

another example of the ability of Mr. Walter Crane. Miss Una Taylor also shows a book-cover, embroidered in gold and silk thread from a design by Mr. Walter Crane; and Miss Birkenruth exhibits a book-cover in silk embroidery and needlework. Both are well done. A book, illuminated on vellum, the design being copied from an old French binding, as shown by L. E. Fricker, a member of the Royal Society of Art Needlework. The effect is good, and is further proof of the scope that a book-cover offers for almost every class of decoration. A cover in *appliqué* work is an effort of Miss Edith Bloxam, the design having been contributed by Reginald Hallward. The same lady also exhibits a book-cover in cloth, embroidered with silk.

The other exhibits include a number of drawings for book-covers, and also some designs for end-papers, prepared by Geo. C. Haité for Messrs. Marlborough, Pewtress & Co. Rowland George Jones exhibits a design for cloth book-cover, and there are many designs for booklets; also four brass blocks in frame for block printing, by Sidney G. Winney.

On Thursday evening, the 21st inst., Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson delivered a lecture in the Exhibition building upon "The Decoration of Bound Books"; a report of the lecture will be found in this issue.

The Exhibition closes on Saturday, December 7th.

Bookbindings.

AN evening journal comments somewhat quaintly upon the binding of everyday books. We give the following extracts:—

"If fine feathers make fine birds the proverb may be as fairly applied in metaphor to a book as to a biped. Books, like men, have their clothing; and with books, as with men, the clothing may often be taken to be an index of character. There are sorts of bindings which, beyond all question, prejudice the intending reader, favourably or otherwise, in all kinds of ways. A new novel, or a new volume of poems, may present itself to us in an outer envelope which suggests that the author is nothing but a hopeless dullard or a shocking vulgarian. On the other hand, the appearance of the book may stimulate a gentle curiosity to know whether the dainty beauty of the outside be only the material counterpart of the intellectual beauty of the soul within. A beautiful book, like a beautiful woman, is none the worse, but rather, all the better, for having a good dressmaker; for 'beauty unadorned,' as Whyte Melville puts it, cannot hold a candle, after all, to beauty which owes its milliner a bill with three figures carried over the page.

"One might pursue the subject to an almost infinite extent if space permitted. It suffices however, to pause in thought—as a conclusion—before a second-hand bookstall, that last refuge for the failures and the unfashionable fashions of books and their bindings, the poor-house wherein these paupers of the brain are allowed to moulder in their own faded attire. A melancholy sight, indeed, to behold the once tempting bindings of the novels of the year before last fading to the same neutral tint as 'Blair's Sermons,' or 'Lemprière's Classical Dictionary,' behind which they strive in vain to hide their shame. Here, too, one may lament the decline in solid workmanship which characterises the age of cheap literature as one compares these rapidly fading and falling covers with the time-resisting, if unfanciful, bindings of the books which in days gone by were bound—as they were written—to endure.