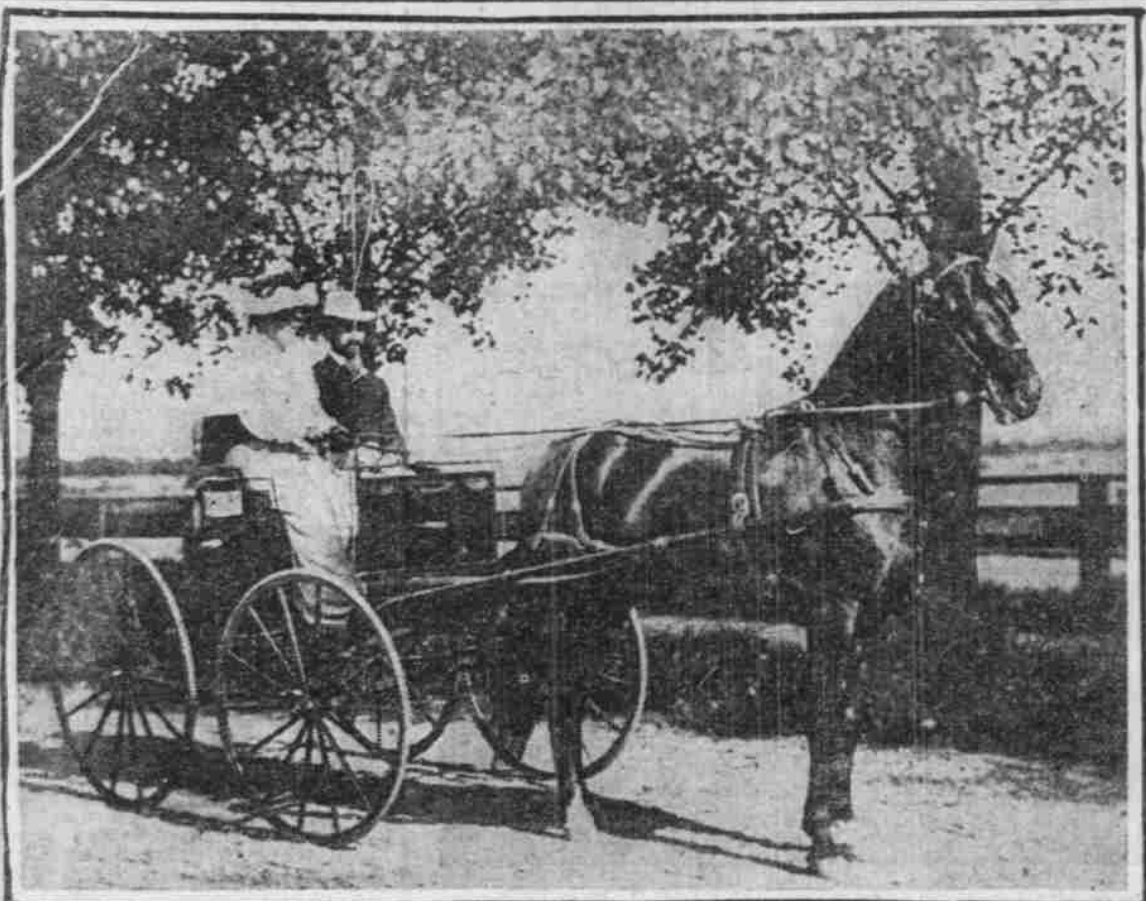




SNAP SHOTS TAKEN AT THE HUNT CLUB MEET

WHAT THE CLUB HAS DONE TO PROMOTE
THE GREATEST OF OUTDOOR ENJOYMENTS



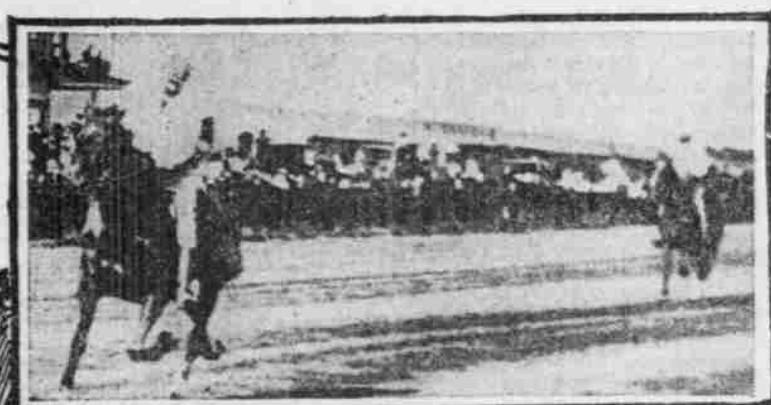
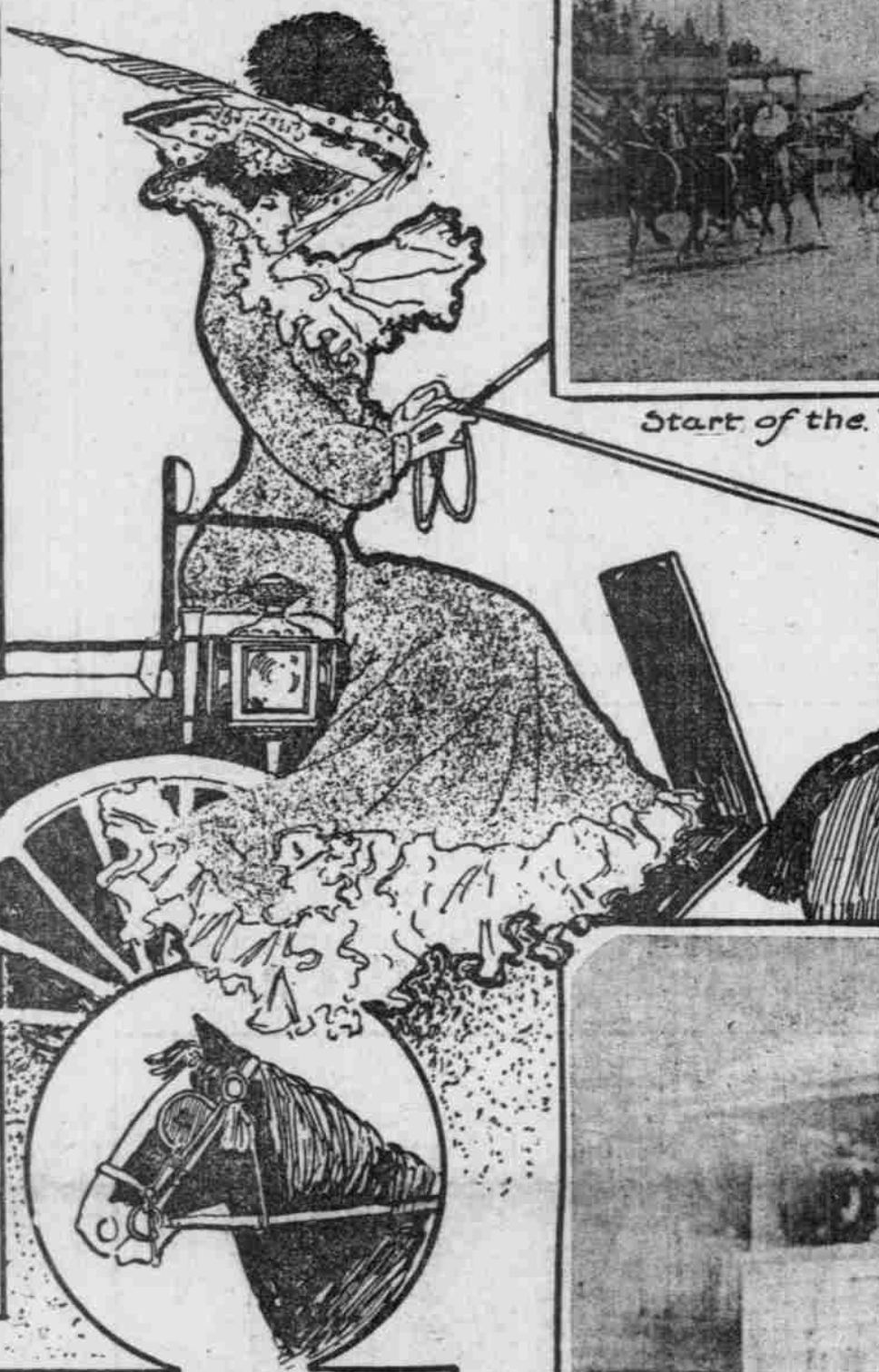
MRS. DOWNING'S TURNOUT, OFF THE TRACK.



Start of the Tandem Trot.



CRONIN & CHASE at Finish of Tandem Trot.



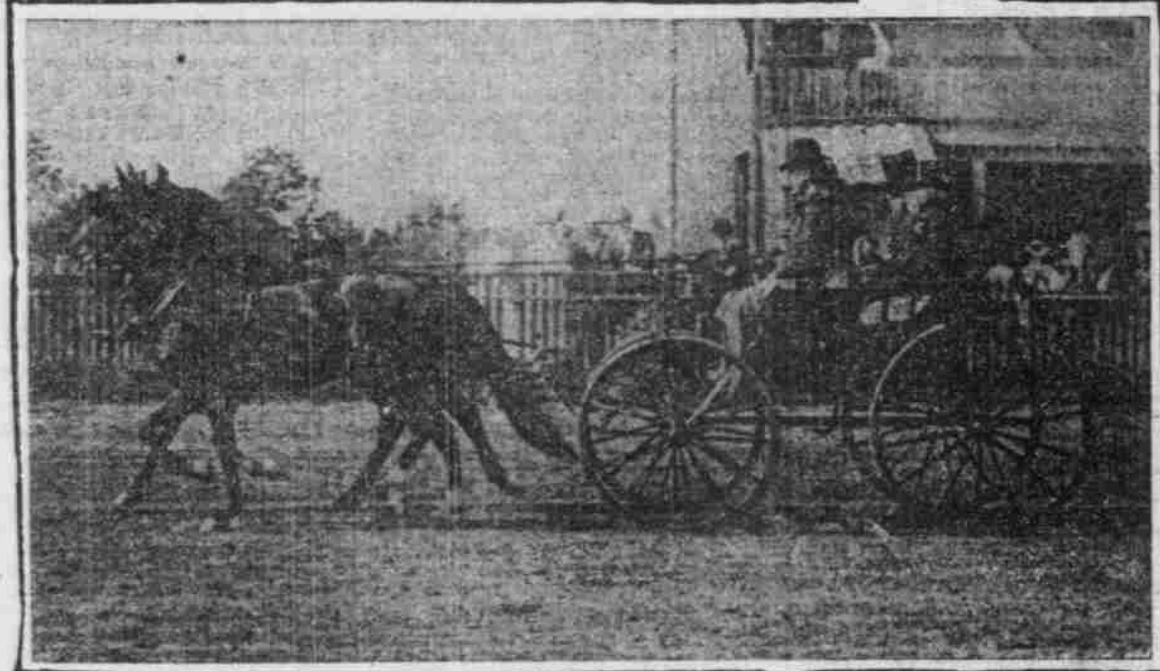
Finish of Single Trot.

ONE of the most delightful and healthful pastimes in this part of the country is the series of meets of the Portland Hunt Club, and whether intelligent horses and fair riders rendezvous at Park and Burnside streets or under a spreading, waving tree in some pretty East Side lane, one scarcely knows what to admire the most—the clever-looking, highly-trained horses, which move when you nod or speak to them, or the skillful riders, who seem to control them so easily. A toot-toot-toot and away to green fields and the music of wild birds, walk the horse folks. Then you do not see them until the evening, when they return to town, a little tired with their exercise, but happy.

The Portland Hunt Club now numbers about 300 members, and the man responsible for much of the success of the venture is President H. C. Campbell. The secretary is C. B. Williams, and treasurer, F. O. Downing. A great deal of the hard work in training both horses and riders is done by the ringmaster of the Portland Riding Academy, James Nicol, who is one of the most patient and careful men who ever adjusted a stirrup iron. "Green" members of the Hunt Club are taken in hand in a brotherly sort of way at the riding academy, and the horse commences to walk in a spot where there is the thickest lot of sawdust. Many good horsemen who are now shining stars in the Hunt Club firmament remember, and not so very long ago, what was really their first riding lesson. At the outset of the experiment one really wondered how one could possibly remain on a horse's back when the horse moved. Then came the intricacies of trotting, style in riding, and correct position. But the wild joy, the pulsating sensations of the first gallop, on Fiestas the docile and the wise. Then came the crowning experience of the budding horseman—a jump over the hurdles in the ring. That is the manner in which many members of the Portland Hunt Club have been trained in this city. Of course, other members were able to ride horseback when they joined the club.

A good example of the work done by the Hunt Club was seen on the Irvington racetrack Saturday afternoon of last week. About 50 members rode over from the city, and the procession was an interesting one. Not one horse was what is known as "bad." They were on exhibition, and seemed to know that their very best behavior was looked for. It was a perfect Summer day, and there was just a gentle, cooling breeze blowing from the southwest, acting as a tonic to nervous horses who did not understand what it all meant when they were guided into the ring, under the scrutiny of about 2500 pair of kindly eyes. Twenty mounted members of the club were there—Misses Morrison, Lawrence, Shogren, Almsworth, Wren, Burns, Gilliland, Rockwell and Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Buffum, and Messrs. Campbell, Strain, Selby, Harridan, Jenkins, Cronin, Chase, Miller, Willis and Patterson. It was like a little procession of cavalry. The band played a tuneful waltz, and the horses stepped out at a smart walk, two by two.

James Nicol, the ringmaster, rode in the center, mounted on his black mare, Gypsy Queen, and at the word of command all the horses began to trot, in unison. Various evolutions were gone through in "twos" and "fours," but the prettiest of all came when the order was given "Head to head," and two squadrons raced at each other, and stopped with precision a yard away from the horses opposite. Away they went again, this time in single file, and if ever horses showed they understood orders, in an intelligent way, those horses did



Mrs. CORMICK'S TURNOUT. Judge Geo. H. Williams, Mayor Rowe & H. C. Campbell.



THE THOMPSONS, Winners of the Double Trap.

then. From a rapidly moving circle, the horses at last stood in a long line, and the alignment was so good that there was not one equine nose missing. No wonder the grandstand broke into delighted applause. All the world loves a horse.

In the one-mile running race, the display of horsemanship was a good one, and all the rovers seemed to strain every nerve to beat each other. "Rosebud's Only" was a little fractious at first, and began to dance sidesteps, but she soon steadied down, and looked so wiry that some of the wise ones picked her out as a possible winner. But Marengo made the mile in 1:09.4. This favorably compares with Brigadier's world record, when he

ran a mile on a circular track at Sheephead Bay, N. Y., June 22, 1901, in 1:37 4-5. The tandem trot, one mile, was really an interesting performance. Captain S. and Dexter, driven by James Nicol, started at a great pace, but could not keep it up, and the ribbon was won by Flora and Dancing Girl.

The greatest show piece was the trap-show, and when little 'cute blinking Doty, owned and driven by Anita Burns, stepped in front of the grandstand, there were delighted smiles from all the children present. Doty is a favorite. There was harder work before the judges, however, when the prizes for the single traps were tried for. Mrs. F. O. Downing, driving

Ben Wilks, was clearly a favorite, and as she drove past she was greeted with a roar of applause. Finally, the second and third prizes were awarded to Mrs. Pechelmer and T. T. Strain. The liveliest work began in judging the double traps, and quite an ovation was tendered Mayor-elect Williams, when he drove up attended by Mayor Rowe, L. C. McCormack and H. C. Campbell. E. L. Thompson, in winning the first prize, had a splendid turn-out.

Of course, the most exciting event was the hurdle race of two miles over eight hurdles, and at the start Strenuous Ted, ridden by E. M. Lazarus, was a strong favorite, and the prediction was freely

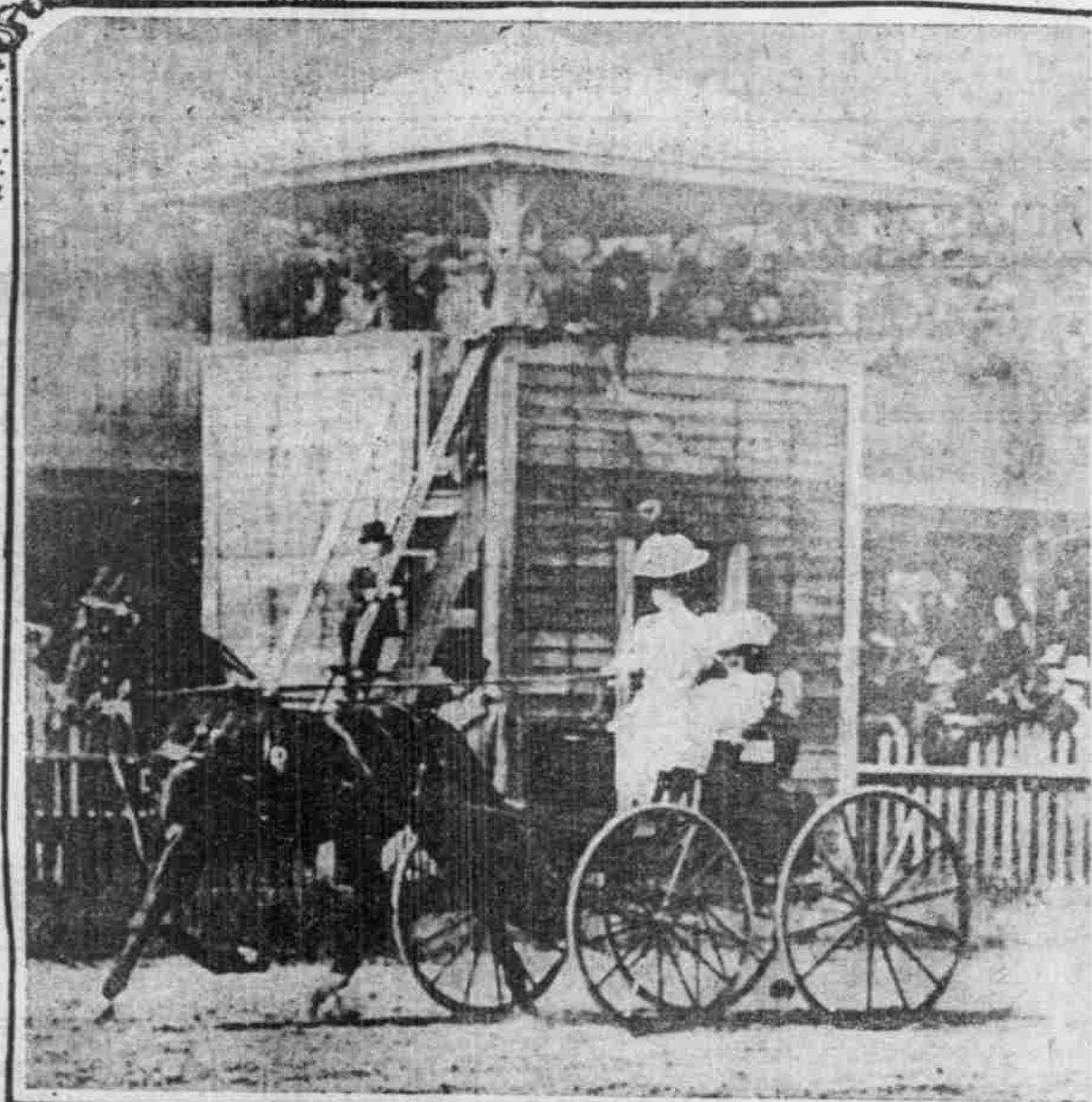
made that he would win. On the last stretch, Strenuous Ted and Banner raced neck and neck, with Rockefeller seemingly third. Imagine then the riotous delight, when Rockefeller suddenly passed the leaders near the goal post, and beat them by a nose. Mr. Leadbetter was warmly congratulated. The hurdle race probably gave the best exhibition of the club members' riding skill; it called for good horsemanship, coolness of head, and strength in emergency. The time was 4:28 3-4, for the two miles; the world's record for one mile being 1:50, made by Swannano, at Brighton Beach, N. Y., June 16, 1881.

Both for driving and horsemanship the

result was creditable to the Portland Hunt Club. They had many friends, as financial results and kind words showed. Very few riding clubs have such a shining record of good fellowship and successful work. It is only 13 months since the club was organized among the members of the Portland Riding Academy, and in the first paper chase the horses were Mrs. Buffum, Miss Burns and James Nicol. The pretty, graceful exhibition of what the club did June 7, with the exception of the hurdle races, was a quiet event compared with what takes place in the paper chases. When a couple of lively "horses" set out to distribute pieces of paper to lay the scent for the pursuing

horses, a lively time takes place, in which some of the jumps are good ones. But the pace set is never impossible or too fast for those who are following, and, although the leader may be a star rider, it has been noticed he never deliberately leads his fellow-members into danger. There have been few accidents in the Hunt Club meets, due to the care with which they are conducted and the temper of the horses selected.

Timid people usually hesitate to ride horseback, and speak of the liability to accident and broken bones and broken tempers. Yes; but are there not accidents in all kinds of field sport? People must get exercise some way.



Mrs. F. O. DOWNING who won first Prize.



Mr. & Mrs. H. C. Breeden.