

Jackson Monument Unveiled at Waxhaw --Great D. A. R. Event

The marking of the birth place of Andrew Jackson at Waxhaw, Wednesday last—April 12—marked one of the most notable events in D. A. R. history in North Carolina. Mrs. John Van Landingham, state regent, Mrs. A. L. Smith, Mrs. J. P. Durant, of Mecklenburg Chapter and Misses Janet Quinn and Nan Buford, of Elizabeth Maxwell Steele Chapter, Salisbury, represented the D. A. R. of this section. The citizens of Waxhaw met the ladies of the D. A. R., and Mr. E. R. Preston, of Charlotte, orator of the day, at the station. After dinner at the hotel, tended by the ladies of Waxhaw, carriages, also provided by the Waxhaw citizens, were taken for the monument grounds, six miles from Waxhaw. The unveiling of the monument was done by Miss Allie Rodman, Mrs. Brown, daughters of Mrs. Rodman, of Waxhaw, and Misses Janet Quinn and Nan Buford, of Salisbury. Miss Selene Hutchison, of Charlotte, unable to attend, was represented by Mrs. Brown. The unveiling exercises were simple, but impressive. After the veil fell Mr. J. L. Rodman of Waxhaw made the following address:

Mr. Rodman's Address.
Gentlemen, Ladies and Fellow-Citizens:
From tradition, hearsay, history and reasoning, this is the very spot where Andrew Jackson, the seventh president of these United States, was born; on March the 15th, 1767.

We countrymen welcome you, Daughters of the American Revolution. We welcome you, the descendants of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. We welcome you one and all to look upon the birthplace of that great hero, Andrew Jackson. There are about four hundred yards, the line of the state of North Carolina was established by the grant of the king of England. About twenty-five years ago, the state had the line surveyed and it was placed about the same place. By tracing the land deeds from the king's grants along with other evidence, it will be seen that this is the George McKamey house place. We have evidence that McKamey, Mrs. Leisy and Mrs. Lathen were sisters of Andrew Jackson's mother and they testified that Andrew Jackson was born in the George McKamey house on this very spot.

"Mr. J. J. Porter, an old, truthful, reputable man brought me to this place and told me that his father knew Andrew Jackson was born at this place. Now, if it is necessary, more facts can be given that this is the birthplace of Andrew Jackson."

"Gentlemen, ladies and fellow-citizens, you are celebrating the birthplace of one of America's greatest men. His fame went abroad, and he has been compared with the most famous men of the world ever known. France produced her Napoleon, Rome her Caesar, Greece her Demosthenes, Germany her Bismark and England produced her Gladstone who saved her nation from rivers of blood. America produced her Washington, her Adams, her Franklin, her Jefferson, her Madison, her Henry—who formed the resolutions of the Declaration of Independence and framed the constitution of the United States and was the America produced the great hero, Andrew Jackson, who commanded and fought the greatest battle and achieved the greatest victory that is recorded in the pages of history.

"Jackson, with six thousand militia, a few cannons, muskets, pikes and shot, defeated twelve thousand British soldiers, who had been trained to overcome the great army of Napoleon. Jackson killed two of the British soldiers, besides the many wounded; and lost only six men, and having only seven wounded. And when Spain and the Creek Indians possessed Florida, they, in groups, invaded the American soil and killed out neighborhoods of men, women and children, then destroyed their property. Then it was that congress commissioned Jackson to protect our country with military force. He raised his sword, pressed the intruders to the head of the Spanish army, arrested their chief officers and hung them on a limb. Then turning his army upon the Creek Indians, he hung and massacred them.

"In 1827, Jackson was elected president of these United States. At this time, Spain owed the United States fourteen million dollars. This our government demanded Spain refused to pay it. Jackson declared war, and Spain, remembering the fight in Florida, paid the debt.

"At this time, the wealth and money were centralized in the northern and New England states and the banks were supported by the stockholders of England, who drew the interest and dividends from America. This our government demanded Spain refused to pay it. Jackson declared war, and Spain, remembering the fight in Florida, paid the debt.

promise with Jackson, reducing the revenue on cotton to 25 per cent. To my mind this was the cause and the beginning of the civil war—rather than the freeing of the negroes.

"In conclusion, I will say I regard Andrew Jackson one of America's most famous men.

"I now have the privilege and high honor of introducing to you the Hon. E. R. Preston, who will give you a clearer history of Andrew Jackson than I could give. I trust Mr. Preston will be one of America's great men.

The unveiling party then returned to town where the address of the day was delivered at the school house. Mrs. Van Landingham as State Regent presided, and made the following beautiful address:

Mrs. Van Landingham's Address.
Mr. Rodman, Daughters of the American Revolution and Friends:
Let us rejoice for today another effort is completed, another D. A. R. object is attained, another historic spot in North Carolina is marked.

We thank you who have come here for this occasion, thus proving your interest in the history of this state, and your appreciation of the efforts made to preserve it. But most especially do we thank you, Mr. Rodman, for your valuable gift of this historic ground to our organization, and for the encouragement you have accorded our committee. But for your enthusiastic corporation and your generosity nothing could have been done. We are grateful to the citizens of Waxhaw and this section for their united interest and for their cordial hospitality twice evinced.

Friends, we are assembled to unveil a granite marker at the birth spot of an illustrious American, a son of this section. It was not purposed here to erect a monument to this great man, for at New Orleans, an imposing one tells of the passerby the story of his wonderful generalship; and at the nation's capital, a bronze statue bears silent testimony to a nation's appreciation of his statesmanship.

Therefore we unveil today not tall obelisk to stand in symmetry silhouetted against the sky; no graceful figure of sculptor's art to symbolize his deeds and place; but simply, and as a rugged, massive boulder, somewhat indicative of the character of the man whose life here began, and which we design shall substantially mark the exact birth place of a distinguished North Carolinian.

This is the united gift of the D. A. R. chapters of this state, and is in record and in the object of great organization: the preservation of history. It has been erected through a most capable committee, which here is thanked for its valuable services.

The Daughters of the American Revolution, though only twenty years old, is the largest patriotic organization in the world. It has a membership of more than 80,000 and has chapters in every state of the Union, as well as representatives in foreign lands, who trace their ancestry to American patriots.

The work of such an organization is necessarily varied, for patriotism is a comprehensive word. The preservation of documents, the collection of relics, the marking of historic spots, the erection of monuments and the commemoration of patriotic events, relate to the sacred past.

The teaching of reverence for our national flag, of law of country, respect for law and government (and for officials too) is active work for the living present, while the education of the descendants of patriots, and the patriotic instruction of the children of foreign parents, so as to develop in them the largest capacity for the duties of American citizenship is work looking to the future.

But there is nothing that so appeals to North Carolinians as the interest taken in the marking of historic places, for this is one of the things that has made us a nation. In colonial times and in the days of the Revolution, in the period of early statehood and in the War of Secession memorable events have occurred in North Carolina. How few of them have been commemorated! Our modesty and our silence have been misunderstood. To many they seem incomprehensible. Our attitude has been that a truth which has to be forever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel. The opinion of others is that possessions neglected must be valueless. This leads to appropriateness. Going into my kitchen one day I noticed a vessel, and exclaimed, "Cook, what's that my bucket?" "No, Miss Mary, that's Miss Brown's," she answered. "What is it doing here, for we have enough of our own?" "Lad, Miss Mary, Miss Brown don't mind. She's got so many she don't pay no 'tention to them. I lowd she wouldn't care if I took this one."

That indifference was her justification. It has been with North Carolina history, and she has been taught to awaken to its value, and to guard it, and not only ourselves to know and to proclaim our state's achievements, but to call upon dumb stone and cold marble to speak for us, and to sentinel to future ages the story of our past.

the scene of McIntyre's skirmish, and a tablet at the ancient Sugar Creek burial ground. Fort Dobbs has marked the Indian fort from whence it gets its name. General Jas. Winston chapter has placed two tablets commemorative of General Washington's visit to old Salem, and put a handsome boulder with tablet at the grave of the Indian chief Junaluska, who once saved the life of Andrew Jackson. The D. A. R. of North Carolina will continue thus steadfastly to labor till morn of our history is rescued from the oblivion of silence, of doubt and of scorn.

To be accurate is one of the main efforts of our organization. To that end a few years ago a committee from Mecklenburg chapter visited this section to locate the cabin wherein was born Andrew Jackson. History, biography and reminiscences were searched. Local tradition was heard. Affidavits were examined. Every effort was made to ascertain unprejudicedly the truth. An iron marker was placed here by the committee, but the count of that occasion is given in the Waxhaw Enterprise of that date. All traditions and all history states that Andrew Jackson was born in the McKamey's home. The testimony given that day indicated convincingly that this spot is the place where the McKamey cabin stood. The claim has been made that the state line at that time placed this cabin in South Carolina. Friends, the deed to the McKamey place is recorded in the court house of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, of which Union was then a part.

So, after years of investigation, the D. A. R. of North Carolina, with firm conviction of the accuracy of the spot, have placed this boulder to mark the birth place of Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States.

North and South Carolina are not rivals in honors. They are not jealous of each other. They each have so much of which to feel proud, have such glorious records of great men and noble deeds, that there is no need for one to take the other. North Carolina wants nothing that is not her own, but she wants her own unobscured, even if unprotected. It is true that Jackson was called a South Carolinian—indeed he so called himself. That was because of long residence there. It is quite true, and quite natural. A greater than he was called after a place where he was not born! "And, he came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene."—Matt. 2:23.

The historical summary then is that Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina, reared from infancy in South Carolina, developed in Tennessee and served the whole nation. Honors are divided. Let us then care for this spot, his birthplace. To you of this county and this section we, Daughters of the American Revolution, entrust it, feeling assured that you will protect and reverence the spot where was born your greatest son.

Admission to the D. A. R. being by lineage some have accused us of stressing ancestry. A national officer once said "It is well to be proud of ancestors, but 'tis better to do that for of which ancestors might be proud of us."

Friends, we have with us today one who traces his lineage to names illustrious in the nation's history, to statesmen of the grand old Dominion of Virginia. But I do assure you that while he has the right to be proud of his ancestors, his own career indicates that his ancestors also may be proud of him. He is a "man of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows." Mr. Rodman will present to you Mr. Randolph Preston, lawyer and orator.

Mr. Rodman presented Mr. E. R. Preston, an address, a masterpiece of oratory and historical interest follows:

OLD HICKORY A TAR HEEL.
We have just returned from what may well be called one of the shrines of American democracy, using that word in its broad sense—the birthplace of Andrew Jackson, the great patriot, and a controversy should have arisen over the exact spot upon which this illustrious statesman and soldier was ushered into the world.

The task assigned to me by the regent and other distinguished ladies of the D. A. R. committee, is to set forth briefly the reasons for the fixed belief that Andrew Jackson was born upon the spot marked by the monument we have unveiled. My belief is held not only by all North Carolinians, but I think it safe to assert, by the vast majority of Americans and, with one or two exceptions, the historians and encyclopedias.

In this connection, it might be well to mention that more than a half century ago, Jackson's greatest biographer, Parton, who was not a North Carolinian, spent a considerable period of time in the immediate vicinity gathering evidence to the birthplace of his hero, and he came to the conclusion without hesitation, that the site of this monument was the place of Old Hickory's birth. The encyclopedias, such as the Americana, Harper's New Encyclopedia, and other such standard works, including the dictionary of names, give his birthplace as North Carolina, and should also mention that the official letters and messages of the presidents published by authority of congress, give Jackson's birthplace as Mecklenburg county, now Union county, N. C. These views, however, are the conclusions deduced from historical evidence, and not the evidence itself. So without further explanation, we will direct our attention to the discussion of the facts and testimony as to the birthplace itself.

Historical Under-Bush Cleared Away.
As the woodman first clears away the underbrush before beginning his work, so it may be well to call attention briefly to some of the matters which have befooled the impartial discussion of this most interesting historical problem.

State Line, an Uncertain Quantity.
Even in these days a state line is a most uncertain quantity. As I drove along this morning with one of your distinguished citizens, who was born and has lived practically all of his life very near the line between the Carolinas, he confessed to some uncertainty as to its exact location. How much more uncertainty there was there among the men of Waxhaw, as to the line a century and a half ago when the section was little else than a primeval forest. All over the United States are now in progress endless disputes between various

states as to the location of the state line. I might mention the fact that a law suit between North Carolina and Tennessee as to the line, is now pending, unless recently settled.

At the time of Jackson's birth there was without doubt some uncertainty as to the exact location of the state line at this point where it passed the McKemie house in which he was born, and the monument which now marks the site of the McKemie cabin is in North Carolina, being three to four hundred yards east of the line which has been exactly fixed by official survey. By some, it was probably thought to be in North Carolina, and by others in South Carolina. If the illustration be pardoned—the McKemie house site was like a flirtatious girl, first turning to one of her suitors, and then to the other, but by the survey which was finally agreed to, as Mr. Salley admits in 1813, this place was finally married to the old Tar Heel state, and has been a true and loyal part of our dominions ever since.

II.
Jackson's Own Opinion.
A large part of Mr. Salley's brilliant and appealingly written devotes to publishing records and documents showing that South Carolina thought that Jackson was born upon her soil, and that Jackson thought so, too. In view of all the great uncertainty as to the state line, this argument only does no harm to North Carolina's claims, but strengthens them. Jackson thought the McKemie house was just over the line in South Carolina. As Mr. Salley states, but the line was not finally agreed to and made known until about 1813, when Jackson had been for a quarter of a century in the distant state of Tennessee, engaged in the rough and tumble life of a frontier lawyer. There is no evidence that he ever gave any thought to the question of the state line between the Carolinas, or to ever had made in it or that he ever had any correspondence with his kin people living in the Waxhaw settlement as to same, nor that he ever returned to the place of his birth. In fact he stated upon one occasion, in substance, that he despised to shift out his early life from his thoughts because of the painful recollections of the sorrows and hardships of those days.

No man knows of his own knowledge as to the place of his birth. In Jackson's case, his statement that he was a South Carolinian, when endeavoring to placate the nullifiers, should not weigh too heavily when we consider the further fact that he was reared in South Carolina from earliest childhood, and that the place of his birth was within three hundred yards of the line, that he never well established line. With this reference to the preliminary questions, let us consider the main facts as to the location of Jackson's birthplace. The solution of the entire problem depends upon the answer to these two questions:

- 1.—Was Jackson born at George McKemie's house?
- 2.—Does the monument stand upon the site of George McKemie's house?

I.
Was Jackson Born at McKemie's House?

All the Jackson biographers and other authorities which I have had the opportunity of consulting, including one or two who state that the issue was possibly in South Carolina, agree that he was born at McKemie's house. Even Mr. Salley, being hard pressed, says: "There is reasonable doubt as to the correctness of the evidence that Jackson was born at McKemie's house, but it has not been proven where McKemie's house was located, and it is possibly true that Jackson was born at the house of George McKemie. Then follows a most impressive silence on Mr. Salley's part, not a word except criticism of Parton's evidence, and Walkup's method of collecting same, with no facts to support him upon this particular point.

Evidence should be met by evidence. As none is offered then in law, Parton, and the others agreeing with him, are right, and the important historical fact should be assumed as the fact, that Jackson was born at McKemie's house.

We have searched with as much care as opportunity afforded, and have neither found nor heard of any witnesses who said or who had heard others say that George McKemie ever lived or owned land in South Carolina. Salley says that it is not reasonable to suppose that these simple country people living there, knew on which side of the line the cabin stood, but while we admit that we did not know the exact location of the state line, they did know and have testified to the exact location of the McKemie house as we shall show later.

II.
Does This Monument Rest Upon the Site of McKemie's House?

Beyond a reasonable doubt it does. The records in Mecklenburg county show that George McKemie owned the tract of land we have visited, on March 15, 1767, the date of Jackson's birth. Tradition as well as records confirm the statement that George McKemie lived upon this place until 1792, when he sold to Thomas Crawford—see Cureton's affidavit, Parton, Volume 1, page 57. There is no evidence produced by either Mr. Salley or anyone else whom we have been able to discover to prove that George McKemie was not living on his own place in North Carolina, March 15, 1767. If he was living at any place other than his North Carolina plantation, why tradition and history has nothing to say about it.

The spot upon which the monument stands has been known by the name of the George McKemie house. Witness after witness has testified that the spot was pointed out to him by old people, some of whose memories reached back to Jackson's generation, as the site of the George McKemie house, where Jackson was born. Col. J. L. Rodman, a native of Mississippi, who for many years has been a distinguished citizen of Waxhaw, says: "More than thirty years ago Mr. John Porter, then far advanced in years, took me to this spot (where the monument stands) and said, 'This is the place where my father, John Porter, Sr., who was a schoolmate of Andrew Jackson, always told me Jackson was born, was Squire McWhorter, a man of good and character, and older than the Presbyterian Church; and that his grandfather, at the date of Jackson's birth, then a boy of five years, always pointed out this

spot as the place of Jackson's birth. His great grandmother, Elizabeth McWhorter, was present throughout the night on which Jackson was born, and the witness, McWhorter's grandfather, went over the next day to see the new baby. The McWhorters lived within one-quarter of a mile to the east of the McKemie place for many years. It is not necessary for me to go into the many other witnesses named by Mr. Parton.

The speaker standing by the monument has seen and talked with Col. Rodman and Mr. McWhorter, and the testimony which they gave coming as direct as any such testimony could come, has convinced him beyond a reasonable doubt as to the exact location of the McKemie house. Mrs. Sara Leslie, a sister of Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Sr., lived about one-quarter of a mile to the south of the McKemie house. Her daughter, Mrs. Latham, testified that she and her mother on the night of Jackson's birth, ran over to the McKemie house, along a path between these two houses. Old residents of the Waxhaw settlement, declare that evidence of the path between these two houses could still be seen within their lifetime, which is a piece of natural evidence not to be scoffed at.

Mr. Salley says, "It is admitted that what is known as the George McKemie plantation, did once belong to George McKemie, and that it is in North Carolina, but does that prove that McKemie was living on it when Jackson was born? Isn't it possible that McKemie was living in the cabin in South Carolina, when Jackson was born? Possible, but highly improbable. Candor should have compelled Mr. Salley to state that McKemie had owned this place for more than a year before Jackson's birth, and that he lived there for many years afterwards. Mr. Salley states that there is a McKemie place in North Carolina, and endeavors to disprove our claim based upon court records, by asserting a bare possibility without evidence of the existence of McKemie's place in South Carolina, or that McKemie ever having lived at any point in South Carolina. It is an even more improbable guess that McKemie, who was a man in moderate circumstances, was for some strange reason prefer a South Carolina cabin to a house on his North Carolina plantation. Why should historical guesses by those hostile to North Carolina's contention be allowed to overturn the unbroken testimony of the leading citizens of the Waxhaw settlement, to whom this spot was pointed out by persons whose recollections ran back at least within a generation of Jackson's birth? I know of at least one excellent lawyer, now gone to his reward, who was a South Carolinian of the most pronounced type, and who before investigating this matter, thought Jackson was a native of that state, but after looking into it thoroughly became convinced that the McKemie house was the place of his birth. If any spot has been pointed out by the leading families of South Carolina as the exact location of the house in which Jackson was born, then why does not Mr. Salley give us the names and location? He appears to rely principally upon a cross mark made by one Boykin, upon a map which was published about three years after Jackson's birth, and proceeded to devote much of his space to boasting on Boykin's accuracy. He does not state upon whose land Mr. Boykin put this cross mark, nor whose house was supposed to have stood there in 1767. The best that Mr. Salley can do for his cause, is found in the following words:

"There was a reasonable doubt as to the correctness of the evidence that Jackson was born in McKemie's house." Then follows another impressive silence—an absolute lack of any facts or testimony to give color to this reasonable doubt. In fact we rather think that the majority of Mr. Salley's mind, if the expression be pardoned, is of the opinion that Jackson was born at McKemie's house, and if this be true, he has certainly failed to show that McKemie ever had a house in South Carolina, and if he has failed in this, then must answer both our questions in the affirmative, and the conclusion follows that Jackson was born at George McKemie's house and that George McKemie at the time of his birth was living on what is acknowledged to be the George McKemie place in Union county, N. C., and that the location of the McKemie house from the stones and chimney now forming the base of the monument, the broken pottery and other evidence of habitation which are to be found nowhere else upon this place. All this of course being in addition to the testimony we have collected.

So much for the discussion of the technical evidence as to the birthplace. We have now turned to the consideration of some of the characteristics of the great man who was born at McKemie's house in North Carolina.

III.
What Manner of Man Was Jackson?

The most interesting inquiry in regard to any great historical character, is as to his personal appearance, manners, habits of thought and action, or in brief that mystical thing we call his personality.

During the life time of any public man, particularly of a statesman, there must of necessity exist two different opinions as to his character and achievements, one held by his followers, the other by his opponents.

In the calm light of after years, these views usually grow together and we can see the man as he really was.

The South can now appreciate Lincoln and the North admire Robert E. Lee. Apparently, however, neither the historians nor our people at large, will ever agree as to Andrew Jackson. For years after his death, he was in certain provincial parts of the North a sort of Black Douglass, and in his honor, of whose name, nurses frightened their children into obedience, and this prejudice still remains in these localities where Jackson is considered not a great president, but, on the contrary, a swearing, swaggering Indian fighter. In recent years with the growth of his fame, this opinion has ceased to be expressed publicly, but nevertheless, the ancient grudge remains.

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servant, a loyal friend and, above all, an honest, chivalrous gentleman. It seems that the passing years do but little to reconcile these opposite views. The people of the South know him best, and hence we should adopt their opinion of the hero of New Orleans with the following modifications. Jackson was a man of extraordinary violence of temper, and when enraged, his conduct was often inexcusable. He was a frontiersman, and the life he led coarsened his habits. I think of the amiable golf loving Taft, even before he became president, standing collarless and with breeches in his boots in the cockpit, swearing and betting frantically upon his pet rooster—yet this was one of Jackson's favorite pastimes. He could play the part of a courtier with much success. A lady who had spent her life in the courts of Europe, after half an hour's interview, the Jackson which she had so much dreaded, said, "I am captivated, I have been at all the courts of Europe, and I can truly say that at none of them have I ever seen a man who in elegance of dress and manners could excel General Jackson."

It is hard to form a mental picture of Old Hickory, yet let us try for a moment. Fancy a man of six feet one inch in height, so slender as to weigh less than one hundred and fifty pounds, straight as an Indian, eyes dark blue, often under excitement flashing fire, his manners towards women always chivalrous, towards men sometimes affable, at others, overbearing and unspcakably rude; game to his very finger tips, always ready for a row and frequently finding one, a sort of human fighting cock, yet withal a born leader and an honest, patriotic Southern gentleman.

Unlike most warriors, his emotions were near the surface, human suffering always touched him, often bringing tears to his eyes. His purse went to the disposal of every beggar. No defenseless woman ever appealed to him in vain, and often, as in the famous case of Peggy O'Neal, he let the nation's affairs suffer, while he acted the part of knight-errant to some unfortunate lady. No wonder his friends loved him; no wonder his enemies hated him, for such a man was Andrew Jackson.

Jackson's father and mother lived in North Carolina before his birth, on the Twelve Mile creek, in Union county, and the sites of their home can still be located. If he had been born in South Carolina it would have been an accident.

Fortunately for us, such was not the case, and he was born here at McKemie's house, fortunately I say, because Jackson is a typical Tar Heel. In his simplicity of manner and in his honesty, his courage, his unpretentious patriotism and rugged strength he exemplifies those qualities for which our citizenship has ever been distinguished. At Salisbury he studied law and his character received what we may call his North Carolina mould by association with the citizens of that delightful town.

The Ladies, God Bless 'Em!
In this money-loving, money-seeking age, whether we be to turn the preservation of our history and the keeping alive of that patriotism without which our democratic form of government is of necessity, doomed to destruction. To the ladies, God bless them. Mr. Webster, at the close of his long and distinguished public career, said that he had rarely seen a movement fall which had the united support of the ladies. Three times the men of Massachusetts attempted to build a monument upon Bunker Hill, and three times failed, then the matter was turned over to the ladies and soon there was seen rising upon that historic hill, a white shaft, which keeps in everlasting remembrance, both the patriotism of the Revolutionary heroes, but commemorating as well the patriotism of the women of Massachusetts.

And so this rugged boulder, not only commemorates the birthplace of Old Hickory, but also commemorates the patriotism of the ladies of the D. A. R. in North Carolina. Your work in marking historic places has already been great. It will be greater and these monuments which you erect will serve as a perpetual incentive for future generations of North Carolinians to emulate the illustrious deeds of their ancestors. The members of your organization are the vestals who keep ever burning the sacred fire which kindle in the hearts of the people duty and

love of country—those true stars of hope amid the clouds that are gathering about our beloved nation.

The Instrument.
"Have you heard me, daughter, Mona, sing lately?" asked Mr. Dugan. "Both lately and early," said Mr. Hogan. "This fine instrumental music she do make."

"Ye ignoramus! Sure, singing isn't instrumental music?" indignantly replied Mr. Dugan. "Kegan told me it was instrumental in causing him to move two blocks from yer house."—Detroit News.

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Oiling the Motor.
"Giles," said DeWhizz to his chauffeur before he started on his return across the state, "have you oiled the machine thoroughly?" "Yes, sir." "Are you sure, Giles?" "Yes, sir, I have filled the spring cups and the engine reservoir, and I have greased the cornet-axle, the amplybus arm, the exhaust pipe, the muffled tread, the thimblebox, the rigamajig, and both the hot boxes."

"Are you sure those are all the parts you have oiled, Giles?" "Yes, sir." "You have forgotten the most important place of all. Take the can and squirt a few drops of oil on the license number, so that the dust will collect on it and make it hard to read. Always remember to lubricate the license number, Giles." Lubricatus.

Who Landed Him?
A West Philadelphia woman, who spent last summer in England, recalls a pleasing experience.

"We were taking a ride on one of those 'seeing London' automobiles," she said, "and there was a party of tourists aboard. They were American, of course, and they were taking the greatest interest in everything they saw from the top of the big motor bus. As the automobile rolled on the Hyde Park and started in the direction of Broadway the guide pointed to a big old house surrounded by a high brick wall, and shouted through his megaphone: 'That' he said 'is the town residence of the Duke of C—, one of our largest handed proprietors.' 'A pretty girl in the second seat—she was about seventeen, and it was obviously her first trip abroad—looked on in sudden enthusiasm. 'Oh,' she cried, 'who landed him?'"—Argonaut.

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