

next man is a senator from Washington state; he gets fifteen seconds. Now Blair of New Hampshire is talking. You remember how he used to take up the time of the Senate, speaking for hours and hours at a stretch. The President gives him three minutes, which is five times as much as any one has had so far this morning. And so it goes on; ten seconds, twenty seconds, one minute, seven seconds, ten seconds, fourteen seconds, five seconds and four seconds. The last two are audiences with men who merely want to pay their respects and shake the President by hand. As I look I wonder whether any mortal mind could hold impressions thus forced upon it. The President has now been talking an hour, and he has chatted with nearly a hundred different men on a hundred different subjects. I don't believe that a call of this kind is worth the value of a wooden toothpick. The President cannot possibly remember the names of the people who call upon him much less their requests. The probability is that he saves himself as much as possible and tries to forget each matter as soon as he passes upon it. Suppose he did otherwise. He has been receiving in this way for almost ten months. Had he allowed each talk to make an impression upon the gray matter of his brain, the matter would long ago have been pounded into the mush of insanity.

The President does an immense deal of business outside of receiving and talking with people. He settles scores of matters every day by looking over papers. He tells Secretary Porter how to answer several hundred letters. With all his work, he finds time to pay special attention to his friends. If a stranger whom he especially likes is in the city he is asked to the White House to dine, and if, as was the case with one of his old commanders, he happens to get hurt while in Washington, the President is very sure to call upon him and see that he is comfortably situated. One secret of Mr. McKinley's being able to do so much work lies in the fact that he has a good digestion and a good conscience. He never worries. He says if he did he would go crazy. It is his rule to do the work of each day as it comes and let it go. The result is that he does not fret, he does not say impatient things and when he goes to bed he can sleep. He holds his own in the cabinet. I am told that he is head and shoulders above his secretaries as to most matters relating to the administration. He grasps things quickly and oftens settles a knotty problem with a word.

The President is fond of society. He likes music and is especially inclined to singing Methodist hymns and topical songs. He is a good story teller, and relieves his mind now and then in this way. He sometimes drifts into reminiscences of his army experiences. The other night while out driving he told of a midnight journey which he had taken when he was a boy soldier in the army. He had been ordered by his general to go ahead and find the location of a certain body of troops. His regiment was almost surrounded by rebels, and he had to ride very carefully for fear of stumbling upon a rebel picket. He tells how he felt as he trotted along through the darkness, and how his heart jumped into his throat when he heard the words, in a pronounced southern accent:

"Halt! Who goes thar?"

He knew that no northerner ever pronounced the word there "thar," and he turned his horse and rode rapidly the other way. A few moments later he was stopped again, but the voice this time had a Yankee twang and his words were: "Halt! Who goes there?" The President

says that as soon as he heard the word "there" pronounced in that way he knew he was among friends.

President McKinley sometimes speaks of his parents. Both his father and mother have had a great influence upon him.

It seems to me that a great deal of his strength comes from his mother. She was here, you know, at the time of the inauguration, and the President tried to induce her to remain in the White House with him, but she preferred to go back to her own home at Canton. She made a wonderful impression during her stay here. Every one admired her, and the flattery which she received would have turned the head of the ordinary mother. It did not overpower Mrs. McKinley. You could tell from the way she talked about the ambassadors and the generals who called upon her that she realized that they were only men. She realizes this about her son. She loves him, I venture, as much as any woman ever loved a son, but she has not lost her head over him. He is still only William McKinley to her. Before she left some one said: "I should think, Mrs. McKinley, you would be very proud to have your son President of the United States?" She replied: "I am proud of William, and if he makes as good a President as he has been a son, he will be all that I can hope for him."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

SAN JUAN STAKE CONFERENCE

The conference was held in Moab, November 20th and 21st in a large hall rented for the occasion. There were present on the stand Elders Brigham Young, George Teasdale and Anton H. Lund, members of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, the Stake presidency and other brethren connected with the various quorums of the Priesthood in the Stake.

After the usual opening exercises, Elder Hammond addressed the congregation. He said he was on a tour around the Stake with his counselors and Elder H. J. Nelson, superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. and Assistant Superintendent D. J. Rogers. He had found the people feeling well and desired the Saints to pay their tithes and offerings.

Elder Brigham Young said he was very thankful to meet with the Saints and for his returning health. If we take care of our bodies, the Lord is willing that we should live out the full measure of our creation. Sometimes young men are taken away. This was the case with Brother Abraham H. Cannon. But the Lord revealed it to President Woodruff that he was wanted on the other side of the veil for a more important work. It is a time of warning for the Saints and there is no happiness outside of the Spirit of God.

Elder George Teasdale spoke to the people and endeavored to encourage them to keep the commandments of God. He spoke of the necessity of paying our tithes and offerings as otherwise we are unfit to go to the House of the Lord.

Elder Lund spoke on the necessity of showing our works by our faith.

At 2 p. m. the Bishops of the various wards reported the condition of the people as being good. Splendid crops in most cases were raised. The Young Men's associations and Sabbath schools are in good shape, especially the latter.

Elder Lund addressed the congregation on the duties of parents to children. He said we should keep the Sabbath day holy and go to meeting to get fresh food for our souls.

Elder Geo. Teasdale encouraged the Saints to get a good education.

Priesthood meeting was held in the evening.

Sunday, November 21, 10 a. m., the presidency of the Stake addressed the Saints. They counseled the Saints to lay up grain against a day of famine; to subscribe for the Improvement Era and live lives that our leaders will not be hampered by us.

At 2 p. m. Elder Brigham Young spoke on the Sacrament and its sacredness; the corruption of the world and the duties of parents to children. Thus closed one of the best conferences ever held in the San Juan Stake.

On the morning of November 22nd, Elders Brigham Young, George Teasdale and Anton H. Lund, with other of the leading brethren, started for Bluff, holding meetings at Monticello and Verdure, blessing and encouraging the Saints. They arrived in Bluff Wednesday the 24th, holding two meetings next day, besides visiting our "ditch," which has given us so much trouble. They were sent to investigate our condition as to whether we would abandon this place or remain and build it up. After having given the matter much consideration, Elder Brigham Young desired the names of those who were willing to remain. He said it was the will of the Lord and the First Presidency that the place be maintained, but if any wished to remove they could do so. He promised blessings and prosperity to those who would remain. Elder George Teasdale and Anton H. Lund followed in the same strain.

The brethren who live here, without exception, agreed to remain, believing it to be the will of the Lord.

L. H. REDD,
Stake Clerk.

PERSECUTION IN GERMANY

Last summer Elder Rulon S. Wells, president of the European mission, in company with Elders Loutensock and Jos. W. McMurrin, made a tour of this mission, holding public meetings in all the large cities. Most of these meetings, if not all, were well advertised, so that the people of Germany had a good opportunity to hear something of Mormonism from the Mormons themselves. Of course comparatively few availed themselves of the opportunity, but most all of the newspapers had something to say. Some were as usual antagonistic, unfair and prejudiced, while others were very fair, indeed.

The tour was made more for an experiment. Each meeting had to be registered, which is about the same as being licensed. The presidency of the mission, in view of the fact that Germany has ever been a hard field to spread the Gospel in, on account of the stringency of the laws, especially in regard to religion and foreign elements, thought they would try this method and see if there was not an improvement here as in other parts of the world. The results were very gratifying in most of the conferences. Here, we can not claim so much.

On the 25th of July we held a public meeting in a hall which had been hired for the purpose, and had a large audience, more than the hall would admit, many standing in the entrance and an adjacent apartment. The meeting had been previously advertised in the city newspaper, so that it was pretty well known. The results have not been encouraging. Shortly after the conference meeting, Elder Freeze and the writer and also our host, Brother Poltz, were notified that we were wanted at the court house. Elder Freeze had, in the meantime, been appointed to labor in Chemnitz so that he could not go with the other two of us. After waiting for some time in the hall, wondering what they wanted of us, we