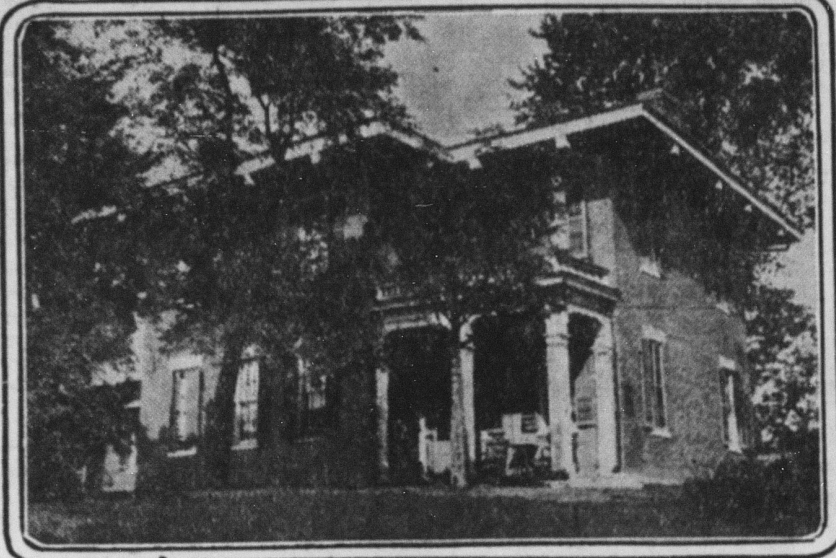


GRANT and GALENA



Grant Memorial Home



Arch Erected in Honor of Grant's Return in 1865



Statue in Grant Park



Grave of Samuel Simpson Grant



A Relic of Grant, the Business Man

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THE date is April 27, 1822. The place is the little backwoods town of Point Pleasant on the Ohio river, 25 miles east of Cincinnati. In the home of Jesse Root Grant, foreman of a small tannery, his wife, Hannah Simpson Grant, has presented him with his first child, a son.

For the first six weeks of his life the baby is nameless. Father and mother, it seems, cannot agree upon a name. Then, in the words of W. E. Woodward in his biography "Meet General Grant," "It was agreed finally to let chance decide the question. The assembled relatives—so the story runs—wrote the names of their choice on slips of paper, folded up the slips, and drew one. It was Ulysses, the name that had been proposed by Grandmother Simpson. Evidently the outcome was not wholly satisfactory to the masculine part of the family. Somebody who was there succeeded in tacking Hiram on in front of Ulysses, so the child was called Hiram Ulysses Grant."

Thus, the first chapter in the story of a man and a town.

The scene shifts now to the north and west some 450 miles. On a high point of land rising abruptly from a little river which empties into the mighty Mississippi six miles away, a settler from Kentucky, named Thomas January, has established a trading post. French-Canadian voyager and American traders call the place January Point.

There is a good reason for establishing a trading post there. Away back in 1700 a Frenchman named Le Sueur, ascending the Mississippi, had discovered Indians working rude lead mines near this river and in his official report he called it the River of Mines. Later in the century a French trader named La Fevre established himself here and the name of Fevre river was tacked on to the stream. American frontiersmen later Anglicized that name to the Fevre river and that name, with its unpleasant suggestion of ill health, persisted until 1826 when January Point became known as Galena and the Fevre river as the Galena river, because Galena is the name of the valuable sulphite of lead which was mined there.

So while Ulysses Grant is growing up into a lusty young manhood back in Ohio, the trading post on the Fevre river is growing into the lusty little settlement of Galena in the new state of Illinois. More trading posts are established, because this is still the heart of the Indian country, and the red man has many things the white man wants and vice-versa. But the thing, which is bringing a rush of migration there and which would have justified a proud chamber of commerce boast of "Watch Galena grow!" (if there had been chambers of commerce in those days), is the lead mining industry.

Next to St. Louis, Galena was the most important town in the West and Galenians began suffering from delusions of grandeur. They boastfully predicted that it would soon overshadow the old French and Spanish metropolis to the South. Had some one told them that it would soon be displaced in importance by a little town named Chicago, which squatted down among the marshes on the shores of Lake Michigan, they would have laughed long and loud.

For everybody who went West in those days visited Galena. And "everybody" included national and world notables—the Marquis de Lafayette, the Prince de Joinville of the royal House of Bourbon, Dolly Madison, wife of the fourth President of the United States, Martin Van Buren and Zachary Taylor, future Presidents, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Joseph Smith, Mormon prophet, Charles Sumner, and Jefferson Davis, then a young lieutenant in the United States army but later destined to lead the Lost Cause of the Confederacy. By 1800 Galena had reached the apex of its fame and its claim to distinction.

At that time it had no way of knowing that in less than half a century it would become a town that had died on its feet, a quiet little village resembling nothing so much as an old man basking in the sunshine and dreaming of the days of his youth. It could not have known that it would come to be famous principally through the linking of its name with the name of a man who had not yet walked through its narrow, winding streets. It probably had never heard of the town of Point Pleasant, Ohio, and certainly the birth of a son to Jesse and Hannah Grant there on April 27, 1822, meant nothing to Galena.

Except for the adding of another business enterprise to its list, it meant nothing more to Galena when the elder Grant, then owner of a tannery in Covington, Ky., sent his two sons, Jesse Root and Samuel Simpson, to open a leather store in the Illinois town. So Galena could not realize the importance to it of an event which took place in April, 1860. Hamlin Garland in his "Life of Grant" describes it as follows: "Men stood on the levee watching the steamer 'Itasca' while she nosed her way up the tortuous current of the Galena river; as she swung up to the wharf, attention was attracted to a passenger on the deck wearing a blue cape overcoat. As the boat struck the landing this man rose and gathered a number of chairs together, evidently part of his household furniture.

"Who is that?" asked one man of a friend on the river bank. "That is Captain Grant, Jesse Grant's oldest son; he was in the Mexican war

—he is moving here from St. Louis," was the reply.

Captain Grant took a couple of chairs in each hand and walked ashore with them; his wife, a small alert woman, followed him with her little flock (four children, Frederick, Ulysses, Jesse and daughter, Nellie). The carrying of the chairs ashore signified that Ulysses Simpson Grant had become a resident of Galena.

So Ulysses Simpson Grant (the change from Hiram Ulysses to Ulysses Simpson had taken place during his West Point days) this army captain who at forty was a failure at everything he had attempted, became a clerk in his brothers' leather store at the munificent salary of \$900 a year. Apparently he made but little impression in his new surroundings. There was nothing about him to mark him as a man of destiny. But he did make some strong friends—among them Elihu B. Washburne, state senator, John A. Rawlins, a farmer and self-educated lawyer; W. R. Rowley, clerk of the Circuit court, and Dr. Edward Kittoe, an Englishman by birth but a naturalized American.

Even when the event came which was to set his feet firmly on the ladder of fame, Grant was still pretty much of a nonentity in Galena. At the news of the firing on Fort Sumter a mass meeting was called in the courthouse and at that meeting Grant offered his West Point training and his Mexican war experience for the service of his country in the new crisis. When some one criticized the offer because of the likelihood of Grant's sympathy for the South since he came from St. Louis and it was reported that his wife owned two slaves, immediately Washburne and Rawlins came to the defense with the emphatic statement that "Any man who will try to stir up party prejudices at such a time as this is a traitor!"

So at a later meeting to raise volunteers Grant was made chairman and within a few days he was busy drilling troops on the broad lawn which surrounded the Southern colonial home of Washburne. He was offered the captaincy of the Volunteer company that Galena raised but refused it, although he announced his intention of going to Springfield with the company. His departure from Galena was almost unmarked as his arrival had been. He simply walked from his home to the Illinois Central depot over a miserable pathway through the muddy streets of the town, carrying a little satchel in his hand. His leave-taking was "unnoticed and unhonored."

When the war was over and the victorious general returned to his home in Galena, the man who had slipped away so quietly in civilian clothes in 1861 was welcomed back with wild acclaim. From all over the West thousands came to join with Galena in honoring her first citizen. Across Main street in front of the De Soto house was an immense arch bearing the inscription "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!"

Galena further honored its returned hero by buying a fine brick house, located on a big hill east of the river, and presenting it to him for his home. There the Grants established themselves and took a leading part in Galena society until his election to the Presidency in 1868. Again in 1879 he was given a great reception after his trip around the world at the conclusion of his two terms in the White House. Once more he settled down in Galena, only to find the quiet life which he had anticipated disrupted by the insistence of his friends that he be a candidate for a third term.

Grant, who was sitting in the office of his friend Rowley when the news was brought to him that the Republican convention had denied him the nomination and given it to Garfield, had just lighted one of his famous cigars. Walking out to the sidewalk he stood for a moment in thought, then tossed the cigar in the street, turned and went back into the office. "I can't say that I regret my own defeat," he said quietly. "By it I shall escape four years of hard work and four years of abuse. And, gentlemen, we can all support the candidate."

Across the street was a jewelry store. When the son of the proprietor saw Grant throw away his cigar he sent a clerk to retrieve it. That cigar, the symbol of the end of Grant's public career, is one of the Grant relics which is preserved in Galena to this day. But it is only one of the many which you find on every hand.

A modern paved highway leads you into Galena, but the moment you enter the town, you realize the aptness of someone's description of Galena as "a town where time stands still." The crooked narrow streets which wind in and out among the old stone and brick houses are the same streets along which walked the notables of a century ago. But the booming river town of those days is no more. The river itself, that was 350 feet wide in 1844, is but a thin trickle now, barely knee-deep. The levee where once scores of packet boats tied up is gone. For once you realize that the much overworked words of "sleepy" and "quiet," as applied to a "little town" are true because Galena is both.

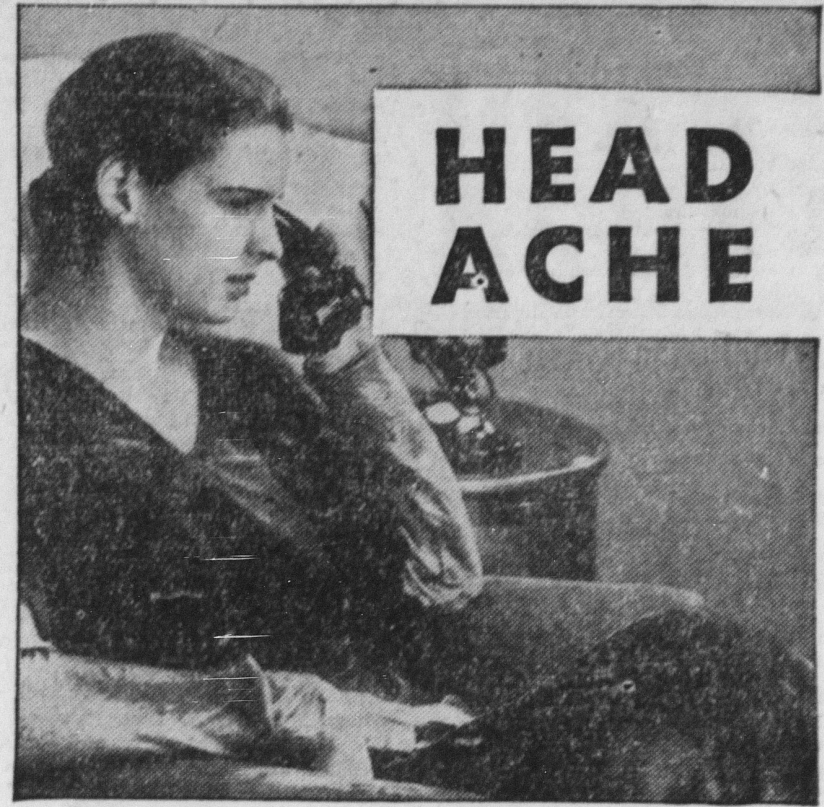
There are innumerable landmarks which stand unchanged by the years to take you back to another century. They suggest innumerable interesting stories of frontier times in Illinois—of the days of the voyager and the trader, of the Indian wars, of the old steamboat river days. But dominating them all is the memory of one man—a late comer in the history of Galena to whom Galena clings as giving it now its only claim to fame. It is the memory of Grant.

Galena will show you the store in which Grant clerked and the First Methodist Episcopal church in which Grant and his family worshipped. They will take you up along "The Street of the Generals" and point out to you the homes of Rawlins and Rowley, who were generals on Grant's staff during the war, and that of his friend Doctor Kittoe, who became medical director of the Army of the Tennessee with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

They will take you out to the cemetery and show you where rests "the only Grant who stayed in Galena"—Samuel Simpson Grant, Ulysses' brother, who died in September, 1861, and is buried there. Through the principal park in the town, named for the general and dominated by a bronze statue of him, they will lead you up the hill the brick house which Galena once gave to her distinguished citizen and which his son, Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, gave back to Galena to be preserved as a Grant memorial. There you may look upon innumerable relics of the citizen, the soldier and the President and his family, for it is furnished and kept as it was when the Grants occupied it.

In fact, there is scarcely a place in the town but that has its memento of him or can contribute some incident to the story of his career. Grant and Galena, Galena and Grant—the words have become inseparable. His ashes may rest in the magnificent tomb on Riverside Drive in New York city, but the living memory of him can be found only in a little Illinois town "where time stands still."

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HEADACHE

THE woman who lets headaches upset her plans must have her eyes and ears closed to certain facts about aspirin. There is always swift comfort, and never any harm, in genuine aspirin tablets that bear the Bayer cross. Doctors have said so; men and women everywhere have found it so. Any headache—from any cause—is always relieved by one or two tablets. And lots of other aches and pains. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Rheumatism. Naggng pains. The pain from colds which make you "ache all over." Sore throat. Systemic or "muscular" pain. Bayer Aspirin can spare you lots of needless suffering! Just be sure you get the genuine.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Chinese Leaders Split

on Educational Plans

China, unlike most nations, has nothing that can really be called a national sport. Japan, in much the same circumstances, adopted baseball; but baseball in China has never caught on to any great extent. Mission schools and Y. M. C. A.'s, however, have done much to teach forms of sport to elementary and middle school students, with the result that basketball, tennis and football are beginning to prove fairly popular, but only among an extremely small percentage of the nation's many millions of youths. As far as the revival of folklore (which is being considered by the social education department of the ministry of education) is concerned, it is expected that the ministry will encounter difficulties. China is rich in folklore, but while with one hand the government is trying to encourage its revival, with the other hand the government

is launching a bitter campaign against superstition. Much of China's ancient folklore deals with supernatural beings, and with historical and mythical characters endowed with supernatural powers. What is needed, according to educational leaders, is the development of a critical faculty among students and the populace which will enable them to disassociate themselves entirely from the million and one popular myths which form the basis of their mental texture, if not of their religious beliefs.

Expense and Literature

"After all, reading offers the least expensive entertainment." "I can't see it that way," said Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta is buying nothing but fashion publications."—Washington Star.

Two essentials to success are dollars and sense.

Why Worry?

WHEN you lose your appetite—not only for food... but for work and play—don't merely go on worrying. Do something about it!

One of the most famous tonics for weakness, "nerves," and "run down condition," is Fellows' Syrup. It stimulates appetite. Lifts the entire bodily tone to higher levels of vigor and energy. The first few doses will prove that "Fellows" is the medicine for "building up." That is why so many doctors prescribe it. Ask your druggist for genuine.



FELLOWS' SYRUP

Duly Attested

When Judge Fletcher Riley, Oklahoma Supreme court magistrate, went fishing at Galveston and landed a heavy bass, he sent the fish in a box to Mrs. Riley in Oklahoma City. On the outside of the box was attached an affidavit with fourteen signatures attested by legal minds that accompanied the jurist on his trip. "Justice Riley caught this, we saw him," the affidavit read.

An Umbrella Borrower

Wife (as visitor departs)—Just see him past the umbrella stand.—Humorist.

When you read a blurb that the novel is "a story thrilling with the exultant joy of physical life," you can bet it is pretty odious.

Growsome Death Watch

Paralyzed by fear, an old woman of Bayeux, France, lay in bed and watched her husband hang himself. Even after he was dead, when she found sufficient strength to get up, she did not cut the cord, but lit two candles, one on each side of the body. Finally, neighbors, anxious at not seeing the old couple, entered the house and found the old woman on her knees before the body suspended above her in the candle light.

Bills Ignored

Herduppe—I have nothing but praise for the work of my tailor. Cashdowne—Yes, so the tailor told me.—Farm Journal.

It is easy to begin loafing, but it's hard to stop.



Mothers! CUTICURA SOAP

Used Daily Protects the Skin and Keeps It Healthy

EVERY member of the family should use Cuticura Soap regularly.

Price 25c. Sold everywhere. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

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