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THE "YELLOW BOOK."—VOL. XI.

It is not too late, we hope, to notice the last *Yellow Book*, though it has been for some weeks before the public. A rumour had been current that Mr. Lane proposed to abandon the illustrations, but this proves unfounded. One would not wish to lose them, for they have sometimes been so much worse, and occasionally so much better, than those of other magazines that they have helped to give the publication a character of its own, a character that without them it would perhaps lose altogether. The front cover design, by Miss Nellie Syrett, representing three female gobemouches passant, is rather amusing; her title-page is not so good. Mr. Patten Wilson's horses' heads are well drawn, and his two other drawings show much invention and draughtsmanship of a rather hard, mechanical kind. Mr. Conder seems ill-advised in allowing his work to be reproduced in black and white; its real merits are all lost, and hardly anything but its faults are left manifest. Mr. Francis Howard's portrait of Mr. G. S. Street does not compare favourably with the portrait heads of Mr. Rothenstein. Mr. C. Robinson, an artist of real talent, has a pretty fancy ("Child-World"), rather injured, to our mind, by irrelevant freehand flourishes and by ugly, corrupt lettering. There is such an irresistible charm in really good lettering (such as we see, for instance, in Augustan Roman or early Renaissance Italian work), that one wonders no modern artists ever really catch the spirit of it—no, not even Mr. Ricketts, or Mr. Morris himself, who was, however, perhaps too thorough a Northman and mediævalist to feel for the Latin as he did for the Gothic forms. Mr. Max Beerbohm has a caricature which may have a hidden meaning of some sort, but which to the unenlightened seems hardly worth reproducing. He has also an amusing impish kind of fairy story (with an excellent moral), which is the liveliest thing in the book. Mr. H. S. Salt wants to impose a new poet on us, but his extracts from Mr. Barlas's works are anything but convincing. The best thing he gives is a sonnet, which has won praise in a high quarter. "Unmatched for nobility of sentiment," says Mr. George Meredith, and undoubtedly the sentiment is noble; but "the workmanship is adequate"—there we cannot quite accept even Mr. Meredith's judgment. The verse contributions in the *Yellow Book* show, none of them, much inspiration. Two of the stories, oddly enough, have much the same plot: the career of a man who, through some malignity of chance or weakness of nature, comes to marry (in every sense) beneath him, and the miserable consequences of his mistake: the same depressing theme as that of "Manette Salomon." The story is best told by Miss D'Arcy. The other version is by Mr. Robert Shews, who seems to be a disciple of Mr. Harland, who is a disciple of Mr. Henry James. Mr. Harland's "Friend of Man," which is clever in its way, would have gained a good deal by boiling down and having half its adjectives skimmed off.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL AND THE "SPEAKER."

To the EDITOR of THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

SIR,—Mr. George Russell has rather peculiar notions of the best way of escaping from a dilemma in which he has been placed by his own action. He said a week ago that the statement of the Speaker

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By W. W.

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