

RADIO

The Ball of Mystery
\$1 each \$12 doz

RED FLASH

Fine Ball into the Wind
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Wonderful Ball at the Price
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TAPLOW

Best 50c Ball Made
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JOHN WANAMAKER

Sole wholesale national distributor
New York

GOING DOWN

Mrs. Hurd Plays Havoc with Women's Records

The old favorites are all on hand polishing up their game for the Women's Golf Championship. Mrs. Roland H. Barlow, who has held the title, and Miss Elaine Rosenthal, who went through the field in such spectacular style, are prepared to defend the honors against the field—and what appears more dangerous than any field, against Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd. And if Mrs. Hurd keeps up her present pace, the defending promises to be historic. Not even at the height of her game, when she won all there was to be won on the links in England and in America, was she travelling at such a consistently rapid pace as she has exhibited this last week.

She has not only cut some ten strokes or more off the best record made by any woman in Pinehurst this year, but has been making the championship course as a regular thing, some six strokes better than Miss Rosenthal's winning card of 86 last year.

The facts of the matter are that there is not a man at the club that could feel any confidence against her. Last week, playing a best ball foursome with Kennedy against Frank Gates and J. D. Chapman she made an 80 on number two, and assisted on just three holes

held the best ball of 77 returned by the Carolina champion and the Greenwich expert.

On Wednesday of last week she might be said to have pitted herself against the whole club in tournament assembled. At all events, she and Miss Rosenthal followed some three hundred contestants in the Spring tournament around number 2. And Mrs. Hurd's medal score was equalled by just one player in the first division—Frank Gates—and surpassed by none. Without opportunity to investigate the record, we venture that it is perilously close to it.

Her card was

Out 4 4 4 4 5 3 6 3 3—36
In 5 5 5 5 5 3 5 4 6—43—79

For the first nine holes this is par golf. The United North and South for women should prove a scorcher.

THE DEADLY DUM-DUM

Demonstrated at Shooting Exhibition

Casually clipping the end off a cigarette in Frank Butler's mouth, Annie Cakley opened her shooting exhibition last Monday, before the usual multitude which always assembled to make a field day whenever she appears with the rifle in hand. We counted forty-two machines come in from the county laden with the curious marksmen of the Piney woods—the background of a big audience, in which figured most of the prominent residents of the colony.

She goes to work with an abandon and a dispatch that delights the crowd. Having spoiled Frank's smoke, she broke the heart of the Ace of Hearts; cracked a ball swinging on the end of a string with her six shooter, having no better line on it than the reflection she got from the blade of a hunting knife.

The hit of this day, as always was the faith and the debonaire attitude assumed by her favorite setter Dave, when led up to have the pomegranate shot from his cranium. The fact that a lead bullet was sent time and again within the tenth of an inch of his brain seemed to hold no terrors, and hardly any interest for him.

Neither the passage of time nor lack of practice seem to diminish her wonderful speed and accuracy a particle. As in the old days the exhibition that followed was in all essentials the same wonderful and well-nigh incredible show of the Buffalo Bill Days. With a twenty-two she demonstrated that she could hit coins in the air at libitum, or the same one two, or if you prefer, three times, quite as easily as the sun can shine. With a mirror she can puncture anything within line of reflection with a Smith and Wesson. Or she can and did shoot it from her hip, requiring only that the target be visible. To demonstrate speed in the use of a shot gun she scrambled six eggs in the air, much to the entertainment of the juvenile part of the audience. She broke five balls at once with this gun. Nothing seemed beyond her. The familiar shots from impossible positions, the running and turning shots, the rapid fire and revolving targets all received their deadly attention.

She closed with a little demonstration of the damage done by the dum-dum bullet. What was left of an orange would not have flavored a cocktail. And

a can of tomatoes was reduced to a scrap of tin that might have passed for a fifty cent piece.

The Sinews of War

The campaign to maintain the flow of funds for the support of the Red Cross work last week resulted in \$20.80, obtained by the girls of the village at the races last week. They realized this much upon the sale of arbutus and bouquets of native flowers, which had been picked and donated by the women of the neighboring farms.

The association wishes to acknowledge with gratitude \$100 given by Mrs. Guy Metcalf, and \$300 sent in by the Winter League of Advertising Interests, an aftermath of their pleasant week of contests on the links last month.

The special performance given at the Movie Theatre last Wednesday, by the kindness of Charlie Picquet, netted the association \$24.27.

Open House at Eureka

The girls of the Farm Life School will demonstrate their ability in the culinary line, and the results of their work in domestic science next Saturday noon at the school house. Everyone is cordially invited to come to attend a luncheon that will be served by them that day for the benefit of the school. It will be cooked and served by the girls, and we have the advance information that it will be a treat. It will cost \$1.25 a plate, and will take place at 1 p. m. It would be appreciated if all intending to come would send notice to Miss Arrington, Farm Life School, Eureka, N. C.

Save the food and help the fighter fight.