

Cost of Racing for the Cup.

Lipton's Bill This Trip Will Be Nearly Five Hundred Thousand Dollars.

(New York Spec.)

When the figures that refer to money get to be big figures the popular tendency is to exaggerate and make them bigger. This applies to the cost of yacht racing as well as to other things.

As to how much money Sir Thomas Lipton is spending in his effort this year to win the America's Cup, it has been said repeatedly, and the statement went without challenge, that this last cup hunting expedition would cost the dasher five hundred thousand dollars.

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ably \$7,000 would be a conservative estimate of the cost of entertaining his friends during his stay here. His expenses for the race, then, may be tabulated, approximately, as follows:

Without—the covering form and pallid face. Without—the soft repose and placid grace. Without—the anguish and the biting pain.

Without—the embittered, sullen, savage soul. Without—the heart that seemingly is whole. Without—Within.

Without—clashed hands and storm-disheveled hair. Without—those lolling, knowing no despair. Without—the stifling sob and freezing tears.

Without—the smile that languid beauty wears. Without—the glory it may chance to be. Without—the shame, but what is that to me. Without—Within.

Without—I see you ever beckoning light. Without—I cannot see my desperate plight. Without—I curse you in my helpless rage. Without—I bitterly turn o'er your page. Without—I count you as an enemy. Without—Ye care not what my jealousy. Without—Within.

Without—'tis true I am the bitter man. Without—I weaken, come beneath the ban. Without—reward awaits for duty done. Without—the laurels for my glory won. Without—my salvation made secure. Without—and heaven has closed to me its doors. Without—Within.

We do not like to think of any poet that he is insincere, but a poem only three pages long seems hardly to be in keeping with it. In life each man has his own quaint device. Each builds an altar, worships at its shrine.

The gods of others, I like better, droves of swine. The gods of some, I know, droves of kine. Each hath his folly, as I, too, have mine. With a book, a woman and a glass of wine.

Given this only, but a day that's fine. My favorite spot of overshadowing pine Where creeping plants, round fallen trunks entwined. That I may make my couch of flower-leafed grass. And there in blissful laziness I would recline.

On love alone I fancy we could dine. If eyes should sparkle, kiss away the line. And though our hearts be sad, let faces be benign. And man of his misfortune should not repine.

No man at Fate has any right to whine. Who has his book, his woman and his glass of wine. Unto oblivion all else I would assign. Let's meaner joys be thine. And though some think this course would not refine. Holding to other things they call divine. For this world's ideal draw the line. At a book, a woman and a glass of wine.

We find the following in a poem entitled "The Unkissed," and we may say in regard to it that we have seen it in the past. What a funny little futter! What a funny little mutter— Rather funny little squitter. Makes the Unkissed. Like a maiden in a dream. Though she is not a scream— Nay! but rather it would seem I may do whatever I deem With the Unkissed.

OUTLAW LYRICS.

In "Outlaw Lyrics," by Gilbert Beazler (Pelletier's Printer, 36 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal), we find the following poem of contrast and cheering confidence.

Without—the wind and ever drifting snow. Without—the sickness and the hearth's bright glow. Without—the nakedness and misery. Without—the robes of sensual luxury. Without—Within.

Without—the covering form and pallid face. Without—the soft repose and placid grace. Without—the anguish and the biting pain. Without—the idle dream, dreamed o'er again. Without—the embittered, sullen, savage soul. Without—the heart that seemingly is whole. Without—Within.

Without—clashed hands and storm-disheveled hair. Without—those lolling, knowing no despair. Without—the stifling sob and freezing tears. Without—the smile that languid beauty wears. Without—the glory it may chance to be. Without—the shame, but what is that to me. Without—Within.

Without—I see you ever beckoning light. Without—I cannot see my desperate plight. Without—I curse you in my helpless rage. Without—I bitterly turn o'er your page. Without—I count you as an enemy. Without—Ye care not what my jealousy. Without—Within.

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