THE YELLOW BOOK.*

It will be curious to see how the Yellow Book takes with the public. The first number is a curious mixture of cleverness—some good, others (as we hold) bad. At any rate, it is a very queer new sort of quarterly. The outside cover suggests a companion volume of the Sketch; if Mr. Aubrey Beardsley is responsible for it, he was in a very Dudley-Hardyish mood when he designed this fat-faced, yellow masking female with a line round her head. As for the contents, they are unequal. They remind me somewhat of the dead Universal Review. A prominent feature in that is the letterpresses and the 'pictures.' They have no connection with one another, but the 'pictures' in this first number are not quite interesting enough to stand by themselves.

It was a good idea to bring together Dr. Garnett, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Henry James, Mr. George Saintsbury, and Mr. Waugh, representing more what 'level-headed' writers of the day, with the insouciant impressionism of George Egerton, John Oliver Hobbes, Mr. Crackanthorpe, and Mr. Arthur Symons. But they do not quite mix, and we come away with objections to the unabashed school more prominent in our memory than our likenings for the others. Mr. Henry James's fictional 'Death of the Lion' and Mr. Waugh's essay on 'Relicence in Literature' have an added piquancy, besides their own excellence, by their connection with the writers on whom they are written, and the sequel a judgment. With the indelicate dedicacies of a set of writers in our minds, and the effeminate impressionisms of their kindred artists in our eyes, it is odd to read this censure from Mr. Waugh in their midst:

A new school has arisen which combines the characteristics of effeminacy and brutality. In its effeminate aspect it plays with the softer emotions, on its brutal side it has developed that class of fiction which, for want of a better word, I must call scholastic. In poetry it deals with very much the same passions as those which have found a place in the verse (from another's 'Dolores') to which allusion has been made; but instead of leaving these refinements of lust to the haunts to which they are fitted, it has introduced them into the domestic chamber and permeated marriage with the ardours of promiscuous intercourse. In fiction it infects its heroines with acquired diseases of nameless unmentionable, and has debased the beauty of maternity by analysis of the process of gestation.

The liberal supply of poetry in small doses (from Mr. Gosse, Mr. Benson, Mr. Davidsson, Mr. William Watson, and Mr. Le Gallienne) is rather good of its sort, if somewhat trifling. But Mr. Arthur Symons's 'Stella Maria' quite out-Jennies Rossetti's 'Jenny.' Mr. Symons perhaps has not discovered that the peculiar form of gutter immorality he celebrates in song is now chiefly left to rowdy shop-boys and privates in His Majesty's army. Mr. Max Beerbohm's deliverance on 'A Defence of Cosmetics' is detestable in matter and unreadable in style.

Coming to the pictures, we must utter one protest in limine to Mr. Beardsley, who is his own editor. He is really too clever to impose upon us with nothing better than his present list of contributions. Sir Frederic Leighton's studies are, of course, like other studies by the P.R.A.; and Mr. Fusée's "Portrait of a Lady" is an interesting piece of work. But the unexplained "pictures" by Messrs. Walter Sickert, and Will Rothenstein, are as dull as can be; and Mr. Beardsley's own plates are very disappointing. We are not surprised to find that people are asking where his "Portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell" is? It is not even a thumb-nail sketch; and though the half-dozen lines of arrangement are strange and a stranger, which Mr. Beardsley has made his own, the face of this portrait is no more Mrs. Patrick Campbell than is that of the lady in "a night piece," or in any other drawing of Mr. Beardsley's with females in it which we have ever seen. Mr. Beardsley's title-page is better work; but in the "weird" style of drawing we prefer Mr. Laurence Housman's "Reflected Faun." This last agreeably surprised us in comparison with Mr. Housman's previous wind-blown ladies in pillow-cases, and twisted persons with chins avery gazing out of windows that have no houses round them. The "Reflected Faun" is not entirely satisfactory in tone as regards the reflection, but it is the nearest approach to a good imitation of Rossetti which we have yet noticed from Mr. Housman's pencil.

While wishing well to the Yellow Book, and looking on it as an interesting experiment which must not be judged by one example, we wish at the same time that a perusal of its first number did not leave us so much inclined to scoff.


THE SHORED INQUEST A.

Last night Mr. A. Hodgkinson Shereditch on the body of Hann years, a wife of a cabinet maker, who was found dead in bed on the husband, a Row Lodge, the next morning. The husband was found with a knife in the throat and an engineer, who found she had been killed and her husband the deceased the worse for drink, stated that the husband was drunk whenever she could get a reading penny novel. The witness who saw the man being killed stated that a workmate told him the man was at once rushed from the shop and died. He ran out a bridge to the latter work, cut his throat with a 60 ft. on to a van. He was removed to the death of the death of alcoholic poisoning. A verdict of requesting the coroner to censure them they did not believe.

A FAMOUS.

The famous Paris mansion of Count Hengel von Donn in the extraordinary career of Mada Paris correspondant) will bear a Daughter of a Polish Jew named in Moscow, the future queen of terrible privileges, she actually where her palatial residence was present at the Tuileries, but it was a place in which she was brought up to be no one of her illustrious relatives, her father being a member of the Empress Eugenie's own in Sisies with the aid of which counterpart many fragment legendary house in the Chateau art treasures. The ceilings Trion, Picou, Brissot, and others of Lagrange, Barrias, Carrier, Belle the magnificent onyx staircase its splendours of the late King Louis for several days before the sale.

BIRTHS.

[Announcement of Births, Marriages, and Deaths.]

Mrs. Dick, wife of Surgeon Major W., Army Medical Staff, of Hounslow, on April 2, Mrs. Lechow, widow of Mr. Charles, Fellow of Brasenose College, at Oxford, April 14.

MARRIAGES.

GARBEY-MEYER. — At St. Mary Abbreviations, Kensington, Isser K., son of the late Howard, and Mary, daughter of Mr. Garvey, in the dress and Vauxhall, Chatham, C, April 10.