

GRESHAM OUTLOOK TWICE A WEEK

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The Linotype Way is the Way that Wins.

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THE LIQUOR CASES.

The supreme courts' decision on the liquor cases which were before it on appeal will be found to be more far reaching and favorable to the cause of prohibition than had been hoped by the most ardent supporters of the cause of temperance.

The cases represented various localities and a range of contentions claimed by the liquor men to make them fairly representative of their claims and interests in general. Hence the decision of the Oregon supreme court covered ground, it is believed never before passed upon by such high authority and must establish some precedents not only for this state but for others in so far as there is any similarity of laws.

The decision is one of the greatest encouragements to the cause of temperance given in many years.

The result of the elections should not be disturbed because of the fact that signers of petitions had registered under the permanent registration law, which was later declared unconstitutional by the supreme court.

Views at the local option election should not be disqualified because of their having registered under the permanent registration law and their failure to have their votes sworn in by the election officers.

Orders of county courts calling the elections were valid, because they acted with the understanding that the registration of 1889 had been repealed and the elections could not be held void so long as those voting were legally qualified under the constitution.

It is not necessary that local option elections be held at a general state election or a regular city election the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, as was contended by the lawyers for the liquor interests.

The decisions covered the cases affecting Salem, Oregon City, Stayton, Springfield, Hillsboro and Gresham, and keeps them all in the dry column where they belong. But the opinion called forth by the Salem charter amendment case contains a review of the local option law, which in connection with the initiative, gives any municipality the right to control or prohibit the saloon on its own initiative. "A municipality has the exclusive power to license, control, and prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors."

The Evening Telegram, in its comment on the decision says it is "an indication of the growth in common sense" in the treatment of this question.

Heretofore no matter how the people felt if, through some hocuspocus, and oftentimes through absolute false pretense on the part of the candidate, a majority was elected to the city council which proved favorable to the liquor interests everything was carried with a high hand in that service. The public interests were absolutely disregarded, the laws were flouted and the guardians of the public peace were used as a means of oppression in the interest of men who controlled the liquor situation. No more shameful chapters have ever been written than those which showed the degeneracy of American manhood in officially dealing with this question.

This champion of morality and good citizenship further says it hopes to see a strong public sentiment back of any move to permanently destroy the sale of liquor, believing in this way alone will there be assurance of the law's enforcement.

On the contention that the result of the election could not stand because the registration law was later declared invalid, the Oregonian says:

The local option law requires that petitions for local option elections shall be signed by registered voters. At the time these elections were instituted a new registration law was accepted as being operative. This law cancelled all prior registrations. Had any voters demanded registration in accordance with the provisions of the old law they would have been denied their request.

The Oregonian points out the advantageous position of the anti-saloon forces and warns them not to be too hasty in trying to repeal the home rule bill, while voting prohibition for the entire state.

Evidently the saloon is dropping out of favor with the people and with the courts. Long have the saloon forces winked at public opinion. Long have they talked of their "rights."

E. A. Baker, representing the Oregon anti-saloon league in the cases

before the supreme court, appearing especially in the Gresham case, raised the question as to whether a saloon keeper is a proper party to an injunction proceedings, since his license is a mere permit to sell liquor that might be revoked at any time. Mr. Baker contended that there was no value in the license and therefore the saloonkeeper could not maintain the suit.

W. C. King, city attorney for Gresham, made a similar plea before the circuit court when the Gresham case was being heard there.

BOBBIE BURNS WAS A MAN FOR A' THAT

Numerous characterizations of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, have appeared in the Oregon press, during January of this year, by way of editorials and contributions; and various entertainments and celebrations have been held in different parts of the state,—the latest being at Oregon City last Friday night, commemorating the 155th anniversary of his birth. The interest and enthusiasm shown has not been limited to the Scotch or British-born, indicating that veneration for the Gaelic genius, is not only ever increasing but cosmopolitan. The undersigned, though born at Dumfries where Burns died, is only one of millions of other nationality, worshipping today, at the immortal shrine of Scotland's heroic Bard.

As to his birthdays, others have already had more to do with them than he ever had, for he was permitted to see only thirty-seven of them himself. His sojourn on earth was so short and so full of human interest that it is common for biographers to divide up his earthly career into epochs of single years. Heavier is placed to his profit the natural endowments, at the expense of nearly half of the threescore years and ten allotted to mortal man. It is here that our pity for Burns begins, but it also goes hand in hand with the world's love for him which may never cease.

Fate was not so unkind to him, however, as to his father who was one of the unrecognized heroes of the world. He was not a peasant, as seems to be generally understood, neither was Burns, but a man of noble and historic ancestry; industrious, but always financially embarrassed, unfortunate and unsuccessful in his business as agricultural tenant, with an experience somewhat similar to that of the drought stricken farmers of western Kansas and Nebraska. He had as almost as much trouble in his life—with his children and his surroundings—as Moses had with the children of Israel; and when death came to him in the lonely land of his lowly life, on the mountain of his hopes and anticipations, he was permitted to see only the promise of his gifted son without tasting or enjoying the fruits of his genius.

It can never truly be said that the great work and worth of Robert Burns has not been recognized or duly appreciated, although the end is not yet apprehended, there is a mystery about him which the world will always be as eager to solve as penetrating the mysteries of the poles of the earth. He came like a luminary in a clear sky, shining brightly with his own light, at an early age seeing and thinking like a sage, illuminating the walks of his fellow men, rejoicing with them in their good fortune, sympathizing with them in their tears, and such a man must be recognized in this world, and sooner or later will be appreciated.

He is what Emerson would call a representative man and what Carlyle has called an earnest man; he is what Pope would say is "the noblest work of God" and if he lived in the times of the making of Biblical literature, although he was not in every sense religious, he no doubt would have been styled an earnest seeker after the truth of things. A representative man; yes, all that he wrote was a spontaneous outgrowth and reflection of his personal conditions and surroundings, and those of his country and its people. Sir William Wallace was from childhood his patron saint, whose shrine he sought out in the Leixler wood and to which he made his summer Sunday pilgrimages. Caledonia was the only country, and "the freckled beauties, who milked cows and hoed potatoes," were the only maidens of his love and his song. All Scotland spoke from the depths of his heart with the voice of Burns, and with his poetic genius crystallized into immortal and melodious verse the poetic thought and music of his time as well as the sentiments and traditions which had lain dormant for centuries, waiting the touch of his genius. A period of about four hundred years had elapsed since the time of the heroic Wallace and the gallant Bruce and their blood-bought deliverance of Scotland from the tyranny and hatred of England, and it remained during this time for Robert Burns, the nation's bard, to adequately express and reduce to the imperishable page the patriotic emotions which generations of Scotchmen had felt, and which the names and deeds of those immortal chieftains always inspired in their breasts.

As an earnest man, he set us an example, taught us a lesson, and left us a legacy. Battling all his life with "honest poverty," warding off the wolf that was always at his door; at the same time giving his thoughts intercourse with the highest intelligences and the deepest philosophy, clothing those thoughts in the most poetic poetry while following up a plow or chasing down a smuggler, he exemplified the fact that earnestness and industry, coupled with what talents we may have, will conquer under any circumstances and in any field to which duty or genius calls. There was no rest for his body or mind during the active and waking moments of his thirty-seven years. His physical powers continuously struggling for the necessities of life, his mental faculties always wrestling with the truth of things. True sentiment, true philosophy, justice and charity are always found in the background of his art. He had nothing to do with fiction. There is nothing fictitious about him or his works. There is nothing mechanical about his verse. His every line is a life, and every word, buried in a halo of fervor and thought. His every poetic flight or fancy is but a stepping stone to a philosophic sincerity or a well pointed moral. He transcends the temper into an anthem, then awakens our pity for the shelterless poor, the

lowed to escape without his moral and philosophic reflection that the bitter, biting blasts of winter are not more unkind than man's ingratitude.

"Blow, blow, ye winds with heavier gust,
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost,
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows,
Not all your rage, as now, united shows
More hard unkindness unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heav'n illum'd man on brother man bestows."

When we think of Burns as a poet, we are inevitably reminded of the melodies of birds and running brooks, the fragrance of flowers, the beauties of nature, zephyr harp, crystal fountains, the music of the spheres and angel choirs.

He is the personification of all that is poetical. He is as true to nature as Shakespeare and almost as diversified in "ourie cattle," the "silly sheep," and the "helpless birds," but we are not all his resources and themes, which destiny permitted only partially to be developed at his hands. He gave more to the world than was given to him. He enriched it with his immortal literature, and received in a financial way for his life work less than five hundred pounds. The world to which he gave a superior light left him at last in hopeless darkness. He gave his life as a melancholy sacrifice on the altar of an evil which was too much tolerated in his times, although against which his utterances and writings are strong in denunciation and admonitions. At the age of twenty-six, he said in his "Address to the Deil":

"And now, auld Clootie, I ken ye're thinking
A certain Bardie's rantin', drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him
linkin
To your black pit;
But, faith, he'll turn a corner Jinkin,
And cheat you yet."

Burns believed in calling things by their right names as did Shakespeare when he said: O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if there is not other name thou art known by, let us call thee Devil! Like many other great and good men, this strong emotion will begeth he was strong enough and witty enough to cheat Satan in his designs upon him through strong drink. At twenty-seven, he wrote:

"Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland
well,
Ye chiefs, to you my tale I tell,
Poor placeless devils like myself:
It sets you ill,
W' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Or foreign gill."

At the age of thirty-one, he said in his "Tam O'Shanter":

"Inspiring bold John Barleycorn
What dangers thou canst make us
scorn—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's
noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle,
But Maggie stood right sair aston-
ish'd,
Till by the heel and hand admonish'd
She ventured forward on the light,
And vow, Tam saw an unco sight."

Here Burns gave utterance to the significant fact that a man inspired by intoxicants is liable to see present dangers that are plain and terrifying even to a dumb brute. Six years later, and Burns is found in the same awful plight as his Tam O'Shanter, except that his position is that of real tragedy instead of Tam's poetic comedy. It is sad to contemplate that Burns did not have with him a faithful dog to apprise him of his danger, or a noble mare to wheel about and gallop off with him to a friendly refuge. On attempting to return to his home from the Globe tavern at Dumfries where he had remained late and drunk deep, "the swats sae reamed in his noddle" that he reeled, sank down, and fell asleep for more than an hour in the snow. Six months more of sickness, medical treatment, song writing, talking leave of friends, and trouble and despair on account of his debts, on the 21st of July, 1796, death released him from the rheumatic fever contracted in that "luckless hour" and fatal night in January.

The legal profession might well remain silent as to the last words of Burns, which were: O, that d—dascal, Mathew Penn! for Mathew Penn was a lawyer who had written letters threatening Burns with imprisonment on account of his non-payment of a haberdasher's bill.

Such in brief is the dramatic life and tragic death of the poet Burns.

Splendid Scotland, which gave to America a Paul Jones and Alexander Hamilton, and to England and historic literature a Hume and Macaulay; which gave to oratory Edmund Burke, to poetry James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, which gave to military science the Gordon Highlanders and to fraternal life insurance, the Royal Highlanders. Splendid Scotland, which gave to itself a Wallace and a Bruce, Scott and Carlyle, and which gave to the world a Robert Burns.

"And Burns, though short the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived, died, in form and soul a man,
The image of his God."

—M. C. KING.

There are several new ads. in this issue of the Outlook. Better read them all to make sure.

Who is your valentine? It all depends on the viewpoint whether your idea runs to the comic or sentimental.

F. X. Mathieu, Oregon's most noted pioneer, was buried today at champagne, aged 95. He it was who kept the Oregon territory from becoming a British possession when the first territorial government was established over 65 year ago.

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Rev. James A. Lewis, Milaca, Minnesota, writes: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been a needed and welcome guest in our home for a number of years. I highly recommend it to my fellows as being a medicine worthy of trial in cases of colds, coughs and croup." Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a trial and we are confident you will find it very effectual and continue to use it as occasion requires for years to come, as many others have done. For sale by Gresham Drug Co., and all Dealers.

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FOR SALE—Scotch Collie puppies. On Alexander place, Gresham. *99

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\$6000 or less to loan on farm land; current rates. Box 151, Gresham. tf

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