

The Yellow Book

An Illustrated Quarterly

Volume I April 1904



London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane



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London: Elkin Mathews
& John Lane
Boston: Copeland &
Day

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L'Education Sentimentale Aubrey Beardsley .

The Old Oxford Music }
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Night Piece Aubrey Beardsley .

of the 1980s

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as a product of the old



L'Education Sentimentale

By Aubrey Beardsley

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A Defense of Cosmetics

By John Deereboom

NAY, but it is useless to protest. Artifice must queen it once more in the town, and so, if there be any whose hearts chafe at her return, let them not say, "We have come into evil times," and be all for resistance, reformation or angry cavilling. For did the king's sceptre send the sea retrograde, or the wand of the sorcerer avail to turn the sun from its old course? And what man or what number of men ever stayed that reiterated process by which the cities of this world grow, are very strong, fail and grow again? Indeed, indeed, there is charm in every period, and only fools and flutterpates do not seek reverently for what is charming in their own day. No martyrdom, however fine, nor satire, however splendidly bitter, has changed by a little tittle the known tendency of things. It is the times that can perfect us, not we the times, and so let all of us wisely acquiesce. Like the little wired marionettes, let us acquiesce in the dance.

For behold! The Victorian era comes to its end and the day of sancta simplicitas is quite ended. The old signs are here and the portents to warn the seer of life that we are ripe for a new epoch of artifice. Are not men rattling the dice-box and ladies dipping their fingers in the rouge-pots? At Rome, in the keenest time of her degradingolade, when there was gambling even in the holy temples,

The Worship

By Richard W. Cummings

Vestments **mysterious** brot'herhoods yet of
— So much as men may **poise** upon a **needle's** end,
So I shone with laughter all the moon was **white** **of** **free**
— And still with haughty crest it called the moon **no** **friend**

The jeweled column jettied up the **bright blue** air,
Tall as a mast it was, and a longer line a tower;
Three hundred windows had beheld me already there,
— Before my little life had lived one little hour.

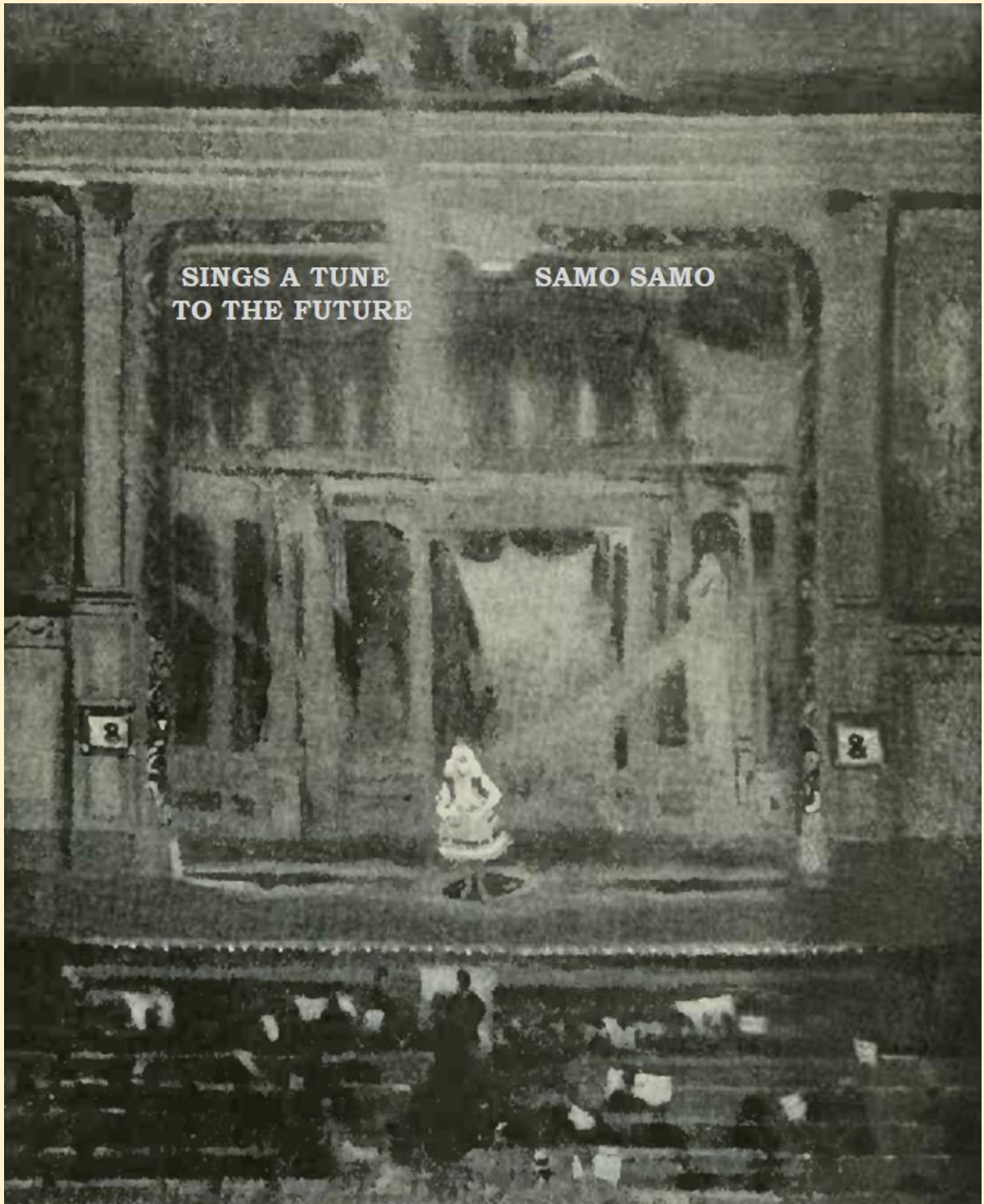
With heavy feet stern set like iron in the land,
— With **rustling** crest the morning sows with pearls,
He was a minister, tall in measure and in tread, and
— The rugged girth the waists of **50**, **20** **20** **20**

Killed and wanted, **clabbed and** **armored** **twice** **the** **hull**
— **of** **francis** **elephant** **unstormable** **and** **deep**
— **A** **come** **of** **in** **fortress** **with** **a** **prince's** **bold** **ward**
— **At** **the** **savage** **guardian** **faces** **be** **of** **the** **hardened** **keep**;

The Old Oxford Music Hall

By Walter Sickert

Reproduced by the Swan Electric Engineering Company



Two

I

to

glow

Two

II

echo

they had scarce become drinkable by a hasty soper, before I saw clearly that metaphysical aid was wanting, and that a very different face must be mine. I make no moan over it, Eugenius, and I pass away like a rose than prostitute as she is, the demon Envy when she whispers in my ear the names of Titius or Seius, and adds, 'Had they better parts, or only better stars than you?' But as they fable that the wine itself throbs with the early movement of the sap in the vines, so, Eugenius, when I sip that cordial (and truth 'tis a noble vintage) the old hopes, the old follies, the old dreams waken in me, and I am once more eighteen.

"Look yonder again at those cobwebbed vessels of various shapes that lie side by side, although of different vineyards, in the peaceful bins. They all date from a year in which the wheel of fortune brought honest men to the top in England; and if only for a brief space, as, I am told, they sing in North Britain, 'the de'il went name wi' a' the Whigs before him' (I must tell you, Mr. —, that Falernianus, though a loyal subject to our good Queen, is a most malignant Tory, and indeed I have heard him impeached of Jacobitism by ill-wishers). — But no more of notions. He paused a moment, and then went on, "I think I see you smile again, Eugenius, and say to yourself, 'These are but dry-tipped subjects for so flowing a calendar.' And to tell the truth, my friend, the main part of my ephemerides of this kind has been filled by the aid of the goddess who was ever nearest and kindest to Bacchus. In yonder bin lie phials of the mightiest port that Lusitanian summers ever blackened, and flasks of sack from the more southern parts of that peninsula, which our Ben or his son Merrick would have loved. — In the same year which saw the pressing of these generous juices the earth was made more fair by the birth of Bellamira and Candlope. The blackest purple of the Lusitanian grape is not so black as the tresses of Candlope's hair.

Night Piece

By Aubrey Beardley

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Why is it I remember yet
You, of all whom one has met
In random wayfare, as **one meets**
The chance romances of the streets,
The Juliet of a night I know,
Your heart holds mine as Romeo,
And I, who call to mind your face
In so serene a purling place,
Where the bright pure expanse of sea,
The shadowy shore's austerity,
Seems a reproach to you and me,
I too have sought on many a breast
The ecstasy of love's unrest,
I too have had my dreams, **and met**
(Ah, how many a Juliet,
Why is it, then, that I recall
You, neither first **nor last of all**
For surely as I see to-night
The glancing of the lighthouse light,
Against the sky, across the bay,
As turn by turn it falls my way,

Two Sketches

By Henry Harland

I. Mice

When I was a child some one gave me a family of white mice. I don't remember how old I was. I think about ten or eleven; but I remember very clearly the day I received them. It must have been a Thursday, a half-holiday, for I had come home from school rather early in the afternoon. Alexandre, dear old ruddy round-faced Alexandre, who opened the door for me, smiled in a way that seemed to announce, "There's a surprise in store for you, sir." Then my mother smiled too, a smile, I thought, of peculiar promise and interest. After I had kissed her she said, "Come into the dining-room. There's something you will like." Perhaps I concluded it would be something to eat. Anyway, all agog with curiosity I followed her into the dining-room—and Alexandre followed us, anxious to take part in the rejoicing. In the window stood a big cage, enclosing the family of white mice.

I remember it as a very big cage indeed; no doubt it should and is shrunken to quite moderate dimensions if I could see it again. There were two generations of mice in it; a fat old couple, the founders of the race, dozing phlegmatically on their laurels

another family—she had so frequently become a mother in the past. But month succeeded month, and she forever disappointed me, and at last I abandoned hope. In solitude and exile Mercedes degenerated sadly, got monstrously fat; too indolent to gnaw, let her teeth grow to a preposterous length; and in the end died of a surfeit of *metana*.

When I returned to Paris, at the age of twenty, to *faire mon droit* in the Latin Quarter, I paid a visit to our old house, and discovered the same old comrade in the *loge*. I asked her about the mice, and she told me her children had found the care of them such a bother that at first they had neglected them, and at last allowed them to escape. "They took to the walls, and for a long time afterwards, Monsieur, the mice of this neighbourhood were pined. To this day they are of a paler hue than elsewhere."

II —A Broken Looking-Glass

He climbed the three flights of marble stairs, and put his key into the lock; but before he turned it, he stopped—to rest, to take breath. On the door his name was painted in big white letter—Mr. Richard Dane. It is always silent in the Temple at midnight; to-night the silence was dense, like a fog. It was Sunday night, and on Sunday night, even within the hushed precincts of the Temple, one is conscious of a deeper hush.

When he had lighted the lamp in his sitting-room, he let himself drop into an arm-chair before the empty fireplace. He was tired, he was exhausted. Yet nothing had happened to tire him. He had dined, as he always dined on Sundays, with the Rodericks in Cheyne Walk; he had driven home in a hansom. There was

Lucy. It it must be terribly trying for many people—the poor, for instance.

Agnes. Yes. [*A pause.*]

Agnes. I mean very poor people, not working people.

I was wondering on how much, or, rather, how little, they could live.

Agnes. Of course, I know:

n ill

He never spoke out.

...urgently...
...of the...
...some...
...of...

never spoke out.

He

...in public...
...never...
...of his...
...never...
...and we...
...that never...
...which has...
...the name of the...
...and...
...It is...
...the paper...
...knowing the writer's...
...at once in its...
...strongest...
...and...
...complete...
...of...
...method...
...and...
...the...
...of...
...the...
...of...

spoke out

He never

the extraordinarily un-English aspect of

reticence

Modern Mexican drama

by Hubert Clark-anthropologist

The pink shade of a single lamp supplied an air of subdued **mystery**; the fire burned red and sullen in place of door and windows hung curtains, obscure, formless; the furniture, scanty but sparse, stood detached and incoordinated, **like** the furniture of a stage scene; the atmosphere was heavy with heat and a scent of stale tobacco; some cut flowers, half withered, **tissue-paper** still clinging their stalks, lay on a gilt cane-bottomed chair.

"Will you give me a sheet of paper, please?"

He had crossed the room, to seat himself before the principal table. He wore a fur-lined overcoat, and he was tall, and broad, and bald; a sleek face, made grave by gold-rimmed spectacles.

The other man was in evening dress; his back leaning against the mantelpiece, his hands in his pockets; he was moodily scraping the hearthrug with his toe. Clean-shaven; stolid and coarsely regular features; black, shiny hair, flattened down to his head; under-sized eyes, moist and glistening; the tint of his face uniform, **the tint of discoloured** worn; he looked a man who ate well and lived hard.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," and he hurried to hurry about the room.

"Daisy,"

I - London

A THWART the sky, a slowly sigh
From west to east the sweet wind carried,
The sun set still on Primrose Hill,
His light in all the city carried:
The clouds on window columns bloomed
Like smouldering fires unconsumed.

"Oh, sweetheart, see, how shadowy,
Of some occult magician's reading,
Or swung in space of Heaven's grace,
Dissolving, dimly reappearing,
Afloat upon ethereal tides
St. Paul above the city rides!"

A rumour broke through the thin smoke
Enwreathing Abbey, Tower, and Palace,
The parks, the squares, the thoroughfares,
The million peopled lanes and alleys,
An ever-muttering prisoned storm,
The heart of London beating warm.

Two Songs

II -Down-a-down

Cuckoos peeped from their dells,
Day grew pale and olden,
Blackbirds, willow-warblers, wrens,
Stunched their voices golden.

High oh high from the opal sky,
Shouting against the dark,
"Why, why, why is the day gone,"
Fell a passionate lark.

But the cuckoos beat their brazen gongs,
Sounding, sounding so;
And the nightingales poured in starry songs
A galaxy below.

Slowly tolling the vesper bell
Ushered the stately night,
Down-a-down in a hawthorn dell
A boy and a girl and love's delight

distinctions his editor thinks that the poems do not relate to the *Italia* poems, we have no clue to the ultimate nature of his feelings towards her.

A generally fair estimate of Tassilo's rank as a poet is given by Benedetto Croce's *History of Italian Literature*, volume 1, pp. 340-343. It can only be admitted that his boldness and fertility of imagination transcended him beyond the limits of lyric poetry — for that is, if any possible — but it is true that he sometimes transcended the limits of good taste, and that the general outcry founded on one of the extravagances which so disgraced Italian poetry in the seventeenth century. On the other hand, he has the inestimable advantage over most Italian poets of his day or even of genuine passion from personal experience. Hence a truth and directness preferable even to the artificial elegance of his countryman, Annibal Caro, and much more so to the mere artistic exercises of other contemporaries. Pietro Micheli Angelo understands better than any contemporary from Ferrara, a poet in an age when the star of Ferrara had degenerated into slavish imitation. His lyrics as a lyric are absent from his didactic poems, which are models of taste and elegance. His one unpardonable sin is a vein of patriotism; he is the dependent and panegyrist of the foreign conqueror, and seems equally unconscious of the past glories and actual degradation of the prospective regeneration of Italy. Hence a Spanish subject, his ideal of glory was entirely misplaced, and he must not be severely reproached for what he could hardly avoid. But Italy lost a lyrical genius.

reticence in Gray, a reticence alien without doubt to the English character, but still more alien to **English literature**. Reticence is not a national characteristic—far otherwise. The phrase “national characteristic” is, I think, as well, a **catch-phrase**, and, as such, full of the dangers of abuse. Historical **and ethnographical** criticism, proceeding on popular lines, has tried from time to time to fix certain **tendencies** to certain races, and to argue from individuals to generalities with a freedom that every law of induction belies. And so we have come to endow the Frenchman, universally and without exception, with politeness, the Indian, equally universally, with cunning, the American with the commercial talent, the German with the educational, and so forth. Generalisations of this kind must, of course, be accepted with limitations. But it is not too much, perhaps, to say that the Englishman has always prided himself upon his frankness. He is always for speaking out; and it is this faculty of outspokenness that he is anxious to contribute to those characters which he sets up in the market place; of his religion and his literature, as those whom he chiefly delights to honour. The demigods **of our national verse**—the heroes of our national fiction, are brow-bound, above all other laurels, with this glorious freedom of free speech and open manners, and we have come to regard this broad, untrammelled virtue of ours, as all individual virtues *will* be regarded **with the revolution of** the cycle of provinciality, as a guardian above question or control. We have become inclined to forget what every good thing has, as Aristotle pointed out so long ago, **its corresponding evil**: and that the corruption of the best is always worse of all. Frankness is so great a boon, we say; we can forgive anything to the man who has the courage of his convictions, **the fearlessness of freedom**—the man, in a word, who speaks out.

But we have to distinguish, I think, at the outset between a national

national

temples, great ladies (does not Lucian tell us ?) did not scruple to squander all they had upon unguents from Arabia. Nero's mistress and unhappy wife, Poppæa, of shameful memory, had in her traveling retinue fifteen—or, as some say, fifty—she-asses, for the sake of their milk, that was thought an incomparable guard against cosmetics with poison in them. Last century, too, when life was lived by candle-light, and ethics was but etiquette, and even art a question of punctilio: women, we know, gave the best hours of the day to the crafty farding of their faces and the towering of their coiffures. And men throwing passion into the wine-bowl to sink or swim, turned out thought to browse upon the green cloth. Cannot we even now in our fancy see them, those silent exquisites round the long table at Brooks', masked, all of them, "lest the countenance should betray feeling," in quinze masks through whose eyelets they sat peeping, peeping while macao brought them riches or ruin. We can see them, those silent rascals, sitting there with their cards and their rouleaux and their wooden money-bowls, long after the dawn had crept up St. James' and pressed its haggard face against the window of the little club. Yes, we can raise their ghosts—and, more, we can see many where a devotion to hazard fully as meek as theirs. In England there has been a wonderful revival of cards. Roulette may rival dead faro in the tale of her devotees. Her wheel is spinning busily in every house and ere long it may be that tender parents will be writing to complain of the compulsory baccarat in our public schools.

In fact, we are all gamblers once more, but our gambling is on a finer scale than ever it was. We fly from the card-room to the beach, and from the beach to the City, and from the City to the coast of the Mediterranean. And just as no one seriously encourages the clergy in its frantic efforts to lay the spirit of chance that has thus resurged among us, so no longer are many faces set against

a class of men as any other), that the fairer the fruit's rind and the more delectable its bloom, the closer are packed the ashes within it. The very jargon of the hunting-field connects cunning with a mask. And so perhaps came man's anger at the embellishment of women—that lovely mask of enamel with its shadows of pink and tiny pencilled veins, what must lurk behind it? Of what treacherous mysteries may it not be the screen? Does not the heathen lacquer her dark face, and the harlot paint her cheeks, because sorrow has made them pale?

After all, the old prejudice is a dying. We need not pry into the secret of its birth. Rather is this time of jolliness and glad indulgence. For the era of rouge is upon us, and as only in an elaborate era can man by the tangled accrescency of his own pleasures and emotions reach that refinement which is his highest excellence, and by making himself, so to say, independent of Nature, come nearest to God, so only in an elaborate era is woman perfect. Artifice is the strength of the world, and in that same mask of paint and powder, shadowed with vermell tinct and most trimly pencilled, is woman's strength.

For see! We need not look so far back to see woman under the direct influence of Nature. Early in this century, our grandmothers, sickening of the odour of faded exotics and spilt wine, came out into the daylight once more and let the breezes blow around their faces and enter, sharp and welcome, into their lungs. Artifice they drove forth, and they set Martin Tupper upon a throne of mahogany to rule over them. A very reign of terror set in. All things were sacrificed to the fetish Nature. Old ladies may still be heard to tell how, when they were girls, affectation was not; and, if we verify their assertion in the light of such literary authorities as Dickens, we find that it is absolutely true. Women appear to have been in those days utterly natural in their
conduct

Your eyes were clear as a sandal spring

After a drought, when its waters run
Evenly, sparingly, filling
Into the eye of the sun.

Love you took with a placid smile,
Pain you bore with a hopeful sigh,

Never a thought of gain or guile
Slept in your wide blue eyes.

Suddenly, once, at a trivial word —

Side by side together we slept,
Rose a tempest that raged and scoured,
Over your soul it swept.

Dismal visitants, suddenly,

Pulled the doors in your house of clay
Out of the windows there stared at me
Something horrible grey

and will practice in my garden. I will try to be able to account
plainly for it all!

Lady Dal. I hope Cyril does not meet Mr. Mandeville when he
goes to your house.

Mrs. de Trapp. Let me see. I believe I introduced them.
At any rate, I know I saw them at luncheon together last week.

Lady Dal. At luncheon together? Cyril and the person who
sings? What could my boy and Mr. Mandeville have in common?

Mrs. de Trapp. They both appear to admire Cyril Sparrow
very much. And I cannot find what men see in him. She is not
tall and her figure is most innocent; you would say she was still
in her teens. As for her eyes, they are dead, but she has fine eyes, but
of course she blackens them. I think the great attraction is her
artistic temper. One never knows what she will do next.

Lady Dal. [Half to herself.] Last week Cyril came in after
midnight. He refused to answer my questions.

Mrs. de Trapp. You seem about minded, my dear Edith.
[Pause.] I must be going now. Where are Arthur and James?
We have not a moment to lose. We are going to choose wedding
presents. James is going to choose Arthur's and Arthur is going
to choose James's, so there can be no jealousy. It was I who
thought of this way out of the difficulty. One does one's best to
be nice to them, and then something happens and upsets all one's
plans. Where is Cyril?

Lady Dal. I am afraid Cyril is not at home.

Mrs. de Trapp. Then I shall not see him. Tell him I am
anxious and give my love to Julia. I hope she does not disturb
you when you are in the drawing-room and I have visitors. So
difficult to keep a grown-up girl out of the drawing-room. Where
can those men be? If only Lord Goldrummond were at the
house.

[Exit Mrs. de Trapp.]

ire-able

...
...
... by Mr. Darcy

A horse-man's rolled along a country road one August evening
after a long, delicious day of blissful idleness

... **man of leisure** never knows, one must be a good deal forty-
nine weeks out of the fifty-two before one can really appreciate
the exquisite enjoyment of doing nothing for twelve hours at a
stretch. Without by half spent the morning lounging about a

lumpy tick, and when the heat grew intolerable **he** had
retreated to a shady where, lying on his back in the sun,

... he had traced the pattern of the apple-leaves, and above
him upon the summit of the hill, the heat of the day was over,
he had come to roam whether sweet fancy led him, to lean over
gates, view the prospect and meditate upon the pleasures of a well-
spent day. Five such days had already passed over his head,
nearly more remained to him. Then farewell to freedom and
clean country air! Back again to London and another year's
toil.

... He came to a gate on the right of the road. Behind it a fence
... meant to lead up over a grassy slope. The grass, waving on
its summit, cast long shadows down the hill almost to his feet.
Wood and field paths were equally new to him, but the latter offered
greater attractions; he vaulted lightly over the gate and had so

The Yell

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