals who import their own goods derive more or less comfortable assurance of the purity of the goods from the elaborate capsules and marks, but those who buy goods from the bazars can have no such assurance. These bazars dealers make a great show of carrying only superior imported goods, and exhibit the capped and gaudily labeled bottles as proof of their claim. They always offer their goods, the same brands, at a lower price than can be had at reputable European establishments, and explain that their expenses of doing business are much lower than their competitors, and hence they can sell at lower prices. But the fact is they are selling spurious and really vile goods in bottles that are genuine.

"The method of procedure by representatives of concerns dealing in counterfeit articles is to form the acquaintance of head waiters of hotels and the 'khanasmas' of private establishments where first-class wines and liquors are used, and by a satisfactory bribe secure capsules undamaged or slightly damaged. A good price is paid for bottles with labels intact and for corks with the brand on the side or bottom that can be used. But the corks are not essential. The faker can use new corks and mix them with his own metal die. With a supply of capsules, bottles and labels and corks, the counterfeit, with a supply of German spirits, brandy and whisky essence, etc., is ready for business. Skillful blending follows the filling of the bottles, already labeled and corked, a fine brand from some other country is ready for the seeker after high-grade wine or liquor which he believes is the same article that he would have to pay a quarter or third more for at a reliable dealer. If the buying of wines and liquors is left to the khanasmas, he will invariably buy of these native dealers, because he can get a larger 'rake off.' He will show his master the bill and expatiate on how much he had saved for his master by buying at the bazar or from a native firm of wealth who can undersell the European merchants.

Not a Savage.

"Now," said Tommy's mother, "I hope you'll profit by that spanking and not be such a little savage hereafter."
"Boo-hoo!" blubbered Tommy. "I wish I was a little savage. Little savages' mamas don't wear slippers."

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