

## WHEN DUST GOES BANG.

Some Domestic Commodities As Explosive as Gunpowder.

Many mysterious explosives which at one time baffled the ingenuity of our keenest detectives, have been recently explained by the cold, methodical researches of our chemists, who, it will be remembered, also warned the government not to let Germany have cotton to manufacture gun-cotton.

The men of science have not been able to wipe out the miseries that have been caused to the thousands of persons who have been convicted or condemned of arson, and other similar crimes, without a cause, but they have certainly succeeded in teaching the police to be very careful before they blame any householder or manufacturer or servant for an explosion and the key to their researches has been always the same—dust.

How many cooks for example, realize that the ordinary everyday flour they use in their kitchens is one of the most dangerous of explosives? Recent calculations show that the contents of a 25-pound sack of flour mixed with 4,000 cubic feet of air, will, if ignited, throw a mass of iron weighing one ton 45 miles through the air. Indeed, many disastrous explosions have occurred in big flour mills from this cause, wrecking huge buildings and causing heavy loss of life.

Unhappily flour is not the only domestic commodity that is as dangerous in its destructive effects as gunpowder, and hourly threatens our homes with red ruin. Every now and then a sweet factory gets blown up in spite of the vigilance of the government inspectors, the watchfulness of the insurance companies, and the zeal of its foreman. Such an explosion occurred not long ago in Boston. It originated in a room where marshmallows were being made. These sweets are coated with finely pulverized sugar, and the hot and dry air on a summer's day, laden with sugar dust, with the result that the mixture ignited, a lot of workers were injured, and many of the buildings were set on fire.

It is nothing new to hear also of explosions of starch in starch mills and of rice in rice mills, and in each instance the blame is to be attributed to the innocent-looking commodities, and not to the malice or carelessness of the employees. Oatmeal, too, has been known to go off with dire results, and a great breakfast commodity mill not long ago was sent en bloc heavenwards owing to some maize dust mixed with air.

Spice dust in spice mills has also wrought similar damage, and all linoleum is now manufactured under special precautions against fire because sad experience has shown how easily cork dust and the cement used in linoleum manufacture will ignite, or even take fire of their own accord.

Soap is another domestic suspect. It has set fire to a ship in the mouth of the Thames. Only a few years ago there was a great explosion in a soap factory engaged in the production of finely powdered soap. "Some enemy hath done this thing!" muttered the proprietor, but as a matter of fact he and the detectives who hunted for criminals were for months on the wrong scent. "Soap is fat, and therefore combustible," the chemists reminded him. "Your soap powder was dry, and it got freely distributed through the air when it exploded with more violence and greater heat than flour or starch."

Zinc has been known to cause explosions. The story is often told how a workman once handling a quantity of finely powdered metallic zinc when he got a spell of laziness, and to save further trouble, threw a shovelful into a flaming furnace. There was a terrific explosion. The blade of his shovel was driven into the roof of the building, and he got half-killed.

Malt mills are also not immune from perils of explosion. In fact, detectives nowadays, when they are faced with explosions, the origin of which they cannot fathom, are always instructed by their superiors to remember human agency may not be the cause, but—dust.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Clever Alice.

Alice announced to her parents one morning that she had accepted the hand of Mr. Thornton.

"Why," cried the mother, a social climber, "you are crazy."

"But, mother, why?" asked the girl.

"Why, young Thornton will have no money for many years," replied the mother. "It all belongs to his grandfather, and after that comes his father, and you will be old before you get a chance to handle any of that money."

"But, mother—"

"No buts about it," said the mother, angrily, "you are making a miserable match."

"But, mother, it is the grandfather," said the girl, "that I have accepted."

Read The Herald, \$1.50 year.

## TILLMAN IN PORTLAND.

Says English and Japs Know All About Canal.

Portland, Ore., July 17.—Senator B. R. Tillman, of South Carolina, who is on his way to Alaska, reached here today to rest for a few days at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Henry W. Hughes. He said that during his recent trip to the Panama Canal he studied its defences carefully and found that the principal concern manifested there was to guard against observation by ships.

"All the information has been guarded very carefully," he said, "but there is no doubt the British and the Japanese are in possession of full information about the canal."

## The President's Story.

About a month ago President Wilson called Edward Bok to the white house, and a few days afterward the president came to Philadelphia to deliver his famous convention hall address, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Mr. Bok was one of the committee appointed to receive the president, and, as he greeted the president, the editor said:

"This is very courteous of you, Mr. President, to return my call so soon." The Wilson smile immediately came into evidence.

"Well," said the president, "I know you like to have everything quickly done in Philadelphia."

"Yes," retorted the editor, "we are so quick in Philadelphia that a story you told at the white house this morning has already reached here."

"So?" said the president. "Which story?" And Mr. Bok told him.

"That's right," said the president. "Isn't it a delicious yarn?"

This is the story. Secretary Daniels brought it to Philadelphia and told it at dinner:

"We were talking about misapprehension," said the secretary, "when the president chuckled and said, 'Yes, that reminds me of the story of the man who went to see a famous specialist who demanded that each new patient should come into his private room stripped so that he could give him a thorough examination. When this man's turn came, he protested to the doctor's assistant, and began, 'But I don't want to—'"

"That's the rule, sir, with new patients. The doctor insists upon it. If you will come in here and undress."

"Oh, very well," said the man, and, stripped to the skin, he was shown into the doctor's office.

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," replied the man.

"Nothing?" echoed the physician.

"Then why?"—pointing to his nude body.

"Well," said the man, "your assistant wouldn't let me see you with my clothes on, so I took them off."

"But," said the doctor, "what did you want to see me about?"

"Why," replied the stranger, "I called to see if I couldn't get you or your wife to subscribe to the Ladies' Home Journal."

## The Ways of Married People.

More than half the troubles of married people are the result of want of tact. Sensible matrimonial partners soon learn the ways and whims of each other, and, by tact, avoid the rocks which for ages have shattered the happiness of married life. For instance, a sensible wife soon discovers that her husband does not like to be asked his reasons for everything he does. Nine times out of ten he does not know what they are himself.

A prudent wife will not try to ape her rich neighbors, nor nag her husband for the money he cannot afford to give her. She will have the courage and independence to accept her life as she finds it, and make the most of it.

No wife ever realizes her most brilliant expectations of happiness. She will never be quite so happy as she expected to be, but she will not grieve over that. She will take the goods the gods provide, and be thankful.

The average man expects a good deal of his wife. He wants her to stay at home when he is out. He doesn't know why, neither does she; but it is so. He wants her to be there when he comes home. It does not seem right if she is not.

A tactful woman will not stand on her dignity with her husband, for it doesn't pay. The average husband has many and varied peculiarities which are totally incomprehensible to women. Do not try to understand them, for you cannot, and that is all there is about it.

If you are going to be married, make up your mind that you will be patient through the first two or three years, while you are getting used to each other. This is the crucial period in married life, and if it is passed in safety it is generally fairly plain sailing afterward.

Glendale Springs water will keep you healthy. For sale at Herndon's grocery store.—adv.

## THE LINOTYPE.

History of Machines Used to Set Type for The Bamberg Herald.

Sargon, king of Chaldea, had a library. The books were baked clay. The imprints on them, beautiful and minute, were made with bronze punches while the material was soft.

That was 4,000 years ago. King Sargon became forgotten. Chaldea became forgotten. Europe became great.

Columbus was born. It was 3,500 years after King Sargon. Books still were being written by hand.

Columbus was growing into a lad when the first effective improvement came. It was in 1454. Then Johann Gutenberg made the first book with movable type.

Men had printed for ages. They had even printed in colors, from wood blocks and with other devices. The greatness of Gutenberg's achievement was not in printing, but in the successful use of separate type. In that moment the human spirit found means of expression; and knowledge possessed till then by the few, was given to all.

Columbus found the New World. Spain lost it, then France, then England. The young republic flung its banners of States across the Appalachians. Printing still was almost as laborious as in Gutenberg's day. The printing press did not accompany the pioneer.

Our civil war came. Its news was set by hand as Gutenberg had set his first book. The compositor reached into his case of type for each letter separately, and separately dropped it into place to spell each word. To set a page no larger than an ordinary book the compositor's hand had to move one-half mile.

It was 1886, four hundred and thirty-two years after Gutenberg's first type was set, before the printer was emancipated from this painful, useless labor. In that year there appeared the first copy of a newspaper whose type had been composed not by hand, but by an instrument.

The newspaper was the New York Tribune. The instrument was the linotype.

That was only thirty years ago. Today newspapers composed on the linotype greet the sun in its flight around the world. They are in Africa, north and south. They are in Siberia, India and China, Japan and the Philippines, Hawaii, even the Ladrone islands of the far Pacific know the linotype. They tell the news in Alaska. They print it in Spanish and Portuguese under the snow-helmeted Andes, and a thousand miles up the Amazon river.

It is an achievement of our generation and typical of it. Thomas A. Edison says it is one of the ten wonders of the world.

It is not a "type-setting" machine. It has not a piece of type in it. It makes its own type—a new letter every time; and every time it forms a sentence it does twenty-three separate and intricate things.

To tell how this complex, marvelous instrument was devised, improved and made perfect is to tell a story of courage rather than mere inventive ingenuity.

The original device did not have even the germ of the linotype in it. It failed again and again. It succeeded in nothing save in impoverishing all who had anything to do with it. But it planted in their brains and spirits a dream.

They raised more money. They engaged Ottmar Mergenthaler, then working as a mechanic in a Baltimore shop.

From that time on the story is the story of improvement after improvements that refused obstinately for all their wonderful ingenuity, to produce a successful machine. More than one great invention or discovery, beset with such difficulties, has been abandoned in despair, to lie idle and forgotten for years or even generations, till new men found new courage to take it up again. This invention, fortunately, had men behind it who would not give up. They stayed. They heartened each other, and they heartened the inventor, ever and again. Ever and again they refilled the ever-emptying treasury.

Today, perfected to a degree that Mergenthaler would not have considered possible, there are 30,000 linotypes working around the world.—Exchange.

## War and Football.

"War is one thing, football is another," said Percy Haughton, the famous coach. "But before the new rules were introduced football and war were the same thing absolutely."

Mr. Haughton smiled.

"They tell a story of a player under the old rules. This player, just after a game, was seen hopping about the gridiron on one leg in the frosty autumn twilight.

"Limbering up your muscles, sir?" said a field attendant. "Limbering up after the game, sir?"

"Not at all," the player answered. "I'm looking for my left foot. You haven't seen it anywhere, have you?"

H. M. GRAHAM, Pres.

N. A. HUNT, 1st Vice Pres.  
ROBERT BLACK, 2nd Vice Pres.

J. E. NEWSOM, Cashier

## ENTERPRISE BANK

Bamberg, S. C.

Dear Sir:

The war clouds are thickening and the outlook for the future is not so bright. We have the greatest abundance of eatables, of things to wear and of money to spend. Would it not be wise to open a savings account with us—so that in case we should have a real panic in the future you would be on the safe side. There is nothing so uncomfortable as to be without money when you need it most. There is nothing so comforting as a bank account when money is at a premium.

In order to encourage those that would provide for a rainy day we have decided to pay 5 per cent. on all savings accounts left with us for three months or longer.

We are the first in this section to pay 5 per cent. on savings accounts, and if the money at interest in Bamberg county at 4 per cent. was increased to 5 per cent. and the difference given by the depositors to our several orphanages, there would be many a little soul made happy. Suppose we try it. We predict if this is done that Bamberg county will be the best advertised county in South Carolina and such an advertisement as this will be worthy of imitation, and will be followed by other counties. Let our county lead the other counties in good deeds.

It is our purpose and desire to have on deposit in our savings department by 1st February, 1916, at least fifty thousand dollars, and we want you as one of our depositors. It will help you and it will be appreciated by us. If you have an account with us now open one for your good wife or your children. It is wonderful how an account in the savings department will grow when started, and one dollar will start this account.

Yours very truly,

ENTERPRISE BANK.

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