IN WOMAN'S WORLD

THE WOMAN'S BIBLE.

THE NEW VENTURE IS ONLY ONE OF MANY COMMENTARIES.

The Woman's Cause Is Man's; They Rise or Fall Together, Dwarfed or God-Like.

It seems absurd to notice the articles in the public press in reference to a so-called "Woman's Bible." Every thoughtful person will know that such women as Elizabeth Cady Stanton realize the fact that a Bible cannot be made at pleasure, and doubtless loving the grand old Book, they would not, if they could, have a new one made. Who wants a new Bible? Not women, certainly. They only want the old one to be well understood.

When we remember that about 50 of the ripest scholars of England and America were engaged fourteen years in the translation of the Revised Version, having access to all the ancient manuscripts, it is hardly thought that woman will undertake a new translation, yet if she have the audition, why should she not do so?

Why may not a woman who is a Hebrew and Greek scholar write a commentary? Does not the spirit abide with woman as well as with man? and did not Christ say that the Holy Spirit should be our teacher? And do we not all believe that the same Spirit that inspired the holy men of old and gave them utterance, must enlighten us?

We are not able to understand why a woman, if she possess the ability, has not an equal right with Clark, Whedon or any other commentator.

Was not the "Word of God" given to the human race for all time, and is it not woman's Bible as well as man's?

A Book, wonderful in its antiquity, wonderful in its vitality, surviving when all others fail; wonderful in its power over the human heart and in its influence in the world. The only book which reveals a Savior for sinners. One thread runs through it from Genesis to Revelations, one face appears upon every page, one theme animates every writer. Christ is the key to the Bible. Truly a most wonderful Book, dear to every Christian's heart.

A Christian woman hearing a criticism on the Bible, said she knew it was true, because she was acquainted with its author.

The translators of the Bible have doubtless misapprehended some passages, and hence, perhaps, unconsciously, have taught for doctrines the commandments of men. No character has been more misunderstood or, perhaps, misrepresented by his adherents than the Apostle Paul. Yet his views never conflicted with the teachings of Christ, and we know that Christ utterly repudiated the then existing pagan ideas and customs that had crept into the Hebrew commonwealth in relation to woman. He ever taught by example, and inculcated the doctrine of the perfect equality of the sexes. Let a woman write a commentary, if she is impressed so to do by the Divine Spirit.

Then let us remember that a commentary is not a Bible, only man's views of and comments upon the text as he or she may understand it from the original Hebrew and Greek.

This and this only is what is contemplated in reference to the much criticised so-called "Woman's Bible."

REBECCA B. HALL,
Superintendent of Evangelistic Department, Missouri W. C. T. U.

Love of the City.

I've just come from the country, where I
visited awhile
Down on a farm belonging to my uncle,
Dave Riley.
And though I passed all the joys the country can bestow
I left it with a gladness that I could not help but show.

I took in all the rural scenes that Riley writes about
And all that imagine beauty I am not prepared to doubt.
In fact, I'll own it's pleasant to live down there for a week
But the country is the last place where a steady home I'd seek.

And when I hear of people praising of "the calls' life,"
Its restfulness and quiet, and its lack of "worldly strife,"
I laugh and think I'll give them all the charms that "city life" can wave
If they'll only leave the city and its waywardness to me.

For my visit to the country only made me feel the more
My affection for the city as I'd never felt before;
And the country's "peaceful quiet" only hurt my longing ears,
As I listened for the voices that, alas, one never hears.

For I like to hear the cable as it rumbles up its way,
The bell's sharp note of warning that admits of no delay,
The fire bells' wild alarm, and the newsboy's cheery shout
Telling of the latest horror; "Last edition, sir, just out."

I like to mingle with the crowd on busy weekly days,
Touching elbows with the people jostling on their separate ways
To gaze into the windows with their piles of goods on view,
To scan the faces as they pass with interest ever new.

And at night to see the gas lamps stretching down each silt the street,
Join forces in the distance, and in dim perspective meet;
The theaters' gay lithographs, the color and the light,
That mingle in a many hued kaleidoscopic sight.

I like the city's broader field of work, its wider scope,
To souls that seek fulfillment of a dearly cherished hope;
I like the hum of business that only stops when night,
In fact, I like the city best in every shade and light.

And when it comes my time to die, with spirit gone above,
I think I'll feel more peaceful there within my narrow bed,
If I could lie beneath the walls of some big city street,
Knowing my dust was quivering beneath the tread of many feet.

MINNIE M'INTYRE.

Conclusive Evidence.

When man knows how to match a ribbon,
When woman learns to drive a nail,
When man can thread a needle swiftly,
When men don't make a woman pale,
When woman sits off right from street cars,
Instead of facing toward the rear,
When man stops smoking bad tobacco,
And drinking sour-smelling beer,
When woman doesn't block the sidewalk,
With spreading skirts and puffed out sleeves,
When man stops flirting with new charmers,
And to his lawful darling cleaver,
When man can understand the baby,
And woman, petting it, talks sense,
When man proposes a new bonnet,
And woman sides at the expense—
Phenomena like these and others,
May stagger satisfied observers dumb,
But they will know by these same tokens,
That the millennium has come.

—Somerville Journal.

THE MINT JULEP.

How the Delicious Drink Should Always Be Compounded.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Marylander and an Alabamian cannot argue on the subject of mint julips while one is coming to know that is, of course, if both are patriotic sons of their respective states. Both states claim the origin of the mint julep. Neither Georgia, Kentucky nor Tennessee has yielded its claim to the invention, but the sons of these straight goers states never come to blows in the discussion. I am of the opinion that the mint julep was a Persian invention. Fine mint grows in that country, and from the earliest ages the julep was known as a vehicle for taking medicine. The Greeks also knew the julap and handed it down to the French and Spanish. Whisky was not used in the mixture, however, but strong spirituous liquors of other kinds. As for the best modern julep, there are various opinions. It is not to be had for love or money, or political influence in this city's public bars. Only a native of the rock bottomed Southern states can make it to perfection. Now is the time for it. The mint is in its tenderness and the Greeks bruised their mint. We never think of doing that over here. By "we" I mean those of us who know what a julep is. We stoop a bunch of the freshest mint in a glass of whisky and bruise in equal portions, for four hours. This extracts the flavor of the mint without the bitter quality that spoils a julep. Fill a silver pitcher with cracked ice next, we say, pour in the whisky and brandy, with a little water and send for your trouble. When a hot frost settles on the outside of the pitcher the julep is ready. Put a fresh sprigs of fresh mint in a glass and pack with sugar and ice. Over the top sprinkle pulverized sugar to the taste; then slowly pour from the pitcher till the glass is filled and the sugar dissolved. Then—drink. Bury your nose in the mint till the delightfully cool scent goes away down to your toes. After one or two of these you will thank the Lord that you are alive. There are other juleps, but this is "The Julep."

HUNTING.

SUMMER HOUSE BOATS.

FLOATING VILLAS THAT ARE INEXPENSIVE AND PICTURESQUE.

There Is a Company Which Turns Out House Boats by the Dozen, Now That Americans Have Learned to Appreciate the Charm of a Cottage on the Water.

The next best thing to building a summer cottage is to build a house boat. To be sure the boat may cost almost as much as the cottage, but then it has this great advantage in its favor, that it can be moved about at will.

Some Undeniable Advantages.

Aboard a boat, if you find yourself in the neighborhood of malaria, mosquitoes and uninhabitable weather, you can give the command to move on to another and more desirable quarter, or you can spend the winters in Florida waters, as the Lorillards do on their house boat, and the summers on the St. Lawrence.

It is among the Thousand Islands that the house boat flourishes in all the glory of fresh paint, gay awnings, pretty cretonnes, lace curtains, hammocks, rugs, banjos, afternoon teas and moonlight fetes, to say nothing of the boxes of brilliant flowers, which make many of the decks a blaze of brilliant color, rivaling, one might think, the famous hanging gardens of the Median Princess at Babylon.

Life on a house boat is essentially one of pleasure, a butterfly existence, in which straw hats and yellow shoes, boating flannels and pretty brown boys play a not unimportant part, and are, as it were, the outward and visible sign that business and its attendant cares have been laid aside for the time being.

In the evening there is always the boating, when, if fortunate enough to secure the right companion, what can be more charming than to pull up stream to where the river flows gently, sinking its own moss, past green banks and under leafy trees.

There are the fair boats, too, dove lined, sky blue or sea green, and the visits to other house boats, the teas and the small talk and the music, which has charms even when expressed from a gaspy concertina or twanged from a banjo.

Regulating Expenses.

If one has not yet acquired a house boat, change for the rare fun of house boating, the $50 pays for the boat, which is fully furnished and for the services of a master. The housekeeping and other expenses are not included.

The duty of the master is to look after the boat and keep it clean and tidy and wait on the party if he has any spare time. In addition, a man or maid servant is quite necessary.

The Furnishings.

The necessary accompaniment of house boating, in which, indeed, lies much of the pleasure of the outing, is boating. One can use every sort of river boat, from an electric launch to an Indian canoe. But the greatest excitement of all is to be had out of a punt. A punt is a craft, as someone wisely says, that requires craftiness. It is a boat in which to feel foolish—in fact, at first, you can't regulate your movements at all. You live in a perfectly blissful uncertainty of what is going to happen next.

However, in time, one learns the art and then the punt is always as gaily decorated as the house boat, with white Marguerites at bow and stern, and yellow silk cushions.

Two Fair House Boaters.

Two New York girls, the Misses May and Ella Dewey, are the happy owners of a charming house boat, the Idler, they call it, and it is in commission all summer. It is a white and yellow craft with pretty lace curtains at the windows, tied back with yellow ribbons. All along the edge of the roof are flower-boxes, painted yellow, full of flowers, alternating with big yellow pots, also filled with plants "all a-blowin' and a-growin'."

Apropos to the color for a house boat, one all white is too suggestive of a half painted house before the color is put on. Pink isn't half bad, nor even green. Indeed, a house boat all done in green and white from the paint to the teacups, is charming to a degree, with a little dash of pink introduced here and there.

One of the most expensive of house boats is that belonging to Mr. George Pullman. It is almost as richly furnished as his cottage. "Castle Rest," on the St. Lawrence, he calls it his nautical villa, for want of a better name.

A picturesque name for one's house boat is quite an important consideration. Nylia, River God, Bohemia and Amaryllis are fairly appropriate. Already might suit one's fancy, or Hiawatha, while Merrivale is not bad, nor Mavis. These are both names of two very swell boats, indeed, so are Reve d'Or and Summerholme. Ye Wasps is the name in which one boat rejoices, while Princess and Swallow are chosen for others.

DIANA CROSSWAYS.

FOR FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

My Queen.

You speak of golden tresses—
Of hair of ravens hue—
Of eyes with scintillating blackness,
And eyes of heavenly blue.

Of forms that you deem perfect,
With shoulders broad and square,
And hands and arms like Venus,
And perfect necks so rare.

Of cheeks of rosy redness,
With ears like sweet, pink shells,
And chins and cheeks with dimples,
That look like tiny wells.

All of these things you have told me,
And all of them I have seen,
But with all of them put together,
From whatever site they are seen,
Although they are fair they will not compare
With my sweetheart, my queen.

My queen is tall and slender,
With eyes neither black nor blue,
But beautiful ones of hazel,
So loving, tender and true.

Her shoulders are not broad and square,
No golden tresses adornes there,
But curves of wondrous beauty
And beautiful light brown hair.

With face so calm and stately,
And neck of pearly white,
She makes a picture to be not forgotten
If you would try with all your might.

And aside from her outward beauty,
Aside from her face and form,
There is life within her noble breast,
A heart beating true and warm.

These are the things I cherish,
These are the things I adore;
And day by day and year by year,
I love her more and more.

W. C. B.

Los Angeles, June 16, '95.
12:30 a. m.

YOUNG CZAR IS DEMOCRATIC.

Nicholas II. Is Discarding Some of the Traditions of Russian Royalty.

The young czar seems to be doing his best to make himself personally acquainted with his new subjects in a way little practiced by any other emperor of Russia since the reign of Peter the Great, says the Washington News. He walks daily along the streets of St. Petersburg generally quite unattended, and as he is seldom recognized, he meets now and then with little adventures which cause him much amusement. During one of his promenades he saw a youth selling for 30 kopecks most terribly unflattering pictures of himself, which so delighted him that he immediately bought one and gave it to the Princess Alix, with the remark:

"It cannot be so very like, as no one recognized me when I bought it."

Nevertheless the work of art was put in a place of honor in the Anitschow palace.

On another occasion as he was driving slowly along the Newski a man attempted to throw a letter into the carriage, but missed his aim and the petition fell under the wheels. His majesty immediately ordered one of his terrified servants to pick it up and give it to him, and in spite of the almost tearful entreaties of a high police official, who was on the spot, insisted on opening it and reading it to himself. Calling the supplicant to the side of the carriage the emperor promised to grant his petition, and, turning to the officials, said in a loud voice:

"On no account is the man to be punished or annoyed in any way on account of this letter."

It is much commented upon in court circles that so far the czar has refused to accede to the often repeated wish of the Grand Duke Michael Nikolajewitsch and raise himself to the rank of general, though the whole court would be delighted to see him in the becoming and glittering uniform. The reason he gives is that he prefers to retain the grade of colonel, which was bestowed on him by his late father.

A RAINY DAY

AN OPULENT PROFESSION.

THE MOST MONEY MAKING IN WHICH WOMEN ENGAGE.

A Proprietor of a Fashionable School for Young Ladies Can Easily Clear $50,000 a Year Profit.

As all the talk about the new woman and her usurpation of the place of the stronger sex, it is not in competition with the men that she makes her success. She cannot enter the field against the masculine competitor, lawyer or bank president with any be of equal results; but in the good old-fashioned feminine professions such as school teaching, dressmaking and their like the woman of to-day finds occupations that it be made more profitable than most fairy dreams of.

DIGNIFIED AND LUCRATIVE.

Schoolteaching offers the widest and most dignified scope of all, for in this work the women folk hold such a position as commands universal respect now as always, and they are looked up to instead of down upon by the world in general whose regard for the dressmaking profession is sometimes of a negative nature. In educating the youthful feminine mind, is made some of the biggest fortunes of the times. Of course this refers to the boarding schools, in the day school alone there is very little profit.

SOME ADVANTAGES OFFERED.

It goes without saying that the far-sighted proprietor of a young ladies' school offers great inductions to wealthy parents who wish their children trained for social duties.

Once a week there is an imposing evening function, when the students in full dress receive their friends and are expected to fill the part of hostesses. Each detail of deportment is observed, commented upon, and the strict etiquette is enforced.

Then of course the pupils live in an atmosphere of luxury equal to that of their homes. Maids attend the girls to bed and unpack their boxes, to do their hair and offer a thousand and one grateful little attentions that papa and mamma are naturally expected to pay liberally.

THE TRADE IS WORTH CATERING TO.

Among some parents there is a craze for suburban schools in which to place their daughters. They are looked upon as being more healthful, and as being far from the madding crowd while they are near enough to the city to enjoy all its advantages. Other parents prefer the eclat of the city school. The expense at either place is equal for the parents, but not for the heads of the school, for naturally house rent and other commodities are cheaper in the country than in great commercial centers. Blessed is the aforesaid head of any school where and does not intend to be left in the lurch.

Each student is required to furnish her own towels, table napkins, sheets and pillow cases. A few of the extras are music, at $50 per annum, drawing, painting at $70 up, dancing, riding, carriage and messenger hire, seat in church at $25, fuel from $5 to $8, meals in room 25 cents each, extra charge for care in sickness and for breakage and wear of furniture and premises, washing $1 a dozen, extra lectures $10 a year—and one surmises the lecturer is employed at a moderate price—and all the surplus cash goes into the school exchequer, with a quantity of other incidental extras arising from individual requirements.

In a school of 100 pupils the extras taken altogether must amount to $10,000. This brings the annual income received up to $135,000.

BIG EXPENSES AND PROFITS.

Now, as regards the expenditures of such a fashionable institution. The whole menage is run on a first-class scale, the table service and all appointments being unexceptional. The house rent itself must amount to some $25,000, the running expenses must mount up to another $25,000. Teachers employed in these elegant establishments receive proverbially small salaries, ranging from $500 to $1,000 a year; $500 and board is looked upon as liberal. So allowing $25,000 again for teachers' salaries, school supplies and other incidental outlays, a clear sum of $50,000 is left as net profit at the close of the school year. And how many successful business men can show a similar bank account when all is said and done at the close of their season?

CAROLYN HALSTED.

HOSTESS FOR THE EVENING.

ATTENDED BY A MAID.

who has succeeded in catching the popular favor, her purse strings must be long indeed thereafter to stretch to contain her revenues.

ITEMS OF INCOME.

In one of the "smartest" schools in this country, whose buildings occupy a whole block, there are at present one hundred day scholars and ninety boarding pupils. As the price for each house pupil is $1,000 a year, there is $90,000 to begin with. Every day scholar of the age of 15 is charged $300 per annum; allowing for some of them being under that age, there are $25,000 more to add. Music is extra, $250 a year being asked for piano with practice hour allowed, while instruction in singing, violin, mandolin, or harp is $5 a lesson. Piano practice alone is $36 for the school season, which has grown very short of late in all these schools, not beginning until October and ending the first of June.

No deduction is made for entering school after it opens, or for subsequent absence, except in cases of severe and protracted illness, where the loss is divided. There are also vacations amounting to about four weeks, when the pupil is supposed to go home, or pay extra for the privilege of remaining at school.

GOLDEN EXTRAS.

Some of these select and modest institutions adopt the plan of charging $300 a year outright, which includes instruction in all the English branches, also French, Latin and Greek, but everything else is extra. And oh! how these extras pile up, is it any wonder these high-class school marms amass fortunes! To begin with, every bill must be footed in advance, then a deposit must be left with the school's head, to meet incidental expenses. Madame Schoolmarm has a long head on her shoulders, and she knows how to use it.

HE OFFERED A DISCOUNT.

But the Old Man Was Deaf to His Attractive Proposal.

From Life.

"It is possible, sir, that you may know my errand."

The elderly man who sat in his private office looked up from his desk as his visitor spoke and shook his head.

"I had thought," replied the other, as he dropped into a chair, and reached over and selected one of the Havanas from a box on the desk, "that you might have noticed my growing regard for your charming daughter. I was first attracted to her, sir, some two months ago, and the acquaintance which promised so little at first has gradually ripened into love."

"It has, has it?" replied the older man, feverishly taking up a fountain and absentmindedly trying to sign a check with it.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed his visitor, "it has, indeed. I have seen your daughter, sir, under the most trying circumstances and never knew her to lose courage. She is the kind of girl that I have, until now, searched for in vain. Her unflagging patience in the face of well nigh insurmountable difficulties, her unvarying good humor, her persistence, are all qualities which in turn have appealed to me and inspired a depth of passionate love that up to this time I had not dream my nature was capable of. I will, however, pass over the sentimental side and proceed to business. I have come, sir, to ask if you will consent from me a proposal of marriage for the hand of your daughter."

As he spoke, the elderly man had risen, and now stood over him with a dangerous gleam in his eye.

"No, sir!" he exclaimed emphatically, "I'll not! Such a proposition is absurd. I wouldn't consider it for a moment."

The young and courtly companion arose and taking his hat, prepared to leave the room.

"Very well, sir," he replied loftily, as he pulled a circular out of his pocket and handed it to the fair-haired typewriter near the door, "I was going to say, in case you had favorably considered my proposal, that I would gladly take off per cent discount off my bill of $200 for teaching your daughter how to ride a bicycle."

Why of Mustache Worshipers.

Chicago Saturday Magazine: "If you do not believe that men are as full of vanity and conceit as their fairer sisters, just come and sit in my shop for an hour or two any morning while 'the season' is on.

"I could point out to you at least a score of men, others, most of them, who are as solicitous as to the appearance of their mustaches as any society belle about the clearness of her complexion, the brilliancy of her eyes, or the smallness of her feet.

"Perhaps it is the woman's fault, after all, and maybe I rather think it is. You see, say what you may about the feminine appreciation of true masculine worth, they one and all agree that a good mustache, and it is this that makes the possessors of such popular birsuit adornments so careful of their treasures.

"I dare say on an average I have at least a dozen customers a day who come to me solely to have their mustaches curled, or stiffed, or trimmed into shape, and who would never think of going without their breakfasts or luncheons than of appearing in public without first having induced me to lend all my skill on these appendages of the upper lips.

"But even they not go to such lengths as the crazy nuts on the Continent. I have been in once there myself, and amongst the fore 'swells' of the first water the cultivation of the mustache is quite a science. My men wear at night a mustache protector fastened with elastic behind the head, a practice most in favor with the officers of the Austrian army."