

The Official Weekly Newspaper of the United PURITY Stores

C. M. Lee, Editor and Manager

Editorial Offices, Trade and Cottage Streets, Salem, Oregon

Vol. 1

No. 1

Our Greeting to You!

THE world is merging. Peoples are drawing together in interests and activity. Business is discovering the economy of united action.

One of the developments that prove this fact is the growth of chain store organizations throughout the United States and the world.

But the independent retailer has been telling his customers all these years that he is progressive, operating on sound business principles and ready to employ every modern device that will save money for the people with whom he does business.

Yet he has been seriously handicapped in the last few years by the activities of the corporations that have been buying up great chains of stores and, through the great buying power they can exercise, cutting prices to a point where the little buyer could not compete.

Now, however, a great group of progressive Oregon retail grocers have solved the problem. They have pooled their interests for buying and have associated themselves with another huge buying organization.

Nevertheless, your grocer remains strictly independent. He owns his own store. He selects his own merchandise. He deals with you on exactly the same up-to-date basis that you have enjoyed in the past.

If you have enjoyed delivery service and credit privileges at his store heretofore, you may continue on just that same basis, no doubt. If you have found on his shelves the particular brands you like most, you will continue to find him ready and happy to serve you in the same courteous, careful manner.

But back of your friend, the grocer, now stands a vast organization created by your grocer and others to make it possible for him to go into the market places of the world in search of the kind of foodstuffs you want and to sell them to you at a price you have a right to expect to pay for first quality merchandise.

Your grocer has allied himself with this organization so that he can buy in competition with the great corporations that, because of this very buying power, have been able to sell for less. Now the tables are turned, and no grocer can undersell your United PURITY Store.

Your grocer has employed the most experienced grocery buyers, men who, by reason of their long experience, know what you want and what you wish to pay for what you want. They have the capacity now to buy in carload lots and sometimes even in trainload lots at great savings. Every nickel of these savings can be passed on to the consumer.

You know, of course, that several hundreds of stores can buy more cheaply than one or a dozen stores. You know that you can buy a case of canned goods relatively cheaper than you can buy one can. It is on this same principle that United PURITY Stores are operating. They are buying in enormous quantities for a great number of stores and are saving hundreds of dollars for the member stores and for the customers of each United PURITY Store.

Remember: This great buying power brings the saving right into your pocketbook. Remember: Your United PURITY Store still is your own handy, friendly grocer, not some great corporation doing business many miles away.

In fact, to all the good old friends of each of these fine stores, and to all the new friends who are going to come to these stores for the savings that will be offered them, we want to say again that:

United PURITY Stores are YOUR stores! We will welcome you in any one of the United PURITY Stores and we will be happy to have you as a reader for United PURITY News.

We hope to make this little weekly newspaper a welcome visitor in your home—a visitor that will be entertaining and, perhaps, instructive, to every member of the family.

At least, we can assure you, your careful attention to United PURITY News each week will be the means of saving money for you.

NEIGHBORHOODS

By A. J. Dunlap

We have the queerest neighborhood There's folks of every sort The tall and lean, the short and fat The sinner, saint and sport.

The lean man on the corner hates The man across the way Because their house dogs had a fight And his dog lost the fray.

But so it goes from day to day In every neighborhood Where liveness and narrowness Are mingled with the good.

Where liveness and narrowness Are mingled with the good. There's just one way to get along Refuse to snarl and snap Ignore the little things that rise Avoid a senseless "scrap."



Little Band-Wagon Journeys

By L. T. MERRILL

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

When Hamilton Campaigned for Jefferson

WERE the present Republican majority in the house of representatives to be called upon to pick our next President from among the Democrats, the situation would be roughly comparable to that which prevailed in that strange, turbulent fourth American election of 1800 in which Thomas Jefferson finally was seated in the President's chair largely through the personal efforts of his most bitter political antagonist, Alexander Hamilton.

Federalist party fortunes under four years of President John Adams had fallen low. In opposition, Jeffersonian Republicans (forerunners of modern Democrats) presented such a solid front that George Washington, then in retirement, despairingly exclaimed: "Let that party set up a broomstick, and call it a true son of liberty—a democrat—or give it any other epithet that will suit their purpose, and it will command their votes in toto."

Federalists tried to draft Washington himself for a third term; but the "Father of His Country" died suddenly in December, 1799, probably before these overtures reached him in the post.

Federalists then resigned themselves to making another campaign with President Adams. Early in 1800 a caucus of Federalist congressmen selected the President as their candidate to succeed himself, with Charles C. Pinckney of South Carolina as his running-mate.

Jeffersonian congressmen, in a similar caucus, picked the sage of Monticello to head their ticket, with Aaron Burr of New York for vice president.

The factional rift in the Federalist ranks at once burst open wide. Alexander Hamilton, powerful boss of the anti-Adams Federalists, issued a vindictive letter criticizing Adams as jealous, egotistical, ill-tempered, arbitrary. This pamphlet, designed for quiet circulation only among a few of Hamilton's Federalist friends, promptly fell into the hands of the crafty Colonel Burr. He sent copies abroad among Jeffersonian newspapers, which printed them in high glee. "Alexander Pamphlet" became a Republican nickname for the discomfited Hamilton, while former Adams pamphleteers set to work to refute his criticisms.

Jefferson, for his part, as in the campaign of 1800, had to sustain much personal abuse, largely on the score of his free thinking in religious matters.

As election returns from the states trickled slowly in, it was apparent that the Federalists were beaten. Republican election news, however, Church bells burst under too vigorous ringing. Federalists were tactlessly threatened with a raise in the price of shaves at the barber shops because their faces had become so long.

But elation soon gave way to perplexities with realization that, under the old system of voting, Jefferson and Burr had received a tie of 73 each. Sixty-five votes went to Adams, 64 to Pinckney, one to John Jay.

This, of course, meant that the choice between Jefferson and Burr for the Presidency would be thrown into the lower house of congress. And there Federalists, not Republicans, controlled a majority of the state votes!

The house of representatives, with exception of one sick member, mustered a full attendance for the decisive event. Another sick member had himself carried into the Capitol in his bed rather than miss participating in the voting.

On the first vote, taken by states on February 11, 1801, eight of the sixteen states were found to be for Jefferson, six for Burr, and two, Vermont and Maryland, divided—giving neither candidate a majority. These results being steadily maintained, congressmen sent out for pillows and nightcaps and snored in their seats or on the floor, between the successive ballots which were taken at intervals all through the night.

At the prospect that Burr might be chosen President, none was more agitated than Hamilton—who later was to die by Burr's hand in a duel. Hamilton hated Jefferson, but more he detested the wily manipulator from his own states. So he did all in his power, and with considerable effect, to induce his Federalist friends to cause Burr's defeat.

Finally on the thirty-sixth ballot, taken February 17, one Federalist from Vermont, by prearrangement, absented himself, two from Maryland dropped in blank votes, and these states, which had been divided on previous ballots, cast their choices for Jefferson, giving him 10 votes to Burr's 6.

Hamilton had succeeded in electing his principal political adversary. Republicans derisively gave the toast, "Alexander Hamilton; few men have done more to promote the election of Thomas Jefferson. The devil should have his due."

But "Jefferson, the Mammoth of Democracy," was the more popular toast drunk in the taverns, and jubilation with which Jeffersonian partisans acclaimed their victory waxed so enthusiastic that a Philadelphia Federalist newspaper scornfully complained that since the election the price of gin and whisky had gone up 50 per cent.

Try Chinese Custom. Feking, China.—The ancient Chinese custom of paying a doctor for keeping one well appeals to foreigners. The German hospital essays to keep Americans, Brits, Germans, Frenchmen and Italians fit for \$4 a month.

"CONQUEST"

BASED ON THE CANDLE IN THE WIND BY MARY IMLAY TAYLOR Copyright 1922, Warner Bros. Pictures Inc. "CONQUEST," starring Monte Blue, is a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

Diane controlled the secret distress which the mere mention of Overton's name made immeasurably keen, and tried to give her undivided attention to the entertainment of her father's guests. She had a fine discrimination in social matters, and she felt that this occasion, however simple and domestic, was made important by the presence of Arthur Faunce, the young hero of the recent antarctic expedition.



Faunce's presence made the dinner important.

had almost forgotten those early passages in their lives when she had made a conquest of a college boy's heart at a time when, with the sublime optimism of youth, he had worn it joyously upon his sleeve. Since then several years had intervened, rich in experience. She had felt the force of a deeper emotion, suffered the actual pang of bereavement, seen a hope, beautiful and thrilled with an exquisite tenderness, lost forever with the gallant hero who had perished almost without sight of the goal that he had sought with such courage and such devotion.

That he had not spoken more definitely at parting, that their understanding was tacit rather than actual, only deepened her grief by depriving her of the right to indulge it. Since she was thus denied the privilege of openly mourning the loss of Overton, and must force herself to speak of him and to hear his death discussed with apparent composure, Diane was listening now to the becoming modesty with which Arthur Faunce was quietly assuming the dead man's mantle.

"Yes, he was a brave fellow," Judge Herford declared in his Olympian tones. "But what a tragic end—to fall by the way, almost in sight of the goal!"

"As Moses died in sight of the promised land!" sighed Mrs. Price, her host's cousin, the plump and amiable wife of the dean of a neighboring theological seminary.

Thoroughly imbued with the precepts of her more gifted husband, Mrs. Price allowed herself to fall into a fatal way of applying scriptural similitudes, or, as Dr. Gerry irreverently phrased it, "talking shop."

The judge smiled involuntarily, leaning back in his chair, a massive figure, his fine head scantily covered with iron-gray hair, and his keen eye as bright at sixty-five as Faunce remembered it when he himself had been a lad of ten. He tossed back a reply now with a gleam of amusement.

To Foil Counterfeiters Washington.—Secret service operatives hope to educate the public against counterfeiters when the new small-sized currency is issued. It will show portraits of a particular American celebrity like Washington or Lincoln on bills of one denomination only and help foil currency raisers.

Knows His "Choo-choo" Bucharest, Rumania.—Seven-year-old King Michael attended the christening of a big locomotive named after him and was told how it works. He astounded those present by explaining in detail how, in comparison, an electric locomotive runs.

Coccidiosis Is Very Destructive to Chickens

Coccidiosis is a disease of the intestines and while it affects all birds it is especially destructive to chickens up to two months old. The cause is a microscopic organism. The transmission of infection from diseased to healthy birds occurs by contamination of the feed, water and ground. The coccidia multiply with great rapidity in the intestines and enormous numbers are discharged in the droppings.

Balanced Ration for Hens Very Important

Until about fifty years ago chickens were fed only grain and since they were permitted to range at will they secured their essential requirements so they could live and lay some eggs during the spring. About this time it was discovered that additional protein in form of meat or milk fed with the grains became known as the balanced ration—a ration in which the surplus carbohydrates of the grains were balanced in better proportion by adding a protein concentrate. It was the balanced ration that first made commercial poultry keeping possible, but in the light of recent information on the nutrition of chickens, the poultryman's feeding problem of today is to complete the balanced ration.

SUNBURN FAD HAS EFFECT ON COLORING OF PRINTED COTTONS



THE sunburn fad, started a year ago, is no longer a fad. The girl or woman who fails to achieve a coat of sunburn next summer will feel as she would if she left off rouge in winter. As a matter of fact, the sunburn fad has gone right through into winter so far. No sooner do we begin to lose the coat of tan achieved last summer than we start to achieve another coat. Little wonder, then, that sunburn has had such a tremendous influence on colors we are wearing.

Pale, languid women are out of date. Everything is now animation. It's smart to participate in sports, even if one only holds a golf stick on the links to appear like a sportswoman. We no longer protect our complexion from the sun. Rather we invite its direct rays as we would a beauty treatment. So it is the color that tones in with the sunburned skin that is the most popular. White is very important for this very reason. It's success for evening wear as a complement to sunburned skin during the fall may have encouraged it for sportswear for the coming summer.

Nearby and Yonder . . .

The Cabildo Perhaps no building in New Orleans holds more interest for the stranger than the Cabildo—that solid, dignified structure of unquestioned ancient origin, built of adobe and shell lime, two stories high with a mansard roof.

Live Stock Items

To give sheep perfect health, there should be salt and chemicals available. A good hard sire should never be sacrificed because he is ugly. Build a bull pen. Strive to keep live stock comfortable, thereby favoring more profitable production.

Gains in Weight After Escaping Wife's Knife

Kansas City, Mo.—Following disclosures that he had gained 40 pounds in weight since he had stopped running from a butcher knife wielded by his wife, as well as since having left her board, Harry Mitchell, a negro, was granted a divorce in the Independence Division of the Circuit court by Judge Willard P. Hall.

Go Far for Bath. Vinogradna, North Caucasus.—It's a 50-mile ride on a freight train to a bath from this station. Some 350 railroad workers and officials make the trip to Geoplerka once a week. They come home singing.

Pig Falls Apes

Winsted, Conn.—J. Schneider has been boasting about his pig. In one corner of the pig's pen is an apple tree, so that when the pig runs against the tree, slinking it, one-quarter of the falling apples drop in the pen.

Kills Tet to Get Even

Riverhead, N. Y.—Asto Horro, sixteen, was held on a charge of snuffing out after confessing police said that he drowned four-year-old Fred Harter in a pond to "get even" with the child's uncle. The nature of the grudge was not known.