THOMAS LIPTON, BOY AND MAN

Story of the Career of the Shamrock's Owner---A Lad Who Had a Dream Which He Never For a Moment Forgot---Its Full Realization.

ALL America is standing on tiptoe. From the busy offices of Wall street, New York, to the crowded wharfs of Seattle, from the lumber camps of northern Michigan to the Mexican border line, every good American is looking anxiously toward Sandy Hook, waiting for the first view of the great international yacht race.

Which will it be? Will it be the stanch Columbia, the flower of the fleet, or the fast Shamrock, the pride of the Emerald Isle and the old world? Will the cup of the old America, which Uncle Sam has held so long, remain with us, or will it be carried triumphantly back to England by Sir Thomas Lipton and his Clyde built racer?

Such questions only time can answer. Today everything stands in doubt. The early confidence of the American partisans who once grew enthusiastic over the beautiful lines and the airy lightness of the Columbia has been somewhat shaken since the ungainly looking Shamrock has been fluttering up and down the Jersey coast like a frightened gull after her astounding dash across the Atlantic. Splendid as are the lines and the sailing qualities of the Columbia, there has been a feeling of vague uneasiness since the Irish racer has stretched her canvas in American waters. "A dark horse," say old sea dogs sagely, with a wise wag of weather beaten heads, "a dark horse, an mighty mouth lookin'."

But the interest will not all be on one side. While the Montana cowboy and the Michigan lumberman are waiting for the first word from New York, the Prince of Wales will probably be pacing anxiously up and down the velvet piled carpets of Buckingham palace watching for the first word of the race to flash across the wide Atlantic. While the crowded excursion steamers of New York harbor are churning and panting after the race, while crowds of sailors across the emperor of Germany will be unconsciously pulling his imperial moustaches and wondering how his sailors, who were sent over to help man the Irish racer, have done their work. In faroff Ceylon 1,000 half naked men and women awaiting among the vast Kandyan tea plantations for their green white master will pass around the word that their great white lords and the white men of the new world are making strange trials of speed with little ships that are all sail and no body. And as the fragrant tales of tea are picked and packed some rapers will be slyly put up in wagers against the ship of the new world. And when the last race is lost and won and the news has gone everything on a thousand singing wires all about the world, and while cables are being pounded out to the scorched Madras and nowhere are crying the news to the frost bound air of Edinburgh, there will either be tears in the eyes of Uncle Sam or gentlemanly to leave New York city.

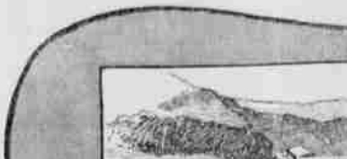
For never before in the history of the world has a boat race attracted greater attention. The great machinery of states and kingdoms will stop, the wheels of commerce will slacken and when it is all over a few million people will say "I told you so!"

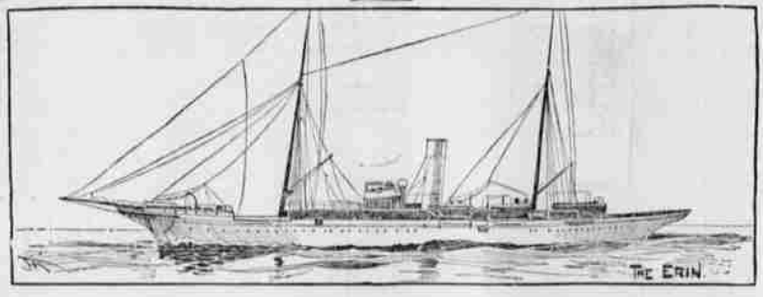
In the meantime for Thomas Johnstone Lipton, the third owner of the Shamrock, finds himself the cynosure of all eyes. He is the man who is talked about and wondered at in two hemispheres. And with Sir Thomas there is much to talk about. He has been a strange history. In that history there is a key to the present situation.

Sir Thomas is a man of strong principle. He drinks and always has drunk pure water.

He likes to have a public shock as his ancestors, who were weaving and spinning and selling linen. Each one of them labors for Thomas Lipton.

Four hundred and twenty thousand business houses spread in Great Britain alone, each one bearing the name of Thomas Lipton, in Chicago and Omaha he employs thousands and could employ the entire British army with meat. As he ramble on Mile street and a far greater number of stocks scattered throughout the remotest regions of the earth. When the Princess of Wales finds her jubilee dinner fund falling through this man takes out his checkbook and writes on it a check for $25,000 to go toward finding the poor of London, he is knighted by his sovereign as a reward for his generosity. He owns a hundred large and 1,000 small yachts, a certain palace, a castle, he travels in special trains, he gives half a million to Bohol cotton





their abusive tales, and he often will to himself that when he was too to was going to win great plays and could remain at home and be happy in the world. But most of all he liked to see the people that went up and down the Clyde and said that some day he should like to ask the tall and perhaps right in the world. Even when he became a messenger boy in a company stationery boxes he often used to steal away to the docks and watch the ships being go in and out and the dirty shipping that crowded the river front.

"When I am big," the messenger boy would say, "I mean to be a rich man I mean to say. I want to a rich man. I am going to have a yacht of my own, it will be the fastest yacht that was ever seen."

Then the messenger boy would start out on his rounds through the great grimy Scotch city. But he did not forget his dream. He did not forget his promise. He did not forget his promise to win great plays and could remain at home and be happy in the world. But most of all he liked to see the yachts that went up and down the Clyde and said that some day he should like to ask the tall and perhaps right in the world. Even when he became a messenger boy in a company stationery boxes he often used to steal away to the docks and watch the ships being go in and out and the dirty shipping that crowded the river front.

"When I am big," the messenger boy would say, "I mean to be a rich man I mean to say. I want to a rich man. I am going to have a yacht of my own, it will be the fastest yacht that was ever seen."

Then the messenger boy would start out on his rounds through the great grimy Scotch city. But he