

The Official Weekly Newspaper of the United PURITY Stores

C. M. Lee, Editor and Manager

Editorial Offices, Trade and Cottage Streets, Salem, Oregon

Editorials . . . . .

Another Grocery Merger in Oregon

Robert G. Duncan, editor of Duncan's Trade Register and well known to the grocery world as "Fighting Bob," a very capable and original writer and champion of the independent retail grocer, has the following to say, in part, of the United Purity Stores in the February issue of the Trade Register:

"It begins to look as if the Wall Street owned chain grocers are to have some opposition down Salem way, and throughout the Willamette Valley. Theodore Roth, manager of the Willamette Grocery Co., has merged the Associated and Triangle Stores with a group of strong independent retail grocers into a respectable and formidable organization to be known as the United Purity Stores. In keeping with the trend of the times the United Purity Stores will be operated in a very business-like and up to the minute manner.

"They are allied with the Willamette Grocery Co. and a like organization in Washington with a membership of over 400 United Purity Stores for buying purposes and other benefits to be derived from such a tremendous purchasing power. The benefits are to be passed on to the consumer through the independent home owned United Purity Stores.

"C. M. Lee, proprietor of Lee's White Grocery at Salem—A United Purity Store—and formerly a popular merchant of Coos Bay is general manager of this new organization, and this bare fact alone gives the merger a good start toward success. Its the man behind the gun that wins the fight and with Theodore Roth a crafty and experienced wholesale grocery man and buyer, keeping his eye peeled for every move of the enemy and C. M. Lee on guard, with his knowledge of the retail grocery game, this organization should develop real power and gain wide prestige in the grocery field; of Oregon.

"Theodore Roth has not always acted kindly toward the editor of the Trade Register, or handed our projects any bouquets but in this instance we lay aside all hard feelings, forget our clashes with the Salem grocer and wish him well with this undertaking of raising and putting the independent retail grocer in a position to compete with foreign owned chain stores that are threatening his very existence in the business field."

The Onion Industry

The largest onion center of Oregon is in the Lake Labish district commencing on the Pacific highway about five miles north of Salem.

On about 500 acres of land the growers there last year harvested about 65 cars of onion sets. The total value of the crop was nearly a half million dollars. They will add about 100 cars this year, which should yield over 100 cars of onions, making their total shipments, based on last year's yields, over 600 cars.

One tract of 12 acres last year produced 18 cars; another 11 acres 14 cars, and another 11 acres 13 cars. The slogan was, a few years ago, "a car to an acre." They are exceeding that now, as the reader will note from the above. It is possible to make it a car and a half; more, in fact. Small patches have produced there at the rate of two cars to the acre. There are 300 of the regulation 100 pound sacks to the car.

The sales there, on contract, began at \$1.25 a sack in July, and the prices have mounted to \$1.50, \$2.25, \$3.00, and up to \$4.00. The 75 cars yet unsold are being generally held for better than a \$4.00 price.

"Onions will bring a higher return for a smaller amount of capital invested than any other big money crop that can be grown on our beaverdam lands," said a leading grower.

"Our onions are prime keepers; the Oregon yellow danvers; it is the sulphur in the beaverdam lands.

"Onions are better than rouse for the complexion, and cheaper," says a college authority. They are good for the health.

We may go far as the onion center of the country. There is much good onion land all over the valley.

A Weather Formula

Of making many books there is no end. So sang a prophet of old. And it might be said with equal truth that of the making of weather prophets there also is no end. There tribe increases. Their shadows never grow less. And always what they say is "news."

An Iowa weather man is the latest prophet to appear on the scene of action and he makes known to an expectant world a "simple" formula which he has devised, founded on observations made over a long period of years, and which, he says, "works."

This is the formula: Given the June average temperature, all that is necessary to determine the temperature for July, August and September is to multiply that temperature by 0.34 and add 46.37. If August proves to be considerably lower than the formula would seem to indicate, then September will be warm, and if it is higher then September will be cool. A cool June, he finds, is invariably followed by three months of below normal weather 71 per cent of the time. If June is warm, July will be dry 81 per cent of the time, and the probable amount of rainfall in inches is found by multiplying the June temperature by 0.33 and subtracting the result from 26.75.

Isn't it remarkably simple?

Wanted—A Formula

If the bestowal of large prizes is all that is necessary to solve the difficult prohibition problem, then it is safe to say we are right now fast nearing its solution and ultimate success lurks just around the corner.

For prize follows prize with no hint, as yet, of a let-up. The latest prize idea is supplied by a Connecticut man who described himself as a life-long prohibitionist, but one who nevertheless recognizes the fact that the "Eighteenth Amendment never can be satisfactorily enforced until the habitual drinker has ceased to demand alcoholic liquor."

The problem, as he views it, is to eliminate this demand on the part of such drinker by supplying him with a non-alcoholic beverage that shall have "kick" enough to slake the thirst and "supply that mild stimulant that his alcohol-saturated physical system needs, but without intoxicating him and without leaving in his mouth that 'dark brown taste' of the morning after."

That the genius of American chemists can give us such a non-intoxicating beverage with a "kick," manufactured from grains, fruits and vegetables grown on American farms, the originator firmly believes. He suggests that some public-spirited man of wealth offer a prize of \$100,000 for a formula, and that if this were done, a formula would be forthcoming.

It would be fine to have such a formula, no doubt.

But would our "habitual drinkers" have anything to do with it?

Co-operation is the big idea in modern business. Team work is the thing that counts—Modern Businessmen of the highest and finest type are not the overseers or task masters of their employees. They are their friends, helpers, and co-workers.

The highest reward that God gives us for good work and kind words is the ability to do better work and say kinder words to our fellowmen.

"CONQUEST" BASED ON THE CANDLE IN THE WIND by MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Copyright 1928, Warner Bros. Pictures Inc. "CONQUEST," starring Monte Blue, is a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

Arthur Faunce, an explorer, has just returned from an expedition, headed by Simon Overton, to the South Pole sphere, according to reports, Overton died. Faunce, as second in command, received the honors which would have been Overton's had he lived. Both men loved Diane, daughter of Judge Herford, but neither had spoken. Faunce because of his great friendship for Overton. After a dinner for Faunce given by the judge, the explorer brings Diane photographs of the expedition which Overton had asked that she have, and talks to her of the commander.

She, too, rose involuntarily from her seat and faced him. Her pale face and her slight figure in its black draperies, recalled to his mind the charm and buoyant grace of a wonderful picture.

"I loved him," Faunce continued, with a painful effort at self-control. "No one in the world could have suffered more bitterly than I at his loss. I don't want you to feel that I purposely tried to take his place in this great achievement. I only fell heir to his glory."

She was deeply touched. She raised her beautiful eyes to



She raised her eyes.

Faunce's face, holding out her hand in an involuntary gesture of friendship and good-will.

"I think you're more than his heir," she said gently. "He was so large-hearted, so just, that I know he would feel, as I do, that you were his comrade and his partner in sacrifice and fame."

There was an instant of silence, one of those moments which become almost supreme in their effect upon two lives. Then, as Faunce seemed to have no words in which to reply, he took Diane's hand in both of his and lifted it gently to his lips.

Half an hour later, Judge Herford stood on his front steps, bidding his last two guests good-night. "Come again!" he called after them in his deep bass. "You'll always find me prepared enough for the pair of you. By the way, Faunce, I suppose it's too much to expect that any one so famous as you will hang around Mapleton long?"

"I don't know any better place to hang around, judge," Faunce replied. "When a man's been in exile two years, the old places look good to him."

"That's right! Then be sure you don't forget your way here." "He won't!" Dr. Gerry flung back, as he plodded toward the gate. "You're not the only attraction at this house, Hadley. For my part, I only come here to see Diane!"

They heard the judge's laugh following them, and saw his large figure still outlined against the light, the big grey head and massive shoulders and long body looking a little too heavy for the short legs. "If Hadley had been sawed off at the waist, they'd have said he was a perfect model for a Roman emperor."

Faunce agreed with some amusement. "It's strange, isn't it, how some men seem to lose their proportion when they stand up? They're not put together in equal parts."

"A good many who are put together right outside are out of joint inside." "How about the mental proportion—or shall we call it the spiritual?"

"That depends upon how much you follow the dean. A mental twist is pretty nearly certain to go hand in hand with moral lopsidedness, though." The doctor nodded, trudging sturdily forward toward the turn in the road which led to his own house. The autumn air was chill with frost, and Faunce seemed to shiver as he buttoned up his coat. Dr. Gerry, observing the young man from the tail of his eye, remarked it.

Companions of Truth The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.—Colton

Few Have Any to Count One reason why all the world loves a lover is because he doesn't count his change.—New Castle News.

"Feel a chill, eh? I shouldn't think you'd mind it, after the south pole!" touch of cold that reminds me of that is enough to make me shiver. I can't close my eyes now without seeing those livid wastes and hearing the wind. It's a frozen hell!"

"It's on your nerves. How many hours do you sleep at night?" Faunce gave him an uneasy look, in which surprise and something like apprehension were strangely mingled; but the street lights were poor, and he could only half discern the old man's face as it emerged above the heavy collar of his great-coat.

"I don't sleep at all. How did you find that out?" "I've seen a good many in the same plight before, for one thing, and you're a pretty easy case to read."

"Am I?" Faunce laughed harshly. "I didn't know it. Perhaps you can tell me what to do, then?"

"Stop taking narcotics, to begin with, and then get control of your nerves."

"I've only taken small doses, enough to get a little sleep," continued Faunce. "I had to have it. Perhaps"—he laughed unsteadily—"perhaps you can tell me what I've taken?"

"Oh, it might be anything," the doctor replied carelessly; "but I should call it chloral." "You've hit it! I shall begin to think you're a mind-reader."

"I am, in a sense. The fact is, I can tell you what's the matter with you now. It's your nerves. You've got something on your mind, and you won't let it go. You won't sleep any sounder, until you get it off."

Faunce was startled. He glanced around again, but could only make out the dim outline of Gerry's blunt profile between the old man's collar and the big soft hat he had pulled comfortingly down to his ears.

"That sounds like saying that honest confession is good for the soul," he said with his nervous laugh. "I should never have suspected you of commending that course."

"I've been father confessor for a good many," retorted the doctor crustily. "What I meant to say, though, was much simpler. You've got to free your mind. When a man lets anything bite in as your trouble seems to be doing, he soon comes to the end of his tether. I can give you something to ease up the body, but I can't do anything for the mind. You'll have to look after that for yourself."

Faunce took a step toward the gate, as if an impulse moved him to follow the doctor in. Then he turned with an inarticulate exclamation, waved an abrupt good-night, and walked rapidly away into the darkness.

He tramped steadily down the long lane. It led to the edge of the little river, scarcely more than a brook, which divided the village into two unequal parts. It was past midnight and in that rural community where early hours prevailed, the feeling of solitude was as intense as if he had reached the end of the world and was alone in the October night, the last man.

Such a feeling had come to him once before, fraught with such cruel terror, such a sensation of disintegration, of the loss of all that was mortal, that Faunce could never forget it, could never feel even the reflection of it again without recalling those vast and terrifying wastes, that inexorable sky, that blinding, cruel, exterminating ice that had frozen his image on his soul.

He tried to drive the thought of it from his mind, and, by fixing his gaze on that intimately familiar scene, to recall the days when, as a lad, he had fished by the old mill. His mother had died when he was born, and his father had married again. Young Arthur, in the way of a gay stepmother, had been reared by a fond maternal grandmother.

No one had disciplined his childhood, and he knew that as a boy he had done some mean tricks, which a better-trained lad would have scorned. But he had ceased to be small and tricky when he fell in with Overton, his senior by three years in age and by ten in mental development. He realized now, as he looked back on the long perspective, that Overton had saved him.

Strong-willed and straight-thinking, Simon Overton had possessed that kind of spiritual force of which leaders and martyrs are made. He had been a leader even at school. It was not alone young Overton's physical strength, and his skill in their favorite sports; it was a certain unflinching stanchness of character, a fearless square-dealing, that impressed the others, and Faunce had only followed the universal lead when he attached himself to him.

Won't Go That Far Jud Tunkins says fortune tellers are wise people. They're willing to tell you are in love with a blonde or a brunette, but none of them ever risk any definite advice on how to bet on an election.—Washington Star.

Legislators' Emolument The U.S. salary decided upon for senators and representatives in congress was \$4 a day for each day a member attended. The present salary of a member of congress is \$10,000.

Brain Power Wasted Scientists and psychologists hold that there is almost no limit to what the human brain can accomplish, yet the majority of people use only 10 per cent of their brain power.

Nearby and Yonder . . . . . by T. T. MAXEY

Dead Letters THE receipt of unbelievably large numbers of letters addressed to individuals and concerns which could not be located at the address given and could not be returned to the writers because no return address was given, led the Post Office department, as far back as 1825, to establish a dead-letter office in Washington for the purpose of working out a proper disposition of such mail. Incidentally, the large amount of money found in unclaimed letters likewise led to the establishment of our present postal money order system in 1851.

But the flood of undeliverable letters continued to increase at an alarming rate and the establishment of the parcels post made matters worse so that several branch offices had to be opened.

Undeliverable letters are opened and destroyed unless they contain something of value or information making their return to the writers possible. Those containing anything of obvious value are held for one year awaiting claim, after which time, if unclaimed, the contents become government property. Letters carrying name and address of sender are returned. Undeliverable parcels are held for a time and finally disposed of at public auction.

During a recent year, the postmaster general reported the disposition of 24,056,982 undeliverable letters; 3,952,074 being delivered, 19,810,020 destroyed, 80,072 filed awaiting claim, 24,077 "under treatment" and 535,376 unclaimed parcels, of which 131,400 were delivered, 52,582 destroyed and the balance to be finally disposed of at auction.

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Hero at Last Cited Fresno, Calif.—Fifty-two years after her husband rescued Gen. George Custer's flag from the Indian chief American Horse at Slim Buttes, Mont., Mrs. William J. McClinton received from the government his Indian Wars medal and a posthumous citation for bravery.

Sprouted Oats Needed by the Laying Hens

"Sprouted oats for laying hens," is a formula that should be in every poultryman's feeding guide, says G. L. Stevenson, of the South Dakota State college. It's not very expensive either. However, it does require a warm room or basement.

Equipment needed for sprouting oats may be homemade. The boxes should be shallow, not over three or four inches deep. In preparing the oats for sprouting, it should be soaked overnight in a bucket or tub. A few drops of formaldehyde added to the water in which the oats is soaked will prevent mold from developing. Moldy grain is often fatal to poultry.

After the oats has been soaked and drained it may be spread out in the boxes and kept in a warm room or in a heated sprouting device. In a few days when the oats sprouts have attained a length of two or three inches, they will be ready for feeding.

Broody Hen Care

When several broody hens are sitting in coops close against one another, it may save much potential trouble if each bird is tethered by a long, thin cord from one leg to her nest-box. This will insure that, after her spell of duty, she joins her own nest and not a neighbor's, as she is otherwise liable to do. A hen may settle down for a short time on a strange nest, but soon she finds out her mistake, jumps up, and so allows the eggs to be chilled.

Use for Vitamine D

Vitamine D, which is found in cod liver oil, is useful in helping to properly assimilate minerals. This vitamine is furnished by the direct rays of sunshine. During winter months, sunshine does not contain as many of these helpful rays as in summer. When sunshine passes through ordinary glass a great deal of the helpful influence is lost. These two factors make it possible to utilize cod liver oil to advantage in winter rations for laying hens.

Three Million Artisans Are Listed in Russia

Geneva, Switzerland.—Official statistics from Russia, quoted in the weekly publication of the International labor office, put the number of artisans in the Soviet union at 2,900,000, or 55 per cent of the total number of industrial workers.

Their production, including milling is valued at \$2,150,000,000, or 30 per cent of the total value of the industrial production of the Soviet union. There are 7,413 artisans' co-operatives, with a total membership of 463,618 members.

Quality! Melonut MARGARINE A Pure Food Product At Your United Purity Store A Trial Will Convince You of Melonut Margarine's Superior Quality

WIFE AND EX-WIFE SHARE HAPPY HOME Both Mother Child in Strange Kansas Family.

Wichita, Kan.—George Dooley of Wichita is the head of a peaceful household consisting of his wife, his former wife, and his five-year-old daughter, Katherine. When Mrs. Daisy Dooley received her divorce from Dooley the court ruled Katherine should be in the custody of her mother three days out of each five, and with the father the remainder of the time. Dooley remarked, and now all live in the same house.

The two Mrs. Dooleys declare they are not in the least jealous of each other. Katherine receives the loving attentions of both her mother and her stepmother, who cooperated in giving her a merry Christmas day.

"When asked which of her mothers she loved most, Katherine replied: 'I love both of them. I love my mamma and I love Neva, and I love my daddy lots and lots.'"

Dooley, who is United States quarantine inspector for this district, said he was very happy over the success of his unusual arrangement.

"You know some people have funny ideas about marriage," he said. "They can't see how a scheme like this will work."

"For five months I was on the Chicago police force and both my present and ex-wife were with me. All of the boys used to wonder how I could manage it. Some declared I can't even get along with one woman, how can you live with two? But I really am happy and so are they."

The present Mrs. Dooley (Neva) explained the situation this way: "Last October I lost my only child, a little boy. Kitty is taking his place in my life and at the same time filling her mother's heart with joy."

Milk Solids Favored for All Kinds of Fowl

Skim milk solids are fundamental in the poultry rations recommended by Massachusetts Agricultural college in Extension Leaflet No. 6. Laying mash formula is: 100 pounds bran, 100 pounds middlings, 200 pounds yellow corn meal, 100 pounds ground oats, 50 pounds meat scrap, 25 pounds "powdered milk," 25 pounds alfalfa leaf meal, 5 pounds fine salt, 25 pounds steamed bone meal; and the grain formula is 100 pounds each of cracked corn, whole corn, wheat, or barley and oats. In addition the leaflet recommends: "Feed skim milk whenever available. . . . When all the skim milk the bird will consume is available, meat scrap need not be fed." For chicks, the laying mash with an additional 25 pounds of dry skim milk is recommended, together with chick grain, 200 pounds of cracked corn, and 100 pounds of cracked wheat. Milk solids in the laying mash amount to 4 per cent; in the chick mash to 8 per cent.

Man Great Grandfather, Great-Grandire in Day

Danville, N. Y.—Becoming a grandfather and great-grandfather in a day was the good fortune of C. E. Green of this village.

The grandson is Jacob Albert Green, son of George H. Green of New York city, while the great-granddaughter is Miss Barbara Jane McNeil, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. McNeil of San Diego, Calif.

High Cost of Wives Is Worrying Chinese Men

Shanghai.—Chinese business men whose importance is rated according to the number of wives are protesting against the increased price of helpmates. Since Nanking was made the capital and Nationalist officials spent so much time in Shanghai the price of a good wife had risen alarmingly. Lower class Chinese still can obtain young girls for as low as \$100, Shanghai currency.

RAYON FLANNEL LISTED AMONG SMART FABRICS FOR STREET FROCKS



EVERY style-wise woman feels, or should feel the urge to acquire a frock of light-weight woolen. The coat-dress is the big theme among designers who are creating for mid-season and planning for spring. For the making of these practical daytime frocks dainty woolsens and similar weaves are acclaimed as leading choice. This picture shows a street dress developed in soft navy blue rayon flannel. But you say you always thought rayon materials were "shiny" and that we could not get them lusterless—which is an entirely mistaken idea. Rayon weaves need not necessarily be lustrous. In fact they are now so produced that many are entirely sans luster, the rayon threads so closely resembling wool it would take a fabric specialist to distinguish the one from the other.

Tasty Cakes! ONLY the purest creamery butter, strictly fresh ranch eggs and other highest grade ingredients obtainable are used in the making of these delicious cakes. As far as possible only home products are used in their mixture, and baked by skilled Salem bakers in one of the finest ovens built, these cakes are truly wonderful. Why buy Seattle, San Francisco or Los Angeles made cakes when you can get this high class cake fresh daily from your grocer? Cherry City Baking Co.