

PERSONAL MENTION

Fred Payne, of Ashland, arrived yesterday to spend his vacation in Klamath county. He is a student at the University of Oregon.

Miss Lucile Marshall, who taught English in the high school here for four years, but who is teaching in Seattle now, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hosking today from her home in Medford. She will leave for Chiloquin this evening where she will spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Bowman.

Miss Harriet Pasmore visited Crater lake yesterday with her father, H. B. Pasmore. Miss Pasmore left this morning for her home in San Francisco. Her father is to follow her tomorrow. They have been guests of Mrs. Don J. Zumwalt during their stay here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Siemens, accompanied by Mrs. Charles Low and Miss Josie Low, will spend the week end at their summer home near Rocky Point.

Mrs. S. E. Martin and daughters, Vera and Dorothea, are spending two or three weeks at Rocky Point. Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Gaddes, of Eagle Ridge, are hosts to Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Thomas of Vancouver, British Columbia, who are spending three weeks at the Ridge. Dr. and Mrs. Gaddes and family spent yesterday in town on a shopping tour.

E. M. Bubb is in town today from Merrill looking after matters of business.

William Bray returned last night from San Francisco where he attended the Democratic convention.

William Steel, former superintendent of Crater Lake park, is in town today.

D. P. Doak, San Francisco construction and steel magnate, who has a big ranch on the Upper Klamath lake near Odeasa, was in town yesterday.

R. A. Alford accompanied by his son, Bert, and wife and Mrs. L. F. Willis, returned yesterday afternoon from Rogue River valley.

A. E. Gale, who has a ranch in Langell valley, was in town this morning on business.

Mrs. Lee Thomas, of Stockton, California, arrived last night for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Roberts.

A. Ralo and W. Lavi left this morning for a business trip to Portland.

Mrs. L. E. Clugston, of Olene, Oregon, was a passenger on the morning train for the Rogue River valley where she will make her home.

Mrs. L. V. Brannon left this morning for an indefinite visit in Chico, California.

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Mrs. H. Jackson, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. O. McKinnel, of this city, returned to her home in Portland on the morning train.

Miss Maud Nyquist, who has been visiting relatives and friends in Merrill, Oregon, returned this morning to her home in Portland.

Mrs. W. Worden has been visiting her mother in Shippington for the past week and returned to her home in Midland, Oregon, this morning.

Mrs. H. V. Meade and son, Nathan, and daughter, Marjorie, left this morning for Modesto, California, where they will make their home. They came here three days ago from Portland and spent that time visiting friends in this city.

A. Dennison, who has been here on business for the past two days, left this morning for his home in Dorris, California. Mr. Dennison has opened a cafe in Dorris.

Mrs. Maggie Wyant, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charley Latta, for the last seven weeks, left this morning to visit another daughter in Payette, Idaho.

Mrs. Margaret Yaster, who has been visiting in Poe Valley, left on the morning train for her home in Ashland.

E. C. Roberts, of Davenport, Iowa, who has been visiting here with Mr. Miner, and also looking after business matters left this morning for southern California points.

J. P. Lee, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Will Lee arrived home last night from San Francisco where they have been in attendance at the Democratic convention.

Mrs. Amelia Whitlock left this morning for Portland and Willamette valley points. She plans to be gone for the rest of the summer.

J. W. Burgess and wife, of Stockton, are visiting Mr. Burgess' aunt, Mrs. F. C. De Chaine.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES
AT OPERA HOUSE TOMORROW

Remodeling the hall on Fourth street, used up to this time as a meeting place of the Christian Science society, but which will be occupied by the express company when renovation is completed, has so torn up the hall that it will be impossible to hold Christian Science services there tomorrow, it was announced today.

Services will therefore be held at the usual hour, 11 o'clock a. m., at Houston's opera house, tomorrow. A permanent meeting place is being sought and will be announced, when it is decided upon.

CAR SHORTAGE THREATENS
CLOSE OF STEEL PLANTS

WASHINGTON, July 10.—Suspension of work at many steel plants, throwing thousands out of employment, is threatened because of car shortage, the Interstate Commerce Commission was told today by J. T. Townsend, representing over a score of steel manufacturers of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

In Mexico and Siam judge, jury and lawyers all smoke in court, if they wish it, while a case is being heard. Even the prisoner is not deprived of his cigarette or cigar.

LIPTON NAVY
IS FORMIDABLE
PRIVATE FLEET

NEW YORK, July 10.—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 yachtsmen'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 have to go through a period of training as long as that of any football team and a thousand times 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 yachtsman lives, 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 dingys 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 changes there, smoothing out a ripple in a club-top sail which to the landlubber 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 races alone.

At 8 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 commodore 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 larger receives a blow which 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, befeathered 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 Cowles 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 natty 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 yachtsman, impressed, compressed 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-top sails set, awaiting arrival of their master, look as alike as two peas to the landsman. And the vegetarian simile is carried out by the hulls, both painted a lively Irish 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.

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