


*The Finality of  
Gorham*

In all branches of human endeavor, in Industry, in Art, and in Letters, there are certain names which convey the idea of finality, outshining all others as the North Star outshines subsidiary planets.

*Gorham is that name in Silverware.*

And when you buy Sterling Silverware with the celebrated Gorham imprint on it,  you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have purchased the finest silverware for the money that the world affords.

For sale by leading jewelers everywhere.

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*Silversmiths & Goldsmiths*

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"THE PINEHURST JEWELRY SHOP"

**S. S. PIERCE CO'S**

**OVERLAND CIGARS**

**Sold at the Leading Hotels**

The responsible families of  
America have *White Rock* water  
• on their tables



**MEMORIES OF ANNIE OAKLEY**

**A Shooting Match in the Bois de Bologne Where the Grand Duke Michael Gets a Surprise and Confers a Favor**

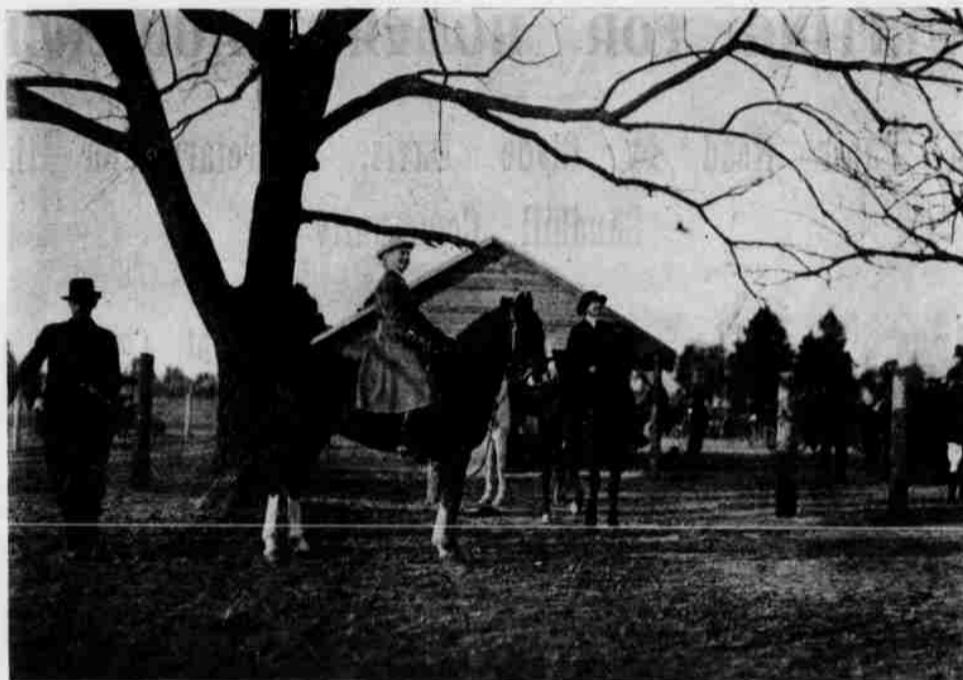


IF ODYSSEUS of many devices were to turn up at The Carolina in a sack coat and bat wing tie, and get him a quiet corner by the tea table to chuckle at the bad guessing of the Tribune the probabilities are that he might come and go, and none of us be the wiser, or even dream of the store of romance and exhaustless narrative of the cities of men, and manners, climates, councils, and governments, that could be told by this simple visitor, himself not least but honored of them all.

Life would be all too short and the diet too rich if the guests within our halls

the best shot that ever came out of the West, for many years the favorite of the whole world who went to see the Wild West Shows and riding and shooting exhibitions of Col. Cody, the immortal Buffalo Bill.

You know she can out-shoot William Tell in her sleep, and can drive nails with a Smith and Wesson revolver quite as rapidly as a steam hammer. But sitting there by the fire have you any conception of the amazing life of adventure and experience which lies behind this command of her profession—the countries she has seen, the characters she has known—the bronco busters, the field marshalls, the old Sagamores, the Tzars and Khans and



ANNIE OAKLEY WITH MRS. LEONARD TUFTS OUTSIDE THE PADDOCK AT THE RACES

were to impart all they know. The tales of a Wayside Inn would pale in comparison. There's the governor of a great state over there—the survivor of many a campaign, the smasher of a dynasty of grafters, a potential ruler of a great nation. We say good morning, swap platitudes, and rush on to the foursome, under the impression that dynamic thought belongs to the ancient and mythical region of the Border Ballads.

Ulysses was famous throughout the known world for his mastery of the bow, his deadly manipulation of the ashen spear and the fourfold shield. See that modest little lady sitting over there by the fire, with the keen grey eyes and snow white hair. She is famous in every belt and zone of a world ten times as great as the Greeks ever imagined for the complete mastery of weapons a thousand fold more deadly than a sword and buckler. You have seen her before shooting three ways at once, with the precision and accuracy of a machine—you may have taken lessons from her in the handling and use of a rifle. She instructed something over 800 ladies in this fine art last Winter at the gun club. In a word, it is Annie Oakley,

Emperors—the tight places, the reverses, the dangers and triumphs of a career as exacting and ubiquitous as this.

AN OFF HAND SHOT

I got my first glimpse of it out shooting quail. We were at Hendren's farm near Eagle Springs. It was the lunch hour, and we had emptied our basket, and were gathering some information from Hendren concerning the probable locality of the birds' siesta, when he opened the way to story by inquiring in an incredulous manner if the lady could also shoot. If he had seen her when we first started out he would never have asked the question. We had hardly got out of the car, the dogs showed no signs of interest, and our guns were open on our arms, when a terrified and isolated bird got up at our feet and bolted into the brush like a thunderbolt. My surprise was so complete I hardly saw him. But he died. About one and one-fifth seconds after his hardy rise. The extra fifth of a second was consumed in dodging my head, which originally stood between Annie Oakley and the noise.

Well, Hendren wanted to know if the lady could shoot. We didn't say any-