

DEFENDER OF SAN LUIS POTOSI



Gen. Miguel Barrios, commander-in-chief of the federal forces at San Luis Potosi, who has been blocking, at least temporarily, the progress of the rebels to Mexico City.

STORY OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S 16 YEAR STRUGGLE FOR AMERICA'S CUP

Irish Sportsman Has Spent Several Million Dollars and a Stupendous Amount of Keen Thinking in His Endeavor to Gain Title to This Much Coveted Yachting Trophy So Carefully Guarded by United States Yachtsmen.

New York.—Down in the vault of a famous jewelry house on Fifth avenue, New York city, there is a dingy, battered piece of silver, neither a modern work of beauty nor a valuable antique, a thing likely to tempt at first



Sir Thomas Lipton.

glance only the thief looking for something to feed his melting pot.

Yet a great London sportsman has spent 16 years, several million dollars, and a stupendous amount of keen thinking in his endeavor to gain title to this carefully guarded object. The Holy Grail was not more persistently sought.

The piece of silver is the America's cup, the world's greatest yachting trophy. And the seeker is the world's gamest sportsman, Sir Thomas Lipton.

It was in the year of the Spanish war, '98, that the New York Yacht club received the first challenge from the Royal Ulster Yacht club. The letter received August 6, 1898, gave Sir Thomas J. Lipton as the owner of the yacht to be called Shamrock with a length on the load water line of 98.5 feet.

The challenge was brought over by a committee consisting of Vice-Commodore R. G. Sherman Crawford of the challenging club, H. M. McGil-downey and Hugh C. Kelly, accompanied by the new yacht's designer, William Fife, Jr., and Charles Russell.

Immediately all was bustle in New York Yacht club circles. It is understood J. Pierpont Morgan, the elder, furnished the money to build the defending yacht, the Columbia. The cup committee consisted of Mr. Morgan, Edwin D. Morgan, E. M. Brown, Herman B. Duryea, whose horse won the English Derby a few days ago, and Henry F. Lippitt. The keel of the Columbia was laid at the Herreshoff's place at Bristol, R. I., in the early winter of 1898 and she was launched June 10, 1899.

Charley Barr was her sailing master, and her crew were Deer Islanders. The Defender, which had defeated the Valkyrie II in 1895, was put in commission to race against her. On August 2 the Columbia was caught in a bit of a blow off Point Judith and her great steel mast went by the board.

Meanwhile the Thornycrofts had completed the Shamrock I at Millwall on the Thames and in charge of Capt. Archie Hogarth and Robert Wringe, she crossed the Atlantic that August,

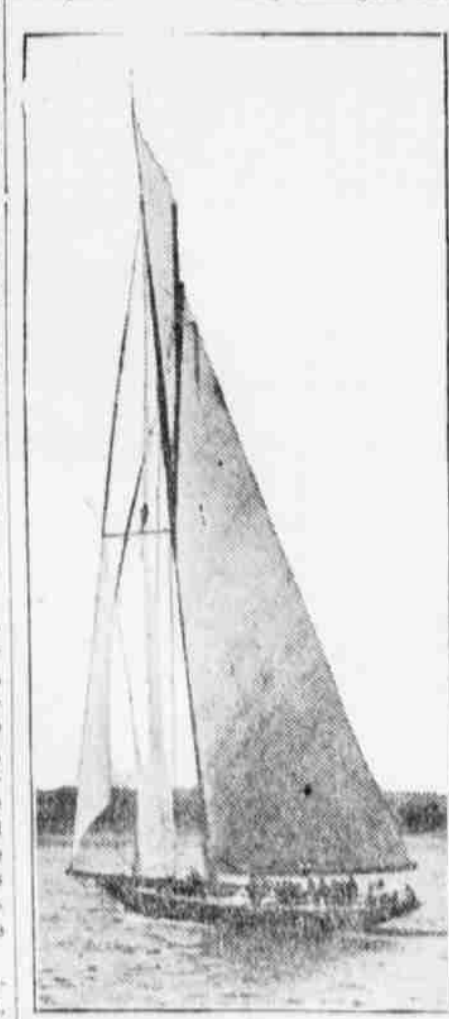
towed by the steam yacht Erin, taking 14 days 20 hours for the trip. In the first race, sailed in October, the Shamrock was beaten by ten minutes eight seconds. In the second race she did not finish; in the third she was defeated by 6 minutes 34 seconds.

Sir Thomas's appetite for that battered silver cup was only whetted the more. He sent his second challenge in October of the next year, 1900. This time the American committee consisted of Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, Vice-Commodore August Belmont, Rear Commodore C. L. E. Robinson, Secretary J. V. S. Oddie, S. Nicholson Kane, C. O. K. Iselin and E. M. Brown. Messrs. Robinson, Oddie, Kane and Brown are now dead.

The Herreshoffs again got the job of building the defender. They constructed the sloop Constitution, the money being supplied by August Belmont, James Stillman, Oliver H. Payne, F. G. Bourne and Henry Walters. Capt. Urias Rhodes called her.

Poor Thomas W. Lawson of Boston built the Independence and wanted a chance to pit her against the Constitution and Columbia in the official trials, but the lordly New York Yacht club decided he was barred because not one of their members.

The Constitution was the victim of an accident like that which had happened to the Columbia off Point Judith the year before. She lost her mast at Newport and was badly damaged. The



The Vanitie.

Columbia was finally selected to defend the cup a second time.

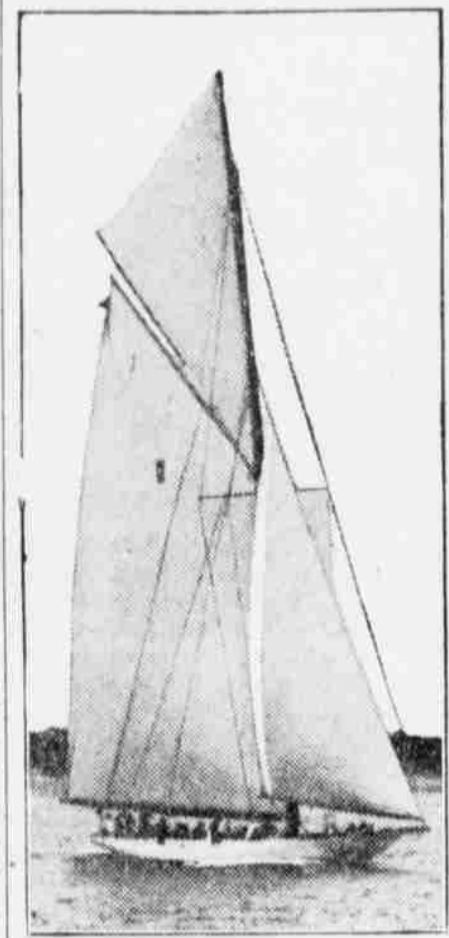
The Shamrock II, which was designed by George L. Watson, came to grief in the Solent May 22, 1901, while King Edward VII was on board. Like the Constitution and the Columbia her tall mast was too much for her in a strong blow and went overboard. But

she was fixed up and towed across the Atlantic, making the trip in 16 days. The challenger was beaten by the Columbia three successive times by 1 minute 29 seconds, 3 minutes 35 seconds and 41 seconds, respectively.

But the next year back was Sir Thomas with a new challenge. He had Watson and Fife jointly design the Shamrock III, which was launched at Dumbarton, Scotland, March 17, 1903, and christened by the same Lady Shaftesbury, who broke the bottle over this year's craft. Captains Wringe and Revis sailed her. The Reliance and the Shamrock III made nine starts in 1903, but only completed three races, all of which were won by the American yacht, the first by 7 minutes 3 seconds and the second by 1 minute and 18 seconds. Shamrock missed the finish line in the fog in the third race and her time was not taken.

Sir Thomas sent over a new challenge in 1907, but nothing came of it save futile jockeying. The Americans would not compete against Sir Thomas' 68 foot rating sloop. The New York Yacht club declared that "the America's cup, held by this club as trustee, under the deed of gift, is a trophy which stands pre-eminently for speed and for the utmost skill in designing, construction, managing and handling the competing vessels and should, therefore, be sailed for by the fastest and most powerful vessels that can be produced."

Still Sir Thomas did not give up. He sent over more offers and after much parleying a race was finally agreed upon for this year. Should Sir Thomas come a cropper with his freak boat this autumn, there is no reason for thinking he will not be right back again, say in 1916 or 1917. He believes in sticking and he does want that cup. The cup is now more than sixty years old. It cost less than \$500 when new and would not be worth one-third



The Resolute.

of that today. The trophy was offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron for a race between boats of all nations. The America won it on August 22, 1851, in a race around the Isle of Wight, off the south coast of England.

It came into the possession of the New York Yacht club in 1887 when it was presented to the club by George L. Schuyler, the then sole surviving owner of the cup.

CAUGHT TURTLE WITH TOE

New Balt Was Successful, But Boy Got a Shock He Will Not Soon Forget.

Centreville, Ala.—A lot of boys in Blount county recently went fishing on a creek, and after baiting their hooks went off to play. They returned shortly and found that one of the poles was gone from its place and was on the opposite side of the creek.

One of the boys stripped off, waded over, caught the pole and pulled, but nothing would come, and, thinking that the line was around a log, made the line taut and placed it between his toes and followed it to the obstruction.

On reaching the bottom something grabbed his big toe and his companions had to come to his assistance. They pulled the boy out and with him came a 35-pound turtle swinging on to the boy's toe. A doctor was summoned and dressed the wound.

HUNTER CLAWED BY EAGLE

Bird Was Huge One and Boldly Attacked Man Who Finally Killed It.

Edmonton, Alberta.—Tom E. Mason, a fur trapper, has come to Edmonton for medical treatment, following a fierce fight with a golden eagle, which clawed and pecked at his face, neck and left shoulder and arm. He killed the bird, which had a spread of wings of eight feet two inches from tip to tip.

"I was attracted to a trap," Mason said, "by a strange noise, and as I got closer I saw a huge golden eagle held by one foot.

"My first thought was to release the bird, not thinking that it would venture an attack; but that is where I was fooled. I was quickly made aware of the fact when I was sprawled upon my back with the eagle and trap on top of me."

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

This Farmer Man Knew Something About Crows

WASHINGTON.—Consider crows:

A farmer man was going along a business street up Georgetown way when, above the clash of traffic, he heard a sound that caused him to look upward. And there on a chimney ledge perched a crow shrilling out his:



"Caw, caw, caw." While the farmer man was craning his neck, another man, in passing, paused to inquire fraternally:

"Pet of yours got away?" The answer went off like an explosion:

"What in thunder do you suppose a farmer wants with a crow except to shoot him? I'm plagued to death every year of my life with the darn things watchin' my corn hills from the fence rails, and the first thing I hear when I get to town is this infernal cawin'. What do you reckon that rascal up yonder means by wasting his time here where there are no crops to rob huh?"

"Oh, we've got a rookery of 40,000 crows near Arlington, and I've watched their goings and comings for forty years. You could time a clock by their movements. Every morning in the early gray they fly down the Potomac to their feeding grounds."

"That's where they get me, blame 'em!" The farmer man made his adjective good and strong—no, not good, just strong!

"Live along the eastern shore?" "No, sir; I'm from old Charles county, God bless her—" "You don't say! I've got relatives down in that section—fine people, too—and at dusk you ought to see those crows come trailing home in a long, black line, high up in the sky, in clear weather and sailing low in storms. Oh, you can't put me against crows, friend. I've watched them too long."

"That's how I got my opinion—by watchin' 'em, with a shot gun. The rascals are so sharp, though, these days, doggone 'em, that it's hard work getting a pop at them. And you can't frighten 'em with scarecrows any more. Blame it, sir, they light on 'em, right before your eyes."

"Caw, caw, caw," shrilled the crow.

Not So Bad as Cynics Would Have Us Believe

A MAN was limping through Lafayette square. It was so early of a Sunday morning that the grounds were empty except for the man and a lone person who was coming down a path toward him, and the same primeval stillness lay over the streets outside, not counting the iconoclastic rattle of passing cars.

The man limped because of a stiff leg that had to be helped out with a cane, and it was a slow limp because, again, his architecture included a bay-window front incompatible with high speed. He carried a newspaper and was lumbering toward a tree-shaded bench, when—

Something in the grass caught his eye. It must have been an important find, for, stiff and stout as he was, he made an elaborate effort to reach down to it—and failed.

Then he straightened up, gave a jiu-jitsu twist to his body and tried to stoop sideways. He failed again.

Nobody wants to be officious, but the lone person who had come along and was about to pass thought it might be a case of dropped specs, or something vital like that, and volunteered first aid.

"Thank you, madam. I would very much like to have one of these white clovers if I might tax your kindness."

The lone person picked exactly one clover from the white powdered grass, and handed it to him. The man accepted it with a bubble of confidence due the occasion.

"These little blooms take me back a half century to the farm that was my home when I was a boy."

The woman smiled appreciative recognition of the sentiment as she passed on; the man lumbered over to his bench and—well, that was really all there was to it except—

When a stiff, stout man, over fifty, can carry about with him enough honest boyhood to prize a clover top for the sake of its associations, the world can't be half so bad as the cynics would have us believe.

Thing That Thrills Some Visitors to the Capital

ONE thing about the small town visitor that thrills is the niceties he preserves in eating. If a confirmed habitue of one of Washington's fashionable restaurants happens to drop a particularly choice bit of meat on the tablecloth he calmly and unhurriedly retrieves it. He is not nervous about it. He is not even nervous if the waiter looks at him reproachfully.

The writer saw one huge, bronzed man with a mighty walrus mustache and an appearance which justified the belief that he could face 15 bad men with guns and not wink an eye. The bad man had ordered a veal cutlet. And one of the best bits of the cutlet escaped the curtain-draped cave that he called his mouth and fell slushily upon the white cloth. The mighty man extended a hamlike hand to pick it up and had almost captured his game when, looking up, he caught the eye of the waiter. His face turned crimson. His colossal hand flapped feebly around, while he pretended to be trying to look at the salt cellar, the sauce—anything. The waiter went toward him icily.

"Anything, sir?" he wanted to know. "N-nothin'," faltered the big man. "I was—" "Salt, sir?" asked the waiter, solicitously.

The big man clutched at the suggestion like a drowning man clutching at a straw. "Ye-es," he stammered. The salt was handed him and he spoiled the remainder of his cutlet with it.

And during the rest of the dreary meal he ate solemnly, sadly, hopelessly, while the waiter stood guard and the fallen piece of meat gleamed wickedly from the tablecloth. Occasionally he would look reproachfully at the waiter. Then he would bow his head mournfully over his food.

This Congressman Comes From a Land of Plenty

"I COME," said Representative Holland of the Norfolk, Va., district—and there was a world of pride in his tones—"I come from that land famed the world over for its good things to eat. A land the fair renown of whose oysters and terrapin and hams is sung throughout the length and breadth of the nation from where"—and Mr. Holland, waxing eloquent, harked back to valedictorian days—"from where the icy waters of the Atlantic beat upon the bleak crags of Maine to where the placid waters of the blue Pacific kiss the golden—"

"It's a fact, sir, a fact," concluded Mr. Holland, when reminded that these stories must be limited to 400 words. "I'm right about it; dead right!" And Mr. Holland is right about it; dead right. Just listen to this luscious litany of the succulent, savory things hailing from the district that calls him representative—a litany he chants with reverent ecstasy.

Lynhaven oysters, canvas-back duck, diamond-back terrapin, Crisfield crabs, Norfolk spots, Chesapeake shad, sora, reedbirds, Smithfield hams, March strawberries, April green peas—

Here, waiter, quick! What's tariffs to terrapin, or currency bills to canvas-backs! And don't forget the peanut!



Advertisement for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, featuring the text 'A REAL DUTY' and 'It tones, strengthens, invigorates the digestive organs, the liver and bowels and thus promotes good health.'

RECOGNIZED WORK OF ARTIST

Negro Quick to Hand Out What Might Be Called Important Piece of Misinformation.

Charles R. Knight, the artist, whose reproductions of dinosaurs and creatures of long ago are known the world over, prefers, however, to be known as a painter and sculptor of modern animals. He has worked from the living model as much as possible, and this has taken him to the zoos in many cities. He was telling his experiences at the zoo in Washington.

"One afternoon an important looking negro came along with his best girl," he said. "They stopped for a minute and looked at the sketch I was making of a deer.

"'Yer know what he am doin', don't yer?' asked the negro of his companion.

"'Mebbe,' answered the woman. 'Does yoh?'

"'Shoh. He's making a landscape ob one er dem habitats. Dere's moh habitats in dis zoo than anywhere else in der United States.'"

Valuable Information. A happy couple were on their way to Scotland. They had to change trains at Carlisle, and an obliging porter, while struggling with the luggage, noticed that the young lady's hair was dotted with rice. He approached the young man and, pulling a folded paper from his pocket, said:

"A present for you, sir, with the company's compliments."

"Indeed," said the traveler, "what is it?"

"A railway map, sir."

"Oh, thank you, but what are these marks in blue pencil?"

"That's the beauty of it, sir; those marks show just where the tunnels are and their length."—London Tit-Bits.

Lowest Bidder. "I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter," announced the young man.

"Have a chair," said her father, kindly. "I presume you have made an estimate of what it will cost to keep my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I have, sir."

"And your figures?"

"Ten thousand dollars a year."

"I'm sorry, my boy," said the older man, "but I cannot afford to throw away \$2,000 a year. Another suitor has figured he can do it for \$8,000."

Lots of colors don't harmonize. For instance, red liquor shouldn't be used for the blues.

When a girl is a belle she naturally wants to be toiled so.

Advertisement for Post Toasties, featuring the text 'Grandmother Didn't Know' and 'A good cook? Certainly, but she couldn't have cooked the Indian Corn, rolled and toasted it to a crisp brown, wafer thin flakes, as we do in preparing Post Toasties.'