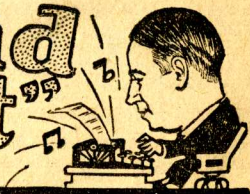


Notes and Comment

by LEW HECK



THE REV. DR. FREDERICK N. McMILLIN

He was a religionist without narrowness or intolerance, a patient constructionist and not a billious destructionist, a quiet thinker and not a noisy talker, an unwearied worker for anything that was good—therefore the city has suffered a severe loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. Frederick N. McMillin, for twenty-seven years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Walnut Hills.

When the great divine, the Rev. Dr. William McKibbin, president of historic Lane Seminary and pastor of the famous old church began to feel the infirmities of age and wished to turn his pulpit over to another, there was anxiety among the congregation. Where was the man worthy of stepping into the pulpit of Dr. McKibbin? At last Dr. McMillin was chosen and the choice proved to be a wise one.

It is not to be wondered that there were, on Walnut Hills, devout members of the neighboring Catholic church, the Church of the Assumption, who raised their hats to Dr. McMillin when they met him on the street, as if he had been the Rev. Father William P. O'Connor himself. And in the same polite manner, Dr. McMillin saluted them on the street, in recognition of their kindness.

It is not to be wondered that the Republican members of Council, in naming their candidate for the vacant seat in that Council, chose Dr. McMillin as the outstanding Cincinnati worthy of that place.

They Lived in Thousands of Covington, Ky. Greater Cincinnatians know, or should know, that today marks the 115th birthday anniversary of the Civil War general and President of the United States, Ulysses Simpson Grant. But possibly not many know that during the Civil War when Grant's name and fame as a successful warrior chief were on every tongue and even later, when he was President of the United States, his parents lived quietly and obscurely in Covington, Ky. Henry Howe, Ohio historian, knew the Grants then and visited their home. Describing Grant's father, Jesse Grant, Howe wrote that he was a large man, with high shoulders. He was six feet tall and always plainly attired. His complexion was florid, he was fun-loving and invariably he wore green-glassed spectacles. Jesse Grant used to cross the river to stand in the crowd in front of the Cincinnati Gazette's building where war bulletins were displayed. Seldom did any one in the crowd know that the great general's father was standing with them eyeing the reports of Grant's achievements.

Howe described Mrs. Grant as the complete opposite of her husband, Jesse. She was, says Howe, a brunette, small and slender, but with a singularly erect figure. When younger she must have been extraordinarily handsome, Howe thought. Before her marriage she had been Hannah Simpson and, like her husband, she was of Scottish lineage, probably Highland. Howe describes Covington of that day as "a slipshod town." The Grants, he wrote, lived in a "small, plain two-storied brick house close up to the pave-

ment on a narrow, unattractive street." Howe wrote further:

"At the very hour when her son was being inaugurated at Washington, it was said, a neighbor saw her on the rear porch of her residence with broom in hand, sweeping down the cobwebs."

Later, Jesse Grant was postmaster of Covington.

Among the many stories told of Gen. Grant, two are highly amusing.

Once, it is said, while he was defeating one Confederate army after another some political meddlers eager to have him replaced as general by a favorite of their own, went to Washington to persuade President Lincoln to oust Grant. Their argument was that Grant was too fond of whisky, that he was never without his bottle in camp or on the field of battle. Lincoln appeared tremendously interested. He sat bolt upright in his chair as if shocked by the news of Grant's unrighteous thirst.

"Tell me," said Lincoln, "what is the brand of whisky Grant drinks?"

"We do not know exactly, Mr. President, but we shall find out," said the spokesman of the meddlers, believing the mission was successful. Lincoln slouched into his chair again and startled his visitors when he said:

"Yes. Please find out what brand of whisky it is for I intend to send barrels of it to our other generals."

After the war Grant was attending a dinner, it is said, and during the speechmaking one of the orators, intending to point his talk with a smutty story, said:

"Inasmuch as no ladies are present I am privileged to tell a story about—"

But he got no farther, Grant said, angrily:

"May I remind you that there is at least one gentleman present?"

The speaker shifted to a cleaner subject. Grant never would listen to smut.

Fitted with a spout and base, a new vacuum jug can be used as a water cooler for home use.

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Send 10¢ for
Ask for Red Cro
John
NEW BRU