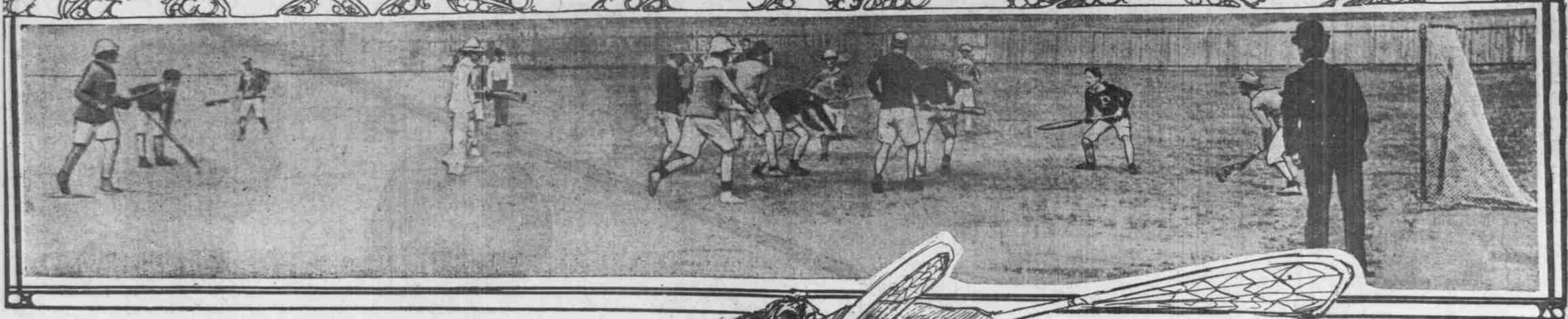


LACROSSE MAKES RAPID HEADWAY

NEW SPORT BECOMES INCREASINGLY POPULAR IN PORTLAND



It has been well said that one watching a game of lacrosse is constantly reminded, if pictures and tradition are to be believed, of a graceful game in ancient Greece. There is the same breathless, tense Greek statury air, as the lacrosse-players stand at attention, waiting at the face-off for the sound of the referee's whistle as a signal that they can commence play. Foot-foot-foot, and the lightly-clad athletes suddenly leave statue-land and come to life, running at high speed, waving their lacrosse sticks in their hands as if to mow down some enemy. There is body-checking, quick eye and footwork, plenty of hard knocks, dodging, combination play, advice roared from the bleachers to some favorite player as he rushes along with the ball in the netting of his lacrosse stick, and the roar of applause as he scores a goal.

Since the Portland Lacrosse Club was organized about three months ago, it has worked so hard to lift the sport into a high plane that it has nearly made lacrosse a household word here among those who love invigorating, healthful, outdoor sports. Commencing on the Multnomah Field, the Portland Lacrosse Club was sheltered under the wing of that crack organization, the Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club, until it could fly with wings of its own. The start was far from disappointing, although envious Seattle sports who framed the Northwest Lacrosse League saw to it that Portland met the strongest club in the league, Seattle, and not the weakest. However, the defeat was not a bad one, and the young lacrosse players learned a thing or two from the stalwart Canadians who composed the Seattle Lacrosse Club, one of the strongest organizations on the Pacific Coast.

At this juncture, Macdonald Potts,

the secretary of the Portlanders; Walter B. Honeyman and other friends looked out for new blood to make a strong team, as there were not then 12 experienced players in the club willing to play at matches in those debutante days. George Oddy, one of the best cover-points that ever played in that position in any country, and who learned the game in Eastern Canada, happened to come to this city looking for work, and he was immediately made captain of the Portlanders. When other players in Washington and British Columbia heard that Oddy had agreed to reorganize the Portland club and make it the leading lacrosse organization along the Pacific Coast, several of them came to Portland and secured work, so that they could be with Oddy and the Portlanders. Hawes, third defense man, was a newcomer who quickly made a name, but the star of all, the dashing player who has won all the girls' hearts, is Mike McCann, standing six feet two inches in his stockings, or rather, socks.

It was at the game with Tacoma that Mike made his Portland debut, and "Look to Mike" gave the hint that a star play was anticipated. Rarely did McCann disappoint. His reach is longer than that of most men, and he requires two ordinary players to watch him. He is tall, thin, rapid, and nervous. Fred Lawrence is a courageous, skillful player, and a good shot. C. A. Stewart, big and chunky, and with a complexion that dalmatians would envy, holds down second defense and rarely does an opposing player get past him. Harry Wilson makes a clever, resourceful center, and Dr. Braden has very few equals as goalkeeper in this part of the country. Braden is quick of eye, and he can almost anticipate a play, so experienced is he in all the tricks of the lacrosse trade. He and his clubmates will have the games of their lives Fri-



day and Saturday, when they face the famous Victoria, B. C., lacrosse club, first at Astoria and then on the Multnomah grounds in this city. The Victorians are among the best lacrosse players on this continent, and if the Portlanders can even hold their own with such powerful rivals, they will be in luck. Games with the

strong San Francisco Lacrosse Club are promised in the near future. Very few new field games have leaped into such sudden popularity in this city as lacrosse. The attendance at the various matches has been encouraging, and the spectators have followed the whirling, flashing movements of the players with the most lively interest. Lacrosse is just the running, fighting game to stir

the blood. There is a story told of a town in Eastern Canada, where lacrosse was the ruling passion. A clergyman once visited the leading school and sternly asked of one of the junior classes: "What is the chief end of man?" A little boy brightened and replied: "Oh, I know. Please it's to get into our lacrosse club." Portland is getting to be such an ideal lacrosse city.

WHIMS AND FADS OF TEA-DRINKERS

WITH the approach of the social season in town importers and dealers in Japanese and other Oriental wares are setting forth a tempting array of trinkets for the tea table or cart.

The very newest offering is the broad, low, shallow teacup, which has entirely superseded the slender, high cups heretofore associated with the tea service. These new cups are as broad as or broader across the top than the ordinary family coffee cup, and not more than an inch to two inches in height. They are prettier in the eggshell patterns, with the exceedingly fine and translucent lining. Wedgewood is also popular.

For use with these cups comes a new spoon, almost as small as an after-dinner coffee spoon. In fact, if the hostess selects her cups carefully she can employ the small spoons she already uses for demi-tasse. For many years the vogue has been for a collection of odd and widely different teacups, but now the demand is for complete sets.

The latest fancy in a teapot is of Satsuma ware, which looks like inlaid work depicting tiny Japanese scenes. The pot is small with a flat bowl, and has a spout six inches in length, which is longer than the teapot itself.

The perfectly equipped table boasts of two teapots, the one in which the tea is brewed and the one from which it is served. A "taster," whose word is law in

importing circles, says that the true taste of any tea is lost after it has been brewed four minutes. At the end of this time the only flavor noticeable is the bitterness of tannin, the dangerous quality in tea. Hence the secret of making delicately flavored tea is to serve it after it has been brewed but a minute or two. When a large number of persons must be served in rapid succession, the tea should be brewed in one pot, permitted to stand two or three minutes, and then poured through a china-not a metal-strainer into the second pot. Both pots must be steaming hot before they are used. In warm weather a cosy is not needed, but in winter the second teapot, or that from which the beverage is served, should be covered with a cosy. The old-fashioned cosy, like a hood, is much in use, but a daintier accessory for the afternoon tea table is one of the wicker affairs lined with padded Japanese silk. These come in sizes to fit almost any pot.

In tea carts there are offered some dainty wares better suited to boudoirs than drawing rooms. They are of French rattan in the natural color, combined with another delicate tint. They can be secured in pale blue, pale pink, light green and pale yellow, to match boudoirs decorated in such tints. The top has a glass tray effect, and on the lower shelf are three compartments for the cakes, crackers, etc., separated by rattan railings.

For the drawing room the inlaid mahogany tea cart remains in favor, and to

cover the top of these extravagant pieces of furniture come the most exquisite of open work dollies, the better to show off the beauties of the mosaic work.

For tables from which tea is to be served at a large afternoon function, the new tablecovers are rather small, made to fit just inside the edge of both round and square tables.

Two new wafers are offered for the fall season. One of these is called the cigarette wafer, and is a delicate, rolled sweet cracker not unlike champagne wafers in texture. When men are present, chocolate snaps are considered essential. These are a rich chocolate paste, rolled in imitation of a cigar. Unsweetened crackers and a soft cheese to spread upon them have now a place on the afternoon tea table, and pate de foie gras is much served.

In some homes, where the love of Oriental effects will not down, the cosy corner has been succeeded by a tiny tea room. This is fitted up with delicate, transparent Japanese hangings and furniture. A pretty fancy for lighting this room is to cover the electric globe with a brass frame a foot or more in diameter. This frame is wound lightly with a Japanese scarf, spangled with light-weight Japanese coins. If an electric fan is cunningly hidden at a convenient distance where its draught will strike this shade, the coins and silk fringe will dance right merrily and throw a quaint, flickering light over the tea table.

TACOMA LACROSSE TEAM.

PORTLAND LACROSSE TEAM.



PHOTOS BY GARDNER BISSELL OF THE OREGONIAN ART STAFF.

Great Horses Need Companions—Dogs, Kittens, Monkeys and Goats Make Good Pets for Famous Racers

Great horses, like great men, so Percy, an eminent turf authority, says, must needs have companions. He says that many of our fastest trotters and pacers of the day, unless they are accompanied by some favored chum, such as a dog, kitten, monkey or goat, will fret. Some will train fairly well over the home track, yet once on the road it is a trial to owners and trainers to induce them to eat.

Champion Cresceus had a bull pup for a traveling companion, but it was not because he was a light feeder, but merely because some admirer presented his breeder-owner-trainer, George H. Ketcham, with the dog, "to go with Cresceus," as he worded the deed of gift. Horse and dog enjoyed life at the tracks the better thereafter.

Joe Patchen II, 2:04, had a kitten of which he was especially fond. It was, like the great pacer, black, with white points, and was named Joe Patchen II, I believe. When Jack Curry had the great warhorse he always gave him over to one of his many dogs, of which, as all know, he owns a number, varying from fox terriers to the staid old pointer, with a few pensioners boarding here and there.

Star Pointer, 1:59, the pioneer two-minuter, had a dog named Burns, that resembled a cocker spaniel, yet was a size larger. He was liver and white, with gamy tail, cut short and carried saucily, and was to the man who so much as touched a strap or buckle on the old horse's outfit. When M. Murphy sold the horse at the Garden, back in 1898, Dave McClary and Burns went with him to W. J. White, of Cleveland. That is, they were under agreement to "go. Burns started from the building in good faith, but for the first time on record failed to go with the horse and his caretaker, Jesse Smith, who, by the way, today has in charge Mr. Murphy's great string of road pacers—Don Derby, 2:04; Free Ad-

vice, 2:10; Wesley R., 2:10; Rotha J., 2:12; and Dusty Wilkes, 2:15. Whether or not they found the dog I am unable to say, but McClary remained here several days chasing up clues.

Anacanda, 2:03, has a goat for stall companion, and so, too, have Birdina, 2:02; W. C. Floyd-Jones' pocket edition pacer, and A. J. D., 2:09; F. G. Schmidt's good matinee trotter. All are nervous, high-strung and sensitive horses, and need jolly along somewhat. You see a goat will pitch in and eat the oats if the horse is pouty and refuses to eat, and so is a distinct advantage. Horses can be coaxed at times to eat, but the surest way on earth is to let them see their rations stolen, then they will eat.

It is rare sport to see Birdina and her goat fight for the possession of the feed box. "Billy" will butt her and she will push and snap at him. Dinner time with them means an impromptu scrap, with honors fairly even. Wonder if the mare never injures her eyes. A. J. D. and his goat are fixtures at the Empire City track, and when the owner moves his horses to town, the "bully" comes, too.

Dark Wilkes, that won a heat in 2:09 the opening day at Brighton Beach during the first year's trots there, then died because of exhaustion caused by the excessive heat, had a monkey for a stable-mate. Jim McGregor tried everything else, then got the monkey. He was a terror to the stable boys. As fast as bandages were rolled up he would undo them; it was a hot bed where he could reach it and it was a hard-looking lot when he had done with it. Still, Dark Wilkes won races with the monkey as mascot, and lost when alone.

"Plunger Jack" Cummings has a buff and white kitten around Prince Albert's box always, and it makes one shudder to see the little thing go under the great pacer's heels and crawl around the stall when he is frisky, yet he wouldn't harm her for worlds, and always has an eye on her once she leaves the doorway for a

stroll, every now and again going to the blanket bar to see if she has returned to her cozy corner.

"That's the best kitten we have ever had," said "The Plunger" to me one day recently. Then picking her up, he placed her on the horse's back, where she curled up as comfortably as possible, and he resumed his munching of the allowance of hay.

George West, now no more, poor fellow, had a mare in 1896 that was fast, but a poor doer. Little Abnet, 2:10, many may recall her, because so very small. She would not eat, so he thought out a plan that worked nicely. Knocking out a board on one side of her box near the door, and doing the same on the opposite side at the far end, he would place a wisp of hay near enough to admit the occupants of the adjoining stalls poking their noses through and getting a stray bite. Rather than allow herself to be thus humiliated out of her hay she would busy herself right quick, and then the danger was that she would bolt her rations.

From a miserable little light feeder she grew good and strong, and raced well for poor West to the end that Frank Gorton sold her to the Giorgi Brothers, of Italy. Abnet, like others, was a poor roader, and got track sick because of too constant contact with life between the high board fences. Once she got used to life on the highway she raced better and improved in disposition.

The veteran Salisbury never allows a horse outside the track for jogging, yet it may be that he fears the trolleys and autos, also hard, flint-like pavements. Where good roads are at hand, as at Hartford, Glens Falls and Poughkeepsie, leading trainers usually give road work. There is no set formula in conditioning horses, apparently. The trainer encounters many problems, but light fenders or bad travelers are the most undesirable in the long run.

Many may recall Fanny Foley, that

Gus Macey had out as a 2-year-old and staked way down the line. As a yearling she showed 2:28 in Ohio, then was bought by Frank Rockefeller for \$5000, and the entire horse world awaited developments. It being fancied that she would make a race record bordering on the phenomenal, and possibly reach Arion's 2:10, at two.

She would work sensational fractions at the home track, down in Kentucky—Versailles—but once away she would stop eating, fret and fume and naturally lose speed and cause a let-up. After trying her several years Mr. Rockefeller bred her. Next she was mated, handled by Harry K. Devereux, who drove her in 2:11 to wagon. Writing from memory, Fanny Foley has no harness record below about 2:15, yet had she been a good "doer," as they term it, Macey had every stake he ever named her in at his mercy, reckoned on rare speed and behavior. Dave Raybould and I saw her trot a quarter at Chicago the season Mary Beaufort won a stake for 2-year-olds in 31 seconds, and like clockwork were her footfalls and stride.

When at Glens Falls, 10 or 11 years ago, I encountered the man-eating old horse, Orange Bud, 2:24, then about 20, but racing the half-mile tracks of that country successfully and fast. Over at Groversville one day, thinking to write something about him, I cut out to the track early and sought his stall. Of course every one had warned me to keep at least 20 feet from his heels, and I supposed I'd have to view him at long range.

He was stabled alone in a shed, and seeing but a youth of not above 14 around I despaired of getting to view the old horse.

"Want to see Bud?" inquired the bright little chap. "Well, sir, I'll lead him out for you, but please don't lay hand on him. So saying, he unlocked the door, quietly slipped a lead bridle over his

head, spoke kindly to him and led him out into the sunshine. "Oh, yes, I take care of Bud, don't I, old boy?" he said, and began stroking his coat, smoothing the bandages, picking straws out of his mane and otherwise improving his favorite's condition.

That day I saw the boy boot and harness the horse for Seelye, his trainer, and take him to the stand for the jogging. The horse had killed two negroes years before, and no one but that strip of a lad would be tolerated in his old age. He could go over and under him, pick up his heels in the dark and do anything he chose, and never carry a stick, so great was the horse's confidence in him, yet if his trainer went within 20 feet when he was not in harness he would square away for a long-range sighting kick at him—his arch enemy. When in harness it was all off, for he seemed to say, "Now you've got me." Robert McGregor was just so. Dan Hurley could hitch and handle him in the stable, but once harnessed his then owner, the late W. E. Spier, used him as a roaster quite often.

Do you know that old St. Julien, 2:11, one time turf ruler, absolutely hated Orrin A. Hickok, his trainer and part owner? Well, it was so. Late in life, when running at large the season around on a big ranch in California, he saw Hickok one day and started for him, and was driven off only after a few stones to the ribs had done well their part. Sunol, 2:04, now a broodmare at John H. Shults' farm at Portchester, hat-ranged Charlie Marvin. She may have changed as she has aged, yet she was a very unpleasant thing in the stable.

Searchlight, 2:03, and Royal Victor, 2:05, have troubled trainers because of bad disposition of late years, and the former is at present exercised only by being turned loose in a paddock at the Pleasanton, Cal., track. He has not had harness on his back since Mr. Bronson

sent him back to the far West. Fortunately, however, vicious horses are the exception and not the rule nowadays.

Dexter, 2:17, had no lingering love for the Robert Bonner, and would not tolerate him around. Alix, Jay Eye See, Nancy Hanks, The Abbott, all were pleasant horses, but Cresceus will not brook a stranger's advances, nor does he really care to have other than his usual caretaker around his stall. Truth to tell, possibly little Miss Rachel Ketcham or Mrs. Ketcham might be allowed to stroke his golden chestnut coat, but he will stiffen up and glare at a stranger, preferring to be let distinctly alone.

The caretaking is different today and horses' dispositions are improved thereby. Not so much of scraping, hand rubbing and more of showering with some menthol wash, covering with a lightish muslin and water cooled out enough to brush up and put away. They bandage less and over cotton always, and the horses are allowed to eat plenty of hay rather than to be muzzled 24 hours before a big race and sweated under blankets, scraped and rubbed, rubbed and scraped, always being fussed over and watched for fear they "train off."

Then they are exercised differently, as well. Formerly it was 10 or 15 miles of road work off days to leg them up; mile after mile workout days to stay them up and within three or four seconds of their capacity was all ever allowed, thus keeping them always doing something not to their liking. Today they are not roaded as severely, nor drilled to death on starvation hay rations, receive a variety of feed and plenty of water, are allowed to brush and given few six-hour repeats in their work. Then, too, the boys seem to care for them just as well as when they lived by the stall door, shaving, sleeping and living with the horse.

Some of the best caretakers are driving today, and among them two are conspicuously successful—David J. McClary and Vance Nuckols. The former has had

Star Pointer, 1:59; Gunette, 2:06; Joe Pointer, 2:06; has educated and sold Elastic Pointer, 2:06, and Morning Star, 2:07, and apt to prove 1904's sensation. Vance Nuckols' fastest is Home Circle, 2:04, and also Shiley Pointer, 2:06, right at the little fellow's heels. So far this season he has won above 25 races, and lost less than ten, a wonderful showing. Nuckols neither uses liquor nor tobacco, and sticks to the old way—going without a necktie, as it is more comfortable. He owns two billiard saloons out in Cleveland, his adopted home town, and is a money-maker.

McClary has sold two pacers for \$15,000 and owns today a 3-year-old trotter apt to cut the world's record of 2:03, as he has thus early trotted a repeat in 2:11. He is undoubtedly worth right at \$15,000, and even more with his stake engagements. McClary began with the former champion, Star Pointer, taking him at 2:04, and reducing his record to 1:59—our first mile below 2:00. To James A. Murphy he owes his advance, as it was he who gave him his great start up the path in the trainers' world. He is a splendid nurse, and that sort develop into successful race drivers. No amount of praise would suffice ament the Star Pointer campaign, and therein Jesse Smith should share the glory, as it was he who cared for the horse. Always unshamed, open a cripple, he reced the champion's up back in 1896.

Needed Instruction.

Atchison Globe. The girls need instruction along this line: They don't send the boys home early enough. Any boy who has to work at 7 o'clock in the morning, being out of bed after 10 at night. The girl's father also has his rights. When the young man stays late, he spoils an old man's rest as well as his own prospects.