

with a wonderful collection of bullets. Miss Oakley has hundreds of presents given her by admirers from Dead Man's Gulch to Bagdad.

One of the gifts that Miss Oakley treasures above all others is the head dress and uniform worn by Sitting Bull, the great Indian warrior, in his fight against Custer. Sitting Bull made Miss Oakley his heir. She was adopted by the Sioux following a meeting with Sitting Bull in St. Paul. She taught the old Indian fighter how to write and she now has the first photograph that he autographed.

At the request of the Baroness Rothschild Miss Oakley gave an exhibition in Vienna for the benefit of the orphans of that city, and in appreciation of her work, the Baroness sent her a bag of gold. Miss Oakley contributed the gold to the fund to aid the orphans. This act caused the Baroness to present Miss Oakley with the diamond brooch.

During her years with the "Wild West," Miss Oakley won trophies valued at more than \$100,000, met and defeated all comers, hunted deer with the Emperor of Austria, shot a running deer match with Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and won \$350 from that gentleman, always took the room No. 13 in hotels or in competition, always shot yellow shells, etc., just to prove that she was not in the least superstitious.

When Miss Oakley was in her prime no one kept shooting records, but a few of the figures we know are worth mentioning. More than twenty years ago she broke 486 out of 500 targets thrown in succession and on her 52nd birthday she broke 100 straight. With a rifle, only a few years ago, she shot and hit 1,016 brass discs tossed in the air one after the other.

Asked how many shells she had fired Miss Oakley said she had no record but thought 40,000 a year for thirty years would be right. That means she fired 1,200,000 shot shells. She could give no estimate on the number of rifle cartridges she fired. With her husband, then as now a high-class shot, Miss Oakley joined the "Wild West" show in Louisville, Ky., and was given three days to make good. After the first exhibition a contract was signed. Miss Oakley began her shooting with a 16 bore muzzle loader, had to load her own shells with black powder and cut the wads from cardboard. Times have changed a lot since then.

At Pinehurst Miss Oakley spends a greater part of her time instructing ladies in the art of shooting, and has instructed as high as two thousand in the course of the season.

GOLF

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For three years, the Brooklawn club of Bridgeport has been trying fruitlessly to secure an available date for an open tournament, much of the money having been twice actually handed over, but it was with the idea of attracting nothing less than stars of first magnitude and would not again be forthcoming for sectional representation. The Bellevue club of Syracuse, did hold an affair, last fall, with a bumper prize list and talked thereafter of making it an annual contest, but after the list of bright lights it presented

there, no small-time circuit performers will attract the throng, and passing the contribution box is certain to prove a mean job. There will be no need of restricting the New England championship to the *bona fide* residents of the district for purses in that section have never been plethoric, the first money in the Boston open remaining at \$150., until a couple of seasons ago. Furthermore, feeling outside is sure to rise against the sessionists, creating the most insuperable barriers.

But there is another entirely different and regrettable side to the situation. With the improving status of professionals, the world over, many amateurs, not necessarily of the impecunious sort, with an eye to healthful, congenial pursuit were about ready to plunge into the Rubicon, feeling that they would not court degradation thereby. One paid golfer who has never held office insists that the professional association has done more to help his class than all other agencies combined, an opinion that is widely endorsed. An amateur who has held several distinctions says: "Seven or eight years ago, the position in which the average pro found himself was pathetic. The only avenues of employment open stretched through the counting rooms of the sporting goods manufacturers or the council chambers of a few amateur associations. In case a pro happened to incur the dislike of a golfing politician he was as good as blacklisted. Some pros even had to adopt other callings, temporarily, at least. One man, formerly in charge at Garden City became a street car conductor. One pro with an unruly tongue and unwise enough to unbridle that member, despite being cautioned, was banished to a relatively unimportant western station by an amateur, who while a National official promulgated so many arbitrary, dictatorial decrees that his later commercial plunges attended with relegation to obscurity have brought no one to the mourner's bench.

A dozen years ago amateurs despaired of inducing pro's to assist in improving their condition through an association of their own. Thomas Ennever, the New York attorney, an enthusiastic Baltusrol member, gave freely of his time and knowledge to organize an Eastern Professional Association that met at the old Astor House, but a few ring leaders always seemed in haste to adjourn to the hotel cafe and the body finally fell apart, although it had funds left in the tin box. Under the astute leadership of the last two years, however, the professionals' organization, given impetus through the presentation of a valuable championship trophy and thanks to the spirit of inflation naturally following war has steadily forged forward. "The one error that its executives made," says an observer, "was in not recognizing as far back as the National Open at Toledo, last summer, that the period of deflation had been reached. If they had," he adds, "such items as 'editorial assistance' in New York and Chicago would speedily have been lopped off and dues might have been kept down virtually to former figures, instead of being more than doubled, while there would have been less talk of sky-scraping prize lists to follow."

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