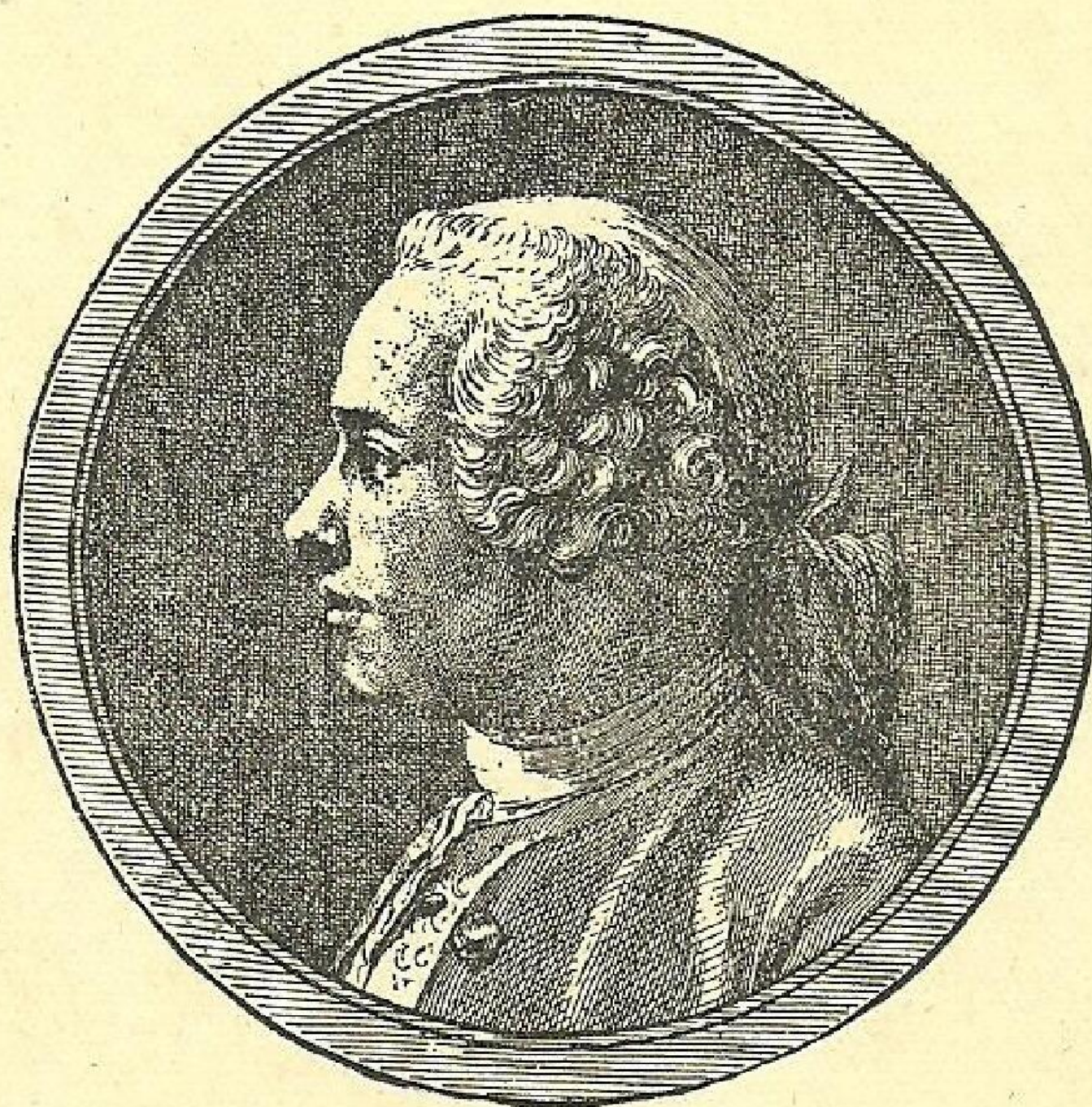


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THE MONOTYPE RECORDER

1928

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CHARLES NICOLAS COCHIN AND HIS WORK
THE FIRST FORTY
PROGRESS IN THE GRAPHIC ARTS: A REVIEW
HE ENJOYED MAKING MONEY
GLEANINGS FROM THE TRADE JOURNALS
"FOOTBALL RESULTS!"

LONDON

THE LANSTON MONOTYPE CORPORATION LIMITED

43 & 44 FETTER LANE

E.C.

THE MONOTYPE RECORDER

JANUARY · 1928 · FEBRUARY

THE MONOTYPE RECORDER

A JOURNAL FOR USERS AND PROSPECTIVE USERS
OF THE "MONOTYPE" COMPOSING MACHINE
AND SUPPLIES

VOLUME XXVII. No. 223

CONTENTS

Charles Nicolas Cochin, 1715-1790	- - -	p. 5
"He Enjoyed Making Money"	- - -	11
The First Forty	- - -	15
Progress in the Graphic Arts	- - -	17
"Football Results!"	- - -	21
Gleanings from the Trade Journals	- - -	22
A Specimen of Cochin Roman and Italic	- -	25

CHOIX
DE CHANSONS

MISES EN MUSIQUE

PAR M. DE LA BORDE,

Premier Valet-de-Chambre ordinaire du Roi,
Gouverneur du Louvre.

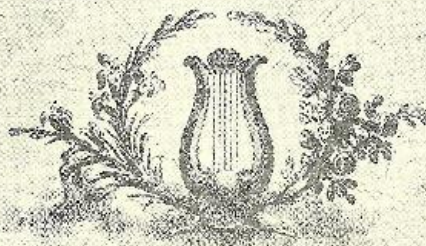
ORNÉES D'ESTAMPES

PAR J.M. MOREAU,

DÉDIÉES

A MADAME LA DAUPHINE

TOME I.



A PARIS

Chez DE LORAMEL, Imprimeur de l'Académie Royale
de Musique rue du Foin Saint Jacques,

M D C C . L X X I I I .

Avec Approbation et Privilège du Roi

Gravées par MORIA et Mlle. VANDON.

Engraved title page from a famous eighteenth-century music book (Paris, 1773)
showing the characteristic lettering employed by engravers of the period

CHARLES NICOLAS COCHIN

1715-1790

AN artist is a person who is sufficiently interested in the world, and generally in his fellow-creatures, to want to note and re-create what he sees going on before him. The worker with the pencil or brush has this curiosity in so marked a degree that he has almost pre-empted the very word "artist," though he might well share it with the novelist and dramatist, and even with the musician. But the latter is (as they knew in the Middle Ages) above all concerned with the problems of sound, a branch of mathematics; and the writer, however literally he transcribes his world, writes always in some way to criticize or better it. Only the graphic artist is content to put life down on paper without comment; and only the sharpest, almost uncanny, perceptions can do this. Perhaps this piercing curiosity may explain why great versatility (so rare among musicians) is almost the rule among brilliant painters and designers. Instead of theorizing, they look and look again, learn rather than teach, and hence find it easy to pick up any human trick of the hand or mind. A vast number of our famous actors, dramatists and writers started their careers at the easel, and it is rare indeed to find a modern or ancient artist who cannot handle words effectively.

Charles Nicolas Cochin was no exception to this rule. He had, according to his biographers, a temperament that reminds us of a score of men now working in Paris and London *ateliers*. Filled with lively curiosity as to the actual images and doings of the world he lived in, he threw himself into the complex and elegant civilization of the eighteenth century and, we gather, thoroughly enjoyed it. His conversation no less than his astonishing talent gave him the *entrée* into those autocratic groups which gave the life-blood of patronage to workers in the arts. And when the Revolution put an end to polished conversation by mowing down the people who had lived to make it an art, the aged Cochin did not long survive the whimsical, cynical age that had made him famous.

His father and mother were both talented engravers; Cochin *père* was a man of

repute, often called on for those large plates commemorating public occasions, illuminations, funerals, processions, that did in a glorious way what our pictorial weeklies now do more literally and more smudgily. The young Cochin worked in his father's studio, but while he learned the technique of the tool there he found his models, not in pictures by other men, but walking about on the street: beggars, ladies of fashion, quarrelling tradesmen—each furnishing a free "pose" for the eye quick enough to catch it. The youth revolted, like so many of his generation, against the heavy grandeurs of the great age that had preceded his; and it needed his father's disciplinary hand to keep him for the time being from the sparkling, naughty flippancies of the *galant* print that was then coming into fashion.

But whatever amusement was derived by making such lively sketches, it was by depicting royal festivals that Cochin the younger came to the notice of the Court. The Marquise de Pompadour, an intelligent patroness of the arts, arranged a voyage to Italy for her brother. Such a journey, slower and more thoughtful than it would be to-day, formed an essential of the education of every eighteenth-century amateur. The man who now studies photographic facsimiles, or at the most runs through ten galleries in a month's vacation, then had to proceed with difficulty and not without danger from town to town, studying originals, discussing them with fellow savants, and writing home letters that would be preserved, like the modern art journal, as documents of unique interest. Two learned men accompanied the Pompadour's brother, and Cochin *fil*s came too, partly for his entertaining tongue and partly for his own sake; for his peculiar abilities had already been proved.

To such a man, who supported genuine ability with a witty ease in the management of social life, success came easily. On his return he was made a Knight, and fraternized henceforth with the *beau monde* as *le chevalier Cochin*. He was admitted to the Academy without the usual formalities, and soon afterward received the honourable post of Guard of the King's Drawing Collection. His colleagues became his friends under the influence of what must have been a most winning and brilliant nature. Commissions and executive duties piled up until he became perhaps the greatest influence of his time upon the illustrative arts.

But in spite of the necessity for producing formal or allegorical pieces such as were expected of a man in his position, Cochin found time to illustrate a number of those fragile and exquisite duodecimos that remain as one of the most characteristic monuments of the eighteenth century. These books were made for aristocrats, at a time when *noblesse oblige* extended to patronizing the arts as a matter of course. Their subject matter was not so much frivolous as *legère*—so "light" that

CHARLES NICOLAS COCHIN

the author could float merrily over dubious ground without being mired. The etchings which accompanied them had to partake of the same delicacy, the same cynical good breeding. The secret of such a style is something more than a technical knack with pencil or tool. It is a whole point of view; and few artists have been better trained for that point of view than Cochin, the witty *chevalier* to whom the Pompadour had opened not only the grandeurs of the Court, but those even more important and intimate circles which ruled artistic destinies.

A contemporary poet has laid down the rules for the perfect "little dinner" such as Cochin often graced with his presence. He says:

For a delectable repast
The simple rules are these:
Be sure to choose the kind of guests
Whose wit and manners please;
Then set them at their ease.

Fewer than three must not sit down
To meat: nor more than nine;
And any secret that may fall
From lips unlock'd by wine
Let these four walls confine!

(From a song by Antoine Danchet)

It was for such an audience, then, that Cochin designed his small masterpieces of illustration. Among the most famous of these are the plates for Boileau's *Le Lutrin* (1742), and Guarini's *Il Pastor Fido* (1745-66). Another field for the livelier side of his art was portraiture; and one of his finest works is the self-portrait, engraved by Jean Daullé, reproduced on our cover. As we study this mobile and whimsical profile, with the carefully curled and powdered hair, we are grateful for the fact that it has come down to us through the incisive, brilliant line of the engraver, rather than through the lights and shadows of photography. This is the type of face that "does not photograph well"; and yet the more conventional method of engraving has managed to catch the very nature of the man.

Still another frivolous kind of work remained to offset the serious undertakings (such as the views of the Ports of France) with which he was occupied. This was the designing of ephemera, such as cards of admission to important *fêtes* at the *Menus-plaisirs*. Of these, one at least stands as perhaps the most famous of all such elegant trifles: the Ball on the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin, 1745. The whole wanton spirit of the style we call *rococo* is in the border of this

card, where cupids and musical instruments cluster, surmounted by Eros himself. The engraved lettering of this card is of simple dignity; a few lines of current round-hand lend the right touch of fluidity which goes perfectly with the nervous daintiness of the line used in the border. There is a line of large capitals, shaded with parallel strokes; this was the usual device of the letterer for copper plates, who had discovered that a solid dark tone could not be obtained with the needle or graver—the effect is always scratchy—and so devised instead this shadowy treatment which gave just the right “colour,” a result which could not be imitated by the typefounders of the day.

The arts of writing and lettering, in those days, had a much closer connection with typography than they have had, or ever can have, since the introduction of direct methods of transferring the written stroke to paper, as in lithography or the photographic processes. In past numbers of this journal it has been noted how the writing-master influenced the type-cutter, not perhaps directly (save in the case of Baskerville) but through the medium of the engraver on wood or copper. New type faces are seldom cut for newspapers or the commoner kinds of printing; at least we know that in the old days they originated always as part of the printing of “luxury” books. These books have seldom been issued, moreover, solely on the strength of their typographic beauty. Between the magnificent folios of the Estiennes and the equally fine productions of Bodoni’s press, nearly three centuries elapsed, during which time practically all books designed to appeal to the connoisseur made that appeal chiefly through their illustrations. And indeed, if we concede as we must that *all* books should be typographic works of art, not only clear but beautiful, we must admit that the “luxury” book makes its most logical claim to distinction by offering something—a fine binding, rich paper, and especially illustrations—which the common edition cannot in its nature afford. The eighteenth century did not in fact come even as far as we have come toward the ideal time when all printing can be described as “fine,” but it brought the illustrated book to its greatest heights.

Perhaps it was because of the very brilliance and flexibility of these copper-engraved or etched plates, that type printing made no greater effort to keep up with its meteoric partner. At any rate, we find the engraver being entrusted with more and more of the lettering that was to be displayed in important positions; there were title pages entirely printed from plates, to say nothing of the ornamental initials, etc., which found their reflection in the type foundries. In cases where explanatory text had to be printed underneath an illustration, it became the custom to incorporate the words (as in the case of large prints) on the plate,

often within the frame of the composition. The lettering being in this case an integral part of the print, it was watched over with care by the designer—in some cases, indeed, actually executed by him. Amateurs of the eighteenth-century illustrated book are familiar with the little *Amanach Iconologique* with engravings by Cochin and Gravelot, which appeared yearly from 1765 to 1782. In this work there is none of the usual rivalry between the typographic and intaglio processes, which are so utterly different in their mode of expression and execution as to become, in many cases, inharmonious neighbours in a book. Here both illustrations and text are engraved, and the lettering on any one page is adjusted, widened or condensed, according to the length of the text. The important thing to notice is not the resulting "harmony" of effect; after all, we are not as determined upon matching text to illustration as were the followers of William Morris; we do not bar lithographs from printed books because they are not pressed *into* paper as type is. Our reason for admiring these engraved pages of lettering is rather their informality and that personal touch which reminds us of the stroke of the writer's pen. A modern French writer has said that "the greatest masterpiece of literature is only a dictionary in disorder." Similarly, the finest printed type-page is only an arrangement of a given set of types. But the written-and-etched page has something of the impromptu, personal quality of the spoken word, that is altered by the tones of the voice. For this very reason it is tiresome in long stretches of reading, where all we demand is invariable legibility. Yet no one can deny the charm of a few lines of text set forth in the very manner, and with the very delicacy, of the etching which accompanies it. This was the aim of the eighteenth-century letterer engaged in book work.

The result was a variety of sharp and graceful alphabets, beautifully in keeping with the artist's style, which soared above anything that the contemporary type-founder could attempt. It is true that their brilliance may have inspired Baskerville and, later, the Didots and Bodoni, to produce similarly sharp type impressions; but the letter we now associate with eighteenth-century prints has waited until our own time to receive anything like a true reflection in the printing craft.

One reason for this is that "Cochin" (as it is called in its modern version) does not belong to the humdrum, "dependable" rank of standard book types. Books have been charmingly printed in the face recently, and will be for many years; but its appearance is at once so striking and so cajoling that we think of it at once as made for the lighter and more fantastic fields of printing. In fact, although it is now a type, it retains some flavour of that apt, personal quality which we have

noted above in the lettering of engraved books. The card of admission, for instance, that is printed in this face, will reflect in some measure the stately delicacy of Cochin's own ephemeral work, because both the engraving and the letter form were originally designed for the delight of a *special* audience, to whom "good taste" was almost a religion. In our industry-ridden world we have very few "professional" aristocrats who make an art of idleness as they did in the eighteenth century; but, on the other hand, luxury, fastidiousness and a desire for the "smart" things of this world are now no longer confined to that blue-blooded circle. The underpaid clerk or typist of to-day has higher standards of cleanliness and of comfort than many of the brocaded courtiers of the *ancien régime*. Publicity agents have learned that it is safe and profitable to tell their message to the Common Man in the terms of an age in which *courtesy* still had a connection in people's minds with the *court*.

Charles Nicolas Cochin lived to see the catastrophic end of that age, which had been so exquisitely self-centred as not to perceive the writing on its panelled walls. He died, at the age of seventy-five, in 1790; toward the last his days were clouded by poverty. He had supported a dependent family and retinue—several elderly sisters and superannuated servants—for the greater part of his life. His generosity was ill repaid when a young cousin whom he had befriended stole a large number of his prints and plates. Despite the terrible shock of this discovery, Cochin characteristically refused to ally himself with the severe laws of the time, which punished such thefts with death.

The century and a quarter which has elapsed since that time has traced, slowly and in various ways, our evolution in art and ways of thinking; but always the tendency is to modify or compromise with the spirit of that Revolution that cut so cleanly across the pages of history. Those terrible ten years were as a bolt of lightning, illuminating and destructive; the years since then have been, especially to the arts, a period of slow adjustment such as the forest makes to cover over and make use of the lightning-smitten tree. We are ready now for the *légèreté*, the whimsical formality, that is epitomized even in the eighteenth-century letter form used on these pages; for we are far enough from that century by now to borrow its secrets of charm and fantasy without also taking as a corollary the curious brutality that lurked beneath those perfect manners.

HE ENJOYED MAKING MONEY

"THERE goes a remarkable fellow," said the Retired Salesman, tipping his hat to the occupant of a luxurious car that swept by. "One of the most remarkable men I've ever known."

The New Man had noticed nothing unusual in the ruddy, cheerful face that had smiled at them a moment in passing. "What's remarkable about him?" he demanded.

"Why," said the older man deliberately, "he enjoys making money."

The New Man opened his eyes. "I thought we all did that!"

"Nonsense, my lad. Most people enjoy *having* money, almost everyone enjoys *spending* it—but this chap takes a genuine, creative delight in *making* it. When I made my bit, I retired; but Mr. Fanshaw there, who's five years older and five times as rich, makes a positive hobby of his business; he'll never retire. And yet he has one of the hardest, most back-breaking businesses in the world. He's a printer."

"Fanshaw? L. W. Fanshaw? I'm going to see him to-morrow about a new numbering machine."

"Well, be prepared. Show him just exactly what it will mean to him in extra efficiency and a bigger profit margin. He's as keen as a razor."

"Hates to spend money, eh?"

"Oh no, he's no miser. A miser, you know, isn't really fond of money."

"How's that?"

"A miser is simply fond of coin. Money is more than coin: it's purchasing power. When you withdraw money from circulation you prevent it from making more money, and it becomes just coin. No, Fanshaw spends freely, but I've never known him to be taken in. And yet he has been. He showed me once what he called his 'Experience Book.' 'Worth its weight in gold,' he'd chuckle; in it he'd written down all the details of every unprofitable investment he'd ever made, with the *reasons why*. 'I've never made the same mistake twice,' he'd say. When you see him he'll probably tell you, if he takes a fancy to you, what he's often

told me. 'A man can have anything he wants in life,' he says, 'if he only wants it hard enough not to want much else.'"

"I wonder."

"Well, it's true in his case. That fellow has taken long chances all his life. He'd have been a success on the Stock Market—anywhere where courageous gambling paid. Only it isn't gambling with him; he finds out in advance, then stakes everything."

"How did he start?"

"Apprentice in a moribund printing house. Before he got his papers he had begun studying the printing needs of local firms. By the time he was earning regular wages he was persuading the Master Printer to solicit a whole group of special accounts, theatre programmes, labels carrying advertisements, and what-not. By the time he was a foreman he had learned enough to be able to pick out a speciality. So he chose advertising. He was always penniless in those days, because he was convinced that the live advertising printer must have a full repertory of type faces, and whatever came out he'd try to persuade the Boss to buy, if only the smallest fount. When the Boss balked, he'd spend his own pocket money, and cry 'novelty, novelty,' to the clients until he brought in the orders. Eventually he bought the business—having worried the timid owner almost to death—and then the fun started. That's when I first began calling on him.

"He always takes salesmen into his confidence; calls them his 'outside partners.' I used to call late in the afternoon when most of the men in his position would have gone home. I'd find him poring over the day's business for all the world like a man with a garden, weeding out this, forcing on the other. And whenever he could find some gadget for increasing production speed you'd have thought his rich aunt had died. . . . But his main idea was not to compete on speed alone, but to get a reputation for the kind of work that's above competition. He manoeuvred for a year to get one important motor-car account, and then finally the advertising manager, who was having one of his periodical fits of economy, told him that a competitor had offered a lower price. Fanshaw fairly lost his temper, and shouted out: 'How about your customers? Do they care what money you saved on that folder? They want to know whether you sell a high-class car! I'm beginning to doubt that you do.' The advertising manager was a bluff chap, and the outburst tickled him; so he gave Fanshaw his first real chance.

"Well, after that he got interested in process work, and he had the sense to know that in that line the machine is no more important than the man who handles it. He'd always pay more for the best workman in any line, and then

he'd let it be known that he'd secured that man. I suppose it's easier to lose money in process printing than in any other department, but he was shrewd; never invested until he was practically sure of resulting orders."

"Was he a 'driver'?"

"Not in the sense of overworking his men. Had too much respect for good workmanship. Even strict discipline made him a bit uneasy, and I think he was a pretty good friend to everyone. But what he really loved was what he called 'a good intelligent machine.' His 'Monotypes' fascinated him; they gave him just that combination of speed and high-class quality that he wanted, and his restless brain was always figuring out new tests for the famous "'Monotype" versatility.' He was proud of his country's fine work in the revival of printing style, and as each new 'Monotype' face came out he'd print up a bit in the calendar he sent out, mentioning that the Old Country was keeping up the tradition. Some of it sounded rather 'high-falutin,' but it was sound, good publicity all the same."

"So now he's rich?"

"He'd tell you that he's always been rich, even when he'd mortgaged his whole office, at the beginning, to buy efficient plant. He never has much spare capital lying in the bank, but I wish I had a quarter of his income from that business."

"Doesn't he ever take time off to enjoy himself?"

"Why, he *puts in* his time enjoying himself. Lately his doctor has induced him to transfer some of that enormous enthusiasm to playing golf—which Fanshaw calls the hardest kind of work he's ever done! I remember taking him to the races once. He hardly looked at the horses, but he studied the faces of all the people he saw there.

"'They don't look happy,' he said. 'People seldom do, when they're just amusing themselves, I notice. Poor devils; they'll never *want* anything hard enough to enjoy getting it. They'd rather put it up to Lady Luck.'"

"'Haven't you ever called on her for help?' I asked him.

"His eyelid flickered confidentially as he replied: 'You know how ladies are. They hate to take the initiative.'

"Well, young fellow," concluded the Retired Salesman, "give Mr. Fanshaw my best regards to-morrow. And if he lets you sell him that numbering machine, and then starts talking to you—you might do worse than to listen."

"The Conduct of the Kitchen,"
by X. Marcel Boulestin
Published by
William Heinemann Ltd.
Printed by
Woods & Sons, Ltd.
in
"Monotype" Garamond
Series 156 10 point
2 point leaded

SAUCE A L' INDIENNE

To a Béchamel sauce, only partly cooked, add a pinch of saffron and a little curry powder. Cook as usual; the quantity of saffron is rather a question of taste, but in any case the flavour of curry powder should not be recognisable, it is the happy blending of spices which makes the sauce perfect.

SAUCE MORNAY

Is a Béchamel sauce to which you add grated cheese, and at the last minute the yolk of an egg. Cover your eggs, or fish or chicken, or spinach, whatever you want to serve in that way with the sauce, sprinkle with more grated cheese and brown quickly under the grill.

SILARP SAUCE

Chop two shallots, put them in a wineglassful of vinegar, with two tablespoonfuls of stock or *consommé*, a pinch of flour, a small piece of butter, cook a little, let it reduce, add chopped gherkins and capers, salt and pepper.

WHITE WINE SAUCE

Cook flour and butter as described above, but let it get brown, add a little stock, or a tablespoonful of tomato purée, a glass of dry white wine, season well and boil, stirring all the time till it has reduced by one quarter.

SAUCE ROBERT

Chop one onion, brown it in butter, add a pinch of flour, a tablespoonful or so of good beef stock, salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of French mustard, chives and parsley finely chopped, and cook about a quarter of an hour. Is very good with pork.

THE FIRST FORTY

"THEY'RE coming in every day," said the Publicity Manager of the Lanston Monotype Corporation, referring to a sheaf of letters on his desk, acknowledging the receipt of "Pages from Books," a collection of finely printed book-pages recently sent out by the Corporation (see illustration facing this page).

"Here are the first forty," he continued; "and they show what real and discriminating interest the printing world is taking in the problem of fine book composition. Printers and publishers have been quick to realize the aim of the Corporation in issuing "Pages from Books," not merely as a type specimen, but as an actual survey of every kind of book-page, ranging from the smallest and gayest children's book to the serious scientific tome. A Director of George Falkner & Sons, Ltd., writes that *apart from the very charming literary selections there is much that is of interest to the printer, especially when he is determining the size and style of type for books. I imagine your book will be of unusual assistance to many who have to determine procedure in type setting.* Mr. Bernard Williams, of Birmingham, says: *I have derived exquisite pleasure from each perusal of its pages—and I have had many—each time there is something new to be seen and learnt. . . . It is a valuable addition to any library, and particularly to the library of an appreciator of good printing . . . a cinematograph of printing, so to speak.* The Managing Director of Marshall Hardy, Ltd., finds the book *most interesting and helpful*, while Mr. H. A. Maddox, of the firm of Jesse Broad & Co., tells us that he has *paid guineas for books on printing far inferior and much less interesting than the present volume.* Many other printers join in the chorus of appreciation, and Mr. H. Farnsworth, of the Lennox Press, Nottingham, adds that his copy was "commandeered" by an important client who was a "Monotype" enthusiast.

"Among the non-printers who received copies because of their valuable interest and co-operation with the typographic art, we are particularly flattered by a letter from Sir F. G. Kenyon, of the British Museum, a name respected by book lovers everywhere. He acknowledges our *very attractive publication*, and says that *it will be a real pleasure to examine your book at leisure, and to try to make up one's mind*

as to which types one prefers. The Librarian of the University of Delaware welcomes the book as *a considerable addition to our material on modern printing. . . . I regard any such publications as valuable historical material.*

"The Printing Trades' Schools are in a position to appreciate the helpfulness of 'Pages from Books.' Mr. A. B. McDonald, of the Leicester College of Arts and Crafts, was one of many who replied. He said, in the course of his letter: *I was agreeably impressed when Mr. Stubbs said, in the lecture he gave at Leicester, 'God help printing if the artistic ever bows to the mechanical,' and these specimens prove that this is practised as well as preached. It seems to me, with due respect to those who hold out for hand-setting, that the compositor only tries to do what the 'Monotype' machine can do.*

"The letters cover every point about the book, and indicate how keenly such efforts are welcomed. One lone writer says that the book is thoroughly unsuccessful. We respect his honest opinion, and are grateful, as we always are, for constructive criticism; but it does irresistibly remind us of what Bernard Shaw said to the one man in the gallery who booed during the triumphant reception of one of his plays: 'Quite right, my dear sir; I agree; but what are we among so many?' "

NOTICE

THE Lanston Monotype Corporation, Limited, announces that matrices of Cochin roman and italic (the face in which this number of the RECORDER has been set) are for sale in Great Britain and the British Possessions only, and are not at present available for Continental Europe.

PROGRESS IN THE GRAPHIC ARTS—A REVIEW

PENROSE'S ANNUAL: The Process Year Book and Review of the Graphic Arts, Vol. XXX., 1928. Edited by Wm. Gamble. London: Percy Lund, Humphries & Co., Ltd. 4to, pp. xvi, 160, and 68 plates.

THIS standard work, now in its thirtieth year, continues to give news of the progress of printing, not only in process work but in every subject connected with the graphic arts. This year its format is particularly impressive, the text being set in "Monotype" Bodoni, which gives a bold yet legible sparkle to the page. The presswork is even and good throughout.

A glance at the table of contents indicates how thoroughly and practically the field has been covered. After Mr. Gamble's annual "Review of the Year's Process Work," comes an account on the Golden Cockerel Press, by Mr. Charles T. Jacobi. This is followed by a group of articles on Art and Advertisement as they affect the printer. Mr. A. A. Braun analyses Foreign Types and points out interesting new tendencies. There is a plea for better lettering by Mr. Frank Buist, and various treatments of colour work, posters, the analysis of paper, etc.

Mr. Robert Braun, in noting "How Printing Journals could be Improved," is of the opinion that better editorial matter, better art work and all the other factors that keep such journals from being dull, wait upon higher revenues from advertising space. It is, indeed, the fact that such periodicals, especially in times past when money has been "tight," have found themselves involved in a vicious circle: advertisers are willing to pay more for space in a lively, interesting sheet with first-rate art work, because they know such a one will be bought and read. Yet without an adequate income from paid space, how can the magazine retain good artists, to say nothing of those rare writers who not only know the trade from the inside, but also can write entertainingly and forcefully about it? As prosperity dawns, the problem will adjust itself; meanwhile one should beware of calling an article "dull" simply because it is on a technical point. That point may mean profits to the man who is willing to listen; and profits are seldom "dull."

Mr. Teasdale's article on "Printers' Representatives" lays down practical rules for a kind of salesman who is growing more and more important to the industry. "Under present conditions of trade it would appear that he must be a practical printer; a man who can quickly absorb the selling problems of various trades; a man of good taste, who has some practical knowledge of commercial art; a man who can speak definitely with regard to costs and prices; above all, genial, and a man who can resist making promises which he knows his firm will not be able to carry out." A touch of compunction leads Mr. Teasdale to add: "On looking through this list one wonders how it is that the representatives of printing firms are as good as they are." The trouble with British salesmanship, he implies, is the very excellence of British manufacture; the man who makes the goods is so secure in his knowledge that he has produced something superlative, that he spends less time cajoling purchasers. It is something of the spirit we find in the anthem *Land of Hope and Glory*: "How can we extol thee, who were born of thee?" But it is not, strictly speaking, a spirit which fosters salesmanship.

"The Editor's Note-Book" contains news from all sides, and has much to interest the general printer—the "all-round" printer who must needs be posted on new developments which may prove vital to his business. Among other notes is one on "'Monotype' Progress," pointing out that the market for "Monotypes" is increasing as the old-fashioned shops are finding it necessary, by changing conditions, to compare production costs and to plan ahead for greater efficiency. "The usefulness of the 'Monotype'," says the Editor, "is being so greatly extended by recent improvements that it is now practically an all-purpose machine, affording a large range of sizes and styles, both of display and body types, besides enabling leads and other spacing material, as well as rules and ornaments, to be cast with speed and precision. Apart from these advantages there is the important factor of being able to always print from new type, placing the 'Monotype' user in a superior position to those who continue to use foundry type, which must, in course of time, become worn and difficult to print with the cleanness and sharpness demanded in high-class printing at the present day. . . . The splendid reproductions of old type-faces which the Monotype Company has brought out in the last two or three years have won the approbation of all lovers of fine printing. The special requirements of Oriental or other languages employing other characters than the Roman have also been met. . . . In fact, the Monotype Company seems ready to respond to any challenge of their claim for the 'Monotype' as a truly universal machine." This constitutes a striking tribute to the long-standing policy of the Monotype Corporation, namely that its watch-words of "flexibility" and

"versatility" should be supported by every resource of trained research, so that it should quite literally be equal to any occasion. Such a reputation cannot be cheaply bought; and once earned, it must be supported by assiduous work, often along lines which are far from the ordinary field of commercial printing.

To the layman, the most interesting part of "Penrose's" is always the selection of plates, printed by various processes, which are found at the end. Last year we had expected interesting developments in the lithographic field, and we are not disappointed. Colour work is shown, by some convincing examples, to be improving now that mat surfaces can be made to retain the full brilliance of pigments. Gilchrist Bros., Ltd., contribute a striking showcard design on a silver background, the work of Aubrey Hammond. A four-colour "Ultimatt" print by the Nickeloid Electrottype Co. is also of considerable interest. No printer can contemplate this collection, so widely different yet each one so effective, without realizing that the use and popularization of illustration is perhaps his strongest aid in his struggle to ally himself, as more than a mere mechanical helper, with the publicity arts. The question Mr. Arthur Dutton puts in this same number: "Why should it be more difficult for a printer to get a customer to use illustrations, pay for blocks and copy-writing services than the publicity men who are doing it successfully?" raises a problem which the printer can meet only by an intensive study of his own technical resources, combined with willingness to apply the rules of advertising psychology and to spend freely in order to build up a versatile and aggressive service to customers.

English printers should rejoice to see that a standard "hardy annual" like "Penrose's" is keeping lively and flexible to the new spirit in typography. The unusual attractiveness of these pages assures us before we read the text that the editor has won free from the cramping atmosphere of mere "technical talk," and has found time for the subtle beauties of setting and printing.

THE LEAGUE—FIRST DIVISION

[DECEMBER 10 1927.]

RESULTS TO SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1927, and FIXTURES, 1927-8.

Home Matches across the Chart.

Away Matches down the Chart.

Home Teams	Arsenal	Aston Villa	Birmingham	Blackburn	Bolton W.	Burnley	Bury	Cardiff C.	Derby Co.	Everton	Huddersfield	Leicester	Liverpool	Manch. U.	Middlesbro'	Newcastle	Portsmouth	Sheffield U.	Sunderland	Tottenham	Wednesday	West Ham	Home Teams
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
1 Arsenal		Jan. 31	Mar. 31	Mar. 17	Oct. 29	Aug. 31	Dec. 21	Apr. 6	Feb. 4	Dec. 24	Apr. 14	Oct. 15	Dec. 26	Apr. 28	Nov. 19	Dec. 10	Feb. 15	Sept. 3	Sept. 17	Nov. 26	Mar. 2	Oct. 1	Arsenal
2 Aston Villa . .	Sept. 10		Mar. 17	Nov. 23	Apr. 28	Jan. 28	Sept. 24	Apr. 14	Dec. 27	Dec. 10	Mar. 8	Oct. 37	Jan. 7	Mar. 8	Oct. 8	Oct. 29	Sept. 5	Feb. 11	Oct. 13	Nov. 12	Dec. 24	Apr. 9	Aston Villa . .
3 Birmingham . .	Nov. 10	Nov. 5		Feb. 4	Oct. 1	Mar. 24	Oct. 22	Sept. 17	May 3	Jan. 21	Aug. 29	Dec. 8	Apr. 21	Sept. 8	Oct. 15	Apr. 10	Apr. 7	Mar. 10	Dec. 26	Dec. 31	Feb. 18	Dec. 17	Birmingham . .
4 Blackburn R. .	Nov. 5	Apr. 7	Sept. 24		Jan. 7	Aug. 27	May 5	Sept. 5	Apr. 21	Jan. 2	Oct. 1	Oct. 22	Mar. 10	Sept. 10	Jan. 28	Feb. 11	Mar. 24	Dec. 17	Dec. 8	Feb. 25	Sept. 10	Nov. 15	Blackburn R. .
5 Bolton W. . . .	Mar. 10	Dec. 17	Feb. 11	Sept. 2		Nov. 5	Jan. 21	Dec. 31	Jan. 9	Sept. 5	Feb. 25	Mar. 24	Oct. 22	Apr. 8	Sept. 24	Oct. 8	Nov. 18	May 5	Apr. 7	Dec. 26	Jan. 29	Apr. 21	Bolton W. . . .
6 Burnley	Sept. 5	Sept. 17	Nov. 12	Dec. 3	Mar. 17		Sept. 5	Dec. 24	Oct. 1	Apr. 28	Dec. 10	Dec. 27	Apr. 8	Nov. 24	Mar. 3	Mar. 31	Oct. 15	Jan. 21	Feb. 4	Apr. 14	Oct. 30	Feb. 15	Burnley
7 Bury	Aug. 27	Feb. 4	Mar. 3	Dec. 24	Sept. 10	Jan. 7		Apr. 28	Feb. 18	Nov. 26	Mar. 31	Jan. 8	Sept. 10	Apr. 14	Oct. 20	Nov. 12	Dec. 22	Sept. 17	Oct. 1	Dec. 10	Mar. 17	Oct. 13	Bury
8 Cardiff C. . . .	Apr. 9	Dec. 2	Jan. 28	Sept. 12	Aug. 27	May 5	Dec. 17		Nov. 19	Dec. 26	Feb. 11	Mar. 10	Nov. 5	Feb. 26	Sept. 10	Sept. 24	Oct. 22	Feb. 7	Apr. 21	Oct. 8	Jan. 7	Mar. 24	Cardiff C. . . .
9 Derby C. . . .	Sept. 24	Dec. 26	Dec. 24	Dec. 10	Apr. 14	Feb. 11	Oct. 8	Mar. 31		Nov. 12	Mar. 17	Sept. 10	Jan. 29	Mar. 3	Apr. 28	Sept. 5	Jan. 7	Feb. 25	Apr. 9	Oct. 29	Nov. 26	Aug. 27	Derby Co. . . .
10 Everton	May 5	Apr. 31	Sept. 10	Apr. 6	Sept. 10	Dec. 17	Apr. 7	Dec. 26	Mar. 24		Sept. 24	Nov. 5	Oct. 18	Oct. 8	Jun. 7	Jan. 28	Mar. 10	Dec. 8	Nov. 19	Feb. 11	Aug. 27	Oct. 23	Everton
11 Huddersfield .	Dec. 3	Oct. 22	Apr. 9	Feb. 12	Oct. 15	Apr. 21	Nov. 19	Oct. 1	Nov. 5	Feb. 4		Dec. 17	Apr. 7	Sept. 17	Apr. 10	Aug. 27	May 5	Mar. 24	Mar. 10	Jan. 21	Dec. 26	Jan. 7	Huddersfield .
12 Leicester C. .	Feb. 25	Dec. 31	Apr. 14	Mar. 3	Nov. 12	Dec. 26	Apr. 9	Oct. 20	Jan. 21	Mar. 17	Apr. 28		Oct. 8	Oct. 1	Dec. 10	Nov. 26	Feb. 4	Aug. 29	Sept. 3	Dec. 24	Mar. 31	Sept. 17	Leicester C. .
13 Liverpool . .	Dec. 27	Sept. 3	Dec. 10	Oct. 24	Mar. 3	Jan. 2	Aug. 31	Mar. 17	Sept. 17	Feb. 25	Nov. 26	Feb. 18		Dec. 24	Mar. 31	Apr. 14	Oct. 1	Dec. 31	Jan. 21	Apr. 28	Nov. 19	Feb. 4	Liverpool . .
14 Manch. U. . .	Dec. 17	Nov. 10	Jan. 7	Dec. 23	Apr. 9	Apr. 7	Dec. 8	Oct. 10	Oct. 22	Feb. 18	Jan. 23	Feb. 11	May 5		Aug. 27	Sept. 10	Nov. 5	Apr. 21	Mar. 26	Sept. 24	Sept. 7	Mar. 10	Manch. U. . .
15 Middlesbro' .	Mar. 24	Feb. 18	Feb. 25	Sept. 17	Feb. 4	Oct. 22	Mar. 10	Jan. 21	Dec. 17	Sept. 5	Jan. 2	Apr. 21	Nov. 19	Dec. 31		Dec. 26	Dec. 8	Nov. 5	May 5	Aug. 31	Oct. 1	Apr. 7	Middlesbro' .
16 Newcastle U. .	Apr. 21	Mar. 10	Jan. 2	Oct. 1	Feb. 18	Nov. 19	Mar. 24	Feb. 4	Sept. 14	Sept. 17	Dec. 31	Apr. 7	Dec. 8	Jan. 21	Dec. 27		Dec. 17	Oct. 22	Nov. 5	Sept. 8	Oct. 15	May 5	Newcastle U. .
17 Portsmouth . .	Oct. 2	Aug. 31	Nov. 23	Nov. 12	Mar. 31	Feb. 25	Dec. 27	Mar. 3	Sept. 3	Oct. 29	Dec. 24	Sept. 24	Feb. 11	Mar. 17	Apr. 14	Apr. 28		Apr. 9	Dec. 31	Sept. 17	Dec. 10	Jan. 21	Portsmouth . .
18 Sheffield Un. .	Jan. 7	Oct. 3	Oct. 25	Apr. 23	Dec. 24	Sept. 10	Jan. 28	Nov. 26	Oct. 15	Apr. 14	Nov. 12	Sept. 1	Aug. 27	Dec. 10	Mar. 17	Mar. 3	Jan. 2		Feb. 18	Mar. 31	Sept. 24	Dec. 20	Sheffield Un. .
19 Sunderland . .	Jan. 29	Feb. 25	Sept. 7	Apr. 14	Nov. 26	Sept. 24	Feb. 11	Dec. 10	Apr. 6	Mar. 31	Oct. 29	Jan. 7	Sept. 10	Nov. 19	Dec. 24	Mar. 17	Aug. 27	Oct. 8		Mar. 3	Apr. 28	Jan. 2	Sunderland . .
20 Tottenham . .	Apr. 7	Mar. 24	Aug. 27	Oct. 1	Dec. 27	Dec. 5	Apr. 21	Feb. 18	Mar. 10	Oct. 1	Sept. 10	Sept. 23	Dec. 17	Feb. 4	Sept. 12	Jan. 7	Jan. 25	Nov. 19	Oct. 22		Apr. 6	Nov. 5	Tottenham . .
21 Wednesday . .	Oct. 22	May 5	Oct. 2	Jan. 31	Sept. 17	Mar. 10	Nov. 5	Sept. 8	Apr. 7	Dec. 31	Dec. 27	Nov. 19	Mar. 21	Aug. 29	Feb. 11	Feb. 25	Apr. 21	Feb. 4	Dec. 17	Apr. 10		Dec. 8	Wednesday . .
22 West Ham U .	Feb. 11	Apr. 3	Apr. 25	Mar. 31	Dec. 10	Oct. 8	Jan. 25	Nov. 12	Dec. 31	Mar. 3	Sept. 3	Jan. 28	Sept. 31	Oct. 25	Nov. 26	Dec. 24	Sept. 10	Dec. 27	Sept. 1	Mar. 17	Apr. 14		West Ham U .

"FOOTBALL RESULTS!"

AS soon as the winter twilight begins to gather in city streets, a hoarse cry begins at each busy corner—a sound as familiar to city-dwellers as are the bird songs to his country cousin. It is the newsvendor, bringing the busy day to a close and reminding his hurrying customers that something important has happened since morning. Very seldom the shout is of parliaments and affairs of State. Those weighty matters are well enough over the morning coffee; but the vendor knows that at present nothing will sell his wares faster than the cry, "Football Results!"

Few of the ardent followers of the game realize, however, what an intricate and difficult task it is to put each day's results into a standing tabular arrangement that will give the reader at a glance the facts he wants to know as to "form." The difficulties of hand-setting such a table are obvious; but with a "Monotype" the problem becomes far easier. The accompanying chart was sent in by one of our friends, Mr. J. Welford, of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, who writes enthusiastically about the ease with which the tables in the *Football Recorder*, a weekly which they print, can be kept up to date.

"For the first four issues," he writes, "the current results were inserted by hand, and the five tables were stereotyped weekly; for the remaining three issues the pages were printed direct from type (approximately 70,000 impressions for the three issues)." In spite of the severity of the stereotyping process on the type, and the subsequent wear of the direct printing, he thinks we will agree that it is "still a clean, sharp job." We do think so; and incidentally we are glad of this tribute to the "staying power" that has made "Monotype" metal famous.

It is always a pleasure to receive jobs like this which involve special intelligence in tackling work a little outside the range of general work, and we are printing one of the charts from the *Football Recorder* herewith, as an indication of the saving of time and expense that is possible through "Monotype" versatility."

GLEANINGS FROM THE TRADE JOURNALS

IT is astonishing what interest a table of figures can arouse, when those figures have a bearing on our own lives and work. To one engaged in the printing trade, therefore, there is much lively reading in the laconic charts contained in the statistics issued in the *Board of Trade Journal*, summarizing the 1924 Census of Production in Great Britain. The part relating to the Printing and Bookbinding Trades, and the Printing and Publication of Newspapers and Periodicals, was reprinted in the July, 1927, number of the *Members' Circular* of the Federation of Master Printers and Allied Trades of Great Britain and Ireland.

We find that the net value of printed books, for example, has risen from £1,318,000 in 1907 to £4,307,000 in 1924. The total figures show an increase of 143 per cent. over this period. The *Circular* comments: "There is a very remarkable increase in the value of boxes and cartons, and paper bags, which shows the great increase in their use for packing goods ready for distribution." In other words, the ceaseless publicity of manufacturers has resulted in a far greater *buying by brand*; the average house-wife has learned that even such staples as salt and bread prove more satisfactory when they are bought from a company which is willing to stand behind its product by name. The consequent gain to the printer is obvious; and one is glad to note that "package buying" is still definitely on the increase, and constantly opening new fields in which the wide-awake printer can be of the greatest practical assistance. Another interesting point is the remarkable incursion of women into the printing trades. The figures show that in the seventeen years under consideration the total number of workers, skilled and unskilled, employed in all branches had risen from 167,213 to 178,320; but that this represents a decrease of 5,438 men and an increase of 17,000 women. The figures, comments the *Circular*, "confirm the statement, made by the master printers, that the ratio of apprentices to adults is not sufficient to maintain the supply of craftsmen needed in the future." This situation indicates the vital importance of the Trade Schools, to which the RECORDER is devoting a special number this May.

The *Caxton Magazine* inaugurates in its issue of January, 1928, a series of articles entitled, "How We Can Secure More Printing." The first, to be concluded in the next issue, gives interesting points on printing for auctioneers and estate agents. "England changing hands" cannot, it would seem, make the transfer without insistent publicity, much of which breaks such new ground that any enterprising general printer can add to his business in this way. Elsewhere this journal reprints an interesting tribute from Charles Dickens to the printer as "the friend of intelligence." This speech would make appealing "copy" for printers' circulars or blotters.

It is not often that a trade journal supplement, issued in a foreign language, can form an essential part of the English printer's reference library. Yet the one we are reviewing here may easily claim to do so. The reason is, perhaps, that for the most part its "language" is not that of any one country, but of the whole world: the picture. No knowledge of French is needed to appreciate the value of the bulky Special Supplement to the December number of the *Bulletin of the Master Printers of France*,* for the subject treated is the Iconography of Printing and of the Book. The editors have gathered together and reproduced no fewer than 444 illustrations of all the branches of the printing art from the earliest days down to the present time, and have further supplemented these with a large number of plates, mostly in colour, contributed by contemporary workers in the graphic arts.

There can hardly be another modern industry which could have shown such a collection. Since the fifteenth century the dramatic and picturesque elements of the reproductive arts have strongly appealed to the artist, and the printer himself has immortalized his craft in a long line of pictures, from the crudest early woodcuts to the modern colour-phototype. It is impossible to study this collection without feeling the irresistible charm which the printed book, and the tools ennobled to its manufacture, have always had for mankind. We see, in successive prints, the ancient scribe toiling at his manuscript folio; innumerable Geniuses and other allegorical oddities descending upon the press or type-case; and Printing herself (in one instance in a be-ribboned eighteenth-century head-dress) presiding over the dissemination of learning. For lovers of Paris, the paradise of the bibliophile, there are photographs of the world-famous libraries there. Not only old printers' marks, but typographic book-plates are reproduced; Gutenberg (that

* *Bulletin Officiel des Maitres Imprimeurs*. Supplement (Dec. 1927): "Iconographie de l'Imprimerie et du Livre." Issued by the Union Syndicale des Maitres Imprimeurs, 117 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris. Folio, pp. 200 and many plates. Price 70 francs.

saintly figure who is so much more than a mere historical personage) has a section to himself, and there are many views of printing-offices, old and new. In fact, very little of interest seems to have been left out.

Oddly enough, part of the interest of the volume comes from its inclusion of every imaginable kind of picture, good or bad. The academic historian might find very little use for the fanciful efforts of nineteenth- and twentieth-century draughtsmen to do homage to Gutenberg; but the ordinary printer who has spent the best part of his life at the case will find these just as interesting as the more authentic illustrations by Jost Amman. An example is the double page taken from Duverger's *Album Typographique* (Paris, 1840), showing in the border various imaginary scenes from Gutenberg's life. The wood-cuts are by A. B. Leloir after Schrodter, and the style, although sentimental, is charmingly characteristic of the best line work of the Romantic Period. Only a pedant would ask that all such pictures be historically accurate. Similarly, in among various half-tone extravagances showing interiors of printing establishments, one is glad to see two of the remarkably deft and humorous studies by Mr. T. M. Cleland, illustrating eighteenth-century uses of paper, which were produced in colour by an American house two years ago.

Many of the supplementary plates are worth framing to hang in the printing office, notably the reproduction, by Braun & Cie., of Holbein's portrait of Amerbach, and the portrait of Pierre-Frederic Berger, contributed by the celebrated Berger-Levrault firm of Nancy. Printing, to-day, is a vast commercial industry; yet as long as human beings exchange thoughts through the medium of type, the printer cannot afford to forget that he is not only a business man but a craftsman with an old and proud tradition behind him. To put such a collection of pictures as this at the disposal of his younger workers and apprentices could not fail to arouse in them a sense of the responsibility of such a tradition.

The plate facing this page is a reproduction (reduced) of a page from the Album Typographique issued by Eugène Duverger, Paris, 1840

A SPECIMEN OF
"MONOTYPE" COCHIN, SERIES 165
8, 10, 11, and 12 point

A SPECIMEN OF MONOTYPE COCHIN

It was the fashion to engrave in the eighteenth century. Cochin's famous pupil, Madame de Pompadour, was by no means original in her efforts to practise the art. Everybody of distinction knew something of the use of the needle or the graver, and lengthy would be even a list of amateurs, some of whom—like de Thiers or the Chevalier de Valory—left a considerable group of work. If we pick out only the most noted names, the Marquis d'Argenson

begins with *Madame Pigée Lebrun* and includes *Lady Hamilton*, is a long one, and his charm is said to have been sufficient to soften even the bitterness of captivity to the outraged *Pius VII.* Painters have always, like *Coyne*, *Rivalt*, "*M. le chevalier d'Origny*," *Pierre* and others, engraved or etched their own work as a matter of course. Throughout the eighteenth century the etching needle was never out of their hands, though few, if we except *Watteau*, *Oudry*, perhaps, and *Fragonard*, ever attained

may stand first in point of time with his "Vue du Château des Bergeries." Then come the Dukes of Chevreuse, Charost and Chaulnes; the Princess de Condé; the Marquis de Belloy; the Marquis de Coigny; the Marquis d'Harcourt; the Count de Breteuil; the Count de Clermont and the Count d'Eu. Others as widely different in type as Bachaumont, the writer of those "Mémoires

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a high degree of skill or showed any originality of method. The student days in Italy generally saw the birth of these attempts. There it was, as we may remember, that Fragonard engraved and re-engraved subjects after Tiepolo, "son maître de gravure"; there too, he rendered with deep personal feeling and spirit that forgotten corner of the neglected garden of some patrician villa.

"Secrets" which are the most excellent chronicle of their day, and Bertinazzi dit Carlin, the famous actor, shared the enthusiasm of the Court, to which Philippe Egalité himself paid tribute when, as Duke de Chartres, he engraved in 1761 two little subjects after Carmontelle. For the most part these courtly artists left little behind them. They contented themselves, after the fashion of Campion, the gallant *contrôleur général*, with a dozen or so

which is known to collectors as "Le Parc." In Italy, also, Dragonard etched his four "Bacchanales," or "Jeux de Satyre" (1763), the banding of which—like his brilliant work of a different character and later date, "L'Armoire"—shows an intuitive perception of the resources of the process employed and qualities which are not revealed by many of the card pictures which now, in some cases, enjoy an exaggerated reputation. Many of Dragonard's etchings have all the charm of his drawings or of

examples of a skill by which they paid homage to the divinity of the moment: à Mme. de Cypierre, "Vues des bords de la Loire"; à Mme. de Guillonville, "Vues des bords du Loiret"; à Mmc. la Marquise de Pilles, "Vue de Meung." Others employed their art with so much indiscretion that it might be said of them, as of Vivant Denon, one of the most distin-

his best decorative work, whereas his achievements as a painter are of an amazing inequality, and differ in value to a quite exceptional degree. Amongst amateurs, the learned, self-consequent nephew of Madame de Maintenon, the Comte de Caylus—whose authority and influence form one of the most remarkable features of the day—stands in the front rank. The importance of his position, the

guished of this group of amateur engravers, that their chief occupation was "*la gravure et les femmes.*" He, indeed, seems to have owed much of his success and even his great position at the beginning of the nineteenth century to this means of popularity with women. They were all delighted to sit to him. The list, which

very nature of his faults and failings, his vast pretensions, real merit and indifferent accomplishment combine to make him an admirable representative of the wealthy amateur in the earlier half of the century, just as we find in Watelet and Saint-Non the finished pattern of the inferior types fashionable at a later date. The exaggerated seriousness with which

Caylus took himself might be expected of a man who had sat on the knees of the Great King, but we may recollect that his sense of his own dignity and importance was no hindrance to those touching relations with Watteau which are the consecration of de Caylus's life. "It is well to remember,"

and draughtsman of no mean excellence, but all that experience which may be won by the constant direction of the attention and steady training of the powers of perception was undoubtedly his. He started for Italy on the death of the old King, from whose favour he had much to expect: "huit mois après," we are told, "il

easy Cochin, "in respect of the petty despotism which M. de Caylus sought to exercise over the arts, that he had become accustomed to it little by little, which is no it were his apology. Perhaps, indeed, in the beginning of his relations with artists he had no such scheme." His friendship with Watteau was certainly untainted by any of that ambition to play the patron by which he was devoured in later years. No estimate of

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saisit l'occasion de passer dans la lavant. Il partit avec M. de Bonac, qui alloit reconstruire M. Desailles à la Porte Ottomane." Thenceforth, de Caylus gave up his whole existence to the serious study of those subjects in which he honestly delighted. Rich and well-placed, he abandoned the dignities of the Court and the pleasures of his class in order to devote himself to literature, to archaeology, to every branch of art. When he finally

his character will be just that omits to reckon with his real love and devotion to the arts, or to take into account that he most certainly knew more about them than any other amateur of his day. When he died, the loss of "ce connoisseur profond" was sincerely regretted by the Academicians, in

returned to Paris after a prolonged exploration of Asia Minor, he settled with his mother in a house surrounded by the gardens of the Petit Luxembourg, and at once began to reproduce the treasures of Crozat's famous collections with his indefatigable needle. The restless energy which never allowed him to remain idle for a moment, and

spite of their personal and painful experience that, as Cochin puts it, "men of quality, though doubtless conferring honour on the body to which they attach themselves, unfortunately know it too well, and it is rare that their protection

which found a certain vent in the voluminous writings, published and unpublished, which were the excuse for his election to the Academy, could not long be diverted from its main channel. He returned always to his favourite occupation with renewed zest and vivacity. After

does not degenerate into something like tyranny." The pretensions of de Caylus to be an universal expert were at least backed by persistent study and some practical knowledge of more than one branch of art. He was not only an etcher

he had surprised Europe by his reproductions of the treasures of Crozat's admirable collections, de Caylus set himself to etch those in the Royal Cabinet, his access to which was facilitated by the appointment of his intimate friend, Charles Coypel.

THE LANSTON MONOTYPE CORPORATION

LIMITED

43 & 44 FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

PROVINCIAL BRANCHES

BRISTOL	British Dominions House, Tramways Centre
BIRMINGHAM	King's Court, 115 Colmore Row
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Demy Quarto, cased; pp. xvi + 268 including prelims, plates & advertisements; plus 6 supplements and 3 folding broadsides: price 21s. net.

THE WORK OF RUDOLF KOCH by Albert Windisch, *Frankfurt-on-Main*

16 pp. text; 15 pp. illustrations in line, of which 6 are in colour; and 2 collotypes

The inevitably spare mention of Herr Koch in Dr Rodenberg's article in our last number gave but a slight indication of the extent of importance of one of the most vital forces behind German typographical effort. Herr Windisch's article embraces the work of Koch in calligraphy and describes its typographical application, and chronicles his work, little known here, as a designer of books. Pages are shown from several of these publications and from the interesting New Testament finished last year, for which Koch himself cut the punches. Specimen pages are also shown of a new gothic about to be issued.

BERNARD NAUDIN, ILLUSTRATOR by Luc Benoist, *Paris*

14 pp., and 8 pp. of illustrations (including one in hand-photogravure) and insets, with 4 pp. printed at the Imprimerie Nationale in colour; and specimen (8 pp.) of the Naudin types printed in colour by MM. Deberny and Peignot

Famous in France as one of the distinguished group of illustrators who worked for "L'Assiette au Beurre," and more recently as an illustrator of books and a designer of types, M. Naudin is perhaps less well known in England. M. Benoist here gives us a consecutive account of the artist's work and illustrates it with a number of his title and text pages; there is added a list of books designed or illustrated by the artist.

GEOFROY TORY by A. F. Johnson, *British Museum, London*

18 pp., plus 12 pp. of line illustrations, including four pages in colour

The position held by Tory in the development of the book is a high one—but it is possible to exaggerate it and by wrongful ascription to obscure his contribution. Mr Johnson shows in this thorough article that Tory's undeniable work is enough to secure him a very high place in the book arts of the period without crediting him with the design of many of the types or of the decorative initials and ornamental borders of the period. In his critical investigation Mr Johnson demonstrates the extravagance of certain of Auguste Bernard's attributions and isolates the undoubted work of Tory in typography and illustration.

DECORATIVE PRINTING IN AMERICA by Paul Beaujon, *London*

15 pp. of text and 11 illustrations, of which two pages are in colour

Mr Paul Beaujon makes a sprightly and radical inquiry into the aesthetic principles of book-decoration and announces the beginning of a new and, it is suggested, important style, peculiar to our own day, in the work of W. A. Dwiggins. The illustrations include pages specially designed for this article by Mr Bruce Rogers and Mr Dwiggins; and also some projects for yet unpublished books which informally show the working methods of prominent designers.

ADDRESS BY THE CITIZEN SOBRY ON THE TYPES OF CITIZEN GILLÉ AND THE DISCOURSE OF BERLIER BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED IN THE YEAR SEVEN OF THE REVOLUTION, printed in a translation edited by D. Berkeley Updike, *Boston, Mass.*

14 pp., illustrated by a line plate (folded)

This contemporary criticism of the types of Gillé *fil*s is of considerable interest to the student of printing because it represents an early and excellent example of intelligent criticism of the criteria of legibility and furnishes a clear analysis of the differences between characters which are too perfect in detail and the freer forms of the older type designers. Mr Updike introduces in an historical preface the translation of Citizen Sobry's paper and elucidates his occasional obscurities by an occasional footnote.

ON DECORATED TYPES by Stanley Morison, *London*

14 pp., plus 16 pp. of line blocks and 5 pp. in collotype

Mr Morison considers the history of ornamental founts beginning with the fourth-century letters of Furius Dionysius Philocalus and tracing their rise in calligraphy and typography, drawing therefrom a number of practical considerations. The article is abundantly illustrated with specimens of ancient and modern uses of these letters.

BOOK REVIEWS 28 pages

TYPE REVIEWS AND INSETS This section includes book-form specimens of complete texts mounted in juxtaposition to a more or less detailed criticism of which there are some 12 pages. In addition to three folding broadsides of the Lutetia, Weiss and Baskerville (Stempel) types respectively, the specimens will consist of

- (1) An unpublished short story, *The Maze* by Sylvia Townsend Warner (16 pp. 8vo), composed in the roman and italic of Francesco Pastonchi cut by the Lanston Monotype Corporation, London and printed at the University Press, Cambridge.

- (2) *Eight XVIIIth-century Bergerettes* with metrical translations by Paul Beaujon (16 pp. 16mo), composed in the new roman of E. R. Weiss and printed in the Hausdruckerei of the Bauersche Giesserei, Frankfurt-on-Main.
- (3) *The Piping Fisherman*, A Fable by Aesop newly turned from the Greek by W. H. Shewring (8 pp. 16mo). The Greek composed in the New Hellenic designed by Victor Scholderer for the Lanston Monotype Corporation, the translation printed in Polifilo roman. Printed at the University Press, Cambridge.
- (4) *Consolation à M. du Périer, gentilhomme d'Aix en Provence, sur la mort de sa fille; par Messire François de Malherbe, gentilhomme ordinaire de Chambre du Roy* (8 pp. 8vo). Composed in the Lutetia italic designed by J. van Krimpen and printed in the office of Joh. Enschedé en Zonen, Haarlem.
- (5) *De Compensatione Rerum*, prize composition for the Chancellor's Latin Prose in the University of Oxford 1927 by W. H. Shewring (12 pp. cr. 4to). Composed in Messrs Stempel's Baskerville and printed in the office of the D. Stempel Schriftgiesserei, Frankfurt-on-Main.
- (6) The *Georgica* of Virgil (opening 27 lines), 2 pp. 4to, printed in the Meidoorn roman designed by S. H. de Roos and printed at the Heuvel Press, Hilversum, Holland.

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Mr Beaujon's article contains a folding collotype of a layout with pencilled instructions by Mr Bruce Rogers.

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