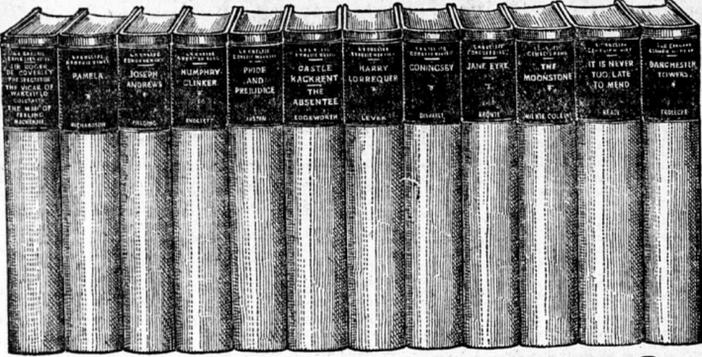


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THE MAN OF FEELING <b>MACKENZIE</b>		THE MOONSTONE <b>COLLINS</b>	IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND <b>READE</b>
PAMELA <b>RICHARDSON</b>		THE MOONSTONE <b>COLLINS</b>	IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND <b>READE</b>
JOSEPH ANDREWS <b>FIELDING</b>		THE MOONSTONE <b>COLLINS</b>	IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND <b>READE</b>
HUMPHREY CLINKER <b>SMOLLETT</b>		THE MOONSTONE <b>COLLINS</b>	IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND <b>READE</b>
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE <b>AUSTEN</b>		THE MOONSTONE <b>COLLINS</b>	IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND <b>READE</b>
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# WILL WALK IN UPON THE BIT

BAT MASTERSON SAYS ROOSEVELT IS A LEAD PIPE CINCH.

"The Strenuous Life" Not Only a Guide for Daily Life, but a Prize Dope Sheet—"Be Not Too Bold" Gives Bat a Fine Hunch.

New York Sun Special Service.  
New York, Feb. 27.—Bat Masterson, president of the Bead Drawers' association and Arizona Bad Man Emeritus, sat at his desk in the cabinet room of the Delavan yesterday reading a copy of "The Strenuous Life," by his friend, President Theodore Roosevelt. It was a busy day with President Bat. Hot engagements were going on simultaneously at New Orleans and San Francisco. In a low voice he was giving quick orders to his telephone operators to be flashed over the special wires to his generals, who, in the very thick of the rings, were obeying his orders and conducting the fight against the cold and relentless bookie tribes at the very gateway of the Pacific and on the shores of the gulf.

But between races President Bat found time to read his book and to tell of his call last Tuesday on the author in the White House. "Of course I called at the White House," said Bat. "Why shouldn't I? Didn't I meet the president in Denver? Didn't some of my friends join his regiment in Cuba? He's one of our own kind. I was in the White House twenty minutes. We shook hands and talked about—"

"Seven to two on Miss Melton for the first race," interrupted the operator.

"Who's up?" asked Bat, carefully sticking his finger between the pages of "The Strenuous Life," to keep his place until a less strenuous moment should arrive.

"Michaels up," replied the operator. "Michaels is good," said Bat. "Give them 500 straight on Miss Melton. Put down the thousand on Sweet Nell to win for the second race."

"Now, I was saying, when we got the track odds on Miss Melton, Roosevelt will come in on the bit. He will win in a walk. You can say that for Bat and the great west. A man that can shoot like him and write a book like this has got 'em all left at the post."

"Now, listen to this, you guys who think that the only book is a hand-book. Here's a little ten page flyer on expansion and peace. The president throws in a little poetry just to open the pot with."

"Be bold, be bold and everywhere be bold," said Bat.

"That's hedging your bet Teddy. Now what the devil does he mean by that? Be not too bold. Well, I've got a hunch out of that line all right. Have you got the \$1,000 to win on Sweet Nell yet?"

"No? well, don't put it down. Be not too bold. Make it 100 on Sweet Nell to show and 500 straight on Zebra to win. That's right."

"Have they started the first yet? Well, drop that dope sheet and listen: "Be not too bold. Yet better the excess than the defect; better the more than less."

"If I don't know just what he is driving at there, but it's a circle that more has got less beaten to a finish."

"What yer getting there now? First race? Second race?"

"The operator reeled it. "Miss Melton wins, Ralph Goling, second; Trossacks, third. Time, 1:14 1-5."

"Bat" knew that "Picked up bully from the president-out in the Denver country. Miss Melton wins and that's 500 more, which is a d—n sight better than losing it. The president says right here at the drop of the flag on this piece."

"He is the hottest president we ever had and I told him as much as I could in the White House, and he said: 'Bat, I thank you.' They might just as well begin paying off on him now, for, as I said before, he'll walk in on the bit."

"All this political talk against him is hogwash. Root says he's safe. But Masterson will go Root one better and say that the president is the best in Washington since Root left there. How the h—l is Mr. Wood going to hurt him at the go-off? Wood is a 3-4 favorite in the general election. Why shouldn't he take the realization stakes? I am telling you—"

"Second race, New Orleans," interrupted the operator. "Zebra wins, Vestry, second; Sweet Nell, third. Time, 1:20."

"Bat's cronies in the Delavan cabinet were not so sure. They had a bet on the White House, and he said: 'Bat, I thank you.' They might just as well begin paying off on him now, for, as I said before, he'll walk in on the bit."

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An analysis of their breeding will show that the speed of the trotter has been increased by the intelligent use of blood lines, and not by the improvement in tracks and appliances. The trotter has by no means reached the limit of his speed, and the coming years will see many two-minute trotters. Improved tracks and sulkes have done much to increase the speed of the trotter, but a review of the performances of each year will show that improvement in breeding is the chief source of the increased speed of the trotter."

**A PECULIAR HANDICAP**  
Alfred De Oro Tells of a Game in Which Rudolphe Figured.  
"The most unusual billiard game I

ever saw," said Alfred De Oro, the pool expert, the other night, as he and Tim Flynn were reminiscing over billiard and pool occurrences. "was in this city in the days when Rudolphe was in his prime," says an eastern exchange. "A Venezuelan dropped into an uptown room and wanted to play a game. Rudolphe was present, and offered to play the stranger, but the latter evidently knew Rudolphe was an expert, for he insisted on handicapping Rudolphe. The terms of his handicap were peculiar. Rudolphe was to hold a sheet of paper under his right arm, and if the paper fell out while he was shooting he forfeited the game. Try to shoot with your right elbow held tightly against the body all the time, and you will see the difficulties Rudolphe had to contend with. Well, Rudolphe won

the game just the same, and with it \$100, which was what they played for. However, the Venezuelan got the \$100 back at poker.

**English Comedie Humaine.**  
The English Comedie Humaine, issued by The Century Company, contains works by most of our favorite authors, Sir Roger de Coverley, Pamela, Humphrey Clinker, elbow one another in comic juxtaposition. Disraeli, Richardson, Smollett, Goldsmith and many other noted novelists have been laid under contribution. The price, \$12 for the 12 volumes, places it within the reach of all. See display announcement in today's issue for further particulars.

## GOOD SPORT IN PANAMA

Hunting the Jaguar Is Both Thrilling and Dangerous.

Illustrated Sporting News.  
The sportsman who sighs for the pond that has never been fished, and the nook of woods that has never been hunted, should pack his outfit and go to the tablelands that lie along the southern slope of the Cordilleras in the new republic of the Isthmus of Panama.

For the hardy sportsman—one who would equal Roosevelt's work among the panthers and other cats in Colorado—the stalking of the jaguar is the real sport. For the panther is a kitten beside the jaguar. The natives there call the panther the "friend of man," as those of the Argentine do, but they call the jaguar a devil. The natives hunt the jaguar by put-

ting out bait and lying in wait for him on some elevated hiding-place. I saw a man who had killed a jaguar thus with bow and arrow.

For stalking a jaguar in man fashion, the best place is on a sandy stretch of sea beach, and the time when most likely to find the game is on a moonlight night. For the jaguars are as partial to the sea beach on a moonlight night as more or less civilized cats are to back fences of the city. They can be found in the uplands, however, with no great difficulty, and it is safe to say that wherever found, they are not to be considered lightly. They have not learned to fear man on the isthmus as they have in most of the other parts of the world where found, and they do not hesitate to charge when they think there is any occasion for it, and even without occasion. A moonlight hunt for the jaguar may

be called the best sport the new republic affords.

For two or three minutes at the New Orleans race track one day recently Bob Turner, the eastern bookmaker, made, or rather stood ready to make, the most unique book that has ever been made at the local track. After the finish in the fifth race, a selling dash at one mile and five-eighths, Turner chalked up even money against Sidney Sabbath, who had finished four lengths in front of Compass, as certain was he that Sabbath would be disqualified.

A moment later, when Aubuchon, the rider of Compass, went upon into the stewards' stand, Turner hunched the price against the winner to 8 to 5, but there were no takers. The fouling occurred around about the three-quarter pole, but was so palpable that the stewards promptly allowed Aubuchon's claim.

Two American Amateurs Plan a Tour of Great Britain.  
Two well-known golfers on this side have arranged a trip to the links on the other side early in the spring. These are E. M. Byers, finalist for the last two years in the amateur championship, and winner last fall of the Ekwanok open tournament at Manchester, Vt.

In the Manchester affair, it will be remembered, Norman Hunter defeated W. J. Travis in the semifinal round and succumbed to Mr. Byers in the final.

The popular young Pittsburg amateur, Travis, and the latter's two sisters, will, according to program, meet the brothers Norman and Mansfield Hunter at St. Andrew's and be the latter's guests.

The party will be joined by John L. Low and Robert Maxwell and do an automobile tour of the west coast of Scotland, visiting the chief links by the way, culminating in Troon, Prestwick and Prestwick St. Nicholas.

Then the party will 'bout ship from Glasgow to Ireland and visit the Irish links, will cross to the south of England. There they will visit Burnham, H. W. Beveridge's home links, Westward Ho, their automobile being pointed all the time in the direction of Sandwick.

According to present plans, the party will arrive at Sandwick some two weeks before the amateur championship. Here the Hunter brothers have taken a cottage, where they will entertain friends, until after the championship.

**IMPROVEMENT IN BREEDING**  
John McCartney Ascribes to This Increased Speed of Trotters.

John McCartney, an intelligent writer on topics connected with harness racing and breeding, harness racers, in an article dealing with the probability of making two-minute trotters, after naming over some of those now having records slower than two minutes, but which he regards as having a chance to reach the coveted mark, says: "They are all splendid types of the well-bred trotter, and are living examples of the improvement of the American trotter along blood lines,

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writes on the Negro Problem, combining sympathy with the South and a thorough knowledge of his subject.

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