

### SALEM BOY WRITES OF DAYTON FLOODS

Undertakers Rose to the occasion, Laying Aside All Ideas of Profits or Personal Gain.

Lloyd T. Rigdon, son of W. T. Rigdon, the funeral director here, wrote the following article, which appeared in the April number of "The Sunnyside," a New York funeral magazine. Mr. Rigdon's subject, as will be seen, deals with unrelatable newspapers reporting the news of the calamity which occurred at Dayton recently: How the Yellow Journalism Poisoned the Public Mind.

Salem, Ore., April 5, 1913. To the Editor of the Sunnyside: In reading of the floods in Ohio and Indiana, I have noticed in several instances a report that the undertakers of Dayton were "holding up" bodies found to exact exorbitant prices from the relatives, also that "the authorities quite often were forced to interfere to prevent fighting among the undertakers over the possession of unidentified bodies."

Upon learning of the appalling loss of life in Dayton following the first news of the disaster my mind naturally turned as to how the undertakers would organize to handle such a situation. I supposed, of course, that in such a catastrophe, when business was paralyzed and everybody doing all he could to assist his fellow man, that the members of our profession (as we would call ourselves) would band themselves together as one man, laying competition aside and forgetting any and all personal differences they might have toward one another, in caring for the bodies of the victims of that awful calamity, without thought of deriving any "pecuniary harvest" in such an hour of affliction, when thousands of people were homeless and had lost their all.

Possibly these newspaper accounts are not very authentic. It certainly seems incredulous after all we have done toward advancing our profession—raising its standard in the eye of the people, through our associations and trade journals, etc., that there are those among us, who, in their great lust for gold, would cast upon their profession such a stigma in the eyes of the people of Dayton and elsewhere. Such acts as these should be taken up in the association of Ohio, and if they are members they should be promptly ejected therefrom; so I sincerely hope and trust that I am misinformed in this matter, that the funeral directors of Dayton, Ohio, are men of different caliber than to stoop to such "body snatching."

I presume that before this your correspondent in that vicinity has obtained the true status of the matter, so will

anxiously await the arrival of the next issue of The Sunnyside, which is always a very welcome visitor around here. Sincerely yours, LLOYD T. RIGDON. (We give the above letter in order to emphasize the fact that the sensational reports in the daily newspapers were, as usual, grossly exaggerated. All our correspondents, or any one else needs to do is read the accounts of the men who risked their lives and health in serving the people of the stricken districts. The facts as recorded in this issue speak for themselves.)—Editor The Sunnyside.

### A COUPLE OF STORIES FROM THE TACOMA TRIBUNE

"Which would you rather have—a cow of your own, or a reliable city milkman?" asked Fred Shaw, police court constable of his wife Tuesday afternoon. "That depends," "Depends on what?" asked Fred, becoming interested. "A lot of things. There are two differences, between a cow and a milkman, and one difference is in favor of the former and one in favor of the latter."

"Kindly elucidate, madame," said Constable Shaw. "No. 1 explanation is that a cow gives pure milk and the other one is that a cow doesn't give credit." "I cannot cash this check, madame," said G. Herbert Raleigh, paying teller in the Bank of California. "What's the reason you can't cash it?" asked the woman in a peevish tone of voice. "There isn't enough money here to meet it," replied Mr. Raleigh. "Well, can't you meet it half way?" all of which goes to show, said Mr. Raleigh in telling the story, what questions women do ask.

### PEOPLE SHOULD GUARD AGAINST APPENDICITIS

Salem people who have stomach and bowel trouble should guard against appendicitis by taking simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as compounded in Adler-ka, the German remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis. A SINGLE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation INSTANTLY because this simple mixture antiseptizes the digestive organs and draws off the impurities. J. C. Perry, Druggist.

To Manage Debates. The manager of debate at Willamette university for the coming year will be Ivan McDaniel, of this city. The debate council will consist of Errol Cilkey, Inez Goitra, Charles Hall, Harry Savage and Dan Patterson. The manager will immediately begin plans for the forensic contests of next season and will know before school closes what schools will be met in debate next year.

### THE FIGHTING FATHER OF THE WATER FRONT

Makes Parishoners Understand the Blessedness of Faith, with 'a Hook to the Jaw.'

By Carlton Ten Byck. (Written for the United Press.)

New York, May 5.—When craving for diversion of a fistic character, it behooves the visitor to this polyglot city to drop down to West street, where the docks of the great steamship lines are strung, and get acquainted with Rev. Phillip J. Magrath, the "Fighting Father" of the water front. If in the mood—and he is always in the mood to do battle for the cause of honesty, justice and decency—Father Magrath may permit you to trot around his "parish" with him. If this rare treat befalls you and you come through alive you will have seen something to tell the folks back home.

Hardly a night passes that the rubicund, genial and kindly-eyed priest does not find it necessary, or at least congenial, to supplement his religious instructions with a wallop to the jaw of some seven-foot stevedore or water front crook. His wallop, by the way, contains the soporific power of a ton of chloroform. The recipient has the feeling—an awakening—of having been slapped by an elephant. Not that Father Magrath goes about looking for trouble—far be it from such. "I'm a peaceful man of the church," he will tell you solemnly, "and I detest having any trouble. But once in a while it is necessary to point out the right path with the fist instead of with some beautiful language which won't be understood." Father Magrath also insists that he is humane in his method of visiting the wrath of Providence on his recalcitrant parishioners. "I hate to hurt him," he said, "so I always try to wind up any argument with one punch. Usually I make my man understand the blessedness of the faith and the advantages of decent living with one right hook to the jaw."

Father Magrath is in charge of St. Peter's Union for Seamen. Although he is a Catholic, his union is non-sectarian. It is more like a club than a mission. Downstairs the seamen and longshoremen gather around checker boards and innocent card tables, and upstairs they receive the benefits of services conducted by their pugnacious parson. And woe to any unruly backslider who attempts that former favorite pastime of the water front—putting the meeting "on the bum." When Father Magrath first went to West street there was no tougher section of the city, and few as hardened and wholly wicked in the world. The "rough necks" who came ashore to squander their earnings of two trans-Atlantic voyages or the fruits of months of service on tramp steamers in a night were bad enough, but it was the swarm of crooks and gamblers who gathered to entice the unwary minor into crooked deals of all sorts that made the district notorious for murder and assault.

The advent of Father Magrath, the smiling, big-jawed, young priest, caused but little excitement at first. No one attended his meetings nor was his cloth respected as it should have been. Father Magrath looked around his "parish" silently for a few weeks and then decided that the only way to make these water front gangs step around to no converted was by force. So one night he started out to "clean up" his district alone and unarmed. They still tell of the street that glorious first night of battle and pory fistic display. He went from saloon to saloon, sorting out the biggest and worst looking men at the bar and urging upon them the error of their ways and the advantages of the life religious. When scoffed at he laid down his prayer book and rolled up his sleeves. There were usually just two blows struck. One was when the doughty priest's doughty fist landed on the jaw of said offender. The other was the echoing wallow when said offender's cranium collided with the floor. Then Father Magrath went about a systematic circuit of the crooks which

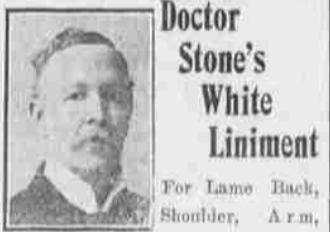
led through dark alley ways where the human sharks waited to pounce upon one of his beloved seamen when that jovial rover of the deep should be wading in the trough of too deep a land sea. The police had made sporadic but futile efforts to clean out the nests of thieves and tin-horn gamblers, thugs and lodging house crooks that filled the water front district. Father Magrath simply waded into a crook whenever he saw one, ordered him to get out of the district and if not met with instant response, sank one of his justly famous private-stock sleeping potions into said crook's masticatory apparatus.

The result is that today only one gang of unregenerate worries the good, stocky priest of the Seamen's Union. It is known as the Tin Can Alley Athletic club. Its athletics are confined to whatever calisthenic exercises are necessary to the hoisting of copious slugs or liquor to the lips, the blackjacking of drunken sailors and a brisk departure when pursued by the police—or Father Magrath. These athletes are descended from the Pig Alley Guards, a similar organization completed routed and disbanded by the almost single-handed operations of the "Fighting Priest." They had other affiliation with the Hudson Dusters, an aggregation of humorously inclined young hoodlum-bands whose favorite pastime was the "beating up" of policemen—when the latter weren't working in pairs. Father Magrath licked seven Hudson Dusters in quick succession and the rest "dusted." Father Magrath is a product of the East Side. He knows well the wants of "his people," and he is now beloved by every seaman of New York "Barbary Coast." Father Magrath's constant companion is "Bum," a rangy mongrel dog. Between them, they are literally "licking hell" out of West street.

A man living at Auburn, New York, had a severe attack of kidney and bladder trouble. Being a working man, not wanting to lose time nor run up a heavy doctor's bill, he cured himself completely by using Foley Kidney Pills. A year later he says: "It is a pleasure to report that the cure was permanent." He has had no return whatever of the pain, backache and burning. His name is J. A. Farmer, and he says: "Of course I recommend Foley Kidney Pills as a very effective cure for kidney and bladder trouble." Dr. Stone Drug Co.

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### WILL GIVE COMPANY CHANCE TO COMPLETE

Desert Board Decides to Allow Central Oregon Irrigation Company More Time on Canals.

As forecasted in The Capital Journal, the state desert land board late Saturday decided against a plan to put the Central Oregon Irrigation Company out of business. Governor West, Treasurer Kay and Secretary of State Olcott were in favor of giving the company another chance, while Engineer Lewis favored declaring the company in default and forfeiting its bond of \$25,000. West, Kay and Olcott took the stand that if the company was put out of business it would leave the irrigation project in bad shape, while, if the company makes good its promise, it will soon enlarge its canals, and make it so that there will be a chance for settlers, who have been complaining, to secure their patents from the United States government.

Roseco Howard, general manager of the company, made the statement at the hearing Saturday afternoon that the company had invested \$1,500,000 in the project, which is the largest in Oregon. Of this amount \$1,000,000 was secured by floating bonds in the East. Howard said he had deals on to secure more funds to use in development of the project, but feared that the efforts of "jaw artists" of Central Oregon to cause trouble might make it hard to get funds. He referred to C. B. Williams, who appeared before the board demanding that the company's bond be forfeited, as one of the "artists," and asserted that 90 per cent of the settlers were satisfied, and there is an abundance of water for irrigation purposes.

Williams tried to get the board to admit that the company was in default. After the board extended the time for completion of certain work to September 1, Williams declared he would take the matter into the courts, with a view of getting a mandamus order requiring the company had failed to get sufficient water on their land, and were much stirred up over it. He was one of the settlers, it appeared. Williams made no charge that money was not judiciously expended by the company.

While the board probably does not altogether approve of the methods of the company, it was a case of putting settlers up against a worse proposition if drastic action were taken against the company, it was explained, and so the concern will have another chance to float securities and finish the work.

### BARGAINS

4-room house, \$850.00, North Salem. 8-room modern house, fruit and berries, barn, \$2000. \$6500 takes ideal home, 20 acres. 150 acres in Polk county, cheap. 229 acres, well improved, \$22,000. SEVERAL GOOD BUYS IN PRUNE RANCHES, HOP RANCHES AND BERRY TRACTS. 3 lots, 5-room cottage, \$1000, snap. 5 and 10-acre tracts, close in, 1- to 5-acre tracts cheap. CITY LOTS ALL PARTS OF SALEM 5 lots, 3-room house, barn, chicken yard, fruit and berries, \$1600. Several business chances, restaurant, rooming house, grocery store, blacksmith, pool hall, cigar stand, hotel. SEVERAL STOCK RANCHES, CHEAP. 4 1/2 acres, 2 houses, on car line, fine garden tract, \$6000. Four-room furnished house, good lot, \$1450. 10 acres bearing Italian prunes, \$2750. WHAT HAVE YOU TO TRADE? LIST YOUR BARGAINS WITH US. WE SELL FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT INSURANCE. 4, 5, 6-ROOM HOUSES, INSTALLMENTS. Acme Investment Co. A. B. COOK, Manager. Phone Main 477. 540 State St. Opposite Court House.

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Aviator Killed. [UNITED PRESS TRADED WIRE.] Akron, Ohio, May 5.—Charles Carlson, a Milwaukee aviator, was killed today when biplaning near Silver Lake. He ascended 100 feet, when his engine suddenly stopped. Carlson was thrown from the machine, striking the ground headforemost. Death was instantaneous. Wonderful Skin Salve. Bucklen's Arnica Salve is known everywhere as the best remedy made for all diseases of the skin, and also for burns, bruises and boils. Reduces inflammation and is soothing and healing. J. T. Sossamon, publisher of News, of Corvallis, S. C., writes that one box helped his serious skin ailment after other remedies failed. Only 25c. Recommended by J. C. Perry.

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