cession filing up-street, with one belated, civic infant on the reviewing stand! Hardly second to it as a spectacle is the high-born rogue of a Zouave, enacting the trussed fowl at midnight on the studio floor, or the companion gem, set in the dubious out-of-doors of the great original Parisian Cary-hatide. Of the serious drawings, there is a memorable one among the three of Trilby singing, with her delicately advanced foot, and falling hair, and the luminous Ellen-Terry-like look in her kind eyes. Above all, who can forget the pathetic, pleading figure of the little boy, Jeannot, in his pretty Palm Sunday clothes, losing his holiday, losing faith in his sister, and of Trilby over him, revoking her promise, and compassing what was in very truth the "meanest and lowest deed" of her brief, unselfish life? She cried herself to sleep often, remembering it, but to Mrs. Bagot it was monstrous trivial: "the putting-off of a small child." Her too typical phrase, "wrong with the intense wrongness of a right-minded person," as Ruskin says, gives you a pang. So does the inscription under the last glimpse we have of Little Billee, poignant enough without the Quae nunc abhis in loco which rushes its sweet pagan heart-break into the Rector's mind. In these casual intolerable thrusts deep into the nerve of laughter or of tears, Mr. Du Maurier demonstrates his right of authorship; these, and not vain verbal felicities, constitute his literary style.

Louise Imogen Guiney.
Most of the verse of this second number of *The Yellow Book* is various and indifferent. Mr. John Davidson leads off with sixteen stanzas in Bab-ballad metre, entitled "Thirty Bob a Week." A few lines will suffice to show its lyric character:

"I couldn't touch a stop and turn a screw,  
And set the blooming world a-work for me,  
Like such as cut their teeth— I hope, like you—  
On the handle of a skeleton gold key.  
I cut mine on leek, which I eat it every week:  
I'm a clerk at thirty bob as you can see."

After finishing the poem it is difficult to decide whether or not Mr. Davidson is overpaid. Miss, or possibly, Mrs. Dollie Radford next unwinds a pleasant little "Song," although on a very slender pipe. It has the Haynes-Bayleyan merit of being singable, and all the charm of modest unimportance. Mr. Austin Dobson contributes one of his well-groomed little fancies— "to E. G. with a Volume of Essays"—called "Sat est Scriptum." Mr. Dobson is one of the most faithful beaux of the Muse, and she generally rewards him with a happy little trill. Katharine de Mattos' lines to the Portrait of a Lady (Unknown) have a certain pathological strength that is wanting in Mr. Norman Gale's "Betrothed." Mr. Gale has written some verse that was very charming in his first book, "A Country Muse," just a bit cloying in his last book, "Orchard Songs," and, I don't know what, in *The Yellow Book*. In this last he has omitted the blackbirds and the cherries, but it amounts to the same thing in the long run, for at the last he tells us: And whatever my grief. There is healing, and rest, on the pear-blossomed slope of her beautiful breast. Which is perfectly satisfactory to all good lovers of Herrick, amongst whom Mr. Gale is conspicuous. After a longish poem by a Mr. Alfred Hayes, the verse of *The Yellow Book* ends with an Epigram of Mr. William Watson's. It is too pretty to miss quoting:

"To a Lady Recovered from a Dangerous Sickness.

"Life plucks thee back as by the golden hair—  
Life, who had resigned to let thee go but now,  
Wealthy is Death already, and can spare  
Ev'n such a prey as thou."

Like the verse, the prose of *The Yellow Book* is also various and indifferent, with one or two luminous exceptions. The opening article is "The Gospel of Content." For eight pages Mr. Frederick Greenwood leads us to believe that he is either writing or about to write a story; but this is a hollow cheat, and simply the ultra-modern way of introducing the next fifteen pages, which consist of the slightly philosophical patterings of an elderly and reformed Russian enthusiast. "Poor Cousin Louis," by Ella D'Arcy, is rather better; after hesitating some time on the *pass amuserum* of her introduction, she succeeds in telling a strongly-conceived story definitely and well.

The reader is almost led to agree with Mr. Charles Willeby when, in his article on "The Composer of 'Carmen,'" he says: "What little has been written about poor Bizet is not the sort to satisfy." However, in spite of his unconscious modesty, Mr. Willeby has succeeded in compiling a very appreciative article on the composer. "Poor Bizet," says Mr. Willeby constantly, "poor Bizet." The expression is happy; we do not say "Poor Mozart," "Poor Chopin,"—why then do we say "Poor Bizet," with that queer little touch of affection? But, after all, I do not think that *The Yellow Book* gives us in twenty pages the picture of Bizet that Daudet gives in the half-dozen words of his dedication of "L'Arlézienne"—"A mon cher et grand Bizet."

"Passed," by Charlotte M. Mew, may as well be skipped, as may the second and third of the three stories by "V., O., and C. S." Mr. Dauphin Meunier's appreciation of Madame Réjane is distinctly worth reading as is the very charming little tale of "The Roman Road," by Kenneth Grahame.
Then, after denying yourself "Thy Heart's Desire" of Miss Netta Syrett, Mr. Crackenthorpe's rounded remarks on "Reticence in Literature," and Mr. Beerbohm's letter, you will be ready to appreciate the superiority of Mr. Henry Harland's creative powers to his ability as an editor. "A Responsibility" is an exceedingly clever study, in spite of the fact that one of the gentlemen in it "were shamelessly the multicoured rosette of a foreign order in his buttonhole, and talked with a good deal of physiognomy."

At the end, like the good wine in the parable, comes Mr. James' story. It is impossible to analyse Mr. James' charm; he is so aggressively clever, so complexly simple. You wonder why he twirls around so much, and yet the twirls are what delight you. An old Cambridge friend of his said the other day, "Harry James has got to that point now that he doesn't care so much what he says as how he says it." The real Jamesite doesn't care at all—he would be amusing if he wrote on the binomial theorem. "The Coxon Fund," however, would float any number of Yellow Books, and is among the best of Mr. James' short stories; and that is saying much.

The "Art" of The Yellow Book consists of twenty-three plates, the list headed by "The Renaissance of Venus," in Mr. Walter Crane's best manner, and ending with four designs for the backs of playing cards, in Mr. Aymer Vallance's worst manner. In between comes a dreary waste of artlessly messy sketches, with a grotesque oasis of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and a capital sketch of Mr. Henry James by Mr. Sargent. Mr. Alfred Thornton contributes a landscape that would have made Dore wriggle; Mr. P. Wilson Steer gives a "Portrait of Himself" with the unimportant omission of the head, a "Lady," and a "Gentleman" with the antepenult highly accentuated; Mr. Sydney Adamson pictures a "Girl Resting" on what seems to be a bed of wet snow; and Mr. Walter Sickert adds to the gaiety of the book with his three drawings,—"The Old Bedford Music Hall," a portrait of Aubrey Beardsley, and Ada Lundberg. These last two are very precious; the portrait of Mr. Beardsley is a pretty little commentary on the modest, quiet, well-bred taste of that gentleman in his selection of the plates to publish. Then follow some inanities by a Mr. MacDougal, a Mr. Sullivan, and a Mr. Foster, a rather decent "Study" by another Mr. Sickert, and we have finished the list of artists, with the exception of Mr. Beardsley.

Of Mr. Beardsley what can I say? On looking at his cover design and his first three plates of "Marionettes" the conviction grows that his much-praised technique is degenerating into a mere pyrotechnique. His "Garçons de Café" is clever and very French; his "Cinderella" is tiresome, and his portrait of Madame Rejane is perhaps the most charming outline he has ever done. Mr. Beardsley is young, at times very morbid (which is a polite little modern way of saying "nasty"), and always brilliant. Of late, he has been imitated and parodied; one or two artists in Life and Punch, thinking that they could do something in his manner if they would only abandon their minds to it, have tried and failed. For which we should be grateful.

After all, the quiet, pervading charm of The Yellow Book is its brazen inessentiality. Furthermore, it is most attractively printed; and bound so that at a distance it looks pleasingly like Chatterbox. In the long run, the ancient love of simple dignity and self-respect in literature and in art will probably prevail again; meanwhile, The Yellow Book is winning a well-deserved popularity. So let us sigh "finis."

Pierre La Rose.