

was married. It is the Presbyterian Church of Canton. It is situated on the main business street of the town. Miss Ida Saxton was then one of the Sunday school teachers of that church, and Major McKinley was superintendent of the Sunday school of the Methodist Church further down the way. Since the marriage Mr. and Mrs. McKinley have attended; the Methodist Church, and during their stay in Washington they went, I believe, to the Foundry Methodist Church, which is on the corner of G and 14th streets, not far from the Ebbitt House, where the McKinleys lived. Mrs. McKinley, on account of her poor health, is not always able to attend church. The major usually goes, and here in Canton he may be seen every Sunday at the Methodist Church. He believes, you know, in Christianity. He has never made capital of his religion, however, and there is nothing of the Pharisee about him. On the other hand, he has a deep religious side to his nature. He has nothing to do with the infidelity and free thought which are so common among many of our public men, and he never says anything against religion, even in jest. He only says that there are many things in this life which he cannot explain, and that, though religion is in some respects a mystery to him, he has nevertheless implicit faith in it. I have been told that he is very fond of Methodist hymns, and that he often hums them over to himself while he is at work.

His mother hoped that he would be a Methodist Minister, and she had an ambition of some day seeing him a bishop of the Methodist Church. McKinley, however, took to the law rather than to theology. He studied law while he was teaching school in a little country district not far from here, then took a course at the Albany Law School and began his practice here in Canton.

I have chatted with a number of the old lawyers here about McKinley as a lawyer. He had a fair practice when he went into politics, and was making money. One of the law students, who is now a leading practitioner here, said:

"McKinley was, I think, the equal of any lawyer in Ohio at the time he went to Congress. He was at one time prosecuting attorney of this country, which then had about 60,000 people, and his business was very large. He had also a large private practice, and was an all-around good lawyer."

"Was he much of a money maker?" I asked.

"I don't know about that," was the reply. "I judge he would have made money at the law had he stuck to it. He was a hard worker and studied his cases. As he went on, however, he became interested in politics, and after he entered Congress he paid but little attention to the law."

It was an old judge who told me about McKinley's first law case. It was in a suit for replevin, and McKinley received \$25 for his work. He was at the time a student in the law office of Judge George W. Belden. He had been admitted to the bar, but having no clients was still reading law in Belden's office. One day the old judge came in and said to McKinley:

"William, I want you to try the Blank case for me tomorrow. I find that I will not be able to attend to it."

"But, judge," said McKinley, "I don't know anything about it. I have never

tried a case in my life. I am afraid I can't do it."

"Oh, yes you can," said the judge. "You have got to do it. I must go away, and that case is sure to come up. Here are the papers," and with that the judge threw a lot of papers on the table beside McKinley and left.

McKinley took up the case and went into it. He sat up all night and worked at it. At 10 o'clock the next day he was on hand when the court opened. He took the place of Judge Belden, made an argument, and won the case. As he was speaking he happened to look at the back of the court room, and there he saw Judge Belden sitting. This seemed rather queer to him, but he afterward found that Belden had put up the job to test what he could do as a lawyer. The next day the judge came into the office and said to McKinley: "Well, William, you've won the case, and here is your fee. As he said this he took out his pocketbook and handed McKinley \$25.

"But," said young McKinley, "I can't take that, judge. It was only a night's work. It ain't worth it, and I can't take it," and with that he offered the bill to the judge.

"Oh, yes you can," was the reply. "You have earned the money and you must take it. Besides it is all right. I shall charge my client \$100 for the work, and it is only right that you should have this \$25." This argument overcame McKinley's scruples, and he took the money.

During my stay here I have made a most pleasant call upon Mrs. Nancy Allison McKinley, the aged mother of the governor. She lives at some distance from McKinley's home in a very pretty two-story cottage, with her daughter, Miss Helen McKinley. I made the call in company with Mr. George Freese, the proprietor of the Canton Repository, and the most enthusiastic McKinley man you will find in Ohio. The door was opened by Miss McKinley, a bright-eyed rosy-cheeked young lady, who led us into the parlor, and who, a moment later, introduced me to her mother. I wish I could show you Major McKinley's mother as she came into the parlor yesterday afternoon. Imagine a bright-eyed motherly old lady, dressed in soft black, with a white lace collar about the throat and a cap of snow white on her head. Let her be straight, well-formed and of medium height. Let her hair be the color of frosted silver and have it combed so that the white strands curl just over the ears before they are tucked into the snowy cap. Let her face be strong, but at the same time sweet and motherly, and let her eyes smile as cordially as those of a young girl when she takes your hand and gives you a cordial grip, which makes you think more of youth than of age. Mrs. McKinley is eighty-seven years old. Physically and intellectually she does not appear to be more than sixty.

She walked into the room with a firm step and stood for a moment talking after my introduction before she sat down. She pulled her chair close to mine as we talked, saying that she was just a little deaf. I found, however, no trouble in making her understand me, and for a half hour we chatted about the major and about the stirring times of her long life. As she talked I could not realize that she was eighty-seven years

old. Think of it! She was born in 1809, six years before Napoleon fought the battle of Waterloo and when James Madison was just at the beginning of his career as President of the United States. Our great middle states were then a wilderness, and the vast domain acquired through the Louisiana purchase had been in Uncle Sam's hands just about six years. She was a girl of ten when we bought Florida from Spain, and she was in her thirties when we acquired Texas and California. At her birth the country contained about 7,000,000 people. She has seen it grow into an industrial empire of 70,000,000 and to see her son held up as the possible ruler of it all. Such an experience would turn the ordinary woman's head. It has not in the least affected that of Mrs. McKinley. She has the same sterling common sense which shows out so forcibly in her son. She is proud of him, it is true, but her feeling is that of a womanly, motherly pride and not a mawkish nor a sentimental one. She is proud of him in that she believes that he is a good man and that by this he has gained the respect of other men. But I am sure she would rather see him be plain William McKinley all his life than that he should do one thing derogatory to his manhood or the right. It is through his mother, I doubt not, that much of McKinley's strength comes, and I venture to say that his respect for her opinion and her training has enabled him to resist many temptations.

Frank G. Carpenter

CHRISTIAN EXHORTATION.

SALT LAKE CITY,

May 22nd, 1896.

During my recent mission to Great Britain I had the opportunity of visiting Christian Endeavor meetings and Sunday schools. These organizations are excellent aids to train the young and rising generation in the faith of morality. England, like most other nations, cannot boast of a high standard of morality of her citizens. I became acquainted, while laboring in Patricroft, near Manchester, with a gentleman named Wright, whom I found to be one of the most zealous workers in the interest of the youth and the cause of morality. Besides being secretary of a well organized Sunday school, he taught a class of young people in the school and in the Christian Endeavor meetings he was a very efficient officer. In fact he was an indefatigable worker in whatever position he occupied, and was heart and soul in striving to keep the youth in the path of virtue. In order to make acquaintances so I could, when opportunity offered, present the principles of the Gospel, I made a point to attend several of these Christian Endeavor meetings and Sunday schools—and had the pleasure of occasionally teaching a class in the latter organization when not otherwise engaged. Through this means I became acquainted with the Mr. Wright referred to, who invited me to his home; and while there he showed me a copy of an address he had some time previously delivered before a class of young ladies. I was so pleased with sentiment it contained that I copied a portion of it, believing it would be of value to any who might