

was finally presented to the Press Club. Montezuma posed as the Indian boy in the painting. When he arose to speak he stood directly in front of the picture and the resemblance was noticeable. The face was the same face of the boy so cleverly depicted by the artist.

Montezuma does not speak very clear English, but he told his story well in his own way, nevertheless. He was bought from his tribe for \$25, and when he came to the white man's country it was a long time before he was rid of the wild desire to be back again in the woods with his people.

"And why did you not run away?" asked a guest.

"Ah, it was the three meals a day that held me," said Montezuma, and he showed his white teeth.

Just before he closed he pointed to the painting—life size and natural—and he said:

"The artist he tell me 'Hit it! Hit it!' and I get excited and I try, oh, so hard, for I think I see the eagle there. 'Hit it! Hit it!' he say.

"And so all through life," he added, and he lowered his voice, "I try to hit it."

How many of us up here in the Press Club heed the admonition like this wild Indian boy, and in life strive to hit the object at which we aim?



"I see G. Percy English has joined the club, said a newcomer, more for the sake of chipping in the conversation than anything else.

"Who in the name of Teck is G. Percy English?" asked the member with red whiskers.

Nobody seemed to know. Finally a man way over in a corner whose head was bent low with age, said:

"Why, man alive, he means Johnnie English. Nobody but the man who baptized him would know who was G. Percy English, and I doubt if even he would know by this time. G. Percy English! Say, that gives me the fan tods."

And the old man got up and wobbled out.

"I will never forget the time Johnnie got his name," said another one of the old boys. He was only a youngster, and had got a place on the city staff of the *Tribune*. Sam Medill sized him up and said:

"What's your name?"

"Gustavus Percival English," replied the youth.

"Lord!" said Sam, "we can't stand that. We'll call you Johnnie."

"And Johnnie it's been from that day to this."

## DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS OF TYPE.

BY WILLIAM E. LOY.

NO. XV.—EDWARD RUTHVEN.

THE oldest, and in many respects the best, designer and engraver of type in America, Edward Ruthven, is still living at the age of eighty-eight years in Philadelphia. Mr. Ruthven is a Scotchman, and was born in that country December 31, 1811. The first authentic mention of him is by Alexander Kay, who says he came to Edinburgh in the summer of 1843, and visiting the shop of Mr. Kay's employers, who were manufacturers of bookbinders' tools and stamps, exhibited some of his work, which was of such excellent character that he was at once given employment. He had not been long in the place before his employers and fellow-workmen recognized in him a man of rare genius, and his dexterity in handling the graver surpassed anything they had seen. He did not seem to be aware of his own ability, nor did he think much about remuneration or reward, his intense enthusiasm for the work excluding all other considerations. Mr. Kay thinks he did not possess the creative ability in any marked degree, but when given the faintest hint of what was wanted on a single letter, he had the happy faculty of creating the whole alphabet from the slender

beginning with a beauty, harmony and uniformity which was pleasing to all who were capable of judging. Mr. Ruthven continued in Edinburgh for about a year, and during that time he endeared himself to his associates by his uniformly kindly disposition. He then returned to London, where he continued until he was engaged by Lawrence Johnson, of Philadelphia. It was in 1846 he came to America, and from that time forward he gave his time entirely to designing and engraving type faces, first on steel and later on metal for electrotyping the matrices. At the time Mr. Ruthven began his connection with the Johnson foundry he was probably the only cutter in steel in America then actively engaged. Shortly afterward he conceived the idea of electrotyping matrices, and he was probably the originator of this method of making matrices. After he began cutting type on soft metal he employed as many as twelve apprentices at one time, but of all this number but two were considered skillful, the late W. W. Jackson reaching the highest degree.



EDWARD RUTHVEN.

Mr. Ruthven worked most of the time from 1846 to 1888 for the Johnson foundry, though for a time he cut for the Bruce foundry, of New York. During this long period he produced some of the very best ornamental faces brought out by these two foundries, both of which were long famous for the wonderful variety and beauty of design of their productions. If the reader has the good fortune to possess the large quarto specimen book of the Bruce Type Foundry, and will refer to Ornamented No. 1,083, he will there see one of Mr. Ruthven's achievements, designed and cut when he was in his seventy-fourth year. If examined under a glass it will be found of perfect regularity, and it is safe to say it could hardly be excelled by one in the prime of life.

It has not been possible to get even an approximately complete list of faces cut by Mr. Ruthven, but a few only will attest his skill. One of the first things cut on his arrival was the two-line small pica Card Text for the Johnson Foundry. This was followed by other sizes in the series, and later by Title Text, Title Text Open, Title Text Open No. 3, Sloping Black, Sloping Black Shaded, Celtic Shaded, Celtic Single Shaded, Monumental, besides many borders and ornaments. Probably the series of graceful and ever popular Spencerian Scripts were the most noted single achievement. This was made in four sizes, from two-line brevier to double paragon in condensed and more extended faces and one face only in five-line pica. For the past ten years he has been employed most of the time by the Keystone Type Foundry, during the time producing nearly all the borders and new styles brought out by that foundry. One of his latest efforts was the Royal Italic cut for the Inland Type Foundry, of St. Louis, which he did when eighty-four years old.

Mr. Ruthven is naturally of a retiring disposition, and it has been impossible to complete the list of faces produced by him. He feels that he is too old to care for notoriety, but the readers of *THE INLAND PRINTER* will be glad to have even an incomplete account of a man who has made them so much his debtor for that which has been so generally useful and attractive. The half-tone illustration accompanying this article was reproduced from a somewhat faded card photograph of Mr. Ruthven taken some years ago.

NOTE.—The writer of this sketch desires to acknowledge his indebtedness for valuable and interesting bits of information about Mr. Ruthven kindly furnished by Theodore L. De Vinne, J. W. Phinney, of the Dickinson Type Foundry, Thomas MacKellar, G. F. Jordan, Carl Schraubstadter, Alexander Kay, Rudolph Gnichwitz, V. B. Munson, Julius Herriet, Sr., and John E. Hanrahan, of Baltimore, all of whom have patiently answered questions.