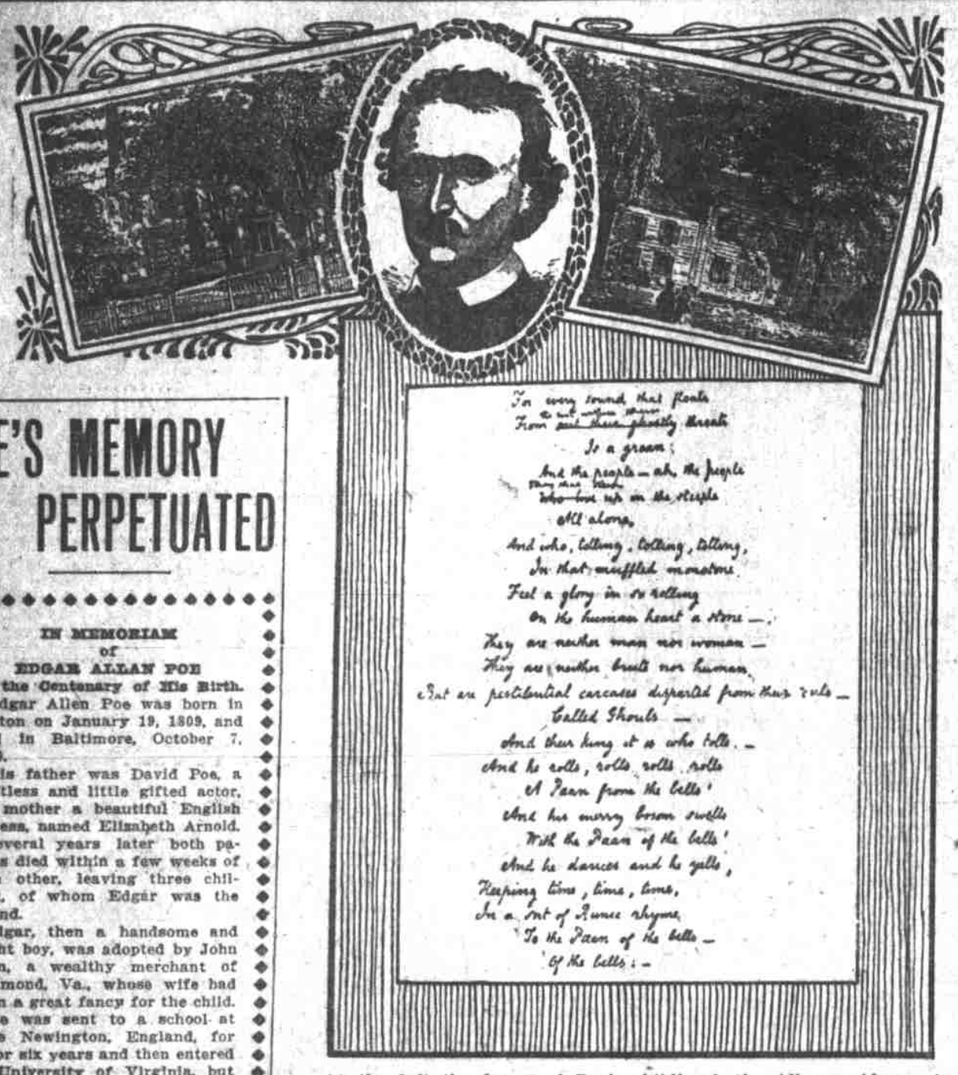
GENIUS THAT PRODUCED "THE RAVEN" BORN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO TODAY



At the left the home of Poe's childhood, the Allan residence, in Richmond, Va. At the right the house in which "The Raven" was written. Below a facsimile of the original manuscript of "The Bells."

POE'S MEMORY PERPETUATED

IN MEMORIAM of EDGAR ALLAN POE

On the Centenary of His Birth.

Edgar Allen Poe was born in Boston on January 19, 1809, and died in Baltimore, October 7, 1849.

His father was David Poe, a shiftless and little gifted actor, his mother a beautiful English actress, named Elizabeth Arnold.

Several years later both parents died within a few weeks of each other, leaving three children, of whom Edgar was the second.

Edgar, then a handsome and bright boy, was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va., whose wife had taken a great fancy for the child.

Poe was sent to a school at Stoke Newington, England, for five or six years and then entered the University of Virginia, but was removed on account of his gambling habit, by Mr. Allan.

At the age of 18 Poe went to Boston, where he published his first volume of poems. Shortly afterward he enlisted in a battery of artillery, from which he was granted a discharge through the influence of Mr. Allan.

In 1833 the Baltimore Saturday Visitor offered two prizes of $100 each for a story and a poem, and Poe won both. With this success began his career as editor and contributor to magazines. He found employment on several magazines in Richmond, Philadelphia and New York and contributed to them a large number of poems, stories, essays and criticisms.

In 1836 he married Virginia Clemm, then only 13 years of age, who died on January 30, 1847. With her died the good angel of Poe, who was passionately devoted to her.

After the death of his wife, who had been an invalid nearly all her life, Poe became even more erratic in his work and his habits than before and only the friendship of several women, who were greatly devoted to him, kept him from sinking still lower. Death surprised him while he was in Baltimore.

On January 19, Edgar Allan Poe—eccentric American genius, to whose melancholy has been tuned the most original of American poems—would have been 100 years old had he escaped untimely fate in 1849. We have inherited many masterpieces from his weird pen; and yet, so great is our literary decadence that the average American recalls little or nothing of the thrilling story of "The Raven" perched upon the chamber door, to whose image the poet, seeking surcease of sorrow for his lost Lenora, addressed his midnight longing—and was answered, "Nevermore!"

It is worthy the time of the busiest man to read "The Bells" and to observe the startling possibilities of the English language. "The Bells" is one of the greatest poems ever written. It is as follows:

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune.
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their horror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar.
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright,
At the melancholy menace of their tone;
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And they king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A paean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the paean of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

* * *

Edgar Allen Poe possessed that highly developed dual nature which he has so forcibly brought out in his "William Wilson." It is largely on this account that authorities differ so widely in attempting to depict his life. The general conception of Poe is one of anything but sobriety, faithfulness of duty and respect for home life, and yet no less an authority than N. P. Willis, who for some time employed Poe as critic and subeditor on his daily paper and who thus became intimately associated with the great author, describes Poe's life and habits as quite the reverse of the general conception. Mr. Willis states that he knew Poe intimately for four or five years following their first personal acquaintance on the paper. At the time Poe resided with his wife and mother-in-law at Fordham, a few miles out of town, but "was at his desk in the office from 9 in the morning until the evening paper went to press." He states that by common report he had been led to expect a very capricious attention to his duties and occasionally a scene of violence and difficulty. Continuing, he says:

"Time went on, however, and Poe was invariably punctual and industrious. With the pale, beautiful and intellectual face as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with deferential courtesy."

* * *

Poe's life was shrouded in mystery from his early youth. He possessed a high strung, sensitive, affectionate temperament, very hard to understand. Criticisms and rebuffs which would have had no effect on most authors, worked on his oversensitive nature and highly excited him. During all of his life he lacked the sympathetic affection of a fond caressing mother and doting father. The Allans were good to him and bought him everything money could procure, but he never received that which was so necessary to his happiness—a mother's love.

When 7 years of age he was taken to England and there received his early education. That period was one of the happiest of his entire life. When he returned to America he was still a boy and was put in a private school in Virginia, and later entered the University of Virginia for one term.

About this time the Turkish uprising was attracting much attention and Poe started for the war with the intention of enlisting, but nothing is known of the year which followed, as he was very reticent in commenting on this year. He then returned and entered West Point, but the routine life was far from his liking and he was courtmartialed for disobeying orders. His adopted mother had died during the interim and Mr. Allan had little sympathy for his adopted son's caprices and this dismissal from West Point was the last straw which alienated Mr. Allan from the eccentric son.

The years which followed were those of hardship, for when young Poe endeavored to secure the means of sustenance by his pen he found, for the first time in his life, how hard it was to be self-supporting. As the years went by, however, he gained in popularity and experience, and although still poor he married his cousin, who had inherited the family weakness of consumption.

* * *

As regards Poe's family life we again find the most varying opinions, but it is generally conceded he was passionately fond of his beautiful wife and devoted to her throughout her remaining years. Although these years were full of trouble for them both, still only praise for Poe in his treatment of his frail wife is to be found among authorities who knew them both intimately. No greater tribute was ever paid to Edgar Allan Poe than the inquiry of his mother-in-law to the aforesaid N. P. Willis. This was the day after Poe's death and is as follows:

"I have this morning heard of the death of my darling Eddie. . . . Can you give me any circumstances or particulars? . . . Oh, do not desert your poor friend in this bitter affliction. . . . Ask Mr. —— to come, as I must deliver a message to him from my poor Eddie. . . . I need not ask you to notice his death and to speak well of him. I know you will. But say what an affectionate son he was to me, his poor desolate mother. . . ."

* * *

The circumstances of Poe's death were most unfortunate, for they enabled his enemies—and he had many—to cast a cloud over his last days. As a matter of fact very little is known concerning the details of his death. He had complained to a friend of ill health just before starting on a journey to bring his mother-in-law to his home, and his friends tried to dissuade him from going, but he was determined. At Baltimore he left the train and was later picked up in an unconscious condition on the streets and taken to a hospital, where he never regained consciousness. Inflammation of the brain was given out as the cause of his death, and there is no ground for the oft-repeated rumor that he died in a drunken stupor. It is a fact he drank considerably during the latter part of his life and that he deplored this fact as much as did his friends. There is no basis for the stories that his writings were inspired by his over excited brain, due to excessive drinking.

Poe was appreciative of kindness and possessed a loving, sympathetic character, was fond of dumb animals and was highly respected among those friends who were closest to him.

While Poe is renowned for his poetry it is to his prose that many turn for some of the best descriptive and most interesting short stories ever written. These are notably "Ligeia," "The Fate of the House of Usher," "The Mask of the Red Death," "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," "The Beetle" and "William Wilson."

Many of these prose tales were written during the various times in his career when he was writing for magazines and newspapers and upon such stories as "The Beetle," "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," etc., was founded a new school in short story fiction, of which A. Conan Doyle and his "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" are today typical. Among Poe's best known poems are "The Bells," "The Raven," "Valley of Unrest," "Lenore," "Helen" and "Israfael."

Low Cut Prices

Prevail on all our winter shoes. Special attention is called to the following lots:

Lot 1

239 PAIRS of Congress and lace shoes, Kangaroo and Calf leathers, regular $2.50 and $3.00 values, at per pair $1.65

Lot 2

364 PAIRS in Box Calf, Vici Kid, Velour and Patent leathers, button, lace and Congress styles, $4 and $4.50 values, at, per pair $2.65

We Advertise Facts Only

THE LION CLOTHIERS
166-170 THIRD ST.

HOMAN GREETED BY HIS BRETHREN

Representatives of Other Schools Participate at Old Willamette.

(By Journal Leased Salem Wire.)

Willamette University, Salem, Or., Jan. 19.—A large audience listened to greetings from the presidents of various educational institutions of the state at the First Methodist church last night. These marked the second night's entertainment leading up to the inauguration of President Fletcher Homan, which will take place tomorrow evening. The greetings were congratulatory in character and nearly all saw a great future for Willamette under the guidance of its new president.

M. B. Rankin, president of the board of trustees, presided. Those who spoke were: President W. I. Kelsey of Pacific college; Dr. Withycombe of Oregon Agricultural college; President W. N. Ferrin of Pacific university; President O. V. White of Philomath college; President P. L. Campbell of the University of Oregon, and President H. M. Crooks of Albany college.

Tonight at the First Methodist church there will be an address by Bishop Smith. Tomorrow night the inaugural services proper will take place. The charge will be delivered by Bishop Edwin Hughes and Dr. Homan will make his inaugural address. Bishop Smith will preside. This will be the last day of the inaugural ceremonies.

BURGLAR GIVEN SEVEN YEARS

Negro's Plea of Guilty Profits Him Little—Many Defendants Arraigned.

A number of prisoners indicted by the grand jury for various offenses were arraigned before Judge Gantenbein yesterday afternoon, and two of them were given penitentiary sentences.

Richard Christopher, a negro, who pleaded guilty to burglary, was given seven years. His crime was the robbery of the dwelling house of W. L. Mallory, 190 Mallory avenue, on November 11. Mr. Mallory woke up and found the fellow going through his pockets, and chased him out of the house, hitting him over the head with the barrel of a shotgun before he escaped. Christopher was arrested by the policeman on the beat. The fact that he was not armed earned him a much lighter sentence than he otherwise would have received.

A. J. Williams pleaded guilty to having stolen five revolvers from Beal's gun store on December 11. He was sentenced to serve two years.

Robert Wakefield, a contractor, engaged in repair work on the Madison street bridge, appeared to answer an indictment charging him with having worked Nate Petit, a mechanic, nine hours in one day on the bridge contrary to the provisions of the eight hour law. Wakefield contended that the law does not apply to him, as he was ordered by the county commissioners to repair the bridge. He was given until tomorrow to enter his plea to the indictment.

To the charge of having on November 21 stolen a diamond ring worth $200 from Helen Tietjen, Arthur H. Lott entered a plea of not guilty. He will be tried March 10.

Counsel for E. A. Londes, the man accused of having passed a forged check upon the firm of Meier & Frank, and brought back from Chicago to answer to the charge, stated that he hoped the matter might be settled without having to go to trial, and asked for more time in which to plead. He was given until 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

Tony Kwasniewski pleaded not guilty to the indictment charging him with having on December 26 assaulted Mike Tabinski. The trial of the case is set for March 8.

Frank Bowen, a negro, entered a plea of not guilty to the charge of having threatened to kill H. H. Craddock with a revolver on December 9, and the trial was set for March 10.

LAWYERS ARGUE LICENSE CASE

The first installment of arguments on the motion to make perpetual the temporary restraining order prohibiting City Attorney Kavanaugh or Chief of Police Gritzmacher from causing the arrest of any of the big restaurant men for selling liquor in defiance of the city's order refusing to grant them licenses, was heard by Judge Gantenbein yesterday afternoon. Deputy City Attorney Tomlinson presented the city's side of the case and quoted extensively from various lawbooks to show that there are many precedents upholding his contention that the injunction should not be made perpetual. He claimed the circuit court has no jurisdiction in the matter.

Attorney Dan Malarkey represented the restaurant men and was equally profuse in his quotations and readings from calfbound tomes to show that the court does have jurisdiction. He contended that, as his clients have complied with the city ordinance and have offered to pay their license fees, they should be permitted to do business. He was unable to finish his argument by the time court adjourned, and the matter went over for further hearing until Friday afternoon.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sickly. Burdock Blood Bitters makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores perfect health.

Stops itching instantly. Cures piles, eczema, salt rheum, tetter, itch, hives, herpes, scabies—Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask your druggist for them.

"Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

DAMAGED BY WATER

Ideal Clothing Company, Corner Third and Davis, Suffers Heavy Loss.

The flooding of stores seems to be the order of the day. The latest to report a heavy loss through water is the Ideal Clothing company, 53 and 55 North Third street, corner of Davis. This company estimates its loss at about $15,000. The stock of boots and shoes suffered the greatest, half of which was almost ruined. The stock of clothing and men's furnishings was also greatly damaged.

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of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

Now's the Time
TO BUY A
Benjamin Raincoat
Big Reduction in Prices
All Suits, Overcoats, Trousers and Smoking Jackets at Reduced Prices

Buffum & Pendleton
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ARTIFICIAL LIMBS ARE NOT COSTLY

THE OREGON ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO. REPLIES TO THE FOLLOWING CLIPPING

(Advertisement)

Artificial Limbs Have Been Costly.

In a circular just issued by Mr. Linstrom of B. C. Linstrom company, 271½ Morrison street, he claims that over $10,000 has been paid for artificial limbs absolutely worthless, that have been made here in Portland in the last seven years. Those interested should send for one of these circulars.

Artificial Limbs Are Sometimes Costly to the Manufacturer

"There are hundreds of men and women, in Portland, who have lost one or both of their limbs, and who are now wearing artificial ones, and earning their livelihood thereby," said Mr. Lutes this morning.

Mr. J. H. Lute, who is manager of the OREGON ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO., lost one of his limbs 16 years ago. He immediately entered the employ of one of the largest limb firms in the WORLD, where he thoroughly learned the art of making artificial limbs. After working for several firms throughout the middle west he came to Portland SEVEN years ago.

The Oregon Artificial Limb Co. has had many different competitors, locally, men who are not capable of making a limb that would give comfort, and so WE agree with our latest competitor, E. C. Linstrom, in his statement to The Journal, that many good dollars have been paid out for **worthless** limbs (but Mr. Linstrom failed to say WHO got the dollars), and unless the people will learn to patronize a firm whose work and reliability cannot be questioned the same thing will be repeated over and over.

As The OREGON is an INCORPORATED firm, comprising several prominent business men of this city, their reliability and ability cannot be questioned, and the following letters will bear this out. The original letters, with many others, may be seen on file at their office, 263 Yamhill st.

Mr. J. H. Lutes, Portland, Ore. Dec. 9th, 1908.

Dear Sir: In answer to your letter of inquiry concerning my leg, I would say I placed my order with your firm for an artificial limb some time in July last and was fitted by Mr. Linstrom personally. I received my leg in about three weeks from date of application, and after three weeks' use was unable to place one half my weight on it because it **did not fit** at all. As you will remember, I came to your office and you refitted the leg, by making the upper half new, without any charge, after which in one week's time I was able to walk without a cane or crutch and never use one now.

At present I am getting along nicely and expect to be a good walker in the near future. Respectfully yours,

Mr. J. H. Lutes, Portland, Ore. Nov. 23rd, 1908.

Dear Sir and Friend: In answer to your inquiry as to the new socket you just put on, will say it is perfectly satisfactory.

I certainly will recommend your factory whenever I can. You did what no other firm, to my knowledge, ever done before—put on an entire new socket without charge. I would like to show your former employe, Mr. Linstrom, the bloody sock which I showed to you, caused by trying to wear the ill fitting socket which he made me. The limb was injuring the stump at every step, so I had to fall back on my old limb again.

I received the limb July 3rd, and I believe I gave it a fair and just trial, as I came in numbers of times, when you were not in, and had Mr. Linstrom work on it, wishing to give him every possible chance to fit me properly. Words cannot express my gratitude to you, for your promptness in replacing the socket, without extra cost to me, and fitting me into one that is a comfort to wear, and I trust I may be able to return your kindness in the near future. Your sincere friend,

Mr. J. H. Lutes, Portland, Ore. Dec. 9th, 1908.

I received your letter yesterday. In reply will say, as I remember, you (Mr. Lutes) asked me if I would have a new limb made, stating you were not pressed with work, and could give my work prompt attention. Later I was in and left my order. Mr. Linstrom took my measure and fitted the limb.

I was down a number of times and had work done on the limb, but could not wear it. I said toward the last that I did not believe I ever could wear it, and finally you sent me word that if I would come down you would see if the limb could be made larger. If not you would make me a new one. I complied, and a new one was the result. It never cost me a cent extra, as you said you felt under obligations to furnish me a limb that I could wear.

P. S.—This one is a perfect success. Yours with best wishes.

B. C. Linstrom is no longer employed by me, and the "Oregon" is connected in no way with the old "Portland" shop, which failed over a year ago.

The Modern Way!

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OUR COMPLETE LINE OF ELECTRIC COOKING AND HEATING APPLIANCES
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147 Seventh Street
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