like the elegant writer who, in *Aphrodite*, has set the Seine on fire with the classic treatment of unnatural vices.

This investigation is proving more tedious than I intended, so I will defer to my concluding paper the remainder of it, together with the analysis of the different genres of literature, hoping it will be less of the genre ennuyant than this.

"They prated of form, and matter, and art, and style, as only Frenchmen, bitten by love of these things, can prate," says Hannah Lynch in *Dr. Vermont's Fantasy* (J. M. Dent & Co.). That story would have been better if the authoress had paid more attention to such pratings. "Who is telling this story, you or me?" cries your anecdote-monger when interrupted. With unconscious art-instinct, he knows that a story must have a unity of key, and be told through the temperament of one person. Good as the story of *Dr. Vermont's Fantasy* is in itself, Miss Lynch never makes up her mind who is telling it. And so I reserve my complete homage for the other stories of an admirable and original collection. When an English-woman can give us stories like *A Page of Philosophy* and *The Little Marquis*, things are looking up. Mrs. Henniker's new book of stories *In Scarlet and Grey* (Lane), though more insular in tone and talent, is likewise notable, even apart from *The Spectre of the Real*, done in collaboration with Thomas Hardy. It is a distinct advance upon Outlines, both in force and form. There is much moving pathos, sweet and sincere, in all the stories, and a sense of "life's little ironies," which explains her literary friendship with the Wessex master. *A Successful Intrusion* is really a successful intrusion into the field of humour, touched with her unfailing pathos. *The Spectre of the Real* is reticent to the point of indiscretion, and should become *The Lady or the Tiger* of the smoking-room. *Nancy Noon* (T. Fisher Unwin), by Benjamin Swift, is an irritating book. In the maiden effort of a young man who is going to do things, one expects certain crudities, but the faults of *Nancy Noon* are intolerably new and original. Largely influenced in his method of narration by that worst of models, Meredith, he is yet not a Meredithian, but an unconvinced pessimist. His story is at points incoherently invented and deliriously told, with here and there an amateurish footnote and repellent and incredible dialogue. To compensate, there are fine character-sketches, one or two of them noble creations, and vivid episodes: passion, irony, humour, grotesquerie, and, at the worst, unfailing originality, so that you can read it or leave it. *Ars Vivendi*, or *The Secret of Living*, by Arthur Lovell (Nichols & Co.), sounds like the title of a quack pamphlet; and indeed there is a chapter about "The Water Cure" which sets one thinking of *Gil Blas*. But, for the rest, the little book is astonishingly reasonable, and would be found helpful by anybody sensible enough to desire a sane mind and a strong will in a healthy body. Mr. Lovell—though he has water on the brain, and quotes Byron and Bulwer like an early Victorian—may be congratulated on his lucid presentation of the more exhilarating aspects of physio-psychology.

*History and Criticism* (T. Fisher Unwin) is a *mélange* of essays in Mr. H. Schütz Wilson's well-known manner. Bianca Cappello, Wallenstein, Calderon, Goethe, and Carlyle are his subjects, and he is an uncompromising partisan of Taine's show-up of the French Revolution *versus* Carlyle's glorification of it.

*The Yellow Book* (Vol. X.) seems much better worth its price than most books of other colours. Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie's "Idyll in Millinery" rather recalls one of the stories in Miss Wotton's *Day-Books*, but is equally good and works cut differently, Mr. Henry Harland's "Invisible Prince" is quite enchanting. In "Kathy" Mr. Oswald Sickert—a true artist in low tones—gives us another of his delicate studies of life; and for those who prefer power and passion there are Ella D'Arcy, Samuel Mathewson Scott, and Vernon Lee; while Marie Clothilde Balfour's "Sub Tegmine Fagi" is worthy of Dr. Jessop. If the *Yellow Book* keeps up to this level, even the intolerant impudence of the Yellow Dwarf will not be able to kill it.

I. ZANGWILL.