

# IN MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

Very Fine Banquet at the Thistle Club Last Evening in Honor Of the Famed Poet.

## THE BAGPIPES WERE THERE.

Guests Danced Highland Fling When Piper Came, and Cheered Every Mention of Auld Caledonia.

The celebration of the Burns' anniversary by the "Thistle Club" in its hall last evening, was the most elaborate and successful reunion of the kind that has been given, perhaps, by any society of Scotch nationality in this city. About 200 people were at the banquet, which was both dainty and ample, and was characterized by the presence of a number of Scotch dishes, notably the scones, which were cooked to perfection, and the haggis, which nearly all essayed to sample but which was relished only by the native sons of old Scotia.

### THE CALL TO ORDER.

The president, Mr. Nichol Hood, called the assembly to order before 9 o'clock, and introduced as chaplain and master of ceremonies, Mr. David Henderson. The chaplain offered grace in rhyme, an creditable imitation of one of Burns' rhymes on the same subject. All listened with bowed heads to the rhymed prayer and then applauded the skill with which it was worded. The banquet then proceeded, and for something over an hour the guests discussed the various lands which constituted the menu. As the haggis went around the lines of Burns went from lip to lip. And "blessings on your son's face, great chieftain o' the puds' race; full well your worthy of a grace, as long as my arm."

### THE SCOT IN UTAH.

A number of young ladies served the tables with skill and politeness. At the conclusion of the supper, the toastmaster called upon Judge McDowell to respond to the toast, "The Scot in Utah." The judge read a carefully prepared paper in which he showed the influence of Scotch blood in America, by naming men in every vocation who leading men in their country traced their ancestry to that country.

Among the men of national renown, Grant, McKinley, McDowell and many others were mentioned.

### GOOD SCOTCH MUSIC.

Mrs. Maggie Hull then sang very beautifully "Flow gently, sweet Afton," and responded to an enthusiastic encore with "Within a mile of Edington town." Other singing was by William H. Russell, who sang "Bonnie Bannockburn" and the heather bloom." Mr. Joseph Polk, who rendered "Bonnie Mary of Argyle," the McDonald quartet, sang "Rovin' Robin," and responded to an encore with "A Hundred Pipers."

Mr. Hood then gave, in a very felicitous speech, a toast, "Bonnie Scotland," in which he contrived to mention a great many of the beautiful places of Calendonia. As each name was brought vividly to the memory of his hearers, after cheer rang out from the native sons. At this juncture, Mr. Ireland, the piper of the "Bonnie Brier Bush" company, was escorted into the hall, playing the bagpipes. A scene of wildest enthusiasm followed. When the piper mounted the stand and began to play a well-known air to the applause of all, the Scots quite forgot themselves, and many of them danced, including several old couples who did the lively steps of the "Fling" to the queen's state amid the plaudits of the interested assembly.

### ROBERT BURNS.

When this enthusiasm had partly subsided, Mr. Henderson announced that the principal toast of the evening would now be given by the orator of the day, Prof. J. H. Paul.

Prof. Paul said that even had he felt capable of filling the honorable place assigned to him by the toastmaster, the interests of the hour would preclude any attempt at careful analysis or completeness; but esteemed it a high honor to be permitted, on such an occasion, to propose the memory of a man who had made his local dialect known wherever the English language in any form is spoken, and whose poetry of love will live as long as human hearts shall cherish that divine sentiment, of which Burns was, in verse, the best interpreter.

"Robert Burns," said the speaker, "was, in respect to human liberty, regarded by popular estimation as 100, and by the French sociologists as 41 years ahead of his time. His intense democracy breathes from every line of his verse."

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave, My nature law designed; What's an independent wish I planted in my mind?"

"Three aspects of the genius of Burns command our attention. First as the

## My Offer to Women— A Dollar's Worth Free

I ask no reference, no deposit, no security. There is nothing to promise, nothing to pay—either now or later. To any woman offering who has not tried my remedy, Dr. Shoop's Restorative I will gladly give free, not a mere sample, but a full dollar bottle.

With the free offer for the medicine I will send my now famous book for women, which will explain wherein my treatment differs from all other treatments—why it may be relied upon ALWAYS to relieve womanly weakness.

### Inside Nerves.

Only one woman in 50 has perfect health. And almost all womanly sickness can be traced to a common cause—the nerves are weak. Not the nerves you ordinarily think about—not the nerves that govern your movements and your thoughts.

But the nerves that, unguarded and unknown, night and day, keep the heart in tickle, trouble the digestive apparatus, regulate your liver—operate the kidneys—the nerves on which all the vital functions depend.

These are the nerves that wear out and make you weak. It does no good to treat the ailing organs—the irregular heart—the disordered bowels—the rebellious stomach—the deranged kidneys. They are not to blame. But go back to the nerves that control them all.

There is nothing new about this—not much physician would dispute. But it remains to the doctor to apply this knowledge—to put it into practice. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the result of a quarter century of endeavor along this line. It does not dose the organ oradden the pain—but it does go at once

despite of liberty, second as the poet of love, and third as to his poetry of religion. We are told by the sociologists that the dominant character among the men of today is not that of the of the bravado-room, whose position in society is safe and whose fortune is made, elegant and careless with no employment but to amuse himself and to please; who lives to converse, who is gallant and who passes his life in conversation with finely dressed ladies, amidst the dutes of society and the pleasures of the world. Such was the man of three or four generations ago, before the French revolution. Now the man of today is the man in a black coat who works alone in his room or rushes about seeking friends; often envious, feeling himself always above or below his situation in life; sometimes recognized, never satisfied, but fertile in invention not sparing his labor, and undergoing an evolution in his own mind like that which modern nations have undergone.

Her, however, usually associated with Scots who have Wallie Bluid, is continually exhibited in less familiar lines, in which he urges Scotland to assert herself:

And, Lord, if since they put her tilt, Her tartan petticoat shall kilt, And skirt and pistol at her belt, She'll rin her white to the kilt.

In the first she meets:

Burns was fundamentally religious, though he professed himself a atheist and scathingly scolded the sham and show of religious ceremony, but his saving sacrament that not even Voltaire could equal. Yet he was a devout believer in God, and his "Cottar's Saturday Night" is the most fervent of all religious lyrics.

Burns was the first representative of the modern man in the British Isles. He was a strange mixture of misery and talent. He was born January, 1759, amid the poor frost of a Scottish winter, and his mother died when he was a baby, a poor farmer or Ascotry. The life of wretched poverty in which he was reared is reflected in his poetry: "See yonder poor overburdened wight," etc. He knew that there are men capable by nature, and that they alone are noble; that the coat is the business of talent. He was born January, 1759, amid the poor frost of a Scottish winter, and his mother died when he was a baby, a poor farmer or Ascotry. The life of wretched poverty in which he was reared is reflected in his poetry: "See yonder poor overburdened wight," etc. He knew that there are men capable by nature, and that they alone are noble; that the coat is the business of talent. 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