



THE OLD BRIG D'ANR SHOWING ITS PRESENT BROKEN AND DECAVED CONDITION.

succeeded in saving from demolition the

greatest poet made forever notable. able decay. It had reached a point where its time-worn stones barely sufficed to hold it together. The passing of cen-turies had cracked away the cement, the

to the thousands who regard Burns as cond only to Shakespeare, indeed among Scots he probably lies closer to the affect tions than even the Hard of Avon himself. Tear down the old bridge! It seemed a

crime, a sacrilege! consideration of reverence demanded that the poetic structure, whose every stone is rich in memories of the

gentle singer, should be saved.

Its age alone should have protected it from the hands of the destroyer, for even in England where the landmarks of the past have been carefully guarded, there are few structures to match it in actionities.

ion. Its legal documents in the fast ading figures of an old charter, is re-orded that the Brig of Ayr came into existence in 1236, being erected by two maid-en ladies, whose souls had been harried the frequent less of life that followed necessity of fording the treacherous

And if age were not motive enough to And if age were not motive chough to make for the preservation of Ayr, the birthplace of Burns, standing less than a mile and a half away from the bridge, that for centuries has connected the town of Ayr proper with Newton and Wallacetown, should have been an argument nothing could withstand.

Lord Roseberry Acts.

These considerations did not weigh with the town authorities against the peed of a bridge that should be safe.

They were set in their plan, and had actually gone so far as to ask for bids for a new structure when public-spirited lengthshmen and Scotchinen in every sec-

been put under a debt of gratitude to Lord Roseberry.

The ex-Primate of England has unceeded in saving from demolition the greatest poet made forever notable.

The old bridge had fallen into lamenthie decay. It had reached a point where its time-worn stones barely sufficed to hold it together. The passing of central lates and the needed no urging for he is a deep admirer of Burns, and the idea of wiping out such a landmark aroused in him all the energy that in the past he was wont to use in his political battler. His first act was to address a letter to the town council in which he appealed for delay. This he followed with an open letter to all lovers of Burns, in which he asked the assistance of all who had means to contribute.

Letters of protest began pouring in on the Town Council by the hundreds, and

hold it together. The passing of centuries had cracked away the cement, the stones were crumbling and the danger of collapse made the bridge of "Tam O'Shanter's" time a constant menace to the safety of all who used it.

In this predicament the gractical citizens who compose the Town Council of Ayr decided that sentiment must give way to utility, the old bridge be demolished, and a new one erected.

The decision rightfully brought a pang to the thousands who regard Burns as Verdict of the Architects.

Verdict of the Architects.

Some of the foremost experts of England volunteered their services and hastened to the spot.

Every inch of the seven-century-old structure was gone over with critical eye, and when the time for a hearing came, there descended on the Town Council of Ayr such a delegation of experts as have seldom been drawn together in any one

By common consent the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings put forth as their spokesman Francis Fox. of the firm of Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, Mr. Fox first paid high con

the local engineer for the careful repairs be had from time to time, with small money and small facilities, made on the old structure.

But for these, Mr. Fox said, there would be no Auld Brig to talk about. It

would long since have collapsed.

Then he added that a time had come when the bridge was doomed unless somehardly hold together more than a few

he advised the demolition of the bridge, but if a due regard were to be paid to sentiment, the old structure could be

Then to the great delight of the distinguished audience that listened, Mr. Fox asserted that the bridge could be saved. and without any loss of its identity

Saved by Cement.



Englishmen and Scotchmen in every section of the globe called on Lord Roseberry to head a movement to save the old bridge.

The plan of taking it down stone by stone and re-erecting, using the old stones. Mr. Fox pronounced to be out of the question. So many of the stones have places. Such a plan would mean a new mental interest, its wrinkles and furrows,

the distorted arch and the weather-worn

FOOT PATH OF AUED BRIG O'AYR OVER WHITH TAM O'SHANTER MADE

HIS TUGHT

Instead of that, Mr. Fox pointed out that the use of the grouting machine would make it possible to fill up all the

cracks with cement, and make the bridge as firm as ever. He told of other old-time structures that had been repaired in this way. By means of the grouting machine, liquid cement is blown by compressed air into the very heart of the wall, no matter of what

thickness, whether the fusure be wide or as narrow as a sheet of cardboard. This plan was accepted as the ideal one to meet the needs of the bridge. As-suming the structure to be grouted up, and thus secured from falling, it was a

and thus secured from failing, it was a comparatively easy matter to strengthen the foundations by building a box of vertical timber around each pier.

An open discussion drew opinion from such other noted architects as John Carruthers. John Strain, Mesurs. Muirhead, Greig & Metthews and Messre. Simpson & Wilson, that the old bridge could be saved, and at a cost small in relation to its historical and romantic value.

Under these conditions, the Town Council withdrew its scheme for a new bridge, and agreed to the plan of saving the old

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The work has already started. It will cost some \$60,000, which has been sub-scribed by British admirers of Burns.



SURTH PEACE OF BOBBIE BURNS BUT A SHORT DISTANCE FROM

Chief In The State of The

"In the Absence of the Rules" J By Henry Wallace Phillips THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN'S SELECTED FICTION.

SCOTLANDS SWEET SINGER

ROBERT BURNS

to him. The only time he'd stay by the house was when the sheep was off some-wheres. And, of course, it was strictly simply trot right away from him, wig-opportunity, for you won't be weeth

THE SUNDAY OREGONIANS SELECTED PETTION.

While a pic who was down down the control of the contro