THE YELLOW BOOK.*

Or the second number of the Yellow Book it may at once be acknowledged that it is a distinct improvement on the first. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley tries to frighten us with an ugly frontispiece; but inside there will be found some altogether charming and pleasing specimens of Art. The girl's figure in the foreground of Mr. Wilson Steer's portrait of himself is exquisitely drawn, and the portrait of Madame Rejane shows Mr. Aubrey Beardsley at his best. The pose is characteristic and the expression has been caught to a miracle. The three Goura de Cah are also good; but the Slippers of Cinderella are not.

We need not speak of the writing of such old hands as Mr. Henry James, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Frederick Greenwood; each contributes a good specimen of a good style. Miss Ella D'Arcy continues to show great promise in "Poor Cousin Louis"—a very repulsive sketch, but well done. "The Roman Road," by Mr. Kenneth Graeme, is another piece that stands out from its surroundings. The analysis of the thoughts and emotions of the boy is effected simply and pleasantly. One new departure we note with sincere appreciation. "The editor and publishers," we are informed, "have conceived the entirely novel idea of publishing in the current number a review in two parts of the number immediately preceding it—one part to deal with the literature, and another to criticise the illustrations." Certain publishers have the bad habit of sending round with their productions a nicely printed slip containing a ready-made review of the book for the use of lazy critics; but we hope the enterprising publishers of the Yellow Book are not going to allow their young lions to glorify each other or themselves in this fashion. "No fault can be found with the first attempt, in which Mr. Hamerton balances his praise and blame with admirable discretion, but the possibilities opened up are disturbing. Indeed, there is in another part of the volume a specimen of what the "entirely novel idea" may lead to—disappointed essayist, who does not agree with his critics, being allowed to devote three or four pages to telling us with portentous gravity that he is an important person. The argument runs thus: Critics in the past have attacked men who afterwards became great; they have attacked me; therefore I am great. As the young gentleman writes from Oxford, there are hopes that he is still in that stage in which a judicious tutor may impart instruction on the construction of the syllogism.

THE HACKNEY TRAINING SCHOOL SCANDAL.

At the Hackney Union Training Schools, Brentwood, Mr. W. E. Knollys, the chief general inspector of the Local Government Board, who is associated with Mr. John Francis Rotton, Q.C., the legal adviser of the Board, yesterday resumed the inquiry into the general administration of the schools and as to the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Hadwick, the superintendent and matron, who are suspended pending the result of the inquiry. Mr. Horace Averty and Mr. Biron conducted the case on behalf of the Hackney Board of Guardians; while Mr. Robinson, solicitor, appeared for Mr. and Mrs. Hadwick.

Before evidence was taken, Mr. Knollys said he could not help observing that on the previous day, when the children were being examined, Mr. Hadwick shifted his position, fixed them with his eye, and somewhat ostentatiously taken down every word that was said. He mentioned this as it could not fail to have the effect of intimidating the children.

Mr. Robinson said that Mr. Hadwick was prepared to produce his notebook. There was not the slightest idea of intimidation.

Percy Mounce, a lad of thirteen, was then examined, and stated that he had been in the schools nine years, and was at one time in the infants' department. While there he, with the others, was put through basket drill by Nurse Gillespie as punishment. He did not remember seeing the matron present during the drill. Between book...