

TYPEFOUNDERS AND TYPEFOUNDING IN AMERICA

BY WILLIAM E. LOY.

NO. XII.—WILLIAM HAGAR.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Rutland, Vermont, December, 1797, where he spent his early youth, receiving there the little education he had, and in which town he learned the trade of a watchmaker. No incidents of this period of his life have been recorded, except that he early evinced a manliness of character which was always his distinguishing quality. He became an adept in his trade, and before he reached his majority he decided to go to New York to try his fortunes in that metropolis. This was in 1816, and, fortunately for the typefounding business, he found the



WILLIAM HAGAR.

supply of watchmakers quite equal to the demand. While he found occasional employment at his trade, it did not promise the steady occupation he so much desired. While he was discouraged, but not disheartened, he determined to engage in some other occupation. Learning from a friend that Elihu White, the typefounder, wanted a man, he presented himself to that gentleman and asked for work. Mr. White questioned him as to his experience, where he had worked, and the particular department of the business he was most conversant with; but young Hagar was obliged to admit that he had never before set foot in a typefoundry. Skilled hands being scarce, and the applicant giving evidence of no common order of intelligence, Mr. White promptly engaged him. Thus William Hagar became initiated into the business of typefounding by accident.

The delicate training of his eye and hand as a watchmaker now proved of the greatest value, and he found opportunity for still more careful application of his skill as a typefounder. His advancement in his new occupation was rapid, and promotion followed in the foundry and in the confidence of Mr. White. In a few years he had an interest in the establishment.

In 1823 an opportunity presented itself in the retirement of George B. Lothian, from the firm of Lothian & Pell, for Mr. Hagar to engage more prominently in the typefounding business. Mr. Pell was not a practical typefounder, and by purchasing the interest of Mr. Lothian he would at once become the head of an establishment. An interview between the parties resulted in the purchase of Lothian's interest at a price and on such terms as were satisfactory, and he at once entered on a career of prosperity under the firm name of Hagar & Pell. In 1830, after a connection of seven years, the firm was dissolved. Hagar & Pell were the first to introduce the light-face or Scotch letter, and at their instance David Bruce designed and cut several sizes of these lightfaces in 1825; but

printers were yet in favor of the heavy or bolder faces of the period, and Hagar & Pell had their outlay for nothing. Some years after, however, James Conner bought the original punches of the series as far as made, and had others cut by Edwin Starr. Mr. Conner succeeded in popularizing the face, and has always had the credit of its introduction. Mr. Hagar was simply a few years ahead of the times. Yet it was one of the characteristics accorded Mr. Hagar that what he endorsed as "good" became popular, and all of the fancy styles which passed his inspection and received his approval have proven the general proposition by their long success.

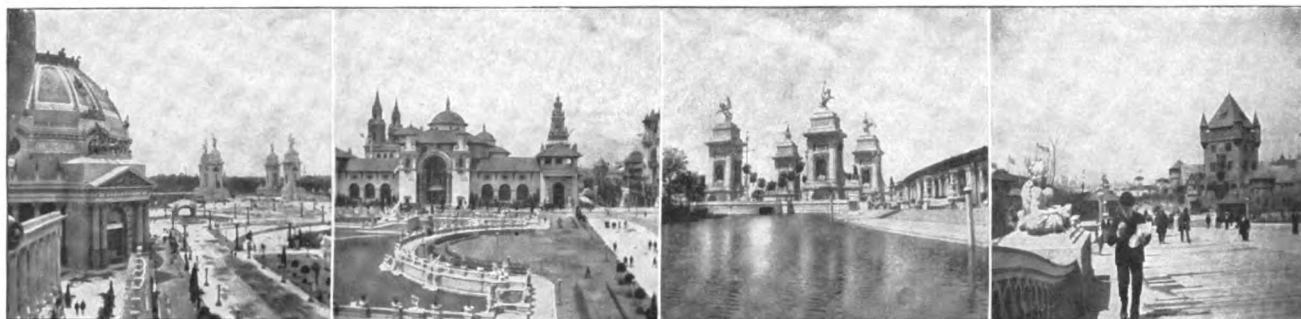
From 1830 to 1835 Mr. Hagar remained out of the business, when he purchased an interest in the foundry of his old friend, Elihu White, and the firm became White & Hagar. A peculiar sympathy existed between these two men, which worked well for the best interests of the business. Mr. White was now well advanced in years, and toward the end of 1836 he died. Mr. Hagar's partnership expired by limitation in 1839.

Shortly after the expiration of this partnership between White & Hagar, the subject of this sketch and George B. Lothian came together. Notwithstanding the well-known ability of Mr. Lothian, this was a most disagreeable connection, and Mr. Hagar often declared to his intimate friends that, owing to the ungovernable temper of his partner, and his many eccentricities, it exercised all his patience and charity to endure the connection. This partnership ceased in 1842.

At this period, the typefoundry of James Conner became involved, due to the sharp practice of his banker. It was one of the best equipped in the country, and Mr. Hagar induced Caleb Bartlett, a friend, to buy it, which he did for the sum of \$10,000, less than one-fourth of its actual value, and Mr. Hagar became a full partner under the firm name of William Hagar & Co. In 1845 he purchased his partner's interest, and he continued alone until 1852, when he sold to his brother and sons.

As a typefounder few have exceeded Mr. Hagar, except in the extent of their establishments. The perfection and finish of his body-letter were particularly marked, and were considered equal to the best produced anywhere at the time. For many years while he was actively engaged in typefounding, David Bruce was engaged in perfecting his typesetting machine, and Mr. Hagar became the owner of the patents. He supplied all the founders of America and Europe, besides a large number that went out to India and China, the missionaries manufacturing the type for the propagation of their work.

William Hagar was a plain, unpretending man, but of very positive views. His opinions once formed were immovable, whether on religion, politics or any other subject. He never dabbled in politics but once, and that was in the campaign of 1836, when the question of the currency divided the two parties of the period. He was a believer in the doctrines of the Whig party, and consequently favored the national banks. A meeting had been called, where several able men were expected to address the masses from a platform erected in the old city hall park. When the hour arrived, the leaders of the party, among them Mr. Hagar, ascended the platform, but at the moment a preconcerted signal was given, and the opposition



made a rush and carried it by storm. In the general mixup which followed, Mr. Hagar received a stunning blow from a burly ship carpenter, which knocked him off the platform and into the street. Not favoring that kind of politics, he wended his way home and ever afterward declined to take part in a political meeting. To the discredit of the craft, it is a matter of record that this disgraceful scene was managed by a well-known printer of the time — John Windt.

The long and honorable career of William Hagar closed December 29, 1863. For several years his health had been precarious, but the end came suddenly. He had given over the active affairs of his business to his sons, William and John, several years before, by whom it was continued.

NOTE.—In the preparation of these sketches of "Typefounders and Typefounding in America," it has not been possible to preserve a chronological order, or even to follow down the career of one establishment to the present. This has been owing to the difficulty of interesting the present generation when it comes to writing of their part in the history. It is hoped that no feelings of modesty prompt this withholding of information, because the readers of THE INLAND PRINTER would be glad to know something of the present as well as the past generations.



Photo by Andrew Emerine, Jr., Fostoria, Ohio.

DOROTHEA.

JAMES L. LEE IN CALIFORNIA.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Lee celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their marriage on Saturday evening, June 1, at their home, 283 Winona avenue. Twenty-five relatives and friends assisted in making merry on this notable occasion, with games, vocal and instrumental music and recitations. A very enjoyable evening was spent. The rooms were daintily decorated with flowers and vines. Light refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Lee are old residents of Chicago, having lived in that city for thirty-seven years. The salubrious climate of southern California tempted them to make beautiful Pasadena their home hereafter. Mr. Lee is president of the Challenge Machinery Company, of Chicago, manufacturers of printing-presses, paper-cutters and other machines well known to printers on the coast. We are pleased to welcome them to our city, and hope they may long live to enjoy our lovely climate and celebrate here their diamond wedding.—*Daily Star, Pasadena, California.*

Notes and Queries on Machine Composition

BY JOHN S. THOMPSON.

Communications relating to typesetting by machinery are invited. Queries received before the tenth day of the month will be answered in the next issue. Address all matters pertaining to this department to The Inland Printer Company, 212-214 Monroe street, Chicago.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Operators, operator-machinists and machinists seeking employment or change, are requested to file their names, addresses, preferences, etc., on our list of available employees. Employers are invited to call upon us for competent men in these occupations. Blanks will be furnished on request. Address Machine Composition department, THE INLAND PRINTER, being careful to enclose stamp.

Don't oil the surface of the cams; do wipe the cams often.

The old plant of Linotypes on the Atlanta *Constitution*, one of the earliest offices to install the Mergenthaler, is being overhauled and brought up to date.

LONDON Linotype operators, to the number of two hundred, sat down to the third annual dinner of the Machine Compositors' Committee, on Monday, May 6.

THE British manufacturers of the Linotype have had patents issued to them for a "displayed advertisement Linotype," which allows over-hanging capitals at one or more points in the line.

THE strike of the International Association of Machinists has caused a shut-down of the factory of the Goodson Graphotype Company, at Thompsonville, Connecticut, their force of about one hundred men, all highly skilled mechanics, being refused ten hours' pay for nine hours' work.

TYPESETTING MACHINES AT BUFFALO.—The Simplex typesetting machine is being exhibited in the Graphic Arts Workshop, while the Linotype and the Lanston Monotype are to be seen in the patent-office exhibit in the Government building. Several other machines were to be shown, but for some reason failed to arrange matters in time. Printers can see the Monoline at Niagara Falls, as mentioned elsewhere in this issue.

THE Mergenthaler Linotype Company is building a new matrix factory and in the near future will be able to produce new faces rapidly. Their latest list of matrix faces shows eighty-eight different fonts of single-letter matrices, eight German faces and thirty-one fonts of two-letter matrices, in sizes from ruby to two-line agate. They have now in view, among other things, the production of the French Elzevir and Caslon Old Style.

"YOUR remarks in the last issue of THE INLAND PRINTER regarding the foolishness of hollow-grinding spaceband sleeves meet my hearty approval," said W. H. Schuyler, the well-known repairer of spacebands. "Though I used to hollow-grind them to suit some customers who insisted on the point, and still do so in special instances of this kind, most machinists are becoming convinced of its fallacy. Moreover, there is little



The INLAND PRINTER

Pan-American Exposition Number

THE LEADING TRADE JOURNAL OF THE WORLD IN THE PRINTING AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES.

VOL. XXVII. No. 4.

CHICAGO, JULY, 1901.

TERMS { \$2.50 per year, in advance.
Foreign, \$1.20 per year extra.

THE UNCLEAN PRINTER.

BY LEON NOEL.



TOWERS OF MACHINERY BUILDING.

THERE is no gainsaying the fact that, if cleanliness is next to godliness, some printers must be exceedingly ungodly men. Nor is the printer's devil the only one to blame for dirt and destruction in the office. There is enough good material in some "hell" boxes to make a good job, if a good printer could rake it over. Once upon a time I had an idea that a printing-office was a beautifully clean place, not exactly paved with gold, but none the less bright and shining. I thought that everything went like clockwork, and that type fitted together as accurately as the cogs of a wheel. Alas, what a disillusion was the reality when I came into possession of a printing-office! Instead of clockwork it was more like plumbing, and pretty poor plumbing at that. Confusion reigned sublime, and to bring order out of chaos was wore than Hercules' task of cleaning out the famed though mythical Augean stables.

The printer-man should be above the frivolities of childhood, yet many have not gone beyond the days of dirt pie. They revel in dirt and dust. They wonder why they do not thrive in all this dirt, but only plants love dirt and flourish in it, and vegetables never come to anything but vegetables. The abundance of dirt is why dirty printers vegetate.

The dirty printer, for example, pulls a line out of a form, because he does not like the looks of it, and lays it on the stone, along with a lot of leads of various lengths, none cut to standard measure, a rule or two, and a handful of mixed spaces and quads, surrounded with furniture of assorted sizes and lengths. As he is a hustler he rushes the form to the press, and as he

has not provided a supply of proof paper, he tears up several sheets of the paper that comes handiest. Meanwhile the devil comes along and, scraping the whole of the litter on the stone into a heap, makes a show of sorting it out, but deposits the type and leads in the hell box or in the nearest case which has any empty boxes in it.

When the pressman takes his press proof, he finds a number of letters with scratched faces, and back the form goes to the stone, where the aforesaid dirty printer unlocks it and lays his shooting-stick or quoin-key on the form while he is pulling out the disfigured type, and wonders how it got defaced, when the evidence is before him. Perhaps he can not find the mallet, and takes a piece of metal furniture to whack the shooting-stick with, or takes the shooting-stick to unlock a mechanical quoin if he can not find the key. The metal furniture gets battered and does not fit accurately when it is put back into the form, and he yanks it out and pares down the bumps with his jack-knife. If a line is too loosely spaced he splits a chip off a piece of furniture and drives it between the letters, with the handle of his jack-knife, and probably hits the face of the type once or twice, if not oftener. If a letter sticks up he does not unlock the form, but takes the planer and drives it down to bed-rock as if he were driving railroad spikes. In fact, it is a question whether this man would not do better driving spikes for a living.

This man's brother works at the case. He fills galleys at a speed that makes you think he is a rapid compositor, but the galley proof tells a different story. That proof makes the proofreader, hardened man that he is, shudder; it would make a clean compositor throw up his job; it would be easier to set it all over again, but the dirty compositor takes a day to correct his half-day's work, and does not take a hint to set from a clean case thereafter. He throws in his type as if he was playing at ring toss, and he never looks at his stick when he sets up any matter. What is the