



By MARGUERITE GLEESON

CHRISTMAS day was chosen as the wedding day of Miss Le-nore Koon and Jesse George, pop-ular Salem young people. They were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Koon, Rev. Blaine E. Kirkpatrick officiated at the service, which was performed before an altar banded high with poinsettias and ferns.

Miss Meryle Whitney and William George were the attendants. The bride wore blue Canton crepe and carried an arm bouquet of roses and narcissus. The bridesmaids carried roses and violets.

Following the service, a wedding breakfast was served buffet style. Mrs. Chalmer George and Miss Isabelle, George assisted Mrs. Koon in serving. Friends and relatives were present at the wedding and the breakfast.

Mr. and Mrs. George left yesterday for California and will return to Salem in about two weeks to make their home in Court apartments. Both Mr. and Mrs. George were graduated from Salem high school with the class of 1918. Mrs. George until recently has been employed as book-keeper for Dr. O. L. Scott.

Mr. George, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. George, is associated with his father in busi-ness and is also manager of the George ranch at Liberty.

The La Arca club was enter-

tained Tuesday by Mrs. Ernest Ing with tiny lights formed the center of interest. The club members exchange gifts and a delightful time was enjoyed. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

Those included in the party were Miss Helen Heidecke, Miss Stanis Anderson, Miss Rose Col-lins, Miss Betty Samuel, Miss Molly Samuel, Miss Joy Turner, Miss Marion Miller, Miss Pearl Collins, Miss Bertha Waldorf, Olive, Casto, Miss Marie Cook, Miss Ortha Cole, Miss Ruth Cole, Mrs. R. C. Kriesel, Mrs. J. A. Bernard, Mrs. Irene St. Helens, Mrs. Mem Pearce, Mrs. Merl Irie, Miss Leah Armstrong, Mrs. Frank Tyler, Mrs. L. A. Williamson, Mrs. James Cole, of Canada, Mrs. A. A. Gueffroy and daughter, Claudine, Mrs. P. Anderson, Mrs. Earl An-derson, Mrs. Clare Albert.

Mrs. Elliott Colony returned to her home in Salem Saturday following several weeks spent in Omaha, where she had been called by the death of her mother.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Shelly Sauer-man left Saturday for Victoria, B. C., where they will remain for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Cooper and daughter Margaret, Miss Anna Parks and Miss Lella Parks of Pleasant Hill, Lane county, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen A. Stone.

### EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

#### IS THIS PROPHECY?

Editor Statesman: Is this prophecy? I was scanning over a little book entitled "In Flanders Field," by John McCrae. This book contains not only the now famous and popular song, "In Flanders Field," but also a few more of McCrae's poems which were written on the battlefields of France during the period of the war from his entrance in 1914 to his death in 1918.

Dr. McCrae was in the war almost continually from the day of his enlistment to the day of his death, either on the firing line or in field hospital service. He died of pneumonia January 28, 1918. At the general hospital at Wimereux and was buried in the cemetery nearby "with full military pomp." This was more than nine months before the armistice.

This little book not only contains the poems but also a character sketch, by the author's life-long friend, Sir Andrew McPhail, who gathered the poems and com-pleted them for publication along with his essay. On page 29 I find the following, which must have been written shortly prior to his last illness.

Disarmament One spoke amid the nations, "Let us cease from darkening with strife the fair world's light— We who are great in war be great in peace,

No longer let us plead the cause of might— But from a million British graves took birth A silent voice—the million speaks as one— "If ye have righted all the wrongs of earth Lay by the sword! Its work and ours is done."

By cutting out the word "British" in the sixth line you have the larger prophetic vision and a per-fect simile of the conference at Washington.

Lieutenant Colonel John Mc-Crae was sick and tired of war; more than three years of blood and carnage on the battlefield and in the hospitals had sickened his heart and weakened his constitu-tion and it was no wonder that he longed for the world's relief from such terrible barbarism, and through the eye of faith he saw the "sword beaten into plow shares and the spears into pruning hooks."

No doubt he looked to the British empire for the accomplishment of this great desire.

For generations his ancestors had been schooled in the phylos-ophy of this glorious empire, and it was not John McCrae who could see any great accomplish-ment for the amelioration of the world's condition outside of his beloved country.

While we as Americans will not underrate the power and example of British influence, still we hold that in conjunction with America, that influence and power are greatly augmented.

—W. T. RIGDON, San Diego, Cal., 4605 Campus Ave., Dec. 20, 1921.

To Stop Coughing at Night When anyone is suffering from a bronchial affliction or has a cough that lingers on and grows worse at night, the loss of sleep tends to weaken the sufferer and grows more serious the longer it is neglected. Mrs. M. Suter, 641 Longbrook Ave., Stratford, Conn., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar has given me great relief from a severe attack of bronchitis." No medicine stands higher through-out the nation as a family remedy for colds, coughs and croup. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

"I am sorry," I said quietly, de-termined to keep out of my an-swer anything save the most matter-of-fact air, "but I have nothing of the kind with me. Thank you so much for fixing the tire. I must hurry along."

(To be continued)

### The Well Dressed Woman

By AGNES AYRES, Star in Paramount Pictures.



The American woman never says: "If winter comes." She knows all too well that it is coming, and goes out and prepares herself accordingly. For her the fertile minds of the French designers have been devising ways and means for fastening the huge sleeves that one must wear, fastening them securely against the searching fingers of our winter winds.

So in the sketch the superlatively loose beaver cuffs are caught in at the wrists. There is a huge cape collar and chin, as well as throat, and a panel of fur all down the front of the frock. A thoroughly practical design for the more open French win-ter, but only to be worn here for the cold days of late autumn.

This particular design is called a transformation by its French sponsor, because, I'm sure you have not guessed, the panel, the cape collar and the cuffs all unhook and come off, disclosing a charming indoor frock with a rounded neck finished with a line of steel squares. The same steel squares border the uneven line of the tunic, steel in one form or another being the topic of the hour in the world of dress.

Still more interesting transforma-tion frocks are a street dress with an open fronted cape that may be tied on and worn like an apron tunic when not doing service as a cape and an evening frock with a wonder-ful tunic of ribbons and lace, which may be unhooked and worn as light wrap after the dance.

### How to Be Healthy

The Crusade of the Double Barred Cross Practical Talks on Disease Prevention Prepared by the OREGON TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION

#### EXERCISE FOR ADULTS

George J. Fisher, M.D.

The history of man is that he has always been accustomed to vigorous bodily exercise. Conse-quently his muscles are numerous and large. About half the body weight is made up by the muscles. Thus they constitute a large part of his being. Furthermore, in his development the muscles come first. Heart, lungs, liver, ner-vous system, all came later. They came as a result of muscle con-traction. When muscles were used in a greater variety of ways then there was need for richer blood, more elaborate digestion, and a nervous system to control them. Half the brain in fact is given over to the care of the muscles. Thus we see that the muscles are exceedingly important organs. They are related to all the organs of the body. They are most closely connected with the nerves of the body and are very directly related to the brain. Well-toned, active muscles mean a good heart, strong lungs, good diges-tion, fine circulation, nervous control, and mental vigor. When the muscles get flabby and lose their tone the blood gets sluggish, the lungs lazy, the nerves jumpy, and the brain dull. You cannot neglect the muscles without feel-

ing the results at many impor-tant points. Now, unfortunately, most of our work today does not make sufficient demand upon our muscles. A great deal of it is done sitting still or standing still and we are never made to sit still or stand still. We were made to be physically active. Most of our big muscles are quite closely related to the legs. We should concern ourselves with leg activ-ity. Walking, slow running, leg bending, and body bending, and twisting from the hips are neces-sary. Note how quick rapid walk-ing or body bending affects our breathing, the heart rate, and if more prolonged, the digestion. Most of our ailments such as in-digestion, short wind, dizziness of the head, are due to muscle in-activity. Provide the activity and walk will disappear. A brisk walk several times a day, indul-gence in some favorite physical game once or twice a week, some muscle calisthenics morning and evening, a daily sponge with a brisk rub will put most of us in excellent condition if practiced regularly. On the other hand, to neglect this practice may result in a tendency toward sluggishness, occasional bilious attacks, chron-ic colds, increased weight so-

characteristic of mid-life, and shallow breathing.

Some of us, too, are in lines of work which tend to contract the chest, round the shoulders, pull the head forward, or push the lower part of the abdomen downward and forward, and thus lower the tone of muscles and the bodily organs which are so closely related to them. In such cases exercises should be taken to counteract these conditions. All exercises should be taken with the head up, shoulders high, chest raised, and back slightly arched; when this is done it helps to keep the body in these positions. People who may be in occupa-tions which overexercise certain parts should by relaxation rest the parts affected. Those who stand a great deal should lie down when resting with feet slightly elevated. Rubbing of the tired parts in the direction toward the heart after a hot bath of the parts followed by cold will re-lieve the tension and the fatigue. Most adults need vigorous ex-ercise of the muscles located be-tween the shoulders and the knees. Those who wish a special set of exercises I should advise to secure a copy of the Boy Scout Handbook. The chapter on Health and Endurance contains a good drill for daily use.

Child Almost Strangled Mrs. G. Grab, 3118 Washington Ave., New Orleans, La., writes: "My child had a tough so bad she would almost strangle cough-ing. Foley's Honey and Tar re-lieved her cough, and I recom-mend it to any mother." Foley's Honey and Tar gets right at the seat of trouble, clears nose and throat of mucus, breaks raw and inflamed surfaces, loosens tight-ness of the chest and checks croup whooping cough, bronchial and "fit" coughs. Sold everywhere.

Adv.

### MY HEART AND MY HUSBAND

Adole. parson's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

#### CHAPTER 255

THE REASON MADGE TULL HARRY UNDERWOOD SHE MUST "HURRY ALONG."

When Harry Underwood took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and went to work upon the tire over which I had labored so fruit-lessly, it was as if I watched an-other personality enter his cor-poral body.

A "heaven born mechanic" though entirely an amateur—there is nothing on sea or land or in the air that he cannot either repair or furnish some definite helpful idea toward construction, Lillian used to say that he ap-proached any broken mechanism with the sure reverential touch of a great surgeon in the presence of a wounded body, while Dicky's drawing comment I had heard many times.

"Don't ever speak to old Harry or go near him when he's fixing up some tottering thing that couldn't get house room in a re-spectable rabbit hutch. The bats that would flock to his belfry at such times would beat you to death with their wings."

The Same Old Harry.

The comment came back to me forebly as I watched the man's tall, powerful frame bending over the tire, his face absorbed as if the problem before him were a most intricate one instead of the simple thing it no doubt was to his experience.

What a magnificent animal he was! I could not withhold the mental tribute, much as I dis-liked him. With his coat off and bending over the tire, I could see that either his confinement in the war prison, or his army life, had taken from him every trace of the grossness, the hint of coming obesity with which his indulgence in good food and wines had threat-ened the high color, the suggestion of flabbiness which had marred it in the last months that I had seen him.

He was evidently in splendid physical trim, his mentality unim-paired, but his moral sense? I realized as I looked at him, re-viewed his, mocking comments, his utter lack of remorse upon facing me—when he knew that I was aware of his infamous at-tempt upon Dicky's life—that he was the same selfish, unscrupu-lous, devil-may-care chap he had always been.

And Lillian, usually so sane, with so balanced a viewpoint, had put happiness out of her life be-cause of this man, once her hus-band, in the emotional remorse for the awful thing which even he would not have attempted un-blinded by liquor, had sent an ap-pel to her saying he wanted to "begin over again."

Lost in Work.

"He needs me," she had said to me.

I looked at the man bending over the tire and gritted my teeth in a futile exasperation. For this splendid specimen of physical manhood, housing a reckless, self-ish soul, needed nobody. Good impulses, generous impulses he of-ten had without question; but close association with him was

only a crucifixion to a woman possessing ideals and a con-science.

A picture flashed before my eyes with photographic fidelity—that of Robert Savarin, falling almost lifeless at Lillian's feet after his quest of the man before me. She had nursed him back to life and then had made it worthless by sending him away from her because of her fancied duty to the man whose only bond to her was the empty legal one.

A sob rose in my throat as I thought of the contrast between the almost invalid artist spent in Lillian's service, whom I called Barker. A Christmas tree gleam-knew she loved with her whole royal heart, and this physically magnificent wastrel whom she loathed, but to whom she felt quixotically bound. I bent closer over my knitting that my face might not betray my disgust if Mr. Underwood should look at me.

I need not have feared. He neither looked at me nor uttered a word until he had repaired the inner tube and had adjusted the shoe. Then he examined the whole machine with the air of an expert, and when he evidently had decided that it would do he rolled down his sleeves, put on his coat and sauntered over to me.

"Have't any cold cream and powder in yo' knitting bag, have you, Lady Fair?" he asked mockingly. "I'm afraid my com-plexion is nearly ruined, and as for me delicate hands—ho-vings!"

Despite my disgust and anger, I had hard work to repress a smile. I knew that he had had months of the hardest kind of ambulance service in France, and he managed to make his de-mand for cosmetics whimsically humorous. "I felt subtly the old conviction stealing over me that there was no use wasting time in being angry at Harry Underwood. One could only take him as he was and keep out of his way as much as possible.

"I am sorry," I said quietly, de-termined to keep out of my an-swer anything save the most matter-of-fact air, "but I have nothing of the kind with me. Thank you so much for fixing the tire. I must hurry along."

(To be continued)

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