

The Result of a Halloween Party

By RUTH GRAHAM

Clara Duncan lived a lonely life. Her mother was an invalid, and Clara's time was almost exclusively taken up attending to her wants. When Halloween was approaching Clara was invited to a gathering to be held on that evening at the house of one of her intimate friends, Edna Stewart, but her mother was too weak to admit of her accepting the invitation. This was a great disappointment to the girl, who after a previous Halloween party had listened to the recitals concerning the gathering from which two different engagements had resulted.

"Well," said Clara to herself, "if I must wait to meet my fate at a Halloween party I shall die an old maid, I suppose."

The party convened at the Stewart home "on the hill," as the principal residence portion of the town was called, in the afternoon. The guests were to remain for dinner, after which they were to tell ghost stories by the firelight and occupy themselves with other appropriate Halloween specialties. The day was a typical October one, and when night fell Clara thought of the party of young persons sitting around the fireplace listening to the ghost stories. Going to see if her mother wanted anything, she found her looking comparatively well.

"Clara," said the invalid, "I am feeling so well this evening that I can spare you. Go up to the Stewarts and join in the festivities. Get what pleasure there is left of the gathering and don't hurry home. You'd better take the electric light."

Midway between her home and the Stewarts stood a vacant house. It had been prepared for a bride and groom, but just before they were to have been married some trouble arose between them and separated them.

Clara was obliged to pass this house while going to the Stewarts. The way was lonely and dimly lighted by a street lamp here and there. Just before reaching the deserted house she heard a footstep above and for a moment saw a man's figure coming toward her. The situation for a young girl was not a pleasant one. She could not tell whether the comer was of high or low degree.

It occurred to her to go into the yard of the deserted house and remain in darkness till he had passed. Standing beside a box tree that had been planted thirty years before, she waited. The man came on and stopped before the place where she was hiding. Clara, terrified, ran to the house, which was back some distance from the sidewalk, and up on to a rear porch. Peeping from her new hiding place, she caught a glimpse of the man coming across the street. She convulsively put her hand on the knob of a door to open it and was surprised at being able to do so. The wood had rotted away from the iron receptacle into which the bolt was shot.

The poor girl was less frightened at being alone in the deserted house than she would have been at facing the man who seemed to be bent on finding her. He had doubtless seen her enter the premises, and the house and its surroundings were lonely and deserted. There was barely enough light for her to see an opening through which she passed, and, feeling her way, her hand rested on a banister. Ascending a staircase, she saw the light of the sky through an open door and window and entered a room. There, trembling like an aspen, she crouched in a corner.

Meanwhile a wind arose, and the casements of the windows, which were loose, rattled, and the few blinds that had not been shaken off by other winds began to slam. Besides, the sky had become covered with clouds, and the poor girl could not see her hand before her face. She had heeded her mother's injunctions to bring an electric lamp and had it in a bag which she carried on her arm.

Putting out a hand, she felt a piece of furniture, but could not tell what it was. Taking her lamp from her bag, she flashed it.

She was standing before a bureau and looking straight into the mirror. In the mirror was a reflection of a man's head and shoulders.

A scream was suppressed at seeing not the face of a murderer, but a young man in evening dress. Moreover, the moment the lamp was flashed he smiled. In a twinkling Clara found herself not only free from her supposed danger, but protected from real or imaginary terrors.

"Don't be frightened," said the man quickly. "Aren't you Miss Clara Duncan?"

"Yes."

"I'm Fred Stewart. I came home in time for my sister's Halloween party. Some one telephoned from your house that you had started to come up the hill, and I thought I would meet you on the way. I fancied I saw a woman come in here and that it might be you, so I—"

"Oh, I am so thankful!" interposed Clara. "For heaven's sake take one out of here."

Whether Clara collapsed in his arms or not neither of them ever told. At any rate, she leaned heavily upon him as they left the house, he illuminating the way with the electric lamp, and later they appeared at the young man's home, where they found the party bobbing for apples.

The only engagement that resulted from that Halloween gathering was that of Clara Duncan and Fred Stewart.

THE POSSUM PARTY

By M. QUAD

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Last month the following colored gentlemen and politicians met at Paradise hall in response to a circular letter from Brother Gardner:

Judge Persimmon Longbody of Tennessee, who held the office of constable once for thirty days and knows how good it is.

Colonel Cabiff Rocky of Kentucky, who sweeps out the postoffice in Louisville, but had far rather be postmaster.

Brassbound Johnson of Maryland, who has led his cohorts against many a melon patch and will again, by thunder!

Major Boker of Ohio, who says that taking a chicken off the roost without a squawk is an art.

Several other delegates were to be on hand, but the constable rallied in force and drove them back.

Brother Gardner stated that the meeting was for the purpose of putting a presidential ticket in the field at an early date and the party would be called "the Possum party." The matter was thoroughly discussed and settled, and there was an adjournment to a later date.

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"Respectable fellow citizens," began the orator as he got his feet planted on the proper spot, "two weeks ago dar was a-bornin' in dis famous hall which has made talk fur 10,000,000 people. It was de bornin' of a new political party."

"My fren's, I had bin waitin' thirty y'ars fur de dawn of freedom. I hev bin waitin' thirty y'ars fur de birth of de Possum party."

"Freemen of free land, patriots who ar' takin' yo'r fust breath of liberty. I'm lookin' at dat stuff possum which we have adopted as our sacred emblem an' arter which we hev taken our name. [Typhoonic yells.] Dar has eber bin a bond of sympathy between de cull' man an' de possum. Dey haven't had a show wid de big game. Dey has had to keep still till folks looked upon 'em as dead. [Signs of groans and repressed agitation.] However, it's gwine to astonish a hull continent de way dat possum will let go an' drap down into de row an' demand an' fight fur his sheer of de spiles. [Whirlwinds of applause, during which the stove fell over unheeded.]

"Yo' jest git out yo'r pencils an' figger a minut. Dere's ober 3,000,000 black men in dis kentry who am entitled to walk to de polls on 'leckshun day an' cast a vote. If dey but hang together yo' can't count 'em out nor keep 'em back. Dem 3,000,000 votes am gwine to be cast for principle, but doan' make no mistake 'bout principle. We used to think dat it meant votin' on sartin' lines an' dat George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, de constitution of de United States an' several odder things was mixed up wid it, an' we walked up an' put in our votes as if each an' ebery one was gwine to save de keetry. But we farned it from de white man. [Cries of 'Yo' bet we hev!'] We hev farned dat he sets out on a political campaign wid a cartload of principles to gib away free gratis an' punctuate his speeches, but when de ballots am counted up he lays down his principles to pick up his office."

"We am gwine to take a flyleat from de white man's book. We'll stick to principles, but we'll look out fur de spiles as well."

"My fren's, daylight has cum at last fur us. We's got our bundles packed an' hev started on de road. We's got headed right, an' we's only to keep on to find de tree here an' be on hand when de honey am divided up. [Yells for honey.] Keep yo'r eye on de possum an' yo'r brains in yo'r heads an' yo'll win a victory dat Bunker Hill couldn't hold a candle to. [General hoarseness, but prodigious applause.] I want a word no' befo' I close. Dis am to be a plain, airnest campaign on our part. We ain't gwine to say much, but what we do say will hit de barn doah like a load of buckshot. Doan' git de idea dat big words am gwine to help yo' win what belongs to yo'."

"Yo' dis meetin' opened tonight I heard Waydown Bebee observe dat de malignant innuendo of de torrid adflashun would enhance de generality of de pomposity. He probably meant well, an' mebbe his observation has helped us to git started, but I hope he won't do it ag'in. Doan' nobody do it. Dis am no dictionary campaign. [No, no!] It will be plain puddin' an' milk at home an' plain English when yo' am walkin' up and down wid a possum badge on yo'r breast an' a flag of liberty in yo'r hand. Nuffin' counts quicker nor harder dan to call a man a liar, an' de languidge am so simple dat a child kin understand it. I will now return yo' my thanks an' bevy my gratitude fur de welcome handed out to me."

The orator sat down amid applause that broke windows and put out lights, and it was continued until the police came up the alley stairs and dropped three women and four men down upon the sand pile below. The Possum party may be said to have got hold of its nursing bottle with a good grip.

MORE PIERS NEEDED FOR CANAL TRAFFIC

Congestion So Great Third Building Built; Plan Fourth.

Panama.—Since the opening of the canal a year ago the shipping in the port of Cristobal, at the northern end of the waterway, has increased so rapidly that the two 1,000 foot steel end concrete piers, costing \$2,500,000 each, are no longer adequate to care for the vast amount of freight handled. A third pier is being built, and plans for a fourth have been drawn up.

Frequently the congestion at the two piers is so great that ships have to wait their turn in order to get docking room. This is causing considerable delay to traffic, especially that which comes to the Isthmus to be reshipped to points along the coasts of Central and South America. These broken cargoes are frequently delayed from a month to six weeks.

It had been thought that Balboa, the southern terminus of the canal, would become the most important transshipping port of the canal terminal. Two 1,000 foot piers extending into the inner harbor, besides two long shore line piers, were planned and are now in course of construction. Officials now, however, are of the opinion that this will be far more than Balboa will require for some years to come.

It was expected that the South American steamship lines would make that their terminal port and that probably some of the Atlantic connecting links would pass through the canal to deliver their cargoes at the Balboa docks; also it was thought that the cargo which did not come through the canal in this manner would be handled by the Panama railroad.

The South American steamship lines, however, suddenly decided to pass through the canal and pick up their cargoes at the Cristobal terminals because they learned they could use the canal, paying the tolls on a ballast basis one way, return with a full hold and do it cheaper than if they made Balboa their terminal. The high tides at the Balboa terminals also had much to do with their decision. Besides, freight rates on the Panama railroad are said to be very high.

Dumba's Brother Laborer.
Missoula, Mont.—Alex Dumba, brother of the Austrian ambassador at Washington, is a section hand at St. Regis, Mont., for the Northern Pacific.

Dog Warns by Telephone.
Paris.—According to the Gazette de France, a certain French regiment possesses a dog which is sent out from advanced sentry posts at night with a telephone strapped over his mouth and a wire connecting the instrument with the post. If the dog hears the Germans approaching it barks quietly into the telephone.

Delicate Instruments.
Though the man in the street might easily mistake a slight seismic disturbance for the rumbling of a traction engine or an explosion, the marvelously delicate instruments which record earthquake shocks are immune from such deceptions. Sunk in the earth on solid foundations, the recording pen of the seismometer ignores any local tremblings which have not a seismic origin, but the faintest real earth quakings, though they have traveled thousands of miles through the earth, set the pen tracing the telltale graph by means of which the seismologist calculates the place, time and magnitude of the happening.—London Chronicle.

Splendor of Venus.
Venus is the most brilliant of all the planets. When east of the sun she appears in the west after sunset, but when near the western elongation she gives only matinee performances before sunrise. Through the telescope she presents much the appearance of tarnished silver without spot or blemish. So dazzling is she that astronomers have been able to discover little concerning our neighbor, except that she is surrounded by an atmosphere filled with clouds, making it doubtful whether any view of the solid body of the planet can ever be obtained. Even through that veil she is sometimes so bright as to cast a distinct shadow.—London Telegraph.

Not Mercenary.
"I can't say that my son is mercenary."
"No."
"No, he doesn't seem to love money well enough to work for it."—Pittsburgh Post.

Italian Staff of Life.
To those who know the Italian staff of life only in one or two forms it will come as a surprise that there are some forty-four varieties, all carefully differentiated. Neapolitan macaroni is usually made simply of household flour, well mixed, rolled flat and then shaped by various machines, but the paste may be mixed with other ingredients. Thus tagliatelli is produced by the addition of eggs, and into the composition of gnoecchi potatoes, butter and cheese enter. Italian children may learn their letters and numerals from edible copies, and leaves and shells are some of the many forms which macaroni takes as biscuits do with us.—London Chronicle.

COMING!

---At---

THE STAR THEATRE FRIDAY, APRIL 21 '16

The Silverton Dramatic Club, under the Direction of Mr. Jack Weltemeyer, in a Three Act Comedy

"HELLO BILL"

A Regular

BUTTON BUSTER

Same Cast that Played Peg O' My Heart here Several Weeks Ago.

Prices 15c and 35c

High School Notes Sublimity Shots

W. W. Williams, the inventor and maker of the Auto-writer, visited Stayton and the Stayton schools during the week-end. On Monday he was in the school, demonstrating the practical value of this little device. It seemed to be the opinion of all the teachers that this device will render material assistance in securing muscular movement in writing.

State Sup't Churchill and assistant Sup't Carleton on their recent visit to the Stayton schools were very much impressed with the playground apparatus. They are preparing a new recreation manual and are sending Mr. Harrington of the State Department to Stayton to get all information possible in regard to our playground equipment. It is very pleasing to the teachers to have them take our plans as models.

Several new pieces of apparatus will be built soon, which will make the grounds here the best equipped in Marion county.

Mr. Williams, the penmanship teacher, who visited us this week had nothing but praise for our work in writing. He said that the work done here by Prof. Hoffer, was far above the average and only equalled in one or two schools throughout the entire county.

The Parent-Teachers meeting held at the high school auditorium last Friday evening was attended by a very large crowd. Several pleasing numbers were rendered by the school and orchestra. S. H. Heltzel a member of the School Fair Committee made a report as to the progress being made on organization.

The question of appointing special committees to instruct the children in their work was discussed and thought to be a good plan. At the next and last Parent-Teachers meeting the plans for the School Fair will be completed.

Theo. Highberger and family were trading in Salem Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Schinder from near Salem, were visiting her folks, Mr. Peter Burghart, of Sublimity.

John Hughes and Arthur Schriber, of Silverton were seen in Salem one day last week.

Miss Mary Burghart is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Schnider, near Salem.

Mr. Frank Cremer and family were visiting their daughter Mrs. John T. Hafner, last Sunday.

Mr. Clem Schnider of Mount Angel, is visiting at the Peter Burghart home this week.

Harry Weaver of near Aumsville, was visiting at Joe Highberger's this week.

Warren Richardson motored to Albany last Thursday accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Schott and son, Harold.

Jos. G. Etzel and wife of Salem, is now working for Gehard Toeile.

W. W. Hill of Springfield and family moved to the old Tyson place and is now farming on the place for M. C. Bressler of Ashland.

Chas. Hottinger brought his new "Buick Six" home from Salem Saturday.

M. C. Bressler of Ashland, was up to Sublimity on business last Friday. While in town Mr. Bressler sold five head of cattle to Walt R. Heater, of Union Hill.

Mathieu Gibson, our deputy assessor was assessing the town last week.

John Heuberger returned home from his visit in Kansas one day last week.

Our road supervisor, John Kintz has begun road work on the Nick Welter hill northeast of town.

For medicinal purposes, Laxative Tablets.

Edwin Downing was down to Sublimity Thursday shaking hands with his friends for the first time since he took down with his recent illness last August.

Leo Gray and wife of Orengo, Oregon, were visiting relatives here for the past few days.

A number from here attended the funeral of Pearl Humphrey, who was buried at Rocky Point cemetery Monday afternoon.

West Stayton

Glenn Porter left for Alaska Monday.

J. C. Johnson and wife and Roxy Gunsauls motored down from Corvallis Saturday and spent the day at the Gunsauls home.

Sylvanus Neal made a business trip to Salem this week.

Ed. McCormack and family are intending to move on the Brown ranch this week.

Frank Mack and wife of Holley, visited at the Briggs home last week.

Mrs. Loose and Leona Forrette called on Mrs. Dively Saturday afternoon.

Dorothy Ternan was a Salem visitor Saturday.

The singing at the Fallrich home Sunday evening was well attended.

Mr. Fannauga and John Hartog of Portland, were visiting about the city the first of the week.

Carrie Bouck called on Mrs. Arthur Forrette Saturday.

Sylvanus Neal and family moved to Silver Creek Thursday.

Victor Point

The entertainment given by Miss Ava Darby and her pupils Saturday night was well attended and a success in every way.

Mr. Reynolds of Salem, is spending the week at the N. W. Savage home.

Orville Doerfler of Marion, visited with relatives here the first of the week.

A. Condit and family spent Sunday at G. E. McClellan's.

Miss Margaret Doerfler is spending the week with friends in Salem.

Mrs. I. Fisher will be the charming hostess for the "Idle Hour" club Wednesday.

The V. P. Dramatic Club will present "The Girl from the 'L'" Ranch at the W. O. W. hall Saturday, April 29. Don't forget the place and date.

Jordan Jingles

Jack Richard is making good use of his Ford by hauling grain.

Joe Brand motored to Jordan and purchased some clover seed from Frank Rohwein.

Frank Rohwein and sons are busy clearing land.

John Mielke and wife, Jessie Shepherd and wife, and Chas. Crawford visited at the B. Brotherton and F. Rohwein homes Sunday.

S. S. Brossart and wife and Mrs. Marking visited at the F. Rohwein home Sunday.

Jordan Valley Stock Farm is receiving many orders for wool as wool is in good demand this year.

FOLK'S
OREGON and WASHINGTON
Business Directory
A Directory of each City, Town and Village, giving descriptive sketch of each place, location, population, telegraph, shipping and banking points; also Classified Directory, compiled by business and profession.
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