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OUR PRESIDENT AT REST.

HOTEL CHAMPLAIN,

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I spent some time with the President this morning. I have never seen him in better condition. His eye is bright, his step firm and his spirits are as fresh as those of a boy. He weighs just 190 pounds, but he does not look over stout, and he carries himself as straight as he did when he started out with his regiment in 1861. During my chat with him I referred to his health, and told him I thought he was looking extremely well. Afterward I remarked as to the success of his administration, and said I thought that the people were in sympathy with him and that they thought he was doing well. At this his eyes lighted up and he said: "I am glad to hear you say that, for I am much more anxious to be doing well than to be looking well."

Some one called Daniel Webster a steam engine in trousers. President McKinley is of the same character, save that he does not puff and blow while he works. His machinery moves like the piston of a great Corliss engine slowly, steadily and irresistibly along. He does the work of a dozen men, but so easily and coolly that you can hardly realize that he is working at all. Of all the party that came here from the White House, President McKinley looked the freshest and the least overworked. Today he could outwalk, outride and outwork any of his secretaries, and yet for the past two years he has undergone a greater strain, perhaps, than any other man in the United States. I interviewed him just at the close of his term as governor of Ohio. He was already a leading candidate for the presidency and his friends were pushing him. His work increased as the time of the convention approached, and from the announcement of his nomination until his coming here he has not had one leisure day. You remember how the delegations flocked to Canton. Day and night for five months his ears were dinned with brass bands. He often received a dozen parties from different states in a day and made as many speeches. At the same time he had much to do with Mark Hanna in managing the campaign. The long distance telephone wire between his house in Canton and Mr. Hanna's office in Cleveland was kept hot with confidential messages. He had speeches to write, and an enormous correspondence to answer. Mrs. McKinley and he looked over much of the mail together, and to many of the letters he dictated answers. Then the election came and the excitement following it. His real presidential work began im-

mediately after the election, and it has steadily continued up to his present vacation. I don't believe we have ever had a President who has tried harder to find out the right and to do it than has McKinley. He has taken advice from every part of the country, though he has acted for himself. He has, as he said to a friend the other day, tried to keep his ear close to the ground. This was what called so many statesmen to Canton after the election. Then between times his inaugural had to be written, his cabinet made up, and the hurrah and excitement of taking possession of the White House undergone.

While sitting with Secretary Porter on the porch last night overlooking Lake Champlain, I asked him to give me some idea of the amount of work the President had done since the inauguration. He replied with a list of figures showing an amount of physical labor which would have broken down the ordinary man. He said when he took the place of secretary to the President, Mr. McKinley had warned him not to overwork, and had stated that he had never yet gotten a private secretary who could keep pace with him. Mr. Porter, however, has a good constitution, and he has so far succeeded fairly well. His statement of presidential labor, which I give further on, does not refer to the great questions with which McKinley has had to deal, and which the President himself says have been the hard work of his administration. It does not include the work and worry about Cuba, the coming to a decision that Hawaii should be annexed, and that Japan should be allowed to kick if it would. It does not include the silver troubles nor the tariff the fuse with England as to our seals, and other like issues which alone would have been enough for any common man.

Here, according to Mr. Porter, are some of the things the President did in addition. He received, talked with and disposed of forty thousand office seekers in one hundred and twenty-one working days. He shook hands with more than fifty thousand people who came to his public receptions, and, in addition to this, handled seventy thousand callers in the east room. He has held fifty public receptions, the average attendance upon which has been nearly one thousand persons. He has talked on business with fifty thousand congressmen, and has made over nine hundred appointments to office. This has all been done in less than five months, and when the physical and mental wear and tear is considered it will be seen that the mark is enormous. Forty thousand office seekers, at two minutes each, must have eaten up eighty thousand minutes of the President's time, or

enough to have kept him busy for over four months, working ten hours a day. I don't believe the office seekers, however, averaged a minute apiece, much less two, though each of the nine hundred who were appointed must have consumed a great deal more. But this talking with men was only a part of President McKinley's work. He had, in addition, an enormous amount of executive labor, and today, notwithstanding it all, he is in a good physical state.

I asked President McKinley this question myself during my call upon him today. He replied that the work that took the most of his strength was the dealing with the great public questions of his administration, and added that he had a fairly good constitution, and that he ate well and slept well. Another great secret of the President's success as a worker is in the fact that he does not worry. He dismisses a question from his mind, I am told, as soon as he has settled it, and never thrashes over old straw. He has within recent years learned to say no and stick to it, and it is one of his cardinal principles never to deceive a man and lead him to imagine he will do what he knows he cannot do. This saves a great deal of friction. The President is wonderfully regular in his habits. At the White House he is always in bed by midnight and he sleeps until 8 every morning. Here, at Lake Champlain, he has been retiring earlier, but rising at about the same time. He has also simple tastes in eating. I doubt whether he has ever felt what it is to have a poor stomach. His system is not overloaded with indigestibles, nor does he clog his veins with wine by drinking it with his meals. He takes frequent baths, and keeps the pores of his skin open. A man who has campaigned with him tells me that after a big speech Major McKinley, on getting to his room, always stripped and had a good wash and rub before retiring or going out again. The pores of the skin are the sewers of the system. Such bathing keeps the pores open, and McKinley's clean, dark skin shows the effect of it. The President has added to his staying powers by his observance of the Sabbath. He rests one day in seven, going to church and singing the hymns as lustily as any Methodist deacon present. He is fond of Methodist hymns, knows scores of them by heart and often hums them to himself while at work. He was, you know, the superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school in Canton, where he courted his wife, and, as one story goes, he became acquainted with her through her being a teacher in another Sunday school of the town. The two always attended church together until Mrs. McKinley's ill health prevented her going, and in Canton, you