

July 18

1000 pounds of pineapples, 150 pounds of grapefruit, 1200 pounds of cabbage, 300 pounds of turnips, 5 barrels of beans.

Beginning on the 13th of July the Kitchen has been fortunate enough to salvage daily about 3,000 pounds of good potatoes, which are at once sold at one cent a pound to people who are the greatest sufferers from the present high prices.

The women fully realize that they are not solving any economic problem, for the matter of labor does not have to be considered except in a very small way, but what they are trying to do is to solve one of the problems of food conservation. Certainly they are saving food, which in these war times is a matter of great importance. They are giving an object lesson to those who will look and learn and do likewise. They are gaining a knowledge at first-hand of conditions at the food terminals of their own city, and they believe that if sufficient publicity can be given to these conditions there will be improvement. The questions of municipal buying and selling, of getting producer and consumer nearer together, are constantly before them. The farmer, after paying about twice as much for everything as he paid a year ago, must feel sure of a market. The woman on whom rests the responsibility of feeding the family must be sure that she buys food at as low a price as possible. Conditions that allow hundreds of tons to be thrown away daily must cease. One thing is certain; the 80 per cent of good food that is often thrown away with the 20 per cent of bad should be put on the New York markets, and this would reduce the price.

The day this is written thirty-three barrels of good squash have been transferred from the piers to the Canning Kitchen, which otherwise would have been destroyed. Someone will benefit by the saving of this waste, but it will not be the farmer who suffers a dead loss on his squash, or the consumer who gains no reduction in price from the over supply. Something is wrong with the distributing system.

MABEL H. KITTREDGE.

A Texas Pogrom

A NEW case arises for the Association of American University Professors, something so far removed from their academic queries on academic freedom, so arbitrary, so grotesque, so much opera bouffe, that it will be like considering the acts of the Sultan of Sulu in the celebrated piece of that name. At the University of Texas one dean has resigned, all the assistants have been

dropped, and seven professors dismissed—to use the local words for it—and a great promise is made for October against others, including the president. For a state university the place has been notably free from political entanglements. These began in the time of former President Mezes; but it has taken the elemental genius and naïveté of Governor Ferguson to bring things to the present chaos.

The psychology of the Governor seems beyond the power of his observers. But it is widely admitted that he is a man of simple but vehement directions, copious emotions, a headlong something that looks like courage at all times, a sense of almost brilliant abuse, and a use of question-begging epithets and transferred facts and reckless vivacity of statement, that are effective in mass oratory. Something out of all this—just what is not clear—started him on the problem of the university.

What irony is it that makes things express themselves typically, according to popular farce and melodrama and moving-picture? Here is the University of Texas, with a total of 4,620 students, a place of striking growth and development, of good standing, commended by President Eliot at the time of his tour of the colleges as among the leading state universities, here is such a place suddenly turning O. Henry, Bret Harte, comic supplement, and getting itself featured in such a rattling, roisterous fashion that all who hear of it will be saying: How western! Just like Texas. Which is not the case at all. And yet the seriousness of the situation, the threatened ruin, does almost disappear in the glaring farce of its incidental expression.

Governor Ferguson began the attack by assailing Dean Battle, then serving with marked success as acting-president, accusing him of many things: of the misuse of appropriations, of an attempt to overthrow the will of the people and free government, and of stripping the people of all but the privilege of shouldering and paying for a few men's "unholy spree of establishing an educational hierarchy," and so on. To which Dean Battle with the support of the Attorney General of Texas, replied with precision and dignity, and from which, fantastic as it was, he was exonerated by the Board of Regents. At the same time, seeing no chance of harmony, Dean Battle withdrew his name from any consideration for the presidency, and later accepted a position elsewhere. The Governor then indicated a number of men that ought to be removed from the faculty—a body dubbed by him as tin Jesuses—and implied that unless that was done there would "be the biggest bear fight that was ever pulled off in Texas." The professors were then called before the regents to defend them-

selves. The Governor himself saw no reason for such hearings; when asked by a regent for his reason for the dismissals, he replied: "I don't have to give reasons. I am Governor of Texas." One of the regents declared that he would rather go to hell in a hand-basket than dismiss one of the men. Sins were assigned them. One cheated the Auditor on mileage books; another presided at a meeting at which a question arose as to the endorsement of the Governor's policies. Another ought to be dismissed because anybody could see how—to use the Governor's words—"His School of Journalism had defied the Governor of Texas, who has given him the biggest appropriation they ever had." "He was the editor"—which was not the case, Mr. Mayes being only a stockholder—"of the paper that skinned me from hell to breakfast. He is drawing the state's pay to skin my back from one end of the state to the other. And then you gentlemen criticize me for doubting this appropriation and say I am putting the school into politics." One man's sin was a football game at the state's expense. And another had been selling notebooks to his students and making money thereby.

The Sulu, the bouffe, the Sultanic, appeared in the real objections to these men. These were varicolored, local, whimsical, passionate. The baldest was the notebook accusation, wholly disproved, which rested on a pious zeal with an unlucky climax when a vice crusade for the students' good ran suddenly near the ways of a regent, a benefactor of the University. The matter was beneficently silenced; but the regent insisted, quite impersonally, of course, that this professor should be dropped for hurting the business interests of the town by making public the presence of vice.

From all these charges the faculty members were all cleared and the matter closed by the Board of Regents.

But on July 12th, a Board of Regents, mainly new, remade for the purpose, met. One at least—more it is said—carried his six-shooter. But things were simple enough. The name of Professor Keasbey was put up for dismissal and passed (though this is a case outside of the rest, a matter of efforts contrary to the present purposes of the United States government); then six names were proposed for dismissal, and without argument or discussion, passed. More to follow in October. This was an easier method than the earlier trials, just a Governor's will.

And meantime the students on one occasion during a meeting of the Governor with the Board of Regents had formed a parade of 2,000 with music and banners bearing such legends as "Kaiserism is a Menace Abroad, Likewise at Home."

"While I was reading the sixth paragraph [of his order to the Regents]," says the Governor, "the sound of fife and drum was heard resounding in the corridors of the Capitol." And all due, he thinks, to faculty incitement and coöperation. Farmer Jim wants, as the Governor is called, he says, "to make a first class university, though men may wish to enjoin him" from exercising his constitutional right to appoint members of the faculty. Couldn't the people, he asks, get more good out of the 317 dollars a year spent on each student at the University by putting it into primary education? Some people are "hog wild over higher education," he says, "come to be damn fools about it." "All we are going to do is to restore the University to a business basis, get the dead men off the payroll, and have those people out there work eight or ten hours a day like the Governor and the judges and your other servants."

And, as a friend of his remarks, it can readily be seen that an institution that serves usually 2,500 out of five million people, yet costs a million dollars a year, is not a complete success; if the place were what it ought to be there should be for this sum 25,000 students.

Meanwhile there is a large class that sides with Farmer Jim; and there is an element that enjoys the whole affair as a mere political row, the ins and outs of favor and party. The friends of the University have rallied around it in a manner that will eventually be to its good. And practically all the best newspapers are on this side. Incidentally the Prohibitionists point out that at least five of the nine regents have anti connections; and also cite letters from Mr. Busch that were unearthed in the course of the Sulphur Springs trial in which Mr. Busch urges that they get more hold on the universities and put more men on the faculties who would appreciate the qualities of beer. And Mr. Hogg, of the Ex-Students' Committee and a former regent, begins a recent leaflet with this fine botanical figure: "To call this thimble-rigging, swaggering, swashbuckling Governor a common-garden liar would be the grossest flattery."

And the Association of American University Professors, what can it do about it? How will it approach the matter? Nobody is arguing about freedom of speech, delicate points of expression, class-room and platform ethics, or about thought or teaching. The whole discussion has not touched once upon brains or on scholarly equipment. The whole fight has been set up on the basis of a very low-class morality; and that mostly insincere, though recognized by the masses as the one indisputable way to catch the other fellow. Grafting, lying, cheating, easy traps. And suppose the Association of American University Professors did

get together in pungent shape its objections and injunctions? The Governor has answered that with the same autocracy over English that he claims over faculties.

In a letter to Mr. Faber: "It appears from recent developments that certain members of the Board of Regents are conspiring with certain members of the faculty, including the President of the University, to perpetuate certain members of the faculty who in my opinion, contrary to every principle of right and decency.

"It is quite apparent that the issue is going to be decidedly drawn. I am, therefore, writing you to say that unless I may be assured of your full and complete coöperation, I will much appreciate your sending to me at once your resignation as a member of the Board of Regents.

"You can rest assured that I have nothing against you personally, but the time has come when I must know who is for me and who is against me."

This from the faculty trials:

"We just as well understand each other and I will tell you now, if you undertake to put these men over me, I am going to exercise my constitutional authority"—which does not exist—"to remove every member of this board that undertakes to keep them. I say that in all due candor."

The Chairman asks if he wants to dismiss these men without investigating the charges. The Governor replies: "You can do as you please about it. It seems that I have to prove my case step by step, and it seems that the Governor of Texas is an orphan child and it seems that at the University he has to prove his case. I haven't got time to come out here and appear in the rôle of county attorney."

The Chairman then asks what suggestions of procedure the Governor has to make in regard to this matter.

"I think it is just as easy as falling off a log. If you simply go to these men—and they are guilty of the charge, there ain't two ways about it—if President Vinson will just simply go to these men: 'You made this record here and I am not to blame for it—I can't include your name in that list and I want to relieve this University of this issue.' And that is all there is to it. Everything will be harmonious and everything will come along all right. But whenever you get the idea in your head that you will make one of these teachers out here bigger than the Governor or the Legislature—it is just like a cash boy in Mr. Sanger's store trying to tell Mr. Sanger where to head in. You all can't expect me to keep my self-respect and put Battle over me.

". . . You are proceeding on the theory that these professors have got some legal right

here. They are tenants at will just like any man that is working for Mr. Sanger or in Major Littlefield's bank. For the good of his bank he can discharge and the discharging is done and does not call for anything further than they catch him with the goods on. . . . You have a perfect right to dispose of any man you want to without me. Tell him we have decided we don't need you and that's all there is to it. . . . For the good of this University say, now, go along: we wish you Godspeed; we are not going to put anything in your way; we are not going to prefer charges against you . . . for the good of the University this thing ought to be done. In that way you settle this thing. You will have no row; you will restore the confidence of the rest of the faculty. . . . A man has a right to a trial where you are going to hang somebody, but—. . . . As a legal proposition you are correct, but this Board is bound by no such decision. There may be lots of men in here that this Board may think are not proper people and they can dispense with their services without any trial."

One of the regents: "Only a few years ago the Board of Regents and the President gave a couple of members of the Medical Department fifteen minutes to send in their resignations."

Finally comes the announcement of a special session of the Legislature this month, to consider impeachment proceedings against the Governor.

And the Governor himself states in the press that a certain questioned act of his was "as square and as honest as any act of the Savior."

STARK YOUNG.

Robert Bridges and Thomas Hardy

ROBERT BRIDGES and Thomas Hardy—one may join them as the contrasting poets in English literature of to-day: the one writing clearly and fluently out of an understanding of the whole of the national cultivated poetry; the other hacking out forms to fit his very personal conceptions or else taking up the jigs and jangles of the country ballad-singer: the one deeply learned; the other curiously informed, oddly knowledgable: the one the poet of the court; the other the poet of the village community.

They both have added to the variety of English verse, and it is interesting to notice the kind of contribution each has made. As I look at a poem in Hardy's *Time's Laughing Stocks*, I recall how at a meeting of a poetry society in an American city I heard a lady criticize a poem that had