

A REMARKABLE RECORD

Linotype Machine Has Seen Twenty-Seven Years of Service.

Twenty-seven years ago—in the winter of 1891—Model 1 Linotype No. 279 was installed in the plant of the Advertiser at Montgomery, Ala. This was the Advertiser's first Linotype, and it was one of the first installed in the State of Alabama.

Recently this machine and another old model were succeeded by more versatile models equipped with modern labor-saving devices.

They were not replaced because they had failed to live up to quantity and quality. Progress overtook them on their long journey, and they gave way to the demand for machines which would handle more than one type-face—machines which could be instantly shifted from one face to another without loss of time.

There was no question about their ability to deliver the work for which they were designed—even up to the last hour of work. The last full day of seven hours No. 279 produced 64,000 ems of composition—an average of practically 10,000 ems an hour. On that day this machine had been twenty-six years and one month in the hands of one operator—George Bayzer.

Mr. Bayzer was the first man to cast a slug on No. 279—when it was the talk of the state and considered to be twenty years ahead of its time. He was also the last man to cast a slug on this faithful old machine—when progress came along and shoved it aside.

When Bayzer first sat down to the keyboard of No. 279 he was wearing freckles and short trousers. He has literally grown up with this Linotype. His daily association with the machine brought him a good living, a good income, and an education away above the average. Is it any wonder that he could not look upon the parting of their ways without a sentiment of regret?

Since the election of President Harrison this machine had been the means by which Mr. Bayzer had earned \$30,000 in wages. This Linotype has produced a total of four hundred and fourteen million ems of composition.

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and at the same time—by saving the cost of human drudgery at an average of \$60 per week—it has earned the Montgomery Advertiser \$75,000, after deducting the original cost and the cost of maintenance and power.

One of Mr. Bayzer's best "runs" measured 11,700 ems per hour for seven hours, working from the hook and making his own corrections. There were many runs near this mark, as Bayzer is a very swift operator, but this is the best one recorded.

To properly estimate the character and worth of a Linotype, it must be remembered that this machine did as much and as good work during its last year of service as in any previous year.

As a memorial of the wonderful records of Linotype service and durability, No. 279 has been preserved; a silent witness of what has been done in one style of composition and is now being done in a more comprehensive way—in all departments of printing—by the Linotype—Linotype Bulletin.

Activities of Women.

In South China women radicals are fast becoming soldiers.

Women predominate in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

Mrs. Ella M. Wellman, of Augusta, Me., has a hobby of collecting pitchers, and at the present time has an assortment numbering more than 700.

Ignoring the conventions of centuries, Pope Plus has appointed a woman housekeeper. She has served his family for the past forty years.

A charter has been granted to the Women's Trust Company of Philadelphia, a banking institution to be operated exclusively by women.

The Baroness de Reuter, a well-known French society woman who has been working as a mannequin, has opened a dress-making establishment in Paris.

Queen Victoria of Spain is a great lover of children and takes care of her youngsters personally instead of having nurses and tutors.

Miss Mupia Ju, a Chinese girl, claims the distinction of being the only one of her sex and race now engaged in army aviation. She is a regular member of the aviation corps in the Chinese army and takes her turn regularly to fight battles for the South China government.

Mrs. Anna Dickle Olsen, Democratic candidate for the United States Senate from Minnesota, is touring that State in an automobile, making speeches in every town on the way.

HIS LAST COPY.

Manuscript Found After North Carolina Editor's Death.

(The following was found only a few days ago among the manuscript of the late B. C. Ashcraft. We regret its not being published at a more timely season—but we did not know he had ever written such an article—Monroe Enquirer, June 19, 1922.)

Many a time during the years gone by have I answered the call of the man at the type-setting machine or the "case" for "copy. This is my last answer to that unstaying call "copy."

The eyes of him who hangs this copy on the hook will not, after it is set, read the proof for they will be death dimmed. The hand that wrote it will not mark the errors on proof sheet, for before it is set that hand will be cold, numb and cunningless in the grave.

The thought of laying aside my pen—and that forever—is a staggering one, but there is no use to wince nor cry aloud, not a bit of it. About the best thing to do is to be reconciled—and if I am not reconciled what's the difference?

"Was your uncle reconciled when he met death?" a long-faced preacher asked a boy whose uncle had died.

The boy replied, "—I he had to be."

Now this contemplation of unbuckling the harness, of quitting the world I love, is calculated to bring on some sob stuff and it may be that some of you like to read that kind of stuff—but I do not like to write it.

For many years I have written copy for the Enquirer. I have told of the successes of our people. I have gladly told of their joys and it has been a delight to me to chronicle the fact for them the banner of success floated full mast and that for them the bugle of victory was sounding sharp and clear. Sorrowfully I have told of the griefs of our people. With a heavy heart and an unwilling hand I have told of death entering the homes of our people, of pain, sickness, suffering and loss coming to the people whose servant I have been in the way of furnishing them with the local news. But no more will I talk of the events, good or bad, cheering or sorrow-laden, in our community.

I pass my pen to another hand. I wish I knew who will take my place here in the Enquirer office. I might

tell him a few things that would be of interest, if not of benefit to him.

My work, as I have intimated, has been pleasant. There have been, of course, times of gloom. The paw of old "hard-times" has, now and then pressed painfully hard on over-burdened shoulders, but there has not been a time when that hard old paw pressed down hard enough to crush to earth. The night has not been so dark that there was not now and then, between the clouds, the glimmer of the star of hope.

My relations with the public has been pleasant. The public is not as good as the candidate for office tells it that it is, neither is it so absolutely bad as the defeated candidate thinks it is, and taking it year by year the public is pretty fair in its dealing with the individual, at least I have found it so.

I have long since come to the conclusion, however, that the editor who pets the public is a fool and the editor who fears the public has a broad streak of cowardly, yellow cut in his make-up.

I have mingled with our people in public gatherings of about all kinds from preaching services to street brawls—but the thought comes that at the next gathering of the people where I will be one of the number I will be the "silent party" at the gathering, and at that gathering no matter what is said or done I will make no objections, but I do hope that on that occasion no self-appointed saint, who claims to know all about the other world and knows so little about this world that he wears a part of its inhabitants almost to death when he speaks, will make an ass of himself by "fulminating" over me and airing my many failings—a thing he did not have the nerve to do publicly while I was in the land of the living. Neither do I want any "sugarmouthed" individual who never had any kind words for me while I was tolling along the best I could to come and say pretty nothings over my rotting "remains." And you folks who have taken delight in throwing rocks at me when I was not looking, for God's sake, keep your flowers off of my grave—I do not need them.

I would like to leave a message to my business associates—the boys in the "shop"—but I cannot write about that for there comes a lump in my throat and, doggone it, my eyes fill with tears when I try to tell of the loyalty, fidelity, the patience of these who have labored with me year after

FOR RENT

I have a three year lease on new store building next to Postoffice on East DeKalb Street being built by Mr. Sanders. My plan was to open a gents furnishing store, but for reasons best known to myself I have decided not to open this business. Therefore, the store is now for rent. This is one of the prettiest locations in our city for a business of any kind.

J. L. MOSELEY, Camden, S. C.

year and some of whom have grown up in the shop. I love them with a love unutterable, and if the blessing of a dying man is worth a whoop, they will be endowed with richest blessings if old reason shall sit enthroned when I pass out. Boys, we have fought the battles together. You have not failed me. God bless you. If I have failed to act the man before you, forgive me as I hope God has forgiven me, for I have played the coward's part if I have been untrue, dishonest and unclean in my dealings with you or in my life before you I have not been aware of it. I have tried, God knows I have tried, to play the man in my work. You can tell the man who says that I knowingly wrote falsely of any person, institution or thing, that I withheld my pen from writing the plain truth when I deemed it best to write, for fear of any man or for favor from anyone on the face of the earth, that he is a liar.

Perhaps some one will want to know what are my views concerning death and the future state. My answer is, I "know" nothing about death, that mystery that all men since the race had its origin have faced, I know no more about the future than the cave men knew. And you who read this know no more. But although I do not know and cannot know I can trust—no man can do more.

I came across this bit of verse some time ago. I do not know who wrote

it, but it so well expresses my thought that I pass it on as the adopted child of my brain as I face death, the grave and the great unknown:

"I cannot feel
That all is well, when darkening
clouds conceal
The shining sun,
But then, I know
God lives and loves; and say, since it
is so,
Thy will be done,
"I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some
things to be,
When He is love.
But I can see
Tho' often dimly through the mystery
His head above,
"I do not know
Where falls the seed, that I have tried
to sow
With greatest care,
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour
below,
Sometime, Somewhere!
"I do not look
Upon the present, nor in nature's book,
To read my fate;
But I do look
For promised blessings in God's holy
book;
And I can wait."
B. C. ASHCRAFT.

Note—Boys print this as it is written. Read proof carefully. For me the "forms are locked." The last line is written.—B. C. A.

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- 2. You can sell tobacco under cooperative marketing.
- 3. You can pay more for graded tobacco than for "auction" tobacco.
- 4. The members of the Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association get the benefit of all savings in increased prices for their tobacco.

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