

and not the production of design. No doubt, ever since the much appealed to Exhibition of 1851, there has been a gradual improvement in our design, but we are far from reaching either to Pompean or even the modern Japanese standard, for under the shadow of Vesuvius of old, and of Fusi-yama, now the most trifling objects of daily use were, and are, all lovely.

The point to consider is, how far can we reconcile the needs of modern trade, with the development of the artistic instinct, which would render the production of an ugly thing impossible? Let it be remembered that we have much to be thankful for. As was well said at the Institute of British Architects, on Monday last, by Mr. Harrison Townsend, "With all disposition for impartiality, it must be granted that a comparison between such evidences as the late 'Arts and Crafts' Exhibition, and its French successor at the Grafton Gallery, leaves a solid balance in favour of the English work," and he especially refers to "the evident determination of the English craftsman of our day to master the principles and nature of the material with which he is concerned. In stained glass he welcomes the lead-lines, and does not use them under protest; his wall papers try for no fraudulent effect of being tapestry; with his inlay slips of wood he tries to build no group of realistically-treated flowers; he obediently accepts the limitations of his material, sure that by doing so his work can alone hope to be true, good and worthy."

To return, however, to Mrs. Hopkins and her works. During my recent visit to the World's Fair at Chicago, I was greatly interested in the work of the School, though I then knew nothing of its existence. The papers, more particularly, showed great originality and power. The secret of Mrs. Hopkins' success appears to consist in the fact that she has founded a *college* of design of which the professors are themselves designers engaged in industrial work. This is a condition which it may prove very difficult to attain in England even though, as Mrs. Hopkins says, "her object is to develop the resources of the student," and not to induce manufacturers to give up their own special designs. Of course, we shall welcome any plan which will improve our national industries, and it is gratifying to be assured that the Princess Christian takes so much interest in the project to establish such a school in England, and thus to open another field for the employment of women.

A Book of the Week.

"THE ONE TOO MANY."

A NEW book by Mrs. Lynn Linton must inevitably arouse interest even in the mind of the most languid of novel readers. The writer's vigorous style and the militant attitude that she has ever taken against the (so called) progressives among her own sex makes the publication of a new novel from her pen a source of curiosity and expectation. The veteran authoress dedicates this book—

"To the Sweet Girls still left among us
Who have no part in the New Revolt;
But are content to be
Dutiful, Innocent, and Sheltered."

She then proceeds to describe the heroine of her novel Moira West as "a pure minded and gentle-natured English girl . . . innocent, unsuspecting, affectionate—just the good dear girl of a quiet English home." The mother of this "dear," "sweet," "tender," and "dutiful" daughter is a conventional British matron, with ideas of a daughter's and sister's duty that are, to say the least of it, an anachronism in the present day. This wicked mother calmly tells poor Moira that she is "The One Too Many," and that, in order to benefit her sister and lighten the strain upon the family income, she must and shall marry a pragmatical prig whom she detests. Here is the first note struck of the book, a loud strident note:—Mrs. West tells her daughter, "with the coldest accent of unsympathetic contempt," that "a modest girl marries according to her mother's choice, and she has infinitely more chances of happiness than if she married according to her own fancy."

So the dutiful daughter consents and marries the prig, and, after a miserable existence of constant petty torments, ends her life and her sorrows—in a pond!—

In contrast to her, Mrs. Lynn Linton has drawn, with a vigorous pen, the characters of four emancipated Girton girls. Effie Chegwin, the cleverest and the leader of the quartette, had been allowed her own way since her birth by her indulgent parents, with the happy result "that tears were as much unknown in the Chegwin nursery as hysterics in the school-room." "By no means one of the neurotic class; she yet adored Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and found Sir Walter Scott unreadable, and Milton impossible." As a hospital nurse, she had assisted at various operations without flinching. She smoked, took stimulants, and talked slang; and yet, though her creator evidently intends from the first that she should be an *awful warning* truth to tell, the reader's sympathies are alienated from the silly sentimental heroine, and, from first to last (to my mind), the interest of the book centres round Effie Chegwin, of whom the author says:—

"The tenderness, the reserve, the sensitiveness, together with the follies and absurdities of a girl had vanished, and in their place were knowledge, frank comradeship, and straightforwardness as far removed from sentiment as from affectation. She was "a good sort" to her companions, male and female; and it was a matter of indifference to her whether those companions were male or female."

The three other Girton girls have all well described individualities, but are not nearly so interesting as Effie; and space fails us to dwell upon their various and amusing idiosyncrasies.

There is splendid writing in the book, and many trenchant paragraphs are scattered throughout the story. Mrs. Lynn Linton's description of a pessimistic lady poetaster, who had just published a volume of despairing poems, is well worth quoting:—

"She had given herself over to the profoundest spiritual melancholy; and, with every material circumstance of her life on velvet, crowned herself daily with thorns; and, for no earthly reason that any one could find out, pricked her own heart till it bled."

Yet, in spite of many equally good paragraphs, I cannot help feeling that this is a very strange book for

* "The One Too Many." By E. Lynn Linton. In three volumes. (London: Chatto & Windus.)

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