



The Famous
SILVER KING



(The Ball in the Box)

will be released for sale on and after April 13, 1916, by John Wanamaker, holder of exclusive rights for wholesale distribution in the United States.

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The SILVER KING has won 30 championships in the last 4 years, including the last four open championships of Great Britain.

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LOCAL DISTRIBUTION

This will be made through professionals and sporting goods stores in every section of the United States; sales and deliveries beginning April 13, 1916.

If your local "pro" or sporting goods dealer has no SILVER KING balls, write to us; we will send you direct—in dozen lots at \$9 a dozen—postpaid to any address in the United States.

JOHN WANAMAKER

New York and Philadelphia

HEART BREAKING FINISH

A Memorable Match Between Mrs. Barlow and Mrs. Hurd

A Conclusive Argument Against the Stupid Rule Governing Stymie



THAT old evil spirit, stymie, bane of golfers, and bone of contention, appeared suddenly on the Pinehurst links on Tuesday morning at the climax of a breathless and memorable match, and broke the heart of a multitude. It has been written in these prophetic pages that Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd and Mrs. Roland H. Barlow were evenly matched at the game of golf. And that only the God of Chance could determine an issue between these two. Observe that Mrs. Hurd beat Mrs. Barlow week before last in fifty-four holes by one stroke. That she repeated this achievement in the qualifying round also by one stroke, and that now the whole world is waiting at the top of the hill at the eighteenth green to see these two come home in the North and South.

Of course they were even at the tee. And even again on the green. So even that Stuyvesant Leroy is called to witness, and carefully measures to discover which ball is nearer to the cup. Mrs. Hurd is away. She puts. Perhaps the ball comes to rest two feet from the hole—a certain shot next time. Mrs. Barlow has fifteen feet to go. It is a splendid try. A hand's breadth will measure the distance she lies from the goal. But they are still even, to all intents and purposes. So tense is the great concourse circled about that not even a whisper is heard. And grinning broadly, the Great God Chance walks in and takes command, disguised as Willie Stymie. Mrs. Barlow's ball is in a dead line between Mrs. Hurd and the predestined tie. Unless, perhaps, there be a way known to Phil Carter whereby a golf ball may be made to act like a boomerang, the game is finally and inevitably won. Checkmate. No need to play. The most desperate finish, and the most dramatic ever seen in the annals of the North and South, between the Red and the Black, the Nip and the Tuck, is credited to Mrs. Barlow.

It was a wonderful spectacle, and an exciting contest, as well as championship golf. The day was as bright and the sky as blue as Venice in June; the fairways were lined with the picturesque red and yellow, blue and plaid sweaters of the girls, and many famous golfers, and substantial citizens, a moving amphitheatre of color and animation, interest and suspense. There was Doc Nelson, Nestor of the host, in the lead, keeping the score and tally of the battle, and ordering the phalanx to halt at proper intervals. And beside him Stuyvesant LeRoy, many times called in to determine doubtful issues, and Donald Ross, herald of the course.

It is the story of an uphill battle. Mrs. Hurd drove into a bunker beyond the

water jump on the tenth, two down. Mrs. Barlow had earned this lead by holing for a two on the sixth, against Mrs. Hurd's three.

But all hands agreed that Mrs. Hurd had had her share of bunkers on the outward journey. And now her uphill battle began in another. But she sailed out of it like a gull on the wing, and halved the hole by some excellent putting. Number eleven found her drive in the bunker again, but this was also halved, due to Mrs. Barlow's poor approach. Mrs. Barlow's second shot on the twelfth landed her on the mound of tufts which proved a cropper, and spoiled her game for a seven. Mrs. Hurd one down. Both ladies landed fairly on the green in the thirteenth, but Mrs. Barlow overdid her putting and took a five. Even up on the fourteenth tee.

The next hole was Mrs. Barlow's. It is a long hole, but she went straight to the green in three, while the old champion discovered the fallacy of driving into the rough. The rough had no terrors, and her ball was lifted for the horizon, but coming into conflict with an imperturbable pine returned whence it came. But the score was squared again on the next hole, where Mrs. Hurd's three proved too much for Mrs. Barlow's long drive into a pitfall.

Perhaps from Mrs. Hurd's point of view the sixteenth was the most regrettable of this memorable defeat. For the second shot, true as an azimuth, was on the green, and for the veteran of many contests within a certain four, while Mrs. Barlow lay even in the dusty bottom of a trap. The shot from the trap was clean and sure, and brought forth a round of spontaneous applause. But even so, it took two putts for Mrs. Barlow to land, and right there is where the match was lost—aside from Willie Stymie. For Dorothy Campbell Hurd, victor on a thousand links, took three putts, even as you and I, and halved the hole.

Except that it worked the crowd into a fever heat, and wrenched the hearts of men with the dramatic suspense, there was nothing worth recording of the 17th hole. It was everybody's game, that would play it, and both champions threw away their chances, and drove their partisans lunatic in turn by shyly approaching the cup and the match with three agonizing shots apiece.

And so all even they shot up the hill under the gaze of a thousand eyes. Mrs. Barlow's third shot is in a bunker. Mrs. Hurd, lying two, has a fair approach for the green. Great Lord, can it still stay even? It can. The shot is short. The next one is on the green of course. Sixteen and two-thirds feet from the trophy. But Mrs. Barlow knows these traps as a woodchuck knows his hole. She spins out of it and into position, fifteen and one-half feet from the cup. "God of Battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?"

The Pine Crest

T. E. Rogers, Pelham Manor; E. B. Cochrane, North Hatley, Quebec; Miss Sadie McKenim, R. W. Springs, Miss S. T. Holmes, Miss Molly Reives, Charleston; Miss Lucile Culbuth, Miss Neta Davis, Fayetteville; Miss Lilian Canners, Smithfield.