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"I pledge my allegiance to my flag, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice to all."

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

With the close of this week there will have passed into history the ups and downs of high school life for ten of our young men and women, five boys and five girls.

This week and the preceding ones have held much of enjoyment for the class in addition to school work. We are glad it could be so, for in a short time the members of the class will begin to drift to other locations in answer to opportunities that beckon, just as other classes have drifted in response to other beckonings. We will be glad to know that each member of the class has in due time gotten well started upon life's work—for in it is to be found true happiness and development which adds to our manhood and womanhood.

Success in life cannot always be measured by the size of one's bank account, but more surely by our ideals and the effort expended in attaining our ideals.

Here 's wishing success to the class of '21, in the strength of your manhood and the nobility of your womanhood, and may the years ahead unfold.

SPANKING THE PROUD AND RICH

Mr. Frank Crane says, "If you want prosperity abolish the Income Tax. Substitute for it a Sales Tax on all goods sold or any one of the other taxes that have been suggested."

Radical thought conceived in the income tax an instrument of punishment, to sober and chastize the Proud and Rich. Politicians welcomed it as a means of furthering their ambitions through an appeal to the "common people"—the rank and file of the voters. And what was more important to them, an opportunity to fatten the treasuries over which they held control.

The latter has been accomplished with startling success, but anyone who supposes that the Proud and Rich are bearing the burdens of the Income Tax must possess a simple faith and a childlike trust in a truly remarkable degree.

The Proud and Rich calmly pass the buck. The poor pay at every turn.

And no fair minded man can find it in his heart to blame the Proud and Rich.

For the Income Tax is neither just nor right, and that which is neither just nor right cannot benefit the majority of the people over a period of time.

To fine people for being successful and penalize efficiency is the Bolshevik's dream. If that is what we want to do in this country, if we want to rob business of it's capital, of that which it must have to go on doing business, then we must not complain of poor business, lack of employment and high prices. For eventually where the ability to produce is impaired prices must necessarily advance.

You and I and all the rest of the Let-George-Do-It Club are allowing our politicians to say to the man with capital, "If you dare to invest your money in any enterprises, and should you in spite of the way in which we are trying to run things,

become successful, we will rob you of your gains."

"Very well", replies the man with money to invest, "I will sit tight. I can invest my money in State and Municipal Securities and in other ways in which the returns may be smaller in the gross, but greater in the net, because you will have no opportunity to confiscate them. I can afford to let business stagnate, if the rest of you can.

The rest of us cannot. We depend upon business for our livelihood. Undoubtedly this new administration is now planning relief. Big Business knows this and is confident. There is a good deal of genuine optimism. The Statesmen know what must be done. But it won't do a bit of harm if the politician is made to realize beyond the shadow of a doubt that a sufficiently large number of intelligent voters in this country are keeping their eyes open, and are in no mood for further foolishness.—Public Service Monthly.

"THE STAFF OF LIFE"

Before and After

Great inroads have been made during the last few years in the assembling of facts concerning various grain flours when used in the baking of bread. Some flours may carry an insufficient quantity of starch, or, again to much, which means it must often be experimented with before a high grade bread is produced from it. This same is true of the principle elements carried in all grains.

The paragraph here following is taken in part from Robert K. Duncan's book, "Chemical Problems of Today," and explains to a large extent what flour really is and why some act differently than others when made into dough.

Flour contains starch, gluten, gliadin, sugar, soluble albuminous bodies, fats, oils and mineral matters such as: fermenting enzymes and bacteria. Rye, maize, barley, buckwheat and wheat contain various quantities of the two substances called respectfully gliadin and glutenin; of these grains wheat contains the highest percentage of gliadin. This gliadin is the sticky substance, the cement, that holds the highly nitrogenous or vitamine carrying gluten together. Sticky gliadin at low temperature resists oxidation, and so becomes putrid up into lightness while at higher temperature it becomes converted into digestible material and sets. The volume of the loaf depends on the quantity of sugar available during the final stages of fermentation. Yeasts convert sugar of the dough into carbonic-acid gas and alcohol, and at the same time there are formed small quantities of glycerin and oxalic acid. The carbonic-acid gas formed through the fermentation of the sugar puffs the dough into lightness, the alcohol having a similar effect in the oven softening the gluten of the dough increasing its power to hold the gas as well as slightly checking bacterial fermentation. The yeast organisms contain invertase, a substance which is able to convert sugar-cane into invert sugar; these yeasts also contain zymase, which is the substance that transforms the sugar so produced into large quantities of carbon-dioxide and alcohol and other ferments that convert the protein matter, a nitrogen containing substance of the bread into material of grateful taste and nutriment.

In a certain community lived, or rather existed, a foreign family possessed of eleven children, a three-room shack, unspeakable living conditions, and a father who had tuberculosis, but would not admit it. He lived accordingly, without regard for the protection of his children. When his cospidor became full to overflowing with venomous spittle, he emptied in the yard where the children played.

The neighbors were enraged but dared not interfere because the man kept a loaded gun and threatened to use it.

The Marion county nurse was notified. It is a nurse's duty, just as it is a fireman's or soldier's, to go where duty calls. She called at the home, regardless of danger, and was all but forcibly ejected after a stormy and fruitless interview with the father. Back she went the next day—and got results. The father consented to a free examination. The whole family was examined and

the father was persuaded to go to a hospital. Through the suggestions of the nurse, the mother of the big family discovered soap and water. She scrubbed everything. She used lye on floor and walls and poured chloride of lime on the back yard. The family as a whole to sleep with open windows, to eat better foods, and most important—to keep clean. Such as the will and way of one county nurse.

SELLING SOIL FERTILITY

Soil fertility that requires a hundred years to produce and fifty years to exhaust can be carelessly farmed on for a few years. Making money on land is a comparatively easy thing, but renewing old soil is a costly process. Our farmers were mostly soil exploiters; the sequence of which the farmer today must spend much of his time mending the rents his reckless father made.

Certainly exhaust the soil more rapidly than others. Certain produce so the farm carries away a large part of its sale value in the fertilizer it contains. For example, a dollar worth of butter or cheese contains at a few cents worth of the essential soil elements; while a dollar worth of wheat may contain this same worth of such elements.

According to a ruling in 1913, a ton of seed meal that sold for but \$27 carried away \$46.70 worth of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, the three most essential soil elements. A ton of linseed meal, then selling at \$31, carried away \$34.47 worth of fertility. Yet we are sending shiploads of these feeds to Europe and congratulating ourselves of the big business we were doing. Even tobacco has been sold for export for less than it would cost to replace the soil elements contained in it.

The deadly effect of shipping out forage and feed stuffs at a price near to or less than the cost of the fertility in it, is shown in the steadily decreasing crop per acre produced in America. For example, the soil of Minnesota till in early days produced an average of thirty bushels of wheat per acre has been brought to an average of thirteen bushels when twenty bushels of the Willamette valley was raised in a sim-

ilar way by our good forefathers—soil robbers all.

There is a seeming exception to the rule that small grain indefinitely sown will exhaust soil, in the semidry grain farming of the Inland Empire, where certain salts essential to small grains have accumulated for ages and have not much leached away. But on the rainy side of the Cascades, soil fertility must be conserved and renewed just as surely as bank deposits must be made in order to keep up a checking account.

Grain, hay and other stock feeds can be hauled down hill to market from any farm on earth; but the fertility to replace them must be hauled back up hill. No farm can long maintain its productivity that does not do the most of its marketing through domestic animals of good quality. Meat, dairy products and wool must be a major part of the farm's product. Feeding soil is as much a part of the science of agriculture as its planting and tilling.—Evening Telegram.

INTEREST GROWTH COMPARED TO "PIGS IS PIGS."

Twenty years ago a man cheated Warren G. Harding of Marion, Ohio, out of 40 cents. The other day a letter came to President Harding from a man in California with a \$1 bill in it.

The letter stated that the dollar was for the 40 cents of which the President had been defrauded, plus interest to date.

The man who wrote "Pigs is Pigs" might have written "Interest is interest." Compound interest piles up somewhat after the fashion of the pig family.

The President kept the dollar. No doubt it caused him to soliloquize upon the subject of compound interest.

For the saving of small amounts the 25-cent Thrift Stamp and our new \$1 Treasury Savings Stamp, convertible into the interest-paying Government Savings securities, are also kept on sale. A dollar a week in ten years will amount to \$638.68. A lot of the American people are getting acquainted with compound interest through the investment of their savings in these securities.

Choice candies at Thompson's Confectionery.

PORTLAND ROSE FESTIVAL

Portland, Oregon.—The Board of Directors of the Portland Rose Festival Association have fixed June 8th to 10th as the date for this year's three day fete. For fifteen years the Rose Festival has been the most important celebration in the Pacific Northwest, and ranks in beauty and entertainment features with the famous Mardi Gras of New Orleans, and the New Year's Day floral parade at Pasadena.

Preparations for the festival are proceeding, and an elaborate entertainment programme is being arranged. Two great day parades will be held. The Floral Parade, always a thing of marvelous beauty, will this year be made even more attractive by the addition of new features. The automobile section of the parade is expected to include at least three hundred handsomely decorated cars. The Industrial and Port Development Parade will be designed to depict Portland's growth as an industrial and shipping center.

The annual Rose Show will be put on for three days in the municipal auditorium; competitors from all parts of the rose growing sections of the United States will enter blooms for the contest. The American Rose Society's principal test garden is located in Portland and is expected to produce some new and wonderful roses for the event. Several new roses will be named during the show.

A clever woman who gets a mediocre husband has the sympathy of all the gossips. Why it that they overlook the clever man who marries a silly woman? Perhaps it is because the latter is so common as to attract little notice.

"Some of the grandest discoveries of the ages," said the great scientist sonorously, "have been the result of accidents."

"I can readily believe that," said the fair lady. "I once made one that way myself."

The great man blinked his amazement.

"May I ask what it was?"

"Certainly," replied the fair one. "I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy you could use a fountain pen just like any other pen—without all the trouble of filling it."—Christian Register.

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