

THEY WERE BORN IN OHIO.

By all odds the most prominent United States Senator in Washington at this time is Senator Calvin Brice of Ohio. He has jumped like Minerva from the head of Jove full fledged into the arena of national politics and his name is on every one's tongue. He is a man of wonderful brain power and his nerves are iron. He has within the last decade made enough to average a million a year and he believes in spending money to accomplish his ends. His house during the last month has been the most talked of of any residence in Washington outside the White House and every one expects that it will be the social center of the Cleveland administration next winter. It will, to a large extent, take the place that Secretary Whitney's home had during Cleveland's first term, and Senator Brice and his wife are well fitted for managing it. They are both possessed of decided personal magnetism, are generous to a fault and are noted for their taste and refinement. The contrast of Senator Brice's condition today with that of ten years ago is striking. I visited Lima, Ohio, the other day, where Brice began life as a young lawyer. It is now a city of perhaps 20,000 people and it has lately had a great boom through its oil and its natural gas. For miles around the town on every side great ghostly derricks poke their heads into the sky and a smell like assafoetida fills the air. The town is now furnishing a large amount of the oil of the United States, and it pipes its gas and oil to a number of cities. The oil interests are practically owned by the Standard Oil Company, but the town has a good local business and does considerable manufacturing. Cal Brice, as I was told, has an office in it, and he comes to Lima now and then for a few days. His headquarters is however, in New York, and his family spends most of the time there and in Washington.

HOW CAL BRICE GOT MARRIED.

I heard a number of good stories of Brice during my stay in Lima and I found every one spoke well of him. He began life in this vicinity as a poor boy, the son of a preacher, and he trotted around for some years almost on his uppers. Every one says, however, that he was honest and a hard worker, and the citizens speak admiringly of his wonderful confidence in himself and his future. He never hesitated to borrow money of his friends to carry out his little schemes, and in some way or other he always managed to meet his obligations. One of the queerest instances of this I have heard of was connected with the story of his marriage. Cal Brice was in love and he had been engaged for some time, when one day at Toledo he met a Lima friend of his who had just been married and had left Lima to go east on his wedding journey. Brice had been away for a short time and had not known of the marriage. When he saw his friend and heard the story he was delighted. "Married yesterday, were you?" said he. "Why, I congratulate you! I want to get married myself, and if you will wait here a day for me I'll run down to Lima and get married and go with you."

"All right," said his friend, whose name, by the way, I think was Holdridge, "we'll wait, but you must hurry."

"There's plenty of time," said Brice, as he looked at his watch. "I have

fifteen minutes to go to the Boody House and get my grip and take the train. I will get home by 3 o'clock this afternoon. We will get married this evening, come to Toledo on the express and tomorrow we can start east together."

Brice carried out this program and the two went to New York via Niagara Falls and then on to Boston. While they were in New York and Boston they made a tour of the stores, and Brice was so happy that he bought silks and satins and jewelry everywhere. He soon ran out of money, and then he borrowed of Holdridge from time to time until Holdridge one morning reached into his pocket to give him some more and found that he had none left. Both of the men were comparatively unacquainted at that time in Boston, but Holdridge had a very fine watch, and he pawned this until he could get a remittance from home. When the two came back from the pawnbroker's shop they promised each other to say nothing about the situation to their wives, and as they met them their faces were as happy as though their pockets were stuffed. As Holdridge pulled off his overcoat, however, his watch chain which he had stuffed in his vest pocket came loose and the chain fell down.

"Why, what's become of your watch, my dear," said his wife.

"Oh!" said Holdridge, as he reddened a little, "it got out of order and I had to leave it at the watchmaker's to be fixed." This was all that was said, and a few days later the remittance which he had telegraphed for arrived and the wedding trip was finished without further financial trouble. Brice made a ten strike shortly after coming home and he paid Holdridge for the debts of his wedding journey.

SENATOR BRICE'S FIRST DRESS SUIT.

Speaking of Cal Brice's wedding recalls the story I heard concerning him by one of his old schoolmates at a college fraternity dinner here in Washington the other night. When Brice went to school he was very poor and he had barely enough to pay his tuition and board. He could not indulge in fine clothes. He was too honest to go in debt and without seeing some immediate means of repayment he was too proud to borrow. He had, however, a good deal of humor in his nature and he was by no means averse to a practical joke at the expense of his friends. While he was in the senior year both himself and his room mate received an invitation one day to attend the wedding of a friend. The couple to be married were very popular, and it was known that the wedding would be a large and, for the town, a fashionable one. It was talked about in the social circles of the college for weeks beforehand, and Brice's room mate, who was well to do, ordered a new suit of clothes for the occasion. Brice looked over the clothes with him and longed for a suit himself, but as he looked at his slender pocket book he gave up the idea with a sigh, and taking his nail brush scrubbed the dirt out of his old suit and prepared to wear it. Now, the clothes of his friend were to be delivered the evening of the wedding. The hours of the afternoon went slowly on and the suit did not arrive. As it approached the time for leaving Cal Brice said that he would go down and see what was the matter and would hurry up the tailor. His friend said all right and sat and waited. In the

course of half an hour a message came saying that the clothes could hardly arrive on time, and the boy, not to be late, put on his old suit and went to the wedding. He had just gotten himself into a good place for watching the ceremony when, to his surprise, Cal Brice entered, looking as though he had jumped from a bandbox. He was clad from crown to heel in his friend's new suit, and he was for that time at least the best dressed of his fellows. During this dinner Senator Brice spoke with considerable feeling about his college days at Miami. He was a fair student, and he says that his school days were the happiest of his life. His father, you know, was a poor preacher, and he was of all the boys at college among the poorest, but with all his poverty he did not lack independence. An instance of this was in his actions in coming to the school from time to time. There was in those days no railroad to Oxford, where the college is located, and the students came by rail to Hamilton, Ohio, and thence went twelve miles by stage to Oxford. The stage rates were high and Cal Brice felt that he could not afford to pay them. The result was that he usually walked from Hamilton to Oxford, refusing the offers of his richer friends to pay his fare. These friends often walked with him merely to keep him company at such times, and there are numerous evidences of his great popularity among his fellows.

MAJOR MCKINLEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

Major McKinley's failure is still attracting some talk in Washington and there is a genuine sympathy for him here, for it is well known that he is not a money maker or a money spender. He began life like Brice as a poor boy and he had devoted himself more to making a reputation than to making money, and the most of the property that he had came, I am told, from his wife, who was the daughter of a well-to-do newspaper editor of Canton. McKinley was born at Niles, a little mining town in northern Ohio, and I saw here the other day the little two-story cottage in which his boyhood was spent. It did not cost more than \$1,500 to build, and a part of it is now used as a grocery store. There is a porch over the front door and McKinley, when he makes stump speeches at Niles, usually comes out on this porch and addresses the people. His father was one of the more important employees of one of the rolling mills of the town and young McKinley was given a fairly good education. He was known in Niles as "Young Bill McKinley" and the people there told me that he was a studious boy with enough muscle to take care of himself. He went into the army when he was seventeen and when the war was over he went to Canton, which was then a town of perhaps 17,000, and began the practice of law. It was from Canton that he came to Congress, and the best part of his prime has been spent in political life. He has never spent much money in entertaining at Washington, though this may have been due somewhat to the poor health of his wife. He usually lived at the Ebbitt House and always looked clean and well dressed. He had a fair practice before he came to Congress, but he has never saved much money to speak of, and I understand that his political career has cost him more than his salary. He is a very ambitious man and he still hopes to have a term in the White House. He