PRESIDENT GRANT, MY FATHER, AS I REMEMBER HIM

Ulysses S. Grant, namesake and second son of General Grant, is like his father, a man of the people. He is prominent in California, and is the owner of the U. S. hotel in San Diego, which he named after his famous father. Grant is 70 years old.

BY ULYSSES S. GRANT, JR.,
Son of the Late President of the United States.

His unfailing calmness, his ability to think out every act before making it, and his remarkable memory, are the traits which stand out most clearly in my memory as I look back on the life of my father.

He was a splendid family man. We all loved him but with that affection was a respect, almost an awe, that nobody else has even commanded from me.

Although we were raised in the days of "spare the rod and spoil the child," he never laid the weight of his hand on one of us. He didn't need to. His slightest rebuke held a greater sting than the whip.

Example of RebuKe.

I remember one day when we were living in Washington. We were preparing to go for a drive. The carriage was crowded and I was sitting on the box with the coachman. Without thinking of the consequences, I cracked the whip and only the good horsemanship of the coachman saved us from a runaway.

"That was thoughtless," was all my father said to me, and yet the rebuke has burned in my memory ever since.

I like to recall the love and loyalty between my father and my mother. Mother loved to tell us of father during the days of his courting, when he was a second lieutenant fresh from West Point, and she was the daughter of a southern planter. "A beautiful young man," she called him.

She always said Grandmother Dent predicted, even in the days of his young lieutenant, that he would be president of the United States.

"Julia," mother said grandmother told her, "that young man can explain politics so clearly I can understand the situation perfectly. I know he will be president of the United States."
From The Bismarck Tribune, April 22, 1922

John A. Novel, lately came very little for music. He was fond to say all music was divided to him into two selections, "Hail! the Conquering Hero Comes," which he had heard so often he couldn't forget it, and the "other piece."

"I liked to read," he would say, and his intense love for horses, which is the outstanding trait of his boyhood. He was always a little disappointed that his three sons didn't share his enthusiasm for good horseflesh.

"Fred," he would say, "knows very little about horses; Buck (which was my nickname) knows nothing, and Jesse less than that."

"Ford of Cards."

I think he got the greatest relaxation, especially in his latter years after he was president and we were living in New York, from a game of cards. He didn't care for chess, he could win too easily. He liked cribbage, but poker was his favorite game.

I remember many a game he had with Commodore Garrison, Senator Sibbons and Senator Chaffee. They always played draw poker--this was over 50 years ago--and for a small limit. Mother didn't like to have him win the money of other men, although they were much wealthier than he, and so when he came home from a game, he would call up to mother:

"Well, Juja, I'm home. I lost my money."

He always joked about mother's ability to play cards and loved to tell guests about the time she stacked her hand. They were having a friendly game and mother left the room for a minute. Father winked at the others and stacked her hand giving her a royal flush.

"When mother returned," he would chuckle, "she picked up her hand and said, 'Give me four cards.'"

Father had a remarkable memory for names and dates.

My brother Fred and I usually read him the proof sheets of his "Memoirs," as they came from the printers. He would often stop us while he gave a word or a statement the most thorough study. He disliked mis-statements and always lost confidence in the person who made one.

During that last sad year of his life as he held death at bay while he struggled under almost unsurmountable difficulties to finish his book, he showed the same courage, the same patience and consideration for others that was always a part of him.

"Son," he would say to me, "no Grant is afraid to die."

He never let mother know that he knew he was afflicted with cancer and death was inevitable. Before her he was always cheerful, concealing his pain.
The picture of Ulysses S. Grant, Jr. with this article is an unusual one, taken from the latter years of his life. Here is another one similar to it:

From Le Meschacebe, Lucy, Louisiana, April 29, 1922