

MEMORIES OF ANNIE OAKLEY

WHY THE SULTAN OF TURKEY REFUSED ADMISSION

The Story of a Modern Alladin from Old Lyme Whose Adventures Cost Annie Oakley a Run for It



ONE evening in the lobby of the Carolina Hotel at Pinehurst I found Mrs. Frank Butler, who in other days established the reputation of being one of the most accurate and deadly of all rifle shots in the world, in a reminiscent mood. She had spent the afternoon at the Gun Club, teaching the young idea to shoot, and had harkened back to the time when she was the sensation of Europe, by a little fancy shooting for those at the traps.

We fell to discussing the war. She showed a great deal of interest in many aspects of the military situation and an intimate knowledge of all makes of small arms used in the conflict. She spoke with such familiarity of the arsenals of the Continent, and the opinions of the military kings and marshalls upon the various makes of guns that I ventured to ask if she was also familiar with the shooting technique and training of the armies now in conflict.

"No," she said, "not all. For I have never been in Turkey."

"Why did you leave out poor Turkey?"

She answered this by turning towards me with the most innocent smile possible and asking abruptly:

"Do I look to you like an anarchist or a Sultan exploder?"

I hastened to assure her on the subject.

"Well, nevertheless, it was not I that left out Turkey. It was Turkey that kicked out me. Fully convinced that they had thus saved a city and a dynasty."

It came about this way. The World's Congress of marksmen and rough riders, the last of the Apaches and the cowboys of the buffalo era were exhibiting for Col. Cody in the capitals of Europe. Mrs. Butler, shooting as Annie Oakley, held down the reputation of the girls of the Golden West on that occasion

with such success that during recesses she went with Mr. Butler to give private exhibitions to all corners of the earth. Thus in the course of events they passed the pillars of Hercules and made for Constantinople—as much to see the ancient capital of the world as to astonish the Moslem in a matter of rifle fire. And as a matter of course they took along with them a barrel of glass balls, to be duly massacred for a Turkish holiday.

But previous and hectic events over which they had no control thickened the plot at the border. The Shiek with a fez who presided over the customs ceremony took one terrified glance at this barrel of hardware, and forthwith summoned the corporal of the guard and the frontier garrison. For high and sufficient reasons of State, discovered at a later period to be about as follows, and quite plainly sufficient, as any Turk would agree:

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