

Woman's World

Lady Hardinge, the New
Vice Reine of India.



The wife of the new viceroy of India, Lady Hardinge, is one of the most popular women in England. She was the Hon. Winifred Sturt, daughter of the first Lord Allington, who was popularly known by the nickname of "Bunny." Lady Hardinge has not inherited her father's peculiar rabbit-like features, but is a very charming and pretty woman, also wonderfully gifted. Lady Hardinge is probably the finest amateur violinist in England, and she owns a fine Stradivarius. Her musical talents have gone far to strengthen the high favor in which she has been held ever since her childhood by Alexandra, the dowager queen, who is passionately fond of music and who, though she does not play the violin herself, prefers it to all other instruments.

Ever since Lady Hardinge's marriage she has been a lady in waiting to Queen Alexandra and from girlhood has been the most intimate friend of the queen's daughters. Sir Charles and Lady Hardinge have two boys, the eldest just eighteen, and a girl of ten,

who rejoices in the Christian name of Diamond. This singular name was given the child in honor of the late King Edward's horse Diamond, which won the Derby in the diamond jubilee year a few days before the birth of the little girl who bears the name.

The Mental Jam Pot Defended.
It's so easy to get on with Dr. Woods Hutchinson. He loves to come out bravely and tell us that we ought to do just what we want to do, and how popular that does make him with everybody!

He reminds one of a fond parent who was taken to task by his wife for not being more strict with their small daughter. He was told that he did not discipline her sufficiently.

"Discipline her!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why should I discipline her when we always want to do the same thing?"

It was no case for discipline—if small daughter wanted to dip into the sugar bowl or pull flowers out of her mother's garden that seemed to her good father to be the eminently proper thing to do at the time.

And so it is with Woods Hutchinson. Awhile ago he pleased us all immensely by telling us that we really ought to eat candy and that the jam pot was of all things the most salubrious for children. Nice Woods Hutchinson—pleasant man!

Now he comes out and tells us that, like the jam pot, light fiction is really good for us.

Moreover, stories—exciting ones, too, and plenty of them—are good for children. The imagination of a child should be fed. It craves a wholesome stimulant and should have it by all means, while for an adult a good novel may be better than a box of pills or a week at a sanitarium.

To quote from an article in the August number of Good Housekeeping, this obliging doctor says:

"The most restful thing for a tired brain and overwrought nervous system is a brisk, enjoyable walk or a keen, eager game in the open air, followed by a hundred pages or so of a good novel. You will sleep better, go back to your work next day fresher and better rested than you would if you had endeavored to crowd your brain with additional information for practical use in your life work."

"If you are tired a good novel will rest you; if you are worried it will make you forget your worries and yourself; if you are sick it is one of your best medicines. The man or woman who in the sunset afterglow of life can enjoy a good story has found the secret of perpetual youth."

Her Revenge.
A little girl had been so very naughty that her mother found it necessary to shut her up in a dark closet—in that family the direst punishment for the worst offense. For fifteen minutes the door had been locked without a sound coming from behind it—not a whimper, not a sniffle. At last the stern but anxious parent unlocked the closet door and peered into the darkness. She saw nothing.

"What are you doing in there?" she cried.

And then a little voice piped from the blackness:

"I thipt on your new dress, and I thipt on your new hat, and I'm waitting for more thipt to come to thipt on your new parasol!" —Philadelphia Times.

He Made Good.

Lord Lansdowne once had a remarkable prophecy made concerning him while he was an Oxford graduate. Jowett, his tutor at Balliol, greatly admired him and always said that he would do great things.

"There goes a man," remarked Jowett, "who is as certain to be foreign secretary in due time in whichever party he chooses as tomorrow's sun is to rise."

Of course at that time Lord Lansdowne had not the least idea of filling such distinguished post, and yet in 1900, after a brilliant political career, he found himself at the head of the foreign office.—London M. A. P.

Her Lost Chance.

Mrs. B.—I wonder why Miss Singleton refused the curate when he proposed to her?

Mrs. D.—All a mistake, my dear, a sad mistake; you know she has grown a little deaf, and she did not suspect he was at all "gone" on her. She actually thought he was asking her to subscribe to the new organ fund, so she told him she was sorry, but she had promised all her money in another direction.

Mrs. B.—Then what happened?

Mrs. D.—The curate felt himself insulted and departed in dudgeon, and she's lost the only chance she ever had.—London Telegraph.

Sense of Humor Declining.
"Do you think Americans have a great sense of humor?"

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "I'm afraid it isn't what it used to be. The folks out home are becoming so interested in economic issues that they don't seem to care whether I tell them any funny stories or not."—Washington Star.

Buying the Ring.
To buy the wedding ring on Monday means a hustling life, full of excitement.

On Tuesday—An easy life, contented and free.

On Wednesday—A partner gay and fond of pleasure.

On Thursday—You will gain what ever you wish.

On Friday—You will sow with toil, but reap a good harvest.

And if purchased on Saturday you will always have cause to rejoice.

Jewelry Store Romances.

A wedding ring whose scratches and dulled surface bespoke years of hard service at wash-tub and dishpan lay on the jeweler's work table.

"Why has it been laid up for repairs?" a visitor asked. "Has marriage proved a failure?"

"On the contrary, it has turned out a great success, and the ring has been brought back to bear witness," said the jeweler. "See this new inscription, 'Ten years of fidelity and love.' That sounds pretty good, doesn't it? No failure there. Five or ten years from now, if they are both alive, somebody will probably add another postscript, and so on at regular intervals to the end of the chapter. Jewelers meet more of these little romances than the unsentimental person would dream of."—New York Sun.

No Right to Live.

Beggar—Won't you give me some money, professor? My money is all gone, and I can't live.

Professor—How old are you?

Beggar—Forty years, sir.
Professor—Forty years! Don't you know that according to the latest mortality tables the average age of the male population of Europe reaches only thirty-four years and five months? Statistically you have no right to live any longer anyway!—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Two Faults.

"You hunt too much," said Louis XV. to the archbishop of Narbonne. "How can you prohibit your curates from hunting if you pass your life in setting them such an example?"

"Sire," said Dillon, "for my curates the chase is a fault; for myself it is the fault of my ancestors."

Politeness.

Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character and prevents them from wounding others. We should never throw it off even in our conflicts with coarse people.

Monday Demonstration.

"Do you think you can make my daughter happy?" asked Miss Thirsty-smith's father gravely.

"Why, I have already, haven't I?" replied Spooner. "I've asked her to marry me!"—Smart Set.

His Lost Leg.

A mendicant approached a man on the cars the other day and said, "Dear sir, I have lost my leg." to which the man replied, as he hurried away, "My dear friend, I am very sorry, but I have not seen anything of it."

The Old Flag.
I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag that floats above me—my flag and your flag—the flag of the Union—the flag of the free heart's hope and home—the Star-Spangled Banner of our fathers—the flag that, uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured, deadened by the God of the universe to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of freedom to all mankind, emblem of the power on earth which is to exceed that of which it was said the sun never went down.—Henry Watterson.

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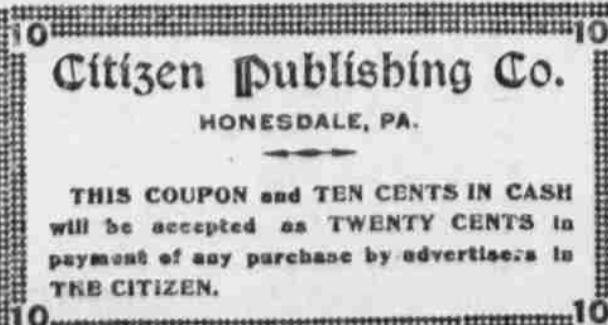
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