The second volume of the Yellow Book (Matthews and Lane) will not have the same succès de scandale that fell to the first, but it will be better liked by people who still think that it is well to draw the line somewhere. Writers like Mr. Henry James, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, and Mr. Austin Dobson have not been afraid to appear once more within these yellow covers, and this time they find themselves in the company of no very terrible associates. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, indeed, still disports himself after his fashion, and Mr. Walter Sickert, in the illustration that he calls "Ada Lunberg," goes perhaps further on the road to ugliness than even a New English Art Clubman has ever gone before; but these things are but the vagaries of the moment and do not much harm. As to the stories, Mr. Henry James (of whom, by the way, there is an excellent sketch-portrait by Mr. Sargent) gives us an essay of no less than 70 pages which is as clever and characteristic, as epigrammatic and as irritating, as he himself in his most critical mood could desire. His wish seems always to be to leave his reader with a sense of the futility of things and with a persuasion that the only certainty is a certainty of disillusion.

In "The Caxton Fund," he realizes this wish to the full, and shows us genius, philanthropy, marriage, and practical ambition coming out one and all as wretched failures. Never was inaction more highly painted. On the other hand, Mr. Greenwood's optimistic fancy, though interesting as a discourse on the prospects of the world, is more of an essay than a story. Of the other stories, Miss Ella D'Arcy's "Poor Cousin Louis" has some promise of power; and the short sketch by Mr. "O:" "A Purple Patch" contains two quite excellent scenes, though, regarded as a whole, the little story has no consistency. It is hard to say whether the author is a practised writer who has consented to publish a fragment inartificially joined, or a young writer drawing from some very vivid personal experience, but not knowing how to work. There are various short poems in the volume, good and bad; a charming epistle in verse by Mr. Austin Dobson; an epigram by Mr. William Watson; a vigorous, ugly bit of realism sketching the life of a city clerk, by Mr. John Davidson; and a delightfully fanciful story inspired by George Herbert and Herrick—the "My Study" of Mr. Alfred Hayes. In Songs from Dreamland (Longmans), Miss May Kendall has shown once more that she possesses a gift of humour which is not common among writers of her sex as well as a strong vein of thought and some metrical skill. The title, by the way, is a misnomer, for the best of the serious poems are "Songs of the City," with plenty of reality about them and no dreamland at all; and the lighter verses, grouped under the title "Sonnets of the Seasons," are the more successful. The employment of the "songs," which are the softer and more melodic of the two classes, in the introduction of the book is naturally that of an enthusiastic admirer; but in that he does not differ from any other public man writing about his school. The volume will be found interesting not only by English Catholics, but by a number of people to whom the life and education of that body have been a sealed book.

The unemployed, by Secretary to the Labour Commissioner, a handy volume containing a few of a question of which we must both agree, to a certain extent, to be of academic interest; but it is not to be expected that it will be used as a handbook. The purpose of the book is to deal with various Labour movements and bodies, and to give a general idea of the work of the various Labour bodies. The book is well written, and the information given is accurate and useful. It is not a book to be used as a handbook, but as a means of instruction to those who are interested in the subject.