



MOBILE FONTFONTS *Specimen*





You can navigate through our selection of Mobile FontFonts by clicking on a square. In order to go back, click on the FF-Logo.

Rg

FF Basic Gothic

Rg

FF Good

Rg

FF Daxline

Rg

FF Yoga Sans

Rg

FF Celeste Sans

Rg

FF Tisa

Rg

FF Clifford

Rg

FF Yoga

Rg

FF Celeste

Rg

FF Suhmo

Rg

FF Duper

Rg

FF Hands

Rg

FF Trixie

Rg

FF Cocon

Rg

FF Providence



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg
FF Basic Gothic

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg



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Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Italic

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold Italic

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended



- 18 Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a
small passage, not much
14 larger than a rat-hole: she knelt
down and looked along the pas-
sage into the loveliest garden you
12 you ever saw. How she longed to get
out of that dark hall, and wander about
among those beds of bright flowers and
10 those cool fountains, but she could not even
get her head through the doorway; "and even
if my head would go through," thought poor
9 Alice, "it would be of very little use without my
shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a tele-
scope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin."
8 For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened
lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things
indeed were really impossible. There seemed to be no use
in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table,
6 half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules
for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it,
("which certainly was not here before," said Alice,) and round the neck of the
bottle was a paperlabel, with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in



- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old
G 000 carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and
B 000 started for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quit-
ting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly
arrived in New Bedford. It was a Saturday
night in December. Much was I disappointed
upon learning that the little packet for Nan-
tucket had already sailed, and that no way
of reaching that place would offer, till the
following Monday. As most young candidates
for the pains and penalties of whaling stop at
this same New Bedford, thence to embark on
their voyage, it may as well be related that
I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For my
mind was made up to sail in no other than a
Nantucket craft, because there was a fine,
boisterous something about everything con-
nected with that famous old island, which
amazingly pleased me. Besides though New
Bedford has of late been gradually monopo-
lising the business of whaling, and though in
this matter poor old Nantucket is now much
behind her, yet Nantucket was her great ori-
ginal – the Tyre of this Carthage – the place
- R 102
G 102
B 102
- R 153
G 153
B 153



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have

R 204
G 204
B 204

looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you

R 153
G 153
B 153

are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like

R 102
G 102
B 102

the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand



Slang

Verdana | FF Basic Gothic

Slang

Gill Sans

Slang

FF Basic Gothic

Slang

Verdana

Slang

FF Basic Gothic



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg
FF Good

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg



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Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Book

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Book
Condensed

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold
Condensed

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended and Cyrillic



- 18 Alice opened the door and found
that it led into a small passage,
not much larger than a rat-hole:
- 14 she knelt down and looked along the pas-
sage into the loveliest garden you ever
saw. How she longed to get out of that
- 12 dark hall, and wander about among those beds
of bright flowers and those cool fountains,
but she could not even get her head through
- 10 the doorway; “and even if my head would go through,”
thought poor Alice, “it would be of very little use without
my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a tele-
- 9 scope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.” For, you see,
so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice
had begun to think that very few things indeed were really
- 8 impossible. There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door,
so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another
key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like
telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, (“which certainly
- 6 was not here before,” said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paperlabel, with the
words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was all very well to say “Drink
me,” but the wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” she said,
“and see whether it’s marked ‘poison’ or not”; for she had read several nice little histories



- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-bag,
G 000 tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape Horn
B 000 and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old Manhatta,
I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a Saturday night
in December. Much was I disappointed upon learning
that the little packet for Nantucket had already sailed,
- R 051 and that no way of reaching that place would offer, till
G 051 the following Monday. As most young candidates for
B 051 the pains and penalties of whaling stop at this same
New Bedford, thence to embark on their voyage, it
may as well be related that I, for one, had no idea of
so doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other
- R 102 than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, bois-
G 102 terous something about everything connected with
B 102 that famous old island, which amazingly pleased me.
Besides though New Bedford has of late been gradu-
ally monopolising the business of whaling, and though
in this matter poor old Nantucket is now much behind
- R 153 her, yet Nantucket was her great original – the Tyre
G 153 of this Carthage – the place where the first dead Ame-
B 153 rican whale was stranded. Where else but from Nan-
tucket did those aboriginal whalemens, the Red-Men,
first sally out in canoes to give chase to the Leviathan?
And where but from Nantucket, too, did that first



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand

R 204
G 204
B 204

to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street),

R 153
G 153
B 153

and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking

R 102
G 102
B 102

mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to



Slang

Helvetica | FF Good

Slang

Arial

Slang

FF Good

Slang

Helvetica

Slang

FF Good



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Daxline

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg



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ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

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Italic

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1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold Italic

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended, Cyrillic and Greek



- 18 Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a small
passage, not much larger
14 than a rat-hole: she knelt down and
looked along the passage into the
loveliest garden you ever saw. How
12 she longed to get out of that dark hall, and
wander about among those beds of bright
flowers and those cool fountains, but she
10 could not even get her head through the doorway;
“and even if my head would go through,” thought
poor Alice, “it would be of very little use without
9 my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a tele-
scope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.” For,
you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened
8 lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed
were really impossible. There seemed to be no use in waiting
by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she
might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for
6 shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, (“which
certainly was not here before,” said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a
paperlabel, with the words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was
all very well to say “Drink me,” but the wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a



R 000
G 000
B 000

Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a Saturday night in December. Much was I disappointed upon learning that the little packet

R 051
G 051
B 051

for Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of reaching that place would offer, till the following Monday. As most young candidates for the pains and penalties of whaling stop at this same New Bedford, thence to embark on their voyage, it may as well be related that I, for one,

R 102
G 102
B 102

had no idea of so doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected with that famous old island, which amazingly pleased me. Besides though New Bedford has of late been gradu-

R 153
G 153
B 153

ally monopolising the business of whaling, and though in this matter poor old Nantucket is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her great original – the Tyre of this Carthage – the place where the first dead American whale was stranded. Where else but from Nantucket did those



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys

R 204
G 204
B 204

R 153
G 153
B 153

R 102
G 102
B 102



Slang

Skia | FF Daxline

Slang

Verdana

Slang

FF Daxline

Slang

Skia

Slang

FF Daxline



Example

Characters
& Weights

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Yoga Sans

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg



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Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Italic

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold Italic

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended



- 18 Alice opened the door and found
that it led into a small passage,
not much larger than a rat-hole:
- 14 she knelt down and looked along the
passage into the loveliest garden you ever
saw. How she longed to get out of that
- 12 dark hall, and wander about among those beds
of bright flowers and those cool fountains,
but she could not even get her head through
- 10 the doorway; "and even if my head would go through,"
thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little use
without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up
- 9 like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin."
For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately,
that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed
- 8 were really impossible. There seemed to be no use in waiting by the
little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find
another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up
like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, ("which certainly
- 6 was not here before," said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label,
with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was all very well to
say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. "No, I'll look
first," she said, "and see whether it's marked 'poison' or not"; for she had read several nice



- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-
G 000 bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape
B 000 Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old
Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a
Saturday night in December. Much was I disappointed
upon learning that the little packet for Nantucket
had already sailed, and that no way of reaching that
place would offer, till the following Monday. As
most young candidates for the pains and penalties
of whaling stop at this same New Bedford, thence
to embark on their voyage, it may as well be related
that I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For my mind
was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket
craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something
about everything connected with that famous old
island, which amazingly pleased me. Besides though
New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolising
the business of whaling, and though in this
matter poor old Nantucket is now much behind
her, yet Nantucket was her great original – the Tyre
of this Carthage – the place where the first dead
American whale was stranded. Where else but from
Nantucket did those aboriginal whalemens, the Red-
Men, first sally out in canoes to give chase to the
- R 051
G 051
B 051
- R 102
G 102
B 102
- R 153
G 153
B 153



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth

R 153
G 153
B 153

had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr.

R 102
G 102
B 102



Slang

Lucida | FF Yoga Sans

Slang

Gill Sans

Slang

FF Yoga Sans

Slang

Lucida

Slang

FF Yoga Sans



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Celeste Sans

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg



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Regular

Handgloves 0123

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 & @ . , ? ! ' " " ()

Italic

Handgloves 0123

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 & @ . , ? ! ' " " ()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 & @ . , ? ! ' " " ()

Bold Italic

Handgloves 0123

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 & @ . , ? ! ' " " ()

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended



- 18 Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a small
passage, not much larger than
- 14 a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked
along the passage into the loveliest gar-
den you ever saw. How she longed to get
- 12 out of that dark hall, and wander about among
those beds of bright flowers and those cool
fountains, but she could not even get her head
- 10 through the doorway; "and even if my head would go
through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little
use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut
- 9 up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to
begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had
happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few
- 8 things indeed were really impossible. There seemed to be no use in
waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping
she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for
shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle
- 6 ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a pa-
perlabel, with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was all very
well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. "No, I'll
look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked 'poison' or not"; for she had read several



R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-
G 000 bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape
B 000 Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old
Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a
Saturday night in December. Much was I disappoint-
ed upon learning that the little packet for Nantucket
had already sailed, and that no way of reaching
that place would offer, till the following Monday. As
most young candidates for the pains and penalties
of whaling stop at this same New Bedford, thence
to embark on their voyage, it may as well be related
that I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For my mind
was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket
craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something
about everything connected with that famous old
island, which amazingly pleased me. Besides though
New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolis-
ing the business of whaling, and though in this mat-
ter poor old Nantucket is now much behind her, yet
Nantucket was her great original – the Tyre of this
Carthage – the place where the first dead American
whale was stranded. Where else but from Nantucket
did those aboriginal whalers, the Red-Men, first
sally out in canoes to give chase to the Leviathan?



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy

R 204
G 204
B 204

came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that

R 153
G 153
B 153

Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took

R 102
G 102
B 102



Slang

Optima | FF Celeste Sans

Slang

Gill Sans

Slang

FF Celeste Sans

Slang

Optima

Slang

FF Celeste Sans

Three black squares arranged horizontally, each containing the text 'Rg' in a light gray font, representing the Rg component of the color model.



The image displays three sequential boxes illustrating the transformation of the text 'Rg' into a cursive script. The first box shows 'Rg' in a clean, black, serif typeface. The second box shows 'Rg' in a slightly more decorative, black, serif font. The third box shows 'Rg' in a highly stylized, black, cursive script with elaborate flourishes.

Comparison



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Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Italic

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold Italic

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended



- 18 Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a small
passage, not much larger
14 than a rat-hole: she knelt down and
looked along the passage into the
loveliest garden you ever saw. How
12 she longed to get out of that dark hall, and
wander about among those beds of bright
flowers and those cool fountains, but she
10 could not even get her head through the doorway;
“and even if my head would go through,” thought
poor Alice, “it would be of very little use without
9 my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a tele-
scope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.” For,
you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened
8 lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed
were really impossible. There seemed to be no use in waiting
by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping
she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules
6 for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it,
 (“which certainly was not here before,” said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle
was a paperlabel, with the words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed on it in large
letters. It was all very well to say “Drink me,” but the wise little Alice was not going



- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-
 G 000 bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape
 B 000 Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of
 old Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It
 was a Saturday night in December. Much was I
 disappointed upon learning that the little packet
 for Nantucket had already sailed, and that no
 R 051 way of reaching that place would offer, till the
 G 051 following Monday. As most young candidates for
 B 051 the pains and penalties of whaling stop at this
 same New Bedford, thence to embark on their
 voyage, it may as well be related that I, for one,
 had no idea of so doing. For my mind was made
 R 102 up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft,
 G 102 because there was a fine, boisterous something
 B 102 about everything connected with that famous
 old island, which amazingly pleased me. Besides
 though New Bedford has of late been gradu-
 ally monopolising the business of whaling, and
 R 153 though in this matter poor old Nantucket is
 G 153 now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her
 B 153 great original – the Tyre of this Carthage – the
 place where the first dead American whale was
 stranded. Where else but from Nantucket did



R 255
G 255
B 255

R 204
G 204
B 204

R 153
G 153
B 153

R 102
G 102
B 102

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered



Slang

Georgia | FF Tisa

Slang

Times

Slang

FF Tisa

Slang

Georgia

Slang

FF Tisa



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Clifford

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg



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Nine
Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Nine
Italic

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Eighteen
Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Eighteen
Italic

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended



- 18 Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a small
passage, not much larger than
- 14 a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked
along the passage into the loveliest
garden you ever saw. How she longed
- 12 to get out of that dark hall, and wander about
among those beds of bright flowers and those
cool fountains, but she could not even get
- 10 her head through the doorway; “and even if my head
would go through,” thought poor Alice, “it would be of
very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I
- 9 could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know
how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things
had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very
- 8 few things indeed were really impossible. There seemed to be no
use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half
hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of
rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a
- 6 little bottle on it, (“which certainly was not here before,” said Alice,) and round the neck
of the bottle was a paperlabel, with the words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed on it in
large letters. It was all very well to say “Drink me,” but the wise little Alice was not going to
do THAT in a hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” she said, “and see whether it’s marked ‘poison’



- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-
G 000 bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape
B 000 Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old
Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a
Saturday night in December. Much was I disappoint-
ed upon learning that the little packet for Nantucket
had already sailed, and that no way of reaching that
place would offer, till the following Monday. As
most young candidates for the pains and penalties
of whaling stop at this same New Bedford, thence
to embark on their voyage, it may as well be related
that I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For my mind
was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket
craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something
about everything connected with that famous old
island, which amazingly pleased me. Besides though
New Bedford has of late been gradually monopo-
lising the business of whaling, and though in this
matter poor old Nantucket is now much behind her,
yet Nantucket was her great original – the Tyre of this
Carthage – the place where the first dead American
whale was stranded. Where else but from Nantucket
did those aboriginal whalers, the Red-Men, first
sally out in canoes to give chase to the Leviathan?



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling

R 204
G 204
B 204

put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their

R 153
G 153
B 153

street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet

R 102
G 102
B 102

mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to



Slang

Hoefler Text | FF Clifford

Slang

Baskerville

Slang

FF Clifford

Slang

Hoefler Text

Slang

FF Clifford



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Yoga

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg



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Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Italic

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Bold Italic

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended



- 18 Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a small
passage, not much larger than
- 14 a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked
along the passage into the loveliest
garden you ever saw. How she longed
- 12 to get out of that dark hall, and wander
about among those beds of bright flowers
and those cool fountains, but she could not
- 10 even get her head through the doorway; “and even if
my head would go through,” thought poor Alice, “it
would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh,
- 9 how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could,
if I only know how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-
the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to
- 8 think that very few things indeed were really impossible. There
seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went
back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or
at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes:
- 6 this time she found a little bottle on it, (“which certainly was not here before,” said
Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paperlabel, with the words “DRINK ME”
beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was all very well to say “Drink me,” but the
wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” she said, “and

- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-
 G 000 bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape
 B 000 Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of
 old Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It
 was a Saturday night in December. Much was I
 disappointed upon learning that the little packet for

 R 051 Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of
 G 051 reaching that place would offer, till the following
 B 051 Monday. As most young candidates for the pains
 and penalties of whaling stop at this same New
 Bedford, thence to embark on their voyage, it may
 as well be related that I, for one, had no idea of so

 R 102 doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other
 G 102 than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine,
 B 102 boisterous something about everything connec-
 ted with that famous old island, which amazingly
 pleased me. Besides though New Bedford has of late
 been gradually monopolising the business of wha-

 R 153 ling, and though in this matter poor old Nantucket
 G 153 is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her
 B 153 great original - the Tyre of this Carthage - the place
 where the first dead American whale was stranded.
 Where else but from Nantucket did those abori-
 ginal whalemens, the Red-Men, first sally out in



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number

R 204
G 204
B 204

on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one

R 153
G 153
B 153

more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and

R 102
G 102
B 102



Slang

Times | FF Yoga

Slang

Georgia

Slang

FF Yoga

Slang

Times

Slang

FF Yoga



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Celeste

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg



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Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Italic

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Bold Italic

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended, Cyrillic and Greek



- 18 Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a small
passage, not much larger than
- 14 a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked
along the passage into the loveliest
garden you ever saw. How she longed
- 12 to get out of that dark hall, and wander about
among those beds of bright flowers and
those cool fountains, but she could not even
- 10 get her head through the doorway; “and even if my
head would go through,” thought poor Alice, “it would
be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I
- 9 wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I
only know how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-the-
way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to
- 8 think that very few things indeed were really impossible. There
seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back
to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any
rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time
- 6 she found a little bottle on it, (“which certainly was not here before,” said Alice,) and round
the neck of the bottle was a paperlabel, with the words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed
on it in large letters. It was all very well to say “Drink me,” but the wise little Alice was not
going to do THAT in a hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” she said, “and see whether it’s marked



- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-
 G 000 bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape
 B 000 Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old
 Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a
 Saturday night in December. Much was I disap-
 pointed upon learning that the little packet for
- R 051 Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of
 G 051 reaching that place would offer, till the following
 B 051 Monday. As most young candidates for the pains
 and penalties of whaling stop at this same New
 Bedford, thence to embark on their voyage, it may
 as well be related that I, for one, had no idea of so
- R 102 doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other
 G 102 than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine,
 B 102 boisterous something about everything connec-
 ted with that famous old island, which amazingly
 pleased me. Besides though New Bedford has of late
 been gradually monopolising the business of wha-
- R 153 ling, and though in this matter poor old Nantucket
 G 153 is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her
 B 153 great original – the Tyre of this Carthage – the place
 where the first dead American whale was stranded.
 Where else but from Nantucket did those aboriginal
 whalemens, the Red-Men, first sally out in canoes to



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling

R 204
G 204
B 204

put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their

R 153
G 153
B 153

street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet

R 102
G 102
B 102

mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to



Slang

Palatino | FF Celeste

Slang

Baskerville

Slang

FF Celeste

Slang

Palatino

Slang

FF Celeste



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Suhmo

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg



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Light

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Black

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended



- 18 Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a small
passage, not much larger
14 than a rat-hole: she knelt down
and looked along the passage
into the loveliest garden you ever
12 saw. How she longed to get out of that
dark hall, and wander about among
those beds of bright flowers and
10 those cool fountains, but she could not even
get her head through the doorway; “and even
if my head would go through,” thought poor
9 Alice, “it would be of very little use without my
shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a tele-
scope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.”
8 For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened
lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things
indeed were really impossible. There seemed to be no use
in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table,
6 half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules
for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on
it, (“which certainly was not here before,” said Alice,) and round the neck of
the bottle was a paperlabel, with the words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed



- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old
G 000 carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and star-
B 000 ted for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quitting
the good city of old Manhatta, I duly arrived
in New Bedford. It was a Saturday night in
December. Much was I disappointed upon lear-
- R 051 ning that the little packet for Nantucket had
G 051 already sailed, and that no way of reaching
B 051 that place would offer, till the following
Monday. As most young candidates for the
pains and penalties of whaling stop at this
same New Bedford, thence to embark on their
- R 102 voyage, it may as well be related that I, for
G 102 one, had no idea of so doing. For my mind was
B 102 made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket
craft, because there was a fine, boisterous
something about everything connected with
that famous old island, which amazingly
- R 153 pleased me. Besides though New Bedford has
G 153 of late been gradually monopolising the busi-
B 153 ness of whaling, and though in this matter
poor old Nantucket is now much behind her,
yet Nantucket was her great original – the
Tyre of this Carthage – the place where the



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have

R 204
G 204
B 204

looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the

R 153
G 153
B 153

beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the

R 102
G 102
B 102

other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was



Slang

American Typewriter | FF Suhmo

Slang Slang

Courier

FF Suhmo

Slang Slang

American Typewriter

FF Suhmo



Example			
Characters & Weights	Rg	Rg	Rg
Sizes			
On White			
On Black	Rg	Rg	Rg
Comparison			
	Rg	Rg	Rg
	Rg	Rg FF Duper	Rg
	Rg	Rg	Rg



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Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Italic

Handgloves 0123

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()*

Bold

Handgloves 0123

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()**

Bold Italic

Handgloves 0123

***ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()***

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended



- 18 Alice opened the door and found
that it led into a small passage, not
much larger than a rat-hole: she
- 14 knelt down and looked along the passage
into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How
she longed to get out of that dark hall, and
- 12 wander about among those beds of bright flowers
and those cool fountains, but she could not even
get her head through the doorway; “and even
- 10 if my head would go through,” thought poor Alice, “it would
be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I
could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know
- 9 how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had
happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few
things indeed were really impossible. There seemed to be no use
- 8 in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she
might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting
people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, (“which
certainly was not here before,” said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle
- 6 on it, (“which certainly was not here before,” said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a
paperlabel, with the words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was all very well to
say “Drink me,” but the wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. “No, I’ll look first,” she
said, “and see whether it’s marked ‘poison’ or not”; for she had read several nice little histories about



- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-bag, tucked
G 000 it under my arm, and started for Cape Horn and the Pacific.
B 000 Quitting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly arrived in
New Bedford. It was a Saturday night in December. Much
was I disappointed upon learning that the little packet for
Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of reaching
that place would offer, till the following Monday. As most
young candidates for the pains and penalties of whaling
stop at this same New Bedford, thence to embark on their
voyage, it may as well be related that I, for one, had no idea
of so doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other
than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous
something about everything connected with that famous
old island, which amazingly pleased me. Besides though
New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolising the
business of whaling, and though in this matter poor old
Nantucket is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her
great original – the Tyre of this Carthage – the place where
the first dead American whale was stranded. Where else but
from Nantucket did those aboriginal whalers, the Red-
Men, first sally out in canoes to give chase to the Leviathan?
And where but from Nantucket, too, did that first adven-
turous little sloop put forth, partly laden with imported
cobblestones—so goes the story—to throw at the whales,
- R 102
G 102
B 102
- R 153
G 153
B 153



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't

R 204
G 204
B 204

you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady,

R 153
G 153
B 153

with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand

R 102
G 102
B 102

corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took a cab and nipped in first, and so he got her. He got all of her, except the innermost box and the kiss. He never knew



Slang

Comic Sans | FF Duper

Slang

Tekton

Slang

FF Duper

Slang

Comic Sans

Slang

FF Duper



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Hands

Rg

Rg

Rg



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Handgloves 0123

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 & @ . , ? ! ' " ()

Erikriighthand

Handgloves 0123

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 & @ . , ? ! ' " ()

Justleifthand

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended

- 18 Alice opened the door and found that it led
into a small passage, not much larger than a
rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the
- 14 the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How
she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander
about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool
- 12 fountains, but she could not even get her head through the
doorway; "and even if my head would go through," thought
poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders.
- 10 Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how
to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that
Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible. There
- 9 seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half
hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting
people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, ("which certainly was
- 8 not here before," said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words
"DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the
wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether
it's marked 'poison' or not"; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got
- 6 burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they WOULD not remember the simple rules their friends
had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger VERY deeply
with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked 'poison,' it is almost
certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

- 18 Alice opened the door and found that it
led into a small passage, not much larger
than a rat-hole: she knelt down and
14 looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you
ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark
hall, and wander about among those beds of bright
12 flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even
get her head through the doorway; "and even if my head
would go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very
10 little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a tele-
scope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin." For, you see, so many
out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to
9 think that very few things indeed were really impossible. There seemed to be no
use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she
might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people
8 up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, ("which certainly was not here
before," said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper-label, with the words
"DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was all very well to say "Drink
me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do THAT in a hurry. "No, I'll look first,"
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simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and
that if you cut your finger VERY deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you
drink much from a bottle marked 'poison,' it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

R 000
G 000
B 000

Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a Saturday night in December. Much was I disappointed upon learning that the little packet for Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of reaching that place would offer, till the following Monday. As most young candidates for the pains and penalties of

R 051
G 051
B 051

whaling stop at this same New Bedford, thence to embark on their voyage, it may as well be related that I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected with that famous old island, which amazingly pleased me. Besides though New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolising the business of whaling, and though in this mat-

R 102
G 102
B 102

ter poor old Nantucket is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her great original – the Tyre of this Carthage – the place where the first dead American whale was stranded. Where else but from Nantucket did those aboriginal whalemens, the Red-Men, first sally out in canoes to give chase to the Leviathan? And where but from Nantucket, too, did that first adventurous little sloop put forth, partly laden with imported cobblestones – so goes the story

R 153
G 153
B 153

– to throw at the whales, in order to discover when they were nigh enough to risk a harpoon from the bowsprit? Now having a night, a day, and still another night following before me in New Bedford, ere I could embark for my destined port, it became a matter of concernment where I was to eat and sleep meanwhile. It was a very dubious-looking, nay, a very dark and dismal night, biting cold and cheerless. I knew no one in the place. With anxious grapnels I

R 000
G 000
B 000

Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a Saturday night in December. Much was I disappointed upon learning that the little packet for Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of reaching that place would offer, till the following Monday. As

R 051
G 051
B 051

most young candidates for the pains and penalties of whaling stop at this same New Bedford, thence to embark on their voyage, it may as well be related that I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected with that famous old island, which amazingly pleased me.

R 102
G 102
B 102

Besides though New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolising the business of whaling, and though in this matter poor old Nantucket is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her great original – the Tyre of this Carthage – the place where the first dead American whale was stranded. Where else but from Nantucket did those aboriginal whalers, the Red-Men, first sally out in canoes

R 153
G 153
B 153

to give chase to the Leviathan? And where but from Nantucket, too, did that first adventurous little sloop put forth, partly laden with imported cobblestones – so goes the story – to throw at the whales, in order to discover when they were nigh enough to risk a harpoon from the bowsprit? Now having a night, a day, and still another night following before me in New Bedford, ere I could embark for my destined

R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth

R 204
G 204
B 204

Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and

R 153
G 153
B 153

her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took a cab and nipped in first, and so he got her. He got all of her, except the innermost box and

R 102
G 102
B 102

the kiss. He never knew about the box, and in time he gave up trying for the kiss. Wendy thought Napoleon could have got it, but I can picture him trying, and then going off in a passion, slamming the door. Mr. Darling used to boast to Wendy that her mother not only loved him but respected him. He was one of those deep ones who know about stocks and shares. Of course no one really knows, but he quite seemed to know, and he often said stocks were up and



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all

R 204
G 204
B 204

that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one

R 153
G 153
B 153

within the other, that come from the puzzling East; however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many gentlemen who had been boys when she was a girl discovered simultaneously that they loved her, and they

R 102
G 102
B 102

all ran to her house to propose to her except Mr. Darling, who took a cab and nipped in first, and so he got her. He got all of her, except the innermost box and the kiss. He never knew about the box, and in time he gave up trying for the kiss. Wendy thought Napoleon could have got it, but I can picture him trying, and then going off in a passion, slamming the door. Mr. Darling used to boast to Wendy that



Slang

Marker Felt | FF Erikrighthand

Slang

Brush Script

Slang

FF Erikrighthand

Slang

Marker Felt

Slang

FF Erikrighthand



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Trixie

Rg

Rg

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Light

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

Heavy

Handgloves 0123


ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'“”()

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended, Cyrillic and Greek



18 Alice opened the door
and found that it led
into a small passage,
14 not much larger than a rat-
hole: she knelt down and
looked along the passage into
12 the loveliest garden you ever
saw. How she longed to get out of
that dark hall, and wander about
10 among those beds of bright flowers and
those cool fountains, but she could not
even get her head through the doorway;
9 "and even if my head would go through,"
thought poor Alice, "it would be of very
little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I
8 wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I
could, if I only know how to begin." For, you see,
so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately,
that Alice had begun to think that very few things
6 indeed were really impossible. There seemed to be no use in waiting
by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she
might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for
shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little

R000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my
G000 old carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm,
B000 and started for Cape Horn and the Paci-
 fic. Quitting the good city of old Man-
 hatto, I duly arrived in New Bedford.
 It was a Saturday night in December.

R051 Much was I disappointed upon learning
G051 that the little packet for Nantucket
B051 had already sailed, and that no way of
 reaching that place would offer, till
 the following Monday. As most young
 candidates for the pains and penalties
 of whaling stop at this same New Bed-
R102 ford, thence to embark on their voyage,
G102 it may as well be related that I, for
B102 one, had no idea of so doing. For my
 mind was made up to sail in no other
 than a Nantucket craft, because there
 was a fine, boisterous something about
R153 everything connected with that famous
G153 old island, which amazingly pleased me.
B153 Besides though New Bedford has of late
 been gradually monopolising the business
 of whaling, and though in this matter

R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her

R 204
G 204
B 204

mother. I suppose she must have looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth

R 153
G 153
B 153

Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a

R 102
G 102
B 102

lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her



Slang

American Typewriter | FF Trixie

Slang Slang

Courier

FF Trixie

Slang

Slang

American Typewriter

FF Trixie



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Cocon

Rg



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Light

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ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Regular

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Italic

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

1234567890 1234567890 &@.,?!'""()

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Latin Extended



- 18 **Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a small
passage, not much larger**
- 14 **than a rat-hole: she knelt down
and looked along the passage into
the loveliest garden you ever saw.**
- 12 **How she longed to get out of that dark
hall, and wander about among those
beds of bright flowers and those cool**
- 10 **fountains, but she could not even get her head
through the doorway; “and even if my head
would go through,” thought poor Alice, “it would**
- 9 **be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I
wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could,
if I only know how to begin.” For, you see, so many**
- 8 **out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had
begun to think that very few things indeed were really
impossible. There seemed to be no use in waiting by the
little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she**
- 6 **might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people
up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, (“which certainly
was not here before,” said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a
papertlabel, with the words “DRINK ME” beautifully printed on it in large letters.**



R 000
G 000
B 000

Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and started for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quitting the good city of old Manhatta, I duly arrived in New Bedford. It was a Saturday night in December. Much was I disappointed upon learning that

R 051
G 051
B 051

the little packet for Nantucket had already sailed, and that no way of reaching that place would offer, till the following Monday. As most young candidates for the pains and penalties of whaling stop at this same New Bedford, thence to embark on their voyage, it may as

R 102
G 102
B 102

well be related that I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For my mind was made up to sail in no other than a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine, boisterous something about everything connected with that famous old island, which amazingly pleased me. Besides

R 153
G 153
B 153

though New Bedford has of late been gradually monopolising the business of whaling, and though in this matter poor old Nantucket is now much behind her, yet Nantucket was her great original – the Tyre of this Carthage – the place where the first dead American whale



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have looked

R 204
G 204
B 204

rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two. Two is the beginning

R 153
G 153
B 153

of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny boxes, one within the other, that

R 102
G 102
B 102

come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner. The way Mr. Darling won her was this: the many



Slang

Skia | FF Cocon

Slang

Helvetica

Slang

FF Cocon

Slang

Skia

Slang

FF Cocon



Example

*Characters
& Weights*

Sizes

On White

On Black

Comparison

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg

Rg
FF Providence



FF Providence

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Sans
Regular

Handgloves 0123

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 & @ . , ? ! ' " " ()

Sans Bold

Handgloves 0123

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 & @ . , ? ! ' " " ()

Regular

Handgloves 0123

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 & @ . , ? ! ' " " ()

Bold

Handgloves 0123

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 & @ . , ? ! ' " " ()

LANGUAGE SUPPORT

Providence: Latin Extended and Greek

Providence Sans: Latin Extended

- 18 Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a
small passage, not much
14 larger than a rat-hole: she knelt
down and looked along the pas-
sage into the loveliest garden you
12 you ever saw. How she longed to get
out of that dark hall, and wander
about among those beds of bright flo-
10 wers and those cool fountains, but she could not
even get her head through the doorway; "and
even if my head would go through," thought
9 poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without
my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like
a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how
8 to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things
had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that
very few things indeed were really impossible. There seem-
ed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went
6 back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate
a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a
little bottle on it, ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice,) and
round the neck of the bottle was a paper-label, with the words "DRINK
ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was all very well to say



- 18 Alice opened the door and
found that it led into a
small passage, not much
14 larger than a rat-hole: she knelt
down and looked along the pas-
sage into the loveliest garden
12 you ever saw. How she longed to get
out of that dark hall, and wander
about among those beds of bright flo-
10 wers and those cool fountains, but she could not
even get her head through the doorway; "and
even if my head would go through," thought
9 poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without
my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like
a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how
8 to begin." For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things
had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that
very few things indeed were really impossible. There
seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she
6 went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at
any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time
she found a little bottle on it, ("which certainly was not here before," said
Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words
"DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters. It was all very well to

- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old
G 000 carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and star-
B 000 ted for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quitting
the good city of old Manhatto, I duly arri-
ved in New Bedford. It was a Saturday night
in December. Much was I disappointed upon
- R 051 learning that the little packet for Nantu-
G 051 cket had already sailed, and that no way of
B 051 reaching that place would offer, till the fol-
lowing Monday. As most young candidates
for the pains and penalties of whaling stop
at this same New Bedford, thence to embark
- R 102 on their voyage, it may as well be related
G 102 that I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For
B 102 my mind was made up to sail in no other than
a Nantucket craft, because there was a fine,
boisterous something about everything con-
nected with that famous old island, which
- R 153 amazingly pleased me. Besides though New
G 153 Bedford has of late been gradually monopo-
B 153 lising the business of whaling, and though in
this matter poor old Nantucket is now much
behind her, yet Nantucket was her great ori-
ginal — the Tyre of this Carthage — the place

- R 000 Next I stuffed a shirt or two into my old
G 000 carpet-bag, tucked it under my arm, and
B 000 started for Cape Horn and the Pacific. Quit-
ting the good city of old Manhatto, I duly
arrived in New Bedford. It was a Saturday
night in December. Much was I disappointed
upon learning that the little packet for Nan-
tucket had already sailed, and that no way
of reaching that place would offer, till the
following Monday. As most young candidates
for the pains and penalties of whaling stop
at this same New Bedford, thence to embark
on their voyage, it may as well be related
that I, for one, had no idea of so doing. For
my mind was made up to sail in no other
than a Nantucket craft, because there was a
fine, boisterous something about everything
connected with that famous old island, which
amazingly pleased me. Besides though New
Bedford has of late been gradually monopo-
lising the business of whaling, and though in
this matter poor old Nantucket is now much
behind her, yet Nantucket was her great
original — the Tyre of this Carthage — the
- R 051
G 051
B 051
- R 102
G 102
B 102
- R 153
G 153
B 153



R 255
G 255
B 255

All children, except one, grow up. They soon know that they will grow up, and the way Wendy knew was this. One day when she was two years old she was playing in a garden, and she plucked another flower and ran with it to her mother. I suppose she must have

R 204
G 204
B 204

looked rather delightful, for Mrs. Darling put her hand to her heart and cried, "Oh, why can't you remain like this for ever!" This was all that passed between them on the subject, but henceforth Wendy knew that she must grow up. You always know after you are two.

R 153
G 153
B 153

Two is the beginning of the end. Of course they lived at 14 (their house number on their street), and until Wendy came her mother was the chief one. She was a lovely lady, with a romantic mind and such a sweet mocking mouth. Her romantic mind was like the tiny

R 102
G 102
B 102

boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East, however many you discover there is always one more; and her sweet mocking mouth had one kiss on it that Wendy could never get, though there it was, perfectly conspicuous in the right-hand corner.

R 255
G 255
B 255

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Slang

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Slang

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Slang

FF Providence

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Sample Texts:

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland – Lewis Carroll

Peter Pan – James M. Barrie

Moby Dick – Herman Melville

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