

instant upon her neck, as though he himself sought rest and refuge.

"I think you know, dear," he said.

She knew far better than he could tell her, for the truth of his passion shook the dramatic and artificial fabric of her own to its foundations; and even as she pressed him to her, she felt that secret repugnance which those who do not love feel for those who love them overmuch. It was mingled with a sense of shame which made her hate herself, and she began to suffer acutely.

When she thought of Reanda, as she now often did, she longed for what she had felt for him, rather than for anything she had ever felt for Paul Griggs. In the pitiful reaching after something real, she groped for memories of true tenderness, and now and then they came back to her from beyond the chaos which lay between, as memories of home come to a man cast after many storms upon a desert island. She dwelt upon them, and tried to construct an under-life out of the past, made up only of sweet things among which all that had not been good should be forgotten. She went for comfort to the days when she had loved Reanda, before their marriage — or when she had loved his genius as though it were himself, believing that it was all for her.

Beside her always, with even, untiring

strength, Paul Griggs toiled on, his whole life based and founded in hers, every pen-stroke for her, every dream of her, every aspiration and hope for her alone. He was splendidly unconscious of his own utter loneliness, blankly unaware of the life comedy — or tragedy — which Gloria was acting for him out of pity for the heart she could break, and out of shame at finding out what her own heart was. Had he known the truth, the end would have come quickly and terribly. But he did not know it. The woman's gifts were great, and her beauty was greater. Greater than all was his whole-souled belief in her. He had never conceived it possible, in his ignorance of women, that a woman should really love him. She, whom he had first loved so hopelessly, had given him all she had to give, which was herself, frankly and freely. And after she had come to him, she loved him for a time beyond even self-deception. But when she no longer loved him, she hid her secret, and kept it long and well; for she feared him. He was not like Reanda. He would not strike only; he would kill, and make an end of both.

But she might have gone much nearer to the truth without danger. It was not his nature to ask anything or to expect much, and he had taken all there was to take, and knew it, and was satisfied.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

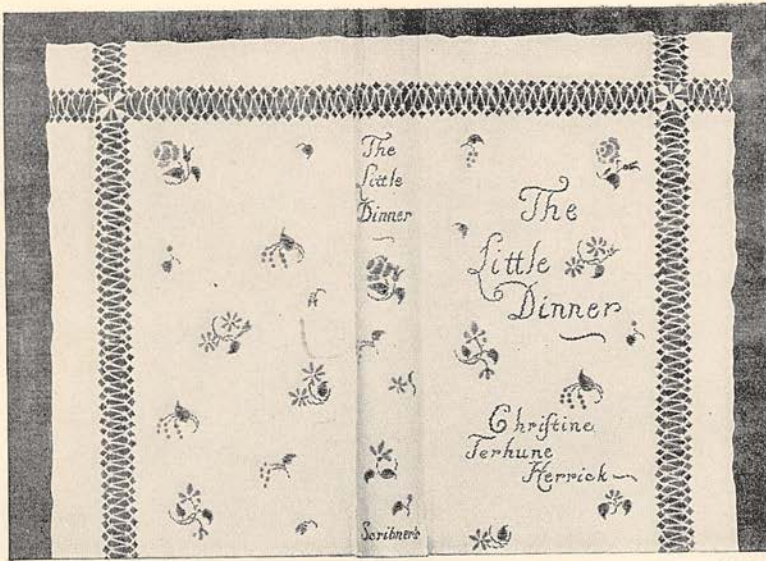
## BOOKS IN PAPER COVERS.

### NOTES OF A BOOK-LOVER

WHEN the soliloquizer in the "Spanish Cloister" wished to consign *Brother Lawrence*, his heart's abhorrence, to sudden and certain damnation, he determined to put within his enemy's reach his "scrofulous French novel," to glance at which is the ruin of the soul. Although the poet does not so declare it in as many words, I have always believed that this scrofulous French novel was loosely clad in a cover of yellow paper, flimsy beyond question, and as easily destroyable as the soul of *Brother Lawrence*. Whether it be due to the French fiction which the British bard declared to be afflicted with the king's evil, or whether it be due to our American stories, sentimental and adventurous, of the kind familiar since the war as "dime novels," or whether it be due to some more recondite cause, there is no denying the fact that "yellow-covered literature" is not in good odor with book-lovers. Even the collector, who nowadays despises nothing, be it never so humble, treats with contempt books stitched into paper covers — mere *bro-*

*chures*, as the French call them. So far as I know, not any book-lover is now gathering the books of all sorts which go forth to swift oblivion guarded against hard usage only by a wrapper of paper. There are collectors of book-plates, of postage-stamps, of pictorial posters, but I have never heard of a collector of paper covers. And yet, as the paper cover must needs be the work of a typographer or of a color-printer, of a lithographer or of a designer in black and white, there seems to be no reason why it should be scorned when all else is cherished. The reasons for this neglect are not easy to declare when we consider the many wrappers prepared for magazines, for catalogues, for novels, and for children's books, by artists like Messrs. Elihu Vedder and Stanford White, Will H. Low and Joseph Pennell, Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott, Luc-Olivier Merson, Carloz Schwabe, and Jules Chéret.

In one of the pleasantest essays of "As We Were Saying," Mr. Warner discusses the "Clothes of Fiction," and remarks on the sum-



DESIGNED BY MARGARET NELSON ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

mer and the winter apparel of romance. "As certainly as the birds appear, comes the crop of summer novels, fluttering down upon the stalls, in procession through the railway trains, littering the drawing-room tables, in light paper covers, ornamental, attractive in colors and fanciful designs, as welcome and grateful as the

girls in muslin. . . . In the winter we prefer the boards and the rich heavy binding, however light the tale may be; but in the summer, though the fiction be as grave and tragic as wandering love and bankruptcy, we would have it come to us lightly clad — out of stays, as it were." The publishers understand this



DESIGNED BY GEORGE AURIOL.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. E. B. HOLDEN.

PARIS: MAY & MOTTEROZ.



DESIGNED BY CARLOZ SCHWABE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. E. B. HOLDEN.

PARIS : E. FLAMMARION.

desire of the public, and they send forth their summer novels in loosely fitting garments—fancy flannel shirts, so to speak, and striped blazers. Sometimes the outside is adorned with an illustration taken from the inside of the book, as were Mr. Janvier's "Uncle of an Angel," made attractive by Mr. Smedley's alluring picture of Narragansett Pier, and M. Daudet's "L'Immortel," brightened by M. Rossi's pert

ballet-dancer. Sometimes the wrapper is treated with decorative sobriety, as was Mr. Howells's "Hazard of New Fortunes," with its somber symbol of fate. Sometimes, indeed, the outside cover is merely an external title-page, having a chaste typographic beauty quite distinct from the pictorial and from the decorative: such, for example, is the stiff paper casing of Mr. De Vinne's "Plantin and the



Plantin-Moretus Museum," as it was sent forth by the Grolier Club. But this typographic severity would seem a little austere, perhaps, if applied to a summer novel: yet it is thus that the popular Scribner yellow-covered series is attired. Akin to this, and yet not wholly similar, are the side-stamps designed by Mr. Stanford White and by Mr. Francis Lathrop for the successive collections of proofs from this magazine.

In England the railway novel is incased in boards sheathed with paper; and this cover is adorned more often than not with a crude and hard illustration of some scene in the story, printed in three colors generally, and woefully void of art or charm of any sort. Mr. William Morris has reminded us that "to give people pleasure in the things they must perform *use*, that is one great office of decoration; to give people pleasure in the things they must perform *make*, that is the other use of it." Possibly the man who must perform use the ordinary British railway novels is so demoralized by them that he can take delight in the staring and vulgar pictures on the covers of these tales; but surely no man could have found pleasure in making anything so grotesquely inartistic.

Perhaps the reason for this stupidly violent lack of art is to be found in a blind following of a tradition established long before the recent revival of the decorative arts in Great Britain. I have "A Comic Alphabet, designed, etched, and published by George Cruikshank, No. 23 Myddleton Terrace, Pentonville, 1837," the paper cover of which has a hint of humorous

suggestion in it, perhaps, but which is emphatically empty and awkward. To discover the advance made by the British in knowledge of the principles of decoration and the development of their skill in the application of these principles, it needs only a setting of this Cruikshank cover over against the wrapper designed by Mr. Walter Crane for the catalogue of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition held at the New Gallery in London in 1888. This is indeed a pleasure to the user, as it was obviously a pleasure to the maker. (To Mr. Walter Crane's services to children, also a labor of love, I shall return again.)

Another admirable wrapper made in England—although by an American this time—is the fresh and characteristic cover which Mr. Joseph Pennell devised for the cheaper British edition of Mr. Laurence Hutton's invaluable "Literary Landmarks of London." As quaint as Mr. Pennell's, and in its way as original, is Miss Armstrong's suggestion of a daintily embroidered napkin in which was wrapped Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick's pleasant advice as to "The Little Dinner."

These designs of Mr. Pennell's and Miss Armstrong's were printed in colors; and it is in colors that the most attractive of recent French paper covers have been printed, sometimes by one of the more modern processes of chromo-



DESIGNED BY LOUIS MORIN. PARIS: L. CONQUET. FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. E. B. HOLDEN.



DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE.

BY PERMISSION OF EDMUND EVANS.

LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

typography, and sometimes by the elder method of chromolithography. Here the paper cover of the published book has been influenced by the extraordinary development of the pictorial poster in France. Many of the best of the colored wrappers of recent French books have been but pictorial posters seen through the small end of the opera-glass. More than once in these cursory papers on various phases of the complex art of the bookbinder has there been occasion to dwell upon the interdependence of the arts, and upon their reflex action one on the other. And here is another instance. The French pictorial poster was developed by M. Jules Chéret and his followers and rivals just in time to be of use to the publishers who wished to send forth their books clad in paper coats of many colors. The same artists—M. Chéret, M. Grasset, M. Willette—were called upon, and the book-covers which they designed were

conceived wholly in the spirit of the pictorial poster.

Indeed, the alliance between these two forms of chromatic decoration had been close for some time. Certain of M. Chéret's boldest and most vigorous compositions were for the purpose of advertising new books or new editions—M. Robida's "Rabelais," for example, and the "Three Musketeers" of the elder Dumas. Perhaps the point of contact is to be sought in the wrappers for sheet-music and for the scores of operas. The drawing prepared by M. Georges Clairin for M. Massenet's opera "Le Cid" had been enlarged to serve as a poster; and M. Willette's delightfully characteristic design of the old and young Pierrots for the pantomime of "L'Enfant Prodiges" did double duty in like manner. And in a little paper on the development of the pictorial poster (printed in this magazine in September, 1892) I have already

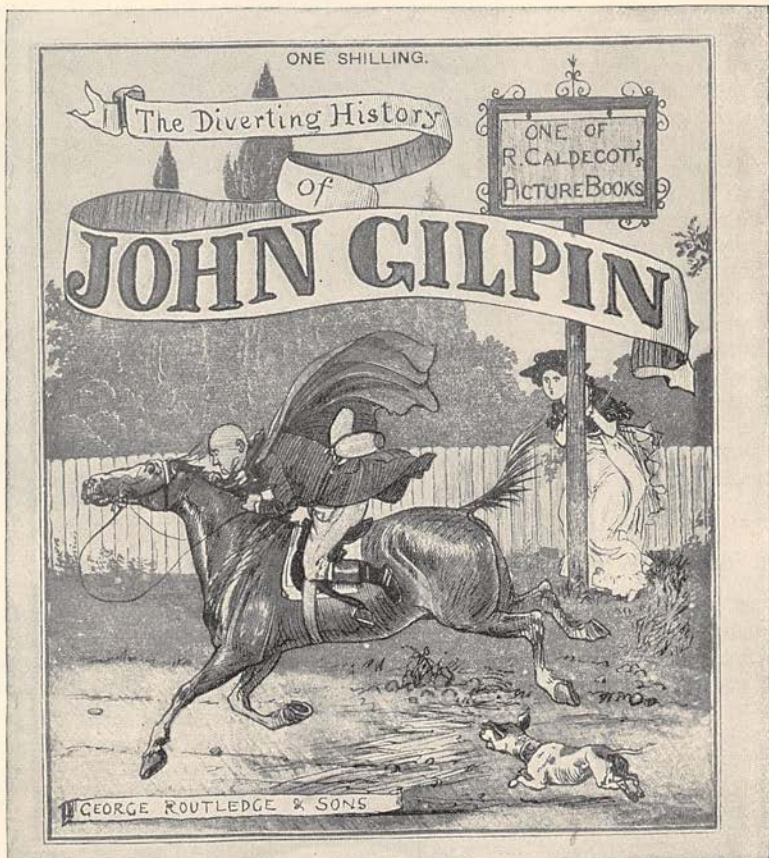
hinted at the influence exerted on this art by the brilliant school of chromolithographic draftsmen to whom we owe the dazzling colored covers of Milanese sheet-music.

In M. Chéret's book-covers we see the same freshness of touch, the same Japanese freedom of design, the same fantasy of invention, the same exceeding skill in the combination and contrast of simple colors, which delight us in his pictorial posters. We see also the same ingenuity in the adapting of the means to the end. M. Chéret's decoration, when he has been most inspired, consists of a single design covering the back and both of the sides of the wrapper, and adroitly devised so that each side has its own ornament. An excellent example of this is his cover for a sensational novel called "Pile de Pont," with its single stalwart figure of a man projected blackly within the light circle made by an arch of the bridge and its reflection in the water flowing placidly beneath, while the bridge extends its successive arches one behind the other across the back and around the other side of the wrapper. Another example is the cover of M. Lefèvre's "Scaramouche," with its Mephistophelian figure silhouetted sharply above the joyous trio of Pierrot, Colombine, and Harlequin. This wrapper is unusually effective and harmonious in color.

Of M. Willette's cover for "L'Enfant Prodigue" I have already made mention. Of M. Grasset's cover for the "Dix Contes" of M. Jules Lemaitre I have no space to speak at length. It is one of the most elaborate and sumptuous of French paper covers, and, like M. Grasset's pictorial posters, it suggests the rich and solid translucency of stained glass. Modern and French as are both M. Grasset and M. Chéret, one seems to have found his inspiration in a medieval cathedral, and the other in a

Japanese theater. In the rich polychromatic design made by M. Auriol for M. Octave Uzanne's "Contes pour les Bibliophiles," perhaps the first thing to strike us is a certain rigidity of the reading figures which pass before us in "stained-glass attitudes." In the equally unusual and effective decoration which M. Carloz Schwabe devised for M. Émile Zola's ecclesiastical tale, "Le Rêve," probably what we note before anything else is the strange complication of the design and its elaborate symbolism.

Of M. Steinlen I know no pictorial poster; but none the less is he the author of two of the most novel of recent French book-covers. One is for a book of M. Aristide Bruant's unconventional and unspeakable songs of the Paris streets, "Dans la Rue." It consists of a file of sandwichmen, beginning with a weather-worn old fellow (on the front), and extending (around the back) out into the gas-lit darkness of a damp and wintry boulevard. The other was made for one of M. Jules Moinaux's humorous legal year-books, "Les Tribunaux Comiques." Here the artist makes a clever and novel combination of figures colored naturally with solid silhouettes extending in pan-



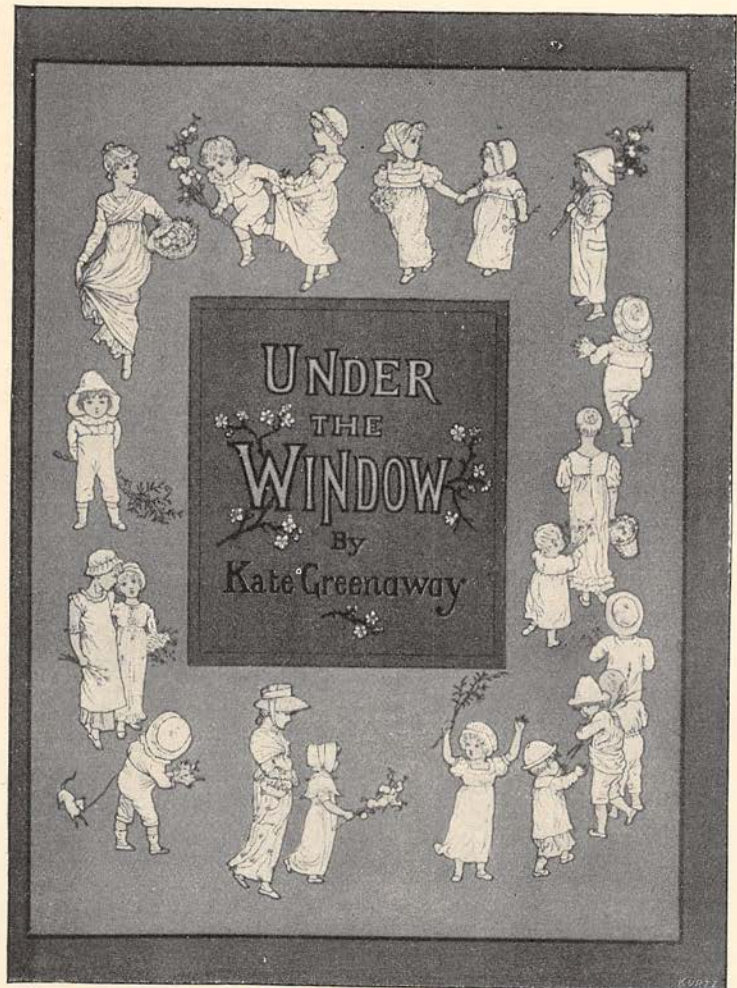
oramic procession around the back of the volume.

Less unexpected are two other French paper covers herewith reproduced. Full of character is that which appears on the outside of "Bric-à-Brac," an album of comic sketches by that delightful pictorial humorist, the Franco-Russian who calls himself Caran d'Ache. Pleasantly rococo is the eighteenth-century flavor of the design with which M. Louis Morin has adorned the cover of a recent illustrated edition of Gautier's "Le Petit Chien de la Marquise."

One of the most amusing of M. Chéret's covers is that prepared for the illustrated catalogue of the "Exposition des Arts Incohérents" in 1886; it is as artistic and as incoherent as any of the studio jokes which may have been shown in the exhibition itself. Specially noteworthy is the humor with which the pictures on both the sides and the back are combined and yet kept separate. Mr. Harry Furniss confined his design for a British pamphlet about the "Pictures of 1891" to the front of the wrapper, which had for its center a palette with portraits of the best-known artists of London.

Covers of exhibition catalogues seem closely akin to covers of magazines, except that the former may be sportive, while the latter are condemned to greater seriousness by reason of their longer permanence. Many of the leading artists of the day have designed wrappers for magazines. The former cover of *THE CENTURY* was invented by Mr. Stanford White, and redrawn by Mr. Elihu Vedder, and the present cover was devised by Mr. Stanford White; that of the new "Scribner's" by Mr. Stanford White; that of the "English Illustrated Magazine" by Mr. Walter Crane. Messrs. Abbey and Parsons pre-

pared the cover for the British edition of "Harper's"—to my mind far more appropriate than the cover of the American edition, a reminiscence of the old "Bentley's Miscellany." Mr. Francis Lathrop drew a dignified cover-design for the dead-and-gone "Manhattan"; and M. Luc-Olivier Merson made a design equally



DESIGNED BY KATE GREENAWAY.

BY PERMISSION OF EDMUND EVANS.

LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

dignified for the equally defunct "Paris Illustré." Mr. Bertram Goodhue's wrapper for his quarterly "Knight-Errant," with its vague suggestion of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came," is worthy to be compared with the "Century Guild Hobby-Horse"—also the organ of authors and artists dissatisfied with their environment and with their epoch. To be noted also are certain of the covers made by Mr. W. H. Bradley for the Chicago "Inland Printer"; and not to be omitted is the graceful and classic design by Mr. Will H. Low now seen on "The Book Buyer." The German "Daheim" changes

its cover with every issue; and of course it is only now and again that the result of the change is altogether an improvement.

A former cover of "St. Nicholas," the children's magazine, was designed by Mr. Walter Crane, to whom, for that and for other things, the gratitude of the nursery is forever due. Its present cover was drawn by Harold B. Sherwin. When Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, in "A Child's Garden of Verses," sings of "Picture-Books in Winter," he tells us that

All the pretty things put by,  
Wait upon the children's eye,  
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,  
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are  
Seas and cities, near and far,  
And the flying fairies' looks,  
In the picture story-books.

These illuminated horn-books, these tomes of youthful joy, are the guerdon of the children of the present. The children of the past knew them not. "The New England Primer" had a cover of the utmost typographic severity, and as scornful of vain delights as the "Bay Psalm Book" itself. Learning was not made alluring for the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers, not for their grandsons. I doubt not that Jonathan Edwards would have denounced "Reading without Tears" as a pestilent and irreligious work.

Yet a score of years before the American metaphysician was born, a French metaphysician had published a book on the "Education of Daughters," in which he advised that the young be taught to read in cheerful fairy-tales, so that the labor might be lightened. Fénelon even ordered that a well-bound book be given to the child — a book with gilt edges and fine illustrations. But the treatise of the Archbishop of Cambrai had been written originally for his friends the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers; and only in the households of the rich could the children be gratified and incited by well-bound books with gilt edges and fine engravings.

For the most part the little volumes prepared for the use and behoof of the young were but shabby things, and often little better than chap-books. The first edition of Goldsmith's "Goody Two Shoes" — if indeed it be Goldsmith's of a surety — is rudely manufactured; and so were most books for the young until within a quarter of a century ago. They were vileyly illustrated, and they had colored covers crude and violent in outline and tint. Then — it was in 1865 — Mr. Walter Crane began designing children's toy-books in association with Mr. Edmund Evans, engraver and color-

printer. In 1870 was published "This Little Pig went to Market," with its strong, definite outlines, and its flat, bright colors, and with its cover as seemly, as decorous, and as decorative as any baby, however fastidious, might wish. In 1875 began another series of eight larger toy-books, with a uniform wrapper; among these were "Beauty and the Beast" and "An Alphabet of Old Friends." Then, in 1876, came "The Baby's Opera," and in 1879 "The Baby's Bouquet," and in 1886 "The Baby's Own Æsop," all attired in printed paper covers mounted on pasteboard, harmonious in color and inventive in design. And all these books and many more were devised by Mr. Crane, not for the children of the rich only, not for the daughters of the Duchess of Beauvilliers, but for the children of the poor, able to pay only a sixpence, it might be, for the beginning of the baby's library.

After Mr. Crane had shown the way, Miss Kate Greenaway began to follow in his footsteps with her exquisite little books for little people; and so did the late Randolph Caldecott, with his more robust drawing. It was in 1878 that Caldecott published the first of his picture-books — "The House that Jack Built"; and in the same year came out the second — "John Gilpin." Fourteen more appeared in the next seven years, ending with "The Great Panjandrum Himself," which bore the date of 1885. It was in 1879 that Miss Greenaway published the first of her picture-books, the well-known "Kate Greenaway's Little Folks' Painting-Book," and in the same year came also her "Under the Window." The "Kate Greenaway Birthday-Book" bears the date of 1880, and the "Mother Goose" appeared the year after.

I have been able to give only a hasty glance over a field where there is much to be gleaned by the patient laborer; but I trust I have succeeded in showing that the paper cover is not a thing to be despised, that it may be a thing of beauty, and that it may be a thing of value. One word of warning, and I have done: never destroy the paper cover of a book, even of the least important pamphlet. The integument is an integral part of the book; and if the book is worth keeping, so is its cover, which should be bound in always. The wrapper may contain advertisements or other information, or it may have a portrait or some other illustration not contained within the book itself; and then if you remove the wrapper your book will never be perfect. To the expert it will seem always to be short of something, defective, incomplete, even though it should be in the binding of a Trautz-Bauzonnet or of a Cobden-Sanderson.

*Brander Matthews.*