

THE INTERIOR

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT WHICH IS THE SWORD OF GOD

VOL. XXIV.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 31, 1893.

No. 1215. ¹⁴

THIS WEEK.

	Page
THE WORLD—The Aigues-Morte Affair—The Unemployed—French Republicanism Aggressive—The New Duke of Coburg-Gotha—Bismarck Still Speaking—The British Commons Pass Home Rule—The Swiss Referendum—The Siamese Indemnity Paid—Russo-German Tariff War.....	5
EDITORIAL AND EDITORIAL NOTES.....	7
EDUCATIONAL:	
Education on the Pacific Coast—W. W. Faris.....	10
The Education of Girls—M. V. E. Cabell.....	12
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:	
Ibsen's "Emperor and Galilean"—H. H. Boyesen.....	15
The Father of the Field Brothers—H. M. Field.....	18
CHURCH SERVICE:	
Sunday-school—Prayer-meeting—Christian Endeavor.....	17
WOMAN'S BOARD—Special Report.....	19
THE HOME:	
A Word to Fathers—Alice Hamilton Rich.....	20
OUTING:	
End of the Camp—Charles L. Thompson.....	20
Some Glimpses of History and Nature—W. C. G.....	21
Old Man Ramadell—C. L. T.....	22
Love in the Woods—W. C. G.....	24
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE:	
Poem: Teddy's Revenge—Max Johann.....	25
Larry Doolan's G'nat—Lonnor York.....	26
LIGHTER LITERATURE:	
Poem: A Song of Blessing.....	27
Country Blossoms in Autumn.....	27
NEW BOOKS AND REVIEWS.....	28
CHURCH NEWS.....	29
CHICAGO NEWS.....	33
THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.....	35
GENERAL RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.....	36-44

THE WORLD.

THE outbreak at Aigues-Morte, though at first sight rather alarming has already ceased to be a matter of general interest. It is

difficult until fuller details are received to know the exact origin and extent of the trouble. French and Italian accounts differ materially and those that have reached via Berlin seem specially favorable to the Italians. There is little room for doubt that the sad affair was the outcome of a quarrel among laboring men. For some time feelings of enmity have existed between French and Italian workmen in the southern provinces where the latter are rather numerous. The French contend that the Italians are intruders and that their advent cheapens labor, since they are willing to accept lower wages than Frenchmen are disposed to work for. In the salt works near Aigues-Morte Italians had displaced Frenchmen, and the latter bitterly resenting the intrusion gathered in large numbers for the purpose of expelling them by force. Many of the enraged Frenchmen were armed, and it is clear that their opponents were helpless. The number of Italians killed is variously given. Rumors say that from a dozen to sixty were killed outright, many were seriously wounded, a few only being able to reach a place of safety uninjured. The civic authorities apparently made but a feeble show of resistance to the frenzied mob. The excitable Italians in their own land passionately resented the treatment meted out to their fellow countrymen in Southern France. Riotous demonstrations were held in the crowded cities and even in remote districts. Direct insults were offered to consuls and other French officers in Italy. Had it not been for the prompt intervention of the Italian executive very serious consequences would have inevitably resulted. As it was, had France been seeking a pretext for a quarrel with her neighbors on the Italian peninsula she could easily have found one. Fortunately the French elections are over, and there is not now the same temptation to indulge in jingoism for the sake of effect. Serious complications have been avoided by the prompt and sensible action of both governments. The French Cabinet suspended the mayor of Aigues-Morte, before whose office two fugitive Italians were shot, for his culpable inertness. He made no serious effort to stop the disturbance till it was all over. He will have to give an explanation of his conduct to M. Dupuy. The Italian minister of foreign affairs intimated that in view of the spontaneous action of the French authorities, and trusting that the magistrates would deal justly and impartially in trying the offenders, he considered the affair satisfactorily closed. The Italian authorities also punished with suspension the prefect of Rome, the chief of police, and the inspector of the district in which the French embassy is located, for their remissness in quelling the riots. The French government not to be outdone in magnanimity at once intimated that they would give complete satisfaction for the slaughter of Italian workmen, and an indemnity will be paid to the families of the killed and injured. The sudden gust of passion which at first threatened to lead to serious complications has subsided almost

as quickly as it arose. The swift and peaceful settlement of what might easily have proved a grave international quarrel is something for which both Frenchmen and Italians have to be thankful. It was well that while newspapers and mobs were raving like maniacs, statesmen who realized the responsibilities of the situation kept their heads and retained their common sense. Mutual soft answers turned away wrath.

The unemployed in the large cities are unusually numerous for the season of the year. They are in the main law abiding, and many of them are

anxious to remain so, but in their ranks there are some who seem disposed to stir up strife and begin rioting. As yet this element is in a decided minority, and easily kept in check. Leaders in labor organizations are giving no countenance to lawlessness, and are proposing methods by which municipal, state or national bodies may initiate work for the unemployed. Prominent business men and civic authorities show a disposition to co-operate with labor union committees in devising means for the relief of existing distress. In Chicago there have been as elsewhere a few incendiary speeches, but the crowds of idle working men have up to the present kept their balance, and have given no heed to anarchistic ravings. There has been a little rioting in East Buffalo and in New York. The riotously inclined in the large cities are not Americans, nor those who cherish American traditions. They are down-trodden and desperate accessions from lands beyond sea, where the worst features of despotism are yet visible. Russians and Poles are credited with originating the disturbances in the Eastern cities. The Buffalo riot is said to have originated in the plundering of street stalls by unemployed Poles. The turbulent element in New York is described as being principally composed of Poles and Russian Jews. Their lot is a hard one. They have been driven from Russia because they are Jews, and they find that in New York their labor is not required. When the sufferings of these people increase as the season advances the danger will become greater. Anarchists in this country are not a numerous body. They are not indigenous to the soil. Their infuriated speakers male and female, as if in bitter mockery of real distress, fasten on the open sores of the body politic and seek to goad the unemployed to such acts as would be ruinous to themselves and helpful to no one. Red-eyed anarchy has no word of help or hope for any human creature. It has no good news to tell; it can only breathe out threatening and slaughter, and intelligent working men are properly distrustful of its fiery exponents. The police authorities are keeping a vigilant eye on the movements of the anarchic orators, and any mischief they might attempt can easily be prevented. They may raise the cry that liberty of speech is interfered with, but if ever they reflect, they will find that they have only themselves to blame. If they incite to destructive riots, they must be held strictly to account for the consequences. For the preservation of the public health effective measures have to be taken for warding off cholera. For saving life and property from the destructive effects of mob violence appropriate means must be resorted to for the repression of incendiary harangues intended to excite the passions of half famished and unreflective mobs. The well-to-do and warm-hearted American people will endeavor as far as they can to relieve existing temporary distress.

When authentic returns of reballoting in France are received it is expected that the large republican majority will be still farther strengthened. The success of the dominant party at the polls will give them complete mastery for some time to come. In continental countries a large majority for the government party is possibly not the best thing that could happen. The general interests of the country are better served when the relative strength of the two leading parties is not too disproportionate. Had Gladstone's majority at last election been greater than it was, those who have antagonized him on the Home Rule question would not have thought it worth their while to present so formidable an opposition. Though much of the opposition has been factious, there is reason to believe that the measure has been subjected to a degree of wholesome criticism that will do good and not harm in the end. A large governmental majority is usually weakened in by-elections, and it is possible

THE HOME.

A WORD TO FATHERS.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

THERE was never as now, a time when so much was said and written on the duty of mothers in the training and care of their children. One would almost think that the child belongs wholly to her, that the father has no rights in or responsibility for the care and conduct of the children.

In these days when mothers are finding out their mistake in confining themselves to cooking the food, making and mending the garments for their families, and are learning they must keep abreast with their boys and girls, by interesting themselves with them in this work-a-day world, its current events, literary pursuits, and philanthropic work, it is also time for fathers to take time from business and the world, to enter into the home, not taking mother's place, but their own.

How often we hear it said that the three sweetest words are "Mother, home and heaven!" I protest against leaving out the word "father," as if he had no place either in home or heaven.

Back of all love, and being, is God our Father. First in home as first in heaven, should be the father.

Is there any good reason why the father's and mother's duties in the care and conduct of the children, should be so divided that an impassable wall rises between, and as on a sign-board is written, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther?"

A child, when he first begins the study of geography, naturally thinks of the countries, or of the United States, as divided by a natural or supernatural dividing line. I remember looking for that line, when as a child I journeyed into an adjoining state. Then I learned they were imaginary lines. Is not that as true of the division of the father's and mother's care of their children?

I would like to see the time come when it would neither be unusual or a subject of surprised remark, to see father take the little two or three-year-old child, or even younger, to bed, while perchance the mother takes up the evening paper and reads the news, news, indeed, to her, although not to the father, who has heard much of the current events talked of or about, in the office, on the street, or in the car. It would, no doubt, be a delightful change to mother and child, after the child became sufficiently acquainted with his father to enjoy him; but it is with neither mother nor child I am chiefly concerned, but with the pleasure and profit it would be to the father. Think of the change from the clamor of outside business life, with its bustle and selfish jostling, to the quiet of the chamber and the innocent freshness of the white-robed baby! Children give their confidence most often at the bedtime hour. Think you a boy who until he was ten years old was accustomed to not infrequent talks with father, after he had retired at night, would be likely to get far away in his confidence from father in later years?

Mothers know the value of these bedtime hours, and much of the greater confidence usually given them, is due to the wise use of these times.

The boy would not love his mother less than now, but his father more than it is possible for him to do, when that father is largely known as the provider, a good provider though he may be, of the comforts of the household.

There is another reason for this. Sometimes the mother is called, it may be, to follow other members of the household who have entered into "the many mansions," and the family is known on earth as motherless. Blessed are the children who still have to some extent, father and mother, in the father who learned to be a mother also to them, in the days when the circle was unbroken!

Oh! the children that might have been made happy, whose lives might have been useful and good, saved from wretchedness and crime, had it not been written of them, "They were motherless!"

Fathers, you will lose no real dignity, but gain in nobleness and tenderness of character, if you will cultivate in yourselves the mother-qualities.

One word to mothers, where many might be said on a much neglected subject. Teach your boys, while they are boys, to be fathers, as truly as you do your girls to be mothers. When the father becomes as a mother to his children, in watchful care and tenderness, and the mother as a father to them in matters of practical life and education, half orphanage will not be so great a misfortune, and the fathers and mothers who live to see their children grown, will find them, not like stunted plants, one-sided in their growth, but well-rounded in character, and well-grounded in the essential qualities of noble manhood and gracious womanhood.

It often takes more real religion to stay at home to care for a baby than to preach an eloquent sermon.

OUTING.

END OF THE CAMP.

BY CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

Once more the holy night comes on,
Her sable pinions beat
Above the pine-tree roof, as still
As walk the angels' feet.

It seems not far to the angels now:
Yon star that pricks the sky
Above yon spire of pine, would seem
To light us easily

To the feet of God. The cadenced breath
That breathes from tree to tree,
Is like the tones just vanishing
Of Heaven's melody.

Our thoughts unsandaled walk about
The camp-fire. Love, not fear,
Subdues our hearts to gentleness;
For Horeb's God is here,

The shadow-cincture draws us close
Around this altar dear;
Deep into wells of kindred thought
Our steady glances peer.

We read adown the common track
Which a score of years unfold,
Where common joys and sorrows lie
In the lambent flame unrolled.

Yet as these starry waters round
In restful silence sleep,
As if God's jewelled hand were spread
Across their shadows deep,

So Peace is with us here to-night
And lights the years afar;
While every shadow we have known,
Though trembling, holds a star.

One chilling thought alone invades
Our measureless content—
To-night our fire to ashes fades,
To-morrow strikes our tent.

Once more the grapple close with care,
Again the shoulders bend;
And yet, O world! lay on, lay on—
Thy stormy signals send,

We are stronger for the load that comes
And tougher for the fight,
For the healing of the piney woods
And the balm that falls to-night.

Farewell, ye sentinel pines, farewell,
Your honor be confessed,
That with stately plume and shafts of strength
Ye have guarded well our rest.

And you, ye lakes, fair smiles of heaven,
Dimpling in shade or sun,
With us shall stay the lights you've given,
Till memory's work is done.

And thou, benignant Soul of peace,
Thou Spirit of this place,
Filling the heavens and the earth
With tenderness and grace,

To thee we can not say "Farewell,"
Attend us as we go;
That days of strife may know thy spell,
And the night, thine after glow.

* * * * *
The firelight sinks to the ashes gray,
The shadows bold creep on;
We stand within their solemn sway,
Our camping days are done.

One meteor shoots athwart the night,
God's finger down the sky;
It points the way to the weary world,
Dear Island Lake—Good-bye.