

adjudged insane or criminal. These are qualifications, regulations. But if a greater age be required of some classes than of others, or a longer residence, or a different color of skin, or difference in pedigree, or in sex, then the so-called "qualification" ceases to be merely regulatory. Being prohibitive, it is no longer a rule applicable to all; it is a decree applicable to a class. No longer a "qualification," it is a "discrimination."

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Our "Favorable" Balance.

The fatuity of commercial experts in considering the significance of our "favorable balance of trade" is more than amazing. Here we have the Wall Street Journal bragging about the balance of outgo for the calendar year as if it were a balance of income. It assumes that the enormous export balance is subject to draft—that it will all come back to us. But how can it come back?

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Turn to the Treasury reports (p. 832) and you will see that our producers have shipped abroad since the beginning of the year \$502,109,864 of merchandise in excess of the merchandise imported. Is this to come back in silver? Not at all; for in the same time we have shipped \$8,622,528 more in silver than we have received back. Is it to come back in gold? No. In the same time we have shipped \$28,679,276 more in gold than we have received back. Think of it! In ten months \$539,411,668 more of gold, silver and merchandise has gone out of the country than has come back into the country.

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May we expect repayment in the future? Not if the future is to be judged by the history of the past. Since 1897 we have sent out of the country the enormous sum of \$5,612,641,686 more than has come back, and this includes gold and silver as well as merchandise. And since 1834 we have sent out \$8,235,619,317 of gold, silver and merchandise more than has come back.

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Are we asked, then, what has become of this "favorable" balance? It is very certain that it is not a credit, for we are a debtor nation. It has evidently gone, for the most part, in payment of some form of tribute. We are paying foreigners for the use of our own country. It is much the same as a tenant farmer pays his landlord down in the village. He sends away from the farm more than he gets back, just as we as a trading

nation do. His exports also continuously exceed his imports. His balance also is "favorable"—more outgo than income. But *he* doesn't brag about it.

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LIFE AS AN EDUCATIONAL FACTOR

When we incline to condemn our public schools for fostering among the children of the uneducated a contempt for their parents—and we often do, quite naturally I suppose—I think we indict the wrong party. Our indictment should be against our whole social and industrial system, and not against the very small factor of it called the public school, which has made and is making herculean efforts to keep out of the vortex of the system, but is in spite of itself and its workers being gradually drawn into it.

I have talked to parents and children in France and in England. I have talked to employers and employes. I have devoured as much of the literature bearing on these subjects as I could in the time at my disposal, and I have read current news and current comment, that is to say, editorial comment. I have done it two winters in Paris, and now the second summer in the small fishing town of Etaples and in the larger one, Boulogne. Among those with whom I have talked have been fervent aristocrats, upholders of the old regime, and rabid revolutionists who still hope from the Republic all the blessings originally looked for. They all complain of the tendency of education to foster contempt among its beneficiaries for the status of their parents.

In Paris when one tries to get at the bottom of the trouble between church and state, and the consequent decree against convent education and the driving out of the nuns, one is told that the old education given in monasteries and convents made egotists of the children, alienated them from their parents and unfitted them for life. Then when I ask about the present system in France and in England, it is the same story. "The schools are educating the masses above their position."

In England it is no longer possible for ladies to find servants; or if a woman should be so fortunate as to find a girl who consents to work in her kitchen, said girl insists on having her evenings to herself; and not only that, but she has the extreme presumption to ask for the morning papers, and her mistress has seen her some time afterward reading those papers by the kitchen fire. "Now I ask you," the little woman will say to me, "can such a state of things be tolerated?" I have even been told that the maid sometimes asks also for

the evening paper, "if the family has finished reading it;" and, funniest of all, the family is in such terror of the maid's leaving if she is not suited with her place that they docilely hand over all the papers in sight. It is said also that the mistress has been seen darning the family hose in the parlor while the maid reads the newspaper in the kitchen.

In Etaples the fathers and mothers of the matelots and matelotes (fisher boys and girls) can neither read nor write, but the new education has taught the children both, and there is a great hue and cry. "They are being educated above their work, they no longer keep their place, they ask twice as much for their services as formerly, and many absolutely refuse to follow the vocation of their fathers and mothers. The boys will not be fishermen and the girls will not marry fishermen. One fisher girl has learned to play the piano—heaven knows how, for it would seem impossible—and has gone to Paris to learn to be a milliner. How I wish I knew that girl! What pluck she must have had.

Beside that, put the tales of my landlady. Her husband is maritime guard, or, as the fishermen call him, "garde de poissons," or "garde de bateaux," because it is his business to inspect all the fish landed at this port and sold in the market here. The man has been a sailor in many seas, and his people and his wife's have followed the sea for generations. They know the fishing people thoroughly. Last season was a bad one, fish were scarce in Etaples all summer and as a consequence bread was scarce all winter. As Madame tells it to me in her peasant tongue, "The women and children went often to bed without bread, because it goes without saying that if they could have bread or a morsel of meat or butter it must be given to the man who risked death in the open in the effort to gain food for his family; and so there would be for the family only a few scraps of salt fish that were not sold, and often not even potatoes to add to the fish."

Even I, a stranger, can see how they live. The tiny houses are crowded close together along the narrow, tortuous streets, running along the quai and winding away from it toward the country, but always a compact mass. Down the sides of the streets run the open drains, and in the middle is piled all the refuse and filth from the houses. When the boats come in the women, often leading their children by the hand or carrying them on their backs, help to unload the fish and carry them to the town market where they are sold to commission men from the large cities. When the cargo

has been discharged they help to mend the nets and provision the boat for her next trip. In the intervals of the husbands' absence they make and mend the sails and the nets and care for their always numerous families; and when the family is very poor the women add to its income by fishing for shrimps, an arduous and dangerous undertaking. Then the bourgeoisie of the town wonder that the boys and girls are not willing to follow this life and live in this squalor! In the United States and Canada do not the farmers' sons and daughters say the same thing, and are they not forsaking farm life, as the matelot his fishing? Hundreds of times have I heard it with my own ears, "I shall never be a farmer," "Nothing would induce me to marry a farmer."

If you ask me for the cause, I find it in the small return we make for the most arduous and disagreeable work, and in the absolute lack of leisure that this condition entails; and I see that life is educating the masses a hundred times more quickly than the schools. Every time an automobile rushes through Etaples—and it is many times a day—or a pleasure boat goes gaily up the river, the young people are able to compare their lot as toilers with the lot of the idle rich. The drones who rush about on pleasure bent have become our real and our strongest teachers.

IDA FURSMAN.

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THE SOCIAL SERVICE LAW OF EQUAL FREEDOM

I. The Law and Its Bearings.

Once more at Joseph's restaurant, Doctor, at the very table and in the same cozy corner where you and I sat more than a year ago when we fell into our conversations about social service (vol. x, p. 412), I feel that there could be no occasion more fit for pulling together the odds and ends of our talks (p. 796) and considering their significance. With me, as I hope with you, they have pointed to the vital importance of universal conformity to the natural law of equal freedom.

Pardon me, however, if I caution you again to observe the meaning of the words "natural law" in this connection. I dislike cautioning you over much, but those words don't allude, you know, to physics merely, nor to vegetation merely, nor to animality merely. They allude to human association, and to all that this implies. Oh, yes; I know of the objection that there can be no such thing as equal freedom, since some men are slaves to evil personal habits or propensities. But I