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MEMORIES OF ANNIE OAKLEY

PRINCE LUITPOLD HAS A CLOSE SHAVE WITH A BRONCO

The Story of the Gold Bracelet from the Collection of the Mad King of Bavaria



EVEN a rainy day has its blessings. While the golf mad legion fretted and fumed through the corridors of the Carolina Hotel at Pinehurst on one of those rare days when the heavens inundated the greens, I spent one of the pleasantest afternoons of my memory. Gathered about the tea table was a genial company, mellowed into reminiscence by the dancing fire. Annie Oakley, from whose fabulous experience up and down creation we had been accustomed to draw our most absorbing narratives, had been silently enjoying the scene until the topic turned to old and rare jewelry. Someone noticed upon her wrist a bracelet of exquisite workmanship and delicate design, so plainly a treasure that we begged her to tell how she came by it. I suggested that its duplicate could hardly come from a shop on Fifth Avenue.

"Hardly," she said. "Nor on any other avenue." She took it off and showed it to us. It was of gold, set with brilliant diamonds, bearing a crown, and inscribed inside with the single word, "Luitpold."

THE MAD KING'S FANCY

"There is quite a story connected with this," she went on. You have all heard of the mad King of Bavaria. He was confined in the luxurious limbo of his great castle for nearly half a century, and indulged his wild fancy in the most unusual manner. One of his most fantastic conclusions was that he was a stork. So he built him a small lake in the courtyard, and to humor him they had a suit made with feathers and a beak, which he would put on. And so arrayed would stand in splendor for hours in the shallows, first on one foot and then the other, giving a regal and correct imitation of the flattered bird. He had his way, but he lost his kingdom. He was deposed in favor of Luitpold, who reigned in Bavaria for

forty years as Prince Regent. Luitpold was as fine a gentleman as could be found on the planet. He tried several times to get rid of the job, but he was so popular with the people that they would not stand for it a minute.

"It didn't take me long to see why he was the idol of the people. He was by all odds the most unassuming and genuine man of all the royal folks I ever met. The Wild West Show was going strong at Munich at the time. In contrast to Barcelona it was a gala time for the outfit. The people were kindness itself, and our camp was transformed into a joyful and merry headquarters for many American boys who were over there studying art and liesure. The whole place was one grand fair for the boys, mellowed by the ever-filled tankards of the dark Munchener. The Indians almost blossomed into old sports. There was music everywhere, and not a single man ever seen the worse for the beer. And to say they doted on it would be a slight. Why, they tried to raise the price half a cent a gallon while we were there, and it almost raised a revolution. Charge what you like for bread and meat—but don't fool with the Bavarian's beer. It's his totem pole, and he sees red if it is fooled with.

A CASUAL VISITOR

One day the gang was mostly off touring the town and enjoying the hospitality of a host of friends, I was practicing, as I did all the time to keep in the best trim, and there were only a few cowboys and some Americans loafing about the camp, when a neat little rig drove right into the enclosure, and a gentleman got out and with no more ado says good afternoon. I have heard about this remarkable company, he went on, and have taken the liberty of coming around to see it.

"Glad to see," I answered. "My name is Annie Oakley—and this here is my friend Mitchell. They call him Texas Jim, and he is fond of horses."