MEMORIES ANNIE OAKLEY

BULLET COLLECTION **EMPEROR** AUSTRIA

A Day's Hunt in the Imperial Preserve With Bronco Charlie and Kid Gabriel, and the Trophy She Brought Home



a bullet like that?"

me a mouldy leaden relic that was nearly cubical with jagged points like those of a star jutting out from every

"Not in Pinehurst, recently. Wherever did you get that thing?"

"Or that?" she went on. The second was more curious than the a hideous caricature of a buzzsaw than anything else-the most venomous little projectile ever invented. Obviously its one object in life was to reach somebody's aesophangus and whirl its murderous way thence through a tortured anatomy into an acute appendix."

"I used to have a great many more-some bigger that a walnut, and every shape under the sunhollow ones that would explode, and catycorned ones that were supposed to waltz through the system in drunken fury-bullets of the cubists school, and long sharp pointed ones intended to impale its victim."

"Who on earth used these things?"

"Everybody out there. Napoleon Bonaparte, the terrible Turk the Pope, Catharine-"

"Out where?"

Seeing that she was in for an explanation Annie Oakley suggested we walk out to the gun club, where she was going to lend that she was giving this partyassistance to some ladies entered for the Wesson prize on the pistol range. And on the way she coutinued the story of the bullets.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN EMPEROR

Among the numberless mementoes of her journeys-presents from princes and prizes for world's championships, orders and emblems and badges, souvenirs of the plains and the deserts, strange costumes and precious stones-

"DID you ever see she had forgotten about this curious collection of man's early mur-The lady handed derous inventions until the death of Francis Joseph, the grand old man of Austria was flashed over the world.

Of all the rulers of Europe her memory of him was the kindliest and the saddest. Years ago he was already a tragic monument of the past-the hero who had outlived not one but a dozen fiveact melodramas. Of a simple and friendly disposition, he had taken first. It more nearly resembled a genuine and kindly interest in the girl from America who could outshoot his expert riflemen. The stern fate of this gentle old man was indelibly impressed upon her the first time she ever saw him.

> It came about in this way. The Baroness de Rothschild came to see her in the camp, and asked her to give an exhibition for the benefit of the orphans of Vienna. Of course she consented, and the largest fete garden in the city was filled to its capacity. Nothing could compare with the appeal made to the Austrian temperament by the immortal combination of the Royal orchestra, the rich and everflowing Munchner and the final display of the fundamental military art, the orphans were provided with a small fortune.

> > ROTHSCHILD'S BAG OF GOLD

The Baroness sent an envoy to the camp with an embroidered bag full of gold pieces, even as it used to be done in the days of Tallyrand. But Annie considered such opportunities being the greatest pleasures she had in her unusual talent - and so she returned the golden shower to the children of the capitol.

The Baroness was of course delighted, and among the treasures that Annie did keep she has today an exquisite diamondbrooch which that lady sent her in appreciation.

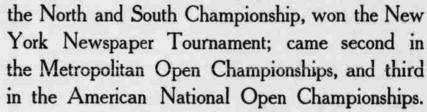
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