

William Gleason Tells of Old Days With William Gillette

Veteran Player With Baker Stock Company Recalls Season as Stage Director for "The Private Secretary" in the East.

SPRINGFIELD, Conn., April 24.—The other day, William Gleason, the veteran actor of the Baker Stock Company, said he well remembers the time he was with the author, William Gillette, playing Cattermole and stage director under the management of Charles Frohman.

"That was 19 years ago," said Mr. Gleason. "We played only the large cities. A big run in Boston, then New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc. Gillette was a very sick man at the time, and never played matinees. We carried an extra actor for my part, and I played the Secretary, whenever Gillette didn't play, which was quite often."

"I had to attend to everything, including interviews with newspaper men, as Gillette was too sick. He used to carry an alcohol lamp to heat the water that he drank during the performance. If there wasn't a dressing-room on the stage big enough, I would rig one up for him. It was an effort for him to climb stairs."

"In spite of all his trouble and sickness, his good humor and good temper never left him, and a nice man to his company never lived. Never a complaint, never a cross word—I tell you it was a pleasure to be with him."

"After that, Frohman transferred me to take charge and rehearse the two 'Shenandoah' companies, 'Tempus Fugit,' and now, after all these years, my son, James, is going to play the 'Private Secretary.' I hope he makes good. Funny, isn't it?"



WILLIAM GLEASON, VETERAN ACTOR, WHO PLAYS THE PRIVATE SECRETARY WITH BAKER STOCK CO.

Double Setback to Graft Prosecution

"Higher Ups" in San Francisco Jubilant—Government May Recall Burns to Duty—Examiner Denounced by League—Opening of New Orpheum.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 24.—The graft prosecution, as it is known in San Francisco and for that matter over the length and breadth of the United States, received two setbacks this last week and the people who don't care for the attitude of Francis J. Heney are chuckling. One of the setbacks was the acquittal of Samuel Newburgh, a former attorney of Abe Ruef, who was charged with having attempted the bribery of a juror in one of the Ruef cases. The other was the action taken by the appellate court in setting aside the verdict of guilty in the case of Louis Glass, vice-president of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company, and remanding the case for trial before the Superior Court. This last case is far more important from the graft prosecution standpoint than was the acquittal of Newburgh.

Glass, who was charged with complicity in the bribery of members of the Ruef Board of Supervisors in order to keep a competing company out of San Francisco, was tried twice. The first time the jury disagreed. On a second trial, in September, 1907, Glass was found guilty and sentenced to term in the penitentiary by Judge Lawlor. The sentence was later appealed and the court has just made its ruling. The judgment of the jury court, on two points, the admission of testimony and the conviction of Glass, was reversed. The higher courts reversed the judgments of guilt in the case of E. B. Schmitz and Louis Glass and in all pending appeals to the higher courts, are Ruef and ex-Supervisor M. W. Coffey.

Many Indicted, Few Tried. The reversals of Judge Lawlor are coming so fast that the higher-ups have some reason to be jubilant. A summary of events since the graft was unearthed, shows that there have been returned 160 indictments. Nineteen contracts of immunity have been granted by the prosecution. Thirteen have been returned. In the case of Louis Glass, the jury disagreed. The higher courts reversed the judgments of guilt in the case of E. B. Schmitz and Louis Glass and in all pending appeals to the higher courts, are Ruef and ex-Supervisor M. W. Coffey.

The Calhoun case is now attracting all attention. The jury having been selected, the case is fairly launched, and the courtroom will be well crowded from start to finish. A peculiar feature of the Calhoun trial is the presence of a thirteenth juror. This juror, regularly chosen and sworn, as were the others, is very much like the tail of the kite. He is to listen to the evidence and if for any reason, through sickness or otherwise, a juror is unable to maintain his place, Juror No. 13 will be permitted to step into the box and render his verdict. The prosecution

resembled the first night at a grand opera. Society adorned the boxes, and was scattered over the body of the house. John Morrissey, who has been the manager of the local Orpheum for many years, made a short address and introduced Mr. Myerfeld, the owner, and Martin Beck, the Eastern booking agent. For more than two weeks to be had, and at the close they were selling at a high premium.

And the scene on Market street, once the show was ended, made one feel glad and certain, too, that San Francisco will come back to its own. The new restaurant in the basement of the Flood building, where once Tait had his cafe, was ablaze with light, and the other restaurants took care of the overflow.

Shuberts Open Theatrical War. There is to be a right merry theatrical war in a few weeks in little old San Francisco. The Shuberts have arrived in town. They have leased the American Theater, in which they will handle their shows until they have their own house. It has been announced that the Shuberts are considering several sites and that within a week they will say where they will build. Once they get started, they will give the Klaw & Erlanger people, who have the new Columbia in progress of building, a merry old time.

The Valencia-street Theater has announced that it has secured Mrs. Minnie Madden Flake, who will appear for two weeks at the stock-house theater in her new play, "Salvation Nell." Mrs. Flake, as the public knows, is beyond the pale of the trust, but she is an actress nevertheless, and the Valencia ought to do well during the two weeks she is in the city.

Blames Man for Woman's Folly. Men are responsible for the folly of the modern woman's attire is the conclusion reached by Miss Jessie Peckolt, assistant professor of economics in the University of California, six of the brightest women students of Issanuro Rhoda, Japanese male student, who are making searching investigations of the cost of living and are seeking a solution of startling modern changes in the cost of living.

Some astonishing facts have been uncovered. The California college girl is shown to have expensive tastes. She wants to live in a palatial residence. She wants fine clothes. She loves sweets and would require an income of \$5000 to support her according to her tastes.

The class estimate on the cost of living shows that the young ladies would cost aside \$1000 for the woman's clothing for a year, while it is estimated that food for a family of three would cost in the neighborhood of \$1095.

And after making these investigations, Miss Peckolt declared in solemn language that man was to blame. The male sex encouraged woman in the display of fine clothing and frippery and but for this fact the girls would be content to dress modestly and far cheaper than \$1000 a year.

Baker and Boise via my trail, but if any reader desires to make the ride to test the accuracy of my statement I will furnish a diagram of my trail as nearly as I can remember. C. E. S. Wood, the Portland attorney, will, I think, remember my departure from Baker City. I think the distance covered was not less than 115 miles, and if so, I have "Teddy" finished to a "frazzle" and "one horse" on Smith; but, of course, I had the "last say."

E. S. MCCOMAS.

League Repudiates Examiner. The Independence League, which was started in this city in common with other sections of the country several years ago, has repudiated the local organ owned by William R. Hearst, the San Francisco Examiner. Just what has put the Examiner in bad with the Independence League no one seems to know. However, that may be, the organization recently adopted resolutions that were sent to Randolph Hearst, they repudiated the present management of the Examiner and there was a change that no longer give their support to the paper. The people now in charge hail from Chillicothe and the Independence party can bring about a change it will be done without any sleep being lost.

Orpheum in Old Home. The opening of the Orpheum Theater on the old site on O'Farrell street last Monday night was made a welcome back to the old business section and all around was a glad-hang affair. San Francisco downtown improvement associations took hold of the affair with a will and the celebration was all that could be desired. In fact, the Orpheum on opening night

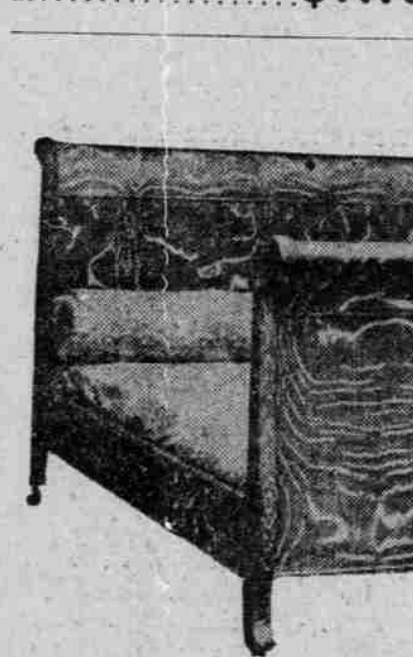
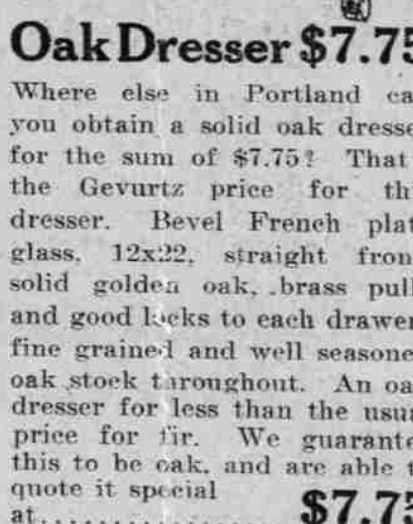
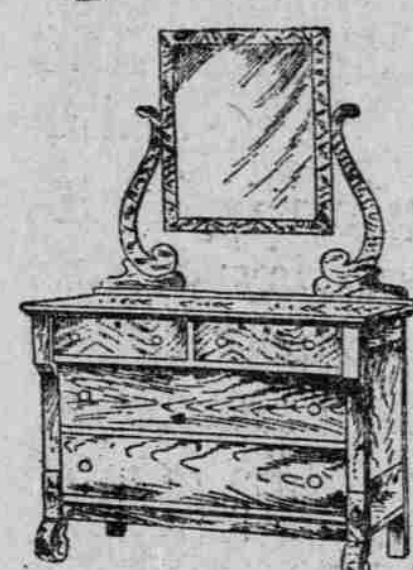
and when General Howard accosted me and told me what he wanted, and I flattered him by saying, "The way you hustled the lemons together down in Grand Ronde convinces me that it's you I want." That settled it, and I said, "I will try it."

Ben Biggerstaff was at the stable, and was anxious to go up the Payette to his famous horse ranch, on which he had some 150 fine horses, and he offered to accompany me and give me his choice of a relay horse out of his hand next morning if we started at 2 A. M. The morning was very dark and near Weatherbee's station my horse stumbled and pitched head over the grade, landing about 40 feet below on "stake and ridge" fence, on which I broke four fingers of my left hand. As soon as my horse had regained his wind, we rode on to Weatherbee, where Mr. Weatherbee acted as surgeon and fixed my crippled hand on a shingle. As I had been up all the night previous, I laid down in the barnyard and allowed my crippled hand to rest in a small stream of running water, and slept about an hour and let my horse rest. When the moon was up we were on our way.

We passed Miller's ranch, now the townsite of Huntington—then owned by J. T. McComas, of Santa Monica, Cal.—at about 4 A. M. We reached the "old ferry" on Snake River about the break of day, crossed over, reached Biggerstaff's and got out a fresh horse, and had saddle me a fresh horse, and after a hasty breakfast we again struck out through the sagebrush of Payette and Boise Valley, and reached the Overland Hotel, then kept by Hosea and Manne Eastman. I will not undertake to estimate the distance between

A Well-Known Fact. The incubator was invented by the ancient Egyptians.

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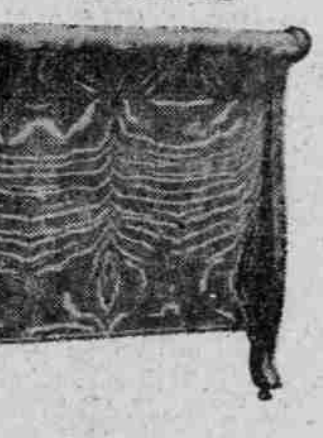
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RIDES 115 MILES IN ONE DAY

Mr. McComas Uses Two Horses, Against Mr. Roosevelt's Four, and 98 Miles

ELGIN, Or., April 22.—(To the Editor.)—Having read with interest the communication of William M. Hillery in a recent issue of The Oregonian regarding some of the "rough riding" of early days before "Teddy" had set the mark of 98 miles, with a relay of four horses, as a reasonable day's outing on horseback, I am placed in a reminiscent mood.

I recall that on an October morning in 1883, while at Umatilla, on the Columbia River, I received a letter from La Grande notifying me that my old partner was very sick at Ladd Canyon, and that if I ever expected to see him alive it would be necessary for me to get there at the earliest possible moment. I at once saddled up a blue roan cayuse and struck out. I ate dinner at Meachams, halted in La Grande long enough for supper and rode on to Ladd place, reaching there a little after sundown. To find my old friend entirely out of danger. The distance was called 90 miles to La Grande, and from there to Ladd nine miles.

During the Banuock campaign of 1878 I had taken a contract to furnish eight four-horse teams to transport Major Downey's command from Grand Ronde Valley on a scout through Idaho. We were in Baker City for dinner, and at 1:30 o'clock General Howard announced that he desired to send a messenger to the commandant at the barracks, one mile from Boise City, but that the dispatch must be delivered by noon the next day, and for which he would pay \$100. The stage had not been running along Burnt River for a day or two, and no riders had been received. I had just partaken of a good dinner at the Western Hotel,

and when General Howard accosted me and told me what he wanted, and I flattered him by saying, "The way you hustled the lemons together down in Grand Ronde convinces me that it's you I want." That settled it, and I said, "I will try it."

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