## MR. LIVINGSTONE'S ORATION ON BURNS

stone on "Bobbie" Burns at the Clan Macleay celebration at Arion hall on Fri-

ing themselves together in societies ton inspired some of his most beautiful whose objects are, among other things, lyrics. For example, where is there a to keep alive the memories and associative-lyric more beautiful than 'Mary to keep alive the memories and associa-tions of the land of their birth—and the tions of the land of their birth—and the same thing is taking place all the world over—and we are met tonight under the auspices of one of these societies to celebrate the birthday of Scotland's greatest poet, and the greatest song writer the world ever produced—Robert Burns. Thomas Carlyle, in his famous And you the toast of a' the town, and you the toast of a' the town. Burns. Thomas Carlyle, in his famous easay, written 75 years ago, said that the interest in the character of Burns would probably gain rather than lose in its dimensions by the distance to which it is removed by time, and we think he judged correctly. At least 20 different blographies of the poet have been written, Essays and magnaine articles without number have been given to the public, dealing with every conceivable phase of his life and character. And surely it is a remarkable fact that And surely it is a remarkable fact that we are met to celebrate the great poet's birthday here in Portland, Or., 6,000 miles removed from the place, and almost 150 years from the time at which

"The increasing love and admiration for the poet are not confined to his own countrymen alone, but are shared by English-speaking people everywhere. This is not because he was a successful man, for the poet's life was not a success as the world counts success. The Ayrshire bankers and lawyers and ministers of Burns' day were no doubt looked upon by the people of their time as the successful Ayrshire men. Their names have gone into oblivion forever, or some may have been saved because of Burns' association with them, but the name of Robert Burns, the humble plowname of Robert Burns, the humble plow-man, is imperishable. There must be something in the man and in his life and character that has attracted so much of the world's interest, and in my brief address I am to try to show you

what that something is.
"It was on January 25, 1759, about two miles from the town of Ayr, in a clay-built cottage reared by his father's own hands, that Robert Burns was born. His first welcome to the world was a rough one. As he himself says:

"'A blast o' Januar' win Blew Hansel in on Robin." "A few days after he was born a neighbor's house, where they remained till their own house was repaired. 'No wonder,' said the poet in after life, 'that one ushered into the world amid such a tempest should be the victim of stormy passions.' The poet was fortunate in his parentage. His father was a man of thoughtful, earnest character, a man Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, who feared God and tried to do his I see it driving o'er the plain: whole duty. When Robert was born his father rented seven acres of ground near the Brig o' Doon, which he cul-tivated as a nursery garden. He was very poor and his life was a struggie against adversity until the day of his his bonnie Mary; but he has not money death. Burns has left an immortal to pay his passage, and for the purpose picture of his father in the 'Cotter's of raising money, it is decided to publish his poems. The result changed his plans.

"The cheerful supper done, wi' serious The fame of the volume spread at once face like wildfire throughout Ayrshire and

pride. His bonnet reverently is laid aside, His lyart haffets wearing thin and

Those straips that once did sweet in 27 years old, spending the winter in Zion glide, the Scottish capital. The literary men

with solemn air.'

"The poet's mother was much younger he was looked upon more as a nine-days' than his father. She is described as wonder than anything else. The visit intelligent looks, but not beautiful; of vantage to the poet. He compared his good manners and easy address. Like lot with others, and what he saw made

When Robert was a boy of 7 the fam-"When Robert was a boy of 7 the fam-ily removed to a farm called Mount Oliphant, about five miles from the his visit to Edinburgh was, however, Brig o' Doon, and here he spent his life carried out, and the second edition of until he was 18 years old. The farm his poems was published by subscripwas a poor one, and the family were tion, the proceeds being about \$2,500. not improving in worldly prospects. The not improving in worldly prospects. The Soon after this he married the woman landlord died, and the farm passed into he had wronged—Bonnie Jean—and dethe hands of a factor who wrote let-

"T've noticed in our Laird's court day An' mony a time my heart's been wae, Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash, How they maun thole a factor's snash; swear,

He'll apprehend them, poind their gear. While they maun stan' wi' aspect humble.

An' hear it a', and fear an' tremble."

'During these years Robert's education was not neglected by his father. He was not able to send him to a good school, but the neighbors joined to-gether and engaged a teacher named John Murdoch, who boarded with them, and he instilled into the minds of his pupils a love of books and learning. Robert and his brother, Gilbert, were engaged, as soon as they were able, in assisting their father on the farm. But their education was attended to as a sacred duty, and so we find Burns at irregular intervals receiving mental training until he was 13 or 14 years old. After that he became a regular farm laborer, but the long evenings were spent in a home where books were found the best of company. The Spectator, Shakespeare, Pope, Locke on the Human Understanding, Allan Ramsey's bed. He recovered so as to be able to

works and others like these were the ordinary reading. Up to this date Burns was happy, gay and full of life and spirit. As Carlisle says:

and spirit. As Carlisie says: "The curtain of existence is slowly rising, in many-colored splendog and gloom: and the auroral light of first love is gliding his horizon, and the music is on his path; and so he walks in glory and in joy.

Behind his plow, upon the mountain side!"

"He was now a young man of 17, and But we cannot help loving him. His

his heart strings thrill like an Acolian harp, he began to write his first verses the song entitled Handsome Nell. Thous met me in an evil hour. Which he, in his later years considered puerile and silly. Some of his love the songs written later are the best that To spare thee now is past my power, Thous hourse semile. were ever written in any language.
"When Robert was 18 years old the removed to a farm in the parish

The oration delivered by R. Living- ing a wide view southward over the hills of Carrick, westward toward the Isle of Arran, Allsa crag, and down the "It is said that with the true Scotchman removed from his native land the love of his country almosts amounts to a passion. In these United States, for example, we find Scotchmen grouping themselves together in societies whose objects are, among other this Morrison, written at this time:

"Unfortunately for his peace of mind, he now became initiated into dissipation and vice. At Irvine, particularly, he got into bad company. It was also fatal to his habits that he became in-volved in the religious quarrels of his district. When he saw so much scrife and hypocrisy, there is no wonder that he entertained scruples regarding relig-ion itself, and, altogether, he was like

a rudderless ship on a tempestuous sea.
"His father died when Robert was 25 years old, bankrupt, worn out with his struggle against poverty and had sea-sons, and Robert and his brother, Gilbert, took a lease of the small farm of Mossglel on their own account. Robert entered on the lease of the small farm with a strong desire to be helpful to his widowed mother and his sisters, and with a resolution to lead a prudent and industrious life. But the crops were a failure, and the results of his labors gave little encouragement. associations he formed at Irvine and elsewhere were now giving him trouble. To quote again from Carlisle: 'He loses his feeling of innocence; his mind is at variance with itself; the old divinity no longer presides there; but wild desires and wild repentance alternately oppress him and ere long, too, he has committed himself before the world; his character for sobriety, dear to a Scotch peasant, as few corrupted worldlings can con-ceive, is destroyed in the eyes of men, and his only refuge consists in trying storm blew down the gable end of the cottage and the poet and his mother to disbelieve his guiltiness, and is but were carried in the dark morning to a refuge of lies. The blackest despera tion now gathers over him, broken only by red lightnings of remorse.' He now resolves on leaving his native land forever. He sees in the gloomy aspects of nature his own condition. He says:

The gloomy night is gathering fast, Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast;

The hunter now has left the moor, The scuttered coveys meet secure, While there I wander prest with care Along the lonely banks of Ayr."

They, round the ingle, form a circle adjacent districts. People of higher rank now seek his company, and he ninks that poetry might be his vocation. The whole edition sold in a few months, and one of his newlyfound friends induced him to try a second edition and to pay a visit to Edin-burgh. Accordingly, we find him, when He wales a portion with judicious of that time there were more famous care.
And "'"Let us worship God,"'" he says their warmth of heart, and while he was entertained by all the celebrities. wonder than anything else. The visit sagacious, with bright eyes and to Edinburgh did not result in true adher husband she was sincerely religious, but more even tempered. There were seven children, of whom Robert was the eldest.

cided once more to settle down' comthe nands of a latest the whole family in tears. fortably as a farmer. He took the farm The man's name is not given, but his of Ellisland, near Dumfries, where he character is set forth in the following resided with his wife and family for about two years, but he did not succeed. He lost all the money he had made, and through the influence of some friends, he got the position of an offi-cer in the excise, with a salary of \$350 He'll stamp and threaten, curse and a year. He kept the position for five years. It was far from congenial work, and he did it as well as most people would have done, perhaps better than many. During these later years he wrote many of his best songs and poems. To Mary in Heaven, 'Auld Lang Syne,' John Anderson, My Jo,' 'A Man's a Man for a' That,' all belong to that period. So also does that matchless Tale of So also does that matchless Tale of Tam o'Shanter.' The theme was suggested to him by his friend Captain Grove, the antiquary. The poem was the work of one day, of which his wife had a vivid recollection. The poet had spent most of the day by the riverside and in the evening his wife joined him with her two children. I wish you with her two children. I wish you could have seen him, said his wife. He was in such costasy that the tears were dropping down his cheeks."
"Burns died in Dumfries when he was

bed. He recovered so as to be able to go to a sea-bathing resort, but his health was completely shattered, and on the 21st of July, 1796, he passed, as Carlisle says, 'Into that still country where the

"He was now a young man of 17, and But we cannot help loving him. His under a love spell cast over him by a warm sympathy with all living and lifebonnie sweet lass, his partner in the less things touches our hearts. He turns harvest field, whose voice, he says, made over the daisy with his plowshare and his warm heart bursts in sympathy: Wee, modest, crimson-tipped fi Thous met me in an evil hour.

Thou bonnie gem."
"The same feelings express themselves when with his plow he destroys of Tarbolton, glad to get away from the nest of the field mouse, the 'wee, the heartless factor. The new place, sleekit, cowering beastle.' Another char-Loch-Lea, was an upland farm on the acteristic is his sincerity; what he north bank of the River Ayr, command- writes is genuine. There is no affecta- It's no in wealth like Lun'on bank,

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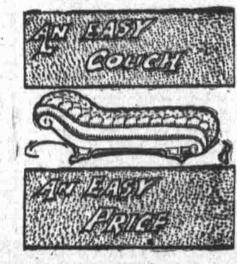
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everyday language of his fireside and he describes and sings about the actual ocabout him. He interpreted the lives, thoughts, feelings and manners of the Scottish peasantry, to whom he belonged, as they had never been interpreted before. For example, how true to the life he describes the fun and frolic of a Scotch Hallow'en. No one can read that remarkable poem without feeling that it is written by one who had himself participated in what he is

"The auld guidwife's weel-hoordit nit Are round and round divided. And mony lads' and lasses' fates Are there that night decided. Some kindle coothic side by side And burn thegither trimly, Some start awa' wi' saucy pride An' jump out o'er the chimile

'Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e; Wha 'twis she wadna tell, But this is Jock and this is me, She says unto hersel': He bleezed owre her and she owre him As they wad never mair part; Till fuff! he started up the lum And Jean had e'en a sair heart

Fu' high that night.

To see't that night.'

"And, then, too, is there not a true nobility, and certain sterling worth that pervades all his writings? He hated cant and hypocrisy of every kind. though he could not wisely guide his livers own life, none knew better what was self. wanted. In his Epistle to a Young Friend, for example, what better advice could be given to a man than the fol-

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile Assiduous wait upon her; And gather goar by ev'ry wile That's justified by honour; Not for to hide it in a hedge, Nor for a train-attendant; But for the glorious privilege

Of being independent.

Unhappy man though he often was he knew well where happiness is to be found. Listen to what he says: "Tt's no in titles nor in rank;

It's no in making muckle mair; It's no in books, it's no in lear, To mak us truly blest! If happiness has not her seat

And center in the breast; We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest! Nae treasures, nor pleasures, Could make us happy lang; The heart aye's the right aye

That makes us right or wrang." might wish to die." "But it is as a song-writer that Burns' fame will chiefly rest. His songs are immortal. They appeal to all ranks and to all ages. They are sung in the cottage and the castle, and will conthrue to cheer and delight mankind in ages to come wherever the English lan-

guage is spoken.
"Pilgrims in years gone by have wandered to the 'thatched hut' in which Burns was born to prove that the banks of Avon, where Shakespeare first saw light, are not holier grounds than the banks of Ayr or Doon. What has Burns not written? He could melt with love, or fire with rage—has depicted every emotion in the human heart. He waves his hand and lo, before us are the snow-white locks of 'John Anderson, My Jo. He waves his hand again for 'Auld Lang Syne, and next we see "Two Dogs," who are thankful they are not of our racethen the wizard with his magic strokes 'A Man's a Man for a' That.' He philosophizes on a daisy and a mouse; he sings to 'Mary in Heaven,' and de

"There is no occasion to lift the vei behind which the dead are out of sight and to those who are inclined to censure Burns severely for his manner of life would advise them to ponder his well

livers an address to the very Diel him-

Then gently scan your brother man, Still gentler sister woman Though they may gang a Kennin wrang To step sside is human; One point must still be greatly darkand just as lamely can ye mark How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tie He alone Decidedly can try us; He knows each chord-its various tone,

Each spring—its various bias; Then at the balance lets be mute We never can adjust it;

What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted.' "There are many monuments to Burns but the greatest of them is the love and admiration of the people. This he has perhaps more than any other poet, and in this he has "built himself a living monument and kings for such a tomb

#### URGE GOOD BOADS APPROPRIATION

(Journal Special Service.) Washington, Jan. 25.—President W. H. Moore, Secretary R. W. Richardson and other officers and committeemen of the National Good Roads association gathered in Washington today for the purpose of carrying the good roads campaign into congress. The members will appear before the appropriations and other committees of congress and present the resolutions of the last convention of the National Good Roads association, urging appropriations for improvement of public highways throughout the United States. The association, it is said, will not indorse any particular bill, but will confine its efforts to making a strong argument for good roads legisla-tion. The Brownlow bill, introduced by Representative Brownlow of Tennessee providing for federal aid in road building, is now pending in the house.

#### NATIONAL GUARD OFFICERS MEET. (Journal Special Service.)

St. Augustine, Pla., Jan. 25,-Nearly every state and territory was represented among the military men present today at the opening of the sixth annual convention of the Interstate National Guard association. The association is composed of the adjutant-general and commissioned officers of the organized militia in the several states and territories and its general purpose is to improve the efficiency and standing of the national guard. The present convention, which is provided over by Major-Gen. Charles Dick of Ohio, will occupy itself with the consideration of various measures of state and federal legislation affecting the interests of the national guard organization.

On the Queen Anne car line. Nobody dreamed that that person was a woman until a boy who had gone to school. With Nell and knew of her addiction to male attire, let out the secret. Then there was a sensation, for half a dozen housemaids on the hill were keeping company with Nell by this time. Nell had been arrested by the police for dressing in men's clothes, but she will not give up the practice. Her parents are respectable people and do their best to passageways and boxes. convention of the Interstate National

#### **NELL PICKERILL AND** HER LADY LOVES

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 25 .- Nell Pickerill, a 20-year-old damsel who for years has persisted in wearing boy's apparel, has created a furor of excitement among the residents of Queen Anne hill, the most fashionable section of the city, on account of her escapades with their

servant girls.

At least two sentimental maldens who keep house for the Queen Afine nabobs are known to have fallen in love with the unblushing Nell, and had the latter's masquerade not been discovered the romance might have gone farther. As it is the be-trousered young woman has stirred up jealousies among the former friendly housemaids that may take long to heal, for many of them do not now speak to each other. Of course when the identity of the trouble-maker by a high fence, and ceing situated on was found out she was obliged to seek a hill, would probably burn to the pastures new. Two highly respected young ladies of this city have already committed suicide by swallowing carbolic acid after falling in love with Nell. all merely a woman, led the unfortunate girls to end their lives. The Queen Anne citizens did not know but their lives are lived as a result of the committee's Anne citizens did not know but that tion of the theatres one of the most their housemaids might be the next vic-dangerous 16-cent vaudeville theatres.

goes under the name of Harry Livings Transfe Buildings.

The committee of councilmen aplic buildings of this city in regard to their protection against fire will begin the work of investigating hotels churches this afternoon. Radical alterations to these structures as to providing proper fire safeguards will probably

Most of the hotels, all of the church and more or less of the semi-public buildings are fearfully lacking in means of furnishing their occupants a way of escape in event of fire. Perhaps the worst building in the city in this respect is the House of Good Shepherds on Ninth avenue and Terrace street. This old filmsy wooden structure shelters nearly 300 orphan girls, who are confined there night and day except when out on their regular walking jaunts or visiting friends. Most of the windows are barred. The building is surrounder by a high fence, and oeing situated on ground before the fire department reached it if the blaze once got a fair

start. The girls' dormitory at the state unt-

tims and they were not slow in giving has been closed and sweeping alterations.
Nell the hint to keep forever after are being made to the others, which have wards away.

For the past month a dapper young person, dudishly dressed, carrying a cane and generally gallantly escorting a blushing girl has been seen riding less improvements to make it more sufficient takes 12 minutes to empty this house that the carrying a control of the carrying a control of the con