

ready for coppering. Instead of the iodized collodion, a mixture of equal parts of white of egg and solution of common salt may be used.

(To be continued.)

DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS OF TYPE.

BY WILLIAM E. LOV.

NO. VII.—ANDREW GILBERT.

PROBABLY many have shared the admiration for the marvelous accuracy and symmetry attained in the manufacture of printing types, the foundation of which begins with the cutting of a letter on the end of a steel rod, the type-punch of the founder. The demand for this work is limited, and consequently there are few skilled cutters. The Scotch



ANDREW GILBERT.

have been exceptionally successful in developing this class of workmanship, where patience, faithfulness and dexterity are so unitedly required.

In Edinburgh, in 1821, Mr. Andrew Gilbert was born, serving an apprenticeship of four years with Cervan, an experienced cutter.

Mr. Gilbert became connected with John T. White, of the New York Type Foundry, coming to New York in 1846, and continuing in the service of Mr. White and his successors, Charles T. White & Co., some fifteen years, returning to Europe in 1853 on a visit. He devoted himself to cutting romans, which were admired by New York printers and publishers, for whom his best work was done.

Mr. Gilbert entered the service of the Boston Type Foundry in 1862, later becoming a stockholder and officer in that corporation. He died July 25, 1873, at Chelsea, Massachusetts, with an established reputation as a designer and cutter of both roman and display faces. He was a man of exceptional attainments, cheerful in disposition, and inspired respect for his character and abilities. It has not been possible to secure a list of notable letters cut by Mr. Gilbert, but the type founders of the United States recognized in him a valuable assistant, and one of precise and general knowledge in his profession.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

THE INLAND PRINTER is a most welcome visitor. Some of the suggestions and explanations contained in it are alone worth the subscription price. Every printer should be a subscriber. I wish you continued success.—*George L. Lemon, The Herald, Belle Center, Ohio.*

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.

MR. CHEROUNY'S VIEWS.

It may be doubted whether in the ranks of trades-unionism there can be found one more enthusiastically in favor of trade organization or more hopeful of good from such sources than is Mr. H. W. Cherouny, the New York master printer whose views upon the subject have, on two recent occasions, found expression in these columns. In presenting the third, and final, paper from this writer, the editor feels under no obligation to apologize for the length of the contribution. Mr. Cherouny's opinions, while not those generally held by employing printers, are entitled to every consideration. They are, as heretofore stated, the outgrowth of long years of experience and of the successful management of extensive interests in the printing line. Taking up the argument from the point where he left off in the July issue, Mr. Cherouny continues:

Those who favor unlimited competition as the rule of business intercourse often say that trade-unionism, with its tendency to limit competition, rests on foreign ideas of business life, savoring of socialism.

Does it not take much presumption to assert that the fifteen millions of American laborers now struggling for business equality are so weak-minded as to allow foreigners to lead them astray, and to forget their allegiance to what is proudly called "True American Business Spirit"?

In order to see clearly if there is any groundwork for remarks of this character, I have tried to grasp the American spirit, which, if anywhere, must be found in the works of the Federalist Fathers of the Republic, and, indeed, these ancient writings manifest a spirit which seems lost to our present generation; yes, there is statesmanship second to none in the world, and philosophy that does not clash with pure and refined sentiments of pious hearts; and political economy which begins and ends with the rule: Live and let live.

But nowhere in the fundamental laws of the nation, or in the commentaries thereon, have I seen anything to give ground for the arguments of trades-individualists denying to organized workmen the right of reforming the labor contract system by the institution of new business customs. Nowhere have I seen a fixed law of God or of the nation forbidding two, three or more citizens to agree upon a living price for whatever they have for sale. Neither is there any injunction against trades-unionism, nor a command to make and enforce so-called conspiracy laws. Yet, employers have from the beginning to this day spoken of trades unions as schools of murder and anarchy. They have told their working people in a thousand ways, that resistance against the abuse of industrial liberty was apostasy, nay, high treason, tainting American citizenship with something indescribably detestable. The worm twisting in agony under the heel of the master was stigmatized as socialistic leader, and the capitalists forming associations to save their property from destruction through competition are treated by the press and many legislatures as highway robbers.

What caused the growth of such sentiments? The economic works of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill, etc., have inspired covetousness with the presumptions of philosophy; they have given to greed the haughtiness of that knowledge which shall vanish away, and which Carlyle calls "the dismal science." And as the propensity of men, cutting the anchors of ancient authority, is toward licentiousness, which the ambitious call and the ignorant believe to be liberty; so most people of our age think that the right to drive hard bargains everywhere is the essence of American liberty—the goddess herself, incarnated. Of course, if this be true, then trades unions and producers' associations who say to competition: So far and no farther! must be considered as dangerous institutions. "One of the weak sides of republics is that they afford too easy an inlet to foreign corruption."—Hamilton, Federalist, XXII.

There was a time when all who claimed intelligence and knowledge of economic matters derided trades-unionism, while many employers even thought cannon the best argument against them. Indeed, the producers of the United States often appeared like a huge procession of middle-age flagellants. Whenever Wall street gave the signal, the head men raised the painted idol of free competition and all sang "Hallelujah! the life of trade!" Then, each man, moving along, began to beat the naked shoulders of the man in front with the scourge of cut-throat competition until the blood flowed on every side. Thus the procession of otherwise quite sensible business men marched along until its members broke down in an emaciated condition, saying: "This is a business crisis to purify the air!"

In the course of years, the workmen left the procession, and now they stand by the wayside, some sullen from indignation, some jeering at the sight of the fools who lacerate each other to no purpose. Strangest of all, however, is the fact that organized laborers cry out against employers who withdraw from the procession of flagellants, exclaiming with the trades-unionists: "We have enough of competition!" The same workmen who abhor conspiracy laws think anti-trust laws most desirable institutions, forgetting entirely that



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SLUG FIVE.

BY OPIK READ.



BLAZING day in June, a railway trestle through the yellowish scum of a cypress swamp. Hour after hour I trudged along, straining eye to search out the end of the timbered highway. A distant roar, a train, a tremulous cling to timbers below, lizard-like, to give the train full right of way. A green frog on a yellow lily pad. I thought of frog legs, fried, and hunger-water moistened my mouth. My tramping companion and I had separated to forage. At some wayside place, in the near edge of the shady future, we were to meet and divide contributions—corn bread and the rancid belly of the razor-back hog. I had chosen the railway, to entertain section hands with stories of adventure, sad lies tipped with the gild of sarcasm. But there were no section hands, nothing but the desolate stretch of trestlework. The upright sun beat upon my head the fierce tattoo of noon. I thought of the country printing office, with windows looking out upon the shaded public square. My throbbing temples imitated the sound of the tavern bell, calling the lawyers, the sheriff and the jurymen to dinner.

Far down the track I saw a man coming. How picturesque was the sight of a human form—for a moment, and then there came distress. I saw that in his hand he was swinging something that looked like a slungshot. I halted and looked back. The way was long, and I said to myself aloud: "He's going to knock me on the head with that thing. If I run he can catch me before I can reach the hard ground."

Reason strove to assert itself: "Why should he want to hit you? He can see that you have no money. Men who have money don't walk through a cypress swamp."

"Yes, I know, but the other day a tramp was found dead not far from here, with his pockets turned out. A fellow like that one coming yonder would kill a man for 10 cents."

"Perhaps; but you are as strong as he is. You can throw him off into the ooze."

"Yes, but —"

As he drew nearer I saw that the thing he was swinging was too bulky for a slungshot. I advanced to meet him, gazing eagerly. A gleam of white across his face told that he was smiling. He called out cheerfully, and I saw that he was swinging a bit of bacon tied with a shoestring. I wanted to grasp him, so strong was my gratitude; but my eye fell upon the bacon, and I then became more of an appetite than a soul.

"Which way?" he asked.

"Down this way. Which way with you?"

"Up this way. Where from?"

"Nashville," I answered. "Where are you from?"

"Memphis."

It was of no use for one to ask what line of business the other had followed. Intuition settled that question before it was asked.

"How's work in Nashville?"

"Bad. They've got a sub-list and all sorts of scollups. Two dailies have consolidated. How is it in Memphis?"

"Tough. By the way, I am just about to have dinner. Join me, if you ain't in a hurry."

I told him that I was a man of leisure. He bowed and said that he had presumed as much. He cut his bacon half in two, dividing it with the utmost precision, and we sat down on the cross-ties. We chewed and talked, the grease streaming between our fingers. I shall never forget the picture of his great red head bobbing in the sun. When the meal was over he shoved his head toward me and said:

"Napkin?"

I hesitated, but he insisted, and I wiped my hands on his shock of hair.

"Well," he said, getting up, "I have an engagement and must be moving on. If you ever come my way, drop in."