It is about "Two-Tails," the camp Elephant who "knows just enough to be uncomfortable, and not enough to go on in spite of it," and who must not be confounded with "the most silent of all living things, the wild Elephant." It is about Billy, "the breech-peace mule, of number two gun of the First Screw Battery," who hated references to his "family on the father's side" and insulted the troop-horse, Dick Cutniff, by calling him "a big brown Brummy." It is about the "brothers from Iapur," whose father was a sacred bull of Shiva and the camels who had horrid dreams.

Children of the Camp are we, Serving each in his degree, Children of the yoke and goad. Pack and harness, pad and load.

There is no end to what it is about, and we advise everyone to read it at once.

R. B. J.

THE YELLOW BOOK.

"The Yellow Book as the representative of English Literature and Art."

The Yellow Book has now been before the public for some time, but echoes of the laughter with which it was pretty generally greeted are still lingering on, and will in all probability continue to linger for some time to come. But after all, although the book has been laughed at, satirized and caricatured, it has been met with very little sober criticism or serious consideration. Many will say that it has met with its deserts, that it is unworthy of serious consideration, and that the best thing to be done in the case of such a production is to kill it by laughter. This may be true, but after all it must be remembered that this book pretends to be representative of the highest literary and artistic genius of the day; that it has come out more or less under the patronage of the president of the Royal Academy, and that another of its contributors was at one time pretty generally named as the probable successor to Tennyson in the laureateship. This being the case, it might be argued with some justice that if the book is to be regarded as a mere matter for laughter, English literature and art must be in a very sorry case.

The truth is, that though the book contains much that is simply ridiculous, and certain things that are worse than ridiculous, yet after all, when all that is ridiculous and worthless is cut out, there still remains a considerable amount of matter well worthy of serious consideration. Though some of the pictures of Aubrey Beardsley are foolish and inartistic, others are certainly clever, though the contributions of Sickert are merely unpleasing scrawls with nothing artistic about them. On the other hand those of Will Rothenstein are both clever and artistic, whilst the President's studies are far too good for the company in which they are placed. Again, whilst the verse of Le Gallienne is forced, unmusical and generally unsatisfying, and the sensuous jingle contributed by Symons is absolutely without merit, and would be enough in itself to damn any book that contained it, on the other hand the sonnets by the author of "Lacrymae Musarum" may be placed amongst his best work, whilst some other of the short poems included in the book (e.g. those of John Davidson) are of quite considerable merit.

The same thing may be said of the prose contents of the book. So much of it is worthless that we are liable to miss what is worth reading, merely because it is so difficult to find. Though it is a mere waste of
time to read the respective efforts of Ella D'Arcy and Hubert Crackanthorpe, on the other hand "The Love Story of Luigi Tansillo" is quite worth reading, and is most interesting, whilst the article on "Retrace in Literature" though verbose in style, contains many thoughts worthy of study. We commend it to the notice of the author of Stella Maris.

From this criticism, necessarily somewhat superficial owing to the limitations of space, it will be seen that in our opinion, if about three-quarters of the book had never been published, we should have had in the remainder a fairly high class literary and artistic Magazine, which would have in all probability been successful. As it is, the book is a failure for the reason which we have indicated. Finally we are told that it is "so old-fashioned" "so essentially English," to object on the ground of morality to such a poem as Stella Maris. If it is old-fashioned and English to condemn an effort, the whole point of which seems to lie in the glorification of lust, then we thank Heaven that we are still old-fashioned and still Englishmen.

Lastly we have heard it said that, to be consistent, we must condemn utterly Juvenal, Horace, Byron and a host more whom the world has hitherto accounted great. To this we reply that Juvenal, at least, never shows any of the attractive side of Vice, and that these men were all great in spite of, not because of, their immorality; whereas Mr. Arthur Symons is merely immoral without showing the faintest signs of greatness.

C. H. S. M.

TWO MINOR POETS.


In search of titles we would respectfully suggest the avoidance of the term "Lyric." As a general rule it implies weakness. Browning uses it, we admit, but Browning could do a great many things the average man cannot. The term "Elegies" is certainly less hackneyed, but if Mr. Rickards' work be Elegies, it will soon cease to be a name to conjure with.

Mr. Dawson's book is distinctly pleasing. The author is a man of poetic feeling and has considerable ease and force of expression. Both these are his, and he is sufficiently independent to be a great poet. We find in his book, poems which are admirable, but yet we feel sure would not have been written or at least written so well, but for the fact that a master has led the way. For instance, "Pilate at Vienne" is an interesting poem, but if Andrea del Sarto had never been written, we doubt if Pilate had been so good. Similarly "The Fair Rosamund suggests The Blessed Damozel." These—might we say—imitative poems are some of the best in the book.

Mr. Rickards' case is different. His book reminds us of the notice posted in a California saloon, "Do not shoot the man at the piano, he does his best." So does Mr. Rickards. Accordingly we forbear to say more.

"Eight Hours for Work." John Rae, M.A. Macmillan & Co.

No one, we are sure, who has read the work and is at all competent to form an opinion, will accuse us of using a mere empty conventionalism if we say that Mr. Rae's book supplies a long felt want. The eight hours question, ever since it first took rank among the problems demanding solution—and Mr. Rae shows that it has been before the public much longer than is usually supposed—has enjoyed an undeniable notoriety among its peers for the utter worthlessness of the arguments advanced on either side. From the after-dinner Conservative, who charges all his opponents with attempting the destruction of England, from the labour agitator, to whom all capitalists are blood-suckers, nothing has been heard but unsupported assertion, the very vagueness of which effectually secures them from refutation. Even the economists, on the rare occasions on which they have spoken, give so uncertain a sound that none know when to prepare for the battle.

Nothing, for instance, can be more surprising than the silence on this question of General Walker in his great work on Wages, which is the more perplexing as every argument goes to support the case for eight hours which he seems so careful not to state.

It is therefore a matter for real rejoicing that the question has received careful attention at the hands of Mr. Rae, a writer who has shown by his work on Contemporary Socialism a special aptitude for the treatment of subjects needing wide acquaintance with actual facts, nice discrimination in weighing evidence, and complete freedom from intellectual bias.

Our author steers his way between the two extremes represented, on the one hand by those who declare that a man must produce less in 12 hours than in 14—which has been disproved by experience, and on the other hand by those who argue that because a decrease of two hours in the case cited has yielded increased returns therefore all future reductions must do the same—a proposition which, if true, justifies a working day of two hours or indeed of no hours at all.

The real problem, as recognised by Mr. Rae, may be stated thus. Granting that $P$, the product of one hour's work, increased as $T$, the number of hours worked per week, decreased, what value must be given to $T$ that the product $P \times T$ may be a maximum.

In the opening chapters of his work Mr. Rae proves by hard facts that the maximum efficiency is obtained by a day's work which cannot exceed ten hours and is probably only eight. The chapter on Reserves of Personal Efficiency support the argument based on statistics. In Chapter IV. he meets and answers the arguments from Foreign Competition, quoting freely from English and Foreign authorities.

Mr. Rae is however scrupulously fair. He denies that an eight hours day was never before touched the question of unemployment—cf. Chapter V.—and repudiates any support which such argument might seem to afford his case. This position is further strengthened by his criticism of Jevons' equation between the desire for ease and the desire for wealth, and by his exposure of Mr. Tom Mann's fallacies. Not the least interesting portion of the book is the historical survey contained in Chapters VII. and VIII., the latter of which, giving an account of the Eight Hours movement in Victoria, reads more like an extract from the works of Mr. Bellamy than what it is, a statement of actual fact. The last chapter, devoted to the legislative aspect of the question, is perhaps the most admirable instance in the book of the author's complete fairness.

To conclude, we may remark that the excellent style of the writer renders the book a really pleasant one to read. We anticipate for it a wide popularity and usefulness.

P. G.


If Mr. Cole's book reaches a second edition, he will greatly improve it by adding a map. Although by his