

and then, plain and simple man that he was, sat down to enjoy it. He had, however, no appetite for gorgeousness, and one day when a friend of his had gone with him over the house and was looking, with amazement, at the evidences of his prosperity, the millionaire lumberman said:

"I am glad you like it, Jim. I think myself it is very fine of the kind, but there is only one thing I lack. I want a parrot."

"A parrot!" replied the visitor. "A parrot, Stockbridge! What on earth do you want with a parrot?"

"I'll tell you, Jim," said Stockbridge in a whisper so low that the ladies in the next room should not hear it. "I want a parrot to sit on a perch over that door and say every time I come in, 'Here comes the d-d fool that built this shanty!'"

Still Senator Foraker passed his boyhood in a log cabin. You have heard the tradition of his coffee sack trousers, and the story of how, by pure brains and nerve, he is now a broadcloth United States senator, with apparently money to burn. I know of a score of public men who started life poor boys, and who now live in palaces. Secretary Alger was born in a cabin, worked for \$4 a month, and for a time lived upon thickened milk and corn meal. He has a magnificent home in Detroit, and has rented a house here near the corner of 16th and H streets, for which he pays more per month, I venture, than he earned in the first six years of his working life. He has pictures which are worth more than a congressman's salary, and some of his rugs have cost more than his whole housekeeping outfit with which he began his married life.

Levi Z. Leiter, the multi-millionaire, whose son has been cornering the wheat of the United States in Chicago, clerked during a part of his boyhood for a few dollars a week in Columbus, Ohio, living in a cheap boarding house. He began his career in Chicago as a bookkeeper, and his circumstances were such that he dared not kick if the potatoes were soggy or the butter was strong. Today he has a palace here which surpasses the White House in its grandeur. It stands on ground which cost \$100,000, and the cream-white Milwaukee brick of which it was made came here in individual packages, each brick being wrapped up in brown paper. There is no chance for the Leiter butter to get strong, for there is an ice house in the mansion in which you can store away enough ice to last for a month, and the cold storage rooms are such that the beeves, sheep and game which are served up on the table can be kept there for weeks without spoiling. Young Leiter had to eat what was set before him. The millionaire Leiter of today raises his own beef and mutton on his farm in Wisconsin. It is killed there by his own butcher and shipped here for use. A clerk in a boarding house seldom kicks at cold plates. The apparatus in the Leiter mansion to keep the plates warm cost almost as much as its owner used to make in a year when he was clerking. It is a boiler of heavy iron as big around as a two-bushel basket, so heated by gas that it warms the butler's pantry overhead by keeping the pipes running through the pantry filled with hot water.

Levi P. Morton began his life by clerking at \$1.25 a week. I went past the house which he owned here in Washington when he was Vice President yesterday. It cost him a hundred thousand dollars, and was then not good enough to suit his luxurious tastes. He added a dining room which cost him twenty to thirty thousand dollars more. He had his kitchen walled with tiles of white china, and the ashes from the range and the furnace were

carried out of the house in little cars on a railway. Cal. Brice spent, you know, \$12,000 on a dinner, and many an evening entertainment at his house here consumed more money than Uncle Sam paid him as his senatorial salary for a year. Still, when Brice went to college, his expenses were not more than \$3 a week, and when he got married he had to borrow enough money on his note from his friends to pay the expenses of his wedding journey. I could cite other instances of the same kind.

Cal. Brice rented his house in Washington. So does Vice President Hobart, and so also nearly every member of the present cabinet, except John Sherman. Secretary Sherman has seldom paid rent. When he first came to Washington, forty odd years ago, he boarded for a time at Willard's Hotel. Then he lived down below the Capitol, in what was the old, fashionable part of Washington. One day he told Mrs. Sherman that he had bought a house near Franklin square. This square was then a playground for the boys of Washington. It had an old board fence about it, and Mrs. Sherman felt as though she were going out into the country to live. As Washington grew, however, the best houses were built in that neighborhood, and Sherman's property became very valuable. He bought several lots on each side of him, and, after a time, he put up the building now occupied by the Chilean legation and moved into it. This was the structure built when he was secretary of the treasury under Hayes. As time went on the lot which he had left became so much more valuable that he could not afford to lose the interest on the money in it, and he erected the big marble mansion in which he now lives. I don't know what it cost him, but it would, I judge, sell for at least \$75,000 under the hammer. Secretary Sherman likes nothing better than a good speculation, and I doubt whether he has ever made a bad one. It was he who aided largely in starting the suburban development of Washington.

Together with others, he bought the Stone estate, the old homestead which Mrs. John A. Logan now owns. He bought this land by the acre and sold it by the foot. The land first brought from ten to twenty-five cents per square foot, but it is so increased in value that much of it is worth \$2 per foot. The gossips say that the secretary made something like \$200,000 out of that investment, and I should say that the estimate was a very low one. The secretary has some very valuable property at Mansfield, Ohio, but I am told that he has recently offered his house there for sale, and that his home in the future will be Washington.

I should not be surprised if Vice President Hobart buys a house here before he has finished his term. He is, you know, a rich man, and both he and Mrs. Hobart are very fond of society. The Cameron house, which they have rented, is one of the celebrated mansions of the capital. If its walls were phonographs they could tell stories of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and Winfield Scott. This house was once owned by Ogle Tayloe, who was one of the great entertainers of the capital many years ago. It is just next to the Lafayette Theater, which stands on the site of the place of the attempted assassination of Seward, and where Blaine lived when he was secretary of state. Above it is the Cosmos club, in the house in which Mrs. President Madison lived after her husband's death. I don't know what rent Vice President Hobart pays, but he will have to give Don Cameron more than \$4,000 a year if Cameron is to net six per cent on his investment. The house cost him \$67,000 some years ago, and he has put a great many improvements upon it.

Don Cameron is exceedingly thrifty. Old Simon Cameron used to say that Don could make more money in a week than he could in a month; and Senator Simon Cameron was a shrewd speculator. Don Cameron made, I am told, about \$40,000 off of the house which he sold on Scott Circle some years ago, and he has real estate holdings in the suburbs which will some time be very valuable. One of his properties is a big farm out on the 7th street road, about five miles from the White House. Fourteenth street will, I judge, some time pass through it, and it will be covered with fine houses.

Another thrifty man whom you all know is the Hon. John McLean, who owns perhaps as much real estate as any man in Washington. He has the titles to nearly every piece of property in the square opposite the Arlington Hotel with the exception of Levi P. Morton's big flat, the Shoreham, and one or two other small holdings. Mr. McLean's house is one of the finest here. It is old-fashioned, but large and roomy, and the yard about it, which is shut off by a high brick wall, is worth so much that you would have to carpet it with money to buy it. When McLean sets his foot down in his back yard he knows that there is at least \$10 worth of ground under it, and he could stand on the roof of his house, I venture, and see a full half million dollars' worth of property which belongs to him. The big Normande Flats form a part of the McLean estate. He has all those stores on the northeast corner of this square looking out toward Lafayette Park, and I believe he owns one or more houses on the opposite side of the park as well. McLean is the only man I know here who has made a fortune out of a cemetery. He bought, ten years or more ago, the old Holmead burying ground in the northwest part of the city, paying \$50,000 for it. This was a bagatelle compared with the present value of this property. There are magnificent houses all about it and nothing in the neighborhood sells for less than \$2 and upwards per square foot.

John R. McLean has made big money in newspapers as well as in real estate. I am told that W. R. Hearst paid him more than he spent upon the New York Morning Journal for that property, and the Cincinnati Enquirer, which he has owned for years, is better than a Klondike gold mine. McLean was put to work in the Enquirer office after he was through with his education, a part of which was gotten in Europe. He began as an office boy and worked up through the different graduations until he became business manager. He developed a remarkable nose for news, and he is today one of the best judges of news in the United States. He manages the Enquirer himself, though he lives here in Washington, and has to send most of his orders by telegraph. He has never reduced the price of the paper, and today he gets five cents for every copy throughout the week. He is a shrewd financier and is always ready and able to make a good bargain. During one of the panics of some years ago, I am told, he had hoarded up in the neighborhood of \$200,000, preparing for the hard times that he saw were at hand. He then paid his bills in cash and bought everything at the lowest price. At one time he bought a million pounds of white paper at a price which astonished his competitors. A paper manufacturer had called upon him and was very anxious to sell. McLean replied:

"You can easily sell to me if you can only make your figures low enough."

"Well, I'll sell to you as cheap as any one else will sell," was the reply.

"Yes," said McLean, "I know that. But I think the prices are too high. Now, how low will you make it if I take 200,000 pounds?"