

Tricks With Cards Brighten Christmas Decor



This young homemaker has utilized Christmas greeting cards from friends to decorate a screen (upper center) that lends holiday atmosphere to home. She also places cards in cardboard train (lower center) designed for purpose. It can double as a toy. Cards

typical of the 1951 greeting card collections are (upper left) for the man in service; holly-trimmed card (lower left) that opens like book; folding card (upper right) that stands by itself when open; and card with hearth-and-home theme (lower right).

How best to display the Christmas cards that start to pour in anytime after the middle of December is a matter that must be settled anew each holiday season. What made a solution last year will not make one this year unless you want to be thought of

as lacking in originality. This year, you might collect compliments by putting up a friendship screen in your living room. Any inexpensive screen will do; you'll cover the panels alternately in inexpensive red-and-

green cotton broadcloth. The fabric can be stapled to the screen quickly and easily. The friendship screen gets card from your friends attached to it by means of gold foil cut into strips, formed into circles and

fastened firmly with cellophane tape. The design that you pick for your screen is a matter of your own taste. We used golden circles, bowknots and the silhouette of a Christmas tree. But you might want to fasten your cards to a star, or a reindeer or a snow

By GAILE DUGAS

Hawaiian Christmas Is Elaborate Affair

Although many Hawaiians have seen ice only as frozen in mechanical refrigerators, the trees used by the islanders for Christmas decorations are painted white to simulate snow.

Christmas dinner is an elaborate affair, enjoyed in the privacy of the home behind locked doors and drawn blinds. Any open-house hospitality is an economic impossibility; if the shades were not drawn and the doors not locked, homes would be invaded by hordes of strangers—all expecting food and drink.

Gift-giving is the order of the day as everyone exchanges inexpensive presents. Even the servants in hotels expect and receive gifts from over-night guests.

For those of you who prefer a ready-made solution, a greeting card firm has designed a small cardboard train, the right size for a centerpiece or for the mantelpiece. It has a locomotive, a caboose and three cars, two of them bearing the season's greetings. It's meant to hold a whole family's card collection and later, it can double as a toy for the children. If they don't get it first, that is. And it's pin-money priced.

The greeting cards preferred by Americans across the country are, in this order: floral designs, animals and birds, candies, Santa Claus, church bells, fancy titles, outdoor winter scenes, snowmen, children and cherubs.

These are the cards they most like to send and presumably, like to get in return. But specialized cards, those for a grandmother, say, or a married couple, are popular, too. They provide a personal touch and make the card seem closer to a note.

CHRISTMAS SECRETS

(By Hal Marquette)

Midge and Bill were standing in front of Landsbury's department store, window wishing. Suddenly, Bill looked down at the sidewalk as his foot nudged the object he had dropped.

"Fumble," he said under his breath and glanced toward Midge. She was gazing intently at the toys and did not seem to notice when he stooped to pick up the billfold and slyly put it into his pocket. Otherwise...

"Bill, look," Midge was saying as she pointed to a large doll dresser.

"Why the interest in toys... Now if..." He was hunting for words to hide his agitation.

Midge felt a slight warmth come to her cheeks and her heart began to pound. For a second she wondered if she could finish his "now if" and tell him here and now. She wondered if they could be thinking of the same thing.

They continued on their way back to the apartment. Bill was glad and relieved when Midge suggested coffee. That would give him time to examine his find



"I didn't find that billfold, Midge," he stammered.

in privacy. That's what he'd planned to tell her if she ever questioned him. He'd never kept anything from Midge before, excepting... But he'd been young and had paid society.

Bill trembled as he thought of the "fumble" back there on the street. What if... He waited until he was sure Midge was busy with the sandwiches before he got the billfold from his overcoat pocket. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, he was examining its contents. Here was more money than he'd ever had in his hands before.

Suddenly Bill heard Midge's voice. It seemed to come from far away and then to crash in his ears.

"Bill, why don't you answer me... And whatever have you there?" He tried to get the billfold into his pocket before she came to his side. But again there was a fumble.

"Oh, oh... Midge, I..." He stopped short and brought the billfold back to view and slowly handed it to her.

"I found it tonight... Landsbury's corner... Meant to surprise you..." he said lamely.

Midge fingered the contents excitedly.

"Bill, you must call the man immediately... He must be worried." "Do you think I'm a fool... It's... And Christmas only five days away... I have so little... This could be our happiest Christmas..."

Midge stared at him as he spoke. He was talking in a tone she'd never heard from him before.

"How could we ever have a merry Christmas... We'd never forget... Don't you see..."

There was a brief tense silence as Bill looked at the billfold in her outstretched hand.

"Bill, the phone number is on the license..."

The lights on the tiny Christmas tree were blurred as Bill put his packages beside it. Lately, every thing seemed to blur through a mist of tears whenever he thought of Midge and Christmas. Why hadn't he told her everything the night he returned the billfold instead of waiting until now. He

Bringers of Gifts Range From Santa To Knight Ruppert

In America on Christmas Eve there is a merry tinkle of sleigh bells as Santa Claus drives up in a sleigh drawn by eight reindeer.

He drives from roof to roof, pausing just long enough to climb down each chimney. From a huge sack on his back he fills the children's stockings with toys and goodies. Gifts that are too large to be stuffed in the stockings are put on the Christmas tree or stacked underneath it.

This is Christmas in America—but it is not always Santa who brings the gifts to children in other lands.

The Dutch children anxiously await the arrival on Christmas of St. Nicholas. He was the bishop of Myra, so he is dressed in the traditional bishop's robes of black, wears a mitre, and carries a crozier.

He rides a white horse, and is accompanied by Black Peter, his page boy. Instead of hanging up their stockings to hold the gifts, the Dutch children place their wooden shoes in the chimney corner before going to bed. On the window sills they leave a bunch of hay for "Sleipner", the bishop's white horse. It is customary for St. Nicholas to overturn chairs and leave the room in general confusion for Christmas morning.

English children wait for a Santa Claus who closely resembles our own. They also find gifts tied to a green Christmas tree, but this custom has been in effect only since Queen Victoria was a young bride. She married Albert, a German prince, and it was he who introduced this Christmas custom to England from Germany.

It is an angel who leaves the gifts in Czechoslovakia. She descends on a golden chord to accompany Santa.

In Scandinavia gifts are distributed during the supper hour. They are brought by dwarfs and the children leave bowls of porridge on the doorstep for them. Santa comes riding on a goat instead of a reindeer.

The birds receive the largest number of gifts in Sweden. Each family places a sheaf of grain on a pole or on the fence posts for the birds' Christmas dinner.

Spanish children place their straw-filled sleeves on the window sills so the Magi may feed their horses while they leave gifts. The older people fill an Urn of Fate from which the gifts are drawn on Christmas Day.

Knight Ruppert, who is the German Kris Kringle, is represented by a young girl wearing a golden crown and gown in a flowing white robe. She carries a small tree laden with gifts which she distributes.

The children of Switzerland have their gifts brought to them by a radiant angel who rides in a sleigh drawn by six reindeer. She brings them goodies to eat as well as toys.

And in Poland, at least before the Communists came in, the people called at the parish house on Christmas morning where the priest presented them with "peace wafers", which symbolized peace on earth, good will to men. The people exchanged Christmas wishes as the wafers were broken and eaten before returning home.

Students of St. Andrew's University, in Scotland, founded in 1411, still wear long scarlet gowns.

looked up to see Midge standing in the doorway.

"Midge dear, sit down... I've something I've got to say..." "What, darling..."

"I didn't find that billfold, Midge..." he stammered. "I did that once before... long before I met you..."

Her lips began to quiver and big tears began to tumble down her cheeks but she was smiling.

"Say something, Midge... Ask me what I mean..."

"There's nothing to ask, darling... The doll dresser in the window at Landsbury's had a mirror and... And, darling, as of this moment it is the merriest Christmas ever... I had hoped and prayed that you'd tell me... and you have..."

"Now, let's open our Christmas secrets..."



(By Nancy Plyler)

The small boy pressed his face closer to the window. Outside the snow lay a white blanket over the community, and darkness had drawn its curtain upon the day's activities. Johnny had been standing there since dinner.

His mother and father sat nearby. "He hardly touched his dinner!" his mother explained. "It's too bad! He was very fond of that dog," his father said seriously.

"I'm so sorry this happened. It's just two weeks until Christmas and there's so much to do. Scouring the neighborhood for the dog at this time will interfere with our other plans," the mother said.

While Jane was talking, the doorbell rang. The wife went to answer it and found two teen-age boys on the porch.

"Yes?" the wife questioned. The boys seemed to be out of breath from running. "Mrs. Porter, we saw two men take your dog



"Did Santa Claus send him back to me, Mommy?" was all he asked.

into their car. They drove away with him," one of the boys explained.

"What? When?" the wife was beside herself.

"About two hours ago. We were taking the groceries to Mrs. Jane; we couldn't turn back to tell you. Besides the car was gone before we knew what had happened. I think we'd know them if we saw them again," the boys finished.

"Don't will you come here?" Mrs. Porter called to her husband.

"Now, will you please tell my husband what you have just told me?" she turned to the boys.

They reiterated the same facts to Mr. Porter.

His first statement was, "Don't say anything about this to Johnny."

He questioned the boys further, thought for a time, then asked the boys if they would agree to go around the neighborhood with him to see if he could trace the men.

Agreeing to this, the two boys left with Mr. Porter.

Mrs. Porter was sitting in the living-room when Mr. Porter returned. Her eyes questioned what her lips could not say.

"No luck!" he sunk into a chair. "I didn't really think there would be any use to go out and look for them. There just wasn't anything else to do. Poor kid! With Christmas coming on and everything," Mr. Porter was very solemn.

On Christmas morning Mrs. Porter was up very early. The Christmas tree was trimmed to perfection. The wreaths were hung. The living-room was very picturesque. Johnny's stocking was hung over the mantle; it was brimming to the top. All kinds of toys that would delight the heart of a five-year-old boy were under the tree. His mother took one last look before she called to her husband to awaken Johnny.

A sleepy, tousled-haired boy crept down the steps to behold the wonders of another Christmas day. After viewing the scene, he gave one leap to the hobby-horse that waited for him. By now he was no longer sleepy, but had mustered enough energy to open all his gifts without any help from his parents.

And for a time Johnny seemed so engrossed in the many toys that he never mentioned about his dog. But their hopes were short-lived! For while they were planning for the day, they noticed that Johnny was watching at the window. Mr. and Mrs. Porter looked at each other and knew that they had lost in their endeavor to make Christmas Day a happy time for their boy.

When Mrs. Porter was nearly on the verge of tears, Johnny gave one scream from the window. They ran to it and looking out, saw a small white dog scurrying on the path. Mr. Porter never opened a door more gleefully and the dog dashed into the room, into the arms of his master. Johnny was laughing and crying at the same time. "Did Santa Claus send him back to me, Mommy?" was all he asked.

"Yes, dear," she whispered. "The dog either broke away; or the spirit of Christmas must have worked in those men's hearts," Mrs. Porter smiled to her husband.

SANTA'S REQUESTS

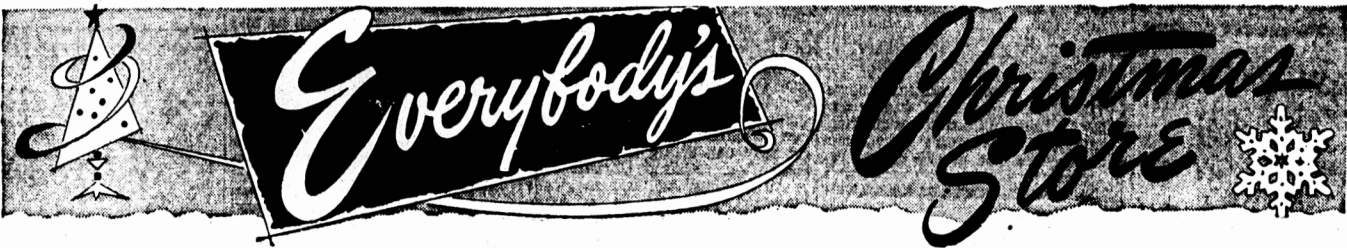
Santa Claus still gets letters from youngsters with the same cherished requests—bicycles and dolls. But last year a child wanted a live cow. He told a department store Santa so.

Another kid wanted a new daddy because hers was "wearing out on top."

FAMOUS POOL

A total of 566 salmon and ghill were caught in 1951 at the Hartland pool on the St. John River in New Brunswick.

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