

SHEPPARD PLANS LONG WAY AHEAD Peerless Mel Intends to Enter the 1916 Olympics. WILL BE KEPT VERY BUSY.

Declares He Ran Best Race of His Life at Stockholm, Baffling Those Who Thought Him Through—Ray Collins May Stop the Giants in World Series.

By TOMMY CLARK. Mel Sheppard, the veteran runner, wants the public to understand he is not through with athletics yet. He proposes to keep on training for future meets and expects to capture some more prizes.

If his condition warrants it Sheppard is confident he will make the 1916 team to Berlin. That will make his third trip in competition on foreign soil.

"I won't say that my defeat by Meredith makes me say this," said "Peerless Mel" recently. "I just want to continue at the game because I like to run. I feel better now than I ever did before. I ran the fastest race of my life at Stockholm, and yet lots of people thought before the meet that I had run my last good race."

"I expect to participate in a number of meets. I had generally good luck in Europe after I left the boys in Stockholm, picking up prizes by the score. And I didn't have to exert myself either to turn the trick."

"It's hard work for me from now on, but I expect to find time to condition myself for big future races."

Ray Collins, the Red Sox star young southpaw pitcher, is picked by the Boston experts to mow down the Giants in the world's series. One reason why they believe he will be the boy to stop the New Yorkers when they meet Boston in the world's series is that New York happens to be weak against southpaws. There are a large number of portside heavers in the old league who hung in on the Giants this season. There are Rucker and Benton and Le-



Photo by American Press Association. RAY COLLINS.

field, and there are others. They claim Rucker is far off form this year, although last season he was generally regarded as one of the very best hurlers in the old league. If the Giants are so weak against the left handers in their league what will a good southpaw like Collins do to them? That is what they are asking in the east.

Collins had a bad start this year. Jake Stahl feared that he would be of little use in the pennant fight for the Red Sox, but he has rounded to form and lately Joe Wood is the only Boston pitcher to display any more class than Collins. The Red Sox themselves believe that it will be Collins, and not Wood, who will pitch them to a world's championship.

Billy Sullivan, the veteran catcher of the Chicago Americans, who was released recently, announces he will quit the sport.

Sullivan until a year or so ago was undoubtedly head and shoulders over any other catcher in Ban Johnson's league. He was a brainy performer behind the plate, a perfect receiver and good thrower. It was he who did much to make the Sox pennant winners in 1906 and who kept the team contenders in other races because he seemed to be able to get more out of the pitchers than any other of the catchers.

Sullivan led the league for several years in the number of games he caught. He worked nearly every day. One day when Fielder Jones was managing the White Sox he noticed that Sullivan was sitting on the bench while the team was taking its preliminary practice.

"Aren't you going to warm up, Bill?" inquired Jones.

"No," was the reply. "I haven't cooled off yet from yesterday."

A Country Library

It Wielded a Strong but Silent Influence By F. A. MITCHEL

To me, a city business man, there is nothing more delightful, by contrast with my accustomed tumultuous life, than a country library. There is no need in one of these secluded nooks for the card used in city reading rooms, on which is printed the word "Silence!" a word which seems to recognize the fact that there is turmoil about and a great effort is necessary to keep it out.

Being nervously tired, my physician recommended me to go to a quiet place and rest. I chose the village of B., where no summer boarders were to be found, and finding quarters in a private family, settled myself down for a season of do-nothingness. At first the sensation of idleness was pleasant, but I soon grew tired of it, and one morning passing the town library, a dainty little building built for the purpose, I went in.

The librarian was sitting at a table with books in piles about her. The



"I AM SORRY TO DISTURB YOU," SHE SAID.

door closed behind me noiselessly, and my footsteps made no sound on the rug that led from it to the desk. "I shall be in this town for a while," I began, and my voice, sounding very loud, I lowered it. "My purpose being to rest, I would like to acquire the privilege of reading here."

"This is a free library," she replied. "Any one may use it."

I wondered if her voice was naturally sweet or had become so from constant modulation. I wished to hear more of it, so I spoke of her surroundings.

"Your library," I said, "resembles in one particular, and only one, a cemetery. In the cemetery all is death, the bodies resting in graves or on shelves in tombs. Here there are no bodies, but your shelves are loaded with living thoughts."

She raised her eyes to mine, and I saw that whatever there might be in my comparison appealed to her. "There are graves here, too," she said.

It was now my turn to listen. "Now and again," she continued, "we weed out books that are dead. Some of them are the remains of a past that has no longer any existence. Some are composite photographs, never having had any life in them, while some are bad. These books find a tomb in the cellar or are cremated."

"Do all of your bad books find graves?" I asked.

"Yes, in time. It is the good that lives."

"How do you account for that?"

"For the reason that there is a constant development in mankind out of our primitive condition. There was in that condition only the germ of human good buried in brutality. As we advance the good increases, while the brutality drops off."

I was amazed to have come from a great city, with its intellectual stars, to a country town to find this feminine philosopher.

"But pardon me," she continued; "my time belongs to the library. How can I serve you?"

"By permitting me to go into one of these alcove toms—or columbariums, as the Romans called the receptacles of the urns that held the ashes of their dead—and enjoy the books."

"Your simile is inept," she replied, smiling. "These shelves do not hold the ashes of authors. The volumes would better be typified as phonographic records."

"Right, but even that simile fails for the book—or the phonographic record—is only a medium through which the dead lives."

girl and take hold of the books, but found the latter tasteless beside the former. Finally I took up a literary urn on the cover of which was the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne. In it I found that which permitted me to read and dream while I read. I dreamed of her something between the living in the flesh and the living in the paper and which partook of the earthly parts of neither.

I was sitting in an easy chair reading and dreaming when I was suddenly recalled to myself by seeing the librarian standing before me.

"I am sorry to disturb you," she said. "It is an hour past the time for closing. I would not interrupt you, but I have duties at home as well as here."

"Why did you not call me before?" I asked, looking up at her half dazed.

"I found some odds and ends that I could as well attend to, and I did not need to call you."

"Nonsense. You were too good to interrupt me."

A slight flush was all the reply I received. I left her pinning on her hat and went out feeling that my doctor had sent me to the right place. In the library I would find rest and refreshment. In the books I would find friends, while in the librarian I would have an ever present companion, both in the flesh and in the spirit.

I went to the library every day and stayed each day till I was ashamed to stay any longer. The librarian was very good to me, and when I made excuses to draw her into chat instead of doing her work she did not refuse me. I found the quiet of the place with its presiding divinity restful as well as delightful. I disliked to have any one come in to break the seclusion. And when now and again some man's sonorous voice resounded from the walls and rolled through the alcoves it seemed very much out of place.

I remained at B. as long as I was able to be absent from the city, then bade adieu to the library and the librarian. I told her at taking leave of her how grateful I was to her and for the rest I had received and exacted a promise from her that if she ever came to the city she would let me know of her arrival. My transition from the quiet I had enjoyed to the turmoil of a metropolis grated on me, but I soon got used to it, and within twenty-four hours after my return I was again immersed in business. Then the library and the librarian were forgotten except after the work of the day was over and I laid my head upon my pillow for a night's sleep.

During the winter I received a tiny envelope containing a card with the name engraved on it of Miss Mildred Trask and an address. Who was Miss Trask? Where had I met her? I could not remember. However, I called on the lady and was received by the librarian.

I had long looked forward to this meeting, but now it was realized I was disappointed. Miss Trask did not seem to be the same person. I was not able in the new surroundings to resume the relationship that had existed between us in the retreat at B. in which I had passed so many dreamy hours. My remarks were perfunctory, and her replies were equally so. I noticed that she, too, showed disappointment. I fancied she blamed herself for sending me her card. This when I began to get up some degree of cordiality put a damper on my effort.

To make matters worse, I was obliged to leave the city the next day to be gone during the whole period of her visit and was thus prevented from showing her that attention I would have liked to show her. As I took leave of her her hand lay passive and without warmth in mine. I tried to say something genial, but she did not help me. I wished she hadn't come or hadn't sent me her card.

I found it impossible to let the matter rest and wrote Miss Trask a letter saying—untruthfully—that I was not very well at the time of her appearance in the city, and since my enforced absence had prevented my showing her any attention I wished she would come again. She replied that there was no probability of her soon being able to leave her duties at the library.

The matter troubled me to such a degree that when the next summer came on I determined to spend my vacation at B. I desired to re-establish my former relationship with the librarian, not with Miss Trask, for she and the librarian did not seem to me as one and the same person, but the girl of whom I had dreamed in the alcove.

One day I made my entrance into the library just as I had made it the year before. The door closed noiselessly behind me, and I advanced to the desk. The librarian, sitting at her table, continued her work, but I thought I saw her start as though she divined the entrance of some person of moment to her. She arose from the table, turned her face to mine, and our eyes met. A smile of welcome broke over her features, which was returned by me in kind.

"Why were you so repellent," she asked, "when I sent you my card? You asked me to do so."

"I could not have answered that question till this moment. It was meeting you in this delicious place."

"Perhaps that was what was the matter with me."

"To be sure it was."

Never in my life was there so quick a transition as upon my second entrance to the library. There had been something dormant in me of which I had been unconscious, but which sprang to life the moment I re-entered the place where I had been born.

"Come with me," I said, "into the alcove."

She went with me. There was no one besides ourselves in the building I took her in my arms.

REV. SMITH PREACHES AT WILLAMETTE THIS EVENING

Rev. E. A. Smith will preach tonight at Willamette on "A Practical Subject for Practical People." He will give on Sunday at Logan a demonstration sermon with the use of chemicals. This is for the benefit of the Sunday school children. Sunday afternoon he will preach at Wade Prairie School House which he attended. This will be the first time he has preached to his boyhood friends and school mates. Sunday evening he will preach at the Gladstone Christian church and his subject will be "The Overcoming Life." Mr. Smith has ridden on his bicycle since May 1303 miles.

Anatomy Among the Ancients. It has been pointed out that the statues and plaques carved in stone and wood to be seen in the Gizeh museum prove that the priest mummifiers of Memphis 6,000 years ago possessed a profound knowledge of anatomy. Science therefore, as Lockyer remarks, is as old as art, and they have advanced together. Another remarkable fact in this connection is that excavations in Italy have brought to light scores of finely finished surgical instruments for certain operations, which are in almost every particular of form like those reinvented in modern times and used by the most advanced surgeons of today.—Harper's.

Starboard and Port. Why do the sailors call the right hand side of the ship "starboard" and the left hand "port?" For the answer it is necessary to go back to the days of the Norsemen and Saxons. In the Viking ships the warriors hung the "bords," or shields, on the side of the ship above the places for their oars. The Viking himself held the steer oar, which was fastened to the right hand side of the stern. Thus the right hand side of the ship became known as the steer side, and as the bords of the warriors were hung there it was called the "steerboard," or starboard side, while the lower, or lurking side, became the larboard. Bort eventually became corrupted into port.

A well attended and important meeting of the Prohibition Club was held in Dr. Milliken's study Tuesday night, when the election of officers was held, resulting as follows: Dr. Milliken, chairman; S. McDonald, secretary and treasurer. Dr. Ford, chairman Clackamas County committee and C. W. Clark secretary of same committee were authorized on behalf of the Prohibition Club to get several thousand copies of the platform published for circulation. It was announced that fifty speakers would make a tour of the county. Money to finance the work has been promised.

PROHIBITION CLUB PLANS CAMPAIGN

A small classified ad will rent that vacant room.

COURT HEARS EVIDENCE IN LAND LITIGATION

Judge Campbell has heard evidence in the suit of J. H. Coll against the Mountain Irrigator Company and the Holman Fuel Company to determine the ownership of land in the Philip Foster Donation claim. The plaintiff alleges that the defendants have no interest in the land and asks that they be enjoined from entering upon it. He further asks that he be declared the owner in fee simple.

REV. KRAXBERGER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER SERIOUSLY HURT

Ruth Kraxberger, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Kraxberger, who fell and sustained a fracture of her left elbow is improving. The little girl was playing with several children near the Kraxberger home and was swinging from a tree when she fell to the cement sidewalk.

A small classified ad will rent that vacant room.

PAPER MILL SHIPPING CLERK IS BENEDICT

The marriage of Mrs. Marie Kanak and George Brown, of West Oregon City, was solemnized in this city Tuesday, October 1. The bride came to this city from Chicago and the bridegroom has been for the past three years shipping clerk of the Crown Columbia Pulp & Paper Company. The ceremony was performed by W. W. H. Samson. Mr. and Mrs. Brown have gone to housekeeping in Oswego. Only relatives of the contracting parties attended the ceremony. The afternoon was devoted to dancing and music, and was followed by a chicken dinner. The house was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and ferns. The bride and bridegroom received many handsome articles of cutglass, china, and linen. Mrs. Brown wore a becoming traveling suit with hat to match.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle and family, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Buse, Miss Neta Brown, of Portland; Miss Tobie Kanack, who recently arrived from Chicago; Miss Leslie Kanak, Misses Mildred, Flora, Lavina Kanak. In the evening Mr. Brown's friends arrived at the Brown home and favored him and his wife with a serenade.

Regardless of Price. At the antiquary's shop: "I am commissioned, monsieur, to buy a Louis XIV console; have you one?"

"No. I have one that is a Louis XVI."

"Oh, that will answer. I am buying for a rich American. A matter of two Louis is nothing to him."—Paris Gaulois.

RED SOX WIN FIRST OF WORLD SERIES

Tresreau, supplemented his arm with his head to better advantage. By using better judgment and saving something for the last, the smaller man managed to go the distance. Even in his case, however, the same strain which worked the undoing of Tresreau got in its work in the final session, and with one man down, the Bostonian faltered, and for a moment it looked as though he would go the way of his adversary.

Three singles in a row torn off by Merkle, Herzog and Meyers, gave the Giants a run and put them within a single tally of tying the score. At this stage, however, Wood tightened up, and by splendid headwork held the Giant's safe and put the first game of the world's series "on ice" for the American League champions.

Never in the history of base ball were more nerve racking moments known than in the last inning of the game, and when it was all over the crowd simply wilted.

Joe Wood was the hero of the hour, and only Speaker, with his triple, approached "Smoky Joe's" glory.

First Inning. Boston—Hooper walked. Yerkes out, Doyle to Merkle; Speaker out, same way, Hooper going to third; Lewis fled to Snodgrass. No runs. New York—Devore fanned; Doyle

Second Inning. Boston—Fletcher fumbled Gardner's grounder, Gardner safe on first; Stahl forced Gardner at second; Tresreau to Doyle; Stahl out stealing; Meyers to Doyle; Wagner walked; Cady died to Murray. No runs. New York—Herzog popped to Stahl; Meyers fanned; Fletcher fanned. No runs.

Third Inning. Boston—Wood walked; Hooper sacrificed, Tresreau to Merkle; Yerkes out, Doyle to Merkle, Wood taking third; Speaker walked; Lewis fled to Fletcher. No runs. New York—Tresreau fanned; Devore walked; Doyle dropped a Texas leaguer in short left for a single, Devore reaching third; Doyle got to second on his Texas leaguer; Snodgrass fanned; Murray singled over second, scoring Devore and Doyle; Murray out trying to make second on a hit, Speaker to Cady to Wagner. Two runs.

Fourth Inning. Boston—Gardner fouled out to Herzog; Stahl fanned; Wagner fouled out to Merkle. No runs. New York—Merkle fanned; Herzog singled over short; Meyers out, Wood to Stahl; Fletcher fanned. No runs.

Fifth Inning. Boston—Cady out, Doyle to Merkle; Wood out, Merkle assisted Hooper fanned. No runs. New York—Tresreau fanned; Devore fouled out to Lewis; Doyle singled out to left; Gardner recovered the ball, threw to Wagner and caught Doyle trying to stretch his hit. No runs.

Sixth Inning. Boston—Yerkes fled to Snodgrass; Speaker tripped to center; Lewis out, Doyle to Merkle, Speaker scoring, Gardner fanned. One run. New York—Snodgrass safe on Wagner's error; Murray attempted to sacrifice, but popped into Stahl's hands and Snodgrass was doubled at first, Stahl to Wood; Merkle popped to Wagner. No runs.

Seventh Inning. Boston—Stahl out, Doyle to Merkle; Wagner singled to center; Cady singled same place; Wood rolled to Doyle, who dropped the ball; Fletcher picked it up and stepped to second, retiring; Cady, Doyle gets assist Hooper doubled, scoring Wood and Hooper; Mayor Fitzgerald, in Gaynor's box led Boston in cheering; Speaker fanned. Three runs. New York—Herzog fanned; Meyers hit by pitched ball; Fletcher forced Meyers at second, Yerkes to Wagner; McCormick, batting for Tresreau, fled to Lewis. No runs.

Eighth Inning. Boston—Crandall now pitching for New York; Lewis out, Fletcher to Merkle; Gardner fanned; Stahl fanned. No runs. New York—Devore out, Wagner to Stahl; Doyle out, same route; Snodgrass popped to Gardner. No runs.

Ninth Inning. Boston—Wagner doubled to the left field fence; Cady sacrificed, Herzog to Merkle; Wood out, Crandall to Merkle, Wagner being held at third; Hooper lined out to Doyle. No runs. New York—Murray fled to Hooper Merkle singled over second base; Herzog singled to right field, Merkle being held on second; Meyers singled to right, scoring Merkle; Herzog took third; Meyers took second on Hooper's throw to the plate; Becker run for Meyers, Fletcher fanned; Crandall fanned. One run.

SUFFRAGE ADVOCATES TO GIVE FREE PLAY

In consideration of the fact that the Portland Equal Suffrage Dramatic Club is giving its services gratis to the cause, it is thought that sympathizers in Oregon City will show their appreciation by attending the play "How the Vote Was Won" at Shiveley's Theater Friday night. Colonel Robert Miller will be the speaker.

The cast of characters will be as follows: Horace Cole (clerk), Blaine Peabody; Ethel (his wife), Maud Hollinger; Agatha Cole (Horace's sister) Mrs. Lillian Downing; Molly (his cousin), Opal Hedrick; Madame Chris tine (his distant relation) Mrs. Pearl Lotspauch; Maudie Spark (his first cousin) Echo Zahl; Miss Lizette Wilkins (his aunt) Mrs. Maud Johnson; Lily (his maid-of-all-work) Carol Mitchell; Gerald Williams (his neighbor) Walter Gillards.

Admission free, Friday October 11. Emma Wilson Gillespie, Mgr. and Stage Director.

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FELSMEN CANNOT ANSWER SHIELDS

(Continued from page 1)

two Single Tax measures. One is the local county option law for Multnomah also offered in Clackamas and Coos counties. The other is the Graduated specific tax exemption amendment.

"Here we have Mr. U'Ren himself declaring that Graduated Single Tax

is a Single Tax, and this is the truth. But Single Taxers will rarely admit it. As a matter of fact Graduated Single Tax is a purely Single Tax measure."

He continued: "Single Tax is offered to you as a tax reform, as a system of taxation that will relieve all the ills of Society. As a matter of fact it is not a system of taxation at all, and far from being a tax reform, it has but one object, that of restoring privately owned land back to the state."

Taxes should be paid, said the speaker, by those who have the where-withall. Graduated Single Tax ig-

nores this.

"The Graduated Single Tax is not a revenue getter and will not be a revenue getter," he declared. "The Graduated Single Tax payers say it will break up large holdings, reduce the price of land and bring emigrants and home-seekers by the thousands to take advantage of the low values offered."

"Now, if this is true," said Secretary Shields, "and he was exceptionally earnest, 'the revenue they figure out to come from the large land owners will not be forth coming. In the meantime you have exempted personal property."

WHY PAY DOUBLE?

WE have a few sets of those 31 piece, gold trimmed Dinner Sets left. They can be had \$2.25 per set with a subscription. If you are already a subscriber, we will sell you a set at cost. Come in and look them over; you will be surprised at the quality.

The Morning Enterprise

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT