

had a very wavering policy. To be sure its cry was always "Organize," but the many ways of organizing that were suggested by its editors, gave to the paper anything but the firm immovable stand that a champion of fallen liberty should take. At the end of each week the company met at McKeon's (that is as a company) and resolved itself into an admiration society. Surely the world of newspapers was receiving some brilliant examples of radical journalism. Finally, however, it was thought best to have one man control the paper, and accordingly a man was looked for. He must be an Irishman, patriotic, and cheap. All these requirements were fulfilled in the person of Gerald Ffrench, a young Irishman, seeking his fortune in a freer land than Ireland. He professed to be an experienced newspaper man, when in reality he was absolutely ignorant of the most trivial details of a printing house. Consequently it was a risky piece of business for him to assume the management of so important a publication as the *Eagle*. But he had tact and a ready pen, and the weeks passed by without revealing to the company that the *Aigle* was making an editor instead of the editor making the *Eagle*. The inevitable fate of such a paper was not long deferred. The "Thryumvirate" was out of funds and with no sources of revenue. Suspension was unavoidable. The *Eagle* ceased to soar and Gerald Ffrench was left to seek a new situation. He went carrying with him the esteem and admiration of his employers, but whether, from their point of view, he deserved their regard, let the sequel show. The paper had done a great deal of good, even if it was good to Ffrench alone. It had showed him the insane depths of frenzy to which hot-headed fanaticism can sink. The necessity forced upon him of writing editorials calling for the slaughter of parliament, the queen and all state officers, had roused all the true patriotism there was in him. So, when a short time after the fall of the *Eagle*, Gerald wrote a scathing denunciation of the murder of a wealthy Irish proprietor, he fell into deep disgrace with the "Thryumvirate," which met, as of old, at McKeon's. "What should be done wid him?" It was proposed that the company waylay Ffrench some night and administer a sound thrashing to him. This proposal was rejected by the self-appointed chairman, because, as he said, "A digenerate Irishman like him wud think nothin' of appalin' to the police for protection."

Another in the January *Century* is called "An Old Man From the Old Country," and like the first, is a story of Irish life, as it exists in San Francisco. The "old man" was Mr. Quinn, and the "old country" was, of course, Ireland. Mr. Quinn, though unable to read and write, had contrived to amass quite a fortune by speculation in California real estate. Gerald Ffrench is the only character of any prominence beside Quinn. Like the story of the *Aigle* this begins in a saloon, where Gerald and Mr. Quinn are introduced. On the ground of the common nationality and Quinn's evident admiration of Gerald as one of the "rales ould shtock," a close acquaintance grows up between the two, ill-assorted as they are. The story deals at some length with the incidents attendant on that acquaintance, and draws to an end by telling of the death of Mr. Quinn. It seems that he felt himself sinking and sent for a lawyer to draw up his will. The lawyer came, prepared the will, and presented it to the old man for his signature. Mr. Quinn, having a natural delicacy about displaying his inability to write, put off the affair till the next day. When that day came Mr. Quinn was not in a position to even make his mark. He died, leaving an unsigned will which bequeathed to Gerald Ffrench nearly three hundred thousand dollars worth of property.

One who has read the stories or sketches, whichever they may be called, would naturally think the writer was an Irishman. I am not so sure of that, but he must be that or an American. At least this much is certain, he is one who appreciates the humor there is in the Irishman, as well as the depths of emotion. He is surely very familiar with life on the Pacific coast, and particularly with the phase of life shown in the stories. There is no plot, no complicated machinery of construction, only a simple tale of Irish life, somewhat modified by the influence of an adopted country. As far as the stories are a history of Gerald Ffrench, one can with reason fancy that the author is describing personal adventures of his own. In all, Ffrench takes a part sufficiently in the background to give the impression that he is writing his own experience.

In the "Rise and Fall of the *Irish Aigle*," Jessop shows the more passionate side of an Irishman's nature. Not indeed, illustrated by deeds, but by words. Still the story is very humorous. It could not be otherwise and be a story with an Irishman in it. The second story deals at more length with the lighter part of human character. There is none of the extremes of patriotism or of sorrow that are shown in the other two. If we are to consider that anything written of men is a study of them and of their characters, then we might call these stories a study of the Irish character toned down by American ideas and American experience.

As I said before, they were no doubt written by one who is enough of an Irishman to understand an Irishman's pathos, passion or humor. When you have an idle hour borrow someone's *Century* and enjoy the reading of these stories. For they are very enjoyable and amusing, and if one reads them rightly, very instructive.

OPEN LETTERS.

Judging from the remarks made concerning the suggestion offered in the editorial columns of the last issue of this paper many, if not a majority, of the students will be glad to see THE HESPERIAN transformed into a copious monthly. If the necessary money can be secured the support which will be given by the students generally in the way of literary contributions will surely prevent THE HESPERIAN from being a discredit to the institution which publishes it. Probably a meeting of the association will be called soon to consider the proposition. In the mean time students will please give the matter their careful attention.

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During the recital Wednesday evening the usual critic present at such entertainments was heard to remark that he wondered why people who are fond of piano duets always insist upon inflicting them upon an audience. Of course a duet played well shows a greater or less degree of skill on the part of the performers able to play well together, but why can't they get off alone somewhere if they insist upon playing a duet and if they really enjoy it themselves why is it necessary to bore the long-suffering and much abused public that attend for the sake of other features of the program.

This same music-critic was also heard to ask if some one would timidly explain why there existed such a wide discrepancy between the charge for drawing lessons and for music lessons in this institution. The instructor in art is not allowed to charge over fifty cents a lesson, while the instructor of music charges seventy-five cents per lesson. As the instructor receives a large salary for keeping up the department, it is