

LOVE DIVINE.

Love divine, forever flowing Through these human hearts of ours, Giving strength to bear life's burdens, Giving grace to use our powers.

Love divine, forever leading In the path our lives should go; Knowing what will keep us near Thee, In Thy likeness more to grow.

Love divine, forever calling To break through all man-made creeds And be one with Thee, as Christ was, Pure in thought and words and deeds.

Love divine, forever lead us In our sorrow and our mirth, Till all nations own allegiance, And Thy Kingdom rules on earth.

RAGS.

Scudder had found him, weak and whimpering, behind a lumber pile near the river's edge. As the boy reached out his hand invitingly, the dog retreated farther beneath the sheltering boards and whined softly.

"Poor little chap," Scudder said. There was something in his voice, a trace of kindness, of compassion, which was foreign to the pup's experience. He wagged his tail feebly.

"Here, boy! Come here, old fellow!" The dog slunk forward, cringing as Scudder's hand fondled his shaggy ears. But after a moment his trembling ceased. He raised his head and, with coarse, rough tongue, licked the hand that stroked him.

Scudder, kneeling, began to speak in quiet tones. "You're nothing but a pile of skin and bones. I thought at first that you were a bunch of old rags. The world has treated you pretty badly, hasn't it, old chop? But your troubles are ended now. You're coming home with me."

The dog whimpered again, torn between the fear he had always known and a new trust which had suddenly been engendered by the kindness in the voice that crooned to him. When Scudder picked him up with gentle hands, he nestled against the soft linen of the young man's shirt. If he could have talked he would have said something like this:

"I'm tired and hungry. Men have kicked me and children have thrown stones at me. You are the first one who has ever spoken to me like this. I'm trusting myself to you."

Very tenderly Scudder carried him through the main part of the town and out to the college campus. At the steps of the Alpha fraternity house, a group of boys who had been discussing baseball regarded the student and the dog in mingled amazement and dismay.

"Look what the cat brought in," one of them said. Scudder seated himself on the porch and made the explanation which he felt was due.

"I found him down in the lumber yard. He's only a mutt, perhaps, but he's going to be ours." The speaker smiled whimsically. "Behold the new mascot of the Alpha house," he added.

Ribald comment greeted the announcement. But no one made serious objection. Scudder was a member of the Senior class, a campus leader, unquestionably the most popular man in the fraternity. He did queer things sometimes, but always with good reason. If Scudder wanted a dog, that seemed to be all there was to it.

"The other crowds will laugh at us," Jim Colburn said. "The Betas have a thoroughbred Airedale, you know, and the Dekas a pedigreed bull terrier."

"Let them laugh," Scudder said. There was a moment of silence. "Maybe, if he should have a bath," one of the group suggested, "he'd look more like a dog."

Scudder stood up. "He's going to eat first; then I'll wash him."

"Why don't you let a Freshman do it?"

"No, it's my job." Down stairs the steward produced a bowl of milk, some meat scraps, and dry bread. Rags attacked them ravenously. When he had finished, he sighed in obvious contentment and looked up at his new master trustingly.

"I don't think you'll enjoy the next number of the program as much as you did the first," Scudder told him. "But baths, to both dogs and small boys, are a necessary evil."

Rags, however, made no strenuous objection. Water was an alien substance to him and he shivered slightly at the touch of it. But he submitted passively to the scrubbing to which he was subjected. When, later, Scudder had dried him as thoroughly as possible with a Turkish towel, the dog was conscious of the greatest contentment he had ever known. He curled himself in front of the kitchen stove and fell almost instantly into untroubled slumber. The world, he decided, wasn't such a bad place, after all.

There was no occasion to alter his decision during the ensuing weeks. Life became surprisingly, a series of glorious adventures. He never lacked company; his meals were regular and adequate; people, miraculously, had formed the habit of being kind to him.

There were drawbacks, to be sure. Twice every week, at Scudder's peremptory command, two of the younger boys—freshmen, the others called them—dumped him into a tub and rubbed soap in his eyes. Once in a great while an elderly man chased him from the classroom to which he had followed his master.

Scudder had objected once. "He isn't doing any harm, sir. The other professors let him stay in class."

But the objection had been overruled, and Rags was dismissed. There were other classrooms, however, where he could snooze to his heart's content. There was daily chapel, which he attended religiously. The strains of the organ bothered him somewhat, and once he raised his voice in shrill protest. But the laugh-

ter which followed warned him against the danger of repetition. Except in the open air, he surmised, dogs should be seen and not heard.

Without great difficulty he found his place in the life of the campus. Everybody knew him, everybody had a good word for him. He was a friend of all, but he gave unqualified allegiance to only one. Nat Scudder was his master, his chum—Nat Scudder his god.

Afternoons, he haunted the baseball diamond, where Scudder played. During intercollegiate games, he sat upon the long, wooden bench and barked lustily when his own college cheered. Some one tied a red ribbon around his neck and called him mascot. He judged the action an honor, and wagged his tail happily.

There came a time, though, when Scudder grew irritable. One night, after supper, he sat for long minutes before an open book, his eyes unseeing, his fists clenched. Rags sensed something wrong, but he could do nothing. He tried to atone for his helplessness by increased affection.

The next day, sitting on the porch of the fraternity house, Scudder turned worried eyes to Jim Colburn. "I'm wondering," he said, "if the major will give me the appointment."

"What appointment?" Colburn asked. "The Best Soldier. You know about it, don't you?"

"Not much. I'm a classical, and don't take drill. But its something important, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is!" Scudder spoke grimly. "The annual military drill of the cadet battalion takes place on Friday," he explained, "and the next morning the major names the Best Soldier for the year."

"And you'd like to get it?" "Yes."

"Well, here's hoping!" But at the indifference in the other boy's tone, Scudder frowned. "I'd give my right hand for the appointment," he said gravely. "It carries with it a recommendation for a second lieutenantcy in the army. And I'm intending to enter the army after graduation, you know."

"I didn't know," Colburn stood up. "I'm sorry if I seemed indifferent. I didn't realize how important it was."

Rags was present at the military drill, of course. He raced joyously around the field before the battalion arrived, and when the cadets marched in orderly array through the entrance gate, he took his place at the head of the band and barked loudly, in happy abandonment.

The drill was something new in his experience. It took an incredibly long time. Uniformed men who paid no attention to him whatever snapped out sharp commands; there were orders and counter orders, and ceaseless marching. The people in the stands clapped their hands, but they did not cheer.

While the men marched again, he seated himself on the cinder running track and scratched his ear reflectively. After a time, the four companies of soldiers lined up in front of the main stand. The major, otherwise known as Professor of Military Science and Tactics, stood at rigid attention, with his back to Rags. He was a pompous little man who had spent the last thirty years of his life in military service. He was the professor, Rags remembered, who had dismissed him from class.

Now with head erect, he walked from one company captain to the other. With each he held a brief interchange of words which Rags could not hear. But it all seemed very serious, very momentous. A strange silence hung over the field.

The major stopped finally before Nat Scudder, captain of Company D. Rags, who had been watching indifferently, suddenly pricked up his ears. He had been trying to find his beloved master all afternoon, and now—there he was.

With a shrill bark, Rags streaked across the field. Scudder was standing erect, his elbow crooked, his hand held tautly against his forehead. Rags, overjoyed at the sight of him, barked again, took a flying leap in the air and landed with all four paws on Scudder's chest. He expected to be greeted with a playful cuff and a gruff admonition to "cut it out, old man."

Instead of that, his master ignored him, remaining at rigid attention. Slightly puzzled, Rags tried again, with like result. From the stands sounded a ripple of laughter, which grew into a roar. Here, Rags decided, was a new game. He dashed in narrow circles around the two figures—the captain of Company D and the major of the battalion. This maneuver proving futile, he growled in simulated anger, and nipped at Scudder's shoe. The laughter increased. But his master said never a word.

The major spoke then, harshly, with a touch of anger in his voice. "That will be all, Captain Scudder!"

As the older man walked away, Rags seated himself at his master's feet and awaited developments. But nothing happened. Scudder did not so much as glance at him, and after a minute or two, Rags walked away in injured dignity. When, a half hour later, Scudder reached the fraternity house, a vaguely troubled Rags awaited him.

Then, for the first time since the beginning of their friendship, Scudder spoke sharply. "You cur!" he exclaimed. "For half a cent I'd give you the licking that's coming to you."

It was not so much the words as the way in which they were spoken that caused Rags to sink across the porch to a far corner. Two or three of the boys seemed to think that something funny had occurred.

"Rags sort of took the gallery by storm," Jim Colburn declared. "The others chuckled; all but Scudder, who looked straight ahead, heavy-eyed and somber."

"It's all right for you fellows to laugh, but Rags made a fool of me. The major will never forgive me, and—and I've lost my chance for Best Soldier, I guess."

"But why should that have anything to do with it?" Colburn asked. "It hasn't technically. But the major doesn't like dogs a little bit, and he hates to be held up to ridicule. And you heard the people laughing, didn't you?"

"But it was funny."

"Funny? It was nothing more or less than sheer tragedy to me." Without further words Scudder pushed back his chair and entered the house.

"He's taking it hard," Colburn said. "But maybe, when the announcement is made tomorrow, he'll be Best Soldier, after all."

"I doubt it," one of the others answered. Utterly miserable, Rags remained in the corner of the porch until darkness fell. At nine o'clock, he whimpered at the front door until one of the freshmen let him in. Doubtful of his reception, he made his way to the third story of the building, where Scudder had his room. He found his master seated at the center table, his chin cupped in his hands. Rags sat down upon his cushion in one corner and looked up with eyes which pleaded for forgiveness.

For a long time no sound broke the silence of the room. Then Scudder glanced up, his face haggard. "Rags," he said, "I want to be alone tonight; don't even want you with me."

In abject misery, Rags slunk from the room and pattered down stairs to the kitchen.

He slept finally, but it was a troubled sleep which caused him to start at a noise at the slightest sound. Then, suddenly, a shrill cry from the room above roused him into instant wakefulness.

"Fire!" Other voices took up the call: "Fire! Fire! All out!"

Quivering with a strange, new excitement, Rags ran to the main room and scampered about, barking loudly. The flames in the house, clad only in pajamas, rushed by him.

"Fire!" The men dashed pell-mell through the front door, twenty or more of them, wide-eyed and anxious. Jim Colburn, wheeling, dashed down the darkened street. Rags, beside himself with excitement, followed at his heels. Jim stopped at the corner, directed something to an iron box, and ran back again.

Rags remembered Scudder then. Where was he? Why wasn't he with the others?

The dog barked shrilly. But no one paid the slightest attention to him. With another shrill bark Rags dashed up the stone steps of the porch and entered the house. It was strangely hot in there, and the main room was filled with a shifting gray mass.

With a soft whine, Rags dashed to the doorway and fought his way through curling smoke to the upper story. He choked and gasped, but kept on until he came to Scudder's room. The boy was lying on his back, fast asleep.

Rags barked shrilly and leaped with all paws upon the prone figure. Scudder stirred restlessly.

"Oh, get out!" But Rags was insistent. He pushed his wet nose against Scudder's face, and tore at the single sheet with his teeth. Vaguely irritated, Scudder stood up. The smell of smoke assailed his nostrils. Instantly, he was wide awake, every faculty alert.

"Fire!" some one called. "Just for an instant, Scudder waited. After another minute, there was excitement galore. Clanging engines rumbled down the street, people appeared from all directions, the fraternity house became a mass of seething flame. But when Scudder, strangely silent, made his slow way across the campus toward one of the dormitories, Rags turned his back upon the glare and the din and followed unhesitatingly. Such was the measure of his loyalty.

He understood only vaguely just what had happened. But when he appeared on the campus the next morning, he noticed that the students paid special attention to him. Some of them even stopped and gave him whole bars of milk chocolate to eat.

In chapel, when he followed Scudder up the center aisle, some one started to cheer. Rags wagged his tail and advanced to the pulpit. There was an atmosphere of excitement, of expectancy, in the air. The president spoke for a long time; something about "the misfortune which has befallen one of the college groups and the tragedy which was barely averted." Something about a hero—about Rags.

There was more cheering. Then the major of the battalion, as pompous as ever, advanced to the pulpit. "I take pleasure in announcing that the Best Soldier for the present year is Mr. Nathaniel Scudder."

One of the students leaped to his feet. "A long yell for Nat!" he called.

In the midst of the thunder of sound which followed, Scudder reached down and patted Rags' shaggy head. The old touch of friendship was there, the old pledge of loyalty.

Things were all right again. Rags' small body quivered with the greatest surge of happiness he had ever known.—Reformatory Record.

A fire in the Arapahoe National Forest in Colorado started from a camp fire left smoldering by careless motorists burned 2,500 acres of excellent pine timber in a little more than three hours. This rapid destruction took place despite the fact that officers of the Forest Service, with a force of 250 men, began fighting the fire almost as soon as it started.

In 1784 the first bale of cotton exported from America was shipped from Charleston, South Carolina.

STATE FOREST FIRE ORGANIZATION AND ITS PURPOSE.

A GREAT NEED FORESEEN.

Recent years have served to awaken the people of both State and Nation to the dire need of protecting our forests. Of the countless destructive agencies which prey upon them, fire is the one great enemy we must strive to conquer.

The forests, we know, will never be immune from fire, for there are agencies not attributed to the destructive hand of man, but man in an advanced, educated state can, if he will, serve as a barrier toward the unnecessary and terrible waste caused by the spreading of fire due to these agencies.

MEANS OF EDUCATION. All means imaginable are being employed by State and Nation to educate the people to the great need of protecting our forests from fire. Motion pictures of educational value have been taken of the forests. The eternal aim is to show man's relation to forest products and how unprogressive he would be without them. This means of education has possibly been the most effective. For the first time these pictures were shown in the Penn Forest district during the summer of 1922. Approximately 3,000 people attended. Facts, as never before, were shown and not apt to be forgotten. Pictures were again shown in 1924, just prior to the opening of the spring forest fire season with an attendance of over 3,500. Interest was manifested from the very first showing. A greater degree of effectiveness than ever before was shown during the fire season which closely followed.

Of the nineteen forest fires occurring in the Penn Forest district during the spring of 1924 only 23.8 acres of forest burned. \$31.50 was expended in extinguishing these fires, and the damage amounted to only \$33.50. Of these nineteen fires only seven were attended by forest fire wardens. All of these fires were extinguished by interested citizens before wardens arrived. This bespeaks a day like Germany now enjoys when sufficient interest and action on the part of local citizens will render a forest fire organization unnecessary.

Signs in the Penn Forest district help play an important part. Their message carries an appeal which will be heeded by all public-spirited citizens. Peaps put them on any other "Prevent Forest Fires—It Pays," the appropriate and effective slogan, blazes forth from forest-skirted highways.

The great need brought before the public's gaze through the newspapers is a great help. Read by many and remembered always by those who think.

Letters to sportsmen, Boy Scouts, and other organizations prove effective. The co-operation is felt and greatly appreciated.

Results have been attained pleasing and gratifying to the Department of Forestry. People are beginning to see the great objective, to experience a more dogged determination to expatriate the deadly forest fire. Sportsmen are up in arms against it, not so much because of the economic value of the forest, but because it destroys that which they seek. Nature lovers abhor it because of the ugliness and repulsive results of its greed.

The beautiful objective is, then, for all to become more intimately acquainted with the best of our scenic assets, and nourish a truer appreciation of their worth. This would lead to increasing numbers to a keener consciousness of the fact that we must preserve the trees that grow in our forests, not only because of their value, but because of their beauty and charm.

THE ORGANIZATION. Prior to 1915 the department was more or less handicapped in its earnest endeavor to suppress forest fires. First, lack of funds to carry on an appropriate system of detection and suppression. Second, the indifferent attitude of the people in their relation to the department's efforts.

Since 1915 conditions have improved to a great extent. Pressing need of protection has been taught with patience and vigor. Individuals and organizations fairly saturated with the spirit and need have enlisted themselves into the service. Steel towers have been erected on the high mountain tops and manned by efficient men during the dry seasons of spring and fall. Telephones connect these towers with the outside world. Specially designed tools for fire fighting are being used by the department. Fire trails are kept clean against the possible spread of fire. Roads into the most remote parts of the forest are maintained to afford quick attack of fire.

PERSONNEL. The personnel of the Penn Forest district deserves no little mention. Upon them rests the responsibility of keeping fire from approximately 275,000 acres of forest. Team work on the part of the entire personnel is the only means of assured success. Each and every minute detail must have attention, to keep the organization in perfect motion. The personnel in the Penn Forest district comprises the following: District forester; 8 forest rangers; 1 inspector; 53 forest fire wardens, and 2 townsmen.

The first in command is the district forester, who directs all activities, has a check on all reports and bills and investigations; sees to it that every cog in the big wheel is doing its part. In extreme cases takes personal charge of forest fires.

Next in command is the forest ranger. He is responsible to the forester for all protective measures adopted and carried out upon his range. Takes charge of fires whenever possible. Supervises and directs in the absence of the forester.

Inspectors employed during the dry seasons are always present at fire in their jurisdiction. To render all the possible aid in determining the cause of the fire and the party responsible. Inspects and offers recommendation as to disposal of forest fire hazards. Conducts investigations and makes a written report for all fires occurring within their jurisdiction.

It is the duty of the forest fire warden to respond to all fires reported to him or coming to his notice. He is urged to have at his call a crew of

regular, trained men for quick response. He shall have full charge of the fire in the absence of the forester, ranger or inspector.

The townsmen are the eyes of the organization. Upon them rests the responsibility of detecting and locating the forest fire as quickly and accurately as possible. He knows the location of each warden. When smoke is spotted he is talking with the warden in that territory oftentimes in less than five minutes after fire has started. He names the locality and insists upon prompt action. He keeps the forester informed from time to time on the progress of the fire, whether he thinks more help is needed or whether the fire is conquered.

(This is the first of a series of four very illuminating articles on reforestation, written by J. R. Mingle, of the Penn Forest District, of Milroy. The second article will appear in next week's issue of the "Watchman.")

FACTS ABOUT ANIMALS.

We have been instructed respecting dumb animals and not only so, but these animals have been protected and cared for through the kindness of those who have seen themselves to this work. We are very much indebted to the men who go through life finding out facts for us. The men of science by their wonderful discoveries have benefited not only their own nation, but also the whole world. By perseverance and some risk they have added to human knowledge. The world has been girdled to make known the facts of animal existence. Among those who have added to the stores of knowledge we may place our naturalists who have told us what they have seen, in a most fascinating way.

I have heard some very valuable and interesting lectures given by travelers and naturalists. Some years ago it was my privilege to hear a lecture given by Mr. Selous, the famous explorer. He told us wondrous stories of what he has seen and heard. He had been about the world a good deal and had observed animated nature with keen eyes. He could imitate the cries of different animals very cleverly and he told us the meaning of the cries.

He said that most animals had three special cries,—one the cry of warning to warn other animals of enemies and danger, which put them on the alert. Then he mentioned the love call, which was used when birds were nesting and animals were mating. There was also the food call to inform others where food was to be found. He gave some instances of these calls in a very clever way.

He had also observed butterflies that were often very difficult to distinguish, because they were so much like leaves and flowers whereon they rested. He said also that some snakes were difficult to see, because they were so like their surroundings. It was only as they moved that they were seen. I remember once in the New Forest seeing a viper in this way. I should not have noticed it if I had not nearly trodden upon it, and caused it to move.

Mr. Selous spoke of the rabbit as an animal that warned its kind by cocking up its tail, and showing the white danger signal to warn others to seek for safety. He told us of a young rabbit that he watched one day, and described how the mother rabbit on leaving its young one gave special instructions to it not to move until she came back because it was dangerous. Then she went away. Presently the young rabbit heard a queer rustling noise and wandered what it was. Whatever could it be? The young rabbit became so afraid, and peeped out to see what was amiss. It was a great snake coming along among the dried leaves, so called aloud, "Mother, mother!" Then the mother rabbit rushed back and drove the snake away.

Another time the lecturer was riding along when he saw there were several large stones in the distance. He saw there was a deer among them which, when it saw him, bounded away. Soon after he saw something moving among the stones, so he thought it must be a young deer. He could not see very clearly because it was a good way off. He rode forward to satisfy his curiosity. He thought the young deer had been warned to keep still. He did not want to frighten the young deer, so he rode about it, but did not go very near at the first. Then he kept riding round it in a circle, getting nearer every time. With the aid of a field glass he could see more distinctly. He got nearer and nearer, and noticed how still it was. He got so near that he saw a large fly settle on its ear, and though it must have tickled very much, the deer made not the slightest movement. Mr. Selous said he was struck with the absolute obedience of the young deer to its mother's warning.

He said, incidentally, that it was a lesson to young people, and to older people as well, because obedience is one of the greatest lessons of life. I see another lesson and that is the wonderful Providence of God that is round about not only people, but also all created life. The natural Divine provision should fill us all with wonder, love and praise.—By Jesse Taylor, Eng'nd, in Our Dumb Animals.

Fair Warning.

Bridget and Michael had been married barely three months, and already Michael had on two occasions arrived home in the early hours of the morning. This did not suit Bridget, as on each occasion she had to come down to admit him.

Michael was looking forward to spending the evening of this particular day in having a "few sociable ones with the boys," and this Bridget knew.

"Now, look here," she said to her husband at the breakfast table, "it was 2 o'clock the following morning when ye came home the other night a bit since. It was 2 o'clock the following morning when ye came home last night. But I want to be telling ye that if it's 2 o'clock in the morning when ye come home tonight—or any other night in the morning—you will have to get up and let yourself in."—Boston Globe.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

To have a friend is to have one of the sweetest gifts that life can bring; to be a friend is to have a solemn and tender education of soul from day to day.—Anna Robertson Brown.

A new set of standards of women's belt lengths is to be followed by members of the United Belt League of America, after careful consideration of reorders for this merchandise that have lately been received from the retail trade. Announcement was made to this effect recently in a statement sent by the league, which said:

"With the increased sales of leather belts measuring two and a half inches or more in width and the present tendency toward a higher waistline, it has been found out that the lengths in the majority of orders have shifted. Instead of the 34 to 44 measurements which governed the narrow belts of last season, the wide belts are sold mostly in sizes ranging from 30 to 40 inches. The belts sold by the dozen in these sizes should, it was decided, contain one belt of 30 inches, one of 40 inches and the rest distributed according to individual experience.

"Among the dress manufacturers using leather belts this season there is a similar tendency to place belts higher than they were last season. For this reason many dress designers do not put slits in the dresses through which a belt may be slipped or use any other method for determining where the waistline should be. The final adjustment is left to the wearer. On many tailored dresses the placing of pockets necessitates a higher waistline. Particularly among the younger women there is a noticeable inclination to wear wide belts around the waist instead of the hips, so that it has been found advisable to make a sufficient number of belts to meet this demand."

You have seen the swagger sweaters the young men and girls, too, have been wearing this summer—those tricky models in pull-over style, machine-knitted, in solid colors, with borders of various bright tints. They are just the thing for school and sports use, but, as a rule, they come only in the larger sizes, none of them small enough for the boy or girl of six or eight or ten who likes to be up-to-date quite as much as his big brother or sister. The sweaters come in a variety of colors, and they are carefully made of pure wool. Indeed, they are the very thing for the young folks just starting back to school to use on the first cool days of fall.

Just think of having one's school bag all filled with tablets, pencils and other needful articles that are necessary to the business of learning! Wouldn't it be a joy? Mothers can buy a sturdy school bag made of water-proof material carefully bound about the edges to give long service for only \$1.25. It contains not only tablets and rulers but a fitted pencil case as well, so the little student will not need another thing to commence his work. It's a dandy buy, mother, one you should not miss.

While black continues to hold sway over the French imagination, and narrow straight lines continue to outline the fashionable silhouette, the brilliant designers of Paris are devising touches that will add sparkle and originality to the mode of simplicity. Couturiers vie with each other in creating ingenious trifles that accentuate the charm of the gown and the originality of the wearer. A touch of color where one is quite unaccustomed to find it, a sudden fullness that defies the silhouette, a pocket, a shoulder escape, are often the important trifles that make the reputation of a costume.

Chinese influence is noted in tunics, split in front, back or at sides, with small collars or fastenings on the cross, in black with multi-colored embroidery or some vivid color, sometimes in lame with a border of woolen material matching the underdress, some models nearly exact copies of Chinese costumes. Very often mixing of two materials in one model.

Coats in velours, duvetine, velvet; straight or in form of redingotes with godef at sides, with sleeves very wide at bottom, with important fur borders. Number of linings in cashmere or duvetine and even for coats in Frost krepe or satin, natural fox and leopard is much employed, latter often on back. Other furs mostly match coat in color. Some fastenings on the cross, bordered with narrow bands of fur, on coats and jackets of tailor-mades, which are straight and simple, in plain or chine woolen material in black, brown, beige, green, willow. Woolen material in plain or chine with matching coroso buttons. These had sometimes borders and trimmings of galoon disposed en barre.

Already a manufacturer has put out a stunning top coat which is an exact copy of the one His Majesty wears, and which is built especially for his feminine admirers. The material is very soft and light and warm and bears the name of "regal down." It is somewhat on the order of polo cloth, only silkier and softer. And inside the coat itself bears the proud label, "Prince Polo Coat."

It's cut is the last word in smartness with the most swagger of English lines. There is an inverted pleat up the back and a belt from the side seams across the back only. Darts at either side under the arms give the waist a semi-fitted appearance which is very jaunty. It is double-breasted, with matching amber buttons, and may be worn either in single or double-breasted effect. Small buttons finish the sleeves. It is lined throughout with silk of the same shade.

Another fashion inspired by the Prince was not intended for the ladies but will be adopted by them. This is the Prince of Wales tie, which shows coin dots on a blue ground. The blue is a cross between powder and robin's egg. Perhaps periwinkle blue comes nearest to it. And the dots are a deeper shade. Everybody knows such a tie will go adorably with Peggy's white blouse or slip-on sweater. Or copy the Prince's racing colors, which are red with blue sleeves, and a black cap.