

belt. The desired soft fulness of the hair is best achieved by tortoiseshell combs; which any coiffeur abreast of the times will teach you how to put in.

"I saw a very pretty dinner-table lately, and as it was also out of the common I give you the benefit of an original idea. The flowers were arranged in that delicate French pottery known generally, I believe, as Faience, with flowers and dainty landscapes set in a scroll-work border of rose-red. The flowers were all red and white, geraniums, lilies, and Solomon's seals in bell-like bunches; while on the white tablecloth was a red and white striped satin ribbon, crossed in the centre and looped into high bows at the four corners. It was very brilliant and effective.

"I am not quite out of Bookland, and have been reading an odd story called 'Needs Must.' A heroine, naturally high-minded, but forced by want of money to conform to the habits of others who live in her rather fast set, is very up-to-date. 'The long arm of coincidence' is stretched out to its farthest; nevertheless, it is all very interesting and—who knows?—life-like. What I want to know is if Madame Suzanne is a real character or no. If so, one would rather like to have her address. Second-hand clothes dealers are as numerous as loathsome; but this high-class 'revendeuse,' who buys only from the smartest women, and sells a Doucet or a Kate Reily (worn once or twice) for a mere song, would be a real boon to aspiring middle-class Society. And think what would be her vogue if it became known that a purchaser had once found a diamond of fabulous worth in the pocket of one of these second-hand gowns!

'Life's Little Ironies' will prove disappointing to the admirers of Mr. Thomas Hardy; but 'Red Diamonds' is wonderfully interesting, in rather an old-fashioned style, and I think that 'An American Peeress' is much read and much enjoyed. 'The Rubicon' is going because 'Dodo' went; but it is not so good, or so conventional to a degree."

From Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane there comes the I. of the much-expected new quarterly, "The Yellow Book"; and it comes in a wondrous ugly cover. It will be read with subdued but none the less earnest joy by the New School of Art, or the New Schools, or individuals who magnify themselves into schools; for is it not a precious thing? For myself I am, of course, a Philistine of the deepest dye; and being so, I see less merit in Mr. Aubrey Beardsley than in Mr. Phil May; less art in Mr. Walter Sickert than in Mr. Melton Prior; less beauty in "The Yellow Book" than in *Scribner's Magazine*; and less solid worth than I find in the good old *Quarterly*. Yet has this newest quarterly its virtue. The intention of its promoters is, we are told, "to present a fresh, brilliant, varied, and diverting table of contents"; and there is as little doubt about the freshness and brilliance of the outside of the thing as there is about the variety displayed inside it. The literary contributors include some well-known names; and though the shadow of youth is still over many of them, that will pass away. So far as I have read, there is good writing in the volume. But the bastard of mediævalism and the unconventional of modernity brood over all, as may be seen more especially in the pictures. There are a couple of nice studies by Sir Frederick Leighton—"nice" is the word; two typical adumbrations by Walter Sickert—for whose kind I have no great regard; and a hideous caricature of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, for which she will scarce have much. This last is by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, who, with refreshing impudence, calls it a "portrait." So are the hieroglyphic pictures of Osiris, which you may see in the ruined temples on the Nile, portraits. If Mr. Beardsley would—or should I say "could"?—take a hint or two from Mr. Phil May he might do better; but, of course, Mr. Phil May is a Philistine; though he can catch a likeness in even fewer lines than the soulful Mr. Beardsley cannot. The same artist has a "Night Piece," and a Book-Plate, and another picture: which will strike the common man as vain attempts to mix the Japanese and the Egyptian in Art; and each may be as well taken for a "portrait" of Mrs. Patrick Campbell as that other which is so labelled. But of course the book—there are other pictures—is a beautiful production, advanced, unconventional, and full of the New Art; which threatens to be as great an incubus as the New Journalism has been. Moreover, it promises not to go in undue terror of Mrs. Grundy.

The writers include Henry James, Richard Le Gallienne, George Saintsbury, Edmund Gosse, "John Oliver Hobbes," George Moore, and others. Mr. Arthur Waugh protests against

the "New School" which is so well represented beside him; and one Beerbohm supplies a bad "Defence of Cosmetics." They are a strange crew, these writers; but I prefer their work greatly to that of the picture-makers.

Altogether, the volume is a strange production, interesting for its faults and its eccentricities, and therefore cheap and novel value for five shillings.

I am not at all sure that Mr. Haden Corser, the Worship Street Police Magistrate, is right in his law when he holds, as he held yesterday, that a cab is a public place. Was it not once held in a case of gambling in a railway carriage that that was not gambling in a public place unless the train was travelling? And in another that if the train was backed into a siding it became a private place in which you could play? And used not the bookmakers on a racecourse to get under a large umbrella in order to carry on their business under a roof of their own? If Mr. Corser be right in his finding, one's privacy in a cab is gone. It is certain, however, that a cab is the exclusive property of the hirer while he has it engaged, and if Mr. Corser be wrong much pretty result may follow.

We are only at the beginning of Cab Law, it would seem; and I would put the following Hard Cases to any briefless Barrister who is ready to give an opinion gratis:

A is in a four-wheel cab with a valuable cargo on board, when B forces his way into the cab and carries off some of the cargo. Is B a housebreaker?

The like happens at thirteen minutes past nine in the evening. Is B a burglar?

A, who is drunk and disorderly in a cab, is driving straight home. Is Policeman X justified in stopping the cab and taking A out of it, in custody?

B, a writ-server, enters a closed cab in order to serve A with a writ. Is B a trespasser?

B lets down the window of a cab from the outside and snatches a parcel that is lying on A, the occupant's, lap and makes off with it into the night. Is B guilty of forcible or felonious entry?

Perhaps Mr. Haden Corser will oblige.

If the alleged Anarchist, Polti, prove to be what he is alleged to be, the police will have deserved well. They will have done what they rarely do, and what their French counterparts even more rarely do. They will have arrested a daring criminal before he has committed his daring crime.

Also, the event will have been one more triumph of woman; for it appears that Polti was tracked by a woman detective.

The daily papers—or some of them—were a little premature yesterday in announcing that Sir Charles Russell had accepted the Law Lordship vacant by the death of Lord Bowen. It is quite likely that Sir Charles Russell, being offered the Office, will take it; but so far he has not done so. When he does, it is possible that Sir John Rigby will get a step. That gentleman has done better as Solicitor-General than his best friends anticipated. He has lived down much, and is quite a popular fellow on both sides of the House, as well as a "good man" for the Office. Sir John Rigby would in all probability be succeeded in the Solicitor-Generalship by Mr. Robert Threshie Reid, Q.C.; better known as "Bob" Reid.

The present Government have been fortunate in the extent to which they have been able to reward their legal supporters in Parliament.

"I have reason to know that Sir William Harcourt's Budget proposals will include a sweeping assimilation of, and an increase in, the Death Dues chargeable on personalty and realty." So *Vanity Fair* on the 8th of March last, giving the cue that was quickly taken up by the other papers. As a matter of fact, all the arrangements were made then; and the statements that have been made during the past few days to the effect that the Budget had been remodelled at the eleventh hour are so much idle and irresponsible talk. Even the needful Bills were drafted some weeks back.

Elsewhere it is pointed out how idle it is to suppose that the consumer will not feel Sir William Harcourt's imposition of sixpence on the barrel of beer and on the gallon of spirits; and the conclusion is based on past evidence in like cases. It is an old trick to make the ready public think that it shall escape; but it is just the working man who will not escape here; for he will pay more than his share of the tax. And if credible evidence of this were needed, we have it in the City. There