

Home Decorations for Christmas

by JULIA BOTTOMLEY

SOME people have the knack of arranging things. They take hold of a house or a room, be it ever so commonplace, and transform it with the materials we all have at hand, into something beautiful. I recall a lady who used to buy an ugly house, move into it, and begin making changes outside and in. In about two years the whole place was simply transformed and she had spent the time happily and busily. But her occupation was gone, so she would look up another place that needed regenerating and put that which she had completed on the market. She cashed in her ideas and went happily to work again. The little city in which she lives is beautiful and she is one of the chief educators of public taste. She shows others how to improve their surroundings. I knew another woman gifted in managing interiors. She had little money—less time, for she was a wage earner; but she had the faculty of making things sweet around her. I want to tell you of the Christmas decorations which transformed her small home into a sort of bewitching Christmas bower, not to be forgotten, and yet fashioned from just the same things we all have at hand. This is her recipe:

Some time before Christmas, say six weeks, buy a roll of dark red crepe paper, and one of olive green, crepe paper, also a sheet of pale yellow tissue paper. Buy some cheap bonnet wire from the milliner. Use a real poinsettia blossom for a pattern or buy one already made of paper, and proceed to make up two dozen poinsettia blossoms. First cut patterns, from a piece of wrapping paper, of the petals of the poinsettia. Open the



Bonbon Basket of Paper, Tinsel Star, Poinsettia Flowers, Paper Bells.

rolls of crepe paper and stretch them. A roll of ten feet will stretch to fifteen and be improved thereby, for some purposes. To stretch the paper let some one hold one end for you while you pull the other gradually, or tack one end to the floor, stretch the paper and tack the other end, allowing it to remain for a few hours.

Cut from the red paper, according to your wrapping paper patterns, the petals, which will be in three sizes. Cut a yard of the green paper into length-wise strips, half inch wide, with which to wind the wire for stems. A piece of wire 6 or 8 inches long is cut off. Four little wads of the yellow tissue paper the size of a large pea, are each covered with a little piece of the same paper, an inch square. This is brought over the wad and twisted into a little stem. Then little wads are fastened to the end of the piece of wire by winding with a coarse thread or a fine spool wire. The latter is best. Place two or three small petals of the red paper around the end of the wire to which you have just fastened the little yellow wads and fasten them with thread or wire. Next place larger petals and finally the largest size, following the natural blossom, or the paper one bought for a guide, as nearly as possible. Wind the wire stem with green tissue paper. Pull the edges of the petals slightly to give them a natural look. As the paper poinsettia blossoms are finished put them in a hat box. In two or three evenings as many as will be needed, are easily made.

After the poinsettia is finished make little baskets of the red paper. For foundations use little cardboard dishes such as confectioners use for Charlotte Russe, or those which may be bought for the purpose. Make handles of wire. Cover the basket inside and out with the red paper, pasting it to place and pulling the edges into ruffles. Make as many little baskets as there are guests-to-be. Cover the handles by wrapping the wire with narrow strips of the red paper. Finish with little bows made of baby ribbon or narrow strips of the paper either in red or green. Put the little baskets away with the poinsettia.

Next a few candle or electric light shades are to be made. As the crepe paper costs no more when fireproofed, one should specify the fireproofed variety when buying it. Cut out card-board discs 5 1/4 inches in diameter with circles cut from the center, 2 inches in diameter. These

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

Mr. Jonas Farmer prided himself on his plain ancestry. I'm a plain farmer from plain farmers—Jonas Farmer from Plain farm," he boasted. Mrs. Farmer was a home-body. When her husband was sent to the legislature, she protested against leaving the farm. When he was induced to move in November and assist in the preparation and management of the corn show, she lamented that their Thanksgiving dinner would be at a hotel instead of on the farm, where she could cook a turkey of her own raising.

When, the week before Thanksgiving, Mr. Farmer announced his acceptance for a Thanksgiving dinner with the president of the corn association—a dinner to which the governor was expected—his wife objected. "I can't and won't go. I don't know how to dress. I won't know what to say. I'd rather dine with the children than the governor."

"Think of the honor, mother!" exclaimed John. "Your black silk is all right," said Clara.

Mrs. Farmer's pleasure in the mid-day Thanksgiving dinner at the hotel was marred by thoughts of the dinner which was to follow.

"I don't want to go," she fretted. "Neither do I," admitted her husband; "but I ought, and I won't go without you. I'm nothing but a stray when you're not along."

The children saw their parents to the elevator. John brushed a speck from his father's coat and dented his feet hat; he saw no fault in his mother. In her plain black dress, her hair waved simply back from her kindly face, she looked what she was—a sweet-faced, gentlewoman.

"You're all right mother," he exclaimed. Several ladies were primping in the dressing room when Mrs. Farmer went in. Besides their light colored, low-cut evening gowns, her high-necked black silk looked somber. Alone and lonesome, she waited till her husband emerged from the dressing room.

"I wish I was home," she whispered to him; "not one of those ladies spoke to me."

"You needn't mind; not one of them can hold a candle to you," he whispered back.

Together they paid their respect to their host and hostess; then Mrs. Farmer sank back in a chair with a sigh of relief.

"Jonas," she began but Jonas was talking to another lady. In a minute he returned.

"That's Mrs. Payne, the lady I'm to take out to dinner," he exclaimed. "Mr. Hewitt is to take you. Here he comes."

"Well of all things, to separate man and wife, Jonas!"

Mr. Hewitt, meet my wife, Martha, Mr. Hewitt," interrupted Jonas.

"Dinner is announced," said Mr. Hewitt.

Though her housewifely soul admired the beautifully appointed table, her husband's face at the far end of the table looked better to Mrs. Farmer than the glorious chrysanthemums which half hid him from her view. "I don't know a soul at this table but Jonas, and he might as well be at the north pole," she felt homesick for a familiar face.

Her attention was distracted from the bewildering array of silver flanking her plate by the conversation of the lady across the table. "I was afraid I couldn't come," she was saying. "Baby has been fretful today, but I have an excellent nurse, and we live next door, you know."

That sounded like home folks. Mrs. Farmer asked quickly: "How old is your baby?" And so interested was she in the account of the baby that the fish course arrived before she remembered to turn to her partner.

"I've just decided that we met before, Mrs. Farmer," he was saying. "Didn't you invite three dusty men, whose car broke down opposite your place, to dinner last July?" She remembered the hot, dusty day,

and the men who had so gratefully accepted her invitation to dinner.

"One of you was interested in chickens?" she queried.

"Yes, George was the chicken crank; is yet. I say, George," he called to the gentleman at the right of his host. "Mrs. Farmer is the lady who gave us that good dinner last summer."

George, whom Mrs. Farmer had not met, bowed. "We must continue our chicken chat later on," he said.

Mr. Hewitt pulled a chrysanthemum over for his partner's inspection. "I don't know why my man can't grow them like that do you?"

He was surprised that she answered promptly: "Perhaps he does not feed them meat?"

"Meat?" repeated Mr. Hewitt.

"Yes, meat. My father grew prize chrysanthemums in Dublin. He used to put bits of raw meat in the soil and pound it in with the hammer."

There was no longer lack of conversation. Mrs. Farmer was an expert gardener, her table neighbors were flower lovers, and her husband, watching the animated conversation, saw with pride that she was commanding interested attention; that she was apparently a social success.

A wave of homesickness came over the little woman in black when she found the men were remaining after dinner to smoke and chat. How could she pass the time without Jonas? In the hall a maid addressed her table neighbor.

"Your baby is sick, ma'am; you're wanted."

The frightened eyes of the mother met the sympathetic eyes of Mrs. Farmer. "Won't you come with me?" she asked impulsively. "You understand babies;" and Mrs. Farmer gladly went.

The sound of baby's voice, hoarse in a struggle for breath, met them at the door. It seemed to Mrs. Farmer as she hurried towards the cradle that she had gone through this experience before, only when she was the mother wringing her hands and sobbing with every gasping breath of the baby, and her own mother was beside her nursing the baby. She knew exactly what to do, and spoke as one of authority.

"First wring a breakfast napkin out of cold water, fold it to fit the baby's throat, and bring me a flannel large enough to cover it," she said to the nurse.

"Put five drops of turpentine in a tablespoonful of lard," she ordered the parlor maid, and when you have brought that here, telephone for the doctor."

Drawing a rocking chair before the glowing fire in the old-fashioned fireplace tiled with Mother Goose figures, she turned back her skirt and took the baby on her lap.

"Have someone put a kettle of water on the fire to moisten the air," she told the mother.

With skilled hands she applied the compress; then, baring the baby's toes before the fire, she greased them thoroughly, toasting them while she greased the pink hands, the little nose and forehead, the chest, between his shoulders, and lightly under the arms—a regular grandmother greasing.

The doctor rushed in on a hurry call; found the baby sleeping easily on his new nurse's lap and the mother, her evening gown crushed about her, on the floor, holding a little hand to her lips.

"Well, well," he exclaimed. "This is a treat; a real grandmother on the case. Yes; he has had croup; but he's all right, thanks, I judge, to this lady."

The long political discussion in the dining room had just ended when the two ladies returned. "Only to say good night," said the baby's mother.

Mr. Farmer, looking for his wife, saw the wife of one of the most influential citizens kissing her good night.

"That's quick work," he exclaimed in surprise. He repeated the exclamation when Governor George shook hands with Mrs. Farmer for the night.

"I'll call for you and your husband

THE TRIBUNE'S PRIZE CONTEST

\$100 Monarch Typewriter will be given free to the person having the greatest number of votes. Any person is free to become one of the contestants. All persons who pay their subscription to The Tribune during the period of the contest are entitled to vote. Subscribers may vote for any one of the contestants they may choose. Each one may cast as many votes as he pays cents on his subscription. For one year's subscription of \$1.50 he will get 150 votes. It does not matter whether the subscription be for arrearage or be paid in advance or whether for both. Every dollar paid entitles the person paying to 100 votes. Thus if you pay \$1.50 back subscription and \$1.50 advance for the new year, you are entitled to 300 votes.

Every boy and girl has an equal chance to get the Typewriter. All you need is to get friends to subscribe, pay up or renew, now, and have them vote for you. The parties who get in the race early have the best chance. Ask your friends to give you their votes. Get their promise before some one else asks them. Do it now. Tomorrow may be too late.

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Hundreds of subscriptions expire, January 1, 1911. We are anxious to get them paid in as promptly as possible. In every community there are scores. By clubbing the votes any active boy or girl can easily get a large number of votes. Then there are numbers of families everywhere who do not read The Tribune but who would take it if solicited in the interest of a good cause.

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The Falls City Tribune
Phone 226

at four, then, and show you the flock" he was saying.

The children waited up for them. "Was it an awful bore, mother, dear?" asked Clara.

"Bore," exploded her father. "Your mother has had the time of her life, and ended by accepting an invitation from the governor. How's that for a plain farmer's wife?"

"The governor," echoed his wife. "Was that Governor George? I thought George was his first name. He's just as common as anyone, anyway."

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets do not sicken or gripe, and may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate woman or the youngest child. The old and feeble will also find them a most suitable remedy for aiding and strengthening their weakened digestion and for regulating the bowels. For sale by all druggists.

OHIO

Vera Yoder was a guest of Lola Sturms last Sunday.

Quimby Beaver visited at the home of his cousin, A. Dowty Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Hahn were guests of their daughter, Mrs. J. Reischick Sunday.

John Rains and family spent Sunday with Milt Strauss and family. Stella Elshire came down from Omaha last week to visit her mother and family.

Will Hutchinson spent Sunday with Will Gumm.

Will Smith, wife and daughter visited with A. Dowty and family Sunday.

Mrs. D. Yoder and daughter Lottie spent Monday with Mrs. G. Sturms and daughter.

Mrs. Bpchoitz is a guest of Mrs. A. Elshire this week.

Fifteen little girls gathered at the home of Gladys Kimmel Saturday afternoon from two until five o'clock to celebrate her twelfth birthday. The afternoon was spent playing games. The dining room was

decorated in pink and white and at five o'clock refreshments were served by Mrs. Kimmel assisted by Mrs. H. J. Prichard after which the little girls went to their homes having reported a jolly good time and wishing Miss Gladys many happy returns. She received many nice presents.

Mrs. George Sturms enjoyed a visit from her aunt of Chester, Neb., for a week. She returned to her home Tuesday.

Vera and Donna Shaffer were the guests of Mrs. A. Knisely one day recently.

Perry Shaffer and wife were guests of the former's father in Falls City Monday.

H. J. Prichard and Ed Kimmel and their wives went down near Reserve in the former's auto Sunday and spent the day with Lloyd Peck and wife.

Mrs. E. M. Shaffer and children and Emma Wetzel were guests of Mrs. Ed Ruegge Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brown of Palmer, Neb., are visiting with their niece, Mrs. F. S. Lichty and Saturday afternoon they all went to Auburn and visited over Sunday with Glen Harkins and family.

Otis Spickler and wife visited with H. Beechy and wife Monday.

Will McGowen spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. D. Spickler.

Miss Frances Morton will be down from Lincoln to spend Thanksgiving at the home of her parents.

WALNUTS.

Bring in your walnuts we can use them now, will pay you 1 cent a lb. for them at Heck's feed store or at the warehouse down by the mill.—Heck & Wamsley. 47-2t

"I am pleased to recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as the best thing I know of and safest remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial trouble," writes Mrs. L. B. Arnold of Denver, Col. "We have used it repeatedly and it has never failed to give relief." For sale by all

Help These Women.

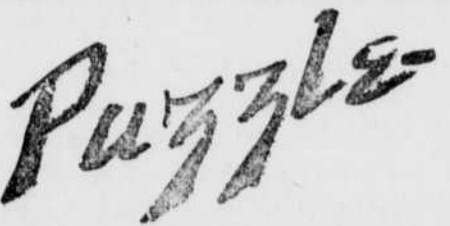
The ladies of the Christian church in Division I are very grateful to all that are helping with the beautiful memorial window which will be placed in the new church in honor of the farmers who trade or visit in Falls City. Many more will help. Bring your gifts in at any time leave them at any store and phone us and we will send for them. The sale will be conducted Saturday, November 26 Place announced later. Help us to make this a success.

Mrs. O. P. Heck, Chairman.
Mrs. Windle, Assisitant.

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I want to send free to every reader of The Tribune 10 beautiful imported, embossed, colored Christmas post cards, all different, without any advertising on them whatever.

I do this because I want people to know the high grade cards I carry at manufacturers' prices. If you prefer beautiful New Years cards say so when you write. All I ask is that you send me four cents in stamps to cover postage. Address, C. T. Johnstone, Pres. Dept. 555, Rochester, New York.



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