



"Only a Printer"

Only a printer! His finger tips
Gives voice again to long dead lips,
And from a past and hoary age
Recall the words of seer and sage.

No printer he—
But line by line he tells the tale
That color gives to canvas pale,
And masters old before us stand
With brush and palette clasped in
hand
So we may see.

With patient toil while others sleep
He makes the ages backward creep,
And knights in armor ride and fight
"For God, my-ladie and the right."

No player he—
But by the magic of his hands
The curtain rises in all lands,
And actors for a season rage
Their few brief hours upon the stage
So we may see.

Only a printer! His magic trade
Hath all earth's scenes before us laid;
He moves his well trained hands,
and lo,

The word with knowledge is aglow.
Magician he—
Behind the scenes he works his spell
With signs and symbols truth to tell,
And by the magic of his art
The future's curtains draw apart
So we may see.

Only a printer! His magic spell
Preserves earth's sweetest story well;
Of how, on Calvary's cruel tree
The Savior died to make men free.

A prophet he—
For by his art he makes the book
Wherein the weary soul may look,
And looking, find the promise blest
Of home and love and endless rest—
Eternity.

—W. M. M., in Inland Printer.

The Tale of the Tourists

Colorado Springs, Colo., Aug. 15.—
There are a lot of reasons why it is
good to be away out here "in the
shadow of the mountains," the best
one being that one is among a host of
fellow craftsmen, every one of whom
is determined to have a good time in
a "safe and sane" way. If there is
anything the architect of this depart-
ment delights in it is to attend a na-
tional convention of his craftsmen.

It has been a long time since the
architect worked at his trade. He is
one of the "wise boys" who were con-
vinced that they couldn't make a ma-
chine that would set type until they
made a machine that could think. He
knows better now. The machine came
in and the architect was "up against
it." Before he could conform himself
to the new conditions he was doing
newspaper work and hasn't been able
to quit since. But he still delights
in mixing with the old craftsmen, and
that's why he and the wife and baby
are out here.

The International Typographical
Union convention this year has an
added interest to the craft because
it is held in the city wherein is lo-
cated the most unique institution in
the world—a home maintained by a
trades union for the care and comfort
of its aged, indigent and invalid mem-
bers. And a magnificent home it is,
too. It is worth \$150,000 at a low
estimate, and every dollar save the
first \$20,000 was raised by the Typo-
graphical Unions of the United States
and Canada. It costs about \$60,000 a
year to maintain it—every dollar of
it contributed by union printers in
the United States and Canada. It

has an average of 150 guests the year
'round. Mark you, they are "guests,"
not "inmates." The old printers at
the home are merely enjoying the
fruits of their toil and sacrifices. If
you quote from the "revised version"
of the Book of Books we'll admit
that the home is a "charitable insti-
tution," for the revised version uses
the word "love" instead of the word
"charity," and this home was founded
and is maintained on the principle of
love.

The late George W. Childs of Phil-
adelphia is to be credited with making
the home possible. He was a printer
and a friend of printers, and he told
the boys he would give them \$10,000
as a starter if they would get busy.
They got busy—also the \$10,000. Then
Mr. Childs' partner, Mr. Drexel, gave
another \$10,000, and with the \$20,000
thus obtained the home started. It is
about eighteen years old. It is main-
tained by an assessment of 10 cents a
month on every member of the union,
and the assessment provides
ample funds. Properly speaking it is
"The Childs-Drexel Home for Union
Printers," but we always refer to it
as "The Home." The main building
is an imposing structure, and the
hospital annex is adequate. A num-
ber of the tuberculous guests live in
tents on the spacious grounds. In a
short time a new building will be
erected and will be known as the
"Amos J. Cummings Memorial Build-
ing." It will be a magnificent struc-
ture. Mr. Cummings, for many years
a congressman from New York, was
a union printer, and in congress often
proved his friendship for the craft.
The memorial building will be erected
by contributions—not assessments—
from the members of the union. Up-
wards of \$30,000 is now in the build-
ing fund. The guests at the home
have made the grounds a wealth of
flowers and shrubs. There are ten-
nis grounds, a base ball diamond, and
croquet grounds, and the old time
printers have every means at hand to
enjoy life.

It is in sight of such a magnificent
institution that about two thousand of
us—printers and their wives and chil-
dren—are having a high old time.
That's a joke. You can't be in Colo-
rado Springs a minute without hav-
ing a high old time. We forget just
how high, but it is about 7,000 feet
above sea level. On top of Pike's
Peak it is about 7,000 feet higher.
There are four ways to reach the top
of Pike's Peak—the cog road, burro
back, walking and balloon. We never
heard of any one trying the balloon
route, however. The cog road route
is the easiest and quickest, and walk-
ing the slowest, the hardest and the
best. People who try the burro route
are looked at sorrowfully and inquir-
ies made why the lunatic inquiringdo
has not long since performed its
duty.

Talk about the "ruling passion." A
crowd of us went up the cog road
yesterday. We bought our tickets
and sauntered over to the train. But
one of the boys sneaked down by the
tank and began to dodge the engine
crew. We watched him for a while
and then he disappeared. Before the
train started he came back, looking
foolish. When asked what the mat-
ter was he confessed that habit was
strong, and even after he bought his
ticket he was impelled to sneak down
the track and look for a chance to

"ride the bumpers." It was only after
he discovered that there were no
bumpers on the cars that he realized
that he had a ticket and could ride
on the cushions.

Colorado Springs is called "The
City of Sunshine." It might better
be called "The City of Separation" by
the average tourist. There are more
ways of separating the tourist from
his money here than anywhere else
in America. This is not true however
in the present case. The city is show-
ing the printers every courtesy. But
let a man come here in the ordinary
way—they even try to charge him for
the climate. There must be a com-
mittee here sitting up nights devis-
ing ways and means of separating
the tourist from his coin. But there
is one good thing about it—it's a poor
sort of a tourist that can't come
mighty near getting the worth of the
money. There are plenty of things
here to see. There is the Garden of
the Gods, then Cheyenne cannon, then
Manitou springs, then Pike's Peak,
and then the journeys to Cripple
Creek, Creede and all the big mining
camps.

Have you ever seen the Rocky
Mountains? They are always a disap-
pointment the first time you see them.
They look just like overgrown hills.
You think Pike's Peak towers above
you 14,000 feet, but it don't. It only
towers about 6,000 feet. You are
about 7,000 feet above sea level when
you first see it. There are bluffs on
the Missouri river that look just as
big from the river as Pike's Peak does
from Manitou. But the bluffs never
look any bigger, while Pike's Peak
gets bigger and more awesome every
time you see it. A man can't feel big
very long in the presence of these
majestic mountains.

Ever notice how differently people
express their feelings. A young wom-
an of the party who got her first sight
of the Peak last Saturday, gazed up-
wards for a moment and then ejacu-
lated:

"My, isn't it pretty!"
Are there ever times when homi-
cide is justifiable?

We presume that young lady would
view the ocean in its wildest rages
and exclaim: "My, isn't it cunning!"

But the average man or woman,
when first gazing upon these grand
old peaks feels at once the insignif-
icance of man's work when compared
with that of the Great Architect of
the Universe, and the soul of the best
of them shrivels up like some one
had poured alum water on it. Then
the soul begins to realize what it all
means, begins to appreciate the Mas-
ter Hand that wrought it all, and then
that soul begins to sing and to re-
joice that it is permitted to accept
the bounty of a Master Hand capable
of such a great task.

The people here never try to sell
a stranger gold bricks. Not at all!
But if you want to invest in a little
gilt-edged gold mining stock you won't
have any trouble about getting rid
of your money. There are enough gold
mining stocks in Colorado Springs to
lay a paper roadway a mile wide from
Manitou to New York City with
enough left over to furnish a sunproof
canopy the whole distance. When a
job printer in the town runs short
of work he merely prints up a supply
of gold mining stocks leaving the
place for the name blank to be print-
ed later in a different colored ink. A
man tried to sell the architect some
stock in a gold mine but was informed
that the architect was using all his
ready capital trying to buy a con-
trolling interest in the Standard Oil
company so he could make a good
trust out of it. As the promoter
didn't smile we would fain believe
(Continued on Page 14)

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