

HANK AND PETE

PETE DIDN'T KNOW THAT JAIL BIRDS WERE SO GENEROUS

By KIEN KLING



BIG WASTE IN WAR

Money Spent Would Have Made Earth a Paradise.

24,000,000 DEAD AND MAIMED

Berlin Paper in Making Comparisons Says Funeral Cortege of 7,000,000 Men Killed Would Reach From Paris to Vladivostok, One Hearse Following Another.

Berlin.—The Berliner Tageblatt sums up the results of the war to date as follows:

"War loans, \$87,000,000,000; loss in dead and wounded, 24,000,000 men; killed, 7,000,000 men; crippled for life, 5,000,000 men; loss through decrease of birth rate in all belligerent countries, 9,000,000 men.

"The gold production of the world during the last 500 years amounted to \$15,000,000,000, or less than one-fifth of the cost of the awful world war," the paper continues. "In five dollar gold pieces the \$87,000,000,000 raised in war loans would form a belt that could be wound around the earth nine times.

"The funeral cortege of the 7,000,000 men killed would reach from Paris to Vladivostok if one hearse followed the other.

"When the war began the combined public debt of all European states was a little over \$25,000,000,000, and now it is over \$112,000,000,000. The British merchant fleet in 1914 represented a value of about \$500,000,000. That is less than the annual interest England now has to pay for her war debt. Before the war Germany exported goods to the amount of \$173,000,000 per year to the British colonies. By cutting off this export England eventually re-imburse herself for her losses, but this will take more than 200 years.

"Germany, with the amount spent by her for the war, could have bought all the cotton fields, the copper mines and the whole petroleum industry of the United States and still would have had several billion dollars left over.

"Russia, with her war expenses might have covered her immense territories with a net of railways as close as that of Belgium and France, whose losses in men are larger than the entire male population of Alsace-Lorraine could have bought all the Portuguese and Dutch colonies with the money sacrificed for the war.

"With the enormous wealth destroyed by the war Europe might have been made a paradise on earth instead of a howling wilderness. There is no doubt that the awful struggle would have been avoided if the nations had any idea of its vicinity when it started."

A Cask's Capacity.

Should you wish to get the capacity of a cask you can do so in the following manner: Take the measurements from the bung-hole to the bottom of each end of the cask in inches. Average the two measurements. Multiply this figure by itself twice, then multiply the product by .00226, and the remainder is the number of gallons. Example: 31 inches, 29 inches (average 30 inches); 30 x 30 x 30 = 27,000, which multiplied by .00226 = 61.02. The contents, therefore, are sixty-one gallons and a fraction.

WILL PRACTICE AT OREGON CITY

B. F. SWOPE FORMS ASSOCIATION WITH LAW FIRM AT OREGON CITY.

(From Independence Enterprise).

When the editor of the Enterprise was apprised last week of the decision of Attorney B. F. Swope to leave the city, we had already printed the Enterprise and therefore was unable to give our readers the information, which later leaked out. The departure of the Swope family from our city will be regretted by all, as they were influential in all matters pertaining to the progress and welfare of our city and county, and were quite prominent in

society circles. Mr. Swope has been identified with the interest of our city for a number of years in the capacity of city attorney and City Recorder, and in each position has given the best of service. His wife has held the position of school clerk for the past three years and has proven a valuable official.

Attorney Swope will move to Oregon City about the 15th of October, where he will engage in the practice of law with one of the most influential firms of that city and county. His office here will be turned over to his son, Cecil and with him will be associated Edward Dyer, both young men having a most promising future before them.

Attorney Swope had a wide acquaintance in both Polk and Lincoln counties and enjoyed an extensive practice which will be the good fortune of his son and associate to take over left

their predecessor. Mr. Swope traded his residence for a small tract of ground near Oregon City and as part cash consideration. The land is easily accessible to his business.

We regret to see this estimable family leave and wish them abundance of success in their new home. It may be added Mr. Swope served a term as county judge of Lincoln County, Oregon, and for seven years was deputy district attorney under Hon. E. M. Brown.—Adv.

GEORGE DEBOK SELLS HIGH CLASS PORK

George DeBok, one of the well

known farmers of the Willamette section, has some of the best Duroc Jersey swine in the county, and has sold his large barrow "Shamrock" to the Union Meat company, receiving 18 cents on foot, amounting to \$55.80. The barrow weighed 310 pounds. Mr. DeBok entered some of the swine in the livestock department of the Multnomah county fair held at Gresham, and was awarded \$77 in prize money, and at the Clackamas county fair received \$48 in prize money. The same swine were exhibited at the Oregon State fair, and attracted much attention. "Golden Lord" is at the head of the herd, and tips the scales at 600 pounds.

Tillamook—75 tons of blackberries shipped from here to Portland in 24 days.

BOXES INSTALLED COLLECT FUNDS FOR XMAS GIFTS

The committee in charge of the Red Cross work for the preparation of Christmas boxes for our boys at the front, announces that they have installed boxes at Burmeister & Andersen, Bannan & Company, Price Bros, Huntley Drug Co., and Jones Drug Co., for the collection of funds with which to further the work. A. R. Jacobs chairman of the committee, urges prompt action upon those contemplating making a contribution as the Christmas boxes must be ready for shipment by November 1. The announcement by the Red Cross of their intention to send Christ-

mas remembrances to the boys at the front has struck a popular chord among the residents of the entire and indications are that this meritorious work. Everyone should, however, bear in mind, that quick action is necessary.

BAKER DECREE SIGNED.

The decree was signed in circuit court Tuesday dissolving the marriage between Helen A. Baker and E. M. Baker.

THEY AIMED TOO LOW

Kaiser Bill went up the hill. To take a part of France, Kaiser Bill went down the hill With bullets in his pants.

LOST IN THE SWAMP

NEITHER Joe nor Bert will ever forget their wanderings and hardships when lost in the Okefenokee swamp. The two boys had been allowed to accompany a hunting party of men to one of the more accessible islands, but were given orders not to venture far from the permanent camp there. For a few days they were contented to obey, but the stories of big game and the trophies brought in at night by the grown-up hunters excited them. The bird shooting they did in the neighborhood of the camp became tame and they longed for more ambitious adventure.

So one day, carrying their small bird guns, the two boys ventured into the jungle at the lower end of the pine-grown, wire-grass-covered island and lost their way. They had not intended to go far and thought it would be easy to retrace their steps. But the maze of tangled growth was confusing, and an exciting event caused them to depart abruptly from the more or less straight course they were pursuing. As Joe expressed it, they "ran right up on a bear."

The animal was engaged in pulling

up young palmetto shoots and eating the sweet and tender part near the root. After each pull it would rear up on its hind legs and look cautiously over the brush in every direction. So when the boys stepped into view about a hundred feet away the bear saw them on the instant and bolted, crashing loudly through the tangle of brush. The boys took one long look and then fled in the opposite direction, not quite sure that the bear was pursuing them, but uncomfortably certain that their bird guns would be scant protection.

Their panic over, they came to a halt. But now, having lost all sense of direction, their efforts to find their way back to the high open pine land completely failed. They were not far from the island and knew it, so at first they were not greatly alarmed. But after some hours they realized with deep concern that, instead of returning toward the island, they had continually wandered farther away. Turning right about then they hurried as they thought, over the backward track, but even now their course was largely one of tortuous windings which

the nature of the ground and the difficulty of passage made almost unavoidable.

Night found them still in the dense, damp and at points flooded, jungle. Selecting a comparatively dry spot, they collected a pile of Spanish moss for a bed and lay down, tired, hungry and fearful of the approach of the more dreaded varieties of the "big game," which they had proudly gone forth to seek. The night was long and worse than comfortable. When they slept their dreams were full of fearsome beasts and when they lay awake they frequently heard alarming noises as some crawling animal forced its way through neighboring brush.

Dawn brought a measure of comfort, although they had nothing for breakfast and no means of even building a fire. They rose and wandered on, striving to appease their hunger by chewing palmetto roots. Some three hours after starting they emerged from the jungle and looked far out over a great sedge-grown marsh with here and there open pools of water and island-like clumps of cypress trees flying thousands of

drifts of gray moss. By this time the boys were so hungry, unhappy and desperate that they began to accuse each other, each blaming the other for the troubles in which they found themselves.

Unwilling to re-enter the pathless jungle, they spent the day skirting the great marsh, sometimes wading in mud and water up to their waists in order to do so. At last, toward sundown, they saw green pines ahead, toiled up an incline to dry ground and found themselves upon an island similar to the one they had lost.

A few minutes later they found a well marked trail and followed it through pine woods until they stood looking in upon what was evidently the camp of a trapper, for many curing hides hung against the trees. There was no tent, but the boys were quick to take note of a house or

Only the appearance of the trapper himself prevented the ravenously hungry boys from rushing forward to help themselves. As the man walked into view, they checked this impulse and stood studying him.

"He looks 'ust like a ram-gout with that long beard growing down in a point," whispered Bert.

"But he looks as if he'd be friendly," said Joe, and boldly stepped forward.

The trapper started at sight of them, but greeted them cheerfully with a—"Hello, boys, whur did you come from?"

Joe mentioned the name of the lost island, asked how far it was, was assured that it was "a fur ways," and, in answer to questions, briefly told the story of their wanderings.

"I hope you've got plenty to eat," ventured Bert, wistfully, "because we—we're starving."

The trapper's face instantly showed sympathy. He grabbed two tin plates and, as he dipped a bountiful portion from the pot upon each, he said regretfully: "I might 'a know'd it, and here we've been a-talkin' and a-talkin'." As he sat watching the boys devour the quail stew before he helped himself, he added: "There's plenty more partridges where they came from. After supper I'll show you how I bag 'em."

Both Joe and Bert knew that he should have said quail instead of partridges, but were too polite to correct him.

After other eatables had been offered them and they had literally stuffed themselves the boys followed as the trapper led them about a half mile away in the woods, carrying an ash box with arrows of the same, the latter tipped with sharp steel. The quest was a quail "roost" in the twilight a dozen or more of the birds were seen squinting in the wire grass. Again and again the bow twanged and the arrow sped, in each case cutting off the head of a quail. The neighboring birds looked startled, turning their heads from side to side as if striving to pierce the gathering gloom, but there was no noisy plunge of the remainder of the covey until the trapper had shot as often as he wished and stepped forward to gather up the slain.

"You see, I shoots 'em in the head to keep from spillin' the meat," he smilingly explained. The boys were delighted to make the acquaintance of so wonderful a shot, and after he had promised to take them back to their island in his dug-out canoe, after listening to many thrilling hunting stories, after a comfortable night in the tree house and a bountiful breakfast, they no longer regretted but were glad of their painful misadventure.

And when, after some hours of toilsome passage through flooded marsh and jungle, the trapper's canoe landed them on their own island within no great distance of their familiar camp, their uppermost and most satisfying thought was:

"Oh, won't we have a lot to tell!"

A SHORT LIFE.

Miss Bee—No use in offering me a lifetime's devotion, Mr. Butterday, it'll be over in about six weeks!

NOT AT ALL.

"Do you think it silly to wear furs in the summer time?" "Certainly not. Don't we wear low-necked gowns in the winter?"

FRUIT TREE PUZZLE



"An apple, a plum and a nice juicy pear, All for Jimmie And Mollie To Share." (Cut out the black spots, fit them together and find the apple, plum and pear.)

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

HYDRA-HEADED WORDS.

1. I am to represent, change my head I am festive, change once more, I am "a person eminent for piety or virtue."
2. I am an old woman, change my head, I am "inclined," change again I am to hum.
3. I am a predicament, change my head I am slender, change once more I am a hasty removal.
4. I am candid, change my head I am a whim, change again I am a fussy person.

VARIOUS KINDS OF TEA.

1. A fierce and cruel tea.
2. A tea which lacks courage.
3. A tea full of hatred.
4. A serious tea.
5. A successful tea.
6. A tea which has good fellowship.

ANSWERS.

HYDRA-HEADED WORDS — 1. Paint, Faint, Saint. 2. Crane, Prone, Drone. 3. Plight, Slight, Flight. 4. Frank, Prank, Crank. VARIOUS KINDS OF TEA—1. Ferocity. 2. Timidity. 3. Animosity. 4. Gravity. 5. Prosperity. 6. Society.



"Hello, Boys, Whur Did You Come From?"

sleeping box in a tree near by which was reached by a mevable ladder. But what interested them most was a pot swinging over a fire from a tripod of three staks in which there evidently simmered a savory stew.

"This is Blackjack," said the trapper, "and you sure have come many a mile. I know'd ther' was a huntin' party in the swamp. I've heard your men a-shootin' all the week, but none of 'em ain't been to Blackjack."

HANK AND PETE

'MUD' MAY BE A GOOD POLICE DOG, BUT HE HAS NO LOVE FOR CATS

By KEN KLING

