necessarily been much restricted. He has recently published a splendid collected edition of Napoleon's memoirs, a translation of the Geista Françoum is in the binder's hands as I write, and half a dozen more titles which he has announced as in active preparation will make the bold type and fine English handmade paper which he always uses once more familiar. It is to be hoped that the last has not been heard of the Geigny Press at which, before the war, the Messrs Duesis employed a series of prominent artists as their designers and superintendents; the impact of a fresh mind upon typography produced some results which were questionable, but also a great deal which was beautiful and valuable.

Throughout the work of the designers I have mentioned can be seen clearly the traditions of British typography. These traditions may be defined as an insistence on the highest possible standard of machine with the simplest typographical lay-out. The names which mark the milestones of our printing history — such as Caslon, Baskerville, Bell, Bohn, Bensley, Pickering — call to mind in each case pages whose fine proportion and legibility and absence of ornament must at first sight appear dull to some eyes. Yet the virtues of plainness and perfect proportion are the hardest to attain, and they cannot be faked. I hope that the examples reproduced, largely of work done under severe restrictions, will show that these traditions have not been forgotten during six years of war. Day by day we draw nearer to the time when this struggle to keep up our standards with diluted labour, tired machines and bad paper, will end. Then we may expect to see a second renaissance building on the solid foundations so brilliantly laid by the first renaissance of twenty years ago.