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MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING  
My FREE illustrated book describes the causes, symptoms and injurious effects of Piles; also the non-surgical methods which enable one to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure.

## British Indian Troops Want Native Officers

Delhi, India.—The Indianization of the Indian army, which has been one of the most disturbing questions in Indian politics during recent months, is being made a leading subject for discussion at the present session of the national legislature. The object sought by the Indians is to have only Indian officers for Indian troops. Agitation along this line has been increasing gradually for several years, and is expected to result in legislative action at an early date.  
In a recent meeting of the legislative assembly, Yamin Khan moved to recommend to the governor general in council that he get king's commissions for Indians by direct recruitment until all Indian regiments are wholly Indianized.  
Yamin Khan, in urging his resolution, made it clear that he did not un-

## Mystery of Missing Nuts From Truck Solved

Iron Mountain, Mich.—John Steffen, this city, owns a rooster that is very fond of automobile bolt nuts. He swallowed so many of them that he held up a repair job on a truck.  
The rooster was killed and five bolt nuts were removed from his throat. His carcass served as a Sunday dinner for the Steffen family.  
While P. Pancheri was making repairs to the engine, he placed the nuts

## The Lure of Corn Bread

By JANE OSBORN

It might not have made your mouth water—that street car picture of corn bread—but Hope Mawson had lunched early and lightly, and the yellow square of corn bread, steaming hot, with a cup of coffee at the side—also steaming—and two nice, neat butter balls on a butter plate—all this was pleasantly tantalizing to Hope Mawson, even though the picture was only an advertisement for Folger's cornmeal.  
Hope was riding homeward on the street car and the advertisement was directly opposite her, so it was not difficult for her to dwell upon the tempting sight for many minutes. Her meditations ran something like this:  
"Strange that people don't eat more corn bread—so inexpensive and so nourishing, and as the advertisement assured, so wholesome, even when it was eaten hot. That is, of course, if made from Folger's cornmeal. Funny why it would be any more wholesome if it were made from Folger's. It would be worth trying."  
"It was Diana's night to cook dinner, to be sure, but Hope would stop at the corner grocery store, buy some corn bread and have it ready by the time Diana had finished the rest of the dinner."  
"There'd be a recipe on the side of the box, of course; if there wasn't, let's see, how was it that old Sally used to make it? Two cupsful of cornmeal and two cupsful of regular flour and some salt and sugar and baking powder. There would have to be milk. Was it a cupful or two or one and a half that Sally used? Well, Sally didn't measure the milk, she just poured it in until she thought she had got the right batter."  
"Funny how those old cooks used to get such good results without measuring. Must be they had good eyes. Probably they measured just as accurately as the up-to-date cooking school guardian, only they measured with their eyes, not with graded cups."

Here Hope's meditations were suddenly cut short. The conductor was calling "Love-a-venue," and Hope knew that Love Avenue was five blocks beyond her own street.  
She glanced once more at the advertisement, got what nourishment she could from the depicted golden square of corn bread and hurried to the door.  
Brandon Jones, who had been sitting beside her, rose with her and also went toward the door. Hope hesitated for a fleeting moment and then decided not to take a car back, because she would pass a grocery store on her way and could buy cornmeal—besides saving the extra car fare. It was that cornmeal advertisement that had made her ride past her street—that must be a sign that her system really craved corn bread for supper.  
She walked three blocks and then stopped at the grocery store. Oddly enough, Brandon Jones went into the grocery store, watched her as she made her purchase and stammered out with considerable embarrassment: "Dog biscuits, please," when the grocer's clerk asked him what he wanted.  
Then Hope proceeded, and the man proceeded. She saw him from the tail of her eye—saw with approval his good proportions and easy stride. If he was following her, as it seemed quite likely that he was, he was the first man who had ever had the nerve to do such a thing.  
Hope concluded that it was quite an interesting experience, as long as it was broad daylight and the man looked so harmless.

Then he walked faster and overtook her, thus putting her in the position of the pursued rather than the pursuer. But Hope couldn't help pursuing because he went exactly where she wanted to go. He even crossed the street where she wanted to, and preceded her into the hall of the apartment where she and her companions, Diana and Daphne, lived. The hall boy spoke and let him pass. Obviously he was a resident. Yet why, if he lived in that apartment, did he ride on to Love Avenue?  
Hope was interested in this apparent mystery, but not so interested as to forget her cornmeal. She quickly changed from her office clothes to a washable house frock, and in five minutes more had the cornmeal and flour and milk beaten up as she had seen old Sally do so often in her childhood.  
After the bread was in the oven and Diana, now arrived on the scene, had been cautioned to watch it, Hope slipped out of the kitchen and into the hall. She simply had to solve the problem of the pursuing and pursued young man.  
She rang the elevator bell and when the elevator boy appeared slipped a quarter into his hand and asked him who it was he had brought up in the elevator with her that afternoon. "He looks so much like a sort of a cousin of mine that I'm practically certain he must be," said Hope, largely excusing herself.  
"That's Mr. Jones, miss," grinned the boy. "He certainly must be a cousin or something, because he has just been after me to ask what all you-all was named. Would Jones be the right name, miss?"  
"It would do," said Hope—and then, "What is his other name?"  
"Mr. Brandon Jones, miss," said the

boy. "Very nice gentleman—all the Joneses is fine folks. Lives in the apartment just above yours, only it hasn't any kitchen, because he gets all his meals out and the kitchen's done been made over into an extra room to hold his books. He's a very learned gentleman, miss, I should say."  
And all this though interesting, did not any better explain why Mr. Brandon Jones had ridden on to Love Avenue.  
Daphne and Diana declared the corn bread to be exactly like the corn bread old Sally used to make. They were feasting merrily on it when the bell of the apartment rang. They exchanged surprised glances, for callers never came unannounced in that apartment. Hope fled to the door, and there stood Brandon Jones.  
"Excuse me," he began, and before he had time to go further with his apologies he whiffed and said: "My, but that smells good! I smelled it way up in my apartment, and that's why I came. You see—"

"I'm sure we all would like to have you come in and share it with us," said Hope, looking at Daphne and Diana, who had now appeared in the hall.  
And so Brandon Jones was ushered into the living room, where the large table had been spread for dinner. Brandon then explained. He hoped Miss Mawson—the elevator boy had told him her name—would accept his apologies.  
He had sat beside her on the car and had been interested in the interest she showed in that corn bread advertisement. He had seen her before and knew that she lived in this apartment, so when she rode past her street he knew it must be because of her preoccupation in this advertisement.  
He got off where she did and followed her into the grocery store, and to his delight she bought the cornmeal. Later he got the tempting smell of baking corn bread through his open window above—corn bread and coffee, just as the picture had suggested. He was looking for a good rule for corn bread—he thought perhaps he might be able to secure hers.  
"But why all this excitement about corn bread?" said Daphne, who was blunt.

Mr. Jones said it was absurd of him not to have begun at the beginning and explained that at first. "You see, I'm an advertising man—Jones & Hancock—"

"Oh, I didn't know you were that," Mr. Jones, said Daphne, with much respect, hearing the name of the largest advertising concern in the city.  
"And we just took over the account of Folger's corn products—want to make a big thing of it. I thought a picture of corn bread would make a good street car card—tried to get our artist to make it as real as possible. Mr. Hancock thought that was a little too simple—wanted to try something clever, you know. But we thought we'd try it out. So when I saw you, Miss Mawson, reading the advertisement I felt that at least one street car rider was interested. And then, by Jove, you went to the store and bought the cornmeal. I'll have to tell Hancock—"

Mr. Jones ate two, then three pieces of the corn bread and declared that Miss Mawson was the best cook in the world, and Diana made a face behind his back because she had cooked all the rest of the dinner, which they had urged him to share with them, and he never thought to say what a good cook she was.  
But then right from the first Mr. Jones had eyes only for Hope.  
"And that was as it should be," said the practical Daphne a month later when Hope and Brandon announced their engagement, because usually the men they knew admired all three—"and divided admiration," continued Daphne, "is not conducive to diamond solitaires."

**DESERVES PLACE IN HISTORY**  
Canute, First Danish King of England, One of the Most Enlightened Rulers of His Age.  
The reign of Canute, the second king of Denmark of that name and the first Danish king of England, is very important in the constitutional history of Denmark, says the Detroit News. Canute issued the first national coinage of Denmark and published the first written code of Danish law wherein the custom of private vengeance was prohibited.  
He raised the clergy in their corporate capacity to a separate estate of the realm and instituted the Thingli or royal guard of 3,000 men. The members of this body were all of good family and rich enough to equip themselves at their own expense. From them sprang the Danish order of nobility.  
In England he compiled a code of laws which is still extant. In this code he denounced those who kept up the practice of pagan rites and superstition, and forbade the sending of Christian slaves out of the country for sale.  
From the pope he obtained privileges for the English school established at Rome and an abatement of the sums demanded from his archbishops for the pallium and from the various princes, relief for all English and Danish pilgrims and merchants from all illegal tolls and detentions which they had endured on their route to Rome.  
Canute is most popularly known, not by his extended rule and legislative enactments, but by the familiar story of the monarch, the courtiers and the disobedient sea.

## STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

St. Helens.—Of approximately \$250,000 due on the second payment of 1922 taxes, about \$20,000 has been received, according to a statement by B. P. Graves, deputy sheriff in charge of tax collections.

Salem.—Buyers from Honolulu, California, Washington and many other states attended the McArthur & Stauff Jersey cattle sale held on their ranch at Rickreall Saturday. The 33 head of purebred Jerseys sold for an average of \$300 each or a total of approximately \$9,900.

Marshfield.—The port of Bandon has an extensive programme in view for the winter and spring in a large amount of dredging which is found necessary to provide a sufficient channel for the navigation necessary on the lower river and on stretches further east toward Coquille.

Salem.—There were four deaths due to industrial accidents in Oregon in the week ended September 27. The victims were: R. H. Norman, chief operator, Klamath Falls; Joe Corriea, logger, Black Rock; Joe DiJulia, section hand, Knappa, and Jacob Kiefer, laundry worker, Portland.

Salem.—Building permits for the first nine months of 1923 have exceeded those of the same period in 1922 by approximately 50 per cent, according to announcement made here. Permits for residences in September of this year aggregated 18, with approximately \$58,000 involved.

Salem.—F. A. Elliott, state forester, Saturday sent a letter to all timber owners in the state advising them that after October 1 slashings may be burned without a permit from his department. The state forester urged in his letter, however, that all precautions be taken to prevent the spread of fires.

Salem.—Directors of the Oregon Growers' Co-operative association, working behind closed doors Friday, received a report submitted by a special committee on reorganization. The plan, when finally adopted, will be referred to the grower members of the organization for approval or rejection.

Salem.—The Oregon Growers' Co-operative association, at a meeting here Saturday, decided to launch a campaign for the advertising of prunes.

Salem.—Featured by the grand final horse show in the stadium, midway attractions and a number of special events arranged to take care of the 11th hour visitors, the 62d annual Oregon state fair reached a close late Saturday night after the most successful six days' show in the history of the commonwealth.

Troutdale.—Celery grown at Troutdale won second prize in competition with displays of that vegetable representing all sections of the United States and Canada at the recent market gardeners show at Buffalo, N. Y. This was the second time that the Troutdale celery placed in that show, first prize having been won last year by a display from the Oregon town.

Hood River.—Orchardists from all sections were vainly seeking harvest help Saturday. The employment agency of the Apple Growers' association notified Portland agencies that 1000 pickers were needed immediately. While the closing of the Hood River high school for the apple harvest was suggested, the school board cited a resolution adopted against such a move.

Salem.—The Oregon Mint Co-operative Growers' association, of which G. J. Moisan of Gervais is secretary, Saturday opened bids for the peppermint oil produced by its members. Three bids were received. The bid of Dan J. Fry of Salem, dealer in crude oils, was accepted. His bid was \$2.66 a pound for the peppermint oil. This is considered a very good price, members of the association said.

Cottage Grove.—Reports from several sections of the Cottage Grove country indicated that in quantity and quality crops this year uniformly were above the average. The average yield of oats seems to have been about 35 bushels, while one yield of 88 bushels was reported. Wheat averaged about 20 bushels. Potatoes were a good crop and hay running 2 to 2 1/2 tons not unusual. Berries and beans were a heavy crop.

Sheridan.—Unless Commissioners Hart and Riddell of Polk county adhere to the former location of the Dallas-Wallace bridge market road or resign their offices, suit will be filed against them seeking recovery of the money already expended on the road, asserted T. S. Brown, who won his suit to enjoin the court from proceeding with construction. Mr. Brown was a Sheridan visitor Saturday. The commissioners' change in the highway route was held by Circuit Judge Belt to have been ordered in an illegal manner.

## WRIGLEY'S

Take it home to the kids.  
Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.  
**After Every Meal**  
Sealed in its Purity Package  
**WRIGLEY'S JULY FRUIT CHEWING GUM**  
THE FLAVOR LASTS

**Art Is Workmanship.**  
Once more let me make it clear that by art, instructed thinkers do not only mean pictures or quaint and curious things, or necessarily costly ones, certainly not luxurious ones. They mean worthy and complete workmanship, by competent workmen.—W. R. Lethaby.

**Odd Superstition.**  
In remote parts of England are still to be seen cottages with sloping walls. They were built slightly out of the true on account of a curious superstition that if a house was built exactly square it was bound to collapse.

**Curious Foreign Customs.**  
The Eskimo considers it a scandalous thing for a man to interfere with or perform work belonging to women. A Hindu wife never eats with her husband; if she were to touch his food "it would be rendered unfit for use."

**Weapon Against Despotism.**  
There is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power than lightning, whirlwind, or earthquake; that is, the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world.—Daniel Webster.

**Worth Thinking Over.**  
Here is a rather telling point made in a play running in New York: "Some of us imagine we are misunderstood when the trouble is we are understood by others and not by ourselves."—Boston Evening Transcript.

**That's All the Difference.**  
Some girls don't write home from college for several weeks and some run out of spending money in a few days.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Economy.**  
Sometimes before shoes really need resoling they get a little thin in places. This may be strengthened by using a little adhesive tape at the inside of the shoe.

**Mrs. Wm. Bradley**



## Advices Young Mothers

Portland, Ore.—"It surely is a pleasant duty to recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to mothers and prospective mothers, for I found in this medicine a wonderful help during expectancy and afterward. I was physically frail and feared the consequence of motherhood, but I gained in physical strength. The tonic effect of the 'Favorite Prescription,' together with the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' overcame the general weakness I had. Nature was greatly helped thru expectancy and I shall always have a good word for Dr. Pierce's medicines, because they have been so much help to me, just at the time I most needed strength."—Mrs. Wm. Bradley, 545 Albina Ave.  
Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice or send 10c for trial pkg. of any of his medicines.

**Red Cross BALL BLUE**  
Is needed in every department of house-keeping. Equally good for towels, table linen, sheets and pillow cases.

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Write for catalog—Fourth and Yamhill Portland.  
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