

POT POURRI FROM O'ER THE SEA.

London, October 10, 1897.

London has begun to put on its winter garb. King Fog has apparently come to stay; consequently the shareholders of the multitudinous public light and gas companies are complacently rubbing their hands and figuring upon the next dividends, doctors are cheerful, and undertakers in isolated cases have even been caught in unguarded moments indulging in surreptitious smiles.

By London, of course, is meant that mass of brick and mortar that extends east and west for twenty-one miles, and north and south for some thirteen miles.

The city of London proper only covers an area of one square mile; the balance of 119 square miles belonging to the various vestries that come under the jurisdiction of the London county council. To quote the Daily Mail, "some land in this square mile is worth £1,000,000 per square acre"—multiply by five to get the dollars—"while in Cornhill"—a swamp in the days of the Roman occupation—"it has been sold at £2,453,023 per acre." Further, within this square mile are contained the incredible number of 913 thoroughfares, of which number 311 only are wide enough for the vehicle.

From the same authority may be learned the population of the city. Few people have any idea of the smallness of the population, even when they contemplate the deserted streets on a Sunday evening. In the joint parishes of St. Mildred, Bread street, and St. Margaret Moses, the people who have homes there number seventy-five. The city is greatly blessed with churches, for that square mile contains but a few short of one hundred. A peep at the empty pews of the same on a Sunday morning makes the exiled Elder realize that others beside himself have to preach to small congregations.

This summer has seen the advent of the motor car and electric cab. The public are gradually getting used to them. Nevertheless the life of the electric cabbie is not a happy one. On all sides as he makes his triumphant progress along the crowded thoroughfares is he subject to the chaff and "jollying" of the cabbies, bus drivers and other Jehus. "Pre, git along with yer blooming mustard advertisement" (from the fact that they are painted yellow), yells an impatient huss driver. "Now then, there, Robert Stephenson, mind she don't git the bit between 'er teeth and bolt." While a cabbie with punster proclivities turns his eyeballs skywards and plaintively murmurs, "Wat a shockin' h'affair." They certainly do appear strange objects upon first acquaintance, built as they are just like a brougham with an addition of a box underneath and at the back wherein reposes the storage battery, and they go galli down the street minus a horse, and worse still, minus a whip.

Humanity ought to allow that motor-man a whip, for, after all is said and done, the street arab is his worst enemy. "Ere comes a motor, Bill!" and promptly from a side alley rushes an invading horde of hatless, shoeless, dirty, shockheaded urchins, who, disregarding the spike-defended rear, swarm the battlements, capture the citadel, and from points of vantage and out of the reach of the cabbie, smoke butts collected from the gutter and bowl along the streets of London like millionaires. Can one wonder that a times the much persecuted cabbie pulls the long lever and reduces London's well-regulated traffic to a state of chaos?

The theater season "has made its debut. Daly's company with Ada

Rehan and Charles Richman (who is well known in Salt Lake City as the star attraction at the opening of the Lyceum on Second South) in the cast, have been somewhat crowded out of the first-class theaters. Augustin Daly apparently preferred to continue running the geisha at his own cosy theater on Leicester Square, so the fair Ada is compelled to play at the Grand, Islington. The Grand somewhat belies its name, it being one of those places where, entre acts, a tousy-headed waiter clad in doubtful linen frantically rushes down the aisle with a tray, and in stentorian tones yells "orders please," implying that liquid refreshments are the order of the day. As he puts an appealing and earnest emphasis on the "please," one of our boys who attended there imagined that the assistance of the police was being invoked and a free fight between acts was the next thing on the program. White Heather is a mammoth production at Drury Lane, the huge stage of which is known the world over; it opens up with a Scottish moor scene including a genuine flock of sheep, ponies, etc. Further, there are diving scenes, and the famous duke of Devonshire's fancy dress jubilee ball, reproduced by permission of royalty. The scenery is up to the well known Drury Lane standard. As to the play and its interpretation—well, emotion is put on with a 12-inch brush, the heroine cheered to the echo, and the villain called on after each curtain and promptly hissed off again by the 1,100 in the gallery. Forbes Robertson is playing Hamlet at Henry Irving's theater, the Lyceum, while the Lyric is stormed nightly by a crowd among which can be seen ministers and clergymen in shoals, waiting patiently to see Wilson Barrett in the Sign of the Cross.

While on things theatrical, a goodly portion of the dancing beach resort habitues will remember Miss Pearl Sharp, with whom it was the boys' ambition to engage for the prize waltz when there was a contest in progress. Some time ago a friend took me to the Palace to while away a dull evening. There was a splendid program in progress, one of the turns being heralded as the De Forrest whirlwind dancers. As the couple indulged in a preliminary waltz I could not help but remark that there was something American, not to say Saltairish, about the step; also there was something decidedly familiar regarding the face. Following up the clue I subsequently had a good chat with Mrs. De Forrest and her husband regarding Salt Lake and things American. They have been dancing at the Palace for the last five months, and have engagements at the leading halls in England for another year. It is needless to remark that to be in the swim, especially in London, artists have to be up to date and furnish a novel entertainment. There is no danger of the De Forrests not filling the bill as regards novelty even though the general Londoner is not educated up (or down) to the Bowery tough.

Strange to say that Mrs. De Forrest was recognized the same day by Miss Lottie Levy, who is over from Salt Lake to study singing in London.

Outside of the Elders, there are several Salt Lakers in town. Dr. Talmage left us a few days ago on his return from Russia and Siberia. Our president thoughtfully utilized him while staying in London, and we enjoyed a great treat listening to his discourses and words of encouragement. Sister McCune and family also pay us a visit from time to time, and to hear her speak at our meetings makes us realize that whatever man may say on

the subject of woman's suffrage, that one lady equals ten missionaries when it comes to allaying prejudice and making strangers realize that we really have something to offer them. During the summer we have also received visits at the conference house from Bishop Romney and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Nibley, Mrs. Jacobs, Miss Amy Ball and Miss Shaw, who have been visiting Albion's fair isle on pleasure bent.

Throughout the British mission this summer there has been a revival in outdoor preaching and tracting, so much so that in the London conference alone there have been held this summer more outdoor meetings than have been held for the last five years inclusive, and as a natural consequence from Dan to Beersheba come in reports of counter efforts on the adversary's side. A little opposition is a good thing. It attracts a crowd, sharpens an Elder's wits, brings to the front all his latent energies, and otherwise makes a man of him. He can complacently undergo after a while such ordeals as having a man with a fog horn voice and questionable grammar, range up alongside, bearing aloft a banner with a strange device which he who runs may read—"Mormon Murders." He can without losing his temper have a Punch and Judy show pitched in front of him across the street and Punch proceed to reproduce his sermon verbatim and tell Judy with embellishments that she must be baptized. These things only give him a zest for his work, and material for his journal. We encounter comical situations as well as heart-breaking sights in and around London. Imagine a drunken man lying flat in the road endeavoring to place an Elder's foot upon his head, while the latter goes on with his preaching, looking for all the world like Marc Antony indulging in his well known oration over the body of Caesar.

Last week a London daily came out with scare head lines:

"THE MORMON MISSION, Warm Reception Accorded at Luton. Disgraceful Street Riots. Elders Hooted and Pelted with Stones."

In the words of the popular ballad, "I was there." Brothers Stratford and Sells, who are laboring down there, sent to London for advices regarding certain hostile developments on the part of the Lutonians. So Brother Shorten deputed me to go down there. Seven p. m. saw us holding a meeting on the square. We met the enemy, and by 11 o'clock we were theirs. Things came our way, including real estate, bric a brac, etc. Our progress to the lodgings resembled a jubilee procession with a few policemen to give tone to the tout ensemble.

Next day two heavy weights reinforced our ranks, good preachers, and incidentally ex-members of the U. of U. football team. It was all of no avail. Although it was Sunday night, fully 2,000 people, with Christian hospitality, saw the boys safely home and some were even so thoughtful as to stand guard half the night at the doors and windows.

Monday we essayed to hold another meeting, but concluded that things were too tropical. High street being jam full of people, while on every corner were orators who requested the fathers to take care of their wives and daughters. People lined up to let us pass and then fell in the rear and joined in the procession. If the king of Siam had forced his way down the opposite side of the street he would have passed unnoticed. Let us draw the veil over the harrowing scene. As we sat in the house afterwards and listened to the petulant patter of the rocks upon the front