

FENMAN'S GAZETTE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT 17 TO 23 ROSE STREET, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

G. A. GASKELL, PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1883.

VOL. V.—No. 3

Four Good Writers.

We give on this page the portraits of four of the best writers among our subscribers, who have recently sent us specimens of their handwriting. They are all self-taught, having learned at home from Gaskell's Compendium.

J. W. PIERCE is a very fine writer, and our Spanish readers will pronounce him the best of the four. He is a resident of Jamestown, Ohio. We don't know his occupation, but he would make a good writing teacher, we are sure.

W. E. ERNST, who looks as if he might, some time in the future—when he grows up and gets a little fatter—get into a judgeship or go to Congress, is a Mendon, Michigan, boy.

J. W. PIERCE, Martinsville, Indiana, writes neatly and well.

G. F. ALVAREZ, a student in the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., makes a practical application of systematic penmanship, to rapid literary and work incident to college duties. The style is neat and plain, and would satisfy even the most chronic grumbler among our literary friends. And, while we have it in mind, we may as well say right here, that, in our opinion, Mr. A.'s writing is better adapted to correspondence, records, &c., than either of the others. It is a splendid hand, though by no means a correct one, as the writing master would judge it.

(For the Fenman's Gazette.)

Two Farmer Boys.

BY J. C. HONIGHT.

Harvey Neal and George Doe were fast friends, notwithstanding the fact that they could not agree in anything.

Being next door neighbors, they had known each other as long as each had known himself; but as they look as their memories went, they could hardly remember a day on which they had not had a quarrel of some kind. Yet, as I said, they were fast friends; you couldn't find two boys in the whole township of Neal's Falls who were more attached to each other than Harvey and George.

Their fathers had been friends before them, and a singular error, never had a quarrel to break the monotony of their peaceful existence, except once, when they were young men, and came near falling in love with the same girl, which catastrophe, however, was prevented by the appearance of a young lady from Bath, who fascinated Joseph Neal to such a degree that he took the first opportunity to propose to her, and was accepted. This left Henry Doe without any dangerous rival to Helen Brown's daughter's hand, and what almost would have been a serious trouble, terminated in a double wedding.

But as to the boys. As they grew older their quarrels decreased, turning into disagreeable disputes.

One evening, after the chores were done, Harvey called out to George to come out for a walk after supper, to which he agreed, and walked over they started.

"George," began Harvey, "I have something on my mind I want to speak to you about."

"Hello, another scheme to make a fortune? Well, let's have it."

"Yes, and one that we can carry out, too. You've heard about Squire Wilbur's on coming home to-day to spend a few weeks with his father?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Well, I saw him to-day, and he looks just hoss. He is better dressed than the Squire himself, and—"

"Pooh," interrupted George; "I bet that the Squire's clothes cost a good deal more. A few cheap trumperies and your clothes cut in city style, and you are a gentleman."

"He has got no cheap things about him, and they say that he is making lots of money in Chicago, and I was just thinking why couldn't he go and seek our fortune?"

"O, pshaw," answered George, shrugging his shoulders; "what's the good of a fellow leaving a good home and friends, and everything, to seek his fortune, with one chance in a thousand to find it."

"I don't care, George, I am going to make my

"If I can't make a fortune with my own hands, I won't make it."

"Well, I guess you won't make it, then. I'd just as lief marry a rich gal as not. If you are too particular, you will never get rich," said George.

"You are only talking, George; you wouldn't do anything worth for the sake of money, no more than I would. Now, hold your tongue for a few minutes and I'll tell you my plan. Next fall, after the harvest is in, we'll go to Boston and work there for the winter; we can then find out how things are, and if we think we can succeed we'll stay, and if the chances are not favor-

"Why, it won't cost but a few dollars, and I've got over twenty-five dollars in my bank, and we'll get halves if you haven't any."

"I had about thirty dollars saved up," said George, "but when father had that misfortune with Nell, he didn't have enough money to buy another horse, so I let him have mine to make the amount."

"We are all right on that score, then. Now you ask your father to-morrow, and I'll ask mine, and to-morrow night we'll meet again."

The boys' parents made many objections to their going, but at last consented.

Two months after Harvey had conceived the plan, they left the paternal roof to throw themselves upon the mercies of a busy city world, where many ambitious youths from rural homes have been lost in the crowd, getting rich in experience, but remaining financially poor, and, alas, too often losing their moral and spiritual riches.

When the two would-be Vanderbilts arrived in Boston, they had to shift for themselves, as neither had a relative or friend there.

Having obtained, through the aid of a police officer, a cheap but respectable boarding-house, they immediately commenced to go around seeing the sights, at the same time watching their chance for employment. On the second day after their arrival, they saw a sign in a doorway,



J. W. Pierce *G. F. Alvarez*



H. Neal *G. Doe*

FOUR WRITERS.

fortune, and I am sure there's no chance and then, I'm getting sick of farming."

"Why, farming is better than to hang a store or a shop all day, and never see a thing except Sundays. I guess the city people sit Sunday, because that is the only day week they get a chance to have a look-see."

"I think," continued George, "that we make our fortune without sacrificing see. Why couldn't we marry some rich girl, hey?"

"Rich girls be cooked!" retorted Har-

vey, "we will go back home again. What do you think of that?"

As George only spoke as he did for the sake of argument, it did not take him long to decide in favor of Harvey's plan, so he said: "That's a bad plan, but we haven't permission to o yet, and that won't be easy to get, either."

"We'll get it all the same," said Harvey, with a determined air. "I'll talk about it all summer and tense them until they get tired of it, and then they'll let us go."

"Yes, I guess so; but where are you going to get your money?"

Harvey, pointing to it

"No; you go in first, and if you think the work is too hard, I'll go in," proposed George.

"It won't be what I want. This is a printing office, and I want to get a place in a store where I can learn business."

"Well, then, I'll go in and see what it is, anyway. You wait till I come back."

So George went in, and in a few minutes came out again.

"How did you make out?" queried Harvey.

"Got the job. Go to work next Monday."

"What have you got to do, and how much are you going to get?"

"I've got to assist the man who runs the proof press, and learn the trade between times. I'll get six dollars a week. That isn't bad to start on."

"No. You are all right. I'll have to skrimish around for something now."

Harvey, however, found it not so easy to find what he was looking for, and when George had been at work for more than a week, Harvey was still "skrimishing around."

One evening after George came back from work, he asked Harvey the usual question:

"How did you make out to-day?"

"Didn't make out at all," was the rejoinder, "One of the boys in the shop is going to leave, and I guess you can get his job. You'd better try to-morrow."

"I guess not. If I can't get into a shop I'll never get out of it. If I can't get a place in a store, I will go back home again," answered Harvey, with sullen determination.

"You won't be fool enough to go back home to be laughed at," said George. "Why, printing is a good trade, a first prominent men being in a printing office."

"That may be true; but I've my mind made up not to go into a workshop, and I won't."

The following day Harvey went into Faneuil Hall Market to look for employment. While asking one of the stallkeepers with the usual result an old farmer came along, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, "See here, young fel-

low, I heard ye ask that man for a job, an' I thought I might give ye one. I want a chap to do the chores round the place, and fetch my stuff to the market when my roomatis is on me, an' I'll give ye a good home fur the winter. Now, what do ye say?"

"How far out do you live?" asked Harvey.

"Only a few miles out, Malden way."

Harvey thought a few moments and said, "I'll come with you, with the understanding that I am free to go if something better should turn up."

"Of course, I won't keep ye if ye can better yerself," replied farmer Googins.

They rode over to Harvey's boarding-house to get his trunk, and leaving a note for George, Harvey went farming again.

Farmer Googins gave him a good home, not better than his own, though, but he was near Boston, and went in once a week to look for the job he wanted. About two months later, on a Wednesday, Harvey had to go to the market alone, Mr. Googins having his "roomatis" on him. On his way back he happened to notice a paper pasted in a store window, and on riding closer up to it, he read, "An American Boy Wanted." Stopping his team in front of the store, which proved to be a furniture establishment, he went in and applied for the situation.

"What we want," said the gentleman to whom he stated his errand, "is a smart boy to grow up in the business. Wages will be small, with a chance for promotion."

"I should like to grow up in the business, but as I am alone in the city I should like to have wages enough to make my living," was Harvey's reply, accompanied with an inquiring look.

Mr. Willows hesitated a few moments, and then said

"Our intention was to pay four dollars a week to begin with, but if you want to come we will give you five for the first year, provided you prove to be what I expect you are."

"I would like to come for that, sir, and I will try my best."

"All right. When can you come?"

"As soon as you want me," replied Harvey, eagerly. "I can take the team home and come right back."

"O, you needn't be in such a hurry," said Mr. Willows smiling. "Next Monday is soon enough. What's your name?"

"Harvey Neal."

"Well, Harvey, I shall expect you Monday morning at eight o'clock."

The following Saturday, farmer Googins carried Harvey and his trunk back to his former boarding-house, and the two friends were once more together.

Harvey went to work with a will, and Mr. Willows was soon satisfied that he had not been mistaken in his opinion, and in a few weeks gave him a dollar more a week.

Winter soon passed into spring, but the boys did not want to go home yet. During the summer, Harvey was continually thinking of the coming winter evenings. He did not like the way he and George had spent their evenings thus far. So one day he said to George.

"Our book-keeper told me that there is a free evening school here; don't you think it would be a good plan to attend it next winter, George?"

"Well, yes, I guess so," was the rather indifferent answer.

"It's better than loafing around the streets or reading a lot of nonsense, anyway. I am going to find out about it."

He soon found out, and when the winter term commenced, Harvey took up grammar, history and penmanship, while George confined himself to grammar only. Harvey put his whole soul into his studies, thus making good progress, and George soon found himself left behind.

When Harvey had been with Willows & Co. a year, he was called into the office, where Mr. Willows spoke to him as follows.

"Harvey, owing to general depression in business, and this dull season in particular, we have come to the conclusion to"—he hesitated; seeing the anxious expression in Harvey's face, he continued, smiling—"we have concluded to pay you seventy-five dollars more for the coming year, and in recognition of your faithfulness and industry, we have credited you on our books with two hundred dollars, as an encouragement."

Surprised, Harvey muttered something about "doing his best," etc., and went to work with renewed energy.

By close economy, and with this advance in

his wages, he soon had a few dollars together. The small sum he had thus acquired he invested in the most profitable manner. With it he paid his tuition for a regular evening course in a business college.

With his increasing knowledge, and having a natural tact to take hold at the right time and in the proper place, he became very profitable to the firm. The result was, that at the end of three years his salary was raised to six hundred a year, and a thousand dollars to his credit on the firm's books.

George, in the meantime, was learning his trade and receiving ten dollars a week, with the promise of journeyman's wages in a few months. However, he was not satisfied. Although city life had its attractions for him, yet the constant confinement was more than he could stand. He continually thought and spoke about going farming again. He was getting thin and pale, and of late had been rather quiet. One day Harvey said, "What's the matter with you, George, you ain't what you used to be."

"O, I am getting sick and tired of the shop and the city. I am longing to breathe the fresh country air once more," answered George.

"It's just as father told me," continued he; "Go to the city, learn a trade, get married on two or three dollars a day, and live from hand to mouth until your children are old enough to support you. I can see it all coming, and want no part of it."

"Why don't you go home; they'll be glad to get you back again."

"Go home to get laughed at!" answered George. "No, sir, I am going West."

"Go West! That isn't bad. Tell me what your plan is, and perhaps I'll go with you, George."

"My plan is to go to Colorado and watch my chance; don't you think of going, though; your chances are good here, and don't be foolish enough to throw them away."

"Yes, I suppose it would be foolishness, but, then, I would like for us to keep together," replied Harvey.

"So would I; but our roads branch out in different directions, I guess; I don't want to swell the ranks of overworked and underpaid mechanics, consequently, I can't and won't stay, and you'd be a fool if you didn't stay; so that settles it."

After some more talking and planning, George made up his mind to go to the Far West, and threw up his situation. Harvey having obtained a week's leave of absence, the two friends spent a week together at their homes. The week went quickly by and they separated, George to seek his fortunes or misfortunes in Colorado; Harvey to return to the routine of the store.

As my limited space does not allow me to do more than give a simple outline of the lives of these two country lads, I cannot stop to tell the adventures of George in the Far West, or the experiences of Harvey in Boston, but must skip a period of six years, when we meet them again at the homes of their boyhood.

It was on a fine August day that they met, by appointment, at the little depot. Harvey was a fine looking young man, sporting a moustache, and looking fully as well as the squire's son, whom he had envied so much ten years ago.

George is a comfortable looking western man, being considerably developed physically, in Colorado's pure air.

After the first greetings were over, George said:

"It was true what I said six years ago, Harvey, that our roads were running out into different directions. As soon as I got in Colorado, I felt at home; though I had rather hard luck at first, I am all right now, and I wouldn't give up my freedom and independence out there for a fortune in Boston."

"I suppose not," replied Harvey. "You never seemed to thrive in the city. Well, some people are born for the city and others for the country. I, for instance, always enjoyed city life, and still do. I like the rattle and bustle of a city, it has something fascinating for me. The crowd running to and fro; the immense business done; the stores with their displays, and the competition in trade—it is all decidedly interesting to me. Moreover, my prospects are very good. I haven't told you yet, but by the first of January I will be taken in as a partner; Mr. Brooks, the senior partner, is then going to retire, and we shall continue the business under the firm name of Willows & Neal."

"I am very glad of it, but it is no more than I expected of you. I am doing pretty well, too. I own my ranch with 300 head of sheep alone, without a partner to quarrel with. In about ten years I expect to own one of the largest sheep ranches in Colorado. That is better than slinging type. But here is the old house again."

And in they went.

They spent a few days pleasantly together, being the envy of all the boys at Neal's Falls, and many of them resolved to go and do likewise.

(For the Penman's Gazette.)

The Writing Prize.

BY MAURICE F. OERTEL.

It was the afternoon session at the Darley District School. The scholars—boys and girls—had all taken their seats and prepared for the usual exercises, when a tap of the bell drew their attention to the desk which stood at one end of the long room. The teacher, a middle aged lady, whose broad forehead, large nose and very firmly set mouth, together with an erect and dignified carriage, betokened great strength of character, stood up behind her desk, and, with one hand still resting on the little bell, thus addressed her pupils:

"Children, I have a little surprise for you this afternoon. In obedience to a suggestion made by the trustees of this school at their last meeting, and through the liberality of Mr. Payne, I am about to offer a prize to the scholar who, at the end of this week, can show the neatest, best written and most correct copy of 'Gray's Elegy.' The prize will be a crisp, new ten dollar bill."

A low murmur of approbation ran through the room when Miss Wyld (for that was the teacher's name) ceased speaking. The scholars exchanged glances and whispers, which plainly showed their delight and the determination of each to win the prize. Another tap of the bell called them to order again, and Miss Wyld continued.

"The contest is to begin this afternoon. Each of you, by coming up to the desk, will be supplied with paper on which to write the poem, which you can copy from your readers. Be very careful in copying it—always to leave one line between each verse, and number each stanza, just as you find it in the book. Use new pens, and see that your ink is in good condition, your hands perfectly clean, and put a writing book beneath your paper, so that you do not write on the hard desk. Now, come up, beginning at this end of the table, and receive your paper."

The scholars then proceeded in single file to the teacher's desk and obtained several sheets of foolscap apiece, with which they returned to their seats, and for a few moments produced quite a bustle with their eager preparations for the grand trial of skill in penmanship.

A number of the younger boys held up their rather too brown hands and asked to go and wash them; others found that their ink was too thick or too thin, or in some one of the other unfortunate conditions into which school ink so often gets; and still others, having no pens sufficiently good for their purpose, had to borrow from their companions, so that for a time the school room was thrown into a state of complete disorder and confusion, during which the teacher sat composedly on her throne, giving advice here and reproof there, gradually restoring her little realm to a state of order and quiet industry.

Before long fifty pens were moving slowly and carefully over as many sheets of paper and in as many different styles of chirography. There, at one end of the long table, sat Johnny Sawyer, whose hand, in spite of all he or his teacher could do, would persist in clutching the pen as though it never intended to release it; consequently his letters looked cramped and awkward, some standing straight up, others leaning to the left, and some few in the proper direction. However, he was gradually improving; and as he sat there, leaning intently over his paper, his whole countenance beaming with ambition, his tongue occasionally appearing comically between his lips when he struggled with a difficult letter, and his bright hazel eyes turning from book to paper and back again, he was a capital specimen of the average country schoolboy.

A little further down the table sat Joe Willis, a boy who was just the counterpart of Johnnie in every respect. He had very light blue eyes,

which, whenever he turned them upon you, seemed to gaze straight on past you into space; his features were small and almost feminine in weakness, and his face wore an expression of mingled interest and ambition, as he guided his pen from one end of the line to the other, with a hand so small and white that it might have been taken for a girl's. His penmanship was excellent; every letter was evenly and uniformly written, and every shade was just at the proper place and of the proper thickness. But he wrote very slowly indeed; he seemed actually to draw each letter, a habit which, although his teacher strongly discouraged it, he either could not or did not care to give up. He was the youngest boy in the school, being only eleven years old, and at the same time the best writer. The other scholars, when they became discouraged at their slow improvement, would say disconsolately: "Oh, what's the use! I can never write like Willis, anyhow!"

The lower half of the table was occupied by girls, twenty-five in number, and whose ages varied between twelve and seventeen. The majority of them were the daughters of farmers and mechanics, plainly dressed, and having that appearance of semi-poverty, which caused them to be looked down upon by the two or three daughters of wealthy merchants, who attended the school merely because there was no other in the place. One of these superior young ladies, whom we will call Jessie Campton, sat at the end of the table nearest the teacher's desk. She was a large, hearty looking girl of seventeen, with long black hair, which hung in a single plait to her waist, dark eyes, which flashed proudly from beneath long lashes, and full, red lips. Her father was the wealthiest man in the town, and carried on the largest business, facts of which Miss Jessie seemed to be fully conscious as she sat there proudly wielding her ivory penholder with her right hand, while the left lay on the desk in such a way as to display the splendid gold bracelet on her wrist. In spite of her vanity, however, she was handsome; and many of the more aspiring larger boys sitting at the further end of the table stole furtive glances at the belle of the school, and laid schemes to meet her after lessons and escort her down the village street to her home. She was also a very good writer; her letters were small and neat, and so easily legible, they looked almost as though they had been printed. She and Joe Willis, in fact, stood ahead of all the other scholars in penmanship, a fact of which they were all aware, and consequently looked upon them as the ones who would have the best prospect of winning the prize.

But there was one other girl who was destined to play an important part in the contest. Nellie Brown was her name; and brown indeed she was, not only in name, but also in complexion and dress. She was a blonde, and the only blonde in all the country round—a fact which caused her to be somewhat envied by some of the other girls, who were so unfortunate as to have been born with a very white skin.

Nellie was a very poor girl. Her parents both worked hard all day, that they might be able to send her to school. She was keenly conscious of this, and being an affectionate daughter, she often begged them to let her leave the school and get to work also. She didn't care to go to that horrid school; the other girls didn't like her, and the boys always called her "little brownie!" But no; her parents insisted that she should stay at school yet and learn all she could; the time would come soon enough for her to get to work, but it wasn't necessary now.

And she did learn. Naturally bright and intelligent, she rapidly outstripped most girls of her own age, and some who were older; so that now, at fourteen, she was equal in attainments to proud Jessie Campton, three years her senior. This fact was one of the many imaginary and highly unnecessary drawbacks to Jessie's happiness at school. That she, the daughter of the richest man for twenty miles around, should be equalled in accomplishments by Nellie Brown, whose father worked in the factory, and whose mother took in sewing of the plainest sort and lived in a horrid little house on a back street, was almost more than she could bear even to think of!

A quarter of an hour before dismissing the school, Miss Wyld walked around the table and carefully examined the work of each pupil, purposely, however, making no criticisms. When she returned to her desk she wore a pleased and



NEW YORK, MAY, 1893.

(Publication Office, 17 to 23 Rue Street.)

G. A. GASKELL, PROPRIETOR.

All letters should be addressed as follows:

G. A. GASKELL,

P. O. Box 1534,

New York City P. O.

By keeping this in mind much time will be saved.

Give on page 5 of this issue one of the small alphabets, for pen lettering, ever published. This alphabet alone is worth more than the cost of the paper for the year.

The next meeting of the Business College Association will take place in the City of Washington, beginning Tuesday, July 10. A large attendance is expected, and it is hoped the convention will be the most satisfactory ever held by the Association.

A correspondent gives us the names of a few business college men, many of whom he would like to see made president of the International Business College Association. They are: S. S. Packard, H. E. Hibbard, W. H. Sadler, Henry C. Spencer, J. E. Soule.

The *Book-keeper* publishes the portraits of the officers of the Institute of Accountants and Book-keepers of New York. At least two of them are business college graduates. Mr. Field, the vice-president, attended a night school, "in order to fit himself for a book-keeper," and Mr. Conant, the secretary, we remember as a pupil, some ten years ago of the business college at Manchester, N. H. The portraits are handsomely executed.

A correspondent, who writes a plain hand, writes us as follows:

"I am more anxious about my handwriting than anything else, and a criticism will be appreciated. I think I hold my pen correctly and have a good pen-cutter, but the proper formation of the letters is my trouble."

"J. E. H.,
Grandview, Texas."

If Mr. H. wishes to write a correct hand, he should study the formation of the letters given in my plain business style, and practice them.

It will require but little practice to improve greatly in this respect. Like many others his present handwriting is too large. A smaller hand is just as legible, more compact, can be written much more easily, and looks a great deal better.

Ashabala County, Ohio, the lotched of abolitionism, the home of John Brown, of Joshua K. Giddings, of old Eva Wade, has done its share of literary and educational work.

W. D. Howell began his career there, in his father's printing office at Jefferson; Tourgee, the editor of *The Continent*, and other well known literary men, are from "lighthouse Ashabala."

Not the least among these, in the reform he inaugurated, was a teacher of penmanship, who had settled with his family at Geneva, Ohio, and who taught writing in the villages near his home.

He differed somewhat from the ordinary type of teachers, in that he was more painstaking, and had more respect and affection for the art he taught. His pupils became impressed with a desire to write well, and many of them became teachers of writing.

From a small beginning in the backwoods of Ohio the style of penmanship he taught has spread to the cities, and to-day is the one American style. P. R. Spencer, though working modestly, was a benefactor to his race, and we are glad to learn of a testimonial to be erected to his memory.

C. H. Pierce, of Keokuk, whose contributions to our contemporaries, though rather plentifully sprinkled with imitations and imitations, are nevertheless not generally far out of the way, says in the *Universal Penman*:

"BUSINESS WRITING CANNOT BE TAUGHT CHILDS."

"The dispute to who the correct price comes in its time, when the child has grown away from childhood toward manhood and womanhood to a point where reason and judgment are the base of honest action."

"The graded course of instruction in our schools recognizing an objection, there is capable of receiving correct instruction, and at no time is the attempt made to teach children, of five or six years, even long divisions."

"Children begin to write at these ages, but in all cases the subject matter must conform to the pupil's capacity."

"Business writing must come from the same source, and be controlled by the same laws that give like results in art."

"Business writing is a high order of development, and to look for it without certain conditions is to ignore reason, fact and common sense."

"Children may learn to write a good plain hand, but a genuine business style comes from extensive practice. Parents cannot expect children, of five or six years, to start right off on a rapid business hand."

The last report of the Commissioner of Education gives the whole number of business college and commercial schools in the United States as two hundred. These are located principally in the larger cities, though some of them are connected with other colleges and schools, and are called commercial departments. Among these are the Commercial Department of St. Louis University, Business Department of Mt. Union College, etc.

They aim to give exactly the same instruction as the business colleges do, but, so far as our own experience goes, their course is very meagre and unsatisfactory.

The commissioner would do well to omit all such schools from his business college report.

Business colleges have become an educational force of no mean power. The thousands of students attend them every year, and go out from them to engage in the busy world, prepared to earn their own living.

The old Bryant & Stratton chain has been succeeded by the Business Educators' Association, which now embraces all the penmanship schools that kind throughout the country. The next meeting of this association will take place at Washington, D. C., July 10, and will continue for four days.

We hope to be present, and add one to a large number who will make the convention a great success.

Much has been said of late in regard to ornamental penmanship, and the advisability of keeping it out of all courses of instruction. Business colleges do not teach it among the business branches, of course; and some of the fanatical go so far as to refuse to hang up an advertising card that has a few lithographic flourishes on it. But this is going a trifle too far.

There is nothing that attracts people's attention like a grand specimen of off-band penmanship; and if, instead of the ordinary lithographs, these schools would use handsomely engraved penmanship, their show cards would be valuable and interesting.

The country is flooded with colored prints, advertising patent medicines, tobacco, cigarettes, and thousands of other trash, and a genuine departure from these is appreciated.

Don't deny ornamental penmanship. We might as well discard all kinds of artistic work every stage on the ground that it cannot be used in business.

That it pays to be a good ornamental penman, as well as a fine business writer, is shown by the success attending those who do first-class work of that character.

[See *The Penman's Gazette*.]

Gaskell's Penman's Handbook.

BY W. F. CHOPPER.

This is a new book, by G. A. Gaskell, of New York, published and presented to the people of the United States, and we are asked our opinion of it and its merits. We have been not only exceedingly gratified with a careful perusal of this book, but give, without the least hesitation, our opinion of it. Gaskell's Handbook is a superb volume of nearly 300 pages, mostly plain type. Here are grouped together the finest work of all the penmen of the world, and the

execution of it must have cost a great deal of money. In type, illustrations and size, the book is exactly adapted to the use of penmen and learners. Beautifully bound, with all within time, but this, with fair usage, will last hundreds of years.

The great European masters whose grand drawings illustrate our finest books, and make valuable our most priceless plates, it seems, are pen-artists as well. With great labor and judicious selection, there is placed within our reach, at last, what we need from European sources as well as American, for a guide.

On pages 39 and 40, there is a ribbon alphabet of 1547. The base is dotted black, on which is another of scroll, and an opening bad. To this ground a wonderful richness is added by a second ground of scrolls in black. The two prepare the way for the lettering in light. The lettering is in continuous kinked or folded ribbon. It is of the most ingenious description. The curves, and points, and turns, are all in harmony with the most exact rules of design. There is none of the fecklessness of the American ribbon design in this alphabet. The relief lines, together with the others, give it great beauty and strength. The student would not wish to both copy and study these plates and neat designs, and reread these alphabets. From these numerous ancient alphabets we find that as early as the sixteenth century the penmen of Europe were indeed masters of lettering.

THE ALPHABETS OF THE BOOK.

Page 45 of the *Handbook*.

1. Alphabet by William Baskerville. We would first say in these observations, that Jones' inscription to Sir Wm. Baskerville is a card in elegant and refined a manner as the best of today.

2. There are on page 48 two alphabets—1. German text—2. Old English. The German is far the better. The Old English is very fine, yet scarcely need go farther for good old English.

3. These are followed by one each of Church text and engraving text. Both are good, but the church text is brilliant; we may say perfect.

On Page 53 we come to "A. CAULIO'S

20 alphabets.

1. Ornamented Italian alphabet.

2. Ornamented Gothic alphabet.

3. Ray shaded outline text alphabet, block

5. Ornamented script alphabet—block-relief.

6. Rustic alphabet.

7. Roman block alphabet—light relief.

8. Side block alphabet—bold relief.

9. Extended and ornamental Gothic alphabet. A grand alphabet for pen design.

10. Grotesque alphabet. Each letter being a key to a new set. This alphabet is in scroll and flower; ornamentation is light, exquisitely symmetrical, and very fine indeed.

11. Shaded block italic, by A. Caulio—extreme slant—1845, page 75. Roman.

12. German text alphabet, flourished style, good flourishing, free, open and excellent—1845, page 75.

13. Ornamented text and Old English—semi block and in three styles, all good.

14. Ornamented pointed antique alphabet, double block—page 77. There can be no finer letters; no letter looks so well with close medium engraving on certain kinds of flourishing. These letters give more life to a sheet or card than any other.

15. Ornamented Tuscan and antique alphabets—two varieties; the upper alphabet is a favorite one of the penmen. It is very rich, dark and in expression; a good thing in almost any designing—the last is block with double lining.

16. Ornamented script alphabet, 1845, page 83; block; this is fair and in block character.

17. Very large ornamented German text—best style and in very rich and diversified scroll-kneading. Page 86. The method and fashion of many of these letters is new and exquisite. This alphabet, although very rich, is very easy.

18. Ribbon text alphabet, by A. Caulio, page 87, book. We have here an alphabet full of complications, ornamental almost to excess, but the very best thing in this sort of designing in the book.

19. Ornamented antique alphabet, leaf and scroll-base—block; the tops plain scroll shadows, heavy, and type of letter, very fine; semi-gothic, another very popular letter; it is not surpassed in richness, or to set off surrounding works.

Page 89, book.

20. Ornamented Roman alphabet. This alphabet is very neat but plain, and is the last of this set. Although very unpretentious, this is one of our special utilities.

1. Reineck's church text, page 95, is remarkably fine. We cannot help admiring the capitals especially, and the small alphabet is scarcely inferior. This church text will probably never be surpassed in this kind of lettering.

2. The monastic alphabet needs no comment. It is one of our special utilities.

3. The engraving text alphabet. This alphabet should ever be considered in the light of use. It is an alphabet of fitness for its uses, and aside from that, it has no great value.

4. Engraving alphabet with figures, page 101. This alphabet, also, is another of a legitimate purpose.

MAYER'S ALPHABETS.

Page 105 gives three alphabets by this master, all in style, conception, and execution, excellent. The penman will find letters here to suit his fancy, and of great practical utility. In the second line from the bottom he will find four or five methods of lettering.

Mayer's text on the next plate; three kinds is new in manner, very rich in design and ornamentation, and of the best found in any work.

The middle alphabet is extremely fine. There can be, for small text, no richer ornamentation. The upper alphabet is new in cast, well worth copying and using. These three alphabets will be popular here, no doubt.

Next comes Mayer's highly embellished capitals. Here is a study again for American penmen! This full set is well worth one half the price of the book. Every letter is a study, and from each many hints may be drawn for other work. The amount of ornamentation is astonishing in this set of letters.

These alphabets of Mayer's are found grouped together, and one after another. The last spoken of we imagine to be the penman's favorite alphabet. The ornamentation of this semi text is rapidly sketched; it is in character.

It is in the style of the old English, etc. It will work well in large letters anywhere.

Right here appears two pages of Mayer's fancy letters. The first letter is A, 24 high letter. The letter is semi block, the ornamentation, scroll and leaf work, literally loaded with new and original concepts. On the right is B, same size; another letter of suggestive design in style and manner, wholly foreign to American conceit.

The third is a centre piece, D, 2 inch letter, with diamond ornamentation. This letter has a diamond base in light and heavy scroll and base work, with rustic double rack. But the best thing in it is the scroll work in the centre of the letter.

We ask you to try your hand at this method of scroll, heavy and rich beyond comparison. These designs are well worth study.

There are other studies on this plate, but we must pass them.

The next plate to Mayer's last here gives first a B, ornamental, and then a block, in light.

The centre design on this plate is also very fine. There is no finer study of contrast in style and ornamentation in any of the plates.

This artist as a master of letter design, we believe the best; still we are slow to say this thing of any one man, and we would like to see more beautiful or more artistic than Mayer's work. But there is more than this to his work. It has good things in it, and we would not be so hard on him. We see in every letter the work of a great and finished artist, and we fear that no American will ever be so bold, extremely rich and rare. We see in every letter the work of a great and finished artist, and we fear that no American will ever be so bold, extremely rich and rare, and very few ever match any of his best work.

AMERICAN WORK.

We find the most satisfactory presentation of American pen art in this book. Nothing of real utility, or of original design, or of practical utility, are given, that have not been surpassed; and these are instructions for teachers and pupils—materials for more complete information in regard to ink, paper and pens, with hints for lettering and card writing of every possible kind.

One quality is never wanting in these paragraphs, to wit, brevity. The instructions are easily understood. The studies in flourishing, by some of our best penmen of the day, are marvels of elegant design, and each is stamped with originality, which seems to be a new thing.

This is the first work ever produced of this kind; it is a new and genuine utilization of the good things of our continents, Europe and America. We expect to see a new impulse given to penmanship as a profession, and very soon for more of our best penmen to be known. This book is the new broom that is going to sweep clean, and the designs from penmen which are to follow will be of fine execution and finish.

German Text and Old English.

(From Cashe's *Penman's Hand Book*.)

German text and old English admit of more ornamentation in the way of flourishes, than any other lettering, and are as rich and appropriate for most ornamental pieces, as anything that can be done. The learner should take the greatest pains in arranging the letters that the spacing may be uniform, as well as that the same uniformity may regulate the size and slope. As a guide, he should rule pencil marks both horizontal and vertical. After the flourishing about the words is done, these marks may be easily erased with a soft rubber, without disturbing the ink lines.

Both German text and old English may be written with one stroke of the quill, and the main strokes afterward sharpened and otherwise improved, with an ordinary steel pen. The best pen is a broad-nibbed quill (most penmen prefer that of the turkey, softened by holding it either in the mouth or in warm water, before making the pen). The nib of the pen is made broad, to correspond with the width of the main down

glowing image shall remain fixed in truthful characters for all time.

How much of the honeyed speech and sweet song of the ancients was lost for want of an enduring environment? Some of those noble speeches in the forum and the temple, some of those inimitable songs in the courts of the emperors; some of those fables woven of the mysticism and fire of the oriental mind—what would we not give for them to-day? But they have perished forever. A day's, or a week's, or a year's delight, perhaps, were they to a few score or hundred souls, and then like a lingering echo, they gradually died away, and the world will never hear them again. We should be very thankful for the writings and chronicles which have survived to us, but they are only a fragment of the great mass of the products of human genius in the heroic age. The models of oratory the gems of song and of story have perished with the generations which cherished them.

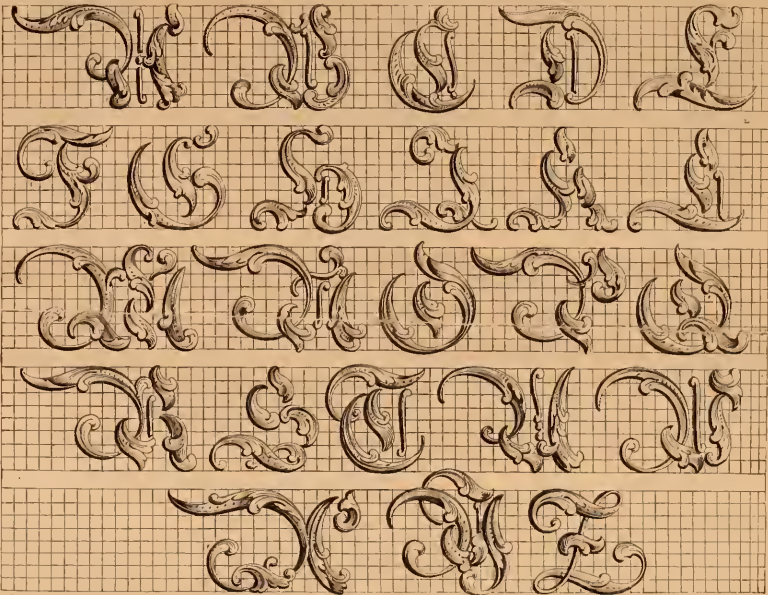
This is distinctly the age of literature—not, perhaps, in the sense of production, but in the cumulative sense of possession, in the actual existence of inspired letters. We have the

and in which, as it were, is crystallized the whole contents of human endeavor, should be perfectly performed. And yet it is more frequently looked upon as a thing of mere secondary importance, which it is not worth while to give much attention to anyway, the idea is the main thing—let the expression take care of itself. The fallacy of this reasoning is soon discovered. The expression *does* take care of itself, and the consequence is that it not only comes out very badly itself, but ruins the idea which it is intended to convey. A poor manuscript is worse than a poor picture, or a poor song, because there are higher and more important thought relations intrusted to it, and a perversion of them is worse than the perversion of light and shade, and perspective or the jingling reiteration of a sentiment. There is no excuse for the man who writes an illegible hand. All penmanship, to be sure, cannot be artistic, in the sense of being beautiful, but it can all display the beauty of fitness, in the sense of being *clear and legible*.

Some of the blunders into which compositors have fallen in the deciphering of illegible manuscripts, should be sufficiently suggestive and

Genius in its very essence is what the Latins call *proprium*, self-consistent; it is simply large aptitude for *perfect naturalness*. The man of genius is the man of large, round, representative nature; he is the type-man of the race, its most comprehensive embodiment. There can be nothing narrow, or bigoted, or erratic about true genius. There is no more connection, then, between it and pen writing, than there is between stars and trefles. A gifted writer may show an execrable handwriting—that is fault, not his accomplishment. It may not even be his natural peculiarity. He may have come by it through sheer carelessness and neglect.

Another class of illegible manuscripts are those of the *hasty writer*. What a forlorn and demoralizing look they have, these hurried scribbles! You can read the dancing nervousness and wild-eyed agony of the writer between the lines. He does not stop to half form his letters. His loops are never completed, his 's' and 'c's are payable, and so are his 'l's and 't's. Every word seems to jump at the next with a wild gasp of entreaty—"hurry along! hurry along! there are thousands of us yet to come!" I question



ORNAMENTED GERMAN TEXT. BY A CAULO. PARIS, 1845.

strokes. In beginning and closing the strokes, the pen is turned, when it is necessary to sharpen them at the top and bottom. A little practice enables anyone to become quite proficient in this style of lettering.

{The alphabet given on this page is to be done with a steel pen and India ink.

(For the *Penman's Gazette*.)

A Chapter on Manuscripts.

BY PAUL FOSTER.

The best part of the world's intelligence at the present day passes into writing. The day of the orator and the story-teller and the harping bard is long gone by. The splendid flight of eloquence, the tale of the romancer, the song of the poet, all employ the art of writing as their first and most intimate expression. Speech is too fleeting, and song too changeable and vague, to be their medium of utterance. The statesman as well as the scholar, the orator as well as the essayist, the poet as well as the annalist, transcribes his thought before it falls from the lip of man, so that when sound and memory shall both have faded away, the noble conception and the

treasures of human thought and of divine revelation, ordered and preserved in the utmost perfection of form. The writings have passed into books, and the books into libraries, and in these great storehouses of wisdom, we have laid up nearly all that is worth keeping, since the days when men first began to express their best thoughts in writing—and only since then. The introduction of the pen into the realm of wisdom and of genius marks, then, the starting point of literature. The first manuscript was the greatest and most valuable achievement of human skill. Then first began the reign of wisdom, and of knowledge and culture, which has made the world what it is to-day, and which, above all other agencies, will make it what it is to be a thousand years hence. The art of writing is the noblest and most valuable of all the arts.

The making of manuscripts, then, is the most important and significant act which men perform. All knowledge and all genius must pass into this form, or perish. The pen is the one universal instrument of all men and all classes of men. The making of a manuscript is about the first thing that is done toward the accomplishment of any design in life. How important, then, that this act upon which so much depends,

inspiring to their authors, and to all writers, to cause them to either straighten out their pot-books, or buy a type-writer! There are various kinds of blind manuscripts to be met with in a printing office, but perhaps the most aggravating is the *intentional*. It would surprise a person not intimately acquainted with the desperate vanity of the human heart, to know that there is a certain large class of writers who actually put themselves out to make their manuscripts look erratic and distinguished. They adopt, usually, the little, black, stub pen, prominent screw peculiar to some old and famous writers, whose pen had, through excessive use, and other work out piece of mechanism. They, with their fresh young nerves and clear cut natural style of penmanship, will study these decrepit scribbles, and practice a like infirmity, till they verily succeed in outdoing the original and becoming chronographically half before their muscles have hardened. They seem to think that there is something immature and commonplace in a good, fair, round script. Genius, they say, shows itself erratic and peculiar in all its ways; the man of genius writes like no one else. They are wrong, both in premise and conclusion.

whether the poor, self-torturing, hasty writer, with all his strained preciosity, can average as many words in the hour as a more leisurely penman, who writes a flowing hand and makes all his letters plain. There is an exhilaration and a real fulfillment in good penmanship which a scribe cannot enjoy. He wastes his energy in a mad sprint, and all the rest of the way he staggers like a tired runner.

I might allude to other kinds of illegible manuscripts, were they so scarce as to have escaped the attention of my readers, but it is unnecessary. Everyone has seen enough specimens of bad penmanship to be acquainted with all its general forms. The point which I would emphasize is this. Poor, slipshod penmanship is a reproach to anyone, no matter what his station or employment. I contend that the first educational duty after learning to read well, is to learn to write *well*—not merely to learn to write. It is certain that everyone will be called upon to perform this manual act over and over again. No kind of business, to-day, however humble, is exempt from the use of the pen, to a greater or less extent. We must all of us be writers, and we ought all of us to be *good* writers. Much depends on it. We may not be beautiful



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Send me forty-eight (48) boxes more of your Steel Pens. I can get no pens that give such uniform satisfaction to my scholars, that are so smooth and durable...

Send by mail twenty (20) boxes more of your Steel Pens. They are the best we can get, and we like them very much. JOHN A. FAY, Teacher of Penmanship, Watertown, R. I.

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Send by mail twenty-two (22) boxes of your Steel Pens. I use your pens in my school. ALAN W. LEA, Monterey, Cal.

Enclosed find cash for four more boxes of pens. The best I ever used. R. H. McCLELLAN, Hoboken, Jersey.

Your pens are the best I ever used. Enclosed find cash for another gross (60). H. J. GONZALES, Cecilia, Canada, Hardin Co., Ky.

Send cash enclosed for twenty-four boxes of your pens. I am getting a number of orders for them. JOHN W. STARBUCK, Fargo, Dakota.

The pens ordered from you in April last were duly received, and have been found excellent...

Enclosed find cash for four boxes pens. I find that no pens are so good as yours. W. H. BROWN, New York City.

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