

Asia possesses such an odoriferous atmosphere !

Crowds are pouring in from every railway station ; the trams are crammed with people, and vehicles of all kinds are doing a brisk business, for this is the gala night of the week. Not only are the sidewalks crowded to overflowing, but the middle of the street is filled with a surging mass ; while in the arcades, music halls and markets there is barely standing room. Everything is bright and noisy ; the shop windows are brilliantly illuminated, for all the gas-jets are burning to-night ; up and down the thoroughfares trams—these ‘street-ships’ with their colored lights and ringing bells—are running in quick succession ; auctioneers in various places are doing their utmost to attract the attention of the passing crowd, and the sound of music is heard at every block. Above the entrances to hotels, arcades and theatres, transparencies and gas-jets flame and sparkle in crowns and crosses ; stars and garters—symbolic of the “stars” and garters within. Cheap-Jacks are at every corner, but the Eastern Market is the fakir’s fair ground ; here in this immense building is a perfect bedlam ; at the front