

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1923.

"PTOMAIN POISONING"

"Ptomaine poisoning is a myth—there is no such thing as the statement of Frederick D. Strickler, M. D., Collaborating Epidemiologist. He says ptomaine is a basic product of putrefaction and it is not believed that any of these basic products are harmful to man. In the popular sense a ptomaine is any harmful substance arising from putrefactive changes in foods and is used to cover untoward results that arise from eating certain foods. Bacteria are responsible for the common disturbances designated as ptomaine poisoning, and such occurrences should be correctly called food infections.

Food infection is almost always associated with the bacillus enteritidis. Sea food, fish and meat are the chief vehicles for this infection, but milk, cheese, milk products and vegetables may become infected and act as vehicles of infection. Usually from six to twelve hours after eating infected food the onset of symptoms appear. The symptoms are those of irritation of the stomach and intestines, with nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain and diarrhea. The temperature may rise to 103. Most cases occur in the summer time, because the bacteria grow in the food and the warm temperature is conducive of rapid growth. Foods that are usually served in salads are particularly dangerous because they are often kept for several hours after being cooked, thus affording an excellent opportunity for the growth of bacteria.

Wholesome food may become infected by a person who has handled infected food and then handled wholesome food as in the preparation of salad. Rats and mice may infect food.

Acute spells of indigestion or gastro-intestinal disturbance may be due to a great number of causes. Indigestions in diet, eating when fatigued, exposure to wind and weather, chill, and catching cold are common causes. Nervous irritation in many persons is sufficient to cause vomiting and diarrhea. Organic diseases of the heart, kidneys and the onset of acute infectious diseases are often mistaken for "Ptomaine Poisoning." The very young and the aged and debilitated persons are more susceptible to infection.

Usually when there is great consumption of any particular commodity the price goes up. Here we are at the height of the touring season and gasoline has taken a drop. Strange things do happen. There is a surplus of gasoline at this time regardless of the tremendous quantity being consumed. In California gasoline has been selling at eleven cents a gallon, about half the price charged throughout this state. Yesterday a standard price of 17 cents a gallon was announced for the entire Pacific coast.

In order to settle a much discussed question of vital importance to this city and community, it might be well for the county court to select a committee of representative citizens to determine which is for the best interest for all concerned, a bridge across the South Umpqua to Alexander's addition or a roadway. At any rate we ought to get this problem off our chest and take up some new enterprise for the welfare of the city.

Roseburg is trying to support one cannery. We are able to support two if we will only realize the great benefits to be derived from such an institution. Why not make the one we now have such a pronounced success that there will be a clamor for additional facilities for canning the abundant fruit crop harvested in this county each year?

The person who claims never to read newspaper advertising should not complain about the high living costs.

The way to make a real success out of any local enterprise is to get behind the proposition financially.

It can't be done ought to be supplanted by the slogan, "It can be done."



Dear Folks:

Frank Lawton is a gentle man, with manners meek and mild. His friends all call him babyface because he's like a child in looks, altho he's thirty-five with hair that's turning gray. They tell him that his gentle ways are not the ways today.

He never scolds his fretful wife, but calls her pet and dear, and other gentle loving names, from which it would appear, his wife should treat him handsomely, and love him in return. Alas, but this is not the case, and Frank will never learn, or understand the reason why she treats him with disdain. He does his best to show his love, and all he gets is pain.

Tom Saunders is a growly man, he rules with iron fist. His wife appears to have no wish, or power to resist the laws he makes to suit himself. And yet with eyes that shine, she looks at him with happy pride, with love almost divine.

So Frank will keep on living, growing sadder every year, because the things he wants the most he knows will not appear, and Tom who uses brutal ways keeps finding them the best. They bring him strong devotion from a wife who thinks she's blessed. Some women love the lion's roar, some love the soft gurgles. But who is who and which is which is hard for man to tell.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—
 Of the good old
 Sutherland Sun had
 A few troubles with
 His press this a. m.
 And Ye ed. went over
 And threw a monkey wrench
 In the cog and she
 Worked o. k. and if
 Editor Hayner's paper
 Is a little better
 It's because we helped.

DUMBELL DORA THINKS
 Violin is a bad roadhouse.

OUR MORNING MAIL
 Riddle, Oregon, Aug. 1

Dear Editor Prunes:
 I got an awful jolt last night while I sat a-readin' your valuable and interesting paper. You see I allus read your editorial page complete, a-windin' up in the south-west corner, where Mr. Village Rhymester allus has a little piece that's generally purty clever.

But here last night he up and says: "You've learned that mighty trees from little acorns grow." Now all I got to say is I never learned nothing of the sort; and I ain't a-goin' to believe that guy ever learned it neither.

I've lived purty much all over these here United States, and I got the first time to ever see an acorn grow into a chestnut tree.

The rest of what he's got to say is dog-gone good—makes mighty fine readin'—but I can't let Mr. R. put nethin' like that acorn a-growin' into a chestnut tree over o. m. s. and keep my mouth shut.

My neighbor says not to pay no heed to it 'cause it's jest a "case of poetical license." Now, I say it's all right to let these guys take out a license to write poetry if they like to write it, and has got the money to pay for the license—it don't hurt nobody and makes a fine source of revenue to the state; but I say make 'em stick to the truth. It ain't fair to let 'em tell us such things as acorns turns into chestnut trees, and that the moon is "silver" when we know dog-gone well that it's yaller, and such like.

I jest want to say in closin' that if Mr. R. ain't a little more keeful he's a-goin' to get folks down on him sure. Parents don't want their poor, innocent children told such lies as that and if he ain't mighty keeful in the future he's dem liable to have his license revoked, revenue or no revenue.

Yours for truth,
 SOCRATES SPRUCEBY

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE.

Kind Sir: We have all been waiting breathlessly since your graduation from Hollywood for the wonderful cartoons we would enjoy through the great column of uplift in the Roseburg News-Review but so far only a blank from the rear of a train appeared. So here's a little to smile we have it.

Prune "Gee Whizz!"
 The best that is
 The real elixir of life
 I nominate and dedicate
 To Chief Umpqua and his tribe.
 We've applied for a trade mark and will send you a sample jug soon.
 Resp. yours, LOU.

All right Lou, shoot in a keg of it.

The cannery boys met last eve and discussed canning corn on the cob but we're in favor of squeezing the juice out of it first.

It doesn't take the weather bureau to tell a married man when a cold wave is on the way at his house.

An Indiana man has a silver dollar with the eagle on both sides but the remarkable thing about the dollar is that he has kept it twenty years.

"I'll let you know in the morning" is a man's way of saying "I'll ask my wife."

A leaf hits the ground and dies, a seed takes root and grows. Which are you, a leaf or seed?

Next to the unloaded gun, the railroad crossing with no train in sight is the next best way to shuffle off.

Unlocking the windows makes 'em easier to raise.

Your face in the show-window of your soul and your thoughts are the window trimmers. Why not have a window that people will be pleased to look at? Pleasant thoughts make pleasant faces.

She liked to think that he was sunny and often called him bright. But she never, that it funny when he came home lit up at night.

We know a telephone operator who has an income of ten thousand "bello's" a year.

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DAILY NEWS LETTER

Gossip of Staff Correspondents at World Centers of Population.

TODAY:
 The Picture Falls
 Chinatown Vanishes
 Prohibition—A Rumor

By GEORGE T. HOOK,
 (International News Service Staff Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Aug. 2—A trip into New York's famed East Side leaves one wondering why the inhabitants tolerate existing living conditions when the rest of the country offers them so much more opportunity for the things which make life really livable.

Books and magazine stories have failed to convey an accurate picture of this section of the teeming metropolis. One needs only to venture afoot into the East Side to learn that. The imaginative picture falls short of the reality.

Why do such conditions exist? There comes to mind only one answer, that of a writer who has made a study of them and has arrived at the conclusion that the inhabitants remain merely because of a reason purely relative.

Conditions here are so much better than those of the Russia they know before they became immigrants. Here, at least, they are assured of some sort of food and a place to sleep. Their present life is so vastly less hazardous than that to which they had become inured that they are content—not knowing evidently that the same frugality, industry and perseverance so typical of them, practiced almost anywhere else in the United States, would almost certainly bring success.

Inversely proportionate to the surprise a faring forth into the East Side brings is the disappointment experienced when the "provincial" visits afoot that district off the savory Bowery known far and wide as Chinatown. Meit, Pell and Doyers streets are not much different from others in the vicinity and seem to indicate that the Chinatown of yore is no more. If there is a Chinatown it is underground, and what cannot be seen cannot be justly gauged.

The war on Chinatown and its drug and vice dens waged by New York's police has resulted in achievement of its purpose. The visitor who expects to get a "kick" out of the sight of a dope fiend in the street is doomed to disappointment. And if perchance he sees a white woman walking with a Chinaman more likely than not she is a member of one of the mission corps which have done so much to Americanize Chinatown.

Although the state prohibition enforcement act has been repealed and there have been rumors of the city's being "wide open," New York's prohibition status has not materially changed, according to natives approached on the subject. It's just as easy here to get a quart or a pint of stuff indiscriminately called whiskey as it is in any other city or town. It all depends, in the last analysis, on knowledge of the "open sesame."

Broadway is as dry or wet—any way you'll have it—as it was a month ago, or when the Mullan-Gage law was being enforced, natives say.

The clubs "carry on," enforcement of the law which the writer is particularly familiar finds it so difficult to get the joy fluid at "get-togethers" it is put in pitchers, with "Help Yourself" signs hung on them. And they say it's good stuff, too.

While on the momentous topic, for the benefit of the out-of-towners let it be recorded that at present beer is retailing in the city at 29 cents the glass—two good mouthfuls. The bartenders say that in a test it will prove to be 6 per cent alcohol, and the after effect doesn't dispute this contention. But don't move here for the sake of the beer; New York is crowded enough as it is—and good beer is really scarce.

MEN'S SUMMER TIES

Wash ties, mercerized fancy color stripes at 2 for 25c. Silk overshot styles at 19c each. Knit silk mix in dandy color combinations, first quality made at 55c each or three for \$1.00. Carr's.

Why not ride in comfort. It costs no more. We give special prices on long trips, day or night. Lloyd Taxi. Phone 47; office 125 Sheridan.

IN BANKRUPTCY

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon. In the matter of Bryce C. Popham, Bankrupt.

To the creditors of Bryce C. Popham, of Roseburg, in the county of Douglas and district aforesaid, a bankrupt:

Notice is hereby given that on the 21st day of July 1923, the said Bryce C. Popham was duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the undersigned referee, in Roseburg, Ore., on the 31st day of August 1923, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Dated August 1, 1923.
 C. L. HAMILTON,
 Referee in Bankruptcy.

STATE PRESS COMMENT

Oregon Penitentiary

From news and political standpoint, there are a lot of interesting things happening at the Penitentiary—but the most interesting thing that is happening there, to the taxpayers, is the working out of the constructive campaign that will make the institution self-supporting. The revolving fund is piling up every day. It will be at least \$250,000 at this time next year. Even with provision for a spinning machine, there may be that much surplus cash available a year hence. In that event, the next legislature will find the institution absolutely self-supporting—taken from the backs of the burdened taxpayers for all time. With reasonable luck, the legislature at its next session will find the program so well along that only a very small appropriation, at most, for maintenance will be necessary.—Oregon Statesman.

Slow to Acknowledge

"The bolsheviks leaders in Russia are rather slow in realizing and acknowledging the fatal faults of their theories," declares the republican publicity association, through its president, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr. "One of the high officials of the Russian government recently admitted that 'Our main trouble is that we do not know how to organize production.'"

"Lenin and Trotsky looked upon the organizers of productive industry as non-producers, as mere capitalists." They seized the property of these organizers of industry and either slaughtered them or drove them out of the country.

"It is to be hoped that the lesson will not be lost upon those people in the United States who are inclined to listen to bolshevik sophistry. We have successful organizers of industry in this country. Our great advancement has been due to the skill and energy of men who began at the bottom in their various lines of endeavor and learned the business from the bottom up. Those men organized our great productive enterprises, our transportation system, our banking system, and our agencies for the rapid transmission of news, and for communication by the telegraph and telephone and by wireless. Our great flour mills, our lumber mills and our packing plants were established and built up by organizers of industry."—Oregon Voter.

A Neglected River

Portland people haven't sufficient appreciation of the value of the Willamette river as a water playground. If this stream ran through any one of the eastern cities it would be crowded with boats day and night—boats of every description, canoes, rowboats, motorboats, sailing boats and yachts.

In all America there probably is no other river so admirably situated. It is a pure stream, whose waters come from the "Cascades" frozen mountains. There is enough movement during parts of the day to keep the current clear of drift and pollution, yet the tide backs up so far that there is no perceptible force to "buck" when rowing or paddling.

Indeed, one may draw in the paddle of his canoe and settle himself among the cushions on the bottom, dreaming there for hours under the moon, without drifting more than a few rods.

And it does one good to get out there at night, away from the toils of the day, and drink in the beauties, clanking of streetcars and buzzing of mills along the shore come to the boatman softened by distance. One feels removed from the world—revels in a sense of dreamy suspension.

If the east had this lovely river the people would not let it go unappreciated. Of course we have the mountains and other beauty spots that distract our attention; but at the same time the river seems too much neglected.—Oregon Journal.

Oregon Apples Abroad

Portland may thank Hood River. This port stands at the head of all Pacific ports in fruit exportation. During the season of 1922-23, we shipped 786,868 boxes of apples and pears through the Panama canal to the United Kingdom, New York, and Buenos Aires. This was more than the combined shipments of Seattle.

The fruit exportations from Seattle to the United Kingdom were 447,828 boxes, or a little more than half the amount sent from Portland. San Francisco was third with 113,426 boxes, Vancouver fourth with 71,771 and San Pedro (Los Angeles) last with 21,242.

The refrigerator ship has solved the problem of placing Oregon apples or pears in the hands of the English or the Scotch as fresh and sound as when they left this port.—Oregon Journal.

While on the momentous topic, for the benefit of the out-of-towners let it be recorded that at present beer is retailing in the city at 29 cents the glass—two good mouthfuls. The bartenders say that in a test it will prove to be 6 per cent alcohol, and the after effect doesn't dispute this contention. But don't move here for the sake of the beer; New York is crowded enough as it is—and good beer is really scarce.

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Broccoli Growers

We are now planning for the handling of the 1924 crop of Broccoli—expected to break all previous records.

In order that we may dispose of this coming crop to best advantage it is important for us to have a close estimate of the acreage. So we ask our old members to return promptly the cards we are mailing them. And to new growers we extend a hearty welcome to join us—asking that you also give us the above information—reminding you that:

This Exchange established the cash f. o. b. selling Umpqua Valley Broccoli.

This Exchange gives you the maximum in return at the minimum cost.

The expense of membership is 25c per acre per year.

Umpqua Broccoli Exchange

Incorporated

FOSTER BUTNER, Manager

San Francisco, Los Angeles and Vancouver, B. C.

But of this huge amount, fruit originating in the Hood River district represented 65 per cent, or 513,809 boxes. White Salmon was next with 138,351 boxes, Medford with 83,245 boxes, Rogue River with 12,057 boxes, the Willamette valley with 18,775 boxes and all other points 21,449 boxes. The total included 20,467 boxes of pears.

Nearly all the fruit sent by water from Portland was eaten by Great Britain. To the United Kingdom went 713,182 boxes, to New York, 59,438 and to Buenos Aires 4085.

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