

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

CALVIN S. BRICE.

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NEW YORK, September 14th, 1895.

HE red-headed baby of a poor Presbyterian parson in an Ohio village when Andrew Jackson was President.

A red headed, freckled-face boy doing odd jobs to work his way through college during the presidency of James Buchanan.

A private soldier and captain throughout the war, under Abraham Lincoln, and a young lawyer in the country town of Lima, fighting for the bare necessities of life, while Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant and Rutherford B. Hayes held the reins of state.

Such was the record of Calvin S. Brice up until the time he was thirty-five. This was fifteen years ago. This week he celebrates his fiftieth birthday. What is he now? He is one of the richest men of the United States. He owns more railroads than you can count on your fingers and toes, and he pours out money like water on everything that will gratify his ambition. When he was married he had to borrow the money to make his wedding journey. Today his family spends fortunes in a week, and he has given single dinners which cost \$12,000 apiece. During the past summer he has been living in the palace of a millionaire at Newport. His winter home is the great mansion which the millionaire Corcoran owned at Washington, where Daniel Webster entertained when he was Secretary of State, and his New York residence is one of the finest on fifth avenue. He makes gold like a Midas and he spends it like a Lucullus. I might better say he spends it like a Caesar. Money is with him only a means to an end, and his ambitions extend wider than those of the millionaire society dazzer. His belly is not his God, and his luxurious surroundings are more for the pleasure of his family than himself. His own desires run rather to business and political power, and he is playing the game of public life in his big, bold way, betting to the full on every hand and ready to rake in everything that may come upon the table. A few years ago he was only a Wall street speculator. Now he is one of the boldest operators of New York, a maker and builder up of great railroad properties, the United States Senator from Ohio, the closest of the confidential advisers of the President of the United States, and, though he says he does not want it, a possible President himself.

I knew Senator Brice when he was at the beginning of his remarkable career. He used to come about the state house at Columbus with his pantaloons in his boots, an old slouch hat on his head and his clothes spattered with the mud which he had gotten in going over the route of the Ohio Central railroad, his first railroad enterprise, in which he was interested with Charley

Foster, at that time governor of the state. His hair was then as red as fire. It has since changed to a dark auburn, but with this exception he looks no different today than he did then. He dresses a little better, and when I called upon him at his office on Broadway yesterday he wore a light gray business suit which cost, I judge, about \$30, with a blue four-in-hand showing out from under his full bright red beard. He has blue eyes, as hard as steel, a rather low forehead of medium breadth, and a nose as prominent as that of any man in the United States Senate. His head is remarkably long from front to back, and it is covered with a thick thatch of curly auburn hair, through which its owner is always running his hands. Senator Brice is a good talker. His mind is as clear as a bell. His answers are quick. He is not afraid to say what he thinks. He is full of ideas, and always has something to say.

I first asked him as to the condition of the Ohio democracy, and whether he thought the party could carry the state. He refused to give any expression as to the chances, and would not answer my query as to whether they had a fighting chance. He said the party was united, and that they had agreed to drop the silver question for the time, and leave the settlement of it to practical legislators. He would not say he was a candidate for the United States Senate, stating that there would be time enough for that after the state was carried, and, in short, was decidedly non-committal on the subject. When I came to national politics, however, his tongue began to loosen, and he said:

"I think the chance for democratic success is far better for the national election than for Ohio. There will be a steady improvement in the times from now on for the thirteen months which must elapse before the national election. The people will attribute their prosperity to the democratic party, and will vote to continue it in power rather than risk the experiment of a change."

"How about the issues Senator?"

"The issues will be those made by the democratic administration, the sustaining of its policy and acts, and the embodiment of the principles which it has upheld. The chief issue will be the record of the party and of President Cleveland, and the question as to whether it shall be endorsed or not."

"How about the candidates?"

"There will be no trouble in finding good men," replied Senator Brice. "We have plenty of them in the party. I don't care to particularize just now. It is too early to make predictions. The man will be determined by many things which will occur between now and the convention."

"How about President Cleveland? Will he be a candidate for a third term?"

"I think not. I don't believe he wants a third term, nor that he would consent to have his name presented to the convention for that purpose."

"What is your estimate of Cleveland?"

"I think he is by and large the greatest statesman and party leader of his time. He is one of the best Presidents we have ever had, and he has made a great administration. He has placed the democratic party on a high plane,

and his democracy, his honesty and his integrity are unsurpassed in the history of our chief executives."

"Wherein is his chief element of greatness?"

"The desire to do the right thing for the American people, regardless of consequences, and the ability to pass quick and proper judgment upon matters as they come up. He has in a marked degree the genius of common-sense, and also that power of continued attention to business which is one of the attributes of genius itself."

"Then you do not consider him an egotist—a great I Am, who considers no other thought than his own?"

"No. President Cleveland is not that kind of a man," replied Senator Brice. "He has a mind of his own, and he acts upon it, but at the same time he advises with others and is careful and conservative in his judgment. He is a student of public opinion, and he always wants to know the sentiment of the people before he decides."

"Has he, on the whole, done good to the democratic party?"

"With such a character," replied the Senator, "he could not do otherwise."

"How about yourself, Senator?" said I. "Are you a candidate for the presidential nomination?"

"No, I am not," was the emphatic reply.

"Will you be a candidate?"

"No."

"Still, your name is frequently mentioned, and people think you have ambitions in that way," said I.

"That may be," replied Senator Brice.

"But people are mistaken. I am a business man, and I have large business interests. Now, I have noted that when a man gets the presidential bee in his hair his business brains fly out of his skull. I am not prepared to leave my business matters and I have no desire to be a presidential candidate."

"I will not say that I have no preferences as to candidates," Senator Brice went on. "We have a man in Ohio who will make a big presidential quantity if the election goes our way. I refer to Governor Campbell. If the state should go democratic he will probably be presented to the convention."

"What kind of a candidate would he make?"

"A very strong one. He has a good record and all the elements of a popular leader."

"How about the presidency. Is he big enough for the office?"

"I think so," replied Senator Brice.

"He has executive ability, and would make a great President."

"But, Senator, do you think the candidate will come from the west? Heretofore your party has taken all its presidential candidates from the east."

"I don't think the matter of locality makes much difference," replied Senator Brice. "Of course, I, as an Ohio man, am for a man from Ohio as against all others. Outside of that it makes no difference to me whence the candidate comes. The railroad, the telegraph and the interchange of social and business interests have made the people of this country a homologous whole, not bounded by stated geographical lines. The people don't care where the candidate comes from. What they want is the right candidate."

"You referred, Senator, to prospective good times. Do you think the