

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

"Confidence Wins Bouts in Ring or in Life"

By TONY BIDDLE.

Millionaire Athlete and Society Man.

CONFIDENCE has won the day for many a man after he has been knocked down and mercilessly battered, both in the ring and in the battle of life. Never despair and give up the contest. The utter detested and despised by everybody both in the ring and out of it. Take up your mind that you are going to win and then go ahead and work out your plan of life, despite the punishment you may receive from chance and circumstance. If you are beaten, go down fighting, and in defeat you will win more than you could gain by the greatest victory.



A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE.

After an interval of varying duration the poised fist would descend on some vulnerable portion of his foe's anatomy. Then they would remove the remains, and the fight promoters would look for somebody else who could be persuaded to argue with the one-idea wonder.

This plan left Jeff open to argument. In fact, he was open to all the argument in the shape of puns his antagonist might be able to toss his way. After he had blocked them all—mostly with his face and body—he was always still in an arguing mood, while his antagonist usually had neither steam nor stomach for further discussion.

Men who faced him once seldom wanted to meet him again in the ring. The memory of that passionless, invulnerable bulk slipping calmly and deliberately after him through a fight without any apparent emotion, never hastening and never faltering even in the face of the most severe punishment, did not tend to produce an overwhelming desire in a man's mind for a further experience.

Ruhlin, Choyanski, Sharkey, Corbett, and the terrible Fitzsimmons, all battered the patient, confident, bearlike giant until their knees were weak and their arms were weary, then went down before his flail-like blows. Though often battered out of all semblance to humanity, while his confidence lasted Jeff was never anywhere near defeat.

Could we all be inspired in the battle of life with the calm, patient, confident courage which characterized big Jim Jeffries in the ring, there would be few failures in the world's war, and those would be elevating and inspiring rather than abject and pitiful.

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THE TIMES BEDTIME STORY

Mr. Possum Visits Mr. Bear—Part III.

"LOOK, look!" cried Mr. Possum, when he found he was getting the leaves and molasses off his coat. "It is coming off, you will not need to help me after all," he said, for he did not want to pay Mr. Fox anything for the could help it.

Mr. Fox came running out of the house, and when he saw what had happened he looked very wise, and said, "Of course, I knew what to do for you, and did just right to come here."

"You knew what to do," said Mr. Possum, "why, the heat did it, the molasses between the medicine doctor gave me is melting and running off, so you did nothing at all."

"Well, of all the unfortunate creatures on the face of the earth," said Mr. Fox, "you are the one who should be ashamed to charge Mr. Possum for his advice whether it had helped or not."

"Why, I put you there by my nose so that very thing would happen, and now you say I did not help you. If that is the way you feel about it, you can go out of my house, it does not concern me, you better think again before you leave my house."

"But, before Mr. Possum could think or reply there came a loud knocking at the door and a swift voice said, 'Mr. Possum, let me in, I want your advice. I have been robbed!'"

Mr. Possum began to tremble, for he knew it was Mr. Bear at the door. "I don't want to see him looking like this," he said to Mr. Fox. "Mr. Bear always makes fun of me because I am so small, and if he sees me in this shape he will never stop poking fun at me, let me go into your bedroom until I am dressed. I am willing to pay you for my do for me, and I am sure you will help me, but don't let him in until I am out of the room."

Mr. Fox felt sure this time he had Mr. Possum, and so he opened the bedroom door and told him to go in there until he got rid of Mr. Bear.

"Oh! Mr. Fox, I have been robbed of all my cake and pies and some molasses while I was sleeping. The thief got in some way while I was asleep, and he must have hidden in my molasses jar, and such a looking house as I lived when I awoke this morning you never saw."

"I want you to tell me how I can find the thief and have him punished. I can think of nothing bad enough to do to such a bad fellow as this thief must be."

"This is certainly a terrible thing," said Mr. Fox, standing in front of the spots of molasses that had dripped from Mr. Possum's coat and looking very knowing.

"I think I can help you to find the thief, Mr. Bear. You have only to follow the tracks made by this fellow in escaping, for he must have left his tracks wherever he went, and when we have caught him I should advise that he be rolled on dry leaves and



It was Mr. Bear at the door.

sticks, for, of course, his coat will be covered with the molasses.

"Then, after, he is well covered, I think a good punishment would be to turn him loose for he can never get it off. It will have to wear off, and everybody will know he is a thief," said Mr. Bear. "I think after the leaves are well on him to set the leaves afire and let them burn off, would be much better than to pay for such a fellow. Yes, Mr. Fox, when I catch him I shall set the leaves afire."

"I'll be off this minute and follow the tracks and bring the thief here," said Mr. Possum and thought of jumping out of his bedroom and catching Mr. Bear when he first came in, but when Mr. Fox began to talk he knew the best thing for him to do was to stay and get rid of the rest of the leaves even if he had to pay Mr. Fox his price, which he knew would be more now that he knew what had happened, so when Mr. Fox opened the bedroom door Mr. Possum was ready for what he had to say.

"Mr. Bear has been robbed," said Mr. Fox. "The thief took all his cake and pies and even some of his molasses. I shall have to pay Mr. Fox his price, which he had not heard of, but of course, he had been said, but, of course, he knew right well he had tricked it about some."

"I have just thought what Doctor Owl used for the medicine he gave you," Mr. Fox went on to Mr. Bear, "and you stole it from Mr. Bear, and you will have no way of proving you did not steal it as it is still on you, and you must have tracked it about some."

"Now I am willing to help you, but I shall have to charge a big price because it is not right to help cover up such a wrong deed, and Mr. Bear is going to punish the thief very severely."

Mr. Possum shivered as he thought of the fire that Mr. Bear had threatened to use, and he hastened to tell Mr. Fox to go away and clean his coat as fast as he might mention.

Mr. Fox did not lose any time. He put Mr. Possum by the fire again and then he brought a bucket of hot water and soap and a scrubbing brush, and for an hour he worked over Mr. Possum. When he finished Mr. Possum was as clean as ever and he really did feel grateful to Mr. Fox, though he did not want to pay him.

"There you are, as good as new," said Mr. Fox, "and I want you to pay me very little compared to what I have done for you. All I ask is that you go

Government Gets Gift of Fine Pictorial Floral Collection



MISS CARRIE HARRISON.

Fifty Years' Work of the Late Deborah Griscom Passmore Gift to Uncle Sam.

By EDITH LOBERI.

A VALUABLE collection of water color flower paintings by the late Deborah Griscom Passmore has just been presented to the library of the Department of Agriculture by Mrs. Mary Sumner, Moorestown, N. J., a favorite niece of the artist, and Miss Carrie Harrison, assistant in the Bureau of Plant Industry.

The collection consists of 100 exquisite painted plates of flowers, and is a fragment of a work begun by this botanical artist more than fifty years ago. It embraces all the rare and common specimens of the wild flowers of America.

Mrs. Sumner, who, with Miss Harrison, is a joint donor of this priceless collection, was appointed executrix of Miss Passmore's estate shortly after the artist's death, in February, 1911.

Miss Passmore and Miss Harrison were devoted friends, and the gift to the Government is made, not only to preserve the plates to the scientific world, but as a memorial from the two women with whom Miss Passmore was closely associated.

Miss Harrison is the author of the preface to the plates which are bound into one large volume. She was the organizer of the National Herbarium, and secured the only large collection of Ivo Elean plants in the country at the time the islands came into the possession of the United States.

Remarkable Accuracy. Miss Passmore's paintings are so delicately and so accurately executed that Dr. Edward Lee Greene, botanist of the Smithsonian Institution, was enabled to identify each specimen botanically in an instant's glance.

In his own handwriting he affixed



DEBORAH GRISCOM PASSMORE.

Whose work in painting flowers is recognized as having been the best ever done for this Government. Through the generosity of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Sumner, a collection of her paintings has been presented to the library of the Department of Agriculture.

The botanical name of each flower, classifying each plate, before the collection became the property of the Government. Miss Passmore apparently used a high power microscope with her work for a close inspection of her paintings, under the glass reveals a remarkable fidelity to nature. She was the first artist ever to introduce color plates into the publications of the Department of Agriculture, and her art in this particular line is said by experts never to have been equaled either here or abroad.

In her preface Miss Harrison tells the story of the artist's life and her work. She says: "Miss Passmore was born in Delaware county, Pennsylvania, July 17, 1836."

"Tradition says that one of her ancestors, an admiral, came to England with William the Conqueror and there is a folk-lore story in the family that the name of Passmore originated when a member of his family was a cup-bearer to the king, and being a jolly good fellow was called 'Pass more.'"

A Sensible Child. The Passmores were born, fair haired Normans. It was from the "black Deacons" of her mother's family that Deborah inherited her brown eyes, fair hair, dark complexion, force of character and intensity of purpose.

"Her brother, Thomas Knight, was her playmate and although trained with a boy, she was a most sensitive child. "One day, unfortunately, she overheard her sisters discussing family trait and personal appearances of different members of the family, and heard them say 'Deborah will be the blindest one in the whole family.' This so impressed the high-spirited child that until the day of her death, nothing could make Miss Passmore believe that she was not painfully blind. As regards her paintings she was wrong for her personality had a distinction unusual and more attractive than mere good looks."

"She received most of her art education at home with her sister Mary as director, was a pupil at the Western boarding school later, but her art education was the best to be obtained in Philadelphia. There she worked at the School of Design and at the Academy of Fine Arts."

"Later she spent a year in Europe seeing what the great galleries had to offer, but the best director her hand ever had was her own strong and original brain. She was essentially a leader, and rarely could follow the ideas of others, which did not seem to fit her own way of thinking and doing. As soon as she began to paint independent of the repressed color of generations of Quaker ancestry came forth with a power never equaled in America, and she has a fine sense of the world. She took infinite pains and the result, showed all traces of labor or effort. Her most difficult pieces give evidence of having been done so easily that one imagines if one had a brush in hand that is the very way one would paint."

Inspired by English Collection. "Inspired by the great collections of Marianne North at Kew, England, which she studied carefully, she began painting 'Wild Flowers of America.' It was

her intention to publish these, but the press of other matters prevented, and it is left a fragment of some 100 pages. But these are such perfect portraits that a botanist might identify each one. Infinite pains, unlimited industry, and keen observation enabled her to delineate every mark so perfectly that they might be taken for the work of a trained botanist.

"Dr. Edward Lee Greene, who owns the most select botanical library and has doubtless seen most of the important books of botany in the world, said: 'Never in any book did I see a plate that looked as if the original equaled these. I did not know they could be painted with such perfection.'"

"She also painted a book, royal size, of lilies and other genera. It contains 200 plates. The exquisite work is a marvel of technique. She herself said that she had put as many as 100 washes on some of the petals in order to get the strong and velvety effects of the anthers."

"While working at the School of Design and the Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, she had the advice and criticism of Roberts, who painted the Niagara Falls, at the Corcoran Art Gallery, Thomas and Edward Moran; and under the direction of noted artists painted several pictures for the Centennial in 1876."

Came to Washington. "After this she was for some years a teacher, and W. W. Corcoran, founder of the Corcoran gallery of Art, and his family being interested in her work induced her to come to Washington, but before she was well established Mr. Corcoran died. After this Dr. George Marx saw her work and induced her to come into the Department of Agriculture. He received her appointment August 1, 1882. She painted many of the exhibits of the Department of Agriculture at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1892."

"Hundreds of portraits of fruits were painted by her for the department of pomology, now considered one of its most valuable assets."

"In 1894 the leading scientific papers of the Department of Agriculture were segregated and published in a volume called the 'Yearbook.' In 1901 the 'Yearbook' contained the first paper by W. B. Taylor, entitled, 'Promising New Fruits,' which has been continued in every yearbook ever since."

"It, like those that will follow, was illustrated by Miss Passmore in color. That altruistic and generous of agricultural publications has appeared annually in an edition of half a million, giving to the world some evidence of her greatness."

Methods of Work. "While painting she was oblivious to her surroundings. She would sit in a greenhouse on an overturned box, her feet in the wet and paint and neither see nor hear what transpired around her. Well I remember when she was painting the orchids of the White House for the Columbian exposition, it was in August, 1892, and I went over to the conservatory to see how the picture

WISDOM OF MRS. SOLOMON

By HELEN ROWLAND.

GIVE ear, my Daughter, and attend my wisdom, for the husband-hunt abounds in straits and Eligible Men are becoming scarce: than buffalo!

I charge thee, come not unto me, saying: "WHY can a widow of forty capture THREE husbands, without effort, while a debutante struggleth vainly to annex ONE husband?" "Yes, WHY are the most fascinating always the poorest shots in the love-chase?"

"Why doth a brilliant woman always marry a bromide, and why is a vision of loveliness always left hanging upon the family tree until she withereth?"

For these things, I know not; since a man's taste in women is something which not even the high gods, nor man himself, can understand. Yet it hath come to pass that the Golden Age of Women is MIDDLE-AGE, and the Simple Inxense is a drug upon the matrimonial market. Lo, WHO is so fascinating as a widow of forty who hath kept her figure? For she is like unto stained glass through which no man can see.

Yes, she is MYSTERIOUS; and beside her the bread-and-butter maiden is as grape-juice beside old wine. She repelleth him from the fleshpots and the chafing dish, and doth not interfere with his amusements. She accepteth meekly the crumbs of his attentions and the scope of his time.

She is not jealous; she doth not ask QUESTIONS; she demandeth nothing. She is SO comforting! Lo, a man man calleth upon her first, out of curiosity, but in time she becometh a habit, like unto his pipe, from which he cannot break away. She knoweth all his little idiosyncrasies, and catereth thereto; she avoideth treading upon his nerves, and steereth the conversation in pleasant channels.

And when he thinketh to depart from her side he discovereth that she hath become as his right arm, which he cannot do without. But the Beauty and the Wit and the Squab and the Debutante are capricious and hard to please. They require devotion and time and attention; and to keep them AMUSED a man must labor seven evenings in the week. Verily, verily, he that weddeth a dame of eighteen acquireth a BURDEN, but he that weddeth a SETTLED WOMAN acquireth a nurse and a valet and a MOTHER all in one.

Then, give the Widow the fruit of her labors, and let the Ingenue learn from her this secret. That the only way to conquer any man is to treat him neither as a slave, nor as a god, nor as an equal, but as a BABY! Selah.

Finds Was Keeps.

William M. Wood, the head of the Woolen trust, said in Boston, apropos of the new tariff: "It listens good, as the slang phrase goes, but will it listen good to the very end? Won't the end be a dismal surprise, like the tale of the lost coat?"

"A country minister, driving to church with his new overcoat on the seat beside him, lost the coat en route, and announced his loss from the pulpit. "Dear! beloved," he said, "I met with a sad loss this morning. Somewhere on the river road, while driving to church, I lost my fine new, silk-lined overcoat. If any of you find it, I hope you'll bring it to the parsonage."

"It's found, doctor," said a voice from the back of the church. "Bless you, my friend, Heaven bless you!" said the minister, beaming on the speaker gratefully. "It's found, sir," continued the voice. "I came along the river road just after you, and it wasn't there."—Minneapolis Journal.

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Includes text: 'Get the clean, pure, healthful WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT with your paper every night. Get an appetite with it—purify your breath with it. Preserve the teeth and improve the digestion of your family. It costs less than a cent a stick if you BUY IT BY THE BOX of twenty 5-cent packages—for 95 cents—of most dealers. Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S and get real mint leaf juice—real 'springy' gum with no after taste. It's the hospitality confection, ideal to have in the house for family or friends. It stays fresh until used. Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S Look for the spear Chew it after every meal' and an illustration of the gum pack.

Advertisement for Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate. Includes text: 'GUARD AGAINST IMITATIONS The genuine Baker's Cocoa and Baker's Chocolate have this trade-mark on every package. WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. ESTABLISHED 1760 DORCHESTER, MASS.' and an illustration of a woman carrying a tray.