TIME TAMES MARY MACLANE BUTTE AUTHORESS ABANDONS AT 29. EARLY REVOLT AT WORLD.

In the 10 years since she wrote her daringly epigrammatic "expose" of her inward self, which made the world sit pression by way of written English. up and take notice, a transition has occurred so that she is no longer in rerolt against the order of things.

To this she confesses in a new chapter to her "story" which has lately fallen from the presses. She avers that a thousand hulf-formed ideals have withered and faded and "blown down the winds" since the "day of the gray dawn and the devil."

She is 19 now, and while the 10 years have not completely altered the Mary MacLane who at 19 was dubbed "The the world; only more frankly. American Marto Buskirtseff," yet she is strangely different and more seasoned, in her newest chapter she doesn't relent in the least at her previous unconventional utterances. But she maker some modifications.

Here is the way her "story" began when, as a girl of 19 at Butte, she leaped into sudden notoricty, not to say

Her First Outpourings. "L of womankind, and of 15 years,

will now begin to set down as full and frank a portrayal as I am able of my-MacLane, for whom the world contains not a parallel. "I am convinced of this for I am odd.

"I am distinctly original fanatsly and in development.

"I have in me a quite unusual fatenalty of life. "I can feel,

misery and for happiness. "I am broad-minded. I am a genius.

"I am a philosopher of my own good peripatetic school. "I care neither for right nor for

wrong-my conscience is nil. "My brain is a conglomeration of

aggressive versatility. "I have attained an egotism that is rare indeed." At 19, or rather at 28, since the

latest chapter was written a few months ago and previous to her last birthday, she sets out in this wise: "L of womankind and of sight-andtwenty years, will now make a fleeting

dashlight portrait, in high tipts and halftones, of what is to me, when all's said, the most fascinating thing in the orld, my own personality; for which, belike, the world contains no parallel. "I am not, I admit, quite convinced

of that-for I know by experience of it that the world, in ways, is very, very wide. Still, contemplating myself dispassionately, I know that I am add-a thing of mystery, subtlety and

"Insomuch, therefore, I am unusual, I care neither for right nor for wrong. My conscience is like a retten ribbon bound lightly about the moral codes. headed, yet prone to all the crass little-

tesses and narrownesses withal,

the last degree.

"I have somewhat remarkable gifts of analysis and intuition, and of ex-I have a sense of humor that is rarer than ether, deeper-reaching than

clairveyance, and infinitely more preclous to me than would be the sure cognizance of a rose-grown paradise at death."

Mary's Egotisus She then proceeds in the newest analysis, which is put out by Duffield

"I am extremely egetistic, but I contend that I'm not more so than is all am frightfully but frankly egotistic, "I have a superficially kind heartand a heart that is full of the utmost

& Co., and is as follows:

abysmal folly; a heart that follows whither its loves lead, down rocky sads, through brambly pustures and tangled underbrush, passing by on the other side always the Gold and the Worldly advantage.

"I am wrapped around in a sort of comprehensive vanity that is more en-furing and more useful and necessary

during and more useful and necessary—it has saved me from many a slip twixt the cup and the lip—than any garment of rightseusness.

"I have no ambition of any sort whatsoever. The top of my desire is for a measure of inward peace. For I have none—none.

"The sum of \$7 is wealth to me always. One hundred and fifty dollars is a tantalization and an earsperation. For \$1000 I would murder any one who For \$1000 I would murder any one who was not my friend. If I saw a chance to do it painlessly and tidly; for I hate physical pain for myself or another. "I have a marvelous capacity for and I hate sloppy things like bleeding

"My everyday mood is made of in-difference, a deep joy of living, a most sember, melancholy and reckless dis-regard of fortune, all of which are

quite genuinely real.

"The day's business for me always includes a flash of horror, a nameless terror, a sort of look-in at the mys-terious delirium of life, brief as the passing of the winds around a house-corner, but black as a bottomless pit. "I have the passionate, sensual-gray eyes of a world-weary courtesan, and the virginal pink lips of a cloistered

nun. I have the capable hands of strong-hearted and womanly woman, and the slim wanton feet of an undis-ciplined girl.

Her Bruin and Soul. "I have the brain of a highway rob-

her and the soul of a subtle child. "Life never bores me. I find always a deep thrall in it-in the simplest things, and in all others. But a little hit of death seems to lurk in all things for me. I feel myself literally wearing out against the hard surfaces of this great glittering world. My life is a conscious death march, a slow, seduc-

tive journey toward my grave Having gotten thus far. Miss Mac-Lain takes a thoughtful backward look at the Mary of Butte days. She de-cides that her former self, before she knew Boston literary folk and Broadway, was really "a clever, ridiculous and wonderful child." She writes:



"A thousand taut-drawn cords have snapped in me since I wrote that book. A thousand half-formed ideals have withered and faded and blown down the winds since the day of the Gray Dawn, the Devil, the Anemose Lady and the Red Line on the sky. At 15 I was strong, full of the ardore of revolt, full of the revolts of adelescence, and at that exquisite pregnant moment of physical and mental awakening which comes but once." The changes that

"A thousand taut-drawn cords have scorn which must have come into fashion when Eve was young, and is in truth the epic of youth. And now, well—the book has been published and eight years have slipped away."

The jump from obscurity, when the first chapter was published, affected her in this wise:

"I was wanted out of the obscurity."

"I was yanked out of the obscurities that exquisite pregnant moment of physical and mental awakening which comes but once." The changes that have come in the ten years have much to do "with things of bone and flesh." To her "it has always been as if the physical were connected by live wires with the mental. The wilm young body is the half-sister of the erratic brain." The Effects of Time.

"Therefore it's mostly because my similar young body has become fragile and quiescent to the ways of the conventional world, which it never was at 19, that my mind and my heart and my soul—for I still believe that I have all of these—no longer know those profeund and passionate revolts and profession was against the long-established order of things. At 19 I combatted the universe daily with the same mad young of my life in Butts into the none-too-friendly limelight of far-reaching radia-tion—all by way of my mooted little book of the Devil, the Olive, the Tooth Brushes and the word 'damn.' The

gold money.

"I felt myself the master of my fate.
Not in any intoxicating, headlong, victorious sort of way, truly, but with a cold and quiet sense of superior inward potence which could cause heavy-locked doors to open before me and iron gates to give way, and could make me free of the highway. I feared nothing—reverenced nothing—I besought nothing.

As of a truth I do not to this day."

I dare say I might have been capable of it then. But at 28—there's a small vulgarness about the thieving of such a sum which absolutely turns my stom-ach. I would hold up a train, though, or a late-homing pedestrian, if I had the nerve and the verve, and if I wanted money that much. But as to that, one always wants money."

Her Views of Love.

In conclusion she has a few things to gay on the subject of love:

Bad Old New York. Of Greater New York she has this to say: "Damaging as it is to every at-tribute of me, it yet is the Place of my Dreams. I lived there all by my-self for two years. I know its vast and cruel sordidness. There is nothing in it gentler than the hard, gray cobblestones which pave the down-town streets. I know its infinite preoccu-pation. I know its infinite preoccu-charm. But by those tokens it teaches you absolutisms which some way grow precious to you the more you know them—they're like diamonds and emer-aids and rubles. By its million vanities and its billion weaknesses and its vam-pire's ethics it huris truth—addmant truth-into one's teeth. Two years of by no means easy living and plaisance on the isle of Manhattan, and one knows the human race like a book. One can distinguish true things from false things. It costs you your silm young body by the ounce and your mentality by the cubic inch-if you're made that way; but it's to know the cold truths

way; but it's to know the cold truths as they are.

"My two years in New York were like a chain of beads of alternate pattern and color. They were of alternate luxury and hungriness, of comparative wealth and half-vagabondish but very real poverty, of padded comfort and all-too-wearing deprivation—the exigencies of fluctuating fortune. It would be hard to say which I enjoyed the more—now that it's all over. I tell over the beads daily in the far remoteness of this shadowy Butte, for New York is indeed the place of my dreams."

ferring to the comparison of her Marie Bashkirtseff, Miss Mac Referring to Lane writes

"At 19 I wrote myself down a 'genius' in every other page of my hook. At 38 the word and my use of it inspire in me chiefly an idle mirthfulness. I think now that I won't quite know what it means, and it seems an extremely uninteresting word. seems an extremely uninteresting word

"At 19 I imagined I bore many reto that singular Russian woman, Marie Bashkirteeff, and I even believed I outbashkirtseffed her at overy point. At 28, I think it highly unlikely that I ever had the slightest

"At 19 I wanted to be loved-poor

"If I were dead would I stay dead? I have heard there are other worlds. have heard there are other worlds. The etween the devil and the deep seabletween the lack and the luxury of leves. Take it from me at 25, that love of any kind (except the long-suffering affection of one's own family) is a thing of countless cross-purpose, of coroding and cankering self-torture and an endless chain of jealousy—icalousy in every possible form and hue; so that each love that comes into and an endless chain of jealousy—
jealousy in every possible form and
hue; so that each love that comes into
one's life is like, despite its encompas-

Finally of the future:

Finally of the future: "There's a deal of scorn and insolence in me yet that have withstood the slings and arrows." After another period of years, these three things might happen:
"I might be dead,
"I might be in a convent.
"I might be married.
"All of which I have centemplated. But in my contemplating there was always this doubt:
"If I were dead would I stay dead? I

ways this doubt:
"If I were dead would I stay dead? I have heard there are other worlds.
"If I joined a velled sisterhood—would I stay in it? For all on a Spring day I might remember the bronze Di-

MUZZLING THE WAR DOGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

ences that cannot be settled by law. Before such a matter goes to this commission there is an enforced delay of one year in which time the heat of anger is allowed to die down and distribute the comments of the comments.

one year in which time the heat of anger is allowed to die down and diplomacy is given an opportunity. If, with the parsing of anger, diplomacy is still unsuccessful the joint high commission makes its inquiry hito matters of fact and recommends's course of procedure toward settlement. Its findings are merely advisory, but it offers all manner of opportunity for a peaceful settlement of the question at issue. If, for instance, such a treaty had been in existence when the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor there would have been a delay of a year before any extreme measures would have been possible. This would have been a cooling off period. Then the matter would have gone to the commission of inquiry. That commission would have used every endeavor to ascertain whether or not the disaster to the Maine was due to Spandeavor to ascertain whether or not the disaster to the Maine was due to Spanish hostility or an explosion within the ship herself. There is a strong possibility that the United States, a great and strong nation, thrust upon Spain, absolutely powerless to fight her, a war which was precipitated by an occurrence with which the latter nation had nothing whatever to do. The new system would have come nearer getting at the facts. Then the matter would at the facts. Then the matter would have been recommended for some sort of arbitration. When the United States and Spain went to war there was no question of the outcome, regardless of which was right. Had Spain been right in every particular the outcome would have been the same. But there would have been no justice in the decision. The commission will find a manner of settlement more nearly just.

The Sennte's Objection The treaties provide that when there is a question as to whether or not a mater may be arbitrated, that question shall be referred to the joint high com-mission of inquiry. The United States

Senate, in which has always rested the authority of approving or disapproving treatles and other international mat-

Senate, in which has always rested the authority of approving or disapproving treatles and other international matters, is fearful that under such an arrangement some of its power will be lost. It has proposed the elimination of that portion of the treaty which authorizes this reference to the commission and by so doing to keep that authority in the Senate.

This is exactly the point upon which Germany is inclined to protest, and the fear of losing a bit of power is endangering the approval of the most important matter that it ever had the privilege of passing upon. Whether world peace is to be set back 50 years or whether the Senate is to delegate a bit of power that it might never be called upon to exercise, is the most burning question in the United States today and the most important one hanging in the balances of the times. No event in history has so centered the eyes of the world upon the United States as has this entry into the arena of treaty making. It is to the young and virile nation of the West that the great countries of the world are coming and binding themselves to eternal neace. The freedom of the United

ing and binding themselves to eternal peace. The freedom of the United States from national entanglements, her independence of precedent, her willingness to strike into the open fields of the unexplored in diplomacy, her very glee in breaking down the barriers of formality, have set her aside from the other nations. She has taken advant-age of all these things and has done a age of all these things and has done thing that to the international relation of nations is unprecedented. Yet the nations of the world were ready for just this thing and the echo of approval has been sounded from all the lands of the world. So has the United States justified her growing claim to a leader-ship among the nations and to being a great world power—yet a power for peace and fellowship wherever men

do congregate. (Copyright, 1911, by William Ather-ton Du Puy).

COMPENSATION-A NOVEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

The Warrens' residence had not been a message wired by Mrs. Steele, saying opened for 10 years, and Kathleen deit all is order by the time Miss Ann ar-

Then, the very day before Miss Ann's coming, she found she had congratulated herself too soon on the escape. She dressed for dinner as a conjunt of the crisis, sooner or later; and to Kathleen it seemed especially cruel, coming at the end of the fight which had drained all her endurance. She dressed for dinner as a conjunt or Juliet was sent for to meet some friends in Cincinnati—people whom she had not seen for years, and who were stopping off on their way to Caliwere stopping off on their way to California, especially to have a few hours with her. It seemed unkind to desert Kathleen, even for a few hours, on the last spurt of her struggle-and yet Mrs. Steele saw no way out of it. She reassured herself with the fact that she would be home again in time for dinner.

"I hope you won't be too bored," she

"Oh, no." Kathleen was a little white but her voice rang quite steady. shall be at the house all day, and Miss Gresham asked me to lunch with her, you know, so I shall be busy. Don't worry about me."

And feeling unaccountably encour-

And feeling unaccountably encouraged, Juliet didn't.

There is a certain weapon in having learned the strength of cowardice. Kathieen shunned the place of opportunity during a whole long strennous day's work, trying to busy her hands so completely that she would have no time left for her Imagination. The scheme succeeded in a way; yet she came back in the evening restless and irritable from the strain. She was very tired of being distant and politely impersonal and she looked forward with a great relief to the freedom of togreat relief to the freedom of to-But it seemed that Circumstance in-

tended to tease the victim before it let her off. Instead of Juliet she found

clared cheerfully that there was much renewating to be done. She would have noon. "So sorry. But Mrs. Stubbs will noon. "So sorry. But Mrs. Stubbs will chaperone you," concluded the telerived, and meanwhile supervision of Kathleen read, with a sinking heart. Neither of them saw the inevitability

ahe went down, Mrs. Stubbs came in, much elated over a personal charge from Mrs. Steele, to the effect that Kathleen was entirely in her care. "And I'm sure I'll do everythine for you, miss," added the old Englishwoyou, miss, added the old English was man, gazing at the strange grace of the girl's long arms, and the blue shadows in her heavy black hair.

"Thank you," said Miss Warrens, laying down her mirror. She threw her head back with curlous deflance and went downstairs, tail and determined, to face the possibilities.

to face the possibilities.

Anthony was in the library when she came in. He said conventional things about the misfortune of Juliet's having been detained, and enlarged on the commendable qualities of Mrs. Stubbs until dinner was announced. In fact, Kathleen had incorporated him into her course of repression until he almost forgot that they were alone. He lis-tened while she talked carefully—and tened while she talked carefully—and rather brilliantly—of the new Forestry Commission and the peace prize and the Japanese question; all the thousand and one concerns which suggested themselves as safetyvalves against indiscretion. And Kathleen rejoiced in the presence of the servants, in the existence of every formal institution that was helping her to temporize with the issue. She seemed to feel that if she could force it into the background of could force it into the background of defeat now, it would never summon the boldness to appear again.

Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

learned to love you, I feared to tell had my secret at your mercy, but you about my child. God forgive me, I nobly refrained from pursuing your advantage. Three days later, however, the course to tell you. I had had not the courage to tell you. I had to choose between you, and in my weakness I turned away from my own little girl. For three years I have kept her existence a secret from you, but I heard from the nurse, and I knew all was well with her. At list, however, there came an overwhelming desire the see the child once more. I struggled against it, but in vain. Though I knew the danger, I determined to have the child over, if it were but for a few weeks, I sent a hundred hut for a few weeks, I sent a hundred pounds to the nurse, and i had not the nurse and child only just escaped from the back door as you rushed in at the from tone. And now tonight you at last know all, and I ask you what is to become of us, my child and me?" She clasped her hands and waited for an answer.

It was a long ten minutes before Grant Munro broke the silence, and when his answer came it was one of which I love to think. He liftled the little child, kissed her, and then still carrying her, he held his other hand out to his wife and turned towards the door. Though I knew the danger, I determined to have the child over, if it were but for a few weeks, I sent a hundred pounds to the nurse, and I gave her instructions about this cottage, so that she might dome as a neighbor, without my appearing to be in any way connected with her. I pushed my precautions so far as to order her to keep the child in the house during the daytime, and to cover up her little faces and hands so that even those who might see her at the window should not gassip about there being a black child in the neighborhood. If I had been less cautious I might have been more wise, but I was half crary with fear that you should learn the truth.

"It was you, who told me first that the cottage was occupied. I should have waited for the morning, but I could not sleep for excitement, and so at last I slipped out, knowing how difficult It is to awake you. But you saw me go, and that was the begin.

"It is not to his wife and turned towards the cot."

"We can talk it over more comfortably at home," he said. "I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am a better one than you have given me credit for being."

Holmes and I followed them down the lane and my friend plucked at my sleeve as we came out.

"It think its over more comfortably at home," he said. "I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am a better one than you have given me credit for being."

If think, said he, "that we shall be of more use in London than in Norbury."

Not another word did he say of the case until late that night, when he was turning away with his lighted candle for his bedroom.

"We can talk it over more comfortably at home," he said. "I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am a better one than you have given me credit for being."

I think," said he, "that we shall be of more use in London than in Norbury."

We can talk it over more comfort.

"We can talk it over more comfort.

"We can talk it over more comfort.

"We can talk it over more comfort.

"Holmes and I followed them down the lane and it o

THE 1911 EABLE OF THE COLLISION BETWEEN STEVE AND THE SUMPTURRY

NEW FABLES IN SLANG: LATEST SERIES BY GEORGE ADE NUE in the dim dead Days be- | turned away, throbbing with Indigna-

yond Recall, before any one in-vented a Solder that would hold It town x Lid, there lived a blue-eyed fought at Lexington and Lundy's Lane Japook named Steve.

We refer to the julcy Period preceding the Uplift, when Gov. Hughes was still in a Prep School and the Candidate wearing the largest collar was the People's Choice for Alderman. The State Senator with a noble Con

atituspey of Guineas, Wops and Hunraks usually conducted a Wood Alcohol Emporium, with a Hop Joint below, a Honza tong in the rear and a Crap Game upstairs. A Cop stood outside to beat up any one who made a Beller. A Good Citizen wishing to open a Murder Parlor needed a couple of Black

Bottles, a Barrel of Sawdust and a Pull at the City Hall. When he opened up, he threw the Key in the River and arranged to have the Bodies taken out through the Alley so as not to impeds Traffic in the Thoromehfures, All of which

Twelve months every Year marked the Open Sesson for every Game from

Pitch-and-Tess to Manslaughter. Getting down a Bet on the Ponles was attended with the same Difficulty that would now be experienced in purchasing a Red-Hot at Coney Island, but It did not take as long, because there

was no Mustard to be applied. Any one in search of Diversion could roll Kelly Pool at 10 Cents a Cue in the Morning, go to the Track in the Afternoon, take in a 20-round Scrap in the Evening and then Shoot at the Wheel a few times before backing into the

FIRE The Police were instructed to make sure that all Push-Cart Peddlers were properly Lloensed.

Steve roamed the Wide-Open Town and spread his Bets both ways from the

When he out the String and began to back his Judgment he knew no Limit

the Shuffle Bealds, the Game was cold them some Sumble.

All the Bookies, Barkeeps, Bruisers and the Boys sitting on the Moonlight Ratilers knew him by his First Name and had him targed as a Producer and a Herva Nies Felow.

Steve heard vague Rumors that carbain Sites whe hurried home before Midnight and wore White Mufflers were trying to put the Town on the Frits and Can all the Live Ohes but he did not dream that a Mug who went around in Golesbes and drank Root Beer could put anything across with the Main Swivel over at the Hall.

O, the Bude Awakening!

One day he was in a Pool Room working on the Form Sheet with about the Manufacted Proportion of the Standard of the Beards in the Third at Guttenberg, when some Bine Wagons backed up and Steve told the Deak Sergeant, a few Minutes lates, that his Name was Andrew Jacksoon. Next Day he had a Wire from Trainer but when he want to the old familiar Joint, the Plain Clothes Med and the Sharkey Club and the Bell in Sharkey Club and the Bell in Sharkey Club and the Ball in Sharkey Club and the Ball in Sharkey Ring.

The Law had made them was a constitution of the Minutes lates, that and are said and and the Sharkey Club and the Ball should be treated with

It was for this his Relatives had

fought at Lexington and Lundy's Law
and Gettysburg!
He folt that our vaunted Libertles
were but Shadowy Pretenses, although
he did not use this exact Language in
expressing his Emotions. He said,
"Well, what do you Know about
that?"
The down-town Books were being

The down-town Books were being raided but the Angoras kept on gafthe Train every day in order to pre-serve his Rights as a free-born Ameri-

One Day just as he was Peeling from

One Day just as he was Peeling from his Reil in front of the Kentucky Club in order to grab-Gortie Glue at 8 to 8. Lightning struck the Paddock and laid out the entire Works.

When the Touts and the Sheet-Writters and the Sure Thingers came to and began to ask Questions, it was discovered that the Yap Legislature had killed the Racing Gams and ordered all the Regulars to go to Work.

Steve went back to town in a dazed Condition to hunt up the Gang and find out what could be done to put out the Fire.

came under the Head of Personal Lib-When he arrived at the Hung-Out there was a Fing at Half-Mast. The Roost had been nailed up for keeping open after. Eleven o'Clock. A few Evenings after that he saun-

tered up to a large Frame Building to look at a couple of Boys who had promised to make 125 Ringside.

A Cannon was planted at the Main Chute and the Street was filled with Department Store Employes disguised

Department Store Employes disguised as Soldiera.

Nothing deing.

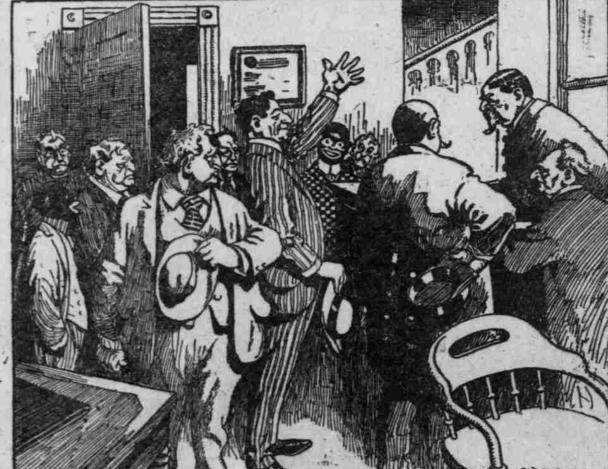
The Governor had called out the Militia in order to prevent a Blot being put upon the Pair Name of the Commonwealth.

With the Selling-Platers turned out to Pasture, the Brace-Box and the Pinch Wheel lying in the Basemont at Central Station, the Pugg going back to the Foundry and all the Street Lamps being taken in at Midnight, no wonder Steve was hard pushed to find innocent Amusement.

cent Amusement.

He started to hang around a Broker's Office, but it was no Pun to bet on a Turn-Up when you couldn't watch the Shuffle. Bealdes, the Game was Cold and was being fleroely denounced

LEGISLATION



STEVE TOLD THE DESK SERGEANT, A FEW MINUTES LATER! THAT HIS HAME WAS ANDREW JACKSON!

an Antiseptic or else that each Player should have an individual Ball and allow no one else to touch it.

The Society for the Protection of the Young had put up a Howl because the Game diverted the Attention of Urchins from their Work in the Public Schools and tended to encourage Mendacity among Office Boys.

The Concatenated Order of High-Brows had represented to the proper Authorities that, as a result of wide-spread Interest in the demoralizing Pastime, ordinary Conversation on the tail-end of a Trolley Car was becoming unintelligible to University Graduates and the Reports in the Dally Press had passed beyond the Ken of a mere Student of the English Language. The Medical Society certified that eight out of ten Men had shattered their Nervous Systems, split their Vocal orghi out of ten ase had anterest of the Nervous Systems, split their Vocal Cords and developed Moral Astigmatism—all because of the Paroxysms resulting from Partisan Fervor. The Doctors said it was worse than the Cocains Habit. Either build an Asylum in gwarz Ricals as also likewise the pre-

sens, but it hadn't made them any should have an individual Ball and allow as not fair to keep the Quiet Ones save longed for the Ponies and the The Society for the Protection of the admitted to the Grand Stand every Af-

Under the Circumstances, a purely Paternal Administration could do only One Thing. It put Baseball out of Business. On the very next Afternoon the un-

Steve went into the Back Yard with his eldest Son and looked about cautiously.
"Is the Lookout stationed on the Fence" he asked.
"He is"
"Is the Garden Gate securely locked?"
"It is."

"Are the Mallets properly muffled?"
They are." "They are."
"Then thell with the Law! We'll have a same of Croquet."
MORAL: We cannot eradicate Crime until we have weeded out those perverted Natures that are predisposed to