



# Children's Column

**The Echo.**  
I'm a fairy little elfin, without doubt,  
And I dance away and sing  
Till the forest's all a-ring,  
And the birds are wondering  
What the Echo talks about.

Have you ever sat upon the meadow fence  
When the frost is in the ground,  
And the leaves are scattered round,  
Just a-listening to the sound  
With a feeling quite intense?

You may search for me in hillside, wood  
And fen;  
You may call me loud and long,  
You may plainly hear my song—  
With the fairies I belong—  
You will never see me here again.  
—New York Mail and Express.

**A Parrot at Breakfast.**  
A funny parrot lives in Brooklyn,  
and is very fond of the lady she lives  
with. When the breakfast bell rings  
in the morning, she will push open  
the door of her cage with her bill, fly  
down to the breakfast table, take her  
own chair, which she always knows  
and occupies at each meal, and wait  
till the family assembles. If they should  
not gather as quickly as she thinks  
they ought, she will call out, "Hurry  
up, folks, hurry up!" and at the same  
time hop over to the oatmeal dish and  
attempt to lift the cover; for she is  
very fond of oatmeal, and will make  
her entire breakfast of it. She would  
not touch the oatmeal, even if she were  
able to lift the cover, for she is a very  
good Polly. After finishing her break-  
fast, she flies right back to her cage.

**Little Billy's Death.**  
"Billy" was a poor little tailless dog  
who lived in Twentieth street, New  
York. He was loved by every one in  
his neighborhood, and there was a  
sad time when he died. "Billy's" tail  
had not been cut out, and so far as we  
know no one was ever cruel to him.  
He never had a tail. A little round  
knot where a tail ought to have been  
was all that he could show. He was  
so affectionate and wanted to wag his  
tail as other dogs did, but, poor  
thing, he had none to wag. So, of ne-  
cessity, for he must wag something, he  
taught his ears to do it. He could  
waggle them like a donkey's when he  
was pleased or make them bristle with  
anger when so disposed. He was the  
self-appointed guardian of a large fam-  
ily of children, and last summer he  
could not be persuaded to leave the  
doorstep until he knew that every one  
of the children was safely in bed. He  
loved to play with the children and  
race up and down the street, and did  
not mind it a bit if the little ones  
hung on to his ears.

He took sick in a day or two he  
died. His body was laid in state in  
a back yard, and all the afternoon  
the neighbors, the children and their  
parents, and some quite old people,  
too, came in to look at little "Billy."  
When the big wagon came along and  
the men took the dog's body and put  
it in the wagon to carry it away the  
children were inconsolable. They gath-  
ered around their mother and wept,  
and sobbed for their good-natured pet,  
the dear, little, tailless doggy "Billy,"  
whom they had loved so much and who  
seemed like one of the family.

**A Cup of White Tea.**  
Lucy and Laura were playing house  
under grandma's trees. The dollies  
sat around the tiny tea table and were  
as good as gold, speaking only when  
they were spoken to, and always say-  
ing "Thank you," when their little  
mothers passed them cake or jelly.  
That is what children ought to do.  
"Mariana Angelica wants some  
'white' tea. Do you think she ought  
to have it?" asked her little mamma.  
Mrs. Laura shook her curls, and  
frowned at Mariana. "Tea is very  
very bad for chil'ren," she said. "I  
never 'low my chil'ren to drink it, Mrs.  
Lucy."

So Mrs. Lucy told Mariana that she  
didn't 'prove of her drinking tea, and  
Mariana kept on smiling, just as she  
always did. "But I know she wants  
that tea all the same," said Mrs. Lucy.  
"It seems too bad that she can't have  
what she wants."  
Mrs. Lucy sipped her own tea for  
a while, watching Mariana all the time.  
At last she put down her cup with a  
little bang.

"There, she shall have some, poor  
dear. It isn't often she gets it, you  
know very well. Mrs. Laura. So will  
you please to pour out another cup of  
tea; then there will be three—one for  
you, one for me, and anover for Mari-  
ana."  
Mrs. Laura poured out a cup of tea  
for the poor, dear child, but she for-  
got that tea for Mariana must be very  
very "white," and when she had poured  
it out she gave a little cry:

"Oh, dear, dear! This tea is very  
too strong for Mariana. It's too strong  
for me or you, Mrs. Lucy. What will  
we do with it?"  
"We musn't waste it," said Mrs.  
Lucy. "Oh, I know! There's Rover;  
we'll 'vite him to the party an' he can  
drink the tea."  
Rover was very glad to be invited,  
and he sat up in a chair just like the  
dollies and ate what Mrs. Lucy gave  
him. Only sometimes, I am sorry to  
say, he would grab. He drank up that  
cup of tea that ought to have been  
"white" and wasn't; so it didn't get  
wasted. And Mariana waited patiently,  
and at last she had a cup of really  
truly white tea and everybody was  
satisfied.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Some Little Royal Folk.**  
There is among many beautiful  
stories told of Holland's pretty queen  
a particularly sweet, unselfish one.

When she was a very small girl she  
dearly loved an old servant of the  
castle, and often went to him with her  
trials and troubles. One day he came  
to her with a trouble of his.

A cup belonging to a set partly dar-  
ly precious to the king had been broken  
by the servant, and the old man  
dreaded to confess to his royal mas-  
ter, for it had been whispered through  
the castle that any one guilty of such  
carelessness would be discharged at  
once.

The small princess thought over the  
matter very seriously and then said:  
"Do as I did you and all will be well.  
Mend the cup as best you can, and  
when you serve coffee today be sure  
to give the broken cup to me."

It was all done as her little royal  
highness had planned. No sooner had  
she received the cup, however, than  
she dropped it upon the floor, shatter-  
ing it into a hundred pieces. With a  
cry of dismay the little maid ran to  
her father, confessed her fault and  
questioned humbly:

"Will you discharge me, father?"  
A funny story is told of one of  
Queen Victoria's little daughters. She  
was rather a stubborn child, and very  
decided in her likes and dislikes. Dr.  
Brown was one of the household whom  
she did not fancy, and she always ad-  
dressed him curtly as "Brown."

At last her mother, the queen, took  
the child's manners in hand.  
"You must say Dr. Brown," said  
England's queen. "If you address him  
again as Brown I shall send you to  
bed."

The next morning the naughty little  
girl was walking with her mother,  
when the obnoxious doctor drew near.  
With a quiet dignity the princess said  
slowly and emphatically:  
"Good morning, Brown, and good  
night!"

There is a pathetic little story told  
of one of the Russian children of the  
royal family. She was very fond of  
white swans, and her father had a  
great number of them brought to the  
castle lakes to please the little daugh-  
ter. But while she was still very small  
she died, leaving the castle quite deso-  
late. The sad father could no longer  
bear the sight of the beloved white  
swans, so he had black ones substi-  
tuted in memory of the gentle child.

**"BILL."**  
William Waverly was his name, and  
he was a little boy who thought he  
was quite a man till one day it hap-  
pened that his aunt, who took care of  
him, went down town to buy some new  
clothes for her nephew. He hoped she  
would buy him long trousers, like  
brother Harvey's—Harvey was a col-  
lege man, and when he came home for  
holidays, he and William had great  
fun together, and Harvey was going  
to make a man of him very soon. In  
fact, he had just commenced to call  
him "Bill," which William thought  
very grown-up, indeed, but when he  
was babyish and cried, Harvey called  
him "Willieboy." Willieboy was such  
a horrid name that William resolved  
never to cry again. Well, when the  
package came from the store, William  
was in the garret playing with his  
mice. He had six very cunning little  
brown ones that were very tame. They  
would come when he called, and run  
all over him playing tag and hide-and-  
seek about his head and all over his  
body. He was very gentle with them,  
and they certainly loved their little  
master.

William heard a voice calling him  
from the stair.  
"Oh, it's my new suit," he said, de-  
lightedly, to the mice. "I must run  
down and put on my new long trou-  
sers, and when I come up you'll see a  
grown-up man. But you needn't be  
afraid. I'll love you just as much."  
Poor little William! When he came  
up to the garret again it was not with  
a feeling of great pride. In fact, he  
had to rush up stairs three steps at a  
time to keep the tears from falling  
and drenching the new suit that Auntie  
had put on.

"Oh, oh, oh!" he kept saying to  
himself, "I feel as if I must cry, but  
if I do I shall be a Willieboy and this  
suit will be just good enough for me."  
To make matters worse, the mice  
would have nothing to do with him.  
They seemed to think that this newly  
dressed boy was an intruder and not  
their little master. Two of them ran  
away and hid so well that William  
could not even find them. The others  
looked very much frightened, and even  
the very tamest one had to be held by  
a string to keep him anywhere near.  
If you want to know what had hap-  
pened look at William's picture!

Then to make matters even worse  
still, who should happen to come home  
just at that moment but brother Har-  
vey! He came quickly up stairs to the  
garret to find the little brother of  
whom he was so fond.  
"Oh, Bill, Billy—where are you?" he  
called; and William, ashamed of his  
"baby" clothes, rushed pell-mell across  
the garret and hid behind some trunks.  
It took Harvey only a few minutes  
to find him, and pull him out, almost  
crying.  
"I—I didn't buy 'em, Harvey," he  
gasped, "and even the mice are  
ashamed of me."  
Harvey did not even smile at his  
little brother's appearance.  
"Poor old man!" he said, slapping  
him on the back. "Come down stairs  
and I'll see that you get some clothes  
fit for a boy of your size to wear."



**A Winter of Warm Tints.**  
This blending of several tones of one  
material is reaching a pitch of per-  
fection which the most fastidious artist  
might envy, zibeline cloth in the many  
new tones of warm pinks and reds  
lending itself to being treated in this  
manner with the most happy results.  
Fashion decrees that we shall be  
cheered up during our winter months,  
for everything tends toward warmth  
and richness in color, the new pinks  
and oranges being first favorites, while  
browns and greens are developing all  
sorts of new shades.

**An Indian Wife's Housekeeping.**  
The young Indian wife of today is  
clean, a fairly good cook and tidy with  
her house. She is not yet well versed  
in the art of decoration, and red and  
green are predominating colors in all  
of her rooms, whether in harmony or  
not. The house has good furniture,  
but it is strangely arranged. The  
lounge is a favorite piece of furniture,  
and one sees it in every Indian house-  
hold, always in the parlor. If the In-  
dians have a piano or organ it goes in-  
to the bedroom. The young buck's  
best saddle also goes into the parlor,  
and in many houses it is hung upon  
the wall. Red ribbons are tied  
everything, ev a tail of the cat,  
for no Indian household is complete  
without a cat and a dog.—Chicago  
Chronicle.

**Walking Skirts.**  
The fashion of short walking skirts  
is a boon, but does not seem to have  
met with popular favor enough to have  
been adopted for the smarter cloth-  
gowns; these are still long enough to  
trail considerably. The sheathlike  
skirt is much modified, and the gored  
skirt with circular side and a little  
fullness just at the back is much more  
of a favorite. There are skirts with  
one, two or three flounces, but the  
plain skirts with tremendous flare and  
trimmed with the flat trimmings are  
made in the handsomest materials.  
Velvet bands trim many gowns, while  
stitched bands of silk or satin still re-  
main in fashion, and are used on the  
handsomest of velvet gowns for the  
street and on the embroidered lace  
gowns for evening wear. Both rough  
and smooth cloths are used, the rough  
shaggy ones for morning, and made  
short, the smooth cloths for afternoon  
and rather smarter wear made long.—  
Harper's Bazar.

**Trim and Smart Walking Suits.**  
The most useful day frocks are of  
corduroy. A fascinating gray, with  
Russian pouched bodice and plain  
skirt, has just a touch of silver em-  
broidery on the little turn-down collar  
and breast pocket for a ticket or money  
or watch. Then a tweed suit of gray,  
which merged upon black, was made of  
coarse woollen canvas—a quite new  
material. The "coming" skirt, short  
and full, and the long basque coat,  
opening to reveal a double-breasted  
waistcoat of amber and black panne,  
the pointed ends of which showed in  
picturesque fashion below the double-  
breasted coat fronts, combined to form  
a whole of supreme workmanlike sim-  
plicity of the finest art and stitchery.  
Strappings of the same canvas and the  
antique silver buttons fastening the  
waistcoat were the sole ornamentation  
employed. After all the frills and fur-  
rowings, such a thorough tailor-made  
was a delightful change. Another cor-  
duroy of hunter's green had moleskin  
trimming and a knotted lemon-colored  
tie.

**Origin of Guipure Lace.**  
The origin of guipure lace is wrapped  
in mystery. But there is a pretty tra-  
dition regarding it current in the vil-  
lages where it is made. It is said that  
centuries ago a certain Venetian sailor  
returned from a voyage in eastern  
waters and brought to his betrothed,  
a worker in needle point, a bunch of  
the beautiful and delicate coraline,  
which he told her was the lace made by  
mermaids living in the coral caves of  
the Indian seas. "Pretty as it is," said  
the maid, "I will make something far  
prettier with my needle, and my bridal  
veil shall be of the mermaid's lace."  
The sailor lad went off on another long  
voyage, and during the months of his  
absence the girl worked day after day  
with her needle forming white dots and  
tiny stars, and uniting them with deli-  
cate "brides" till at last an exquisite  
scarf of guipure was produced, which  
was so beautiful that when she wore it  
in glowing terms of admiration, and  
many noble and royal women became  
the patrons of the young lace maker.  
—Chicago Tribune.

**Costly Gowns of Indian Belles.**  
The Oklahoma Indian women are not  
the most beautiful creatures in exist-  
ence, yet "Solomon in all his glory was  
not arrayed like one of these." Many  
women of the Kiowa, Comanche, Ara-  
paho and Ponca tribes have dresses  
costing from \$750 to \$1500 apiece. They  
are not made in what we should call  
the latest styles; the decorations are  
what count.

The squaw's money is nearly all  
spent in purchasing costly ornaments  
for their clothing. These ornaments  
are in the shape of jewelry and pre-  
cious stones, elk teeth and pearls. It  
is nothing out of the common to see  
an Indian girl walking around over  
her reservation with \$500 worth of elk  
teeth tied to her dress in decorative  
style. Again, a two-carat diamond is  
no curiosity to these dusky belles. Most  
of the dresses are made from soft

buckskin, lined with silk or satin. Red  
satin is a great favorite for dress  
lining and shirt waists among the In-  
dian women. Yellow silk is another  
of their favorites, but violet was the  
prevailing color this year.—Chicago  
Chronicle.

**One Woman Cobbler.**  
There is a woman cobbler at Grand  
Rapids, Mich. She is the only woman  
working at that trade in the state, and  
for all she has heard, in the country,  
though it's a good trade, she says.  
She would almost as soon peg new  
soles on a pair of worn-out shoes or  
patch a pair of uppers as play the  
piano, and she can do both, and, ac-  
cording to the testimony of her neigh-  
bors, do both well.  
Many girls and women are employed  
in shoe factories to do certain parts of  
the work where shoes are made by ma-  
chinery, but Mrs. Harmer isn't that  
kind of shoe operator. She can and  
does do all the work of a skilled cob-  
bler from the stitching of a split seam  
in a woman's kid shoe to the pegging  
of a sole on a cowhide boot. She is  
every bit as good a cobbler as her  
husband, as he proudly admits, and he  
learned the trade when he was a boy,  
from his father.  
Husband and wife work side by side  
at the same work bench and share the  
work equally. He started business 10  
years ago and worked so well that he  
had to hire a bigger store and needed  
help.  
It wasn't competent help that he got  
at first, and that's how his wife hap-  
pened to turn to cobbling. She didn't  
need to do it, but she wanted to and  
she keeps it up, because she likes it  
and feels proud of helping her husband  
provide for the family and build up his  
business.  
They make up a specialty of con-  
structing shoes for deformed persons  
and that pays well. She isn't yet 30,  
this woman cobbler, and she is good  
to look at. She has three bright chil-  
dren, and her home reflects the domes-  
tic happiness of the family.

**Deceptive Lace Imitations.**  
"Without being conceited, I think I  
know more about lace than most peo-  
ple," said a woman of taste recently,  
"but the imitations that are made now-  
adays would deceive the very elect. I  
frankly confess that it is impossible  
for me to detect the difference, unless  
I see the true and the false in direct  
comparison, and even then, unless I  
am on the lookout for the deception, I  
am not able to tell which is which."  
"Just to show how little people really  
know about lace, I will tell you what  
happened to me a short time ago. I  
have a stomacher of old Venetian rose  
point, which has been exhibited in loan  
collections as a rare specimen several  
times, and this winter I wanted to use  
it on a black velvet gown, but had  
nothing that seemed appropriate to  
use on the sleeves, and the skirt. 'Why  
don't you match it at S.'s?' said my  
niece, who overheard the discussion. I  
fairly gasped! 'Match my old rose  
point!' I exclaimed. 'Yes,' she an-  
swered calmly. 'I am almost sure that  
I saw that pattern there the other day.'  
So, half out of curiosity and half  
because I really needed the trim-  
ming, I went to the shop next day, and  
found that she was quite right. The  
pattern was almost similar, and the  
imitation wonderful, so I bought a suf-  
ficient quantity to trim the gown hand-  
somerly, and took it to my dressmaker.  
The result was so good that I really  
felt quite ashamed to wear it, particu-  
larly as one of the best judges of lace  
in New York came up to me and ex-  
claimed: 'My dear Mrs. S., you are  
wearing a fortune on your back to-  
night. I have seen the stomacher be-  
fore, but had no idea that you owned  
so much of that magnificent lace!'  
Now, what was I to say! I could not  
tell such a connoisseur to her face  
that she had taken an imitation lace  
bought at S.'s the week before for  
priceless antique, so I simply smiled  
and made no reply.—New York Trib-  
une.

**Cost and Value of "Ads."**  
It costs money to advertise in the  
newspapers, but the returns amount to  
a great deal more than the cost in the  
long run. Advertising, too, is a neces-  
sary means of protection against com-  
petitors. A business which does not  
keep its name before the public will  
lose the bulk of its trade to more  
enterprising establishments. The  
advertiser must will have the largest  
trade in his line.

**Best For the Bowels.**  
No matter what ails you, headache to a  
cancer, you will never get well until your  
bowels are put right. CASCARETS help natu-  
rally, cure you without a gripe or pain, pro-  
duce easy natural movements, cost you just 10  
cents to start getting your health back. CAS-  
CARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up  
in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C.  
stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

**Wish All a Merry Christmas!**  
And tell them of Garfield Tea, which cures  
indigestion and liver disorders and insures the  
return of many happy Christmas Dinners by  
removing the cause of dyspepsia and ill health.

**Norway, Servia, Greece and Bulgaria**  
are the only European nations which have  
but one house of Parliament.

**Piso's Cure** is the best medicine we ever used  
for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. O.  
ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1909.

**Japanese** are now producing about 40-  
000,000 pounds of tea annually.

**SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER**  
The best that Money and Experience can produce. 25¢  
At all stores, or by mail for the price.  
HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.

**CONSTITUTION**  
radically cured without drugs or medicines, after  
the established method of the National Medical School  
of Physicians. Prospectus gratis. W. S. BURT,  
161 Exchange Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

**LIION COFFEE**  
STRENGTH!  
PURITY!  
FLAVOR!

**Sold only in 1-lb. Packages.**  
**Premium List in Every Package.**  
For the round Lion heads cut from the fronts of LIION COFFEE  
wrappers we mail FREE the most valuable presents ever  
offered.

**Here are some of the LIION'S LATEST GIFTS:**  
Colored Wax Crayons—scholars' joys,  
Cornelian Agates for the boys,  
Nice Bisc Dolls for little girls,  
String Tops which the urchin twirls;  
Box of Jackstraws—a lively game,  
Fine Pictures, all well-known to fame—  
"Childhood Days" is sure to please,  
As will "Violets and Sweet Peas,"  
"A Gift from Heaven" is a gem of art,  
"A Lively Tussle" shows puppies smart;  
"Little Sweethearts" is very cute—  
All are pretty, beyond dispute!

**FASHION NOTES**  
Gray and white squirrel fur forms  
the linings to warm capes.  
In veiling, the latest is a white  
ground with large black and white  
spots.  
Narrow black velvet ribbon is much  
used for trimming simple evening  
gowns.  
Taffeta glace, the old glace silk with  
a softer finish, will be much used for  
evening gowns.  
A novel hat reported from Paris is  
made of black caracul with brim facing  
of white chrysanthemums.  
White and gray is a favored com-  
bination in Paris, and also that char-  
acteristically French combination,  
pale blue and pale pink.  
Mousseline brillante is a slightly  
thicker type of chiffon with a glisten-  
ing surface, and particularly effective  
for ruffles, frills and trimmings.  
An extreme novelty in boas repre-  
sents a combination of sable and white  
ostrich feathers. Black ostrich is uti-  
lized in a similar manner with sable.  
Fur tails appear as ornaments on  
garments not otherwise trimmed with  
fur. A handsome white jacket has  
several set at intervals down the front;  
of the jacket, held in place with frog-like  
ornaments of white.  
The lace made by the peasant women  
of Brittany is the fad of the hour. It  
is a heavy lace embroidery on firm net,  
most of it being tinted a deep cream  
color. When made into large plaited  
collars this Breton lace is extremely  
chic.

**Long Hair**  
"About a year ago my hair was  
coming out ver; fast, so I bought  
a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It  
stopped the falling and made my  
hair grow very rapidly, until now it  
is 45 inches in length."—Mrs. J. C. AYER,  
Boyd's n, Atchison, Kans.

**There's another hunge-  
than that of the stomach.  
Hair hunger, for instance.  
Hungry hair needs food,  
needs hair vigor—Ayer's.  
This is why we say that  
Ayer's Hair Vigor always  
restores color, and makes  
the hair grow long and  
heavy. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.**

**Capsicum Vaseline**  
Put up in Collapsible Tubes.  
A Substitue for and Superior to Mustard or any  
other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate  
skin. The pain allaying and curative qualities of  
this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache  
at once, and relieve headache and sciatica.  
We recommend it as the best and safest external  
counter-irritant known, as an external remedy  
for pains in the chest and stomach, rheumatic,  
neuritic and gouty complaints.  
A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will  
be found to be invaluable in the household. Many  
people say "It is the best of all your preparations."  
Price, 15 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers,  
or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps  
we will send you a tube by mail.  
No article should be accepted by the public unless  
the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not  
genuine.

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