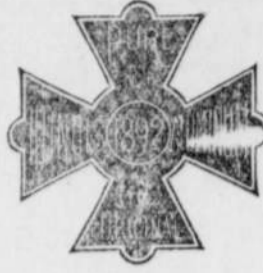


"1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Ware

15 Days at Our Risk

Buy any piece of this ware from your dealer—try it fifteen days. If in that time you find that all the claims we make for it are not true, and if it is not just as represented, take it back and get your money.



Here at last is the ideal kitchen and cooking utensil—"The Ware That Wears"—made from Pure Spun Aluminum, and guaranteed by the makers to last 25 years with average usage. "Spun" Aluminum, mind you, not cast Aluminum, which will sometimes crack and scale. Spun Aluminum Ware will never crack, peel, scale or break.

Enamel ware is iron coated with colored glass. Iron expands with heat. Colored glass does not, but chips off into the food with dangerous results to those who eat it.

"1892" Pure Aluminum Ware Saves Doctors' Bills.

It enables you to bake bread, pies, pancakes, etc., without grease, which is the great cause of dyspepsia and indigestion. Aluminum gridles require no grease; hence are smokeless and odorless.

"1892" Pure Aluminum Ware Will Not Scorch or Burn

—is easily cleaned, will not rust or corrode. Handsome in appearance. Looks like silver, but weighs only about one-fourth as much, and is light and convenient to handle.

The original and only genuine Spun Aluminum Ware is made by the Illinois Pure Aluminum Co. at Lemont, Ill. Every piece bearing their trade-mark, the Maltese Cross, and marked "1892" Pure Aluminum Ware is absolutely pure, wholesome and hygienic—guaranteed for 25 yrs.

See that you get the right goods and accept no substitute.

For Sale by

KING & SMITH CO.

Pure Aluminum Souvenirs given away free during this sale.

ENAMEL WARE CAUSES CANCER, SAYS DOCTOR

Tells Homoeopaths Particles From Dishes Start Growths in Stomach.

Special Dispatch to The North American.

ATLANTIC CITY, Sept. 11.

INTRODUCTION of modern enamel ware in the kitchens of the country is responsible for many cases of cancer, was the striking theory advanced by Dr. William H. Dieffenbach, of New York, in a paper entitled, "Observations on the Etiology of Cancer," read before the Bureau of Sanitary Science and Public Health, at which leading experts of the International Homoeopathic Congress met today to discuss questions of public health.

The argument advanced was that chipping of the hard-coated dishes used in preparation of meals allowed minute but dangerous particles of foreign matter to become mixed with the food. These are taken into the stomach, where the cancerous growth is caused by abrasions which they make in the walls of the organ.

—Clipping from Philadelphia North American, Sept. 12, 1909.

The Steel Men Are Happy.

The dinner given by the independent steel manufacturers of the country in New York to Elbert H. Gray, the head of the United States Steel Corporation, was far enough out of the ordinary course of things to attract wide attention. As the independent steel men are all rivals of each other, and as all of them are, in their smaller field competitors of the steel trust, over which Mr. Gary presides, the welcome to him which has just been given shows an era of good feeling among the men of that important branch of trade which was not known in the past, and such as would not be looked for in any great field of industry.

But the difficulty which the steel manufacturers, small and great, meet now is not the competition of rivals, but the endeavor to fill their orders on time. In most of their workshops the orders which are ahead would keep them busy for five or six months, if not another request were received in the interval. The home demand so far exceeds the supply that railways and other large interests which want iron and steel fabrics are, in many instances, compelled to go outside of the country to get them. This is one of the reasons for the heavy imports at this time. The imports of merchandise are close to the highest point of the past.

More Men Give Views As to The Model Wife.

Some interesting masculine views as to what constituted an ideal helpmate were stated last evening by Rev. Dr. Forrest E. Danger, of St. Paul's Reformed Episcopal Church, Broad and Venango streets, who preached on "A Model Wife." At his request various male members of the congregation sent him letters expressing their opinions on this interesting subject, and these he read, to the great wonder and edification of the large number of women present. Some of the views expressed follow:

"An ideal wife would not spend \$25 a week on a \$20 salary."

"One that does not spend three parts of her time gadding with the neighbors."

"One that has the breakfast dishes washed when her husband comes home to supper."

"One who keeps her home neat and tidy."

"One who does not harass the life and soul out of a man."

"One who enjoys his prosperity and is ready to sympathize with him in adversity and helps to make the home happy."

"One who thinks more of her children than a bull pup."

"A woman with more gray matter in her upper story than red paint on her busybody face."

"A woman who dresses well is remembered more for herself than her clothes."

"A woman who cares more for her home and children than for afternoon bridges and parties."

"A woman who realizes the value of peroxidides as a disinfectant, not as a hair dye."

"A woman who does not consider her home complete when it consists of herself, her husband and a dog."

"A woman who reads, understands and obeys her Bible."

Dr. Danger in his sermon advocated a combination of the ideas presented. Especially should a woman be neat and tidy, keep herself nicely dressed, always have the meals ready when her husband arrives home, love her children and home, read the Bible faithfully and go to church regularly.—Philadelphia Record.

False Report against Republicans

Mr. Taft was very properly indignant at the effrontery of one of the talkers at the reception in Albuquerque, who said that "if the Republicans, in the convention of 1908, had refused to promise to admit New Mexico and Arizona to statehood the Gompers anti-injunction plank would have forced itself into the Republican platform." He added, "Now that the Republicans have entered into a contract on the subject, possibly they may let the territories in." Mr. Taft's response was prompt and pointed: "Lest it may go on without contradiction, I want to say right here that there never was any chance of the passage of what Mr. Gompers requested in the Republican convention. The resolution that I wanted the convention to pass on the subject of injunctions was defeated, and a resolution milder in form was put in the platform. This is history, and I don't want history to be recorded other than as we understand it to be."

Every Republican in the country will applaud the president for his repulse to this prevaricator. The time to expose a falsehood is at the moment when it is uttered. This was the first appearance of this particular piece of mendacity, Gompers, Mitchell and a few other leaders of the American Federation of Labor, all of them Democrats, had, in January and February, 1908, attempted to coerce a Republican Congress into the enactment of legislation which would, in labor contests, virtually legalize the boycott and abolish the injunction.

The only visible justification for the

high price of meat is the swollen fortunes of the Chicago packers.

Circling the Eiffel Tower in an aeroplane is easy work compared with getting around Uncle Joe Cannon with a bill he doesn't like.

President Taft imagined himself to be a pretty big man until he saw the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The Grand Canyon dwarfs everything and over-awes everybody.

It is apparent that the Peary-Cook-Mount McKinley-North Pole controversy has come to stay, and that the Ananias Club will gain tremendously in membership.

President Taft may have been too outspoken in telling the people of Arizona and New Mexico to avoid the Oklahoma plan of erecting a state, but it was good advice nevertheless.

It would be perfectly agreeable to the Department of the Interior to give Gifford Pinchot detailed to command the expedition that is to ascend Mount McKinley in search of Dr. Cook's records.

Mr. Barrie has made thousands of women love him, but the women he loved and made his wife has found another man she loves more, and one, too, who could never make a Peter Pan or any kind of a pan, and who, perhaps, would not even know how to open a pot.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
for children; safe, sure. No opiates



FARMERS READ THE WEEKLY OREGONIAN OF PORTLAND

For the general news of the World also for information about how to obtain the best results in cultivating the soil, Stock Raising, Fruit Growing etc. You can secure this excellent paper by

Subscribing for the Headlight. Both Papers for \$2.25.

George III. and the Wigmakers.
When George III. ascended the throne of England his wealthy subjects were beginning to leave off wigs and to appear in their own hair. "If they had any." As the sovereign was himself one of the offenders, the peruke makers, who feared a serious loss of trade, prepared a petition in which they prayed his majesty to be graciously pleased to "shave his head" for the good of distressed workmen and wear a wig, as his father had done before him.

When the petitioners walked to the royal palace, however, it was noticed that they wore no wigs themselves. As this seemed unfair to the onlookers they seized several of the leading professionalists and cut their hair with any implement that came most readily to hand.

From this incident arose a host of curious caricatures. The wooden leg makers were said to have special claims on the king's consideration, inasmuch as the conclusion of peace had deprived them of a profitable source of employment; hence the suggestion that his majesty should not only wear a wooden leg himself, but enjoin the people to follow his laudable example.

As Others See Us.

"The man who can pick out the best picture of himself is a rare bird," said a photographer. "Even an author, who is reputedly a poor judge of his own work, exercises vast wisdom in selecting his best book compared with the person who tries to choose his best photograph. Every famous man or woman who has been photographed repeatedly has his or her favorite picture. Usually it is the worst in the collection. It shows him or her with an unnatural expression, sitting or standing in an unnatural attitude. The inability to judge of his best picture must be due to the average man's ignorance of how he really looks, or perhaps it can be partly attributed to a desire to look other than he does. A stout man will swear that the photograph most nearly like him is the one that makes him look thin, a thin man the one that makes him look stout, the solemn man selects the jolliest picture, the jovial man the most cadaverous.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Famous Quotation.

A story about Keats is quoted by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson in his "Lives" of disciples of Aesculapius. Mr. Stephens, a friend of the doctor, once told him that one evening at twilight when he and Keats were sitting together in their student days, Stephens at his medical books, Keats engrossed in his dreaming, Keats called out to his friend that he had composed a new line—"A thing of beauty is a constant joy."

"It has the true ring, but is wanting in some way," replies the latter as he dips once more into his medical studies.

An interval of silence, and again the poet. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." "What think you of that, Stephens?" "That it will live forever." "A happy prophecy indeed!"

The Forests on the Niger.

The insects of Africa are expert disease carriers, and they come in such numbers on the Niger that one hardly dares to use one's lamp or go too near a light of any sort at night. These forests on the Niger are deadly places for all their haunting attraction and take a big toll both of European and native life. Yet the first three days on the Niger, with all its mud and its smell and its mangrove flies and its frogs and its crickets, are enough to give the newcomer an inkling of the drawing power, the fascination, of what is probably the most unhealthy country in the world.—W. B. Thompson in Blackwood's.

Dodging a Slander.

During a suit for slander brought in an Ohio town one of the parties was asked by the presiding magistrate: "Is it true, as alleged, that you declared that Thomas Mulkins had stolen your pocketbook?"

"Your honor," responded the man, "I did not go so far as that. I merely said that if Mulkins had not assisted me in looking for the pocketbook I might have found it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Before and After.

She was a frivolous, fashionable young woman with beaux galore, but one man with only a small income seemed to be the favorite.

"You'll have to work hard before you win that girl," said his mother.

"And a good deal harder after you win her," answered his father, who knew what he was talking about.

His Poems.

"May I offer you this little gift, Fraulein Kate?"

"Excuse me—I never take presents from men."

"But it is only a copy of my book of poems."

"In that case I will accept. I thought it was something valuable."—Fliegende Blätter.

The Place For It.

An old Scotswoman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

The Shake.

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?"

"I shook my head."

"Sideways or up and down?"—Boston Transcript.

A Food Expert.

"What is a food expert?"

"Any man who can make his wages buy enough for the family table."—Philadelphia Ledger.

In the Old Germanic Wilderness.

Leaving Mummelsee on a misty morning, you enter a green underworld of strange dew bediamonded brilliance, skirt the head of a deep southward looking valley and emerge upon a sunny open plateau beyond Eckle and look down upon Wildsee, circled by the dark pines of an untouched forest that stretches away to the blue and distant hills. It is easy here to imagine yourself back in the heart of the old Germanic wilderness, in the heroic days when Hagen slew Siegfried with a coward's blow. The morning sun glims upon bright spear tops among the trees and the wind brings snatches of rough war songs shouted by barbarian tribes. Your heart swells with the lust of battle and the chase, and if you have German blood in your veins it will back through the dark middle ages to that dim and mystic youthday of the world when heroes met at the Iliad, the Hohenweg drops into the romantic place and crosses the government road, and before climbing the steep side of the Rothe Schilfkopf.—From "A Black Forest Pathway" by Frederick Van Beuren, Jr., in Scribner's.

Verdi and Bismarck on Titles.

The composer Verdi was offered a title of nobility by King Victor Emmanuel. It was intended that he should be created Marquis or Conte de Busseto, after the estate upon which he lived. The composer refused the offer energetically. He considered that Verdi was somebody and that the Marquis de Busseto would be nobody.

Even Bismarck was unable to parry a blow of this character. When the young emperor broke with him he conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lauenbourg. Bismarck received the parchment with this exclamation: "A pretty name! It will be handy for traveling incognito."

Some days after a parcel arrived at Varzin bearing the address "Mme. in Duchesse de Lauenbourg."

Bismarck, to whom it was delivered, being then at table, arose and, offering the letter to his wife, remarked ironically: "Duchess, enchanted to make your acquaintance!"

Faithful to His Trust.

I was waiting near the elevator in the factory building for my friend to come down when I noticed a small boy sitting in one corner of the hall holding a large, thick sandwich. He eyed the sandwich lovingly for a long time, then he carefully lifted off the top slice of bread, took out a piece of pickle, ate it and replaced all as before. In a few seconds he again removed the top piece, extracted a piece of pickle and a piece of meat and replaced the top. Again and again the performance was repeated until all the pickle and meat were gone. He then looked at the sandwich and said: "Why don't you eat up your sandwich and not pick at it in that way?" I asked the boy with some curiosity. "Why," he answered, looking up with great innocence, "it ain't my sandwich."—Woman's Home Companion.

Where Women Swim Best.

"The Korean women are the best swimmers in the world," said a life guard. "The Korean pearl diving is in their hands. They swim—they don't boat—they swim out to the pearl fisheries of Quepart, lugging baskets with them. After this swim of half an hour they dive down fifty feet and fetch up queer one shelled pearl oysters as big as babies. They dive till their baskets are full—the baskets are corked to keep them afloat—and after three or four hours' work they swim back home with their catch. The big one shelled oysters are valuable as pearl mines and as food too. A half dozen Koreans will sit down to an oyster as gaily as you or I sit down to a broiled lobster. Sometimes when the great shellfish is eaten raw it quivers and moans slightly as the knife is plunged into it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Man and the Lion.

"When I was once in danger from a lion," said an old African explorer, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I did no weapons."

"How did it work?" asked his companion.

"Perfectly. The lion didn't even offer to touch me."

"Strange! How do you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I've thought it was because I sat down on a branch of a very tall tree."

Very Queer.

"My husband has been out late every evening this week attending important club meetings."

"Yes, so has mine. They belong to the same club, you know."

"Why, how queer! My husband says he hasn't seen your husband in six months!"—Cleveland Leader.

The Way She Dressed Him.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" was asked of a small boy by the visitor.

"Oh," said he, "I want to be a man, but I think mamma wants me to be a lady."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Experienced Father.

Wife—My dear, the nursery needs redecorating. What would you suggest for the walls? Husband—Corrugated iron.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Food Expert.

"What is a food expert?"

"Any man who can make his wages buy enough for the family table."—Philadelphia Ledger.