

## *His Youthful Air*

With this healthy contempt for bores and long-winded folk, he has a natural inclination toward people whose keen minds help him to keep young. One of the most surprizing things about this Prince is his air of youthfulness. Despite cares and worries, he still has that happy, boyish smile.

There is no secret about that youthful air. It lies in the Prince's extremely plain personal tastes, in his eager enthusiasm for life. Plain food, and very little of it, is his self-made diet-rule. There is no note of luxury in his private quarters at St. James's Palace, London, or at his favorite retreat, "Fort Belvedere," near Sunningdale, Berkshire.

He is fond, too, of simplicity in attire nowadays—an old tweed sports-coat with a pair of gray flannel slacks are his favorite clothes for working in his garden. In his wardrobe are several suits he has had for many years.

Not so long ago he was regarded by Savile Row as something of a sartorial Bolshevik. Fond of bright colors, his tastes were regarded as too extreme to be in style, but he initiated many new styles—double-breasted dinner-jackets, soft cuffs on evening shirts, cuffs on the striped trousers worn with a cutaway coat, once, only, a sweater with a dinner-jacket.

In his every-day clothes he affects large checks. His plus-fours are very plus. He over mighty Kilimanjaro (Africa's highest known summit), shaken hands with a pigmy-chieftain in the Kongo, swum the Nile, flown from Khartum to Cairo, walked up 10,000 feet into Andean snows, scaled peaks of the Rockies, gone down into gold-mines, caught malaria in Kenya, stuck pigs in India, driven a golf-ball from the Great Pyramid's top, shot lions, followed jungle-trails, ridden with Canadian cowboys, thrown a boomerang in Australia, met admirals in Japan, Presidents at Washington, millionaires at New York.