

THE OMAHA EVENING BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor. EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class mail. DELIVERED BY CARRIERS. Evening Bee, without Sunday, per week... Daily Bee, without Sunday, per week... Sunday Bee, per copy... Daily Bee, including Sunday, per week...

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION. State of Nebraska, Douglas County ss. George B. Rosewater, Treasurer of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the Daily Morning Evening and Sunday Bee printed during the month of November, 1909, was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Circulation type and Number. Rows include Total, Daily Average, and Net Total.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Out of print—the North pole cook book.

Copenhagen has a corner on the cold comfort market.

And now if Andre should appear, would he be believed?

The name of the new minister, Tang, has a sound like a Chinese gong.

Mr. Wu took a look at the Hudson tunnel and declared it a big bore.

It looks as though the water wagon would have to start out on runners.

Of course the glutton who ate forty eggs in six minutes is cackling about it.

With Miss Spry as sponsor, the new battleship Utah ought to be a nimble fighter.

The naked truth appears to be that New York society is mad over the bare-foot dance.

The sugar ring evidently thinks Uncle Sam is running his business on the policy of your money back if you want it.

The eclipse of Zelaya was not scheduled in the almanacs, but it proved to be one of the most visible of the year.

A Yale man claims to have verified the Biblical story of Sodom and Gomorrah, but what says the king of Denmark?

The new naval gun throws a projectile nine miles, but it is not to be compared with the polar explorer's drawing of the long bow.

The woman who forgot her baby on a railroad train must have felt a good deal of the embarrassment of the bandman who lost his bass drum.

If that Virginia carries out his threat of marrying Carrie Nation, we may at last get an answer to the problem, "The Lady or the Tiger?"

Gifford Pinchot was unable to reach New Rochelle from New York on account of the snow, and it's only "forty-five minutes from Broadway."

The president may define whisky absolutely, that the purchasing public may be able to know exactly what it is buying, but the bartender will still respond to the request, "The same, please."

The esteemed Lincoln Star is finding it difficult to keep its politics, or anything else, on straight these gloomy holiday times. About the only consistent thing the Star does is to persist in its abuse of Omaha.

Down in El Paso the courts are cutting the fines for excess of liquid stimulation with the mercury drops, and every Texan with a fondness for the demon rum may be considered as petitioning for zero weather.

It is only natural that the World-Herald should seek to make political capital out of the punishment by the supreme court of a contumacious attorney because the offender happened to be a democrat. Not only is everything grist that comes to the World-Herald's mill, but it doesn't take much to start it grinding.

The Lincoln Traction company is doing much to prevent stagnation in the public mind at the capital city. It may not be fulfilling its perfect mission, but the small service it affords as a topic for caloric discussion in the cold weather should certainly commend it to the people suffering through its shortcomings.

The Garbage Question.

The city council should be very careful in dealing with the garbage question. At best, any ordinance it may adopt or any contract it may enter into will be merely a temporary expedient. The experience of Omaha with the garbage question from the beginning until the present has been most unfortunate. One experiment after another has followed in futile effort to discover some plan whereby household refuse may be gathered and disposed of without placing the charge directly on the city government. Ordinance after ordinance has been enacted, contract after contract entered into, suit after suit pushed through the courts, and always has the question come around to the starting point. Nothing has been discovered that will relieve the city of the responsibility or the household of the inconvenience that grows out of an attempt that has been made to substitute for the natural plan some makeshift method of collecting and disposing of garbage. Until the matter is taken over by the city and properly controlled under supervision of the health department the question will be open always for discussion and the annoyances and inconveniences will continue.

The ordinance at present before the council is, perhaps, the best that can be had in the present emergency, but it does not meet the requirements of the situation. Its adoption may relieve existing conditions, but it is only a matter of time when something will arise which will overturn the new plan and make it necessary to adopt another. For this reason steps should be taken to the end that before this disturbance arises plans will have been matured for placing the entire garbage question beyond the realm of uncertainty. This can only be done by putting it entirely upon the city government.

Knell of a "Model" Town.

Since the days of the Brook Farm Experiment several notable attempts at communistic harmony have been made in this country, and all have suffered the same lamentable fate. One of the latest from the socialistic point of view was Upton Sinclair's Helicon Hall, and the freshest failure of capitalistic paternalism is the "model" town of Ludlow, Mass.

So far appraised the surface condition of things at this manufacturing hive where corporation control and profit-sharing had been made the basis of operations that New Englanders proudly paraded the community before congress during the recent tariff session and utilized it as a basis of argument for some of the things that they wanted at the hands of the tariff framers.

It now appears that the people of Massachusetts were duping themselves, for all the spirit of harmony fled from Ludlow soon after congress adjourned, and for many weeks now there has been a bitter industrial struggle there, with 2,000 employes on strike. Eviction from the "model" homes followed, and up to date all the efforts of the State Board of Arbitration, as well as those of the labor unions, have been fruitless. The strikers were induced to return to work, but in a few hours marched out again on finding that strike-breakers were still employed.

Into the local merits of this labor and capital dispute it is unnecessary to go, the point of this observation being that in Ludlow, as in every such endeavor toward a community of interests between employer and employed, the human element is bound eventually to crop out. So long as men and women are actuated by the desire of personal gain, so long will the spirit of selfishness continue to crop out in all these experiments. Individuality is the keynote of race, and every attempt to destroy that unit as a factor will result in collapse. The fundamentals at Ludlow were wrong, just as they were wrong at Brook Farm and Helicon Hall, just as they were wrong at Pullman and Homestead. Thus have crumbled all hopes of socialistic, communistic and paternalistic home-making, whenever they have been put into practice. The individual and the family will continue to stand and flourish, but these are distinct units that never will cohere into "model" towns while human traits continue to animate the blood.

A Public Benefactor.

If the proper study of mankind is man, then the individual who pursues that study for the benefit of the race at large is entitled to great honor, and such belief undoubtedly actuated the committee in awarding a Nobel prize to Prof. Emil Theodor Kocher of Berne for his career in medicine and surgery. In the popular mind Prof. Kocher is best associated with the discovery that gaster is not a hopeless affliction as generally supposed, but could be successfully operated upon. Yet that was only an incident in a great career now rounding out the allotted span of life.

For his success in the treatment of goiter the world is indebted to Prof. Kocher's local environment, for he was familiar with this plague of Switzerland from his youth up, and he has taught his brethren the physiology and the surgery of the thyroid gland, which is the seat of the affliction noted. In this particular work Prof. Kocher demonstrated that the thyroid gland, long supposed to be a useless relic of human evolution, is in reality an important organ, and it is due to his thoroughness in this connection that much has been learned of the necessity to the human mechanism of organs which had been regarded as idle vestiges.

have been crowded with solutions of prophylactic surgery, as a result of which the profession knows vastly more than it did of the dangers of septic poisoning and how to avoid contamination of the flesh from the microorganisms which crowd the centers of population. The man who can discover precious truths of healing and transmit them to posterity is unquestionably one of the greatest of public benefactors, and as such the award of the Nobel committee has fallen worthily upon Prof. Kocher.

Wanted, An Astronomer.

By heeding the advice of President Taft as contained in one of the inconspicuous paragraphs of his recent message to congress, the national legislature can rid the United States of a blot that makes us a laughing stock among the nations and can transform one of our idle investments into a means of vast service to the scientific world. All that is wanted is that congress shall enable the president to appoint an eminent astronomer as permanent director of the Naval observatory, so-called. As the president notes, this is the most magnificent and expensive astronomical establishment in the world. Yet its resources for scientific investigation remain idle for lack of competent administration, and its standing is so deplorable that the royal astronomer of England and the Oxford professor of astronomy were compelled to say of it, in passing judgment after inspection: "The system of appointing as director a naval officer whose knowledge of astronomy is limited by nautical requirements, and changing him every few years, makes it kinder not to say more until this system is altered."

The observatory does for the navy the routine work of regulating the scientific instruments needed for navigation of our ships. As the president states, such purposes might easily and adequately be subserved by a small division connected with the Navy department at only a fraction of the cost. But with an eminent astronomer at its head the observatory would be bound to become as famous in results as it is now in equipment. We have taken the lead in so many things that it should be a matter of national pride that we take the lead also in astronomical investigation, particularly when all that we have to do is to man competently the plant already prepared.

Preserving the Landmarks.

"Remove not the ancient landmark" is a scriptural injunction to whose value the United States is only beginning to subscribe in earnest. Spasmodic efforts at preservation have been made here and there, the most notable being in the case of the Yellowstone, but the insensate greed of the utilitarian world has wrought heavy damage in many spots of beauty and wonder ere the people awoke to a realization of the wantonness.

The Pallades of the Hudson have been saved after years of desultory fighting, during which commercialism was steadily at work scarring the noble features of the Hudson. Similar destruction of the famous Delaware Water Gap has been averted with the utmost difficulty. Only private enthusiasm and ability to pay saved and perpetuated the Garden of the Gods, and a wealthy patron has just presented as a Christmas gift to Colorado Springs.

In the meantime the vandalism of the industrial world is making inroads at our international show place, Niagara, and it is incumbent upon both our own government and that of Canada to become immediately energetic in pushing the plans for preservation, if we would not see the great cataract and its surroundings despoiled beyond recovery.

The Flight of Zelaya.

By his flight to Mexico Zelaya appears to have saved our government from the embarrassment of seeking prosecution of the deposed president as a malefactor on Nicaraguan soil, a difficult and unhappy duty. It has been the history of the United States to be lenient to such offenders after the cause which they have advocated was once abandoned, and it would be hard to discover a precedent for pursuing Zelaya when once he had surrendered his wand of office and sword of oppression and found sanctuary.

His flight was timely and prudent, and since we have still to deal with the reconstruction of stable government in Nicaragua we can afford to ignore his ignominious retreat. In our future dealings with Nicaragua we have to enact the part of an offended, but magnanimous, neighbor, provided that every disposition of friendship and justice is manifested by the authorities of that troubled republic.

The right of another country, such as Mexico, to afford asylum to Zelaya is older than international law. It goes back to those ancient days when cities of refuge were definitely established in which offenders could find shelter. In modern times we have the escape of Nord Alexis from the wrath of the Dominicans to the hospitality of the French.

Republics in Iowa are getting closer together because they have discovered that the result of their internal division is the election of democrats to office by republican votes. The same thing is true in Nebraska, and the lesson of the present state administration is one that should be always in mind.

When Mr. Gaynor starts his prosecution against the libelous yellows the New York atmosphere is likely to become more saffron than during the late majority campaign.

Some Things You Want to Know

The Holy Land—The Ancient Port of Jaffa.

Jaffa is the seaport of Jerusalem now, just as it was in the days of Solomon when it received the cedar and pine sent by Hiram of Tyre for the building of the great temple in Jerusalem. Jaffa is the Joppa of the Scriptures, and it is one of the oldest historical cities in the world. It is described as a seaport of importance in existing tablets dating back fifteen centuries before Christ. It is the reputed scene of the legend of Andromeda, and in Phiny's time tourists were shown, the chains by which she was bound to the rock for the cruel monster afterwards slain by Perseus. Perhaps this Greek legend was the development of the years of Ionic seafarers, who had had adventures in landing a cargo at this seaport of Canaan. For there was never a seaport which offered so few advantages and so many difficulties for mariners.

Nearly all visitors to the Holy Land disembark at Jaffa, and the experience is usually the most exciting and memorable of the whole journey to Palestine. There is no harbor, and the ships anchor in an open roadstead. Passengers are taken off in rowboats manned by crews of magnificently proportioned Arab boatmen, who pilot their small craft through the channels between the rocks upon which the breakers lash themselves into foam. In the afternoon the landing is sufficiently difficult to contain the element of danger, and if there is the least wind disembarkation is impossible. In such event the passengers are carried on northward to Haifa, at the foot of Mt. Carmel. As it is only a morning's railroad journey from Haifa to Jerusalem, and as it is a three day's wagon journey from Haifa to Jerusalem, most people prefer to risk the dangers of the Jaffa landing.

Jaffa is associated in tradition and history with many of the greatest men the world has known, but it was not visited, up to the time of the Crusades, by a chief city of the Canaanitish regime, which preceded the Hebrew Empire of David and Solomon. It was an important seaport used by Alexander the Great, it was the scene of St. Peter's vision, which caused him to include the Gentiles within his mission. It was the port of entry of the successful Crusaders during the middle ages, it was the base of operations of Saladin, when he expelled the Christians from Jerusalem, it was an important factor in the military operations of the Hame-lukes, and it was the scene of the most disastrous act in the career of Napoleon the Great.

But now Jaffa has turned from war to peace, and it is famous all over Europe as the place from which comes the most delicious oranges in all the world. Not even California and Florida, having the advantage of the most fertile soil, the scientists, can dispute with Jaffa the primacy of the orange growing world. Everything about the ancient city smells of oranges. Jaffa has a population of about 40,000, two-thirds Mohammedan. There is a considerable German colony in the city, and other German colonies are scattered about the neighborhood. These Germans grow the greater part of the oranges. The well kept orange groves, surrounded by hedges of prickly pears, suggest southern California, and scenes altogether out of place amid these Oriental surroundings.

These German colonies are comparatively modern, and the industry in Palestine was unknown in Bible times. But it is impossible to look upon the groves with their thousands of golden globes outlined against the silvery green of the trees without recalling the words "Apples of gold in pictures of silver." The people seem to live in happiness, large, very sweet, very juicy, and altogether delicious. And furthermore, to the delight of the tourist, they are ridiculously cheap.

The city of Jaffa was completely destroyed during the Wars of the Crusades, so that in the middle ages, at one time, it contained nothing but a few tents, and sheltered a miserable tribe of fishermen. That fact does not interfere in the least, however, to the present fact that every visitor in Jaffa is shown the very house of Simon the Tanner upon the roof of which Saint Peter gave the vision of the clean and the unclean beasts which was the beginning of his preaching to the Gentiles. One is shown also the house where Dorcas was restored to life by the prayers of the

BY FREDERICK J. HASKELL. TOMORROW THE HOLY LAND—THE PLAIN OF SEBASTON.

WOES OF THE JUROR.

Reform in Present Methods an Urgent Need. Louisville Courier-Journal. A writer in Scribner's Magazine discusses the difficulties that beset the juror and points out that the treatment accorded the twelve good men and true is often as disgraceful in consideration as that granted to the criminal they are trying. The pen picture which follows is not overdrawn:

"The juror, from his first entrance in response to the court's peremptory summons, finds little in his treatment to present with an ideal of special dignity in his position, even if he has no overt cause of complaint. He is herded with his fellows, ordered about by the tipstaves or bailiffs of court, addressed in peremptory tones; sometimes, if in his unfamiliarity he is going the wrong way, he is grabbed by one of these gentry of the badge and hustled as if he were the prisoner in the dock. He sits in the courtroom with an over-present sense, if he is sensitive, that he must be careful not to get into trouble; the feeling of liberty is gone, he is enveloped in an atmosphere of restraint. Really he is placed more on an equality with the prisoner at the bar than with the judge on the bench, yet he is as essentially a part of the court as that august potentate and may have at any time a greater responsibility imposed upon him."

In the light of these statements it is small wonder that so many men shrink from doing jury service. The compensation of a juror is small. It is not infrequently the case that a trial drags along for several weeks. The juror, however, likely is serving as a personal discomfort. Most assuredly he is serving at personal discomfort. As the writer in Scribner's put it, he is "herded with his fellows" and were he on trial for a high crime he would scarcely be subjected to more rigid surveillance.

It requires some degree of patriotism and some measure of self-sacrifice for a good citizen to serve on a jury. Perhaps that is one reason why the "professional juror" has come to be recognized as something akin to a necessary evil and why his presence is tolerated in many courthouses. The laws, to begin with, are not favorable to securing the best material for the making of juries. When, in addition, the juror is treated more like a criminal than a law-abiding citizen, and a necessary arm of the court, it is not unnatural that capable men should shrink away and that most juries are no better than they ought to be and many of them not as good.

The bar associations and the judicial experts who are giving so much attention to a reform in the courts and to the law's delays might profitably devote some consideration to the jury system.

Profitable Dictating. Chicago Record-Herald. It is reported that Zelaya has transferred \$22,000,000 to Antwerp, so that he may be able to get it after he makes his escape from Nicaragua. Dictating may not always be a safe job, but it appears occasionally to be very profitable.

"Sooner" Stinted. Washington Herald. Governor Haskell is said to be suffering from melancholia, occasioned by the failure of his guaranteed bank deposits idea as a practical proposition. Governor Haskell lacks much of being as calmly philosophical as Mr. Bryan.

THE OLDEST NATIONAL BANK IN NEBRASKA. Established in 1857 as Kountze Bros. Nationalized in 1863. Charter No. 209. One of the Safest Forms of Investment Is a 3% Certificate of Deposit In This Bank, Which Has Over \$12,000,000 of Assets. The published statement of November 15, '09, showed that this bank had outstanding interest bearing certificates totalling \$1,988,810.

COOKED REMARKS.

Baltimore Sun: Doctor Cook finds that everybody is from Missouri. Louisville Courier Journal: What does it matter where he went? Hereafter civilized men can live without Cook. St. Louis Globe Democrat: Don't tell it to the Danes unless the evidence at least amounts to a fighting chance. Pittsburg Dispatch: They are making as much fuss over the whereabouts of Dr. Cook as though some one really was anxious to find him. Kansas City Times: Anyhow, Doctor Cook sailed away \$80,000 or \$100,000 before the big crash came, which may entitle him to associate with the malefactors of great wealth.

New York Tribune: It is evident that Commander Peary had authority for his swift and emphatic denunciation of Dr. Cook. The opinion will prevail, nevertheless, that he could have afforded to wait. Philadelphia Record: By living a whole year in the Arctic regions for the purpose of making a North pole discovery, Dr. Cook certainly earned all the money he gained besides the contempt of the civilized world—provided he is a sane man. Washington Herald: We might forgive an erstwhile near-hero for being a faker and a liar, perhaps, but when it comes to forgiving him for being a natural-born idiot—well, that is straining humanity and contumacious of heart to the ultimate limit. Springfield Republican: If Dr. Cook is not the impostor he is now appearing to be, he will begin to get decidedly busy early next summer. The first thing then for him to do will be to climb Mt. McKinley and produce that brass tube or perch in the attempt to beat the next thing to do will be to recover the effects at Etah and bring down the two Eskimos.

PASSING OF THE IDLE RICH.

Duties More Exact Than Task of the Hired Man. New York Tribune. Frederick Townsend Martin's statement that "in ten years the idle rich have practically disappeared in New York" is endorsed by W. J. Bryan as the testimony of the man most competent to speak for this class. The statement is, however, no more than a reiteration of a self-evident fact. It is a matter of common observation that the supposedly idle rich are among the most industrious members of the community. When they are not engaged in running automobiles for records they are busy tooling coaches from Fifth Avenue to Arley or from London to Brighton, or racing American thoroughbreds on the English and French race tracks. They play polo, hunt foxes and follow an exhausting round of sport from Newport to Auteuil. Their occasional leisure from these serious pursuits is occupied in defending divorce suits. There could be no greater fallacy than that time is a burden on the hands of the very rich. Few clerks have so much to do. The young plutocrat who ordered two high-power automobiles before breakfast on hearing that a friend had received a new car furnished an example of the rivalry of wealth from which nobody who is anybody in society is exempt. And as with motor cars so with other objects of emulation, from old masters, if the taste lies that way, to co-respondents.

The contagion has spread to the other sex, whose social duties allow them no respite and for whom there is only a constructive recess between the Palm Beach season and the spring and fall campaigns at Lenox or on the Riviera. Their industry is seen in the example of the society leader who has found it necessary to curtail her hours of sleep to attend suffragist conferences.

In place of reprobation for the miscalled "idle rich" there should be sympathy with a class who in Mr. Townsend's apt phrase count leisure a dishonor and are working hard at recreation. For them there is no holiday save no cotter's Saturday night when the tolls of the week are over, but a ceaseless round of inexorable pleasures which may well excite commiseration.

Aboriginal Humor.

Nashville American. Somewhere behind the Indian's frozen face there is a sense of humor, though the world has always been disposed to deny him this faculty. On this supposition only it is possible to appreciate the composition of the young redskin at the Hampton school; "Patrick Henry was not a very bright boy. He had blue eyes and light hair. He got married one time and, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"

PERSONAL NOTES.

President Tatt, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, walked seven miles last Monday. In time of peace prepare for war. Higher idealists in St. Louis criticize the use of a hearse in carrying a load to a fire, as though it was the first offense in that section.

Europe is particularly strong on boy kings now, and despite the fact that Manuel was caught winking at a music hall dancer, the boys behave pretty well. Mr. Bradley, who was the financial backer of the Cook expedition, is said to be disgusted with the whole business. Even the fact that a lot of Arctic land that nobody ever saw has been named for him does not seem to soothe.

Since the bounce of a Chicago policeman for cowardice in dodging a robber the remaining members of the force were quite cheery about their courage until a frat photographer put to flight all members of a station house crew. He had the smallpox. Henry Ward, a millionaire of Pontiac, planted 2,000 acres of Crawford county pine barrens with apple trees a few years ago, and intended to plant 30,000 more, but he died before he did this made application to have him declared insane. He was declared sane, of course.

Joseph Lomax, long a resident of LaPorte, Md., but now living with his daughter in Indianapolis, celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary recently. Mr. Lomax for many years was a partner with Wilbur F. Storey in the publication of the Chicago Times. He was the first president of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad.

A noted Jewish educator, Dr. Sigmund Mannheimer of Cincinnati, died there suddenly December 15 while attending services in the chapel of the Home for the Jewish aged and infirm. He resided in the Ohio city soon after coming to this country from Germany as a young man and recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his service as professor of biblical literature at the Hebrew Union college. He was a poet in both Hebrew and German and was considered a profound scholar.

Calumet Restaurant For Sale. On January 3, 1910, at 10:30 A. M., at 615 Brandeis Building, Omaha, I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder, the Calumet, Omaha's largest restaurant, located at 1411-13-15 Douglas St. Further particulars on application. EDWARD F. LEARY, Trustee. 608 Brandeis Building. Omaha, Nebraska.

20% DISCOUNT. For Christmas buying, on Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, Ladies' Hand Bags, Toilet Sets, Music Rolls, Etc. These goods are all the very best value and lasting Christmas gifts. Omaha Trunk Factory. Phones—Douglas 1056; Ind. A1056.



LAUGHING GAS.

Imogene—I know papa is cross and surly some times and says things that are unkind, but you should judge him, Phillip, by his best. Phillip—O, I do, do! You're his best—Chicago Tribune. "So you don't believe that Santa Claus comes all the way from the North Pole?" said the precocious boy's father. "I don't say that I don't believe the story," was the reply, "but he'll have to submit his proofs."—Washington Star.

He—He is very popular with the weaker sex, is he not? She—Why, not? Every man I know detests him.—Chicago News. "So your farce-comedy played to light houses in Washington, eh? How do you account for that?" "Too much opposition." "Free opposition?" "Yes. Congress was in session."

Crabshaw—I've preached and preached to that boy about being decent, but he merely laughs at me. Mrs. Crabshaw—No wonder. You put all the best presents on the top of his Christmas stocking.—Judge. "Stiggins is trying to win Miss Ketchley on the commission plan." "Commission plan? How?" "He's held a conference, decided they wanted her in the family, appointed him to do the courting, and they are to watch him and offer suggestions from time to time."—Chicago Tribune.

Merely by way of experiment a Tamaqua mule, dying from lockjaw, was given an injection of antitoxin serum. Whereupon the mule arose up with considerable energy and kicked the injector through the shed window, and hit the owner in the arm, and smashed an innocent bystander against the wall, and then settled down to his hay.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HIS COMPLAINT.

Detroit Free Press. I don't object to dressing up. For dinner every day. I'm willing if my wife insists. The social game to play. A butler may be needed, since I lately struck it rich. But damn the salts and peppers that I can't tell which is which. I know that women folks are fond of social teas and things. I've spent hours sitting round. While some strange woman sings. I'm getting used to tony ways. But damn the salts and peppers that I can't tell one from 't'other. I've learned the silverware by heart. The salad fork I know. And every rule of etiquette I mastered long ago. I'm trying hard to play the part of a rich man. But damn the salts and peppers that I can't tell which is which.

Will It Scratch or Wear?

That's what you should know before using any Silver Polish. Many of them are so worded. They contain whitening, chalk and acids that were never intended for such a purpose.

ELECTRO-SILICON. Will not scratch or mar the finest surface. Its composition makes that an impossibility. As to brilliancy—you know how beautiful Silver is—take the Electro-Silicon reproduces. Get the genuine. FREE SAMPLE. Mailed on receipt of address. The Electro-Silicon Co., 210 N. 7th St., New York. Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.