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The Craftsman

"The lyf so short
the craft so
long to
lerne"

Beautiful Books

By Irene Sargent

T.J.Cobden-Sanderson
and the Doves Bindery

By Emily Preston

The Binding of Books

By Florence Foote

The Art Handicrafts
of Italy

By Mary Harned

THE CRAFTSMAN

APRIL MDCCCCII

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS



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FOREWORD

THE Publishers of "The Craftsman" proceed with great satisfaction to the issue of their April number. The kind attention awakened by the new publication in literary and technical circles, both at home and abroad, encourage them to yet greater effort.

They judge the papers herein offered upon the various arts and crafts connected with book-binding and book-printing to be most timely, because of the active interest regarding them now everywhere prevailing.

Hereafter notices and criticism of Arts and Crafts Exhibitions will form a special feature of the Magazine, and all information bearing upon them, wherever they may occur, is solicited by the Editors.

The May number of "The Craftsman" will be devoted to a series of papers upon metal work and clock-making. In addition to the editorial writings, there will appear two articles by Samuel Howe: the one entitled "Enamel Work," and the other a criticism of the Drake Collection of Russian brass and copper. Another paper of interest will be contributed by Miss Amalie Busck, whose experience in the art of which she will write, can not fail to prove valuable to workers in metal. The Magazine will also contain a number of interesting illustrations, and no pains will be spared to make it an acceptable and creditable issue.

**DATES AND RESIDENCES
OF SEVERAL NOTED PRINTERS AND BINDERS**

ALDUS

Aldus the elder, Paul and Aldus Manutius the younger,
Venice, 1488-1597.



ESTIENNE

Henry, Robert, Henry, Robert and Antony Estienne,
Paris and Geneva, 1502-1674.



ELSEVIER OR ELZEVIR

Louis, Bonaventure, Matthew, Abraham, Isaac, John,
Daniel and Abraham Elsevier, Leyden, 1580-1712.
Louis Elsevier and his sons, Amsterdam, 1638-1691.



PLANTIN

Christopher Plantin, Tours and Antwerp, latter half of
sixteenth century.



THE KELMSCOTT PRESS

Founded by William Morris, at Hammersmith, London,
in 1891; discontinued in March, 1898.



T. J. White - Sanderson
19 May 1900

BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

“FOR him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye
Than robes riche, or fithele or gay sautrye.”

Thus Chaucer, our first great master of English letters, describes the passion of a bibliophile. And, as always at his master's touch, he conjures up a picture. We can see the gaunt, ill-favored “clerke of Oxenford,” in his narrow cell sparsely furnished with bed, desk and chair, the property of his college, while a crucifix and a score of books constitute his only personal possessions. These books, the source of mediaeval scholarly delight, were not only clad, but as well written, in black and red. They were issued from places which, were it not for history, and for the careful preservation of numbers of the books themselves, would be inconceivable to those who exercise their arts and crafts in the printeries and binderies of to-day. These precious volumes, at the time when Chaucer wrote his *Canterbury Tales*, were transcribed and multiplied in the abbeys of England and the continent by monks who literally spent their lives in the *scriptoria*, or writing-rooms, of their conventual dwellings. Oftentimes, it was to a single book that they devoted the best efforts of their genius and manhood. And thus the book came to represent for the scribe all that hearth and home, secular enterprise, wife and child stood for in the eyes of the man of action. The *scriptoria* not seldom opened upon a court, as we find exemplified in notable specimens of monastic architecture; they were then called “carols:” a corruption of the word square, applied to them because of their shape. And there, in favoring light and quiet, the work of transcribing progressed. When we examine the hour-books, the Gospels, and the Psalters thus produced, we receive a strong impression, not only from the ex-

quisite art of the old illuminators, but also from the spirit of self-consecration which animated the lonely men who wrought with such loving care, and which still breathes from every page of these beautiful books. At such moments, it seems sure that Fra Angelico was not the only mediaeval artist who prayed between the strokes of his brush; rather that he was but the type of a period when art and religion were united, and when both were allied to labor. From the eighth to the fourteenth century, we find this art of illumination flowering in different countries: in Ireland, at the first named point of time, when the splendid "Book of Kells" and its similars came into existence; in France, advancing slowly to perfection, until in Dante's time, as we know by his allusions in the Divine Comedy, it was regarded as an art peculiar to the French; in Italy, reaching the climax of a splendid maturity just before the invention of movable type. The artists of each of these countries had, as was inevitable, their distinctive style derived from conditions of race and environment. The great Irish manuscripts are characterized by their interlaced ornament, as intricate as the geometrical designs of the Moors, and far more interesting historically, since much of Celtic mythology and legend is therein involved. In the "Book of Kells," the borders and initial letters show long systems of curiously interwoven strands, like the threads of a rope, or the fibres of basketry. In both design and color, they have a decorative value which gives an extreme pleasure to the most inexperienced eye. Beside and beyond this, there is a religious idea running through the maze of scroll-work and twisted knots. These beautiful convolutions are artistic *motifs* derived from the dragons and writhing serpents which play so prominent a part in the tales of the Gods of the North. And the same *motifs* which make distinctive the illuminated manuscripts of the Celts recur again and again in the carvings of Runic crosses, and the chiseled ornaments of churches, throughout Ireland and Scotland and in the Isle of Man.

Oftentimes, even the beasts and reptiles which symbolized the powers of evil and darkness, form an integral part of the design: the bodies winding through the strands, and the heads making terminal ornaments. Occasionally, too, the human figure is frankly apparent in the design, as is the case in the Gospel of Mac Regol at Oxford; or else, in singular modification, it may be traced by the initiated eye, as on the shaft of a noted wayside cross near Ashbourne, England. Here, by the repetition of the units of an interlaced geometrical design, a human trunk is simulated; the head is suggested by an elongated oval terminal loop; the legs by separated strands pendent from the interlaced pattern; and the feet by the frayed ends of the strands turned at right angles to their length. These and other equally fanciful conceits originated in a very remote past, and arose from the desire of man to put himself in relation with the forces of nature, and to express that desire in visible form. Then, slowly, as the aesthetic faculty was developed in these Northern peoples by advancing civilization, the symbolism was lost, leaving behind it that element of the grotesque which carries their restricted art to so high a place in the history of ornament. Indeed, to examine in a critical sense these Irish illuminated manuscripts is to agree with the saying of William Morris, that the only work of art which surpasses a complete mediæval book is a complete mediæval building.

If now, as we have seen, symbolism, strength and originality are the characteristics of the early book-designs of Northern Europe, we find later, in those of the French, compensating qualities. Delicacy and grace, a certain subtle inventiveness, and accuracy of execution distinguish the missals and Psalters which are known in the annals of art by the names of the sovereigns and princes who first possessed them. In these are found exquisite miniatures, imitations of nature, and conventionalized ornament, rendered with a light touch

and in a gaiety of mood that belong alone to the Gallic race. These manuscripts bear a sign manual as unmistakable as those of their Northern predecessors. To replace the interest excited by the legend of the man fighting the dragon, told in scroll, twist, and knot, one finds a new pleasure in discovering, one by one, the details of the design. The large capital letters often form frames for little genre pictures which are not unworthy of the predecessors of Meissonnier; or, again, they are garlands of heavy foliage from the depths of which show the soft wing, or the bright eye of a bird, or the brush of a squirrel, or fox. Between the time when the monks of Ireland produced their wonderful books, and the moment when Dante made his famous allusion to the *French art of illuminating*, the universe had lost its terrors for man: the world had become a pleasant dwelling-place, and the teeming, multiform life of nature cried out to be admired and enjoyed. And here again, decorative art, more plainly than words can do, indicates the exact stage of the then existing social development. The French in the thirteenth century had the same restless sense of perfection which characterizes their most modern efforts. A page of the latest French prose, considered from the point of view of style, and by reason of the pleasure that it gives the ear, through harmony of sound and beauty of rhythm, is matched by the French illuminated written book in its appeal to the sense of sight.

The Italian manuscripts offer other beauties; certain examples of the fourteenth century being perhaps more frequently employed as models and for suggestions than those of any other country and period. Their ornamentation is less intricate and symbolic than those of the peoples beyond the Alps; since the Italians inherited by right the traditions of classic art: rejecting the occult and the grotesque, and presenting everywhere slightly conventionalized natural forms. Among the most beautiful features of these manuscripts are the

floriated borders which surround the text, often giving the appearance of a shower of brilliant petals arranged symmetrically by chance, and which the next breath of air might disperse and carry away: so delicately are they placed upon the page. The colors too are beautifully blended in both support and contrast: the ones most usually employed being the blue now known as Gobelín, containing a grayish cast and somehow suggesting transparency; a red perfectly corresponding with the blue, bearing upon the crimson overcast with white of the raspberry; a violet chording with the blue, as a lower note chords with a higher musical tone; an emerald green more vivid than the other colors; and finally, traceries in gold and points of black which co-ordinate the design, after the manner of a scheme of punctuation.

Thus we may faintly describe the art of illumination as practised by three differing peoples in the Middle Ages; the first school touching the times of barbarism, and reflecting the sense of mystery and terror which then overhung the world; the second reaching its perfection simultaneously and in the same country with the Gothic cathedral, and, therefore, again recalling William Morris' comparison of the book with the church; the third fermenting with the ideas of the Renaissance, discarding symbolism, and simplifying its forms as if in preparation for the age of printing.

With the invention of this new art began, as was inevitable, the decay of the beautiful book of the Middle Ages. The rich materials which had made it a precious possession of sovereigns and princes were successively discarded, in order that the word of wisdom might reach the people. The jewel coffers of palaces, the great libraries with their locks and chains confining the heavy volumes to strict places, were no longer to be the sole guardians of human thought registered in visible form. The hour was already foretold in which the very peasant should clasp his book to his breast with that sat-

isfaction which comes with the words: "A poor thing, but mine own!"

The vellum book of the Middle Ages was a very great advance in luxury upon the papyrus roll of classic antiquity, since the value of the latter resided largely in the labor expended upon it, and not in the material itself. The roll used by public officers, orators and teachers had needed no costly cover for protection or ornament. But the vellum book was at first the prerogative of royalty, since in early times none but clerks and kings could read and the latter hardly. So, not seldom, the cover was of gold, silver, or ivory, heavily set with jewels: rubies, emeralds, amethysts and pearls; as we may find by visiting the sacristies of certain great continental cathedrals, or museums like those of Paris and Vienna. But as time passed, the nobles became milder in manners and customs, and literacy extended. Then too, the industries dependent upon the silkworm were established with brilliant results. These conditions therefore changed the character of the book as to its outer covering, until in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries we find the Tudor princesses delighting in book covers and casings fashioned from rich Italian stuffs, such as velvets and damasks; these materials being embroidered with pearls, and studded with gems. Leather bindings, the most satisfactory ever devised and the oldest now in active service, were used as early as the twelfth century. They gradually superseded all other forms of preserving and adorning the book, until under the French craftsmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries they attained a perfection which offers the standard and guide to the present workers in the same branch of art-artisanship. This perfection is so well recognized that many connoisseurs have accepted the statement made by a French writer: "Book-binding is altogether a French art;" although a so emphatic expression can be excused only by reason of the patriotism of the one who uttered it. Still it remains true that no

master of this fascinating craft, be he Teuton or Saxon, can ignore the work of the binders of the courts of the Valois and Bourbon kings. The artistic processes—especially the decoration technically known as “tooling,”—were first practised in Italy, but once known in France, they advanced to a point of excellence never attained in the first named country.

In common with all the arts, that of book-binding received its first great impetus from the pleasure and luxury-loving monarch, Francis First, of whom it was well said in sonorous Latin that he was no less famous in letters than in arms. He not only built the splendid castles which line the banks of the Loire, and are so fitted to their surroundings that they seem part and parcel of Nature herself; he also opened for his people a wide path toward intellectual supremacy and material wealth by founding the galleries of the Louvre; he was further a most notable book collector, and transmitted his exquisite taste to his immediate descendants, and by so doing assured for them a redeeming trait amid their frivolous or their noxious characteristics.

The daughter-in-law of Francis First, Catherine de' Medici, brought from her cultured native city the love of literature for itself, as well as the desire for the acquisition of beautiful books. This was most natural, since throughout the fifteenth century, Florence had been the refuge of the Greek scholars, who, driven from Constantinople by the Turks, had fled with their treasures of rare manuscripts into Italy, to beg hospitality of the citizen-sovereigns of the most famous town of the Peninsula. The Medici were not less patrons of literature than bibliophiles, as we now understand the term; that is: experts in judging the beauty, the workmanship, and the money value of any given book. From 1465 until well into the sixteenth century, the books printed in Italy were the finest in the world: a fact which was due to the existence in that country of the last great

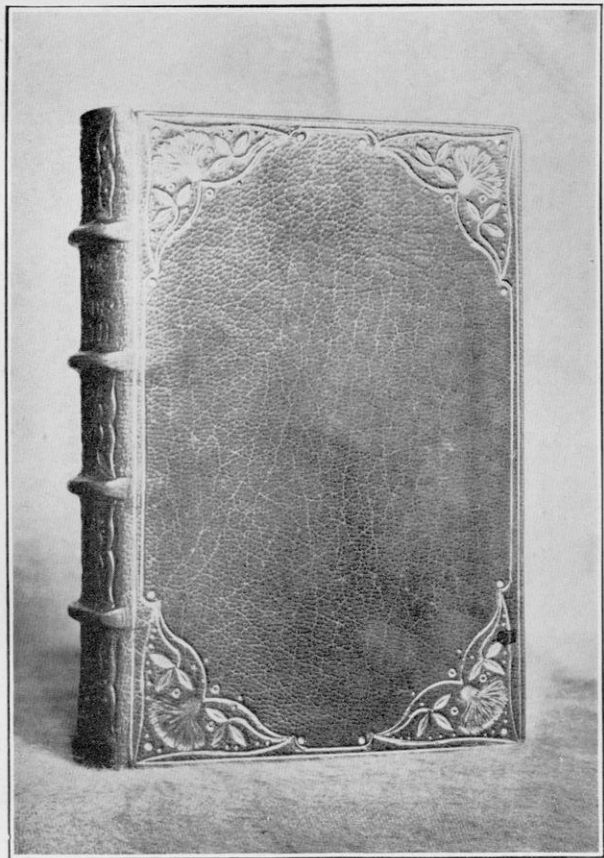
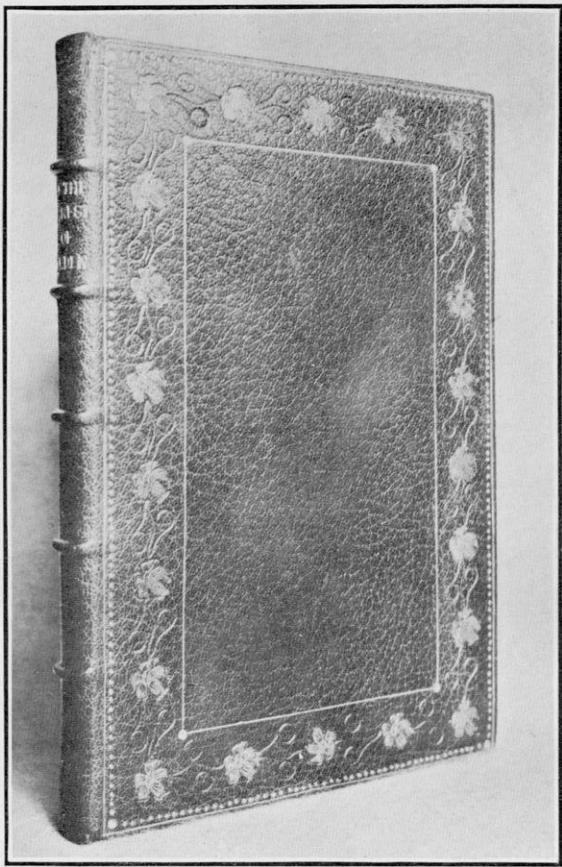
school of illumination, and also to the great Venetian publisher, Aldus Manutius, of whom we shall speak later. It was natural then that Catherine de' Medici, as the heir of both the tastes and the commercial sense of her ancestors, should seek to acquire an enviable library. She is known to have possessed at least four thousand volumes of great value as to the design and execution of their bindings. But the artists and craftsmen who brought them into existence are unknown, and the books themselves are, in large proportions, lost. Many of them exist under newer exteriors in the great national libraries of France; a number of them are found in the British Museum; still others, after long wanderings, have become the treasures of private collections. For the Queen was deeply in debt, and at her death, her books became the property of the Crown, and were rebound, in order to remove from their covers the arms and devices of their first owner. This fact is to be deeply regretted, as it would be of great interest to examine in its entirety a library now impossible to obtain or collect, at any price, or in any country.

Another woman bibliophile near the throne, at this time, was Diana de Poitiers, the mistress of Catherine's husband, Henry Second. This noble lady had also her special binders and decorators, and, as the book-cover then, in addition to its other functions, served those of the modern book-plate, the crescent of the goddess Diana, combined with the initial of the king's name, shone upon every volume in the royal favorite's collection.

The sons of Catherine de' Medici shared more or less in the cultured tastes, as well as in the passions and vices of their mother. Under their patronage, the celebrated bookbinders and booksellers, Nicholas and Clovis Eve, rose to a reputation which still lives through their exquisite work. These two brothers represented the first of a number of families of noted French



*Beaten leather book bound in white calf
By Miss Nordhoff*



*Books in crushed levant morocco
Bound by Miss Foote*

binders ; the art passing from father to son, extending into collateral branches, sometimes lasting through three, four, or five generations, and distinguishing a large number of individuals.

It will be thus seen how widespread was the demand for beautiful books and how honorable and lucrative was the calling of the craftsmen connected with their production. And then, as now, amateur book-binding was a favorite occupation of the leisure classes, ranking princes among its devotees, and even one king : Henry Third, the last of the sons of Catherine de' Medici to occupy the throne of France.

But the critical taste for beautiful books was best advanced in France, and, owing to the influence of that country, throughout Europe, by a noble, Jean Grolier, whose public diplomatic career is now forgotten, while his services to the arts of book-binding and printing are constantly gaining wider recognition, as his name is chosen to designate societies of bibliophiles in countries distant from the place of his birth. He was in his day statesman, financier, scholar, and, for the qualities distinguishing each of these phases of his intellect, he was praised by his friend, Erasmus, who represented him as learned, modest, courteous, a model of integrity and the ornament of France. Grolier, whose biography is ignored by many for whom his name as a bibliophile is a household word, was born in Lyons toward the end of the fifteenth century, and bore the title of Vicomte d' Aguesy. At that time, the relations between France and Northern Italy were close and uninterrupted, owing to marriages between princes, treaties and commercial enterprises, and Grolier received the appointment of treasurer of the duchy of Milan : an office which he occupied for nearly twenty years. During his residence in Italy, he made the acquaintance of Aldus Manutius, the "scholar printer" of Venice, assisting him and his successors financially in the production of beautiful volumes, several of which were dedicated

to Grolier and bound in the Aldine workshops. Once during his tenure of office at Milan, he was sent by Francis First on a political mission to Pope Clement VII., and, while in Rome, became familiar with the treasures of the Vatican library. On his return to France, he was made treasurer-general of the kingdom, and established himself in Paris; carrying into the court and literary circles of that capital the refining influences which he had derived from the mother-country of the modern arts. He died in 1565, at his sumptuous residence, where he had gathered his library, the result of infinite pains and the highest development of taste. These priceless books reached the number of three thousand, of which all but a small fraction have been either totally destroyed, or are lurking under the disguises of newer bindings in libraries, or the shops of antiquarians; three hundred and fifty volumes only being recognized as the authentic possessions of this greatest of historic bibliophiles. The marks of Grolier's ownership so eagerly welcomed by the seeker after value, whether aesthetic or commercial, are the inscription printed in a single line across the lower part of the front cover, JO. GROLERII ET AMICORUM (the property of Jean Grolier and his friends), and also the Bible quotation adopted by him as a personal motto, or legend: PORTIO MEA, DOMINE, SIT TERRA VIVENTRUM (O Lord, let my portion be in the land of the living!) But though every leaf of his most cherished possessions should perish, the inspiration and patronage which Grolier gave to book-printers and book-binders could never be forgotten, since the assistance lent by him was one of the most potent factors in the advancement of art and learning, active in sixteenth century France. And further, the passion for beautiful books, which formed so strong an element of his life, was with him, as it will be found in every case to be, the accomplishment, the counterpart, and the contrast of hard labor in the most serious and prosaic fields.

As the arts of printing and of book-binding are too closely allied to be considered separately, a few notes upon the life of Aldus Manutius and upon the publishing house of which he was the founder, will not be amiss in this place. Aldus (to use the name by which he is best known) was first a scholar, and afterward a craftsman. His early studies, pursued at Rome and Ferrara, were for the most part in the Latin language and literature. He became the instructor of an Italian prince, and brilliantly fulfilled the duties of his office. But it was not until he reached mature age that he began the study of Greek, through which he was destined to gain his greatest fame. In turning toward the language of philosophy, he yielded to the influence of the "New Learning," whose tide swept over Europe in the latter half of the fifteenth century, awakening terror in the minds of the long-established intellectual and spiritual authorities, and giving rise to the warning: "Beware of the Greeks, lest ye be made heretics." With the acumen, thoroughness and singular diligence that distinguished him, Aldus mastered the great difficulties of his latest study, and became so well versed in Greek literature that his judgments upon the authenticity and purity of the texts which he afterward edited, came to be accepted by the learned world. To him are due twenty-eight *first editions* of the Greek classics, as well as a much greater number of works in Latin. But sincere as were his efforts in furthering the cause of classic learning, his services to the art of typography were infinitely greater. He reformed and remodeled the type which he found in use, on the establishment of his press at Venice, in 1488. In place of the Gothic characters which practically reproduced those of the latest illuminated manuscripts, he substituted the Roman alphabet in type of his own design. His toil was unremitted, for he felt as few have done, the shortness of human life. And to the end that he might accomplish all that he knew to be latent within him, he had placed over

his desk, in his work-cabinet, a tablet warning away all intruders and idlers. The Medici gave him high tokens of their regard, and the Pope, Leo X., favored him with numerous privileges. But at last jealousy wrought its work and he died at the hands of Venetian assassins.

The books issued from the Aldine press during the life of its founder were the finest in the world, and, until 1560, Italian bindings were marked by graceful, free designs, which even the technical skill already gained by the French could not outbalance. A younger son of Aldus, known as Paul Manutius, continued the work begun by his father, but publishing the Latin somewhat in preference to the Greek classics. He was led to this choice partly by his perfect knowledge of the former, which enabled him to write with the purity and elegance of the Augustan age, and partly by the commission of the Holy See, which directed him to publish the writings of the Church Fathers, and attached him to the Library of the Vatican. Paul was a worthy successor of his father, and his to-day priceless edition of Cicero can be compared with any of the earlier master-pieces of his house.

Again the press was continued by the son of a great scholar and craftsman, but this time disastrously. The Aldus third in succession had not the practical gifts of his predecessors, and, furthermore, competitors in his art had arisen, both at home and abroad. He provided scantily for himself and his family by teaching languages in Venice, Bologna, Pisa and finally in Rome, where he died at the end of the sixteenth century, in abject distress, after being forced to see the great enterprise by which his name had become famous, pass into the ownership of strangers.

The arts relative to the printing and binding of books flourished in Italy with the Aldine press for less than a century. But in proportion as they rapidly declined in Italy they rose in Northern Europe.

Among these distinguished publishers, three families claim especial attention: the Elzevirs, the Estiennes, and the Plantins. The members of the first group were Hollanders, who, establishing their press in 1583, continued for a century to send out from Leyden and Amsterdam an uninterrupted course of fine editions of the classics. They distinguished themselves, as is generally known, by the elegance of their duodecimo and even smaller volumes. Their editions of Virgil, Terence, the New Testament, and the Psalter—all adorned with illuminated initial letters—became and have remained models, by reason of great correctness of text and rare typographical beauty. They were less learned than the Estiennes of Paris, who were somewhat earlier than they, and their works in Hebrew and Greek will not bear comparison with those of the French house. Criticism has been made recently also by the best English typographers upon their compressed and somewhat wiry characters which have served largely as models for the modern Roman type, to the neglect of the more legible and logical designs of the fifteenth century Venetian printers, Aldus, and more especially Nicholas Jenson, the master and guide of William Morris. Still, the fame of the Elzevirs is so justly great that it can not be materially lessened, and their beautiful productions are among the principal treasures of public and private libraries throughout the world.

The Estiennes are known today to a much more limited circle of bibliophiles. They were descendants of an old and noble family of Provence, the first printer and publisher of which braved disinheritance to enter the exercise of his chosen craft at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Five generations of Estiennes, working principally in Paris and in Geneva, rendered great services to the cause of learning. Like all the celebrated early printers, they were scholars of continental reputation. The most noted of them, the first

bearing the name of Robert, added to his intellectual powers artistic ability of a high order, and the alphabet which he invented is yet greatly admired. To ensure correctness of text, he posted his proofs publicly, and offered rewards to those who should discover errors in his readings. In religion he was a protestant, which fact was the occasion to him and to his accomplished son Henry of many financial losses and of exile from France. The most permanently valuable productions of the Estiennes were dictionaries in the Latin and Greek languages, which have served as bases for standard modern works. The history of the Estienne house runs parallel to that of the Alduses and the Elzevirs, in that the enterprise lasted a century, and the fortune acquired by the elder members of the family wasted away in the hands of the later generations.

The Plantin press was made famous through the agency of a single man, French by birth, although his work was accomplished at Antwerp. His life was a short one, but within its limits he founded a publishing house which ranked first among the establishments of its kind, active in the latter half of the sixteenth century. He differed from the Alduses, the Elzevirs and the Estiennes in possessing a wide acquaintance with the modern languages and in recognizing their function in education. He frequently gave employment to twenty presses, and his collection of type was the richest then known; so that he was able to print works in all the languages of Europe. His books are magnificent specimens of printing, correct in matter, and elegant in execution, although his type falls under the criticism already quoted as having been made upon the alphabet of the Elzevirs: that it is compressed laterally, that it has too many joined or compound letters, and that it loses character and legibility by being too slender or "wiry."

To examine the extant masterpieces of these early printers and binders is to experience

a pleasure approaching in degree that which is felt in the presence of a picture by an old master. As a brilliant example, we may take the Elzevir Virgil, published in 1676, and called the greatest book ever issued from the press of those perfect craftsmen; a work which called forth in its time the quaint description: "The tiny letters rival pitch in blackness. The paper is equally white as snow." Or, as a thing of beauty, we may prefer the exquisite religious volume sent out by the same house, entitled, "L'aimable mere de Jesus." It is in shape a narrow rectangle, a few inches in length. Its back is rounded in that swelling curve which is the ideal of binders; the five divisions of the back being sharply marked by horizontal projections. Its cover, of the leather known as "crushed levant," has a superb deep green tone, and shows the grain of the skin to the exact point desired by experts. Finally, the middle of the front cover is ornamented by a long, straight lily branch, which emphasizes and echoes the form of the book, at the same time that it symbolizes the purity of the Blessed Virgin, the graces of whom are celebrated in the contents of the book.

The masterpieces of historic book-making, printing apart, and considered only as to binding, are most often found in France, where the art was persistently practised; twenty individuals of the same family sometimes obtaining a well-earned reputation, either for general excellence in the exercise of their craft, or yet for the skilful manipulation of a single tool. To the latter class of workmen belonged Le Gascon, who lived in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and whose influence extended to England, Holland, Germany, and Italy. It is estimated that it would to-day require skilled labor to the amount of one hundred pounds in time-value to copy the "tooling" upon a certain beautiful book bound in his workshop. His instruments have been accurately copied in the hope to equal his effects, but the delicate hand of the master is wanting, and thus far attempts at reproduc-

tion have failed. This elaborate gilding, first learned from Italy, was separated in France into a number of divisions, or methods. It was applied in intricate arabesques, in small repeated isolated designs, in continuous patterns appropriately named "dentelles," or laces, in unbroken line, or in stipple. Each of these methods had its master, and each, when examined alone, seems the height and perfection of art. Another beautiful method of ornamentation (to-day brilliantly illustrated by Marius Michel, the modern French binder) was the so-called leather mosaic-work, in which several colors with gold were combined on the book-cover, sometimes into a continuous arabesque, or a repeated "all-over" design, but most often into a geometrical figure occupying the middle of the cover.

In French book-binding, as time went on, the designs changed, according to the influences dominant for the moment at court. Under Louis XIV. they were symmetrical and sober; under Louis Fifteenth, in the work of Padeloup, the favorite binder of Madame de Pompadour, they were delicate and exquisite, as is evidenced by the beautiful book: "The Loves of Daphnis and Chloe," which was sold a few years since for the equivalent of three thousand five hundred dollars.

For a period, the religious movement of the Jansenists was reflected in the art of which we are treating, for its promoters were scholars and educators, and the classics took on a sombre dress. But for three centuries and more, far down into the reign of Napoleon First, collectors and craftsmen fostered in France the art of book-binding; being materially aided in their efforts by the Guild of St. John, which was founded in 1401, which included scribes, illuminators, printers, book-binders, and booksellers, and which continued active until suppressed by the Revolution. To-day, the art is represented in France by a group of art-artisans of exquisite and patient skill, chief among whom ranks M. Marius Michel, who is both craftsman and writer.

As to printing, pure and simple, the primacy was gained late in the nineteenth century for England by William Morris, whose influence, extending throughout the United Kingdom and America, wrought the most radical improvements in typography.

The Kelmscott Press, as one of the most worthy and practical enterprises of the great craftsman, deserves the attention of all to whom printing appeals, either as a fine art, or merely as a medium for the transmission of knowledge, thought, or sentiment; since the eye is largely responsible for the impression made upon the brain, and since the ease, comfort, pleasure, or pain, attendant upon the act of reading results largely from the design, color, and composition of the printed page.

By competent critics it is said that the books issued from the Kelmscott Press are, consideration being made for their aims and intentions, the finest and most harmonious ever produced. They were the result of ceaseless experiment and the highest intelligence. They brought fame to England in an art in which she did not early excel—owing to political and social causes. The Hundred Years' War with France and the Wars of the Roses destroyed the native school of illumination, so that when printing was introduced there were no trained illuminators or scribes to further the production of beautiful books, as was the case in Italy, France and Germany. The books printed by Caxton at his Westminster press were not comparable with those of his continental contemporaries, and these beginnings, of necessity inartistic, retarded the development of printing as a fine art. Another unfavorable condition resided in the fact that Richard Third excluded the book-trade from the protection which he granted to other commercial and industrial enterprises. The first advance gained by the printers of the continent was only with difficulty overcome by the English, whom it continued to affect for centuries. It was, therefore, an accomplishment for England not

easily estimated when Morris produced his *Kelmscott Chaucer*, which has been called by enthusiastic admirers, "the noblest book ever printed," "the finest book ever issued," "the greatest triumph of English typography," and which, even if these opinions shall be modified, will always remain an epoch-making work.

It is interesting to study the steps by which Morris attained his happy results as a printer. He has related his experience in a "note," written in his direct, simple style, in which, at the very beginning, he sums up, as if unconsciously, the qualities of good printing :

"I began," he writes, "with the hope of producing books which should have a definite claim to beauty, while, at the same time, they should be easy to read, and should not dazzle the eye, or trouble the intellect by eccentricity of form in the letters. I have always been a great admirer of the calligraphy of the Middle Ages, and of the earlier printing which took its place. As to the fifteenth century books, I had noticed that they were always beautiful by force of the mere typography, even without the added ornament, with which many of them are so lavishly supplied. And it was the essence of my undertaking to produce books which it would be a pleasure to look upon as pieces of printing and arrangement of type. Looking at my adventure from this point of view then, I found I had to consider chiefly the following things: the paper, the form of the type, the relative spacing of the letters, the words, and the lines; and lastly the position of the printed matter upon the page."

For raw materials and for workmen to fashion them ready for his use, Morris sought long and patiently; taking his models of paper and type from the early books which he so admired, and adapting them to modern needs and requirements.

His experiments in alphabets are particularly interesting, as he relates them. By in-

stinct, he first turned toward the Roman letter, pure in form; severe, without needless excrescences; solid, without here and there an arbitrary thickening or thinning of the line, which is the essential fault of the ordinary modern letter. He afterward set himself to produce a fount of Gothic type which should not be open to the charge of illegibility so often, and with reason, preferred against it. He expressed himself to the effect that "letters should be designed by artists and not by engineers," and with the principles of clearness and beauty as his ideals, he perfected three founts named from the books in which they were destined to be used.

The first, based upon Roman characters, became known as the Golden, from the twelfth century story of saints and martyrs, called "The Golden Legend," which it was Morris' purpose to edit and publish.

The second, the Troy type, which its designer preferred to either of the others, shows the influence of the beautiful alphabets of the early printers of Mainz, Augsburg and Nuremberg. At the same time it has a strong individuality, and could never be mistaken for any of the mediæval founts. It has been pirated on the continent, and remodeled in America, where, in various modifications, it is known as "Venetian," "Italian," or "Jenson." It received its name from the French cycle of heroic romances which William Morris translated, and issued under the name of "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye."

The third type used at the Kelmscott press, called the Chaucer, differs from the Troy only in size,—the first being Pica, and the second Great Primer. It is seen in the book which is, by far, the most important achievement of the Kelmscott Press.

These studies and experiments in type occasioned heavy expenditures in time, energy, and money,—such as the purchase of rare *incunabula* (speci-

mens of early printing: the word derived from the Latin, cradle); the destruction of castings which proved unsuccessful or inartistic; and photography upon an extensive scale, by which the enlarged forms of the letters might be studied, not only individually, but also as to the causes of their share in the effect of the general composition of the page.

The Kelmscott Press, set in operation in 1891, produced its masterpiece, the works of Chaucer, in the spring of 1896, a year and nine months after the great book had been begun. This is in form a folio, the pages containing double columns of text, and each surrounded by floriated borders, of which there are fourteen variations. It is further ornamented by eighty-seven illustrations by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, in that artist's most characteristic Pre-Raphaelite style. As the crowning perfection of the Chaucer, Morris was to have designed special bindings, but owing to his failing health, the only scheme that he was able to complete was for a full white pigskin covering, which has been executed at the Doves Bindery upon forty-eight copies of the work, including two printed upon vellum.

To afford a worthy comparison to the Kelmscott Chaucer, it was Mr. Morris' intention to issue Froissart's chronicles, in Lord Berner's translation. This was to have been in two volumes folio, with beautiful initials and heraldic ornaments throughout, and a large frontispiece drawn by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. A few pages had been put in type, but no sheet had been printed, when the death of William Morris occurred in the autumn of 1876. The Kelmscott Press was closed in 1898, after an existence of less than seven years, and the completion of a comparatively small number of books. But its influence is to-day universal, and is constantly increasing in strength. Through the clearness and beauty of the printed page, it was a vital power toward making knowledge "amiable and lovely to all mankind."

COBDEN-SANDERSON AND THE DOVES BINDERY

THE temptation that usually assails one in writing of a man for whom he has certain well-defined enthusiasms is that of forcing his readers into a too conscious allowance for the personal equation. But as a craft-worker speaking to fellow-craftsmen, I feel confident that Cobden-Sanderson's is a name to conjure with, when one is striving to create fervor for the best craft ideals. From time to time, there rises up in the very heart of a movement an individual who reduces its abstract principles to their concrete form; realizing in his daily life those ideals that exceed the grasp of most idealists, and winning to the cause by his forceful example more adherents than all the precepts of the wisest could gain for it.

When Cobden-Sanderson changed his barrister's wig and gown for the *beret* and *blouse* of the workman, he gave a very strong impetus to the craft movement that Morris had set going and, at the same time, definitely ranged himself on the side of labor and social democracy: a position at variance with both circumstance and training. But though his university career had been one of more than average distinction, and his social graces were such that he individualized his place in the complex world of London society, yet it is as master-craftsman that he wields an influence which has strengthened and broadened all craft development.

When it was suggested to me that a description of Cobden-Sanderson and his work, by one who had come into close touch with both, might be a helpful inspiration to craftsmen, I wrote, asking his permission to make such use of my experience. Mr. Sanderson's reply was such a characteristic one, and expressed so concisely his idea of the true craftsman, that I count it

no breach of faith to reproduce it as a whole, but rather a duty which I owe my fellow-workers to give them a fine thought as an inspiration to finer effort:

Dear Miss Preston: I hardly know what to say to your request to write about me. Such a proposal involves so much, and the question is: What of me do you propose to write about? I do not want to be written about as mere copy to satisfy for an infinitesimal moment of time the insatiable hunger of journalism, but this, I am sure you do not propose. If, on the other hand, my work can be made the opportunity of giving one little push in the right direction, then why not? So use your own discretion, and do your best for the cause, and remember that the cause is not book-binding, nor a handicraft, nor a pattern, nor getting a living, but that sound view of life as a whole, which shall make all other sound things possible, and among the sound things, some that may be beautiful. Book-binding is but the illustration.

Very truly yours,

T. J. Cobden-Sanderson.

The cause certainly has never had a stronger or warmer adherent than this one who writes so eloquently of it.

Mr. Sanderson joined the group of men who were following Morris at a time when there was inspiration in the very enthusiasm which that great leader created. It is said that he chose book-binding as his work rather to express his conviction that manual labour dignified man's existence, than for any attraction this special craft had for him, but those who feel the charm of his binding count this choice to have been something more than chance.

It is of Cobden-Sanderson, the craftsman, that I wish to write, but the salient points of his career may be of interest to readers who know little or nothing of his personality. By birth, he belongs to

that upper middle class English life which has an inflexible standard of education and environment, and along this line, he had his early training. He went up to Cambridge for his university degree, where his intimates were rather the opposite of democratic, and after vacillating between the Church and Medicine, he finally entered the Middle Temple as a Barrister-at-Law, and was for years in Parliamentary practice. His social charm gave him much popularity, and his rich cultivation and ready wit gained him access to all that was best in artistic and literary London. Thus he drifted on until he had rounded forty, when his whole scheme of life changed. He married a beautiful and brilliant woman, whose name he hyphenated with his own in deference to her father's will, and made a home for himself at Frognell, near Hampstead. Gradually both Mr. and Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson grew radical, and probably it needed just Morris' influence to push them across that sharply drawn line which separates Socialism from other political creeds. At all events, some seventeen years ago, he suddenly gave up the practice of law and went into DeCoverly's book-binding shop to learn that trade. He must have been an apt pupil, as his course was not of many months duration, and, on leaving, he set up his own workroom in his library at Frognell. Picturesqueness always appealing to him, he adopted the blue linen blouse of the French workmen and the white beret, as if to make the outer man conform as nearly as possible to his convictions.

Mrs. Sanderson sewed the books, and their two little children were brought to play in the workshop, in order that they might imbibe the new mode of living and become small Apostles of the Gospel of Labor as soon as possible. Here he was sought out by his friends, who numbered all that group of Pre-Raphaelites so precious in the annals of English art, and by a steadily increasing circle of admirers who found in his work a certain quality of charm that did not lie alto-

gether in the perfection of *technique*. It was at this time that the "Society of Arts and Crafts" was founded in London, and the name now so familiar that it seems to belong to all time, was a happy inspiration of Cobden-Sanderson. It pleases him greatly to dwell upon the number of guilds that have adopted the name, but I wonder how many of these clubs in the United States know that the man who first made the happy combination is still the honorable secretary of the society he christened.

Just at the time when the art of printing was revived by Morris in the founding of the Kelmscott Press, Cobden-Sanderson decided to express his social convictions and, at the same time, to widen his own sphere by establishing a model work-shop in which employer and employe should share alike the toil and the honor. So it was that the Doves Bindery was started, called the Doves, because it is neighbour on the river to the little public house of that name, which every 'Varsity man knows well in connection with the Oxford and Cambridge boat races; for all through the training, one sees recorded that such and such time was made between Hammersmith bridge and the Doves. It may have been from youthful appreciation that Mr. Sanderson chose that name, but it was the last word which caught the British eye and the British scent for what is the language of their kinsmen over the sea! Whence the word? Without authority, proper English authority;—without the sanction of usage; evidently an Americanism!

The bindery opened with a staff of three—a finisher, a forwarder and collator, and one apprentice, the latter now one of the most successful binders in London. In the ten years of its existence but two changes have been made in the personnel of the Doves: Mr. Cockerell finished his apprenticeship, and at the end of five years, set out on his own way, while a young girl was taken in to assist in sewing and mending, who is now the fourth on the regular staff. Pupils have come

and gone, but have always gone with a pang, for it is a unique and rare experience to make one of that little community.

The Upper Mall, Hammer-smith, like many London roads, is respectable in spots and squalid in others; but it is picturesque all its length. The Doves Bindery stands just on the outskirts of respectability, in a shabby enough little slum, but within a stone's throw of Kelmscott House,—the home of both George MacDonald and Morris—and River House, which, with its neighbor, formed a part of the palace of Katherine of Braganza. To the street the Bindery presents a rather unpleasing aspect, but when one enters the house and passes through it to the garden, everything changes. Picture a neat, well-kept English garden full of bloom and fragrance: a low stone wall on the river side, against which the water washes at high-tide; shade-trees that cast long, cool shadows in the afternoon, with all the windows opening upon this and the river beyond, and the lovely Surrey shore opposite. It is a very merry work-shop, with no foreman hovering about to watch the employes. Honor is the only guardian of his rights that Mr. Sanderson sets over the Doves,—the individual honour of each workman,—and a very good watch-dog he has found it; for although there is a no little talking in the course of the day, work goes on, and good work is turned out, whether he is late in coming or early, whether he is at home or on the Continent. The house has two large rooms on each floor, those below being occupied by the pupils and by the forwarder and finisher of the bindery; above, is Mr. Sanderson's private room, where he works out his designs and settles all details of all branches of the work—and another room in which the sewing and collating are done; and all the time, there is the sound of singing and laughter, which are good witnesses to the spirit that pervades this model workshop. The hours at the Doves Bindery are those required by the Trades Union:

from half-past eight to one, from two until half-past six, with Saturday afternoons free the whole year round. At four, a tea-table is spread in the pupils' room, where tea, bread and butter, and cake are served through the bounty of Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, who often comes in to share the afternoon tea which her generosity supplies. Around this table every one gathers full of good cheer, and glad of the pause that lets him express it. Often the paper is read aloud,—the Daily Chronicle of course,—for every one is, or becomes a Radical in this environment, and the talk is of books, for the most part: the last sale, the Kelmescott prices,—always a source of wonder,—the new presses; indeed the Doves is a training school in bibliographica. When summer comes and the air grows fragrant with the sweetness of the hay, tea is served in the garden down at the river end, but long before this is possible, and with the first breath of spring, doors and windows are flung open to the garden and the sordid life of the other side in the Mall is forgotten. This is the life at the Doves Bindery. Listen to the ideals which sustain that life, as expressed in Mr. Sanderson's own words: "It is not so much the form, as the spirit and conception of the workshop, as at present constituted, which I conceive to require amendment. A man may well be set to work by another, and many men and women may well co-operate in the production of a single work. The important thing is that there shall be a common and well understood notion of what the work is, or ought to be, and that there shall be a common and energetic desire to contribute to the completion of that work, each in due degree for the work's sake and the workmanship, and even for the shop's sake. And if in this field, I might suggest a practical reform, it would be the transformation of the work-shop from a place in which to earn a wage or to make a profit, into a place in which the greatest pleasure and the greatest honor in life are to be aimed at: pleasure in the intelligent work of the hand, and honor in the formation and main-

tenance of a great historic tradition." This cheery side of labor is a pleasant thing with which to come in contact. It makes one more hopeful of the ultimate result of the present struggle, to see the confidence of the master meet with the ready response of good work for fair treatment. Mr. Sanderson doubtless has exceptional workmen, both for skill and intelligence, but they are workmen when all is said: apprentices first, then journeymen,—so the experiment is robbed of none of its success because of unusual material. Three times in the year are holidays—a fortnight at mid-summer, a week at Christmas, and another week at Easter, and, although the wage goes on as usual, a substantial sum, by way of personal recognition of faithful service, gives to each employe the means to go for an outing with his family, with no need to draw upon the Savings' Bank. Certainly if "Altruism is the best relation between self and others," Cobden-Sanderson might be reckoned a first citizen of Altruria! The co-operative system has never been tried at the Doves Bindery,—doubtless for some very good reason,—but the scale of wage is such that the workmen have comfortable homes, and are able to keep their children at school a sufficient time to equip them with a good common school education, as a foundation for a trade. Hospitalities are frequently exchanged on both sides: pleasant little teas in the workmen's homes returned in kind; excursions on the river; parties to the theatre when a good piece is playing; a thorough acquaintance with the children of each family, and an interest in each one individually;—these are the ties of human intercourse that give a different tone to the relation of capital to labor.

It is not strange that much booklore is learned in the Bindery, for only the rarest and best comes here for beautifying and protecting: first editions of great writers; stray volumes that are known only to the bibliophile; the books printed at the Kelmscott Press, and at others that have sprung up since Morris aroused public

interest in fine printing;—these are the books which are brought to the Doves, and, as the workman unconsciously glances here and there at the contents of the book he is binding, he adds to his knowledge of bibliographica a certain familiarity with the best literature. When I first went to the Bindery, the books then in work were rather distasteful to the staff, being a series of photogravures of great personages who had attended a fancy dress ball at a great house during the sixtieth Jubilee. This limited edition of fifty volumes then binding, appealed in no way to the workmen who scorned the whole enterprise, and their comment on that portion of the nobility with whom they were becoming so familiar, was as outspoken and spontaneous as that which one hears on the Mall when the Sovereign holds a Drawing-Room. This work, however, gave Mr. Sanderson a breathing-time at the moment when the Tri-Annual Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society absorbed much of his time and thought. But it was, I feel sure, with a sigh of relief that he saw the last trace of aristocracy removed from Hammersmith.

That exhibition at the New Gallery,—the first since the death of Morris cast a gloom over the opening day of the exhibition of '96—was a signal triumph for the Doves Bindery. Every book offered for sale in Mr. Sanderson's case was sold on the afternoon of the private view. And how proud we all were of this success, and how quick his executants were to discover in other cases the slightest imitation of the tools or patterns with which they were so familiar!

One of the lectures given at the New Gallery during this exhibition was by Mr. Sanderson, his subject being "Gilds." It recalled to many in his audience a similar occasion, three years before, when, as a prelude to his lecture on "Art and Life," he made reference to the great loss that had befallen the Society in the then recent death of its President. "When I think of him," he said, "I seem to see a great light shed upon the

path in front of us, which waits only until we move, to move onward too,—still onward, and to keep its post fronting the darkness. And the great light shed from him is this : that in the work of his hands, aided, guided by the work of the brain into shapes of everlasting beauty and utility, man, not certainly this man or that,—for each must contribute in an infinite diversity of ways,—but man, as a whole, man, which is human society, organized to unity, shall find delight as of summer seas—waking to summer music, along the coasts of the world, under summer's sun and moon, and the still shining stars of Heaven. Work, incessant work, with beauty as our everlasting aim, this is the William Morris, this the memory of him, this the light shining upon the darkness of the future, which we all and especially we, of the Society whose President he was, ought to cherish and to abide by forever. Work! and for our everlasting aim, Beauty!"

The relation between Morris and Cobden-Sanderson was one of close sympathy and friendship, one that antedated the ties of political creed and craft conviction. In the beginning, when the Doves Bindery was starting, and the Kelmscott Press in need of larger quarters, an upper portion of the former was occupied by Morris' proofreaders. This brought Morris in and out many times a day, and with his marvelous interest in the detail of all craft-work, he made himself a familiar figure to the employes who have many remembrances of him as they knew him; and now it has fallen upon Mr. Sanderson to uphold the Morris tradition in the revival of printing, upon him and Morris' well-beloved friend, Emory Walker. How well they do this is proven by the beauty of the work that issues from the Doves Press.

It was Mr. Walker who first interested Morris in fine printing, being himself a connoisseur in typography, and when, as one of Morris' executors, he closed the Kelmscott Press and turned over

blocks and types to the British Museum, according to Morris' will, he conceived the idea of another Press, which, with a different scope, should again produce books representing the highest typographical achievement. With this high standard, he prevailed upon Mr. Sanderson to join him in the enterprise, and for months these two worked quietly and zealously; no announcement of the new Press being made until type was designed and cut, and all plans perfected for printing the first book.

The Doves Press is in Hammersmith Terrace, not a stone's throw from the houses of both its founders; the principles upon which it is conducted are the same as those of the Bindery, its near neighbor, and the same perfection of detail that distinguishes the workmanship of the Doves Bindery gives charm to the product of the Doves Press. The paper upon which the books are printed is of beautiful texture, thinner than the paper Morris used, but equally strong; the water-mark shows two doves with the initials C. S.—and E. W. beneath.

The type is Roman, and, so far, no effort has been made toward decoration or illustration. The charm of the books lies entirely in the beauty of the type and the perfection of spacing and placing upon the page; the impression made by the whole is one of pleasure in the beauty expressed by a perfect and dignified simplicity. The first book printed at the Doves Press was the "Life of Agricola," by Tacitus, and before it was printed, it was largely over-subscribed. Strangely coincident with this publication, is the fact that the first time Tacitus' Agricola was printed in England, the press that issued it was in Hammersmith Terrace. This, it is needless to say, was many years before the present enterprise. The appreciation of the Agricola was immediate;—indeed, there was no dissenting voice when approval was expressed by collectors; and this same estimate has been awarded to the books that have followed. This first issue

of the Doves Press was in January, 1901, and was at once succeeded by a tract on "The Book Beautiful," by Cobden-Sanderson. Since then, but one book has been printed,—a lecture on William Morris by Mackail,—but a great enterprise is on foot in the printing of the Bible, to be in five parts, issued at intervals of a year, the size, small folio. From time to time, during the great undertaking, other books will be issued, the next one to be "The Paradise Lost," which is eagerly anticipated by the subscribers. Before the Tacitus, a specimen page was printed by Mr. Walker and Mr. Sanderson,—an extract from a lecture by Cobden-Sanderson,—and it is counted a rare possession by the friends to whom it was presented.

Mr. Sanderson's ideas upon the ideally beautiful book are clearly set forth in his tract which closes with this concise summing up: "Finally, if the Book Beautiful may be beautiful by virtue of its writing, or printing, or illustration, it may also be beautiful, be even more beautiful, by the union of all to the production of one composite whole: the consummate Book Beautiful. Here the idea to be communicated by the book comes first, as the thing of supreme importance. Then comes in attendance upon it, striving for the love of the idea to be itself beautiful, the written or printed page, the decorated or decorative letters, the pictures set amidst the text, and, finally, the binding, holding the whole in its strong grip and for very love again, itself becoming beautiful because in company with the idea. This is the supreme Book Beautiful, or Ideal Book, a dream, a symbol of the infinitely beautiful in which all things of beauty rest, and into which all things of beauty do ultimately merge."

This is the man and this his work, and both, I take it, are a stimulus to whosoever is striving to sweeten his portion of labor by ennobling it with that high ideal: "Not for self only, but for the honour and reputation of the craft." To accept as a sacred

legacy the best traditions of the past, of that mediaeval past when the guilds created and upheld a craft ideal that made artists of artisans; to hold one's self above the degradation of art and life that comes of self-advertisement and of unworthy work; to learn thoroughly one's craft, and to learn also that to excel is better than to succeed,— here is writ down the doctrine that Cobden-Sanderson preaches and puts in practice. And, as we, in America progress in our craft ideals, we shall raise our standard and fight loyally for this noble conception of handicraft development! And so upon that stately theme: "The life so short, the craft so long to learn," shall be heard a sweet and rhythmic variation,— "Work, incessant work, and Beauty for our everlasting aim."



ON THE BINDING OF BOOKS

WITH the coming of the new century has come also a revival in the work of the artist-artisan: a Renaissance of handicraft in all its various branches; a reaction from over production; a protest against cheap and time-saving labor, when such labor means products of which each part is inferior and the whole of no enduring value.

Foremost among the crafts in which art and manual skill are joined, we find book-binding springing into a new life of active interest. The bindings of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, fashioned as they were by men whose labor was one of love, act as a standard of perfection toward which the binders of to-day, working under less happy conditions, are tending.

There is, however, one noticeable feature in the work of the present time which is worthy of consideration. It is the independence of thought; the originality of ideas in the decorations of the book, shown by the breaking away from the influence of historic ornament, and the working out, by the masters of design, of their own individual tastes and conceptions. The tools used for these designs are no longer exact copies of the old, but are cut after patterns drawn, either to decorate harmoniously some special book, or suggested by various forms in nature. Therefore, we have a certain freshness, a spontaneity in the ornamentations of the twentieth century books which promises as well for the art of the future, as the perfection of technical skill does for the craft that is to be.

Three years ago, one of the greatest binders of the present time, Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, said: "Women ought to do the best work in book-binding, for they possess all the essential qualifications of

success: patience for detail, lightness of touch, and dextrous fingers." To one who has carefully followed the advance of women's work in this direction, during the past few years, the truth of his words must show as an indisputable fact.

So widespread is the interest in this subject that the following brief outline of the processes which make up this exacting, but delightful craft, may, in a measure, satisfy the demand for more detailed information concerning it.

Hand book-binding does not require an unusual amount of physical strength. As long as the books to be bound are not of a size and weight too extreme for a woman to handle, there is nothing in any of the processes beyond the strength of the average worker. The exactness of detail demanded is sometimes a strain on the untrained, unskilled worker; but when once the lesson of accuracy is learned, each process fits into the next almost without an effort.

Beginning with a book already bound, the first thing to do in the rebinding of it is to take it apart; viz: To remove the covers, to cut the thread which binds the sections together, and carefully take off the glue which adheres to the backs of the leaves. The holes made in the sheets by the previous sawing and sewing must be mended with thin pieces of split paper pasted over them and rubbed down. In this way the patch becomes almost a part of the leaf and is scarcely discernible.

The sheets—once more in a solid condition—are refolded, so that the margins are even, and, were it possible to see through the book as a whole, the printing would show as a compact block of words, with perfectly matched margins fulfilling the requirements of right proportion which are: that the top is wider than the back, the front still wider, and the bottom the widest of all. Most books, however, are so wretchedly printed that this end is impossible to obtain, and the irregular

marginal spacing remains to vex the eye of a true lover of well-made books.

The public demand for artistic printing has, however, brought about a wonderful advance in all the details belonging to fine book-making. The influence of William Morris and the Kelmscott Press,—and later, the ideally printed and arranged books sent out from the Doves Press by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and Mr. Emery Walker, have so worked upon the dead level of bad printing that the result has been one of the highest artistic excellence from many private presses over the world, and soon the binder, whose high aim is to aid in the production of "the ideal book," will find, close at hand, volumes which show the solution of the problem of making beautiful and legible the printed book.

Returning to the sheets, now mended and refolded, we find that new end papers are required. These are cut from paper chosen to match as nearly as possible the color and texture of the paper of the book. Then the sections are "knocked up," so that the tops and backs are even, and the book is put between boards and under heavy pressure over night, when it is ready to be "marked up for sewing."

The back of the book is first measured off into five parts called "panels," so that the bottom panel is larger than the top one, and each part is divided by a penciled line drawn across the back of the book. Through the top and bottom panels—a little more than half way above and below the middle of each, is sawn the kettle-stitch, about one-sixteenth of an inch in depth.

Flexible sewing, which enables the book to open easily, is done with silk on the ordinary sewing frame, of which an illustration is given in this article. The cords which are spaced to match exactly the penciled lines on the back of the book, are drawn taut on the frame, and the sections, one at a time, are laid by

them. The needle is first put through the kettle-stitch at the top from the outside in, then comes down through the lower side of the first cord, around which the silk is wound once, and the needle put back through the same hole again, coming out by the next cord below. When the bottom of the book is reached, another section is placed on top of the one just finished, and the sewing is continued back to the top again. It is necessary to make sure that each section is firmly fastened to the one below it; so, as the ends of the book are reached in turn, a knot is tied in the silk and sunk into the kettle-stitch, when it shows no projection beyond the even surface of the back. When all the sections have been sewed, the cords are cut, leaving them from three to four inches in length, and the book is taken from the frame.

The English hand-made mill board, used for the covers of books, is of the finest quality, firm and solid. Two pieces of this are cut approximating in size that of the book, and are "lined up" with one piece of paper on the outside, and two on the inside; the double thickness being used to counteract the drawing of the leather when the book is covered.

The book is now put into a hand-press, and a thin layer of glue is spread over the back and rubbed thoroughly in between the sections. When the glue is somewhat dry, backing-boards made of hard wood and beveled on one side to a sharp angle, are placed against the sides of the book, about one-sixteenth of an inch below the back, and the book is put into the press so that the tops of the boards are perfectly even. The back is then hammered down over the edges of the boards, making a sharp joint into which the mill-board covers will fit easily.

Great care must be taken in this process, as the perfection of a book depends largely upon the perfection of its back: the roundness of its curve or its even squareness. A wise binder will leave the choice

between the two, in a great measure, to the book itself, which will fall easily into the shape which most naturally belongs to it.

The next few processes may be passed over with brief mention. "Squaring the boards" is to cut them with the plough, and press to the exact dimensions required by the size of the book, so that they shall project beyond the top, bottom and foreedges sufficiently far to protect the book. The back edges of the boards are filed down to a bevel, so that the joints may lie smoothly over them, and the cords or "slips," as they are called, on which the book was sewed, are frayed out thin and soft. These slips, thoroughly wet with paste, are laced through two sets of holes, made about a quarter of an inch from the back edges of the boards. The ends which come out on the outside are cut off short, and the holes pounded flat both inside and out, thus making it impossible for the cords to slip.

The book is now in boards, and the glue which has served its purpose by holding the book in shape while it was backed, must now be removed, and the top, bottom and foreedge cut so that a smooth surface is obtained, upon which the gilder may work at his craft, which is one entirely apart from that of the binder.

When the edges of a book are to be "rough gilt," the margins are not cut, and the sheets are sent to the gilder before they are sewed. He "knocks" them up even, and gilds each edge in turn, and the book, when sewed, has the rough, uneven look which is much in favor.

Wide margins are a delight to the book-lover's educated eye, and to cut one "down to the quick" is to commit the unpardonable sin. Perhaps no process among the many of which book-binding is made up, is more difficult than cutting the foreedge. To get the right curve and make it alike at top and bottom; to take off exactly the same amount of margin from both

sides, and not too much: in a word, to cut a perfect foredge, is a difficult task, and it requires a true eye, a steady hand, and much experience.

When the book is returned from the gilders, it is ready for the little bands which finish the tops and bottoms of well-made books. These are called "head bands" and are woven of silk over narrow pieces of parchment, held in place by the three or four stitches put through the back of the book, coming out below the kettle-stitch, then up over the parchment. When the last stitch is taken, the ends of the silk are brought through on the back, frayed out soft, and pasted down. Over the top panel is glued a piece of hand-made paper, which keeps the headband firm and prevents the silk threads from showing under the leather. This process is known as "setting the headbands."

The book must now be made ready for its leather cover, which has been previously cut about half an inch wider than the book on all sides, and the extra half inch pared down comparatively thin, although the leather should always be left as thick as is consistent with its proper application. The portion that covers the back of the book is also pared, but not so thin as the margins, and the leather is then ready for use.

After the bands on the back of the book have been straightened, so that they are at an equal distance one from the other, they are "nipped up" sharply with the band nippers, the back of the book is pressed down on the leather which has been thoroughly pasted, and the sides brought up to cover the sides of the boards.

It is essential that the leather be stretched as tightly as possible over the book, and, for this purpose, the book is placed on its foreedges, and, with the thick of the hands, the cover is pressed down—away from the back, and the superfluous fullness which comes from the stretching is worked carefully over the edges of the boards.

At the top and bottom of the book the pared leather edge is folded down in under the back, leaving somewhat more than one-sixteenth of an inch to project beyond the headbands. This is worked into a flat cap which covers the headbands and protects them.

The book is now in leather, and, after a final "nipping up" of the bands on the back, and a judicious use of the band stick which leaves them sharp and square, the unnecessary amount of leather on the inside corners of the boards is trimmed off, one edge laid flat over another, and the book is put away, under a light weight, to dry.

We have now completed all the processes which make up the "forwarding" of a book. From the first, when the book is taken apart, until the time when it rests in its leather cover, it remains in the hands of the forwarder, to whom is due, in a far greater measure than is generally accorded, praise for the fine manual and technical skill, without which the "finisher" or decorator, would be unable to work to any advantage. A volume, well forwarded, without any ornamentation whatever, is a delight to the true book-lover, while poor forwarding will render the best finishing useless and valueless.

After "opening up" the covers of the book, the inside corners are mitred and worked down smooth and flat, and the leather which has been folded over the edges of the boards is cut to make an even margin on all the sides.

If levant morocco has been the leather used in covering the book, this is now "crushed," which is done by putting each cover, one at a time and thoroughly moistened, between the crushing plates and under great pressure, where they are left for a few minutes, and when taken out, the leather shows a smooth and somewhat glossy surface, under which the fine tracery

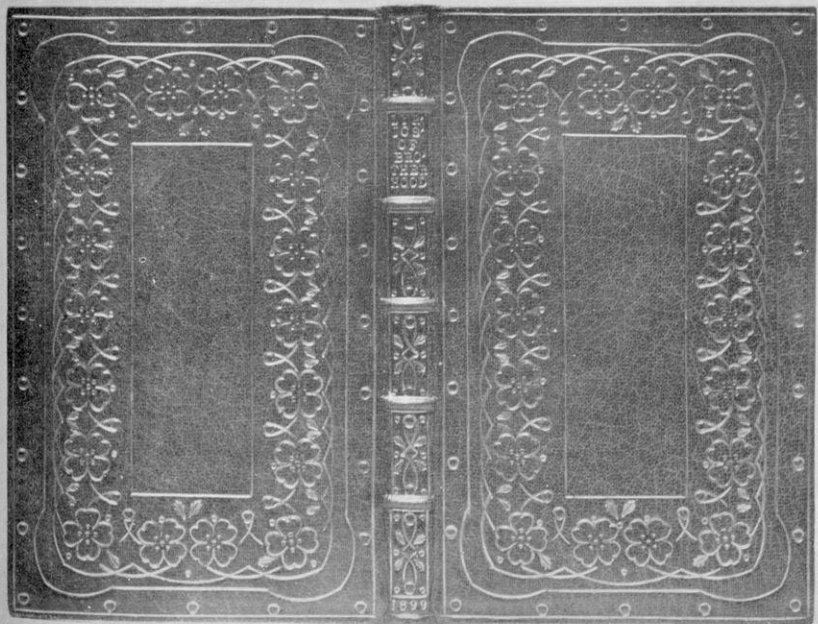
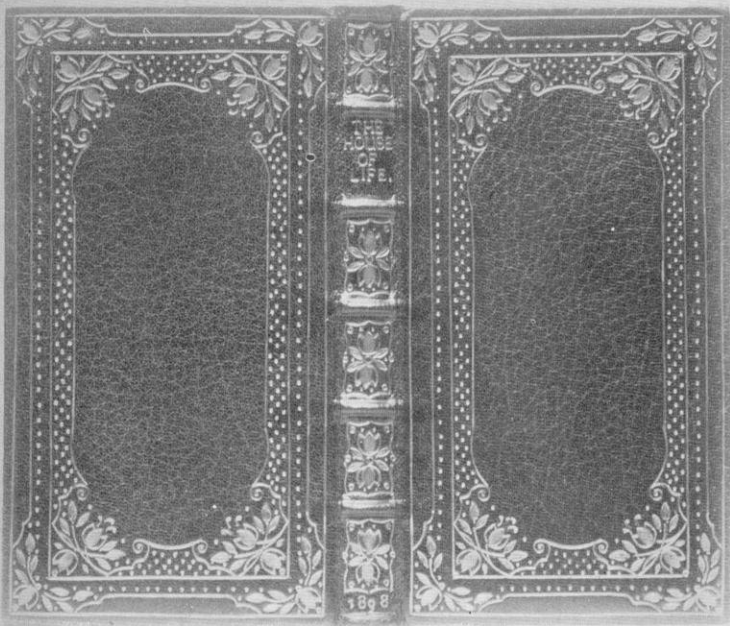
of the grain is plainly visible. A leather with the grain crushed out of it loses much of its durability and attractiveness.

The book is now in the hands of the finishers, and is ready for its decoration, which will be done either in gold-tooling or "blind," the latter consisting of a design tooled on the leather without the use of gold.

The pattern is first worked out on a piece of hand-made paper the size of the book, with the tools selected for this purpose. They are blackened in a candle and their impression made on the paper where the design is finished as perfectly as possible in every detail. This is then pasted lightly on the side of the book, and the entire design pressed into the leather with the same tools heated, after which the paper is removed and the design gone over once more, in order to make it clear and distinct. The leather is then sponged with vinegar and water, and the design thoroughly penciled with glaze. A piece of cotton wool, into which has been rubbed palm oil, or grease of some kind, is passed over the design. When the glaze is dry, and with another piece of cotton wool, the gold leaf is lifted from the cushion upon which it lies, and is pressed over and into the pattern. Once more the design is gone over with the hot tools, and the loose gold rubbed off with a bit of soft rubber, leaving the design pressed into the leather, clear and brilliant.

This is the method of tooling in gold. Whether it is a success or not depends upon many conditions, and only years of practice, which give one a true eye and a sure touch, and experiences of every kind by which one learns to know one's tools and how to deal with all emergencies, can make a finisher worthy of the name: one whose work will be the final touch of completion to a book perfectly printed and forwarded.

There remains now but one more process before the book is finished. This is the



Book covers by Miss Foote



Interior of Nordhoff Bindery showing sewing frame and press

pasting back of the end papers, by which the fly leaves, folded back over the covers and cut to match perfectly the leather margins around the edges, are pasted down; making an attractive lining to the inside of the boards and hiding the rather unfinished look of the joints.

Here then, is our hand-bound book, the making of which has been described in a somewhat detailed fashion, though many important items which play a large part in the work, have been omitted.

The love of a beautiful book is a thing apart from the love of literature and reading, and although there is an unregenerate public who care as much for what a book contains as they do for its covers, yet even this public must own that there is an indefinable charm in a perfect binding; one in which the visible and the tangible beauties are supplemented by honest workmanship and honest material. And when to the charm of this perfected whole is added the joy of building up and completing each part of it, small wonder is it that the binder falls a victim to the fascinations of his craft and forgets to read the words of wisdom for which his hands have fashioned a fitting covering that will live in through the centuries.



THE ART-HANDICRAFTS OF ITALY

ITALY, more than any other country of Europe, is the home of local art-industries. It is necessary only to name her cities, in order to recall the peculiar handicraft of each. Venice produces glass, mosaics and lace; Florence, wood carvings and gilding, marble inlays and painted parchment; Rome, silks of characteristic design and pearl beads; Naples, majolica, lava-carvings and tortoise-shell work. Among the smaller cities and towns, Siena and Sorrento are known for their wood carvings; Leghorn for straw-plaiting, and Bellagio for her silk blanket industry. The more modern and commercial cities, like Milan, in which art-handicrafts do not flourish, lack the interest, the animation, and the picturesque quality which distinguish the cities of busy workshops.

The traveler in Italy is liable to ignore the artistic, as well as the social value of these handicrafts. He sighs as he studies the modern Italian buildings and many of the modern paintings. He fails to recognize that the most picturesque and the best loved of all the countries of Europe holds her past within her grasp.

But this fact is plain, if Italy be compared with Germany. In Hildesheim and Nuremberg, the most distinctive of Teutonic towns, the past and the present stand far apart. The old buildings remain, but the old life is gone. Wood and labor are both too expensive for men to cover their houses with carvings, as they did in the days of Adam Kraft and Vischer and Stoss, while smaller artistic enterprises are disdained. There, as in America, the artist is lost in the artisan. It is almost impossible for the visitor to gain that vista into the past and to experience that joy in the present which come to him almost at the moment of his entrance into Italy. Venice has no longer the wealth, the materials and the great artists to build a second Ducal Palace, but, still

animated by the spirit of her great works of art, she makes beautiful small objects and cherishes her small artists. In the lace schools, the glass and the mosaic factories, the workers are not without claims to be regarded as artists. Each man or woman carries out his or her design, and chooses a color scheme, with results that are seldom crude or unpleasing.

It is never well to yield to the prejudice that the art of a country exists solely in its churches, palaces and galleries. For it is in the shops that one must seek much of the art of the present day. In illustration of this fact, one may instance the Piazza San Marco, at Venice, upon which fronts one of the greatest of mediæval monuments. Within the shops of this square are collected the results of the labors of the art-artisans of the city. Among the objects displayed, there is, perhaps, not a single great work of art, but, on the contrary, there are few which are not decoratively good; so that a strikingly brilliant general effect is obtained, which, when examined in detail, is found to consist of many windows; each containing, as it were, a mosaic of harmonious form and color, composed of wares, many of them within the purchasing power of the poor. What is true of the handicrafts of Venice is equally true of those of Florence, Rome and Naples; the combined results of which produce a decorative art which is infinitely superior to that of other countries, with the exception of certain of the Swiss carvings, and the hand-made pottery of Switzerland and Germany. The visitor to the Italian cities who ignores the shops, who sees nothing of the artists working in them, or in the small closet-like rooms behind them, fails to know one of the greatest charms of the country: that of the craftsman who lives with his art, loving it with his whole heart, and putting into it his best energies, efforts and ideas.

The effect of the maintenance of an art-handicraft by a city is shown in a comparison

between Siena and Perugia. "I feel at home in Siena,"—was the remark of a visitor to that town,—“its people are so kindly, so alert and so interesting, and the place itself is so picturesque.” This judgment is correct, for Siena holds her visitors, while Perugia, although possessing great historical interest, is picturesque only in parts, and is wanting in lasting charm. A like difference exists between Florence and Milan in favor of the former industrial city, and no traveler will deny that the interest of the beautiful Bellagio, with its lake and mountain scenery, is enhanced by the shops and hand-loom factories of the silk weavers, and the picturesqueness of the artisans themselves.

The theory that the art-handicrafts make one of the greatest attractions of the Italian cities would seem, for the moment, to lack confirmation in the case of Rome. But the contradiction is only an apparent one. The passing visitor is, at first, disappointed with the ancient city, for there past and present are not united to the degree found in Florence and Venice. The student is at once satisfied with the Forum, and the art-student with the Vatican, but the actual life of the city manifests itself at few points: in the Campo de' Fiori on Rag Fair Day, and at all times in the Spanish Square, in which centers the modern life of Rome. There, are found the shops brilliant with the wares produced by the art-handicrafts of the city: the gay silks, the pearls, the bronzes, the mosaics and the books bound in vellum. There, are the flowers, the artists' models and all the latest types of the Roman citizen.

From this brief comment we may learn that the Italian handicrafts serve at once to prolong the art-life of the country, and to preserve the individuality of the separate communities. Between the great art of the Renaissance and the architecture, sculpture, and painting of modern Italy continuity is broken. But the art-handicrafts have come down the centuries without

gap, and are still Florentine, Venetian, Roman or Neapolitan; so that each industry is peculiar to the place in which it thrives, and has preserved the life and characteristics of the people who exercise it. Each art-handicraft also reflects the local color of its environment. The glass and mosaics of Venice recall the brilliant tints of sky and sea, while both the materials and the treatment shown in the Florentine wares correspond to the severer scenery of Tuscany, and the sterner character of the Tuscan mind. These differences, seldom analysed by the traveler, nevertheless exist, and the art-handicrafts are the agents which keep them sharp and clear.

Nor are there wanting among the Italians strictly modern instances of this communal desire to give expression to individuality in craftsmanship. Cortina, a small town, Italian in language, manners and customs, although it is under Austrian rule, has developed a new and peculiar handicraft. This is the production of articles in wood inlaid with brass and copper. The metal wire thus used is thicker than that employed in the Japanese *cloisonne*, and itself forms the design, instead of outlining a pattern in other materials and colors. The object, after receiving the inlay, is highly polished upon the surface; the process producing a satiny finish which harmonizes with the pronounced colors of the metal. This handicraft, artistic and peculiar to the community in which it is exercised, is unique in having no long past, and no traditions to maintain.

The vigor of these crafts, the old and the new, is due to their democratic character. They influence in equal degree, although in different ways, the maker and the user of the articles produced by them. They bring into contact with one another the poor and the rich. The craftsman sells his wares to the consumer, for the most part, without aid of an intermediate merchant. In Cortina, the handicraft above described is carried on exclusively in a school, and the pro-

duct is sold only in a connected salesroom. In this instance, it is probable that the industry is so conducted because the enterprise is still so new that the craftsmen are not yet prepared to work in their own homes; but the same system exists in Venice, where women are taught lace-making in rooms through which visitors must pass in order to reach the shop attached to the school. In the glass and mosaic factories also, the purchaser generally passes through the work-rooms before reaching the salesrooms, and the largest of these latter are those connected with the manufactories. By this meeting of the purchaser and the worker, the first named is interested deeply in the article made, while the latter is stimulated by the attention and the praise given to his labor; so that something of his own enthusiasm and love for the thing which he creates, inflames every one with whom he comes into contact or relations. The bringing together of the worker and the purchaser is more important, more far-reaching in its consequences than would be casually supposed. Its significance resides in the fact that a sense of ownership is acquired by watching the making of an article, and that the power of appreciation comes through the realization of artistic skill. The purchaser who has followed the processes of the worker, has made them to a certain extent his own, although his lack of manual skill prevent him from repeating them; while the worker, in the praise and sympathy which are given to him, gains a richer and more helpful reward than can be estimated in money value.

But while the Italian handicrafts represent the democratic spirit and communal individuality, they are open to criticism, as to the modes of their exercise: a condition partly due to the deplorable financial state of Italy, and the moral depression of its people; also, partly due to the fact that a great proportion of the work passes into the hands of foreigners. The craftsman who creates for his neighborhood, of which, he knows the taste and temper, finds pleasure in his labor, and his labor is good in propor-

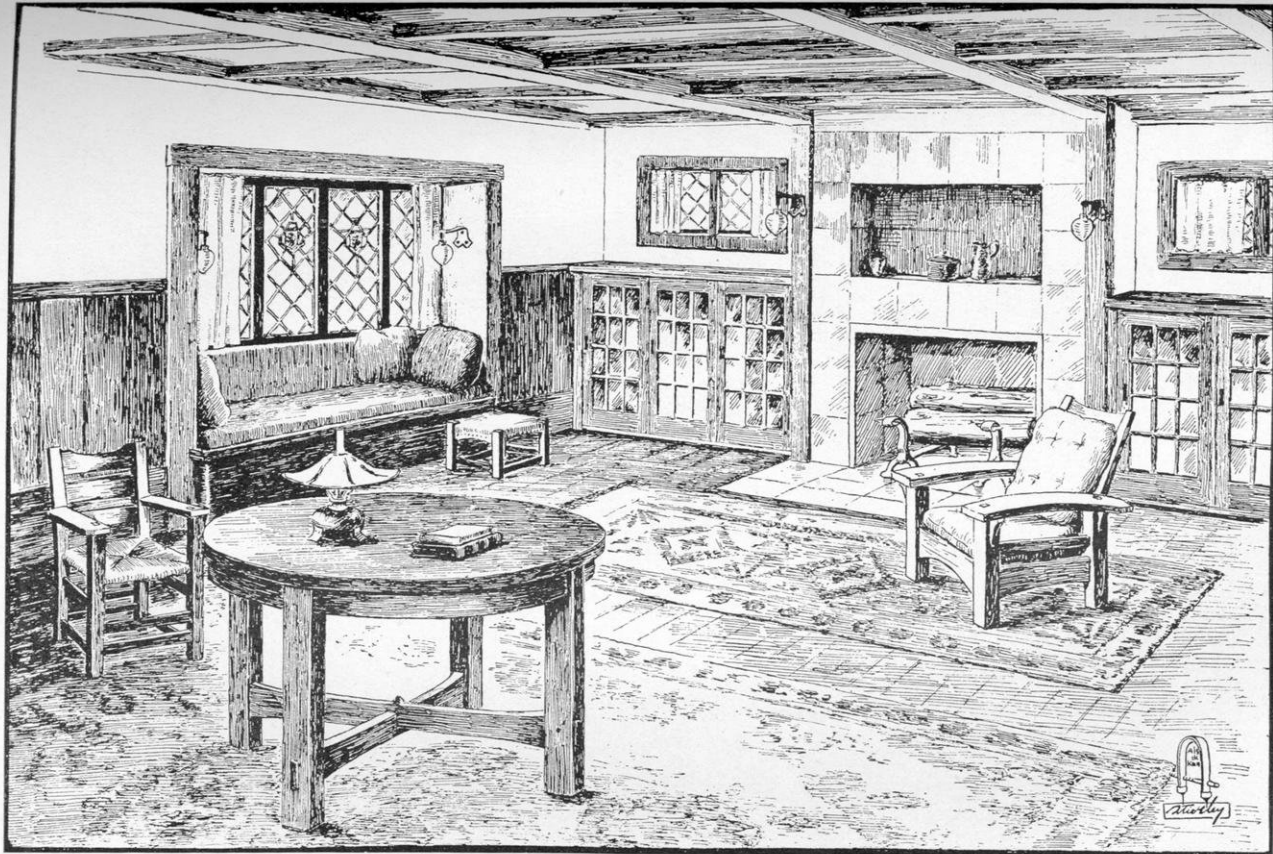
tion to the pleasure which he experiences in performing it. In the mediæval period, the craftsman's product was purchased by the burghers of his own city, and his work was so highly prized that he might rise to a high social position and become a political factor. As for example, in Murano, the seat of the Venetian glass industry, the Comune possessed a "golden book" of descent, and the daughters of master glass-workers, like those of Venetian patricians, could inherit their fathers' fortunes and rank. But, to-day, in Italy, the art-artisans are underpaid, while another element of failure consists in the uselessness of many of the articles produced,—a stricture which can also be applied to the product of the new art-handicrafts of Germany, Great Britain and the United States. Still another cause of failure is the lack of careful workmanship and of a truly artistic simplicity. The Italian craftsman too often uses poor material, and he works indifferently and dishonestly. His wood is not properly seasoned, and, being subjected to changes of temperature, it warps and cracks. His glass-mosaics, through some fault in the "smalto," loosens and falls apart. His silks are not firmly woven, His pearls shed their enamel, and his jewelry breaks after short service. Therefore, until usefulness, durability and careful workmanship shall be assured, the Italian art-handicrafts can not hold the position which would seem to be theirs by right of position in both their own country and the world at large. It is to be hoped that much may be accomplished for them through the economic wisdom and the democratic spirit of the young Victor Emanuel who so lately ascended the throne. And in bettering the financial and social conditions of the Peninsula, he will but follow the traditions of the House of Savoy, whose princes have always accomplished for their people the reforms demanded by the needs of the times in which they lived.

AN ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION

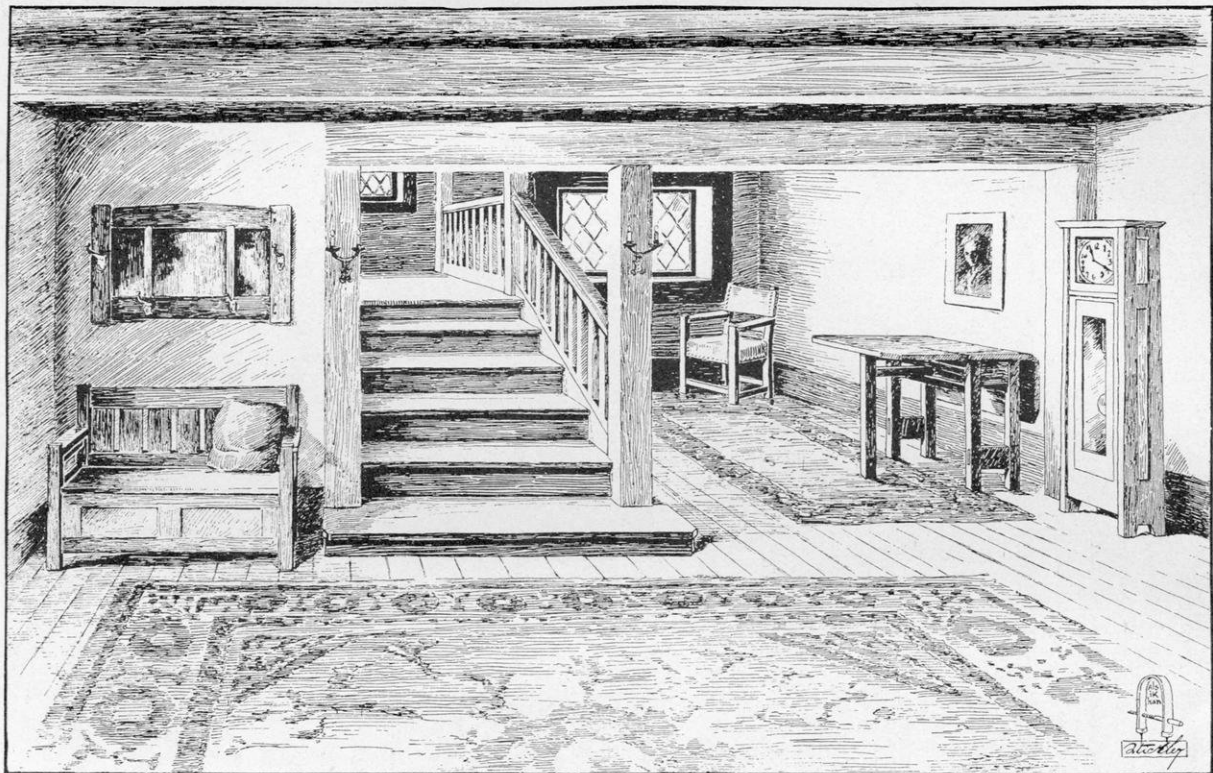
THE Arts and Crafts Exhibition recently held at Springfield, Mass., calls for detailed comment. It was organized through the co-operation of the Board of Trade, the Teachers' Club, and the Architectural Club of that city. It was, in some measure, the result of a series of consultations of workers at various handicrafts in the Connecticut valley. These men and women have met from time to time under the leadership of Mr. John Cotton Dana, whose ultimate and cherished object is the establishment of a school of industrial arts in connection with the Springfield city library, and the union of the workers in a practical foundation, or society, which shall embrace the region round about. The exhibition, as the initial step of the movement, has been so successful that strong hopes are justified that the scheme may be realized in the near future.

The exhibits were not sent alone by the valley craftsmen already mentioned. They were drawn as well from more distant localities in the East, as also from the Middle and the Western States. The objects shown included tapestries and rugs, wood-carvings and furniture, artistic book-binding, pottery, photographs, metal-work, basketry, embroideries and laces.

Among the most interesting exhibits were those of textiles, especially of rugs produced by village industries. In these fabrics, the artistic results are remarkable, as proving the excellence which can be attained by practically unskilled labor, if only the work be guided by intelligence and aesthetic sense. Much enthusiasm was created by the rugs woven at Pequaket, N. H., under the direction of Mrs. Helen R. Albee, whose description of her own industry appeared in the March issue of "The Craftsman." Mrs. Albee's rugs are of that domestic variety known as "hooked:" a treatment of the material producing little projections and angles in



Living Room by The United Crafts



Hall by The United Crafts

the pile which catch the light, scatter it in glints, and spread over the surface of the fabric a velvety sheen. The texture is equaled by the design and the color. Fine effects are obtained by the massing of dull yellows, dark blues and rich olive tones, the latter such as were used by the English Pre-Raphaelite painters. The color scheme is in all cases aided, and not thwarted, by the pattern, and, as a whole, certain of the pieces are as good artistically as many Oriental rugs which command high prices.

An entire room of the exhibition was occupied by the Deerfield Arts and Crafts Society. Here were shown the "Blue and White" embroideries which perfectly reproduce the old domestic work of the same name; also, rugs or "rag carpets," of which even the catalogue description is most attractive, by its suggestions of soft, or harmonious color effects: mottled green, blue and gray, brown and green, brown and orange. Textiles in vegetable fibres were also shown, including palm-leaf, raffia and reed basketry.

A typical Swedish industry proved very attractive to visitors. This was the work in tapestry of the Misses Glantzberg, whose loom was seen in operation, slowly producing a design which has been for generations an hereditary possession in the family of the weavers. Excellent workmanship, as well as artistic ability characterized this exhibit, and created a desire for further acquaintance with the work of a country in which the traditional handicrafts are maintained with scrupulous care. Articles of household furniture were shown by a number of exhibitors from Springfield, Boston and New York, and by the United Crafts; the latter sending a bride's chest, a hall settle and a Morris chair.

Further, there were two small but beautiful displays of pottery: one—the Grueby—presenting a wide range of experiment in forms, and showing vases, tiles, and even an occasional bust; the other was the work of Mr. Volkmar of Corona, Long Island,

who, not unworthily, has been called a modern Palissy. Like the French potter of the sixteenth century, he is willing to do the finest things in clay, and he is so critical of his own work as to sacrifice every piece which does not please his better judgment. He works in the spirit of a Greek potter of the best period: caring nothing for ornament which is not essential to the design; but strenuously seeking harmony of line, grace of proportion, depth and suavity of tone. His productions are not for the moment, but rather seem destined to attain a permanent value and influence.

The art of book-binding was represented in the work of several craftsmen; notably in that of Miss Ellen Gates Starr, of Hull House, Chicago. This exhibitor presented two volumes bound with exquisite accuracy and taste. Through her work, Miss Starr is seen to be at once student and artist: thoroughly acquainted with the famous historic binders, yet progressive in ideas, advanced in methods, individual in touch, and never servilely imitative. Her work is distinguished by delicate designs in arabesque and by a perfection of tooling which rival those of the seventeenth century French bindings.

Another remarkable exhibit consisted of photographic studies by the Misses Allen of Deerfield, whose name and work are familiar to all readers of American illustrated magazines. These young women are the authors of many landscape and figure studies, which, purchased by summer visitors to Deerfield, have gone to distant points of the country and have created a steady demand for the work of the artists. Among their patrons is now numbered Mr. John La Farge who uses their studies in connection with many others, as material from which to develop ideas for his mural paintings. The Misses Allen have received numerous prizes and rewards. They have exhibited at the Washington salon, at which they won the blue ribbon and

special mention; at the Philadelphia Photographic Club rooms, by invitation, in a display of their own work exclusively, and recently, under the same conditions, at the New York Camera Club. They were represented at Springfield by some eighty studies, among which was a figure group of a mother and two children, most distinctive and beautiful, and quite reminiscent of the pictures of Jules Breton.

From this brief notice of the Springfield Exhibition an idea may be gained of its importance and significance for the development throughout our country of the lesser arts. The sincerity and strictness of the promoters of the enterprise can be judged by quotations from the foreword of their brochure:

“The jury made selections upon the basis of merit. Each object was judged first according to the recognized principles of constructive and decorative design, and second according to workmanship. . . . Many objects were contributed which, from a technical point of view are worthy of high praise, but from an aesthetic point are open to criticism. The jury wished to encourage all sincere effort, and therefore has admitted some works which it can not approve from the standpoint of design.”

The spirit and the standards here maintained with such insistence are a hopeful sign, and should be universally adopted in the home, as well as in the museum or the exhibition.



It is announced that a summer school of hand book-binding will be held in Syracuse, N. Y., by Miss Euphemia Hart, of the Evelyn Nordhoff bindery. The classes will begin about June 10, and the Cobden-Sanderson method will be exclusively taught.

Letters may be addressed to Miss Hart, 327 West 56th Street, New York City.



THE value of a device is universally recognized. All strongly bonded associations jealously guard some visible sign which may keep the principles for which they stand ever before them; while, at the same time, the sign, by its mystery, serves to awaken the interest of those outside the body.

Obedient to this time-honored principle, the workmen of the United Crafts are constantly stimulated by the Flemish motto first used by Jan van Eyck, and later, in French translation, adopted by William Morris.

The "If I can" is an incentive to the craftsman who seeks to advance the cause of art allied to labor.