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## Lipton's Armada. Irish Invasion of America.

New York, July 8.—(By the Associated Press)—There's a little bit of Ireland floating off the Jersey coast and its ruler is a familiar figure in yachting flannels and cap. It's Sir Thomas Lipton and his "navy"—six craft strong—invading the United States to capture the America's Cup in a Yachtmen's battle off Sandy Hook this month.

The man to whom a large patch of water is an alien sight thinks of the cup races as a few impromptu jousts between a couple of sailing sloops which cost a mite more than the average man can afford. He does not realize that these yachts and their crews had to go through a period of training as long as that of any football team and a thousand time more costly.

By purchase or charter Sir Thomas has amassed his fleet. In addition to the challenger, Shamrock IV, and the trial horse, the 23-meter Shamrock, there is the steam yacht Victoria, the flagship of the fleet, on which the veteran yachtsmen live, anchored each night in the Hudson.

Then there is the houseboat Killarney, tucked snugly away in the shelter of the Hook. On the Killarney reside the crews of the two racing craft.

But this does not complete the fleet. There is the tug Governor Smith to tow the sloops to the starting line and a snappy speed boat to run errands. Numberless smaller launches, and dingies don't count in this yachting armada.

The Irish baronet has his daily schedule enjoyable enough, but just at present a business to which he adheres as closely as the broker daily watches his ticker.

Each day he steams down to the Hook from New York to watch the challenger—his sweetheart, the elderly bachelor calls her—match her speed against the trial horse.

Each day, as dusk approaches, he holds conference with his band of yachting experts, suggesting little changes here, little change there, smoothing out a ripple in a club-topail, which to the land lubber fits exactly, or clipping a few inches from a topmast with which, to the uninitiated, there seems nothing wrong.

And each day he continues to deal out dollars to the 150 members of his armada. For it is an expensive sport, this quest of a hundred guinea cup and victor or loser. Sir Thomas will have paid out more than a million dollars for this year's race alone.

At eight o'clock, except in most distressing weather, raising of Sir Thomas' personal flag—a green shamrock on a field of gold—betokens that the vice-commander of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club is aboard, awake and ready to receive guests.

These invariably include a corps of newspapermen. Most of them come for breakfast, stay for lunch, and linger for dinner, and as sea air breeds an appetite, the yacht's larder receives a blow that would make the ordinary housewife quiver in these days of high prices.

Then the Victoria weighs anchor. Recognized by all harbor craft, she receives salutes from sootiest tug to most majestic battleship.

Sir Thomas stands on the bridge—the familiar, blue-jacketed, be-fanned figure, who for years has crossed the Atlantic to win the trophy on which he has set his heart. He strokes his gray goatee and his face wrinkles into a roguish grin as he swaps yarn for yarn with his innumerable guests.

For Sir Thomas must have his joke. One of which he is particularly fond concerns a visit once paid him at Cowes by former Mayor John Fitzgerald of Boston.

The baronet was entertaining a group of Americans when suddenly it was reported to him that the royal launch was headed for his craft.

"The King or the Queen," cried Sir Thomas, and at once began drilling his guests in court etiquette.

But the royal launch, which rarely carries any but royalty, arrived with a lone Yankee.

It seems that Mr. Fitzgerald, wishing to pay a visit to his friend the Irish yachtsman, had been unable to find a craft which he deemed sufficiently snappy to bring him alongside. But finding the royal launch at the royal landing stage, he pronounced it "a decent enough boat" and ordered it to the Lipton yacht.

Meanwhile the King and Queen, reaching the stage, beheld in amazement their launch dashing away from them. And the master of the small craft, on his return, had this explanation to make—the gentleman had introduced himself as "the Mayor of Boston, United States of America," which the royal yachtsmen, impressed, comprehended into "the Mayor of America." And of course a man who would dare march onto the royal landing stage must have stepped onto it with royal permission.

And so, chatting of kings and stow-aways, yachts and intrigues, he entertains his guests until the Hook is reached. And as Sir Thomas is never so well cast as when he is playing the host, it is an enjoyable trip, this little joy-ride down the bay to the serious work of the day.

The racing sloops, lying at anchor with mainsails and club-topails set, awaiting arrival of their master, look as alike as two peas to the landman. And the vegetarian smile is carried out by the hulls, both painted

a lively green. The only apparent difference is that the Shamrock IV is just a little greener than her partner, for even her decks are emerald.

As soon as the Victoria's engines are stopped, the veteran of international regattas boards his launch to inspect his craft before they set out. From that moment he becomes lost to all but things maritime.

Round the course Sir Thomas follows his sloops as they race, and after the finish again holds parley with their skippers. Then it's back to New York in the evening—the day's work done.

Wants to Win Fairly.

New York, July 9.—As Shamrock IV, his America's Cup challenger, was being towed up the bay, yesterday for measurement, Sir Thomas Lipton remarked:

"There has been a lot of talk about the cup yachts being lightly built. If anything happened to Resolute, such as an accident, I would wait for another race until she was repaired, no matter how long it took."

"I don't want the cup through accident. Legally I might be entitled to it under such a serious circumstance, but I want to win it fairly and in sporting competition. Let them lick me or let me lick them. And I am sure they would feel the same way if my boat should be the sufferer through mishap."

That is Sir Thomas Lipton, who smiles his best when a small boy calls him plain "Tommy," and that may have been why South Brooklyn did not have nearly as much of a blow out on the Fourth as there was yesterday when his green yachting fleet moved up there from Sandy Hook, so the challenger could be officially measured to-day with Resolute, the American defender, to figure the time allowance for the races.

All the way up the harbor passing craft, those at anchor and others in dock, blasted their salutations. The steam yacht Victoria, which towed the challenger and her 23-meter sister, was kept busy acknowledging the three-whistle salutes.

The whole Lipton fleet was towed up to the Morse Drydock and Repairs Company's plant at the foot of 56th street. The boathouse Killarney and the 23-meter boat had to be taken along to house the racing crew of the challenger. The crew has to be on board when she is measured. The tug Governor Smith towed the Killarney.

Shamrock IV was placed in one of the big docks at 1 p.m. and five hours later Resolute arrived in tow of her tender, the steamer Montauk, from Glen Cove, up the Sound. Her topmast had to be lowered to enable her to pass under the East River bridges. During the afternoon Shamrock's bowsprit was taken off and a slightly longer one put in its place. The measuring of the yachts will begin at 10 a.m. to-day, under the direction of the America's Cup Committee.

Sir Thomas Is Optimistic.

Sandy Hook, July 9.—Sir Thomas Lipton's fleet, comprised of the Shamrock IV, the 23-meter Shamrock and the house boat Killarney, left for Sandy Hook to-day for a drydock in Brooklyn, where the challenger and the Resolute, America's Cup defender, will be measured officially to-morrow to determine the handicap to be given the Resolute in the races off here this month.

While the Shamrock IV had not as many trial races as was expected, Sir Thomas said he was pleased with her behavior and felt confident that he has a good chance of lifting the cup this year.

Resolute Is the Betting Favorite.

New York, July 9.—As the time for the holding of the international yacht race draws nearer, betting on the outcome of the event becomes much more lively. To-day several thousand dollars were put up in the hands of James W. Bell and Company, No. 67 Exchange Place, at odds of 2 to 1, that the Resolute will win the cup. A considerable amount of cash was also placed in the hands of "Fred" Schumm, the Brooklyn stakeholder, on the same basis. The latter still has between \$4,000 and 5,000 to bet that the American boat is the winner.

Schumm also has \$1,000 to put up even that the Shamrock crosses the finishing line first in the opening contest of the series. Last week he was laying only 5 to 6 on this proposition. Some betting is being done even, that the Shamrock wins one race. Schumm has \$1,000 to wager this way.

## Frozen Lamb From Australia.

Heralding possible competition from foreign supply sources is a recent invasion of the United States market by New Zealand and Argentine frozen lamb. An entire shipment of 251,000 carcasses consigned to United States packers reached Boston recently, with smaller consignments aggregating 100,000 carcasses additional. The product has been distributed all over the country, as far west as the Missouri River. The immediate result is a decline of about \$3 per cwt. in the price of the domestic article. The prospect is not reassuring. Rumor has it that a million more carcasses are in transit. So far consumers have not benefited. The quality and condition of the foreign stock are excellent. The New Zealand contribution is from the not-

ed Canterbury district. It was slaughtered in January and is superior to much of the native product reaching the Chicago market.

Since the meat trade was internationalized before the war, domestic producers have no alternative but to meet this foreign competition. That it would have materialized earlier had marine refrigeration been available, is obvious; but there is danger of demoralization during the next few months, owing to an accumulation of the war period in Australia, which is now moving in large volume, glutting the British market and forcing the accumulation across the Atlantic. A few weeks ago London had 1,600,000 frozen lamb and mutton carcasses in cold storage, 11 meat-laden ships lying at the docks with 903,000 carcasses. Since this meat is the property of the English Government, an effort is being made to maintain prices by diverting the surplus to the United States, the probability being that if this market is capable of digesting the package, about 1,500,000 carcasses will be diverted to New York and Boston.

Recent Australian advices state that the British Government is selling this lamb to United States packers at 15 cents a pound. It is being wholesaled at 25 to 31 cents on the U.S. market.—Breeder's Gazette.

## The Scot Abroad.

A story appeared in a well-known serial several years ago, describing the disappointment of an Englishman who went out to the East as an interpreter, and whose ruling passion was a hatred of everything Scotch. Strolling through the camp one day with a Turkish officer, and abusing the Scotch to his heart's content, to his astonishment Hassan Bey, the Turk, broke out, "I'll tell ye what, ma man, gin ye daur lowse ye're tongue upon my country like that, I'll gie ye a clood on this till ye'll mak' it tingle fra this till Hallowe'en!" The thunderstruck Englishman stammered out, "Why, my good man, I thought you were a Turk!" "An' see I am a Turk the noo, ma braw chiel," said the angry Glasgow Mussulman, "but ma father's auld leather breeks ne'er travelled farther than just fra Glasgow to Greenock, and back again, but when I gang home—as I'll dae or its lang, if it be God's will—I'll just be Wully Forbes, son o' auld Daddy Forbes o' the Gorbals, for a' that's come and gane!"

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