

C. I. K.

C. I. K.

DOWN AT

# Rayburn's Big Cash Store

### Prices Are Right

AND YOU WILL FIND MORE  
BARGAINS THAT AT ANY  
OTHER STORE IN THE CITY  
OR MULTNOMAH COUNTY

Try Us

WHEN WE TELL YOU SO—IT'S IT

# E. L. Rayburn & Son's

Lents,

Oregon

C. I. K.

C. I. K.

Double Value in *J.N.* Stamps Given on  
All Goods Sold Saturday December 21

## N. N. NYGAARD

Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods



Florsheim and Selz Shoes

**\$2.50 TO \$5.00**

Ladies' Shoes

**\$1.50 TO \$5.00**

Repairing Done Neatly and  
Promptly at Popular Prices

*J.N.* Green Trading Stamps Given  
On All Orders

Corner of Main and Foster Streets

Lents, Ore.

## ANOTHER LETTER FROM PROFESOR LOWE

VERONA, ITALY, NOV. 15, 1912.—Reached this interesting old place today. When I got into Milan it was snowing, but soon changed to a cold rain. I don't believe Portland ever had a worse day at the same season of the year. The second day, however, was some better. Today has been rather cold but beautiful.

The cathedral at Milan is surely wonderful, but is not built of marble at all as I had supposed, but of sandstone. Even the statues are of that material. I was up to the spot near the top of the spire, and since the city is in a level plain, I could see practically every house in it. What a mind the architect must have had! There isn't a particle of wood in the whole structure and all the thousands and thousands of pieces of stone had to be studied out and shaped before hand; and it is amazing how snugly they fit in their places. Its cost was surely enormous, but it has made the city famous. However, the old arena here is more interesting to me than the cathedral. It was built during the reign of Augustus Caesar, and is yet in a perfect state of preservation. In fact, they could use it for their sports today as well as they ever could. The seats are solid blocks of stone about 16x20 inches and from three to six feet long, all cemented together. The old stone cages with their iron gratings for doors are yet there. Those openings are the entrances to stairways by which the people came and went. Beneath the seats are three broad corridors running around the structure, and between these corridors were the animal cages, etc. The stairways led down to these corridors, so you see they could enter by 60 or 80 places at the same time.

November 16th was spent in Venice. I thought I had seen some interesting things lately, but they must all take a back seat compared with this place. The whole city stands on a stretch of tide land as level as a floor which has been sinking, I suppose, for the last 1500 or 2000 years, so that now only the higher points are above the water, forming islands. There are something like 70 or 80, I should say, crossed by at least twice that many bridges. The city is reached by an immense stone bridge or mole, 3600 meters long, so the guide book says, and resting on over 400 arches which in their turn are supported by 80,000 piling driven into the mirey, movable bottom of the laguna (as the marsh is called.)

I made at once for St. Marks square, which is the very heart of the city. It is about 280x400 feet, hemmed in on all sides by stores, palaces, hotels, and St. Mark's church at one end. The Campanile (recently restored) stands about 50 feet from the corner of the church, and had the old one fallen in that direction, it surely would have cut the church in two! The square is completely surrounded by a beautiful arcade about 20 feet wide, supported by massive pillars and arches, and opening on this arcade are all the leading and most beautiful stores of the city.

Well, I have a ticket for the opera and as it is after 8, I must be going. The play is Lohengrin, one of Wagner's most popular productions. Price L. 8.

That's the way they write prices here. L. standing for lira (20 cents) divided into 100 parts, so that 5 cents with them here means 1 cent with us.

Back from the opera. It was surely grand. The costumes and setting were the most gorgeous I ever saw, while the music would hold one almost spell-bound. It was equal in every way, I thought, to the grand opera in Paris.

I'll bet this town has the crookedest and narrowest and shortest streets of any city in the world. Some of them are hardly long enough to write the name on. My room is only one half of a block from St. Marks square, while the theatre is about one-eighth of a mile away, so I was on the square a little after 8 and followed the crowd and made it alright, but we must have crossed at least a dozen canals and passed through more than 25 streets in getting there. I never saw anything like it in my life before and began to think that I should never find my way back again, but I took pretty good note of things and made it alright, but whenever I wasn't sure of my position I would simply say to a passerby, St. Marco, and he'd point out the street to me. It's wonderful at times what meaning there is in just a single word. I've noticed that so often since being in Europe.

Have always got nice rooms so far in Italy for L. 2, but living in considerable higher. These Italians are a set of natural born grafters. They make me tired. Just to illustrate: I stepped into a restaurant this morning to get some breakfast. There wasn't an umbrella rack, coat or hat hook or anything of the kind in the room, but the moment I stepped in a waiter snatched my umbrella out of my hand, and as I took off my hat he grabbed that also, so I gave him my overcoat and he packed them off in another room, (tip 1). Then a second waiter came up and took my order (bread, butter, coffee, and two fried eggs, (tip 2) then a third waiter brought the order, (tip 3) then when I got through with my meal a fourth waiter brought me my bill (tip 4). Bill L. 1.85 and as I left the table I placed 25 cents by my plate and allowed they might scrap it out among themselves, so my breakfast cost me L. 2.5. Everything was nice except the bread, which is surely punk. They generally bake it in long spindle shaped loaves, and it would surely give one the dyspepsia, only it's so hard he can't eat any of it. I sometimes think maybe I've got hold of the arm or leg of an old statue and wonder if I could be accused of cannibalism.

I must tell you about the pigeons in St. Marks square. There are hundreds and hundreds of them, and street hawkers do a thriving business selling little packages of corn to visitors with which to feed them. The little fellows will flock around you so thick you can't move without stepping on them, and I've had as high as six perched on my arm and eating out of my hand at one time. Shall leave for Florence tomorrow if I can get up in time. I send you some views under separate cover which you can divide up among yourselves.

## Why Christmas Should Be Spent at Home

IT is the fashion nowadays, alas, to cry down Christmas, and it is fast becoming a "can't be bothered with it" sort of day. It is looked upon as a nuisance because Christmas-tide brings with it a necessary increase of expenditure in the form of tips and presents.

It is becoming more and more the fashion—fashion to be bothered to take less notice of Christmas and spend it away from home where there will be "plenty of fun."

In the good old days spending Christmas anywhere but at home was never for one moment dreamed of. Preparations were made months beforehand. Geese and turkeys were fattened, plum puddings were made, prospective guests were borne in mind, and the girls of the home fell to thinking of new schemes for decorations. Now, could anything be more delightful than making Christmas plans at least two months beforehand so as to keep the festive season right royally? All this sort of thing kept the family together, for when the winter evenings brought them nearer and nearer to Christmas day it made them see how necessary each one was to the other in the way of helping and suggesting as regards presents for So-and-so, holly for this room and mistletoe for that. Gradually it dawned on every one how dear the home was to all and how still more precious were the parents and children to one another.

When Christmas day did come it was a time of perfect happiness, harmony and satisfaction to every guest and every member of the family. If Christmas is not spent at home what becomes of the family gathering, the delight of decorating, the care and thought the happy mother has expended on the cooking of the dinner and, to crown all, the praise of the Christmas pudding, which by the consent of one and all invariably is "the finest pudding I have ever eaten?" No praise of a Christmas pudding ever comes amiss to a housewife's heart, and if Christmas is not spent at home the dinner will fall flat. There is no family gathering, no noisy, good humored chaff, and there is not that subtle, indefinable something at work which binds the family closer together, heals up old sores, opens up new friendships and wipes away all bitterness, that is so marked a feature in a good, homely Christmas gathering.

There have been more reconciliations, more "divided houses" brought together again, more eyes made dim through a mist of happy tears at some difference or misunderstanding made clear by a Christmas gathering at home than at any other season or place.

Charles Dickens, the novelist of Christmas, who did more for Christmas than any one can ever guess, had had a slight difference with Thackeray. He met him on the steps of his club on Christmas morning, hesitated, then held out his hand, which Thackeray grasped with all the warmth of his great heart. Both men returned to their family gathering at home, feeling better and happier men.

Without a doubt a family gathering at this festive and joyful season knits the bond of love and good fellowship closer than at any other time. Old slights and hurts are forgotten; hard men of business relax and soften at the sight of the children who many a time have drawn out all that is best in them after it has lain dormant for years until they have forgotten they had a tender side to their nature at all. Yes, without a doubt home is the place for Christmas. "Oh, it will be so dull and uninteresting at home!" is often the cry. It will only be dull to those who make it so.

And if there is a vacant chair or two which, alas, can never be redilled dash away the silent tear and be thankful that you are spared to taste the joys of still another homely Christmas. Your example of spending the festive season will most assuredly instill the love of the yearly family gathering into the younger generation, who will emulate your ideas in future years. Posterity will be indebted to you for showing how to keep up a good old Christmas which was suffering from a slump in the twentieth century.

By all means, then, spend Christmas at home, decorate your house, remember the postman, the butcher, the servants and even your wife's or husband's relatives. However poor you are you can be rich in mind, thoughts and cheery words. When you sit down to the table—I don't care whether it groans with turkey and plum pudding laid for twenty or thirty or whether it merely trembles under the weight of much scantier fare and places laid for only three or four—if your heart is in the right place you will say: "Here's to a happy Christmas! Thank God we are at home!"—Pictorial Magazine.

### An After Dirge.

Broke, broke, broke,  
Of my hand earned "bones," oh, gee!  
But it brings some relief to utter  
The thoughts that occur to me.

Oh, well for the beautiful gifts  
As they rest in a fair array!  
Oh, well for the haunting thought  
That intrudes, Does the whole thing pay?

And the giving still goes on  
As it has in the years gone by.  
But the last of the merry holidays  
Brings again the same old cry:

Broke, broke, broke!  
Not a single cent, oh, gee!  
And the dough that I spent for the Christmas gifts  
Will never come back to me.

—Judge.

## ANNOUNCEMENT



HAVE enlarged my Salesroom, Feedroom and Warehouse. I am better able than ever to take care of the trade, especially in Hay and Grain. I buy in Car Load lots thereby saving

the middleman's profit for my customer. I make a specialty of Chicken Feeds and Seeds in bulk. I carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries which are marked as low as is consistent with legitimate business. My motto is: "Live and Let Live." I am permanently located, owning the property I occupy, and having improved it during the past year at an expense of \$2,500. I expect to stay here, and the business we ask we hope to make permanent. This should be taken into consideration in selecting a place to do your trading. I give Gold Bond Trading Stamps, good as gold, for they are redeemable in cash or merchandise, at the option of the holder.

L. E. WILEY  
Cash Store

The Herald \$1.00 Per Year