

ANNIE OAKLEY

Rivals Coulon and the Georgia Magnet

BY E. A. DENHAM

A number of years ago, before the world had ever heard of Coulon the Un-liftable Frenchman, and at the time the young lady known as The Georgia Magnet was appearing on the vaudeville stage and challenging all attempts on the part of members of the audience to lift her from the boards, Annie Oakley—at that time the stellar attraction of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show—discovered that she also possessed the ability to set at naught many of the accepted rules of gravity. The famous markswoman appeared for a short time in public in stunts of the Coulon variety but found

nary billiard cue. She grasped the cue at the extreme end, with both hands, held it horizontally in front of her, and defied any two men in the audience to drag the cue down until the tip touched the floor. Taking the big leverage into account, it looked as though a child could push the free end down to the ground but the fact remains that two panting gentlemen possessed of considerable avoirdupois abandoned their joint attempt in despair at the end of a struggle lasting nearly a full minute.

Annie Oakley has lived too long in the limelight of publicity to be tempted into giving any explanation of her gift, accomplishment or whatever one chooses to call it. She believes in leaving the matter "wrop in a mystry" like the antecedents of Jeames Yellowplush. And there, for the time being at any rate, it must remain.

For the old Paris, as hundreds of thousands of American tourists and students knew it and loved it, is gone,—gone for a generation, at least. The war changed the people who made Paris Paris, and not until these people are gone and another generation has taken their place can the old pleasure capital be herself. Physically Paris has completed her reversion to 1914. Menus are no longer stunted. The wine caves are full. The "guides of the night" are back on the Place de l'Opera with their "most interesting show around the corner." The boulevards are fragrant with femininity. So far as the Cook's tourist knows, it's the same old city revived.

But the "Old Timer" knows that the people he sees are different from his cronies of 1914, and frequently even a new type of Frenchman altogether.

Hundreds of thousands wept in White Hall on Armistice Day. Paris crowds looked on in almost expressionless silence, as their unknown Poilu was escorted to the Arc. Among the multitudes who deposited wreaths I do not remember seeing one shedding tears.

This new mentality has seized the entire nation. It is reflected in all classes, for all were in the war.

Behind the bright eyes that invite you so appealingly on the boulevards, often throbs a broken heart of a youthful widow or fiancee who lost her lover out there. A surprising number of the merry-makers in the really Latin rendezvous of Montmartre wear mourning on their coatsleeves.

Thus Paris could not, even if she would, be the old care-free effusive city of pre-war days—not for a generation, at least.



Eighth Fairway. No. 3 Course

that the strain was too great for her nervous system and interfered with her shooting and she decided to give up her interesting anti-gravity exhibitions.

Some visitors at the Carolina Hotel, at Pinehurst, recalled the matter to Annie Oakley's mind today and Mrs. Butler (which is Miss Oakley's name in real life) promptly accepted their challenge to try the thing out on the spot, in the Carolina ball-room. The huskiest man in the audience made the first attempt to lift the slight little woman from the floor and failed. He was joined by another man and then another until finally four life-sized men were tugging and straining in a vain attempt to lift her. The most they could do was to raise her on tip-toe and Annie Oakley says that with a few days' practice they won't be able to achieve even that.

This lifting stunt has become so familiar to most people, through the film productions of Coulon's performance, that it was perhaps not so impressive as an apparently impossible feat performed by Annie Oakley with the aid of an ordi-

THE PARIS OF 1921

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

NEW YORK. — When by government edict an engineer pressed a button New Year's Eve and flooded Paris for the first time since the war with her old pre-war electrical brilliance, the orchestras on the boulevards and the Montmartre fairly burst themselves trying to do justice to the occasion and champagne corks popped as they had never popped since 1914.

Taxis honking on the streets outside took up the refrain and students in the Latin quarter went singing in serpentine around the lampposts—just as they did before the war.

At that moment Paris from the standpoint of surface appearance once more became the gay old city of tradition.

But in the real sense, it was not the same Paris. It was a new Paris, going through many of the habitual gestures of the old.

First, the H. C. of L. has lifted the price scale between three and four hundred per cent. Parisians, who in 1914, could afford to dine with their families in the cafe, no longer people the boulevard restaurants. Their places have been taken by newly-rich and foreigners with high exchange rates.

Longchamps, where France's elite used to display its finest gowns, has been virtually boycotted by the real aristocracy. The only fashion show there is at the races now is kept up by flashy "parvenues," or women of easy fortune.

The war worked a remarkable psychological change in the French people. It made them a nation of stoics.

While the glamour of the crusade on foreign soil unlocked the emotions of the British and turned staid London into one of the most demonstrative cities in the world, the long years of trench warfare, midst the mud of their own country, among the ruins of their own homes, developed in the Frenchman a dogged self-restraint that he had never been thought capable of.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

T. B. Boyd of the St. Louis Country Club, who is an annual visitor to Pinehurst and is now spending some time here, says the amateurs will find his course in good condition for the amateur championship, which is to be played there in September. He says the weather is usually very good at that time of year, and declares the players will like the layout. The course was built by Charles E. MacDonald, constructor of the National links, which, of itself, is sufficient guarantee of its championship calibre.

The course is in Clayton, some eight miles from the city, and is of a rolling nature, most scientifically trapped. The fairways and greens are so placed that one must hit for position all the time. Straight down the course will not always do. One must play now a bit to the right, now a shade to the left, else the next shot will be a problem.

In a London bird school parrots are taught to talk with phonographs.