



When visiting New York on the return journey stop at

The Hotel Woodward

Broadway and 55th Street

A few days spent in New York will prove a pleasant termination to the winter's travels. The select and exclusive character of the patronage of the Hotel Woodward, its refined environment and easy reach of the shops, theatres and railroad stations, make it an ideal place from which to enjoy the many pleasures of a short sojourn or permanent residence.

A modern fire-proof building, admirably equipped and furnished. The cuisine and service exemplify the best achievements in the culinary arts.

T. D. GREEN, - - - Manager

Also Hotel Edgemere, Edgemere, Long Island.

THE BALMY BREEZES OF THE SUNNY SOUTH

Are laden with Health and Happiness for the Worn-out Wrestler with the Strenuous Life.

But you cannot repair wasted tissue or restore strength to jangled nerves with air and sunshine alone.

The stomach calls for a food that supplies body-building material in its most digestible form. Such a food is

Shredded Whole Wheat.

It is made of the whole wheat, cleaned, cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds and baked. These delicate shreds contain all the nutritive elements of the whole wheat grain and are taken up and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods.

Shredded Wheat is made in two forms--BISCUIT and TRISCUIT. The BISCUIT is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruit or vegetables. TRISCUIT is the shredded whole wheat cracker, crisp, nourishing and appetizing. Delicious as a toast with beverages or with cheese or preserves.

"It's All in the Shreds."

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



Ebbitt House

Army and Navy Headquarters
WASHINGTON, D. C.

American Plan, Rates \$3, \$3.50 and \$4 per day.
Rooms with Baths, \$5. Parlors extra.
Special Rates to the Clergy.

H. C. BURCH, Proprietor.

JOHNSON'S BIRTHPLACE



AS THE successor of President Lincoln after his assassination, at one of the most stormy and critical periods in American history, President Andrew Johnson was brought prominently before the civilized world and an interest in him awakened which will continue through the ages. As a natural consequence the quaint and humble little cottage in which he was born, located here in Raleigh, has always been a point of interest for visitors from all sections of the country and many parts of the world.

Until last year the building rested upon

of the American spirit: "All men are created free and equal."

Andrew Johnson was the son of Jacob Johnson, who though abjectly poor, was a very faithful man, and much trusted. He was for some time the night watchman at the old Bank of North Carolina, and a big pistol he carried, made in London in 1800, is still on view here. He was later employed at the then leading hotel, as a hostler, and his wife, Polly, was the weaver at the same place.

So it happened, one night, that the daughter of the Innkeeper, on returning home from a great ball given to the Legislature, was told that Polly had become the mother of a baby. She at once ran



HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT JOHNSON WAS BORN, RALEIGH.

Photo by Hayes.

its original site in what is now a negro section of the city, but through the gift of a public-spirited woman, it was recently removed to Pullen Park, a mile west of the city, and to a location in keeping with its character. Provision has also been made to keep it permanently in its original state, and its interior is to be filled with memorials of various presidents as well as furniture of the olden time; an open story book, so to speak, giving a glimpse of the past.

The structure which is graphically suggested by the accompanying photographic reproduction, is only eighteen feet by twelve in size, and not much more in height, yet it contains one fair-sized and a tiny room on the first floor, and the oddest of stairways twists up, in the rear, to two rooms underneath the hip roof. Rarely does one see a better illustration

to see the newcomer, and as she stood by the bedside, in her evening finery, was asked by the proud mother, to name the boy, and she suggested "Andrew," little knowing of what Fate had in store for her god-son.

Jacob Johnson lost his life as a result of pneumonia, which he contracted in saving the lives of two of his friends at a mill pond, near Raleigh, on the occasion of a picnic; the men being out in a boat which one of the foolish rocked and capsized. Only a plain stone marked his grave until 1867 when President Johnson, members of his cabinet, General Grant and other notables, came here to be present at the unveiling of the monument of North Carolina brownstone, which the citizens of Raleigh had erected in memory of his father, and which now stands. The event was one of much importance.