

The World's
Greatest
Hotel



The Spirit of Good Service

and Unequaled Facilities for its Accomplishment

Add to these an Unrivalled Location — consider that

THE McALPIN

is the Largest and Safest Hotel Structure in

NEW YORK CITY

and you will understand why it is the

Most Talked About and Most Popular Hotel
in America Today

Prices Notably Moderate

Broadway at 34th Street

(One Block from Pennsylvania Station)

L. M. BOOMER, Managing Director

Memories of Annie Oakley

(Concluded from page three)

nodded in satisfaction that his theory was vindicated, and waited for another offer. If it stayed whole and didn't announce its base origin by a hollow groan, then your coin was passed on to the weigher, who compared its inscription and avoirdupois with a table of figures at hand—and usually returned the thing to you as a curiosity. The worst happened when he took it. For then, to be sure, you got you beans. But you also got change. And of course, this change by no possible chance could be put to any use outside of a foundry.

Counterfeiting would have been a better and more admired business than showing. The principle merchant in the town was arrested for coining money while we were there. But he made the obvious plea that his dubloons were better than the Government's and a fair minded judge admitted the fact, congratulated him and turned him loose.

"It was a close shave to feed the stock and raise chow for the kit. Nobody even dreamed of a salary. And Christmas coming, with the folks back home hanging up their stockings or shooting up the town, according to taste and location.

HEMMED IN WITHOUT A WATERHOLE

"Well, why didn't we get out of there, being still able to see and hear? That's a fair enough

question, and leads to the worst of this terrible holiday. Every disease in the world was holding session there that Winter. An epidemic of grip ran into a fierce streak of typhoid, and half the doctors were down with the small pox. The typhoid shot the Indians to pieces, poor fellows, and seven of them were left there in their last resting place. I had the grip—but so did everybody. We played on just the same every afternoon for a mendicant audience of yellow rags and red sashes, on the ten cent basis. And not a chance to escape. The only thing they seemed to thoroughly understand about fighting the disease was a quarantine. We were surrounded, hemmed in, marooned without a water hole.

AT DEATH'S DOOR CHRISTMAS

"And then as Christmas came on and we were cheered up a bit with the prospect of giving away our glass money to our enemies, the stuff was taken out of all of us and the final blow came. Frank Richmond, the greatest rider on the range and the most popular man in the outfit, was bowled over by the typhoid. And nothing to it but to make a Christmas Eve out of a funeral. The worst of it was the waiting. It was like enrollment on Judgement Day. We got through and over the beggars by two in the afternoon, and were lined up at the cemetery gate, guarded by the angels of the school of Lazarus. But the procession of hearses ahead of us was so great that it was nine at

night before ever we got into the burying ground.

"The boys decided that they wouldn't stand for a Christmas without a turkey, if one lived in the entire Kingdom of Spain. So Johnnie Baker, my shooting partner, and one Frank Butler, pooled their savings and went out to round one up. The were led by an escort of intended charity to a shop where it was alleged a turkey might not be entirely impossible. The proprietor announced his wares with great pride, pointing out that he could provide at reasonable prices (subject to coin inspection and rejection) turkey gizzards, wings, legs, heads, necks, beaks, feet—also a few slices of breast, and one wishbone. Told that an entire turkey was desired he was struck dumb with astonishment, and arrived at the natural conclusion that these could be none less than heir apparent and the fabulous Rothschild incognito. This fortunate assumption made it possible for Baker and Butler to exchange their inheritance for a whole bird, of fine contour and weight, which they also managed to bring safely through the attacking horde of beggars by reason of their skill in universal language, and some slight experience with the Apaches in times gone by.

ONE TURKEY FOR THE MULTITUDE

"The miracle of the loaves and fishes was repeated this Christmas day in the camp of Buffalo Bill. Every sick man in the place was given a piece of it, and every

homesick cowboy. What was left of that turkey wouldn't have served a gnat for dessert. It cheered the gang up to the extent of a scouting expedition to the seashore.

BOARDING THE PIRATE

"There they struck an old pirate of a Mediterranean tramp to ship the caravan and bid old Spain a long farewell. She was a leaky old caraval, spinning like a barrel on the top of the sea, waiting for ballast. But there was no time to tarry for ballast as the boys were able to point out to his entire satisfaction, after a few convincing arguments popular a few years since on the Little Big Horn. Two of us ladies got one of the staterooms—the boys packed into the neighborhood of the other, and the Indians camped under a canvass on deck, game for any place or any sketch.

"And so in the wake of one storm, and just ahead of a hurricane we rolled and pitched for four mortal days on the ocean—and landed at last in Naples. You will have to get someone else to make your pen pictures of your castles in Spain."

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Jenks

have arrived at the White Shingles. The house has been enlarged to house party size during the Summer, and an imposing garage added—preparations that presage the coming of young people later on.