

past year: the reactionary element in Russia encouraged in its pretensions to the reintegration of Russian Armenia in the Russian Empire; France in possession of Armenia's promised outlet on the Mediterranean, Adana, Cilicia and the Armenian vilayet of Sivas; England holding Armenia's Black Sea and Caspian Sea gates and controlling the very highways that link Armenia to the rest of the world; the Araxes valley and the mineral wealth of the Karabakh mountains in the hands of the nomad Moslems of Azerbaidjan, place-holders for Britons to come. And not one jot of this would have altered had the United States accepted at once the responsibility of a mandate for Armenia. For has it not been going on while, according to Mr. Lloyd George, the Allies have been awaiting America's decision?

The role in the Near East for which the United States has been cast by our Allies has been the ungrateful one of "come on." That is of little consequence, since it has not succeeded. But the tragedy in the business is Armenia's. How much more Armenia has actually earned freedom and aid to stand alone than Poland or Czecho-Slovakia, or even Greece! But Armenia is out of the limelight of western European politics and a British censor still sits in Constantinople controlling the news from Asia Minor and the Caucasus. In all this maze of sordid, warring interests that have engulfed the young republic, there has been but one altruistic factor—the money, the food and the work of the Americans who have saved the Armenian people from extermination.

Or are the Armenians saved from extermination? Will not the last decision of the Peace Conference be, perhaps, the erection of an Armenia so circumscribed, so beset by enemies, so mortgaged to the exploiters of Europe, as to be but a sardonic betrayal of this people that has waited so many centuries its hour of fulfillment?

PAXTON HIBBEN.

To And Fro About the City

Shakespeare is dust, and will not come
To question from his Avon tomb,
And Socrates and Shelley keep
An Attic and Italian sleep.

They will not see us, nor again
Shall indignation light the brain
Where Lincoln on his woodland height
Tells out the spring and winter night.

They see not. But, O Christians, who
Throng Holborn and Fifth Avenue,
May you not meet, in spite of death,
A traveller from Nazareth?

JOHN DRINKWATER.

Over the Washtub

SCRUBBING is good exercise. For a sedentary worker like me, nothing could be more salutary than an hour of this bending of the back, clenching of the fists, and vigorous and repeated expansion and contraction of various muscles of the arms and shoulders. Stoking a furnace is the only activity to compare with it. But there all one's efforts go up in smoke, while here at the tub one has something to show for the rubbing. I find myself much elated at the whitened appearance of a pair of little stockings which, but a minute since, were brown from repeated contacts with dusty floors and dirty sidewalks. Nevertheless I must glance furtively over my right shoulder now and then. For if some student of mine should come strolling into our cellar and find me here, the days of my usefulness to the Board of Trustees would be at an end. *What!* a professor so lower his dignity as to permit himself to be caught in the act of washing baby-clothes? Irremediable fault! And then we should have to move again, with consequent bruises to our precious davenport.

It is necessary for me to preserve a dignified posture even here. Although the great apron swathes me as if I were the pseudo-woman of a vaudeville rube act, yet I hold my head high and distend my nostrils like a racehorse, for such is my invariable pose. Every professor, if he is to be conventionally successful, must actually believe himself to be a person of some importance, and there is nothing like a contemptuous bearing to help him to accomplish that desirable self-deceit. Inevitably, however, he is struck with the contrast between his proud manner and his actual insignificance. Thus might my thoughts in this tidy little laundry become cynical. I might ponder upon the shame and disappointments of the American higher education. Only my animal optimism prevents me from becoming a typical modern philosopher, tearing down all and building up nothing. The fact is that I sympathize rather with the redactor than with the original author of the book of Ecclesiastes. I prefer to magnify rather than to minimize the value of any work that I may do, though it be nothing but laundering diapers.

Like Spartacus, whose nervous energy would have made him a good washerwoman, I can comfort myself with the thought that I was not always thus. In truth, I never before was as well off as I am now. Three years ago I declared that I would live anywhere and do anything for a yearly wage of eighteen hundred dollars. Now I have my eighteen hundred. Three years ago I envied colleagues of mine, fellow-instructors at twelve hundred dol-

lars a year, who had two children apiece. Now I am happy with my one blessed baby, for whose comfort and refinement I rub strong soap (thus, and thus) into my smarting knuckles.

It is true that I might think miserable thoughts over the difficulties of my situation. In the first six months of this year, we have had to borrow one hundred dollars to pay our necessary expenses. And my wife, whose good appearance is one of the principal bolsters of my pride, has to remodel her old clothes till there are seamstresses' callouses on all her fingers. I have had no winter suit this year; instead I have worn various garments that, alas! "don't match." My overcoat is four or five times as old as the baby. Our consolation is that we have become no more deeply indebted. We know professors' families who are still struggling under burdens of vast "college debts," sometimes to the unimaginable sum of a thousand dollars. We might find excuse for pessimism in our relations with our landlord. We have lived in his new apartment house for five months, and the last of the electrical fixtures are not yet in place. On the other hand, our master has announced that an advance of a little matter of three dollars a month in our rent will begin next month! When I think of him, I scrub so viciously that I seem likely to dig a hole in the washboard.

Well, he is a Methodist. At any rate he sings in the Methodist choir. Perhaps he hasn't forgiven me for a story I once told him. I asked a student in a "down East" college who John the Baptist was. When the boy unblushingly declared his ignorance, I expressed disgusted astonishment. Whereupon he whispered loudly to his nearest neighbor, "I don't have to know that; I'm a Methodist." I can hear him now; the squeaking of his voice resembled the creaking of this clothes-wringer.

This turning of the crank of the wringing-machine is the worst part of the whole damp job. But then, I have nothing to be peevish about. Here is my pleasant home; here is my pleasant family. We all are healthy, except for influenza now and then. We have good social position. That is important; indeed, that is why we have to wash so much.

And on the whole, all our difficulties, even the excessive amount of washing, are worth the while. I like to be called "Professor." I enjoy being respected. I love books and human nature. In no kind of work other than teaching could I combine both interests. Years ago, when I was a schoolboy, I used to dream of a career of authorship. That dream is dead. A mate with a sharp tongue once said to me, "Dick, you have published one thing

each year ever since I first knew you. I hope you'll continue at the same rate." He has his wish. I have tried my hand at most kinds of writing, except the novel. At none have I succeeded. Therefore I remain in a college as a teacher of the art and science of writing. Here I have at least the reputation of an author. Have I not published essays and poems and stories? Yes, truly enough,—two of each.

The principal reason, then, for my remaining in the ill-paid profession of my choice is that I know nothing else that I could do with equal satisfaction.

I am underpaid, like most other good Christians. I should smell brimstone if I discovered myself overpaid. Therefore, why should I grumble? I have plenty of enjoyable things to think about as I hang up these baby-clothes. When I have pinned the last nightgown to the line, I can go back to the stack of blue-books from yesterday's quizzes. And probably I shall find other gems to compare with the sententious remark of little Miss B. that Tom Jones was "susceptible to the charms of women." To be sure, I can hope never again to see such poetry as this last year's bit of Shakespeare:

"The poets sigh, in a fine frenzy rolling."

But I often chance upon amusing truisms such as this:

"Alexander Hamilton's political career was blighted by the results of his duel with Aaron Burr."

Of course, there is also my interest in scholarly research. Undeniably my research work, like that of most other writers of learned articles, whether at Harvard or De Ruyter Academy, is partly empty pretense. American scholarship is just another national game. We pretend to have a perfect assortment of facts, but when it comes to a show-down we are overjoyed to be able to display a modicum more of erudition than the next man. Black is typical: He wanted to know whether there were any analogues in *Paradise Lost* for a certain situation common enough in the medieval German epics in which he was especially interested; so he came and asked me, because he had heard that I had read *Paradise Lost*. Obedient to the accepted ethical standards of scholars, I told him, though he might better have consulted a Milton Concordance. Indeed, I am fond of research. Even now, as I splash the cold water around and around in the tub that I am rinsing, I am debating mighty questions with regard to my next article.

"Yes, my dear, I'm all through now. I'll come right up and help you with the breakfast dishes."

The Irreconcilables

HISTORIAN, whoever you may be, sinking your shaft through these gone days, you will have only one name and title for the fourteen Americans who, in the north end of the Capitol, stood and stopped the world. They were, they are, they will be, The Irreconcilables.

They stopped the world, they impeded it, they delayed it, till—what will you say? Till the cage which had been built for the world had been shattered—till the bars of the cage had split—till the cage was a ruin.

Thus America entered into the heritage of Britain. Britain, so provincial, so selfish, so moral and hypocritical, destroyed the effort of the Holy Alliance after the Napoleonic War, to establish a peace of the world in the service of hereditary monarchical right. America, so provincial, so selfish, so moral and hypocritical, went and destroyed the effort of the League of Nations after the German War, to establish a peace of the world in the service of established investments, established debts, established boundaries, established spheres of influence, established conquests and subjugations and mandates, established machine-guns, established moneys.

Britain, in the moment after Napoleon, was not hostile to monarchs. America, in the moment after William of Hohenzollern, was not hostile to moneys. Nevertheless it was the destiny of Britain to explode the predatory pacifism of monarchs, and the destiny of America to explode the predatory pacifism of moneys. There remains the pacifism of men. There remains the peace of the world that passes the understanding of monarchs and of moneys. There remains the peace of free cooperation between free governments of peoples free of all masters.

Note, O historian, for the mere marking of a prophecy, note the Resolution introduced into the United States Senate on February 26th by the implacable Irreconcilable Joseph Irwin France of Maryland. It directs the President to summon the nations of the world to an assembly at Washington for the purpose of establishing a "Concert of Nations" which shall hold "International Conferences"—on what themes? On themes which from the moment of their first statement look not toward peace by force but toward peace by freedom.

The "International Conferences" shall endeavor, for example, "to proceed with all possible means and speed to conciliate the people of

Russia, China, India, Afghanistan, the Central Powers and Turkey, in order that these nations or countries may not form against the western Powers a hostile coalition which might menace the peace of the world." The "International Conferences" shall endeavor, for example, "to devise methods for the advancement of the peoples of colonies, protectorates, or dependencies from the status of dependence to that of independence and to full participation in the International Conferences."

Monarchs and moneys start on a better life by sanctifying all vested and invested establishments. Men start on a better life by conversions.

And note, O learned sir, with your little hammer and microscope, cracking and revealing the personal puzzles of our time—note, that among the Irreconcilables, Conservative and Progressive, Tory and Liberal, there were two who in a certain incident were prophets of the union which subsequently bound all Irreconcilables together out of all their diversities into one little group of solidly wilful men.

These two Senators, in the midst of the war against Germany, voted against the Espionage law. In the midst of the war against Germany they believed—and voted—that the war did not justify the depth of the attack made by the Espionage law on American human and constitutional liberty.

One of these two Senators was the Senate's completest philosophical Liberal, its most modernistic acceptor of all Liberalism's currents, sources, tributaries, and outlets. The other was the Senate's most perfect exemplar of the Americanism of the days of the fathers—the days of citizens escaped from the political meddlesomeness and from the economic meddlesomeness of benevolent and coercive governments.

One of these two Senators was France of Maryland. The other was Sherman of Illinois. They found themselves together against the Espionage law. They found themselves together against the League of Nations and the Treaty.

But against the Espionage law there were more than two Senators. There were six. In that first vote against that first wedge of prying and spying and trying for opinion, there were six Senators. Six Senators said an absolute "No." You will need their names, O digger of names to be saved, when you are writing about liberty and the League of Nations. Those six Senators were: Borah,