MORMONISM IN LONDON

LONDON, June 4.—Mormonism is gaining ground rapidly in England, and nothing will bring home the fact of that growth so sharply to the English people as the dedication on June 28 next of the elaborate new headquarters which have been acquired by the Mormon missionaries for the London district.

The Mormon mission to London has outgrown the old headquarters in a commodious house known as "Deseret," in Farleigh road, Stoke Newington, and the mission has now acquired a building which is eminently adapted to their work. It was built 20 years ago at a cost of $100,000 and was designed for a hotel, saloon and music hall, but the magistrates refused to grant it a license and it has been lying vacant ever since, a white elephant on the owner's hands. The thrifty Mormons have acquired it for about half what it cost to build, and are hard at work renovating it and fitting it up for their purposes.

The chief feature, of course, is the amusement hall, which will seat 1,000 persons comfortably. A platform has been erected at one end, and an organ will soon be installed. At present the music is furnished by two harmoniums. There are a number of smaller rooms on the ground floor which can be used for small meetings and committees, and upstairs there are about 20 rooms in which the Mormon missionaries and workers will live.

The new headquarters is known as the old Markfield hotel, and is situated in the High road, Tottenham, an ideal center for the proselyting work of the Mormons, for it is in the center of a district occupied almost exclusively by humble folk, who in England are apt to run after a new religion, and the chief excitement in whose drab, dull lives is afforded by the various activities connected with churches.

Great Preparations.

Great preparations are being made for the dedication. Apostle Charles W. Penrose, the chief of the European mission, is coming from Liverpool to conduct it, and there will be a great gathering of elders and deacons from all over Europe.

The work in London is in charge of Elder Soren Peterson, who is president of the London district, and he is assisted by 42 workers, all of whom are Americans but one. All of them are elders or deacons of the Mormon church. Most of them are young western Americans, who throw their whole energy into the work, which is done chiefly by house-to-house canvassing. Every morning the missionaries go out to a selected district, calling faithfully at every house and distributing 2,500 tracts every day. If they find a member of one of the old churches willing to listen, they at once invite the prospective convert to call in the minister of the church to which he belongs and have it out at once. Usually the minister refuses indignantly to meet the Mormon missionary, and there the Mormon scores a point.

Most of the converts are gained from the Church of England, and most of them from the small shopkeeping and superior working class. The upper classes are seldom reached, although the Mormon missionaries here are very proud of their "star" convert, Colonel R. M. Bryce Thomas, late of the English army, whose pamphlet, "Reasons for Leaving the Church of England and Joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," is one of their favorite and most effective tracts.

Estimate Influence.

It is hard to estimate the real influence which the Mormons have obtained here. There are at least a dozen regular meetings being conducted in London, and there are 1,000 regularly enrolled members of the church, but the attendance at the meetings is nearly five times that number. There are about 10,000 regularly enrolled members of the church in England, but that number by no means represents the number of conversions, for the missionaries estimate that in the last 10 years at least 20,000 converts have gone from England to Utah. The conversions are rapidly increasing in number. More than 100 converts have been baptized this year by President Peterson alone, and on Sunday, May 10, he baptized 11 at one time. This is about the average for a Sunday, but he expects that when the work from the new headquarters is fully organized it will be doubled at least.

President Peterson is a keen-looking, fair-haired man of middle age, with sharp blue eyes which seem to bore right through anyone on whom he turns them.

He has a manner that is calculated to put the most hostile critic at his ease at once and his hearty hand grip makes the timid seeker after truth feel at home at once in the Mormon meeting hall. On the platform he has a flow of oratory that carries his audience off its feet, and at the same time he never talks above the heads of the simple working people who form the bulk of the congregations. His speech is interlarded with homely similes which everyone can understand, and even in conversation every second sentence is a familiar quotation from Scripture so aptly applied that it makes his arguments doubly convincing. No better man could have been selected to spread a new and unpopular religion.

Talks of Mission.

"Our mission to London has been blessed," he said to me as he stood in the center of the great assembly hall in the new headquarters and pointed to a group of men at work getting it in order. "Every one of those men is a member of our church and every man is giving his work freely to the church. Some of them are elders and missionaries who are not above taking off their coats and going to work for the Lord. This place was built for us by the Lord. It has been waiting for us for 20 years and no one was ever allowed to occupy it before.

"We are winning converts every day and our church here is growing, but not so fast as it would grow if our converts stayed here. As soon as they are converted, however, the 'spirit of gathering' seems to seize them and they are off to Utah. We do not encourage it, for we think that they would do better work for the church by staying here and helping to convert their neighbors, but I suppose the prophecy that all the faithful will be gathered together must be fulfilled.

"All our missionaries here work for nothing and support themselves. Many of them have left wives and families at home in Utah but the Lord is providing for them. Our people all give a tithe of their increase to the church, but all this money goes to Salt Lake, and all the work of the church is directed and financed from there.

Street Meetings.

"Of course we have to meet opposition, but it is not so bad now as it used to be. At first we could not hold a street meeting without being stoned, but the people have learned now that we are not so bad as we were represented to be. We have never, however, since we began our work here, received the slightest degree of sympathy or even common courtesy from a minister of religion, although we are always ready to meet them courteously, and argue our case with them. We always tell our people to consult their minister, and if he can convince them that we are wrong we do not want them as converts. We feel that we have the truth, but we are always ready to listen to what anyone has to say, and if he can convince us that he is right and we are wrong, we are ready to abandon our church and join his."

The clergymen of all denominations are becoming alarmed at the growth of Mormonism and there has been a notable increase in their activity in the districts where the Mormon missionaries have been at work. In some of the districts opposition meetings have been organized by the churches on the nights of the Mormon meetings and in one or two cases church workers have been appointed to follow the Mormon missionaries round and counteract their propaganda.

NEW MORMON HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON TO BE DEDICATED JUNE 28.

SOREN PETERSON, PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON DISTRICT MORMON CHURCH.

REMEMBER YOUR FRIENDS

By John Anderson Jayne

All through this great country of ours you have friends scattered far and wide. There are some far off in Portland, Maine, while others are in Portland, Oregon. Some of them are in orange groves of Florida, others are among the pines of Michigan. Some are in Pasadena, while there is one whom you will never forget away up in the Aroostook country, where the snows of the Pine Tree State linger long after the sun has crossed the equator in its northern journey. Take a map of our country. Get as large a one as you can. Then take white-headed pins, and wherever you know or suspect you have a friend, there place a pin. You'll be surprised to know how many pins you will take and how far and wide your friends are scattered.

Then, if you take a map of the world, and still remember your friends, you will locate some of them in Australia, others in the Philippines, some in China, some in Japan and wherever your eye falls on the map, in pretty nearly every country you will find that you have friends.

When the "fight or frolic" fleet went sailing down the Atlantic seaboard just the other week, among the great complement of men carried by the staunch ships there were those that you counted among your friends. How eagerly you watched for news from the fleet. With what joy you read of the safe passage of the straits that separated Cape Horn from the islands that, like grim monsters, beckoned the ships to their ruin. How glad you are tonight that though you may be separated from friends on the fleet by this great continent, you know at least what they are doing.

Take a moment to remember your friends. Think of the happy days of the past. Then they were your friends. They nursed you through sickness, they helped you when you most needed help. They shared their substance with you and gladly gave of their store that your rough and rugged road might be made smoother. There was no sacrifice too great, no labor too severe, but what they did they did it gladly, cheerily, on your account.

Think of the dear ones of the past. Let great vibrations of love and sympathy reach out after them, who knows but what, through the strange wireless telegraphy of soul, your message may come to them and encourage them now, even as they encouraged and helped you in the days that are far down the track of years bygone.

If you can write to your friends let them know through the media of the sign language that you are thinking of them. If you cannot pen a good long letter, take paper and pen and ink and send them a line or two that they may know that they are not forgotten. You know how glad you are to receive letters from your friends. You know the truth of the old lines:

"'Tis sweet to be remembered
As through the world we stray,
To know there is one kindred soul
To cheer us on our way."

Because you are bone of their bone, heart of their heart and brain of their brain, because your heart is linked to theirs by the mystic ties of friendship, they will be glad, oh, so glad, to hear from you.

If you cannot do more than send a souvenir postal card with pictures of good old scenes on it, some way let them know that they are not forgotten.

Too often it is in this busy, strenuous life we lead that "out of sight means out of mind." But there is not one so busy or so busy in the next three or four days to come that he cannot send messages of affection to the friends far away. A message sent to a distant friend now will make the meeting sweeter when it comes by and by.

Where are your friends today, you are asking. Perhaps they are asking the same question relative to you. As you have a right to know concerning them, so they have the privilege to know concerning you. Therefore think with soul vibration, think in sign language relative to your friends and the friendship will be sweeter and dearer. The fires of friendship that are kept blazing with the fagots of kindly remembrance lighten and brighten life's dreariest way, and make it glow with the light of the land where friendships are never parted.

RICH MUST SUFFER--By Cara Reese

EVERYBODY is in the same pot; the rich people have no more money to spend these days than you have; they cannot sell stocks, not property, nor diadems, and more than you can dispose of fancy work, furniture polish or toilet soaps and pomades.

Moreover, all business concerns are reducing their staff to himself and one, exactly like the shop where you erstwhile belonged; the one to do the work, and himself to represent the firm, and neither getting a cent beyond bare living. Now, without stopping to discuss conditions or the whys and wherefores, suppose that everybody begins to laugh and get just as much fun as possible out of the situation.

Even the fact of the women folks making over old bonnets and hats for the coming spring jubilation has its humorous side. Why, it has been ages since it was necessary for mother and the girls to economize like that. But of all the feather curling, and steaming of old velvet, and gasoline for spots, and sponging and pressing of ribbons, with trying on before the mirrors and tongues wagging; just sport pure and simple. And you do not know it, but mother and the girls are just holding their sides trying not to laugh outright at you, for they know that there is a patch where a patch ought not to be, and that your inward pride is suffering a shock.

And then just look at that boy's head; sheared off by mother in order to save the barber's charge; and the cake bowl must have slipped somewhat for the locks are uneven at the nape; but the child is serenely unconscious. Then the growing girl like Peggoty, bursting off buttons, and the tucks long ago let out, there is nothing to do all day long but laugh and grow fat, for everything is funny, even the collector when he comes along trying to squeeze out cash where cash there is none, and no capital in sight.

Even scantiness in rations is not quite an evil, for according to some beliefs hunger is only imagination and a frolic might be instituted in the shape of putting it into practice. Indeed, come to think seriously, there is lots of fun missed by folks who have never known privation. The happiest people are those who have lived in an atmosphere of close economy, but who have turned every phase into laughter or a joke. One who has worn the whole suit to the entertainment while the other says in bed or cleans the attic robed in quilt-patch outfit.

Or, one is debonair in white duck trousers, and nobby shirtwaist on the tennis court, while the jacket with street or other garments is nobly winning favor over the next door fence. There are so many funny ways of making round pegs fit square concerns when it comes to a good-natured family or bosom chums hard hit by circumstances. But the main thing is this: just laugh; laugh at nothing if the worst comes; a wholesome, merry cheery laugh. Laugh at everybody being in the same pot if you cannot find anything else to laugh about.

PEOPLE YOU MEET.

And the Good Qualities They Develop, Sometimes.

From the New York Sun.

"There are people, old and young, who are so dull that you can't move them at all," said the philosopher, "and then you run across some people who are naturally savage brutes whom it would be a waste of time to try to move; but the very great majority, and including many whom you might think hopelessly dull or stupid or savage or chronically glum, have in them some good, that can be got at if you go at it in the right way.

"As a matter of fact, we often mistake shyness for sullenness. We run across young people who are silent and who pay no attention, who seem to shun us and who never smile. But with a little patience on your part, a little waiting and an unbroken gentleness there comes along some day something that breaks the ice; something that you smile over, spontaneously, to the young person, and then the young person smiles back at you joyously. He wasn't sullen, but only shy.

"Take older people. How many millions of people have gone through the world with this or that two persons thinking each of the other that he was the most stuck up person on earth, when the fact was that they were both shy and each was waiting for the other to speak first! No end of misunderstanding and hard feelings have been born in that way.

"Take the stubborn man who can't be made to see things as you do. The chances are that you are stubborn with him.

"Take the man who resents your interference as an intrusion and shoos you away rudely. Perhaps you are an intruder.

"Take the man who not only seems sullen but who seems disposed to stay sullen. Perhaps a long course of harsh treatment at the hands of other people has hardened him, and maybe you don't get at the right joint in his armor.

"And then you meet people who are indifferent; and, to be sure, selfish people; but the great bulk of people like to have friends, and while they may be hard or cross-grained, yet in their hearts they crave sympathy, and you can get into their heart if you go at it the right way.

"But to do this you've got to be a wholesome, natural, unobtrusive chap yourself, with a heart of your own, the real goods. We all know instinctively the counterfeit or the half-hearted, and resenting them we come to form a habit of resenting all, and so come to encase ourselves in a sort of shell. We meet many persons who have thus shut themselves in and who arouse resentment in us because they seem to be impervious to every approach, indifferent to all and suspicious of everybody.

"But there are few of us but have some spark of good; few, indeed, that will not respond and come out if they are sure of us. As a wise friend of mine puts it:

"'Most people develop things if you give them a run for their money.'"

NEW BOOKS *and* THEIR PUBLISHERS

"THE IRON HEEL," by Jack London—Many years ago, in California, the writer recalls having heard a fair-faced youth in the Sunday school room of a Congregational church give an impassioned, convincing talk on the long hours which the workingman had to toil to earn his daily bread. This youth was the now famous Jack London, then almost unknown, save what local fame he had achieved by his strong partisanship of socialistic principles. It may be interesting before reviewing the mature work of the man to recall the intensely forceful personality of the youth to impress his thoughts on his audience, that even after more than half a score of years, the gist of his speech still is remembered.

"I always wanted to educate myself in scientific reading," he said, "but I was employed in a laundry and worked all day and into the night, and when my day's work was done I was physically unable to study. When I tried to read I fell asleep. My whole soul cried out for knowledge, and my weary body for sleep, and I claim that the system is all wrong," he thundered, "which demands all a man's time and energies for a pittance to keep body and soul together—which gives him no leisure for his own higher development, but turns him into a human machine, which must work to the point of breaking for his master and employer, the capitalist."

So spoke the enthusiastic youth and those strong convictions of years ago have gained tenfold, ripened, mellowed and so we have the "Iron Heel," a strong work on socialism, with a thin thread of fiction to hold it together; so thin, that the reader who is merely looking for a story will be disappointed. It is in narrative form and is supposed to take place from 1912 to 1920, and is a tale of conflict and bloodshed, with the United States for a battleground, with labor and socialism on the one side, capitalism or oligarchy—the Iron Heel—on the other.

The dialogue in the first chapter teems with ecclesiasticism, science, history, socialism and philosophy, which London designates as the "Science of Sciences." This is indeed remarkably clever, the conversation of the hero showing great brilliance of mind. The after dinner discussion between the well groomed bishop and clergymen, with the powerful socialist in ill-fitting clothes, where Pilate's old question, "What Is Truth?" is argued, and the socialist quotes Dr. David Starr Jordan's test of truth as "Will it Work?" "Will you trust your life to it?"

The awful scenes between capital and labor during the Chicago commune recall Victor Hugo's great "Les Miserables" at the times of the barricades in Paris—the splendidly written prose redoubling the horror of it all. Jack London being finite, the book has no end. How can it have? When one deals with grave problems like these one can only approach them with an unfaltering trust that in the course of evolution in God's own time, these things will be made right. The Macmillan Co. Proce $1.50.

"Gertrude Elliot's Crucible," by Mrs. George Sheldon Downs.—This is a sweet and simple story of a young girl who had been plunged into a crucible of trials and reverses, and, turning misfortune into growth and development, remained pure gold.

While the book has never a word of Christian Science or new thought doctrine mentioned in it, it is nevertheless so impregnated with it that one recognizes the principles through the entire story—it is the power and strength with which Gertrude is fortified to meet many trials and which stands her good in numerous emergencies; yet the book has no unnatural saintliness about it, but on the contrary paints this girl in strong human colors.

Her large fortune is lost through the bad judgment and parental weakness of her guardian, who is nothing short of a criminal, but through Gertrude's charity and humanity she keeps his secret and goes out to service as housekeeper in a wealthy home.

Her management of the servants and conduct of the house is a very good lesson in domestic science, and young girls, we know, would have to fall in love both with Gertrude and her work if they would only read this happy little story and learn how any work can be dignified. Of course she has her trials, sore and serious ones, that even at times threaten tragedy, but as tried in the crucible she comes forth unscathed and the ending with a heroine of this sort always must be happy. The book is well written and interesting throughout. It is well illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co. Price, $1.50.

"Jedge Waxem's Pocket-Book of Politics," by William J. Lampton.—Jedge Wabash Q. Waxem, member of congress from the Wayback district, is a universal statesman. Caressed by no party, kicked by none, he stands forth as the exponent of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Representing a district remote from the rigors of conventionality, free from entangling alliances with labor or capital, untrammeled by wealth and led by no favor, he is a representative man and a statesman of the Star Spangled Banner type, who could not be elected to office anywhere on earth outside of a book. He is the ideal statesman for whom the people cry but do not vote. He is their sentiment, not their action; their fancy, not their fact.

The spelling and grammar, we are told, are his own, and Mr. Lampton adds that "to any one who has read much of the writing of state and national legislators, done without the assistance of stenographers, it is hardly necessary to explain that Jedge Waxem is not worse or better than his class."

The unique feature of the book may be said to be its binding. It is gotten up like an ordinary breast-pocket note book, with lap and an imitation Russian leather cover, and at first glance one would be sure it was a pocket-book.

Its text is simply the terse sayings of the "Jedge," which contain some wisdom, a portion of satire and any amount of wit and humor.

Here, for instance, is an example: "In God We Trust is about the only trust I know of that don't have a lobbyist or so round Washington some time or other teachin' statesmen bizness principles."

"There's more ways of chokin a campaign to death than feedin' it on tainted money." George W. Dillingham Co. Price $1.00.

"Dinkelspiel's Letters to Looey," by George V. Hobart.—For many moons Mr. Hobart has held an attentive audience all over the land through his inimitable Dutchman, Dinkelspiel. He has essayed other characters in the field of humorous literature, and while "John Henry" has become famous, and in some quarters popular, he has never held the interest of the people as Dinkelspiel has.

Son Looey has become a traveling man, and the present letters are from the father to the son, and relate the happenings of the family in their suburban residence, and the gossip of the neighborhood, with a great deal of fatherly advice mixed in.

In his way, Dinkelspiel is a great philosopher, and has a habit of hitting the nail square on the head, and in such an original and humorous way as would convulse the most staid and serious being that ever lived. In Dinkelspiel Mr. Hobart does not seem to spread thin or grow passe, for the present book is just as fresh and sprightly and full of substance as when years ago he made his first acquaintance with the public through the newspapers and periodicals.

The book has many unique and laughter provoking illustrations by Tom Barclay. It is dedicated to "Sarabaynie-peach," and is published in neat and convenient form. George W. Dillingham Co. Price $1.00.

Onto the desk of the "Rose Festival editor" drifted one day, not long ago, the most unique offering in the way of a rose souvenir that the festival season of roses had to offer. Whence it came no one knows, as it was unheralded by either autograph or card, and was delivered through Uncle Sam's messenger. It is too good to be anonymous, and the author should present him, her or themselves to be duly complimented and thanked for it.

It is a little book of 14 pages of about six by eight inches in size; on one side of each page is a beautiful picture of a rose—some are rose postal cards, some are cut from rose pictures, while others are dainty ethings of rose sprays: on the reverse side is a verse or tiny poem giving, in the words of many well known authors, descriptions of the identical rose—so appropriate that you would think the distinguished author had been looking at the rose or its picture, when the words were written.

In the center of the book is a brief history and some bits of legendary of the rose and bound beneath the pink ribbon which holds together the leaves of the book and its green, rose decorated cover is a tiny sachet bag of rose powder. But the most remarkable feature of the entire book is that the text, with infinite care and neatness has been written in with pen and ink. The writing is as perfect as steel plate, but with an individuality that is unmistakable.

It is a book that is certainly worth copying, both for the pleasure of many readers and for the profit to the author who has worked out an original scheme with marked artistic ability.

"The Sealed Message," by Fergus Hume—Within a very short time Mr. Hume has produced several stories which might be called detective romances. There is a strong similarity in at least the last two, from the fact that the uncertainty as to who might be the villain throws suspicion upon several characters of the story and the mystery is well sustained until the end is reached. The present story has a number of new and original features, but in spite of this, the same style is maintained and with the story constructed upon somewhat the same lines, the keen reader is robbed of many of the pleasurable surprises he found in the first book.

The romance of "The Sealed Message" concerns mainly Major Rebb, who is guardian for a young woman and has the use of her money until, according to the will, she is married. He disposes of her in an olden time way by shutting her up in a madhouse and declaring her insane. But to match his villiany she put her wits to work and communicates with her lover by means of a phonograph cylinder and the "Prince Charming" comes to her rescue.

There is in this, as in all of Mr. Hume's stories, a strong tendancy to develop psychological influences, which adds both to the interest and more serious consideration of his works.

The detective features of the story are excellent and all these books prove Mr. Hume to be one of our foremost writers of this kind of fiction. George W. Dillingham. Price $1.50.

"Fennel and Rue," by William Dean Howells—This new novel of Mr. Howell's embodies every delight of his fine imagination. Of the author most excellencies are to be expected; but the new story is full of surprise and subtlety, nervously tense in plot, and uncommonly exhilarating for a story of conservative metropolitan setting. A man who writes stories is approached by an unknown correspondent, in the course of a great magazine serial, with the startling request that the end of the story should be revealed to her, since the death will occur before it is concluded, and its issues moved her deeply. A courteous investigation by editor and author result in another letter confessing with feverish penitence that the first one was only a jest. Moved by rage and pain the author sends a reply, the best comment on which comes later in the story in the contemptuous insult another man offers him when he hears about it.

The scene turns to a winter house party in the country, where by accident the writer meets a young woman who does not appear among the guests, but professionally assists the hostess in furnishing each day's program of amusement. Verrian snobbishly lets this fact influence a certain attraction between them. The scene of this uncomfortable house party is as strangely vivid as the inner situation is delicately psychological.

In New York the two meet again accidentally in the city park, where the man comes to realize his emotions a bit too late. It is likely much discussion will be provoked among Mr. Howell's readers by this book. Harper & Brothers. Price $1.50.

"Social Psychology," by Professor Edward A. Ross—A new branch of social science is opened up by Professor Ross, who is of the University of Wisconsin, in this book—"the pioneer treatise, in any language, professing to deal systematically with the subject."

Professor Ross disarms criticism by his frankness in acknowledgeing at the outset the possibility of errors. "I feel sure," he says, "this book is strewn with errors. The ground is new, and among the hundreds of interpretations, inferences, and generalizations I have ventured on, no doubt scores will turn out to be wrong. Of course, I would strike them out if I knew which they are. I would hold back the book could I hope by longer scrutiny to detect them. But I have brought social psychology as far as I can, unaided, and nothing is to be gained by delay. The time has come to hand over the results of my reflections to my fellow workers, in the hope of provoking discussion which will part the wheat from the chaff and set it to producing an hundred fold." It is in this spirit the author proceeds to consider the nature and scope of social psychology, the problems of suggestibility, the mob mind, conventionality and imitation, conditions effecting the sway of custom, interference, compromise, public opinion. It is an immensely suggestive work for the psychologist and sociologist.

The Macruillans are Professor Ross' publishers.

"A Week in the White House," by William Bayard Hale.—As a result of a week's stay in the White House, in the course of which he was privileged to observe President Roosevelt from morning till night, at work and in his avocations, Mr. Hale has written the most graphic and vivid study of the president that has yet appeared. More than this, he has given a detailed circumstantial first-hand account of the transaction of the great affairs of our government, such as has never been given in the whole history of this country. The unique opportunity, the vivid and incisive characterization, the striking and novel record of the transaction of state business, the vigorous and effective handling of the subject, all combine to give this study of Mr. Hale's, which first appeared in the New York Times, an immense appeal, both at home and abroad. Now the whole country is agog to read or reread it.

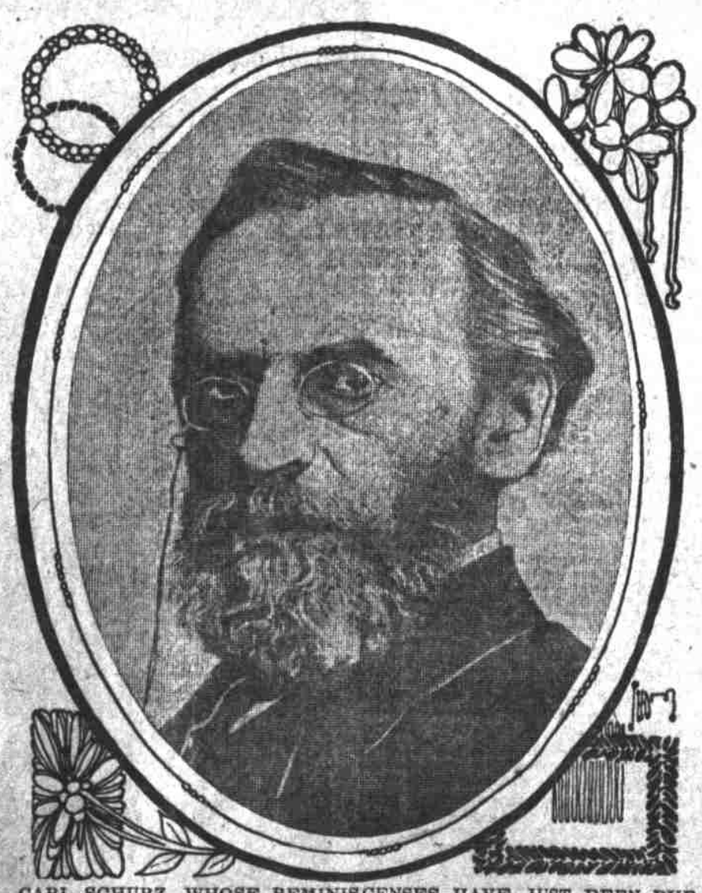
President Roosevelt's publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, recognizing the permanent value of this study as a document that will be precious to the historian, and wishing to gratify the eager and almost universal curiosity regarding it, will make it generally accessible by publishing it, with additions by the author and with illustrations, in book form.

This study of the president has been passed upon by Mr. Loeb, the president's secretary.

The publishers wish it stated emphatically, on behalf of the author and at the request of Mr. Roosevelt, that he is in no sense responsible for any statement, sentiment or opinion in the volume.

Vivian Burnett, who is always blamed with being the original Little Lord Fauntleroy, is co-editor of the Children's Magazine with his mother, Frances Hodgson Burnett. Mr. Burnett gets his literary inclinations by inheritance, and in that line naturally falls very much under the shadow of his noted mother. He has, however, artistic abilities that no one can accuse him of inheriting. Few people who know him are aware that he has distinct musical talent and is a doctor of music. He has recently undertaken the task of writing a series of pieces so simple that one most stumblesome little beginner might be able to play them, which at the same time would be good music. These interesting little compositions are appearing once each month in the Children's Magazine.

The Century company will publish early in June "Diana of Dobson's," a tale of England by an English author, Cicely Hamilton giving glimpses of life among the girls in a London shop and dealing cleverly with what life meant to Diana when a small fortune came to her.



CARL SCHURZ, WHOSE REMINISCENSES HAVE JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

WHY IMMIGRANTS LIKE THE UNITED STATES--By Emil Reich

THE influence of locality is indeed on of a very far-reaching kind. By locality I mean a country, a town, a district and many other subdivisions of any territory.

Each division of that kind has, as it were, a personality of its own. Through its peculiar local conditions, its climate, scenery and type of men and women it acts powerfully upon the imagination nerves and mental habits of the people living in it.

However, it is not so much in the "natives" that that influence of the locality becomes manifest. The natives, that is the people who have been inhabiting that certain locality for generations, are not the strongest nor the most valuable specimens of the effect of the locality.

It is rather the persons who come to dwell in the locality after having left their own in another district. It is on these newcomers, outsiders, foreigners, that the locality exerts a most marvelous influence.

The man who in his own locality has become stale and inert will very frequently change completely upon his settling down in a new locality.

The new surroundings, the new types of men and women, of scenery, of climate, act upon him as an irritant or incentive of a high order. His energies, which in his old surroundings had become slack and somnolent, now, in the new locality, wake up to a new life.

From having been an idler, a casual worker, or an indifferent laborer, he now feels electrified. The greater the difference between his old home and the new the greater will be the vitalizing power of the change and locality.

A person leaving his native Somersetshire for Oxfordshire will invariably feel a sound change coming over him in more than one respect. Should he settle down in London the change will be ever so much greater. Should he decide to leave and actually settle in the United States, the change will be enormous.

Few Americans are aware of one of the secret causes of the fact that the Yankees assimilate, without even thinking of it or without troubling much about it, millions of Europeans not one per cent of whom could have been really assimilated in Europe by the English, the Germans or the French.

Millions of Germans become in the United States rabid Yankees in the course of a few months, without any American so much as asking them to do so, while all the wisdom and power of the Prussian government has these 100 years been unable to assimilate 100,000 Poles.

But when the German peasant arrives at New York, he has not been there a single hour but what half a dozen people have done him what is to his mind an exquisite and flattering honor. They have "sir-ed" him, they have said "yes, sir," or "no, sir." In Europe the honor of being addressed by "sir" has never been done him, although he was always expected to "sir" every better dressed person speaking to him. For years this had rankled in his heavy soul, and now a new flood of sensations shoot to his heart and brains and in that very moment he is a new man.

The Americans are quite unaware that that meaningless "sir" has done more for the assimilation of millions of European newcomers than have all the paragraphs of the American constitution.

A Female Syrup.

From Harper's Weekly.

He—Isn't she a seraph?

She—Yes, indeed! Just too sweet for anything!

He (after a pause)—Did you think I said syrup?

OLDEST CHURCH ORGAN.

Found on Island of Gothland and Is Excellently Preserved.

From the Youths' Companion.

In the Baltic sea, 40 miles from the mainland, lies the Swedish island Gothland, a Mecca for students of early Gothic architecture. In Wisby alone, the chief town of the island, with its population of 8,000 souls, may be studied what remains of no less than 10 churches, some of which date from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The oldest of them is the Church of the Holy Ghost, completed about 1046.

Professor Hennerberg, director in a German music school, and especially interested in the study of mediaeval organs, visited 59 churches in Gothland, and in a little village called Sundra came upon the remnant of what is unquestionably the oldest known organ in existence. The case alone has survived the fret of seven centuries, the holes for pedals and manuals are placed as in modern instruments, and inside one can see the chamber for the bellows and judge of their action; the exterior is adorned with paintings dating from about 1240.

When this ancient instrument could no longer serve its original purpose it was used as a sacristy, and for the safeguard of holy vessels and vestments was kept in careful repair, hence its excellent preservation to our day.

The parson pocketed his fee
And said, with doleful flavor;
"The matrimonial seas do not
Just now fleet sailing flavor."
Then, as the leaves of parish book
He turned, and well did scan 'em,
He added, "By the record 'tis
About one knot per annum."
—Boston Courier.