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THE NAME OF WIFE.

ARTHUR M. EASTER.

"Sweet wife!" blessed word of fond content,
The fairest gift kind Heaven has sent,
Or man can know on earth;
Dear wife, I love you even more
Than in those halcyon days of yore,
When love first had its birth.

"Wife," only wife could ever be
As dear and precious unto me,
The same delight instill;
"Sweetheart" once held the fondest charm,
The mind to please, the heart to warm,
But "wife" is dearer still.

I love you, wife, I love your smile,
Sweet wife, so innocent of guile,
I love each word you speak,
I love the motion of your lips
I love you to your finger tips,
Bright, loving, wise and meek.

Your sympathy is true and sure,
For you all things I can endure,
And overcome all wrong;
Your gentle smile to light the way,
Your faith to encourage day by day,
Would make the weakest strong.

"My wife," I love the lingering sound,
In it all tenderness is found,
Precious to me as life;
Dearer than "sweetheart" or than "friend"
All charms and virtues in it blend,
Sweet, precious name of "wife."

SEASIDE COTTAGE.

Scenes and Sojourners at a Pleasant Summer Resort Near Boston.

BY JENNY JUNE.

[*Copyrighted, 1887.*]

Names are often misnomers; this is not. The cottage in which I am writing has the sea on almost every side of it, and a week or two weeks, with the salt-sea air blowing in at every window, is an ocean trip without the discomfort and with the great events of an ocean voyage, viz., the sight of great steamers and the sight of land thrown in. For we are here on the bay as well as the sea, and no ship leaves Boston harbor that does not sail majestically past Seaside Cottage and fling a salute from its pennant to the eyes that watch it from the beach or the window.

Hull is now a summer resort, constantly growing in importance because of its nearness to Boston—less than an hour's sail—but was once a little fishing-village, occupying an island of itself, and quite isolated, not only from the mainland of Boston, but from that which now forms the rest of the promontory, and known as the "South Shore." This shore-line constitutes the beach of Nantasket, and upon it are the towns of Hingham, Cohasset, and the Coney Island collection of hotels, pavilions, and boarding-houses of Nantasket. There was always a "bar" between Hull and Nantasket, but it was generally covered with water and was only an obstacle to boats, wagons and pedestrians. But a violent storm arose, and blew and drifted sand and stones to such good purpose that when it was over the roadway was found to have been formed upon the bar and the permanent connection established, which has since made one township of Hull and Nantasket, and gives to the residents of the latter, our summer guests, an unbroken beach-side of five or six miles upon firm and smooth sand, and diversified by a curious and unusual blending of wide sea views, the breaking of the waters upon the shore, and an English greenness of grass and trees and vine-covered walls.

Where you land at Hull there is a pretty club-house, with broad piazzas, from which the members and their friends watch the progress of regattas, and where once in two weeks a hop is given, which brings out the pretty girls staying at the hotels—and naturally the young men. On the sides of the one street from the landing are the hotels, the shops, and the postoffice, the former supplemented during the summer by dealers who come from Boston with tempting confectionery and the like, but not as yet with painted plaques and city millinery. The shade hats and deep pokes occupy a glass case in the grocery stores, and vary from ten to twenty-five cents each. I bought one for the latter sum, trimmed it with a blue gauze veil, and put it on while waiting for "change." The "swell" summer cottages are upon Snow hill, which commands a magnificent near and distant view, and an active and ever-changing panorama.

In a cosy nook, near the bend of the road, where you turn down to the shore road, stands a cottage painted yellow, with brown-tiled roof, which is the summer home of the Boston poet—John Boyle O'Reilly—and his family. It is closed now, for the summer residents remain in town for the sake of its early peas and strawberries, salad and asparagus, and do not put in an appearance until the first of July, just in time to escape city pistol-shooting and fire-crackers. Hull is proverbially healthy, and the proof of it is that in a pretty house a little further along lives an elderly resident—a man of seventy-seven years—who a year ago married a comparatively young wife and is now the proud and happy father of a fine boy.

The road skirts the foot of a hill, which separates the village from the shore, and at the foot of the water side of this hill stands "Seaside" Cottage. The owner is a lady, Miss Floretta Vining, the only daughter of a leather merchant of Boston, who made his winter home in Quincy, his summer home in Hull, and spent his life in accumulating. His daughter, who was devoted to him while he lived, is now the second largest property-owner in Hull, another lady, Miss Sarah Jones, being the first. The policy of Miss Jones is restrictive, of Miss Vining, expansive. Miss Vining is well educated, and a model woman proprietor. She maintains a large and handsome establishment, and makes improvements which will benefit the public as well as herself, and is full of ideas for laying out neglected grounds and utilizing unused opportunities. She keeps many persons employed, rising at five, and getting through with her business correspondence before breakfast, which is at seven. By half-past five she is often out in the fields or on the "hill" with the men, directing their operations for the day, or consulting with her man of business as to the details of property, which the active demand and rise in prices have determined her to put upon the market.

Miss Vining is not in her first youth, but she is still a young woman, with a fine figure and a bright, energetic face and manners, which are very attractive. At present she is as happily situated as a woman can be in this world, but the element of uncertainty about women makes it doubtful if she will remain so. When a woman has done, or is doing a thing well, she usually stops doing it. It is a great comfort, however, to find a woman self-reliant, capable and ambitious; not content to sit down and simply use up what has been made by others, but possessed of a progressive and aspiring spirit which sees and develops latent possibilities and represents the dominant spirit of every age—that of improvement.

Telegraph hill has a signal station and interesting historic significance. Upon it French fortifications are still standing, surrounded by a "moat," but no drawbridge; one must go round by the road therefore to ascend Telegraph hill "easy." But the road has been beaten and trodden out of long, soft, flower-starred grass; and great yellow hearted daisies, wild fleur de lys, buttercups, pink and white clover, and the pretty arnica flower, make great gay patches in every direction. The view from Telegraph hill takes in the village of Hull and its surrounding neighborhood, the beach road, its villas and villages, the ocean, bay and North shore from Boston to Marblehead.

The great beauty of this place is the wide seas, the wide, wide views, and the circulating salt-sea air, which meets with no obstacles save the hills, and the pilot-boats which go out and come in from the station below us. It is a perpetual delight to find the sea in front of us, to know that a street with gas mains and an "elevated" road, and groceries and forlorn-looking people cannot take its place. It is a never-ending pleasure to sit or e and look out upon the blue water, hear the swish of the waves, see the gay yachts sail up and down, and the great ocean steamers as they go out or come in. The walk upon the beach is quite a fashionable promenade, and the carriage road from Hull to Nantucket and the "Jerusalem" road pass the pretty recessed corner in which Seaside Cottage is located. It is, therefore, lord of itself and of much of the surrounding neighborhood, without seeming in the least lonely or isolated, and may fairly claim kinship with two hemispheres, for there is nothing but the long stretch of ocean between us and the soil of Great Britain.

The evenings are no less delightful than the mornings, for there is still the sea more deeply, darkly, beautifully blue, and all the horizon toward the water line studded with lights as the sky with stars. There is the Long Island light and the red "bug" light, the "Boston" revolving light, the twin lights and "Minot's" light, the last marking the pilot-line for "inside" and "outside" cruisers. It looks to be about a mile, but it is really twenty-two miles to the Middle "Brewster," where the lighthouse stands, from which the brilliant revolving light flashes out its rays. Beyond it on one side is an island known as Big Brewster; below it another called Little Brewster, while the other, as before remarked, is known as Middle Brewster. Evidently the individual who gave these names had read the nursery story of the three bears—the great bear, the middle-sized bear and the little bear—and remembered it.

The sunsets here are gorgeous, and have all the characteristics of color and occasional mirage effects of sunsets at sea. The lovely opaline tints of the sky, its gold and fire, are all reproduced in the water, and are brought in waves to your feet as if the treasures of the world were being poured out at them. While the west is bathed in this refulgent mass of color the green hills at the east and south are darkened, their outlines growing more distinct in the half light and the red-tiled cottages in the distance gleaming out upon the eastern summit like jewels upon the brow of the coming night.

The weather here is as treacherous as the sea. You never know when you are "in" for a gale, unless, like the fishermen, you watch the signs very close. A mirage is a sure token of "dirty" weather within twenty-four hours, and a weather-beaten pilot looking at an innocent little cloud will predict a gale when sea and sky are calm and the atmosphere at its stillest and hottest. Stoves are never taken down in this latitude, for you never know when they will be wanted, and to be always armed against the emergency is discovered to be the only way to get the best of the emergency.

The best dress is navy-blue flannel, and the popular dress with summer visitors is twilled flannel—cream, gray, navy-blue, or wood brown, with red hat, and vest. The children wear large red hats, or cream Gretchen bonnets, and make a charming, picturesque part of the landscape.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett's summer home is at Cohasset, just above or below Hull, on the south shore; and he is now staying there with his friend, Edwin Booth, who plays with him next season, in what will be the finest star combination ever seen since Mr. Booth played with Irving in London. Robson and Crane have also a cottage near here; and on Nantasket Beach, a mile or two away, near Strawberry Hill, is the cottage where Captain Webb's family were spending the summer when he lost his life at Niagara.

There are always "originals" in these old-time villages, and there are several in "old" Hull. The most public of these characters is "Uncle Billy," a poor, half-witted, battered and weather-beaten old fellow, who may be seen any day wheeling a barrow and carefully packing it with chips and bits of driftwood which he picks up on the beach. "Uncle Billy" lives with an aged mother, who attends to his few wants and keeps him clean, while by picking up chips, doing errands and collecting stores of "yarbs" he supplies the meagre wherewithal for their living. He is perfectly harmless and is so absorbed in his various occupations, attends to them so conscientiously, is so particular as to the exact position of every chip he puts into his barrow, and fills it so generously, that one cannot but feel that he might have been made for better things. In fact, the legend is that a blow from a drunken father — before his birth — and the terror of his violence and cruelty deprived the unborn child of his proper amount of sense, though not seemingly of conscience. Curiously enough, though he never goes to church, and could not understand the preacher if he did, he puts on a clean shirt, wears a coat and will not pick up chips on Sunday. But he goes into the woods and gathers his herbs, ties them in bunches and hangs them on the walls and ceiling of the lean-to of the cottage where he lives. Perhaps this dim idea of respect for the day is as true an act of worship as if it were performed kneeling within the walls of the finest cathedral.

BY THE WAY.

HE GOT HIS WISH.

I'm weary, doctor, and I need
Rest from this over-active state;
So, fortune heard and gave him heed
And made him walking delegate.

***

The pugilistic toper gets his fill of punches and then punches his fill.

***

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON, ETC.

He looked upon his blooming nose
And sadly sung with tearful eye,
"This lurid blossom, I suppose,
Has long been 'coming thro' the rye.'"

***

Jam is a preserve for everything except temper. For people rarely preserve temper in a jam.

***

PASTE IT IN YOUR HAT.

When'er you're prompted to disown
Companionship you're much in doubt of,
Remember one is often known
By company which he keeps—out of.

***

It is stated that a German botanist has discovered a source of brandy and alcohol in the poppy. But the observing and ubiquitous youngster goes a step in advance of this—for he often discovers a supply of both in his inebriate poppy.

***

A Frenchman said, "Features betray the temperament, but the mien indicates the degrees of fortune." That is to say, the mien between two extremes—poverty and wealth.

***

An English authority on dress declares that pressure about the waist causes cancer. Certainly. The audacious man looks into the willing maiden's eyes for the privilege of compressing her waist and sees "you can-sir."

CHAS. M. SNYDER.

A BITTER DELUSION.

RIDER HAGGARD.

As a desolate bird that through darkness its
lost way is winging,
As a hand that is helplessly raised when
death's sickle is swinging,
So is life! Aye, the life that lends passion
and breath to my singing.

As a nightingale's song, that is full of sweetness unspoken,
As a spirit unbarring the gates of the skies
for a token,
So is love! Aye, the love that shall fall when
his pinion is broken.

As the tramp of the legions when trumpets
their challenge are sending,
As the shout of the storm-god when lightnings the black sky are rending,
So is power! Aye, the power that shall lie
in the dust at its ending.

So short is our life; yet with space for all
things to forsake us,
A bitter delusion, a dream from which
naught can awake us,
Till death's dogging footsteps at morn or at
eve shall o'ertake us.

MY FIRST MURDER CASE.

BY CYRUS F. M'NUTT.

[*Copyrighted, 1887.*]

I.

One morning in April, 1865, as I was passing along the street to my office, I saw a group of men listening to one of their number while he read. Approaching and looking over the shoulder of the reader, in my eagerness forgetting my manners, I saw the startling head-lines:

ASSASSINATED!

DAVID CARR STABBED TO DEATH IN HIS FIELD WHILE PLOWING.

A Wealthy and Influential Citizen Suspected, and Officers on His Track—Thomas Doty, Carr's Landlord, the Alleged Murderer.

Before I could enter upon further inquiry, the crowds gathered about the public square suddenly began to converge to one point and to gaze eastward. And in a minute more the cry went up—

"They've got the murderer! Yonder they come. They've got old Doty."

And presently two officers on horseback and bearing Doty between them on a third horse came down the street and bent their way toward the jail.

It chanced that I had been the attorney in some small affairs of both the dead man and

deceased standing between the plow-handles, while the other person had stood back some ten feet in the furrow.

Deceased had then started on, the other presumably following and still talking, until suddenly and stealthily he had, from behind, struck his victim with a sharp knife just below and shaving off a part of the fifth rib of the left side and severing the heart completely. The victim had fallen forward upon the frame of the plow while the horses, as shown by the blood, had gone on some distance and until the plow had fallen over, when they had stopped. The deceased was found some time in the night, his failure to come home having led to a search for him, but still remained where found awaiting the coroner's inquest, now in progress. The tramping of a hundred feet had rendered any satisfactory examination of tracks immediately about the scene impracticable; but, fortunately, the people who had gathered had not sufficiently recovered from the first effects of the shock to prosecute their investigation beyond very narrow limits.

Still governed by the impetuous movements of my ardent friend, I soon found myself following, with him, a track, southward, across the plowed part of the field. This track, when first seen, indicated a person traveling in an ordinary walk, and there was, so far, nothing peculiarly observable in the foot-prints. They might, apparently, have been made by any one wearing a common coarse No. 8 boot or shoe. But some 200 yards away as I followed Blake, who was walking rapidly, I heard him exclaim: "Look, Cully! For God's sake, look!" I was looking by this time at the imprint of the track we were pursuing, where the culprit had stepped upon the surface, smooth as glass, of the upturned mold, leaving as perfect an impress of the left foot as if it had been made in putty prepared for the purpose. Every smallest detail of the sole and heel of the boot lay there. And what added to the interest and importance of it was the fact that there were marks to distinguish it from 10,000 other tracks! In short, as Blake said: "If every man in the county were to make a track with his left foot in this field, there would be but one like this and that one would be the track of the left foot of Dave Carr's murderer."

The boot had been mended. The wearer had worn off the sole exactly on the ball of the foot, back of the great toe, the size of a silver dollar, while the sole elsewhere appeared to be but slightly worn. The cobbler in mending the boot had pegged a thick, round piece of leather here, the imprint whereof was perfect in every detail, even to the pegs. The heel on the inner edge had also been worn away and had been mended by a triangular piece of heavy sole leather, fastened with iron tacks or nails with heavy, square heads, while a row of smaller tacks had been driven around the rest of the heel, and into the centre of the heel one of the large square-headed tacks had been driven; but, as if afraid if sent home it would go through the heel and plague the wearer, it had been left about the sixteenth of an inch above the surface.

Hastening to a fallen poplar tree, Blake procured some bark. He came back panting with excitement. He was noted for his ingenuity, having been bred a carpenter and joiner. He proceeded with a patience quite surprising to reproduce out of the bark the sole and heel of the culprit's left shoe. In twenty minutes his work was so well done that when he laid the wrought bark down and gently pressed it into the mold by placing his foot upon it, no one on its removal could have distinguished the two imprints. The patch on the sole, the wooden pegs, the triangular piece on the heel with the square nails, the hob nail in the centre of the heel, all were there.

But there was one thought, at first vaguely intruding itself upon my mind, I now found growing upon me, until at length I could not dismiss it; and yet, superficially considered, it appeared illogical and most improbable. But it grew so overbearing that at length I startled my companion by exclaiming involuntarily:

"Why, Blake, this track was made by design!"

"Yes," he said, after a moment's silence, and with unusual solemnity for him. "Yes, it was made by design—the design of an all-wise Providence—to save an innocent man from prison, and possibly the halter."

This reception of my suggestion in no wise shook my still growing conviction.

"If in pursuing this track we find other imprints of this same foot on other smooth surfaces of mold like this, and you observe that they are not numerous considering that this is fallow land, what will you say then?" I went on. "That Providence still cares for His own. Come!" he said, rising and starting southward along the trail of the culprit. And, sure enough, we had not proceeded twenty paces when we came upon another glass-like section of the upturned mold, and, lo! squarely upon the smooth and shining face lay the print of the same left foot, not a peg nor a tack wanting, not an outline blurred.

"What say you now?" I cried, with an air and feeling of triumph. "How do you account for this track's perfect and unbroken outline?" I continued, for this track bore unmistakable evidence of not having borne the full weight of the culprit. This evident fact staggered Blake. He stood gazing at the footprint, when suddenly his face lighted up as he exclaimed: "See!" and he pointed to what proved to be the track of the same foot just off the square of mold and near the track of the right foot though not so plainly outlined as the right, as if the culprit had stood with most of his weight on the right, for he had stopped.

"I have it!" cried Blake. "He stopped here and looked around at his victim!" And on nearer and more critical inspection this, from the skewed and wry shape of the track, we found probable. If he did, as from subsequent experience in criminal practice, I doubt not, turn to look at his victim, he must have seen that which filled his soul with unutterable terror. For as he started on his steps began to lengthen, and then, from rapid, long strides, he had broken into a trot, then into a run. Now he had reached a declivity, when he had made great bounds—like those of a stag—one leap measuring no less than eighteen feet. So great and impetuous had been his speed that he had dashed through an infirm old fence, as a frightened horse might.

Beyond this fence there was a small stream, running down from the great hills, which, beginning here, rise one above another in range after range, like incipient mountains, for forty miles southward.

Into this brook, at the time running, the culprit had waded; and though we followed it quite a mile each way, one on either side, we were unable to find any signs of emergence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HONOLULU COURT ETIQUETTE.

How a Boston Captain Addressed King Kamehameha.

Captain Stephen Taylor, of Boston, spent a good deal of time at Honolulu between one voyage and another, and was always treated as a person to whom a great deal of consideration was due. He visited the royal family quite often, and was there received by his majesty King Kamehameha, who was known as "King Aleck" by the American and English residents, on terms of absolute equality.

One day there was a state procession in the streets of Honolulu, and the natives had gathered from all over the kingdom to do honor to royalty. Among the crowd, and leaning nonchalantly against a tree, his big Panama hat on his head, was Captain Stephen Taylor. Presently there was a blare of horns down the street, and the head of the royal procession came into view. Off went the headgear of such of the natives as had any headgear, but Captain Taylor remained covered.

"Why don't you take off your hat, captain?" asked a native who spoke English.

The captain vouchsafed no reply. But presently, as the royal party drew near, an Englishman said to him:

"Hadn't you better uncover, captain?"

"No!" said he. "I never took off my hat to a nigger yet, and never will."

It was a rude speech, but not meant insultingly, quite evidently; for the next moment the royal party came quite abreast, and Captain Stephen, still with his Panama set nonchantly on the back of his head, called out cheerily to the King:

"Hello, Aleck!"

The King looked an instant at the captain, and then called out in quite as cheery a tone:

"Hello, Steve!"

And the cortege moved on amid the applause of the crowd, convincing one Englishman that a Boston sea captain was at least as great a man as a King of Hawaii.—*Boston Transcript.*

Well Turned.

The French actor Regnier, who died quite recently, never lost his presence of mind. On one occasion, while acting on the stage, the actor with whom he was to have a dialogue, instead of coming on the stage from the right, came from the left. Regnier had already said:

"Ah, Alphose, you come at last." Without being in the least disconcerted by talking to a man who came from behind, Regnier continued: "I saw you coming in the mirror."

That's the Kind of a Man He Is.

"Was your husband on the stand yesterday?" asked the lawyer of a woman, in a case in which husband and wife were witnesses.

"No," she answered, with a snap, "he wasn't on the stand. He was on the set. That's the kind of a man he is, whenever there's anything to set on, from a satin sofy to the top rail of a worm fence."—*Washington Critic.*

She Was Just Previous Enough.

He (trying to get out of it pleasantly)—I'm awfully sorry that I must go to-night, Miss Bessie. What an agreeable two weeks we've had of it! I will go and ask your father— he was going to say "to harness the horse."

She—Oh, William, I knew it would come and I asked pa yesterday so as to have no more trouble. He is more than willing.—*National Weekly.*

Overheard on the Rialto.

"I say that the exact number is 7,286,411," he declared in a loud tone of voice.

"And I say," retorted the other with equal emphasis, "that you are wrong by ten, and I'll bet the beer on it."

"What are those actors disputing about?" inquired a passer-by of a policeman.

"The number of railroad ties between Pittsburg and New York," exclaimed the officer.—*New York Sun.*

Select Society.

Mrs. Waldo (of Boston)—I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm.

Penelope (dubiously)—Is there any society in the neighborhood?

Mrs. Waldo—I've heard him speak of the Holsteins and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people.—*New York Sun.*

SONG.

If words were not so weak
To tell the best thoughts, dear,
Then I might speak
And you might hear.

If earth were not so bleak
Our roses might not die—
And I might seek
And find you nigh.

You found, what should I seek?
You mine, what should I need
To make this bleak
Earth Heaven indeed!

—*The Spectator.*

THE FASHIONS.

Neat and Tasty Summer Costumes for the Children.

BY NORMA BLAKE.

The subject of children's clothes is always an interesting one to all womankind, whether they have children of their own or not. The dear little garments look so "cute" and are so sweet and pretty that it must be a

cold-hearted woman indeed to whose sympathies they do not appeal.

Children's clothes were never prettier nor more sensible than they are to-day, nor were they ever more picturesque. The Kate Greenaway and short-waisted Gretchen styles prevail to a great extent, though other models of various kinds are also followed; and while the short-waisted styles are very fashionable quite as many little dresses are seen made with long waists or with jacket bodices, with pleated, shirred or full-puffed fronts.

The becoming little sailor suit, with a blouse waist and a kilted or box-pleated skirt, is an excellent model for service dresses and for play, as it is so loose and easy, yet withal graceful, giving perfect freedom to the limbs.

A modification of this dress is seen in sketch No. 1. In this instance it is made of white serge combined with navy-blue flannel, the waist, full sleeve and pleated skirt being of the serge, and the yoke, cuffs, belt and band round the skirt of blue flannel, edged with rows of narrow white braid. A combination of light fawn cashmere and brown velvet or velveteen is also very effective made after this model, which is also suitable to zephyrs, ginghams and all classes of wash goods. The blouse is made on a fitted lining, to which the skirt is attached, and the puffed part of the sleeve is also made over a close lining.

Sketch No. 2 shows a pretty little walking dress, made in princess style of mode-colored light-weight cloth crossed by lines of red. The full vest and pleated skirt are of red surah, and the waist and little front and back draperies are of the checked cloth, ornamented by bows of red ribbon at the side and on each shoulder. The hat is beige straw trimmed with loops of cardinal ribbons, and the little parasol is also of the same bright hue.

In the costume here illustrated for a girl of ten we have a very becoming style, made with a box-pleated skirt and a separate jacket

meeting at the throat and opening over a full vest and a sash belt. The skirt is attached to a fitted sleeveless lining, on to which the vest and sash are also sewed, and the costume is then completed by the jacket. In this instance it is made of ecru pongee, striped with fine lines of navy blue, the vest and sash being of navy-blue surah. The ends of the sash are drawn together and finished with a silk tassel. The collar band of blue velvet is cut very high, as will be noticed is the case in all the models shown. The hat worn with this costume is of dark blue straw trimmed with bows of mixed blue and white ribbons, the brim underfaced with blue velvet.

The remaining small model is intended for a little girl of four, and is very suitable to fine washing materials, such as zephyrs, chambrays, satteens, and the many other dainty fabrics that are to be had now in such abundance for children's wear. In this pretty little dress the material used was fine French satteen with a white ground on which were tiny figures of delicate pink, blue and brown, trimmed with bands of embroidery to match. The hat was a be coming round shape of dark blue straw, with a low square crown bound round with a band of navy-blue velvet and ornamented in front with three large rosettes of white lace—a style of hat very much in vogue at present, and that is equally as pretty for red or brown hats.

Black hose and shoes or low ties are universally worn by children on all occasions and with all costumes.

Up to the age of four little boys wear kilt skirts and jackets, the kilts buttoned to pleated shirt waists of white linen or figured percale. In summer white pique or linen kilts take the place of the warmer cloth for dressy wear, a lovely suit consisting of a kilt and blouse of cream-white flannel. Bright silk ties in shades of yellow, blue or bright red add a touch of color to the costume. Their hats are broad-brimmed sailors, turned up all round and trimmed with a band of ribbon or velvet with ends falling at the back.

Older boys wear knee-trousers and jackets of blue, brown or gray mixed cloths, crossed by checks or lines of color, either in the pleated Norfolk or round jacket styles. Dress suits are of fine blue cloth or brown corkscrew, trimmed with black silk braid and buttons. Hats for boys over six are of straw, either fancy braids in which colors are woven or of white mackinaw, and are shaped very much after the styles worn by heir fathers.

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