

A Museum Of Printing

Remarkable Institution In Jersey City Which Should Have International Renown - Its Collections.

An Exhibit Which Recalls How the Arctic Eagle, the Farthest North Newspaper, Was Printed.

By FREDERICK R. TOOMBS.

Practically unknown to the world at large, the Historical Library and Museum of the American Type Founders company in Jersey City, N. J., is an institution that will, when it receives its rightful meed of recognition, have international renown. The purpose of the library and museum is to preserve the memory of printers and their achievements and to illustrate the development and progress of printing in all periods, particularly in America.

Under the supervision of an acknowledged expert on the printer's art a collection of practically priceless specimens of ancient and modern printing and of objects connected with or related to this "art preservative of arts" is being made. As the library is open to the public during the regular business hours of each day without charge the typefounders company is thus conducting what is practically a free school of instruction in printing and typesetting that promises to become one of the chief centers of interest of the publishers and typographers and their associates in this country and abroad, and the highly diversified nature of the exhibits will attract the uninitiated public as well.

The expense incurred in the maintaining of this library and museum proved that at least one business corporation exists that has a soul above revenue for dividends only. In direct opposition to the popular theory, for the expense of conducting this non-earning department runs into an immense annual sum.

In addition to ancient and medieval specimens of the printers' and typesetters' arts, whatever of the modern products that have particular value or peculiar interest are included. An idea



PRINTING THE ARCTIC EAGLE, THE FARTHEST NORTH NEWSPAPER.

of the comprehensiveness of the exhibits may be gathered from the number of departments in which the specimens are classified, principal among which are the following:

- Specimens of types used in all countries from the invention of printing to the present time.
- Histories of printing and publishing.
- Biographies of famous printers.
- Books printed by famous printers of all periods in all countries.
- Books of historic interest.
- First issues of newspapers, magazines and books in all states of the Union.
- Books relating to engraving, with examples of famous engravers.
- Portraits and autographs of famous printers and typesetters.
- Medals relating to typography.
- Curiosities of typography.
- Books relating to papermaking.
- Specimens of commercial printing of all periods.
- Collection of trade papers relating to printing in all languages from the earliest known to the present time.
- Publications of printers' societies.
- Text books of printing in all languages.

One of the purposes of the collection is to preserve a complete and continuous record of the printing art, and illustrative of the earliest known days of this style of reproduction with movable type is a copy of a papal indulgence. The origin of these indulgences is well known, and the particular specimen in the typefounders' library is the oldest curio in the exhibit. It was printed about 1450. The best authorities state that it is a product of the press of the great John Gutenberg, whom most authorities agree made the first movable type put into practical use.

While the origin of printing is credited to the Chinese, who as early as 50 B. C. are known to have used crude engraved blocks for the purpose of making reproductions with ink on paper and with them in 925 A. D. printed Chinese classics for the Imperial college of Peking, it was Gutenberg, though he became an evicted debtor for money lent, who laid the foundation of the gigantic printing industries of today.

The wording of the indulgence is in Latin, on vellum, in large black type. Next in point of antiquity is a large folio done by Jensen in 1470, and then follows a copy of the noted Koberger Bible printed in 1480.

One of the objects of predominate interest is a copy of the famous Nuremberg Chronicle, printed by Koberger in the city of Nuremberg in 1493. The work is a history of the world from the creation to 1293 and has over 2,000 woodcut illustrations. It was the first great book to be produced on a printing press. In designing and engraving these cuts the celebrated Al-

bert Durer served his apprenticeship, and it is almost useless to add that he became the leading engraver, etcher, designer, painter and architect of his time and, in truth, a master artist of the world.

The Chronicle shows all the historical personages from the time of the creation to about the date of its publication. Adam, for instance, is given considerable free advertising, as there is no record that his heirs or estate ever paid for the space allotted him, and perhaps that is the reason we do not find his career described in many of the more modern works of a historical or biographical nature. Adam is shown in all his pristine glory in the garden of Eden, and he is later shown to a scoffing world after banishment there from. The imaginative Durer has sketched him afar off alone in a barren field, working a never ending furrow with a crudely fashioned garden implement. He is the original man with the hoe. This illustration is both symbolic and portentous in that it shows that the world's first husband for his misdeeds was compelled to go to work.

Strange as it may seem, the typefounders' museum evidences that the best printing of all time was done in the early stages of the art. "The golden age of printing" was that first half century that marked the growth of the typographical child into an actual, potential something—1450 to 1500. Those dates do not mean much to the average citizen of today—days of inquisition, of eye gouging, of ear clipping, of burning alive, of superstition and intolerable bigotry and ignorance. Yet between those dates the newly fledged art of printing rose to and flourished at a height, at a degree of excellence, from an artistic viewpoint, that is unattained today. The librarian at the museum himself admits that the finest specimen of typographical work in the entire collection is a book done by Nicholas Jensen at Venice, published in 1479. Jensen, in spite of his Scandinavian name, was a native of France, a pupil of Schoeffer, who was a partner of Gutenberg. The book is a work on the subject of divinity. Done in black and red, with red and blue initials, which were put in by hand, its original selling price was an amount that would equal between \$700 and \$800 in American currency today. One of the best selling types throughout this country and abroad during recent years has been a reproduction of types cut by Jensen in 1470, and today the best selling types are those that are modifications of the best letters designed by the printers during the first half century of printing and during which time, it should be remembered, printers were compelled to cut and cast their own types. Today all this is done by the typefounders. In addition to making their own types, the printers of Jensen's day had to make their own ink and their own presses. The only thing they could buy was paper. Moreover, they invariably created their own styles of type.

The reason that the printers of the "golden age" excelled in the making of type, etc., as shown by study of the collection now under consideration, was that they imitated or copied in their type the lettering of the original manuscripts they received, and these manuscripts were written at the period when writing or manuscript preparation had reached what is conceded to be perfection.

The collection shows, as already partially indicated, the close association of the Germans with the development of printing and includes copies of the first German newspaper issued in America, the Philadelphiaische Zeitung, published by Benjamin Franklin in 1732.

A copy of the farthest north newspaper, the Arctic Eagle, published by Anthony Fiola of the Zeigler expedition when near the north pole, presents an advertisement of "Dr. Vaughn's Vegetable Vim Vigor, Bark Restorer For Dumb Dogs."

The scene of the printing of the Christmas number of the Arctic Eagle was the interior of one of the little bunk rooms of the Zeigler expedition quarters at Camp Alruzzi (Rudolph Island, Franz Josef Land, latitude 87 degrees 47 minutes north, after the loss of the yacht America. The issuing of this newspaper is prophetic of the time when barefooted Eskimo news butchers will leap from glacier to ice, ice to berg, crying: "Wuxtry wuxtry! White blubber trust defies Sherman law! Price two fishhook a copy!"

This narrative has necessarily omitted consideration of hundreds of interesting and, in fact, priceless exhibits in the library and museum, which after all, has an object in its formation and maintenance not before touched on, and that is, in the words of the able and indefatigable librarian himself, "To form a collection and preserve the data from which one day will be written the history of printing throughout the world."

His Chance Spoiled.
The New York authorities forbade Albert House, twenty-six years old, to jump off the Williamsburg bridge. Albert was not looking for death, only notoriety. What chance is there for a poor young man to jump into fame?

Worse Than His Own.
A gentleman who owns one of the finest estates in the north of England while in his gardens one morning noticed one of the laborers very badly clad and asked him:
"Have you no better clothes than those, Mat?"
"No, in troth, yer honor, worse luck," replied Mat.
"Well, call at the house this evening on your way home," said the gentleman. "I'll leave an old suit of mine with the butler for you."
A few days later when showing a party of visitors through the gardens he was much annoyed to see Mat looking if possible more a scarecrow than ever.
"Why are you still wearing those old clothes, Mat?" he asked.
"Sure, yer honor, they're the best I have," replied Mat.
"But did you not get the suit I left for you the other day?" asked the gentleman.
"Indeed, an' I did, thank yer honor kindly," replied Mat; "but sure, I had to leave them at home to be mended."—London Tatler.

When Baseball Was an Infant Industry.
It was a crude game, but merry. In theory the pitcher was there only to give the boys a chance to "soak the ball." "First bound" was still out. The unfortunate catcher, handling a heavy, lively ball without mask, glove or protector, stood up near the bat when men were on bases if he had the skill and courage. The early guides recommended him to do so when he could. Had not the pitcher been restricted to an artificial throw scarce a catcher would have lived to tell the tale. Many catchers took everything "on first bounce" and managed at that to prevent much base stealing. Base running also was in its infancy. "Smith," says the Spirit of the Times, "caught a remarkable game, having but five passed balls scored against him." Here and there we get a glimpse which shows how crude it all was, what a matter of hit and miss natural force. In the fifties Dicky Pearce shone without a peer as an infielder. He used to stop grounders with his hand and foot!—Will Irwin in Collier's.

She Did So.
"Always," said papa as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning breakfast—"always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite."
That evening on his return from business he found several of his flower beds despoiled and the tiny imprint of slippers fed silently bearing witness to the small thief.
"Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?"
"Papa," said Mabel, "did you see a monkey in the city today? We had a—"
"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers, Mabel?"
"Papa, what did grandma send me?"
"Mabel, what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers? Answer me, yes or no."
"Yes, papa, I did, but I thought I would change the subject."—London Tit-Bits.

Look After Your Property.
It is a safe rule in this world to look carefully after the details of your own property. Be sure your title deeds are recorded, that your insurance is kept up, that you alone have the key to your strong box in the safety vault. Do not leave your securities with your broker. If he is doing a conservative business he has no need of them. If he isn't you don't want him to handle your property. The wonder is that with all the confidence reposed in financial matters there are so few defalcations. There is no use in making it easy for some one to get your property. In this world it is hard for most persons to acquire anything, and they should be careful to the last degree in seeing that they are fully protected in it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Britain's Greatest Precipice.
Writing to the Newcastle Journal in regard to the drowning of three bird catchers at St. Kilda, a correspondent says the wild fowls of St. Kilda find nesting places that enable them to bid defiance to the sportsman and to the most daring of bird catchers. There is, for example, the precipice called Conagher, the same being far and away the greatest precipice in the British Isles, the deepest perpendicular precipice. It rises from the sea level to a clear height of 1,220 feet. Consider that a man might jump from the top of Conagher into the sea without getting a scratch by the way.

Breaking the News.
Marion, who had been taught to report her misdeeds promptly, came to her mother one day, sobbing penitently.
"Mother, I—I—broke a brick in the fireplace."
"Well, that is not very hard to remedy. But how on earth did you do it, child?"
"I pounded it with father's watch."—Success Magazine.

Accessories.
"I'm going in for poetry," lispied the sweet young thing.
"Real, heartfelt poetry," thundered the man of letters, "is only written in a garret."
"Yes; I've heard that. So I've fitted up a beautiful Turkish den in ours."—Washington Herald.

Quite Warm.
"I understand there was a hot time in the Bangs household the other day."
"Yes. When he went home he found his wife simply boiling, and she gave him a roast."—Baltimore American.

Praise a fine day at night.—Irish Proverb.

THE GHOST AT THE FEAST.

What the Ensign Saw and What Happened After Dinner.
In "The Story of My Life," by Mr. Augustus Hare, is told the following creepy story:
A regiment was passing through Derbyshire on its way to fresh quarters in the north. The colonel, as they stayed for the night in one of the country towns, was invited to dine at a country house in the neighborhood and to bring any one he liked with him. Consequently he took with him a young ensign for whom he had a great fancy. They arrived, and it was a large party, but the lady of the house did not appear till just as they were going in to dinner and when she appeared was so strangely distraught and preoccupied that she scarcely attended to anything that was said to her.
At dinner the colonel observed that his young companion scarcely ever took his eyes off the lady of the house, staring at her in a way which seemed at once rude and unaccountable. It made him observe the lady herself, and he saw that she seemed scarcely to attend to anything said by her neighbors on either side of her, but rather seemed, in a manner quite unaccountable, to be listening to some one or something behind her.

As soon as dinner was over the young ensign came to the colonel and said: "Oh, do take me away! I entreat you to take me away from this place!"
The colonel said: "Indeed, your conduct is so very extraordinary and unpleasant that I quite agree with you that the best thing we can do is to go away." And he made the excuse of his young friend being ill and ordered their carriage.

When they had driven some distance the colonel asked the ensign for an explanation of his conduct. He said that he could not help it. During the whole of dinner he had seen a terrible black, shadowy figure standing behind the chair of the lady of the house, and it had seemed to whisper to her and she to listen to it. He had scarcely told this when a man on horseback rode rapidly past the carriage, and the colonel, recognizing one of the servants of the house they had just left, called out to know if anything was the matter.

"Oh, don't stop me, sir!" he shouted, "I am going for the doctor! My lady has just cut her throat!"

HIS HOLLOW KEY.

He Lent It, but Had Occasion to Crave Its Return.
"They hiss in the French theaters with the help of a hollow key," related Richard Harding Davis. "Paul Bourget once told me an odd incident upon this custom.

"A playwright—call him Duval—had the unhappiness one fine night to sit through a most successful production of his latest play. The house responded with jeers and hisses, and a young man, turning to Duval, said:
"By Jove, how I'd roast this miserable piece if I only had a hollow key!"
"My dear boy," said Duval, "I am happy to be able to accommodate you."
"And he handed a hollow key to the young man, who at once set up a fierce and continuous hissing. Just then a critic appeared.

"Duval," he said to the playwright, "I am sorry for you. Poor fellow, you don't deserve this."
"The young man with the key looked amazed and ashamed."
"What! Are you M. Duval? I beg your pardon a thousand times," he cried.
"You owe me no apology," said Duval. "Lunch with me tomorrow."
"The young man accepted the invitation, and at the end of the luncheon next day, when the coffee and cigarettes were brought in, he drew a bulky manuscript from his pocket and begged leave to read a comedy to M. Duval, for he was a playwright too.

"Duval consented and listened attentively to the reading. At the end the young man said:
"Well, monsieur, what do you think of it?"
"Duval smiled as he replied:
"Could you oblige me by returning my hollow key?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Coloring of the Clouds.
The gorgeous coloring of the clouds, especially those of sunset, is due to the circumstance that the yellow and red rays of light have a much greater penetrative momentum than the blue. They make their way through stretches of the atmosphere which entirely arrest and turn back the blue, and they do this the more markedly if the air is at the time laden with extraneous particles that augment the aerial opacity.—New York American.

A Hairbreadth Escape.
A certain comedian is bald except for a rim of hair a few inches above his collar line.
"I'm in an awful hurry," he said one day to the Lambs club barber. "Can you cut my hair with my collar on?"
"Sure," replied the barber. "I can cut it with your hat on."—Success Magazine.

Poetic License.
Sporting Editor—Just what do you understand by the term "poetic license?"
Literary Editor—Broadly speaking, it is that singular provision in the constitution of the universe under which poets are permitted to exist.—Chicago Tribune.

Proposals.
"Has he proposed yet?"
"Not in so many words."
"That's no answer. Proposals never do come in words. They consist of sighs, hems, haws and gurgles."—Cleveland Leader.

Who's the Town Booster? Why, Here He Is!



The citizen who praises his own town.
The citizen who encourages local enterprises.
The citizen who helps along home improvements.
The citizen who patronizes the home merchants.
The citizen who gets his job printing done in his own town.
That man's THE TOWN BOOSTER.

Legal Blanks Here.
This office carries all kinds of legal blank forms and makes special blanks to order promptly and accurately.
Colds that hang on weaken the constitution and develop into consumption. Foley's Honey and Tar cures persistent coughs that refuse to yield to other treatment. Do not experiment with untried remedies as delay may result in your cold settling on your lungs.
A. McMillen, Druggist.

Your complexion as well as your temper is rendered miserable by a disordered liver. By taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets you can improve both. They cleanse and invigorate the stomach and improve the digestion.

The Call of The Coast

The Seattle Exposition invites you. The Pacific Coast country, in the development of its marvelous civilization, solicits you to journey through that land. The melting snow of the mountains is a magical resource, shaped to the genius of electrical and horticultural wizards; those mighty forests are the last of their kind left standing in this country; there are no such orchards, orange groves or floral landscapes in the world—nor have there ever been. On a tour of the Coast you pass through an empire, where the romance of the Spanish past has been merged with the human activities of the new West.

See your own country; see the West with its fast growing wealth, population and incomparable cities, and learn what a future it may offer to your sons; this five thousand mile journey is a broad education. 1909 offers much to tempt you.



D. F. HOSTETTER, Ticket Agent, McCook, Neb.
L. W. WAKELEY, G. P. A., Omaha.

V. FRANKLIN, Pres. - Jas. S. DOYLE, Vice-Pres.
A. C. EBERT, Cash. - G. H. WATKINS, Ass't-Cash.

The Citizens National Bank

of McCook, Nebraska

Paid-Up Capital \$50,000 : Surplus \$25,000

DIRECTORS
V. Franklin, Jas. S. Doyle, A. C. Ebert, G. H. Watkins, Vernice Franklin

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That is the No. of ONE of the best Lumber and Coal Concerns in a No. ONE town, which is located on ONE East Street. But if you can't find it, call phone No. ONE, when you will be informed that you can get No. ONE lumber, No. ONE coal, No. ONE service, No. ONE treatment, in fact No. ONE first, last and all the time.

Bullard Lumber Co.

Real Estate Filings.
The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office since last report:

Thomas Kinghorn wd to Belle Masters, wd to s h f nw q r and e h f sw qr 30 4 28....	1 00
Miss Margaret J Houlihan et al to Catherine E Houlihan, qcd to sw qr 10 3 29.....	1 00
Jesse J Baker et ux to Neb Cent B & L Assn, wd to lots 5 and 6 in 9 6th McCook....	2500 00
Lincoln Land Co and Republican Valley Land Association to Taylor K Quigley, wd to lot 5 in 38 Indianola.....	125 00
William H Ackerman et ux to Jonathan J Sams, wd to nw 25-3-28.....	2500 00
Clarence E Hotze um'd to Ada M Hotze, wd to pt se sw 7-3-27.....	725 00
Clarence E Hotze um'd and Ada M Hotze to William M Hotze um'd, wd to pt se sw 7-3-27.....	700 00
Harvey G Hipple et ux to Lazzeller C Blount, wd to pt 1/2 6 in 12 4th McCook.....	1000 00
Lincoln Land Co to Nora M Kelley, wd to 5 and 6 in 3 6th McCook.....	400 00
Alfred H Bell et ux to William P Elmer, wd to pt se sw 7-3-27.....	176 00

If Your Tastes Are
too fine for letter press printing—if they demand engraving and steel die embossing—come and get our figures on such work. Don't send away or give your order to some traveling shark—that is, don't do it before you have seen our samples of such work as gotten our figures.

If you desire a clear complexion take Foley's Orino Laxative for constipation and liver trouble as it will stimulate these organs and thoroughly cleanse your system, which is what everyone needs in the spring in order to feel well.
A. McMillen, Druggist.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.
By virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure issued out of the District Court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the thirtieth day of November, 1908, in favor of Lavilla J. Burdick and against Lovina Kendall, et al., for the sum of Three Hundred Seventy-eight and 10/100 Dollars, with interest at ten per cent per annum, and costs taxed at \$8.45, which decree has been revised in the name of and against Howe Smith, as administrator of the estate of Lovina Kendall, deceased and Mabel George, I am commanded to sell the following parcel of land, to-wit:
Commencing at a point sixty-six and 50/100ths feet east of the northwest corner of lot fifteen in block twenty-nine of the original town of McCook, Red Willow county, Nebraska, running thence east nineteen feet, and eight inches; thence south one hundred thirty feet; thence west nineteen feet, and eight inches; thence north one hundred thirty feet to the place of beginning.
I will therefore on the 20th day of July, 1909, at one o'clock in the P. M. of said day, at the front door of the court house in the city of McCook of said county, sell said real estate at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said judgment, costs and accruing costs.
Dated this 17th day of June, 1909.—1855.
H. I. PETERSON, Sheriff.