

Correspondence

While our columns are always open for the discussion of any relevant subject, we do not necessarily indorse the opinions of contributors. Anonymous letters will not be noticed; therefore correspondents will please give names—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. All letters of more than 1,000 words will be subject to revision.

A FISH STORY.

To the Editor: ASPEN, COLO., February 11, 1898.

As the fishing season will soon be upon us, I have taken the liberty of sending you two photographs, made by Mr. S. I. Hallett of this city, which I thought might interest the readers of your magazine. If suitable, I should be pleased to have them appear in THE INLAND PRINTER. The pictures were taken at Snow Mass Creek, about twenty miles from Aspen, the characters being Mr. L. A. W. Brown, a local insurance agent, and Mr. H. L. McNair, county treasurer. At the time the artist took the snap shot Mr. Brown had just returned from a trip up the creek and having come near catching a "big fellow," is endeavoring to convince his friend, Mr. McNair, of the fact. It is said by their friends that neither of the gentlemen ever caught a fish, though they have enough tackle to "loot a lake." The "flask of tea" upon the log is disowned by all, and the artist thinks it must have been an imperfection in the dry plate.

J. L. RILAND.

[Reproductions of the pictures are shown upon the opposite page. No further comments are necessary.—EDITOR.]

"PROFIT IN THOROUGHNESS."

To the Editor: HUNTINGDON, PA., February 9, 1898.

"Profit in Thoroughness," in the current number of THE INLAND PRINTER, is a very interesting article. It places the credit for originality in some of the improvements in putting up printed stationery to the one person to whom the credit is due. The writer has been closely associated with the late Mr. Blair for over twenty years past and has therefore been in close touch with his developments of thoroughness and success in the printing business. Mr. Blair inaugurated many new schemes in the printing business that were never touched on before. The system of job numbers was originated by him; no package of printing was allowed to be delivered unless it was put up in the neatest possible manner, and no printing was allowed to be completed without having some of the neatness that characterized all the work that he had anything to do with. His constant aim was, as is that of the publishers of THE INLAND PRINTER, the elevation of the printing business, and his great success was the result of starting right—by starting right I mean thorough system, strong ideas, and most of all, a clean, bright printing office. His greatest pride was in having the floor of his office thoroughly clean, no litter allowed to accumulate, all refuse burnt up promptly, all machinery in the very best of condition, and all material and machinery the latest and most improved. We observe that you have been watching the results obtained from these arrangements and that you have been a very keen observer. We are grateful for the notice and thank you for giving credit to Mr. Blair for the decided improvements in the printing business that are now being used by thousands of printers throughout the United States and of which he was the originator.

J. C. BLAIR COMPANY,
E. M. C. AFRICA, *President.*

I COULD not get along without THE INLAND PRINTER. It keeps a person posted at all times. No other magazine published equals it.—D. E. Cusick, Danville, Illinois.

DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS OF TYPE.

NO. III.—BY WILLIAM E. LOY.

AUGUST E. WOERNER.

THE slight variation in romans does not appeal to one who has not given thought to the development of type faces as produced during this century. Here is where the highest skill, the eye for exact proportions, and the trained hand are demanded. In purely ornamental or eccentric designs one does not notice a lack of proportion, unless sufficiently marked to appeal to the casual observer; but in a book page one expects evenness of color combined with proper balance of form throughout. This lack of harmony between capitals, lower case and figures is painfully apparent in one of the many French Old Styles made in the United States, where the capitals and figures scattered over a page actually look like wrong-font letters. These faults in cutting are frequent, but are generally noted and corrected when the punches or pattern letters are proved.



AUGUST E. WOERNER.

The art of engraving steel punches is exceedingly difficult. Added to the exactness required in all the details, the metal is not easy to manipulate. Fournier, who wrote on the subject in 1825, remarks that the "labor of the engraver is, without contradiction, of all those which join in bookmaking, that of which the execution requires the most special talent, and of which the skillful results procure most justly for their author the honorable title of artist. To engage in this kind of engraving it is necessary to be endowed with great accuracy of eye, for it is by sight alone that faults are redressed."

One of the best engravers of romans whose work was chiefly performed in America, was August E. Woerner, who died in New York, July 27, 1896, at the early age of fifty-two. Mr. Woerner was born in Frankfort-am-Main, December 18, 1844. His father having died when the boy was quite young, he was early thrown on his own resources to provide for himself and his widowed mother. As a lad he sought employment at various occupations, but it was not until he had reached his fourteenth year that an opportunity to learn punch cutting was offered him. This was at the foundry of F. Flinsch, Frankfort, and here he found work congenial to his tastes, and in the prosecution of which he rapidly advanced. He remained in the employ of this famous foundry until his apprenticeship expired, which was in 1864, when he went to Basle, Switzerland, where he obtained employment in Haase's type foundry. During the four years he was at Basle his time was fully occupied, but in 1868 he determined to try his fortunes in America. The first work he did was for James Conner's Sons, and he remained with them for several years. He then went to George Bruce's Son & Co., afterward to Farmer, Little & Co., remaining with the latter firm until his death, a period of twenty years. During the time he was with Bruce's foundry he cut some of their best roman faces, including Agate, Nonpareil, Minion and Brevier No. 11; Agate, Nonpareil, Minion and Brevier No. 21; English No. 13, and Nonpareil German No. 91. He also cut one size of the famous Penman Script, the Pica No. 2053, nearly all the nonpareil borders from No. 69 to 123, and all the nonpareil-and-a-half borders from No. 1 to No. 68.

Mr. Woerner's cutting for the Farmer, Little & Co. foundry was of a much wider range. It not only included their later and more desirable roman and old style faces, but a number of display fonts. Of the roman faces he cut for this foundry their Pearl No. 6; Agate 17 and 22; Nonpareil 18, 22, 23, 24; Minion 18, 19, 21, 22, 23 and 24; Brevier 23 and 24; Bourgeois 15 and 23; Long Primer 15, 19, 20 and 21; Small Pica 20; and Pica 18. He also cut Nonpareil, Minion, Brevier, Bourgeois,

Long Primer and Small Pica Old Style No. 5; Nonpareil, Brevier, Long Primer and Small Pica Old Style No. 7. He cut, also, Nonpareil and Brevier Lightface, the initial size (24-point) of Card Gothic and the three sizes of Gotham.

Mr. Woerner's cutting was made after the designs or suggestions furnished him, but he showed a capacity for developing the ideas briefly outlined for him in a masterly manner. An examination of the specimen pages shows a perfect evenness of color, the line of the letter is true, and the whole effect is pleasing. His romans are free from the knife-like serifs which cause so much trouble at every stage of manufacture in the foundry, and very soon lose their character at the press.

Mr. Woerner was never a rugged man, though enjoying good health. Two years before his death he contracted a cold which developed into laryngitis. This was eventually the cause of his taking off. He had the esteem of all engaged in his particular work, by whom he was considered without a superior in his particular line.

THE EMPLOYING PRINTER.

CONDUCTED BY CADILLAC.

This department is published in the interests of the employing printers' organizations. Brief letters upon subjects of interest to employers, and the doings of master printers' societies are especially welcome.

THE TYPOTHETÆ AS IT IS AND AS IT MIGHT BE.

Under the above caption, Mr. Henry W. Cherouny, of the Cherouny Printing & Publishing Company, of New York, sends me a long letter taking issue with some of the views expressed by Mr. J. J. Little in this department of the February number of *THE INLAND PRINTER*. According to Mr. Cherouny, the greatest evil confronting the master printer is not the undue aggressiveness of associations of employes, but the unrestrained competition between the master printers themselves. In a word, Mr. Cherouny opens up the question, How far is it feasible and proper for the Typothetæ to restrict trade competition among its members? The question is a large one. It suggests a long vista of embarrassing sub-queries not touched upon in Mr. Cherouny's letter and is altogether too broad a subject to be dismissed in a single issue. Those who are interested are invited to contribute brief statements of their ideas. The invitation is particularly extended to any who have experimented along the lines suggested.

Taking for his text Mr. Little's assertion, "That there is a community of interests between employer and employe," Mr. Cherouny writes:

"When the Typothetæ was organized there were some enthusiastic members who thought that this association, claiming to be the brains of the great economic body of printers, should show its mental superiority not only by magnanimity of judgment when in conflict with the Union, but also by the adoption of a policy of enlightened self-interest, which would try to make of the individualized printers and inimical workmen one strong army for the defense of those interests which the Typothetæ has in common with the Union. But these enthusiasts were considered 'cranks,' and their voice was hushed. I was one of them and left the Typothetæ, thinking that its members required more grinding between the two millstones — cut-throat competition and trades-unionism — before they would appreciate that noble spirit of solidarity which gave the ancient guilds their prestige.

"The Typothetæ remained, as Mr. Little puts it, in his allegory about the United States Government, an association of defense against aggressive trades-unionism. It opened fine rooms, ate well-cooked dinners, listened to fine speeches — but it did not neutralize Union influences on the pay roll and office regulations. The naked truth is that Union rules fix the wages and business custom, even when there are no visible chapels. The question of prices for printed matter was often a subject of private conversation. Every member knew stories of insane and malevolent competition which gnawed the 'fat' of his

work away — but none dared publicly to denounce the ever-smiling brother who continually prattles about the sacredness of competition while ruining his competitor and therewith the trade.

"Thus it came to pass that, as Mr. Little says, 'the employing printers have permitted the almost complete destruction of their business.' While the Typothetæ quarreled with the Union and talked about the printers' honorable position in society, the customers carried away our incomes, leaving just enough to keep us alive. And the middle men and agents, when among themselves, chuckle derisively at their tricks in reducing prices, and at our helplessness when they step into our offices with the haughty air of Southern slave drivers, wielding the whip of our brother typo's estimate until we accept their terms.

"This deplorable condition of our honorable craft cannot grow much worse. I daresay the trade has arrived at the point of despair, and, therefore, I hope to meet an open ear when I repeat what I have said whenever two or three of us met in discussion. Our breadwinners are not our enemies. That which reduces our incomes, and shatters our nerves, and makes us hate our trade, and takes away our joy of life — that is the prevailing business system of unlimited competition. It may have been a blessing to our people when the country was sparsely settled; but now it is a curse for all of us.

"Indeed, it seems as if in our good old trade all the evil passions of human nature were set to work to make the liberty of competition a weapon of self-destruction. Let us confess our guilt like men. We are all sinners! Under the caption, 'It is business,' we have done things that we ought not to have done, and left undone things that we ought to have done. Therefore, there is no health in us, though we have long ago hushed our conscience by saying: 'There was Shylock X, Y, Z, who compelled us to make prices which we knew to be bad'; or, 'This is a struggle for existence; we must kill Tom, Dick and Harry that we may survive.'

"But now there is no more room for self-excuse and self-adulation. The bottom under our feet is giving way. Yet our case is not hopeless. This business system of cutthroat competition is our own work, and, therefore, we can undo it. Cutthroat competition is the creation of egotism unrestrained by reason. Let us muster up what there is left of reason within our ranks, and restrain the fiend and stop him from spoiling the soil which we have to till.

"I care not for the silly modern phrases about 'the struggle of existence,' or the immutableness of 'the law of supply and demand'; I say we can, by common action, limit the competition among us, and adopt such business rules as will secure full scope to every honest endeavor and ample remuneration for large and small printers.

"To this end we have in our peculiarly constructed social body but two ways. The one mostly adopted by trades in like position is to form trusts — that is, to consolidate the productive capital of our economic body, in order to arbitrarily control prices and wages. This obliterates our independence, and makes clerks of all of us. Don't let us think of it.

"The other method of limiting competition among us is to form an association which fixes minimum and maximum prices, the former to protect the craft, and the latter to guard the public against extortion. If the Typothetæ would adopt this course it could become the guardian of the income of its members, and also the protector of the public against those Shylocks who, standing on the writ of industrial liberty, rob the trade of its dues, and, when they have the chance, confiding customers of their money.

"But if we want this desirable end, we must also want the means to gain it. The Typothetæ that 'spake like a child, and thought like a child,' must become a man 'and put away childish things.' It must stop posing as a protector of 'those who prefer not to affiliate with unions.' It need not be a defender of antiquated economic theories, nor of individual liberty; our



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PRANKS OF THE PRINTER.

BY LEROY ARMSTRONG.

UNION
CALIFORNIA

WATSON & WILSON, printers and publishers, were very much in need of a man. There was the new tax list, just awarded them by the populist county commissioners they had helped to elect, and they did not know a thing about the insanity-breeding problem of rule and figure work. They "had learned the trade" like many another man in the country, and could set straight composition with anybody. Watson, indeed, had developed a talent for display lines, and could satisfy all the demands of Watertown merchants for envelopes and letter-heads, and, by following the general form of ancient, wall-borne specimens, could "do" sale bills to your heart's delight.

But who should save them from the pitfall of rules and figures?

As they stood at the bottom of the stairway thinking of these things, they saw a stranger on the street—Watertown always looked twice at a stranger. It was just unhurried enough to spare the time. This man was of medium height, slender, with the appearance of one who has flourished in cities, catching the style and the garments that are unusual in the country. His hands were slender, and there was a something about the right thumb and forefinger which proclaimed his craft at once.

"He's a printer," said Watson.

"He's seen the sign, and is coming over," said Wilson.

The new man paused at the entrance way, read the cardboard office signs on the stairway, looked at the two men critically, and inquired:

"Any chance for work?"

"How did you know we were the publishers?" asked Watson.

"How did you know I was a printer?" asked the man.

In the afternoon he took charge of the delinquent list, and in half an hour they knew they were secure.

He was a craftsman. He knew everything, from bending rule to casting rollers. But he would not pull the hand press, and he would not work Saturday afternoon. They labored with him on those points; but he laughed, and said he was past it.

He was given to jesting; and one of his happiest thoughts was to shoot a spray of water into the eye of an inquisitive citizen who wanted to see purple stars in a galley of dead type, wetted for distribution. He changed the figures in the advertisement of lands delinquent, after the first issue, and wondered if the money lenders who should later purchase could make good title with defective publication. He taught Watson & Wilson how to double their income from foreign advertisers by taking twice as much business as the paper could carry, and stop the press in time to lift out one line, and set in the other. It troubled their consciences—attributes which, he assured them, the foreign advertisers did not possess.

In a good many ways he enjoyed himself. It was clear to everyone that he held the town and all its belongings in something like contempt; but he was so amiable about it, so suave in his treatment of people, that punishment was unthought of, and antipathy was disarmed.

When Watson & Wilson began advertising for the Fourth of July celebration, "the Printer" was ready to move. He had worked three months in one town, and was hungry for the city. They wanted him to stay. They sat down one day in June, when "the paper was off," and tried to argue it. He told them he must make a confession. There was a young woman in the town, sweetheart—affianced, he feared—of a man whom he regarded as his friend; and she had smiled upon him. She was very fair, and he feared he might forget himself, prove disloyal, and court a girl to his friend's undoing. They applauded the chivalric sentiment and went away—Watson assured it was Wilson's