

QUEER PEOPLE WHO FOLLOW THE RACES

Strange and Picturesque Life at Irvington Track—How the Racing Game Fascinates—Curious Pranks of Horses.

THE races have been going on in Portland for two weeks, yet it is safe to say that not half the people who have seen the thoroughbreds at Irvington realize that within the enclosure there is a small-sized city. It is a mixed population that is come to Portland with the races. There are men so old new, not only in years, but in the racing game, that they have almost forgotten the time when they lisped a prayer on their mother's knees, men born on a racetrack, boys who are "farmed" out to trainers and owners, boys who by natural inclination have sought the racing business because of the excitement, and boys that have run away from home. There are women, too, who make up the population of the racetrack. Some of them are owners, but for the most part wives of trainers and of "swipes" who help to earn a living by boarding the helpers from the various stables near at hand.

A glance at these people would lead the average visitor to believe that they are a rough set, crude and uncouth, and without education. It is true that many of them are tough, but, for the most part, they are well-behaved folk, happy in their calling and teeming with a fund of knowledge about men and things and places they have visited in their travels from racetrack to racetrack. They are as keen in their judgment of human nature as they are in their judgment of horse flesh; but, being human, they are prone to mistakes. If they make a friend, either man or beast, they will cling to him to the end. There is something pathetic about the way they will cling to a horse that time after time turns them down. In nine out of ten stables there can always be found one or more horses that are not worth their salt and fodder. Yet horsemen will stick to their favored beast, spending countless wearisome hours in preparing him for a race, and then when the barrier is sprung and the field is away, they may see their horse slip back, still back, until he is absolutely last.

This man whose life is lived on a race track does not discard the mitt that falls him; instead he offers excuses. May be he will swear round and horrible oaths when he refers to the boy who rode. If he does not blame the boy, the horse is "short" or the track is bad, but it is rarely the fault of the horse. This is a sample of his loyalty, and, year in and year out, he will keep his faithless equine, feed him, fondle him and even deny himself the necessities of life in order that he might have a fresh straw bed to rest his worthless bones on, and oats and hay to eat.

This is the sordid side of the racing game; the other side represents the successful trainer and owner. Sometimes they live with their horses at the track. If he is a good trainer, he will never leave his stable over night. With the successful owner, it is different. He, if he has a string of horses that are often in the money, will live at one of the first-class hotels, leaving the care of his racers to a high-salaried trainer. The owner who can enjoy this kind of luxury, however, is always an early caller at the track and he watches the work-outs of his horses, and knows as well as the trainer what his horses will do when they start.

It is impossible to keep the touts out of the racing game, yet their days are numbered. Since racing was taken up by the Kennes, the Belmonts and the Whitneys, the atmosphere of the sport has been cleaned. Rowdy trainers, helpers and owners have been receiving no quarter. They have been driven from the tracks in the East and into small racing circuits, and it will not be long before they will be driven out of the racing game altogether. There are a few of the old tough racehorse followers at Irvington, but they are shunned, for the social line is drawn as close among the racetrack folk as it is in the best of society.

they start anything. From the manner of speech and dress, the casual visitor, should he journey to Irvington early in the morning, could hardly tell the owners from the trainers, or the "swipes" from the exercise boys. Life begins there before the peep of dawn, and often, if a horse has gone wrong after a race, it is continued through into the night. Just at present it is a great sight, say from 5:30 in the morning until 10 o'clock. At this time the horses are going through their jogs, gallops and dressings. Sometimes there are as many as 50 thoroughbreds walking, jogging, galloping and speeding on the track at once. This is the sight that attracts the rail birds. They string themselves along the top rail of the fence, talk horse and swap yarns on this and that "great" racehorse and the race they saw him run. Comments of disgust and praise freely mixed with profanity are the order to the rail bird's talk, and he gossips away, but, all the time, if a horse is being worked, the timer in his hand is ever busy clicking off the seconds which the horse is reeling off, and, when he goes to the post, the rail birds know just how well the horse has worked. He also knows when he sees the entries just how good each horse is, or thinks he does, and he lays his bets accordingly, and as often as he does he loses. That is why they never have more than one suit of clothes and dimes instead of dollars in their pockets.



WATCHING THE HORSES COME INTO THE STRETCH.



STAY-AT-HOMES AT NATIONAL CAPITAL

Mrs. Roosevelt's Summer Visit to White House Enlivens Washington Society.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—(Special correspondence.)—Mrs. Roosevelt's summer visit to the White House enlivened things greatly notwithstanding the large number of boarded-up houses which signify that many residents of the fashionable West End are seeking recreation in places remote from the Nation's Capital.

Nearly every afternoon during her stay in Washington Mrs. Roosevelt entertained friends at 5 o'clock tea on the south portico, where they were frequently joined by the President and his aides.

Later, a few intimates would "drop in" to dinner after a pleasant horseback ride or a game of tennis on the new White House courts.

Fairbanks home into a Vice-Presidential residence. As Mrs. "President-General" at home to the whole N. S. D. A. R. in a single afternoon she proved herself possessed of unflinching patience and a happy disregard of details that would worry another woman to death, while the effort only left her ready for a dinner party or a busy evening with the gavel in the D. A. R. Congress.

The formal announcement of the marriage of United States Senator William A. Clark, the multi-millionaire from Montana, to his ward, Miss Anna E. Chappelle, was a complete surprise to their Washington friends.

Another wedding in which much interest centers is that of Miss Mary Custis Lee Carter to Mr. Robert Halsey Patchin. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. S. Dunlap, of St. John's Episcopal Church, the bride wearing the conventional white.

It was he who led the cotton with Miss Roosevelt on the occasion of her debut ball in the East Room of the White House a few years ago. And he has continued to dance attendance to her ever since, when not engaged in escorting his father.

Much local interest centers in the Davis-Elkins rivalry in obtaining the expression of affection from West Virginia at the coming election, as both father and son-in-law have been closely identified with Washington social and political life for a generation of years.

Mrs. Elkins, whose position as daughter of the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee and wife of one of the staunchest Roosevelt supporters, is so unique, has been a successful hostess in Cabinet and Senatorial circles as well as always a welcome guest in the homes of the diplomatic corps.

Mrs. Arthur Lee, the ex-Senator's younger daughter, with whom he has lived since the death of his wife, made a flying trip to Washington this week. While here she and Mr. Lee were the guests of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Phillips. Their bright little daughters were left with relatives in West Virginia, a fact which hastened their return.

The regular monthly meeting of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held on Wednesday. Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks presided, having come to the city on purpose to be present at the meeting and to attend to some matters pertaining to the new Memorial Hall the Daughters are building in Old Van Ness Manor.

Her father, Mr. George Carter, of Washington and Leesburg, Va., was a cousin of the late General Robert E. Lee. Among those present at the wedding were: United States District Attorney and Mrs. Morgan Beach, brother-in-law and sister of the bride; Mrs. C. H. Patchin, of Des Moines, Ia., the bridegroom's mother, and Ira Halsey Patchin, his brother, and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Department, Robert B. Armstrong.

Major Charles McCawley, President Roosevelt's chief military aide for all so-

cial functions, has forsaken the capital for Bar Harbor. Mr. McCawley is a great favorite in the younger set, which is led by Miss Alice Roosevelt, Countess Cassini, the Russian Ambassador's daughter, the Misses Warder, Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, and Hon. Butler Ames, of Massachusetts.

She returned to Oyster Bay on Friday, just four days before the famous Ignorote chiefs of the Philippines called upon the President. And even if

he had been here it may be doubted whether she would have felt it necessary to give them the right hand of fellowship and bid them sine at the White House—royalty though they are said to be.

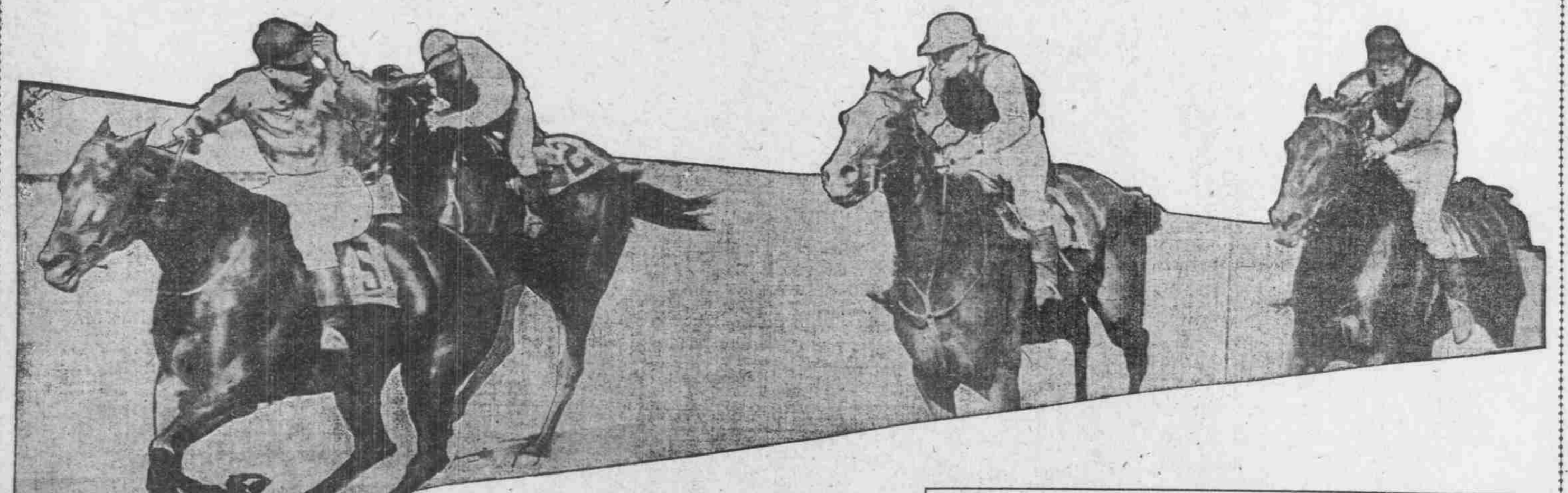
the serious illness of Lieutenant Timmons, the young husband of their only daughter, were intermingled with words of congratulation over the Senator's apparent popularity in his party.

If the fates so decree, it will be an easy matter for his wife to turn the

things removed from his last house after it was purchased from him by the Federal Government.

It was he who led the cotton with Miss Roosevelt on the occasion of her debut ball in the East Room of the White House a few years ago. And he has continued to dance attendance to her ever since, when not engaged in escorting his father.

General Grant shows few signs of advancing years, and is strikingly like pictures of his illustrious father taken about the time of the first battle of Bull Run. Seeing him in the lobby of the hotel, a few days ago, recalled the last time I met his mother. It was at her home on Q street during the Spanish-American War. Some one asked where her son was, and with a look worthy of a Spartan mother replied: "Fred, my Fred! Why at the front, of course. He has been in the Philippines for a long time, and will stay as long as he is needed."



A WHIPPING FINISH AT IRVINGTON TRACK

BISSELL PHOTO