

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHICAGO MISSION.

We have at present six Elders, who are engaged in the great task of preaching the Gospel to the denizens of this great metropolis. Those who are acquainted with this community know that the people here are industrious and enterprising. It seems their whole life's aim is to "hustle," to accumulate wealth, and "to eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." This is evident from the mammoth stores, the numerous factories of various kinds, employing hands that number into the thousands, and the vast numbers of theaters and other places of amusement which vary in morality, as Joseph's coat in colors.

It would be unjust, judging from the many magnificent churches that grace and beautify the city in all parts, to say that there were not some whose ambition and aspirations did not extend above the top of their heads. The great city has, it is true, the undesirable name of being immoral and wicked, but considering its population, the people who live here, seem to think Chicago is as good as any other city, and this we have no reason to dispute.

The great majority of the people are those known as the "working class," and these "have to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow," in very deed. Rents usually being too high near their place of business, they have to secure houses in remote districts, thereby being compelled to ride to and from their work each day on the street car. In order to get to their work at 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, it necessitates their arising early enough to make the distance, which varies from two to fifteen or twenty miles, or thereabouts. Six o'clock is usually the time they are released to return home from work.

With these circumstances and conditions in view, it is not difficult to imagine why people in Chicago are not enthusiastic religionists, and one reason why our task to interest many of them in Mormonism, is great. They have as they say their "own church" to attend to, and don't care to bother reading anything about any other. We, however, find some exceptions to this rule.

The men being away to their work in the day-time, the women are the only ones at home and the treatment we receive is regulated according to the mood the house wife happens to be in which we ring the bell. If she has just had a bout with the cook and in consequence thereof her feathers are ruffled up a little, one may look for a "Well, sir, what is it?"

Mormonism. No, get out of here!" accompanied with a bang of the door. On the other hand, if she is moderately pleasant one may receive, "I would ye were either hot or cold," smile and an indifferent, "No, thank you," or possibly be invited in. The Elders express themselves that if they had to depend entirely upon the hospitality of the people here for their meals they would have occasion to fast, when perhaps, they really desired not to.

Chicago is infested by a class of individuals known as tramps (though of course we don't want it understood that we class ourselves with them) and men who outwardly appear good and respectable, but are wolves and rascals. These go about from house to house representing themselves as one thing and another, they are invited in by some good lady, and when

in, take advantage of the man's absence, and after insulting the lady plunder the premises. Those occurrences have become so prevalent that people have grown suspicious of every stranger that comes to their door, no matter who they represent themselves to be. As a means of protection, therefore, every front door is provided with a big strong chain, which, when fastened to the door, will only admit of its (the door) being opened a few inches. It is often the case that we have to do considerable talking through the little aperture before we manage to convince people that our motives in calling are good enough to induce them to open the door; sometimes we fail. At other times we are successful. Then again the people are not neighborly and friendly one to another as is customary in other cities. Even those residing in the same building scarcely know each other, though they may live there for years. This then accounts for our not being entertained with dinner thrown in, very often by those upon whom we call.

The people of Chicago almost universally live in "flat" buildings, and admission thereto is generally gained through a common entrance. Each family has a private hall and a speaking tube which connects their departments with the lobby. The door is usually locked, but can be readily opened from above by pressing an electric button, if the family desire to admit the one ringing the bell; if not, they can very conveniently speak down the tube: "There is nobody home," or "We don't care for any today, thank you," and the one who rang the bell can, of course, govern himself accordingly. We are learning to despise the very looks of these miserable things more and more every day, as they greatly hinder our work. In some of these large flat buildings there are as many as forty families, but usually in these very large "flats" a uniformed private police prevents any missionaries or "other peddlers" from entering the building.

In calling upon the people the other day an old Dutch lady answered the door. We told her we were missionaries and had called to talk with her about the Gospel. She looked at us a little astonished and remarked: "Well, vat's de matter nift de Gospel?" We told her that the Gospel was all right but the people didn't seem to think so—at least that was our impression that day from the treatment we had received.

The Elders laboring in Chicago are as follows: Joseph E. Cardon, Charles A. Haacke, Jos. A. Hulme, Heber J. Canfield, Jos. L. McCarey, E. M. Boyer. The latter, the president of the conference, has just been released to return home.

The "News" is a welcome visitor.
EDW. P. MIDGLEY.

LIVELY EXPERIENCE IN KENTUCKY.

Oakton, Hickman Co., Ky.

Feb. 25, 1898.

We have just passed through some very interesting experience, and I thought a short sketch of it might be of interest to your readers.

A few weeks ago Elder Israel C. Canfield of Ogden, Utah, and myself went one fine Sunday morning to hear a sermon delivered by a Methodist minister. For some cause he did not come and we were asked to fill the appointment, which offer we gladly accepted. We were requested to speak on the fruits and gifts of the Spirit, and though we do not like to speak on as-

signed subjects, in this instance we did so; therefore the people of the little railroad town of Oakton, from the pulpit of the new M. E. church house, heard, by special request, the gift of the Holy Ghost explained by two Elders who had been called of God as was Aaron.

After the morning services we were given permission to use the house; so we commenced a series of meetings and for a few nights all was as calm as a waveless sea. But as a calm generally precedes a storm on the ocean, so we also found it a sign of a tempest on land, as well as at sea, only the lull among men was the forerunner of a tempest of words, not of wind and waves. I was speaking on the essentiality and object of baptism, and in my remarks also said that if necessary, Peter could easily have attended to the baptizing of three thousand in half a day, even if he had been entirely alone to begin with, because he had been given authority to seal, or loose, on earth and it would be loosed or sealed in the heavens above; therefore he could have gone down into the water, as Philip and the eunuch did, and there he could have immersed (buried by baptism) one of the male believers, then upon him, he could have sealed the authority to baptize, and then as fast as others were baptized Peter could have given them authority to baptize other believers. I also noticed that Mr. Rash who had first invited us to preach, seemed a little ill at ease while I was speaking, but as I knew what I said was true, I paid very little attention to his restlessness. We gave out appointments for four other services, dismissed, and until next evening were unconscious of any particular stir. Then we heard incidentally that we were to be cast out of the synagogue. We saw Mr. Rash and he confirmed the rumor; so we preached in a private house that night. Next day, Saturday, it rained all day until toward evening. We then went to see a friend and on our way heard that Mr. Pig, a Methodist big gun, fighter and debater, would speak Sunday night. We had heard of this man before so knew pretty well what he would do; and being true shepherds we thought it best to be present when the enemy came to scatter the sheep. So we went to what we Elders call our funeral sermon. A front seat was selected and the thunder began to rattle; thick and fast fell the hail of falsehood, nearer, nearer drew the clouds of slander, then the lightning of hate was turned loose upon us. The people were scorched for even giving us food or shelter, and told to give us neither food nor a place to lie down in the future, and then maybe we would go back to Utah where we belonged.

We could not refrain from smiling and we felt that friends, not enemies, were being made by the railing accusation of the speaker, who claims to be a teacher of peace and good will to men. After he closed I arose and asked for the privilege of saying a few words. "No sir! Sit down!" At this answer several arose to their feet and cries of "Let them speak, let them speak," came from all over the crowded assembly, came from all over the crowded building. But the answer came back, "They can't speak in a Methodist house;" then to me, (I was still standing,) "Sit down!" I remained on my feet long enough to tell the congregation to remain outside for a few minutes after meeting and we would talk a few minutes, as I had been very grossly misrepresented.

After the benediction I tried to have a talk with Mr. Pig, but he would not reason at all. Several people, among whom was a school teacher named Humphreys, tried to get him to talk with us but he would run away every time we approached him. Seeing we