

OUR LITTLE MARY MACLANE WILL OUTGROW IT

MISFORTUNES ARE MERELY FANCIED

NAN BYXBEE SAYS SOME DAY SHE WILL REALIZE HOW SILLY HER RAVINGS HAVE BEEN.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX HAD THE SAME MALADY

Any Bright Young Woman, With Nothing to Occupy Her Mind, Is Likely to Imagine That She is Dreadfully Abused—Mary Is in Chicago Now Dodging the Newspapermen.

"Poor little Mary MacLane" is in Chicago. The banter and not entirely mild ridicule to which she has been subjected since her arrival there, the evident "stringing" and impertinent curiosity of the representatives of the press, and the cheerless circumstances of her dismal greeting at the station by strangers—the same ogres or the nimble pencil—these things would have been enough to have, indeed, aroused any other woman to the superlative degree of self-pity.

But it is not for these things that Butte's remarkable authoress pities herself—nor does it appear that it is for anything else that is real and tangible.

Why Mary's Life Is Empty.

She cries out because her life is empty, and she appears never to have tried to fill it. The pitiable mental condition that was hers when she wrote her book is such a one as comes to any bright, restless mind that has nothing with which to be occupied. Morbid thoughts and broodings over fancied misfortunes and limitations are calculated to make one miserable, and it is this quality of misery that the erratic—and erotic—young authoress depicts so vividly. It appeals, by its strong portrayal, to the readers of the book, for anything which drastically touches upon emotions and moods which, at one time or another, every human being feels in great or small degree, inevitably catches the attention. When some one else defines and expresses a thought or feeling which has unconsciously been our own, we call it intuition and give that person credit for cleverness, which is his due. But a portrayal of morbidness and defiance of all existing conditions as a constant and continued mental state, is a false one.

Mary MacLane's book is false to her. When she felt morbid she wrote, just as do the spring poets that vex the weary soul of the editor. In her bright and natural moods she did not feel the things she wrote, and no doubt she spent but a small number of hours out of her 24 in her broodings and with her degenerating pen.

What Mary May Yet Do.

It is a degenerating pen, for that which incites morbid minds to more misery and promotes the organization of suicide clubs, is degenerating. Had the "good Anglo-Saxon" of Miss Mary MacLane been used in a kinder vein and her intuition and power to portray human feelings been employed for the soothing and balm of such miseries as she describes, her contribution to literature would have been much more worthy the true Mary MacLane.

But it would not have been such a "success."

Whether she knew this or not, can only be conjectured. The writer thinks she did not. Her railings against society indicate a feminine bitterness on account of the non-possession of the fitness and frumpiness which she affects to despise.

She speaks contemptuously in Chicago of the Butte society ladies who drink "fancily fixed cocktails." It was she who, when entertained at a society function given in compliment to her in this city, demanded that the hostess prepare for her one of these same fancily mixed. And when it was brought, she employed the rudeness and lack of breeding which she mistakes for daring defiance of things which ought not to be—she tossed away the mixture and told her hostess it was not suited to her taste, demanding another that should be made "fit to drink."

She Will Outgrow It. Mary MacLane is a bad, envious child.



MISS MARY MACLANE, who arrived in Chicago this week from her home in Butte, whence came before her the "story" of her life, has learned the art of posing. Her attitudes give evidence of having been well studied—perhaps more thoroughly with a view to "effect" than her odd manners and literary work.

Mr. W. Koerner, artist on the staff of the Tribune, in making the above sketches of Miss MacLane, found that she was becoming an adept in poses. It was evident to his eye that she had studied poses as they are seen on the stage, and in illustration. They were none too easy for her. In drawing the sketches he found that five poses were characteristic to her. These he noted as follows:

- Pose No. 1. Miss MacLane leans forward with her arms straightened and her hands clasped between her knees. Her eyes are half closed, and she wears a reminiscent expression. A faint smile plays on her face. Her fingers are never quiet in this pose.
Pose No. 2. She rests her chin in her hands—elbows on her knees. She wears a bright and interested look. This pose is not so common with her as is No. 1.
Pose No. 3. She grasps the arms of the chair vigorously, and reclines. Her expression is that of expectation, verging on impatience. Here she has a picture pose. She sweeps the train of her gown in line with her body, straightens her arms and spreads her fingers on the window sill, her back to her companions.
Pose No. 4. She stands at her full height, with head thrown back and a disposition to be haughty. This is her attitude when inclined to defy the world and its opinion.
Pose No. 5. She stands at her full height, with head thrown back and a disposition to be haughty. This is her attitude when inclined to defy the world and its opinion.

That is, when she raves against her environment, which, taken all in all, is well enough for any reasonable person. When she is the real Mary MacLane, she is a gentle, lovable girl. This is the testimony of her friends. Ten years hence, perhaps only five, she will blush to think of her presumption. She will be ashamed of her childish egotism. Ella Wheeler Wilcox had such a mind at 19, or thereabout. She wrote bad poetry, filled with just such drivel against false conditions and reveling in exaggerated and pyrotechnic verbosity, pointing herself out as a fearful and wonderful person with fearful and wonderful feelings. She is wiser now. She does not do it. She has come to the tardy conclusion that existing conditions, though they do not always ring true, are for the best. She is resigned. She knows that she is not more remarkable than any other woman of bright mind and analytical temperament might be did she choose to sacrifice her womanliness in an unbecoming and useless trade, which fails to gratify the vanity that prompts it because the variety of fame it attains is odious.

Combats Windmills, Does Mary. Mary MacLane has been fighting wind-

mills. For this one may well say: "Poor little Mary MacLane." She is bright enough to outgrow her Quixotic sentiments and some day she may employ her splendid energies in a better way. If her natural stubbornness does not prompt her to persist in her useless and ridiculous eccentricity, she may yet write a book that Butte may be unqualifiedly proud of.

Personally, all sympathy is due her in her new ventures. She is an inexperienced young girl in a large city, daily being exposed to public ridicule, and her most private affairs intruded upon by representatives of the press and the curiosity of those who know her through her ridiculous fame.

Many Butte women could write just such a book as "The Story of Mary MacLane," and write it better. And it is not that they do not dare. They have judgment and value their talents more highly than to exert them to such a useless end.

Mary MacLane thinks she is the only Butte woman who could have written the book or its equal in vituperation. She is the only woman who has done it. She is not yet sorry. Ten years hence she will be.

NAN BYXBEE.

THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO RECOVER

Joseph Scitt Falls One Hundred Feet Down a Chute in the Gray Rock Mine.

Should Joseph Scitt recover from injuries received last night at the Gray Rock mine, it may be truly said that he leads a charmed life. Scitt was working in the neck of an ore chute. About twelve o'clock he informed a nearby miner he was going for a stick of powder but his first step was an unfortunate one for it precipitated Scitt down the chute, a distance of 100 feet.

The man fell headfirst, falling on the

head and one shoulder. That his skull was not fractured is nothing short of a miracle. He suffered serious scalp wounds and is probably internally injured. Scitt was removed to Murray & Freund's hospital in an unconscious condition. The attending physicians believe he has suffered concussion of the brain.

AGED PEDDLER ROBBED AND SHOT NEAR BASIN

Recently Lost Horse, Wagon, and Outfit, Which He Had Left in a Gulch Near Columbia.

J. H. Mattison, the old peddler who complained of losing his horse, wagon and outfit, which he had left in the gulch near Columbia Gardens last week, is in trouble again. Word has been received in Butte that he was shot and robbed yesterday near Basin on his way home to Clancy. It is believed that the old man made a confidant of some parties now under suspicion in this city. The officers are of the belief that he told them that he had some money and they followed him for the purpose of taking it away from him.

\$50—To San Francisco and Return—\$50 August 4 to 9, inclusive, the Oregon Short Line will sell excursion tickets to San Francisco and return, \$50; Los Angeles, \$60. Tickets limited for return 60 days.

Remember, this is the shortest route by 500 miles. Reserve berths now. City Ticket Office, 105 North Main street, Butte, Mont.

H. O. WILSON, General Agent.

BUTTE BEATS 'EM ALL IN ONE THING

Detective Says We Have More Dope Fiends, in Proportion, Than Any Other City.

"I will venture the assertion that Butte has as many dope fiends as any city of the same population in the United States," said Detective Murphy to a group of friends. "Now this is not a good thing to brag about, perhaps, and I am not bragging but I am sure a little observation will bear me out.

"You won't have to go to the joints where the habitual dope fiends hang out, to assure yourself that they 'live and have their being.' You can see them on the streets—tallow-faced, hollow chested men, young and old. If you have ever had a good look at a dope fiend you won't mistake the next one you meet.

"Now look at that specimen of humanity," said the detective, pointing to an abject looking individual who, at one time in his career, might have had reason to lay claim to the title of a man.

The person whom Detective Murphy referred to was walking slowly along on the edge of the sidewalk, with head down and hands deep in his trouser's pockets. His face was the color of a candle, his eyes were sunken, his shoulders stooped and his ragged beard matted with dust and tobacco juice.

How the Wretch Lives. "Do you know how that man makes his living?" continued Detective Murphy. "In the first place he eats scarcely anything, as the drug destroys all desire to eat. Now and then he will wander through back alleys and pick up pieces of doughnuts and half decayed bananas. This is all in the

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The weather has been very cold and we have not sold the usual number of LIGHT HARNESS And will cut the prices to reduce the stock. J. N. NEVILLS CO. 106 E. Park Street. Butte, Montana. Phone 686A

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way of food that passes his lips. "He will find old shoes and clothes, and when he can get a little something for them, he spends the money for morphine. Those he cannot sell to second hand dealers he wears himself.

"He is repeatedly brought before the police court and fined, but this does no good and the poor wretch would die if kept away from the dope which permeates his system.

"He is only one of many."

Whereas, Death has removed from our midst our esteemed associate, Richard Morrison, one who, while among us, showed all the attributes of the true association member, and in whose everyday life were exemplified those noble principles which characterize true manhood and the useful citizen, and to whom all were accustomed to show their love and respect; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Richard Morrison the community has lost a useful and efficient citizen, our association a valued member and society a man of unblemished character.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family, in this their hour of sad affliction, our most heartfelt sympathy, and may they find comfort and solace from Him who has all in His keeping. Be it further

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to our late associate a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased brother and a copy thereof be spread on the minutes of this association. I. KRUEGAR, President.

WALTER FORBES, Secretary Master Plumbers' Association, Butte.

To Run at Full Blast.

[SPECIAL TO INTER MOUNTAIN.] Helena, July 12.—About half of the 200 men who have reported for duty at the East Helena smelters are at work. The men are mostly engaged in repair work, and expect to have the smelter running in full blast within a week.

MINING APPLICATION NO. 4539. United States Land Office, Helena, Montana, June 20, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that John Connell and Daniel J. Hennessy, whose post-office address is Butte, Montana, have this day filed their application for a patent for 1,426 linear feet, being 350 feet easterly and 1,126 feet westerly from discovery shaft of the Bryan Lode Mining claim, upon which a notice of intention to apply for a patent was posted on the 16th day of June, 1902, situated in Summit Valley, unorganized, Mining District, Silver Bow county, state of Montana, designated as Survey No. 6593, in Township 3 north, of Range 8 west, and being more particularly described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner, which is also Corner No. 4 of Survey No. 1234, and a point in the west end line of Survey No. 1642, a granite stone set in the ground, with a mound of earth alongside,

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and marked 1-6593 for Corner No. 1, from which the corner of Sections 1, 2, 11 and 12, Township 3 north, Range 8 west, bears south 51 degrees 23 minutes east, 377 feet; and running thence north 10 degrees 15 minutes west, 18 feet; thence north 89 degrees 41 minutes west, 1,426 feet; thence south 10 degrees 15 minutes east, 191 feet; thence north 83 degrees 37 minutes east, 1,454 feet to the place of beginning, containing an area of 3.48 acres claimed by the above-named applicants.

The location of this claim is of record in the recorder's office of Silver Bow county, state of Montana, in Book "R," on Page 317 of Lode locations.

The adjoining claims to these premises are Survey No. 1961, Tully lode, Lot 505, on the north; Survey No. 1642, Sooner lode, Lot 426, on the east; Survey No. 1234, Mill Side lode, Lot 345 on the south and Survey No. 5115, Minnie lode, on the west.

FRANK D. MIRACLE, Register. SAMUEL BARKER, JR., Attorney for applicants. (First publication June 21, 1902.)



A Beautiful Woman Can only retain her beauty by preserving her teeth. If yours need attention come and see me AT ONCE

It will require but a moment's time for you to have your teeth examined. DR. GAILBRAITH Third Floor, Goldberg Building

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BANK OF BUTTE Butte, Mont. Capital.....\$100,000.00 Under state supervision. Five per cent interest, payable quarterly, paid on deposits. Money to Loan on Real Estate F. AUG. HEINZE.....President A. B. CLEMENTS.....Cashier

STATE SAVINGS BANK John A. Creighton.....President C. W. Stapleton.....Vice President T. M. Hodgens.....Cashier J. O. Hodgens.....Assistant Cashier R. B. Nuckolls.....Assistant Cashier Under state supervision and jurisdiction. Interest paid on deposits. Sells exchange available in all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. Collections promptly attended to. Transact general banking business. Directors: J. A. Creighton, Omaha; G. W. Stapleton, A. H. Barrett, E. D. Levitt, S. V. Kemper, T. M. Hodgens, J. O. Hodgens. Corner Main and Park Sts., Butte.

The First National Bank Of Butte. (Established 1879.) Capital.....\$200,000.00 GENERAL BANKING Drafts drawn on all principal cities of the World and Letters of Credit issued. ANDREW J. DAVIS.....President JAMES A. TALBOTT.....Vice Pres. E. B. WEIRICK.....Cashier J. S. DUTTON.....Assistant Cashier

W. A. Clark, J. Ross Clark. W. A. CLARK & BRO. BANKERS Transact General Banking Business Buy gold dust, gold bars, silver bullion and local securities. Boxes for rent in safe deposit vault. Sell exchange available in all of the principal cities of the United States and Europe. Special attention given to collections. ALEX. J. JOHNSTON, Cashier.

DALY BANK AND TRUST COMPANY OF BUTTE Established 1882 Incorporated 1901 Capital...\$100,000.00 General Banking Business JOHN D. RYAN.....President JOHN R. TOOLE.....Vice President C. C. SWINBORNE.....Cashier R. A. KUNKEL.....Asst. Cashier

C. R. Leonard, Pres. T. R. Hinds, V-Pres. Fayette Harrington, Cashier

Silver Bow National Bank CAPITAL \$100,000.00 This bank solicits accounts, offers prompt and careful attention to business of customers. Collections promptly attended to and remitted for on day of collection. Sell foreign and domestic exchange, transact a general banking business, pay interest on time deposits. Directors—Charles R. Leonard, F. Aug. Heinze, S. Marchesseau, A. Balmforth, R. A. Louis, C. W. Newton, T. R. Hinds, John MacGinnis, Fayette Harrington.

NOTICE OF FORFEITURE Butte, Montana, April 8, 1902. To Thomas L. Porter, or Assigns:

You are hereby notified that I have expended during the year 1901, one hundred dollars in labor and improvements upon the Julius Lode claim, situated in Summit Valley mining district, Silver Bow county, Montana, about 4 1/2 miles southeast of Butte City, Montana, of which the declaratory statement is found of record on Page 56 of Book "D" of lode claims, in the office of the recorder of said county of Silver Bow, in order to liquid said claim under the laws of the United States concerning annual labor upon mining claims, being the amount required to hold said lode for the period ending on the 31st day of December, 1901. And if within ninety days after publication hereof, you fail to contribute your proportion of said expenditure, as a co-owner by agreement thereof to me or to my agents, the J. E. Rickards Co., at Butte, Montana, your interest in the claim will become the property of the subscriber, your co-owner, by the provisions of said laws. MARY W. BISHOP.

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