



Shop in the Mornings

Jo. Meyers & Sons

THE WHITE CORNER (TRADE MARK)

SALE'S GREATEST STORE

Shop in the Mornings

The Big Attraction

WILL be the toys. Toys for everyone! Dolls! Dolls! Goodness gracious, you never saw so many dolls! Big dolls, little dolls, pretty ones and homely; negro dolls, paper dolls, rubber dolls; doll heads, bodies, shoes; furniture and jewelry. Wagons, horses, carts, guns, carriages, books, games, blocks, animals, mechanical toys, dishes, musical toys, etc., etc. Why! we could fill the paper with a list of the different toys here for the little ones. Nothing but new toys in the store, and our prices are lower this year than ever before.

Grand Prize for Girls

We have placed in our windows three ears of corn. The girl under 14 years of age, guessing the nearest to the exact number of kernels on all three ears of corn will receive **FREE** this

BEAUTIFUL DOLL

Valued at Ten Dollars

The only requirement placed on competitors for this gift is that they must come in person and register their name and guess.

Contest Closes Saturday, December 24th at Noon.

Given Away Christmas Eve at 8:30 p. m.

In event of two or more tying on the nearest guess we have a plan to decide the tie.

Great Opportunities

For money saving in our ladies' ready-to-wear department. All garments are of this season's showings and are right in every particular. The season's brightest and best styles made up of the popular materials.

Waists

A line of black and colored Taffeta and Peau-de-Bois Silk Waists at a great sacrifice. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$15.00.

Half Price

Wonderful Toys

The boys will want to see the trains of cars and tracks, with the wonderful switches, the new novelty—Looping the Loop—wonderful and no end of fun for ambitious boys. Here are all sorts of mechanical toys such as

Steam Engines
Magic Lanterns
Automobiles
Walking Dogs, Rabbits, Monkeys, Etc.

Beside such a variety of other mechanical toys. The girls section is well represented by a grand display of the newest and best

Dolls, Big, Small and Medium, Dressed and Undressed, Doll Furniture, Shoes, Jewelry, Heads, Bodies, Wigs, Carts, Books, Games, Etc., Etc.

Bring the children and let them enjoy the sights. Their suggestions are always to be remembered.

Harmony in Clothes

One of the chief characteristics of our clothing is the artistic way in which the colors of fabrics, trimmings, etc., are combined. You should see the real art in our clothing. Come in any try on a suit or overcoat, 'twont cost you anything, but if you wish to buy it won't cost much.

Neckwear

There's nothing about a man's dress that catches the eye of the observing woman as quickly as the tie. Our holiday neckwear is the sweetest line we have ever shown. We can please any taste.

50c to \$2.50



Grand Prize for Boys

We have placed in our windows three ears of corn. The boy under 14 years of age, guessing the nearest to the exact number of kernels on all three ears of corn will receive **FREE** this

Locomotive-Automobile

Valued at Fifteen Dollars.

The only requirement placed on competitors for this gift is that they must come in person and register their name and guess.

Contest Closes Saturday, December 24th at Noon.

Given Away Christmas Eve at 8:30 p. m.

In event of two or more tying on the nearest guess we have a plan to decide the tie.

Dress Goods

The prettiest goods from which to make your new opera party cape or wrap is the Pastel Cloth. You will find it here in just the shade you want! Greater assortments than ever from which to select.

Wednesday ONLY

Our Wednesday Special No. 205. For this day's selling we are offering an exceptional bargain in the newest

Cushion Cases

In Oriental shadings and stripes. They are finished with tassels and are ready for the cushions.

25c LIMIT TWO TO A CUSTOMER

Come early in order to secure your supply as the amount is none too large. A similar lot was offered not long ago and were sold out before noon.

Tree Ornaments

Never before have the people of this vicinity had such a variety and completeness of stock to select from as we are showing at the present time. Newest novelties in decorations in a great array of beauty. Prices are lower than ever and assortments larger.

Handkerchiefs

For all—a great profusion of Christmas handkerchiefs, hemstitched, scalloped, all linen, convent embroidered, all pure Irish linen hemstitched all width hemstitched, French embroidered handkerchiefs, in fact all designs and sizes. You may feel reasonably sure that you can find just exactly what you want at the lowest prices.

3c to \$5.00

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ON THE RHINE

Instructive Letter from One Who Has Traveled Extensively in Germany.

Chicago, Oct. 23, 1904.

My Dearest Sister:

I have been promising myself that I would write to you, and give you a long letter of our trip in Europe this summer. I am going to disregard the order of our journey and take it by the ears and drag it before you as I wish. I purpose to tell you in this letter of our stay in the Black Forest or "Schwarzwald" as the Germans say.

Der Schwarzwald translated means "The Black Forest." I suspect that you, and probably most Americans, know of the Black Forest from having seen some dark and frightful picture in your childhood representing some old German legend of how some lover was lured to his death by some sprite of the forest. The legends of the Schwarzwald are almost as numerous as its trees. I suppose that I am within the bounds of truth when I say that this region has more myths than any other one part of Germany unless perhaps the so-called Rhine country. If one were to count all the legends of places on the Rhine from its source to its mouth, they might exceed the number of those about the Black Forest. But it is hardly fair to call this a district as the Rhine runs through many districts. But the Schwarzwald or Black Forest is a region peculiar to itself. It is the southwestern part of Germany and lies immediately north of Switzerland. The Rhine flowing out of Lake Constance takes a very direct westerly course till it reaches Basel where it turns and runs north. In this elbow of the Rhine lies the Schwarzwald. (A map of southern Germany should be examined).

In coming from Switzerland we stopped first at Schaffhausen famous as having the "Falls of the Rhine." Here the Rhine comes tumbling over three rather distinct strata of rock making a total fall from the top of the rapids to the bottom of the fall of about seven feet. On the left bank stands "Jeholss Laufen," or the Castle of Laufen. It is a very old castle dating from about 976 A. D. It stands on a very high and steep rock point. From it one gets a very good view of the falls. One can wind down a path and come to the very edge of the water. There are four distinct landings at different heights so that you see the fall from the top and then a quarter of the way down, half way down, three-fourths and finally you stand at the very foot of the fall where the roar is simply deafening and the spray simply grand. Rainbows are numerous but I was unable to find an end of one and so carried away no bag of gold.

A few yards below the fall we took a boat somewhat like unto a gondola and crossed to the opposite side of the river. Schaffhausen is the last place of importance in Switzerland, going north to Germany. From Schaffhausen we went to Singen where we took the Schwarzwaldbahn. That looks to be a

hard word. But, as many another German word, if you will strike it a blow it will fall in pieces. Hence the above is three words tacked together: Schwarz means black or dark. Wald means forest or wood and Bahn is railroad, hence Schwarzwaldbahn means Black Forest Railroad. From Singen we went north on the Schwarzwaldbahn some three or four hours when we reached Triberg where we were to stop.

In Schwarzwald.

Or translated, "In the Black Forest." Europe has many attractions to which American tourists flock. Count it no exaggeration when I use the word flock, for it is true that the Lucerne one can't run fast enough to get away from Americans and Englishmen, while I am told that in parts of Berlin one scarcely hears German. I have known of parties having to threaten to do no more shopping in the place unless the clerks ceased speaking English. In Cologne English is spoken readily in every second shop. In fact, no one need be surprised today if after stumbling through some broken German or French question he receives a reply in English, as it is an everyday occurrence in almost every European city. However, it is not first enough to get away from the English in the Black Forest. It is a very well known spot to most tourists, but very few American or English travelers stay there. As a rule such are hastening to the larger cities and well known resorts, or cures or "Kuhur." Hence once in Schwarzwald one is out of the so-called "beaten path" of tourists. This we knew, and hence here we stopped. We left the train at Triberg, although we were not certain whether we would stay here or go into some of the neighboring villages.

Triberg.

This is pronounced as if spelled Treeberg. It is generally confused with the larger city of Freiburg, which is to the west and on the very edge of the Black Forest. Triberg is in the heart of the forest. It is not so wild as many other villages and does not enjoy the distinction of being "off the railroad." It is doubtless the best known resort in the forest. This is doubtless due to the water fall.

Der Wasserfall.

The glory of Triberg is its waterfall. A small mountain stream called the Gutach winds its course through the forest and courses; tumbling down the mountain in seven distinct leaps or falls. The entire distance covered by the seven falls is about 500 feet. Rustic bridges span the falls in four places, giving a fine view of the falls. The volume of water is not great, so that the falls are not wonderful in the sense of being great or powerful. They are neither, but are wonderful only in that they are beautiful. It is no such a sight as one has when he steps from the train at the Multnomah Falls and sees a line of silver and spray spatter at his feet, for it is little other than a spatter; neither is it such a sight as one sees at Glacier, Canada, where a veritable river comes plunging out of the mountain a thousand feet above, and roars a noise and rain that as it passes your train; nor

is it such a sight as Ruskin could see any hour of the day from his beautiful Brantwood on Conistow waters, where he could watch the silver line of a mountain stream thread its way over the rugged English mountains and pitch itself over a cliff into the placid lake.

But the Gutach Wasserfall is wonderfully picturesque as it creeps noiselessly through the high plateau some 700 feet above Triberg, and, without warning, begins to pitch and whirl as it suddenly strikes the down slope of the Storenberg range. The course is very steep and rocky. The falls are merely a series of great rocky steps over which the little stream rounds its way. Yet one does not get the idea of irresistibility here as one does while standing at the Rhinefall. Here one can clamber down on the stones and with ease pick his way over parts of it. One gets rather the feeling of companionship. I have noted that there are two very distinct impressions given by so-called "mountains." Take one who is accustomed to the Rocky mountains, the Canadian Selkirk, one who has always been impressed with awe because of the greatness and grandeur of the scenes. Here the precipices are measured by the hundreds of feet, while the tops of many of the mountains are simply beyond human efforts. It is awe-inspiring which impresses one. Take that same person and let him travel in the English lake region, where he can trace with his eye, as he drives along, paths leading to the very summit of the mountains and at once he has a very different impression. A mountain is no longer a thing simply insurmountable and beyond man, but it is a conquerable thing, a thing over which man has dominion. You know you can climb it at your will, and at once it is a companion. This is the feeling one has in the Black Forest and in its waterfall. It is a thing with a heart to which your heart goes out and you are friends. It is not the roar of destruction, but the cheerful call of water at play. And so one sits on a bench or stands on a rustic bridge and watches as with human interest the waters of the Gutach as they come tumbling over the seven falls, covering about 500 feet. The ravine is so situated that one can stand at its foot and see the entire course of the falls. Every night a large electric searchlight plays on the water and gives a wonderfully beautiful effect. I have but to shut my eyes to see it—on either side the blackness of the forest, while in the great streak of light which veritably floods upon the ravine comes tumbling and whirling the silvery water, now red, now green, as the lenses are changed on the searchlight.

Kurcomite.

You must not be surprised to hear of an electric searchlight even in the Black Forest. I found the Germans the most advanced of any of the European nations I visited. Throughout Germany one constantly meets the "Kurcomite," with its "Kurax." Now, the "Kurcomite" is nothing other than a cure-committee and the "Kurax" is a cure-tax. When a German wants to tell you that he is "doing the resorts," as

we would say, he tells you that he is "taking the cures." It came about in that way that many of the present resorts were once famous for some peculiar spring or some other healing feature. The sick of the various ailments went to the various places reputed to be "cures" for different diseases. In this way certain of the places became famous. Baden-Baden today is one of the greatest cures in Germany; everywhere are seen the halt and maimed who have come to dip in and drink the famous hot waters of Baden. A very large and expensive building now covers the springs which supply the bath-houses in different parts of the city. Thus by people going from one city to another, boasting of certain curative springs, the Germans came to say they were "taking the cures" when they got from city to city which have now come to be recognized resorts. Hence the Kurcomite or committee which fixes a tax for your cure, no doubt originally this was a tax imposed by the city on those who came to bathe in the springs of that city. But today it stands as a tax which every visitor must pay before he leaves the city. At Triberg if a person remains overnight the tax is 30 pfennigs, or about 75 cents; if one remains a week or longer it is at the rate of 1 mark or about 25 cents a week per person. This tax in Triberg is collected by the hotel keeper, who merely adds the amount to your bill. He is responsible to the city for it, because the very first thing you do after deciding to remain at a hotel is to sign your name, occupation and home address on a slip of paper and give it to the maid, who takes it to the office, where it is sent to the chief of police. In this way a record is kept of every visitor and the hotel keeper is held responsible for the tax of his guests. The money collected in this way is used in making the city more attractive to guests. At Triberg the money is used for laying out and building new trails or walks through the forest, repairing the old ones, providing benches and seats along these walks, holding "wald-fests," or wood feasts, which is an entertaining gathering of the country folk for the amusement of the guests of the city. At Baden-Baden this Kurcomite keeps social tennis courts and provides a concert each afternoon and evening. These are very fine, only the best of musicians are employed, and the music is always high class. Thus throughout Germany one is everywhere meeting this committee and its works. On the backs of benches, seats and chairs you will find its name, while all over the country are signs indicating directions to various places near you and the length of time it will take an average walker to go the distance, all put up by the various committees of the neighboring towns.

Every path is marked in the Schwarzwald. At every cross path will be found signs with arrows pointing the direction to the various places of interest or indicating different beautiful walks. Thus one never gets lost in any direction without coming to a sign indicating the path which leads to the nearest town. As a general thing these

signs also indicate the length of time it will require to walk to the place designated. It is a noticeable thing that people seldom direct you in terms of distance, rather in terms of time. For example, a man would never say that a place is six meters (they never say miles, of course) distant, but rather would say it is an hour distant, meaning you could walk it in an hour. Such directions are most useful, since one generally asks the distance in order to estimate how long it would take him to walk it. No doubt the custom of so directing one has grown up because of the fact that people are constantly walking from place to place and always wanting to know how long it would take to walk the distance. One very encouraging feature about it is that the time given is always long enough for almost anyone. Many times I found I could cover the distance in about one-half the time indicated. Probably the reason for this lies in the fact that the country is very hilly and a liberal allowance is made on account of this.

Customs and Costumes.

There are few places in Europe, perhaps, where the old customs and costumes are to be found more plentifully. Any Sunday one can see numberless women with a big bow of broad ribbon for a hair, have seen these bows of ribbon about four inches wide. The bow is made on a wire frame and set on the head so that the ends project out over the ears. Then on these are often fringe of some variety. Another custom is to wear a round straw hat, with large red balls of some material resembling yarn. One often sees several of these on one hat. But of all the headwear I saw

"Die Krone"

Was the most interesting. It is "the crown" and is a mark of engagement. "The crown" stands about twelve inches high and is about six inches across. It is made of tinsel, fancy twisted wire and a great number of variously colored balls, such as we use to decorate our Christmas trees with. Then often one sees small round mirrors about one inch in diameter set in various places; often there is a row of these at the top. It seems to me that the best description I could give of this material is to say that it is just such as we use for Christmas decorations. Fancy colored balls, tinsel, twisted wire and mirrors seem to be the materials of which these crowns are made. There seems to be some uncertainty about the custom of wearing these hats, if they may be so called. As nearly as we could learn a young woman has to wear it fourteen days before she is married. If she is a bride for the first time she wears it on her head when married. If not, she hangs it about her neck. We have some friends who saw a marriage in the Black Forest where the bride was a mother, and so was married with the "krone" hanging about her neck. I attended a "waldfest" or forest festival, where I saw a half dozen young women wearing these head decorations. They danced about with them and were very free and

easy; the poor fellow who was the partner had to not only discard his own hat, but also submit to a continuous jabbing and punching in the face with most every step. No doubt it is a splendid test to put to a young aspirant. They generally stick to the girl, however.

Fishing and Forests.

There is no doubt in my mind but that Germany has adopted a very wise course in regard to her forests and streams. Their laws touching both are very strict. One is very interested to note the success of their operations. At once on going into the Black Forest one is impressed with the care which is in such evidence. There is not a dead or fallen tree to be seen. All such are at once cut for wood and a young tree planted in its place. Whole tracts are perfectly kept as a park—not a fallen limb to be seen, while in many places the fallen needles make a perfectly clean covering all over the ground. There is little underbrush to be found anywhere. There are forest-keepers whose duty it is to go into the forest and designate the trees which may be cut. Then in other places whole tracts are cut clear. But for every tree which is cut one must be planted—not planted and left to die, but planted and made to grow. Where whole tracts are cut, other whole tracts are started in place of those cut. One cannot walk very far in any direction without coming to open nurseries in the clearings. These clearings are worked and seeds planted. Here one will see trees of every stage from the first tender sprout to the tree of four or five old trees. They are tended from the seed and kept sturdy and stocky, so that when it is set out to be permanent it is a hardy tree and not some shade grown sapling from another soil grown under very different conditions. I have seen acres of such set forests where one would not see set for yards in any direction a tree which was dead. The system is undoubtedly the true one.

The government is equally careful of its streams. One can scarcely find a mountain stream but that it is well stocked with fish. It is managed in this way:

All the streams are under the control of the government. These are divided into parts or sections, and sold at auction. One person may buy as many sections or parts as he pleases. Often the various clubs of the neighboring cities will buy an entire stream. This always carries with it the right to fish on either bank. Then the government gives the privilege of unlimited fishing to the purchaser, which right he may use for himself or sell to others. But the government also requires the purchaser to put into his stream or section a certain number of minnows each year. The government prescribes the number and variety, and these must be supplied

from the government hatcheries. In this way good and strong varieties are always provided, and so one can go almost anywhere and enjoy good sport. But the stranger is just a bit surprised when he first begins to inquire for his stream. If he is a Westerner he thinks his only duty is to himself and he wants to gather his fishing outfit and start. But he very soon learns this will not do. He must first find who purchased and controls the stream where he would fish and go to such owner and get his permit. He finds he can fish all day for one mark or 25 cents. Imagine his joy to think he can have all he can catch in a day for 25 cents. But not again he is fated to disappointment. On returning in the evening with a well filled string he is quietly told that he may buy his fish which he has caught and if he will allow them to be weighed he may pay for them at the regular market price and go on his way rejoicing. Then in the evening with the first time that he paid his mark or 25 cents for the "privilege" of fishing, and not for the fish he might catch. His sport is one thing—his game another. He may have either or both, but he must pay for what he gets; if he wants the sport he pays for it at the rate of a mark a day; if he wants the fish he pays for them at the market price.

In many instances the streams are purchased by the city or the "Kurcomite," so that you must go to the mayor or chairman for the privilege and then take him your fish and he will sell them to you.

However we may appreciate the custom of charging in this way, one thing is certain and that is that the system is a very fine one for stocking the streams with fine fish. There is no doubt in my mind but that we must come to some such system in the United States, both for our forests and fishing and other game if we are ever to preserve them. We are taking steps to preserve our game and forests, but there is a good chance for some sensible young man to devise and advocate some such system for protecting the fish of our streams. It would be a pleasure to me if Oregon might take the lead in this matter. I am tired, and no doubt you are. I wanted to tell you about the clock industry of the forest and how I got your clock in a most queer and curious old house which we stumbled on to in one of our rambles. Strange to say, I found a paper published in Oregon in this little old house in the heart of the Black Forest in Germany. If you could have seen the book which came over the faces of the man and his wife when they learned we were from America, and I from Oregon.

"Gott und Himmel! Von America. Von America! Mein Gott, mein Gott!" was the exclamation of the man who passed the lips of the old lady when she stood in mute astonishment with both hands in her air and looked at us. Had we dropped out of the heavens she would not have been more surprised. Your loving brother,

BURT.

CLASSIFIED ADS IN STATESMAN BRING RESULTS.