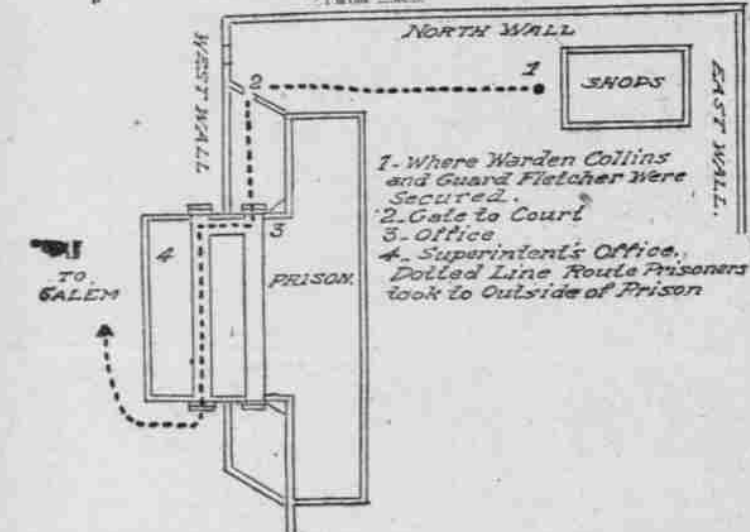


PENITENTIARY REVOLT OF 1883 IS RECALLED AND GREAT PRAISE GIVEN GILFORD STILLWELL

Addison Bennett Recounts Guard's Heroic Service and Quick-Witted Action in Preventing Delivery of 215 Prisoners—Of 13 Getting Outside Gates, One Man Accounts for Four Dead and Two Wounded and All Are Returned to Penal Institution but One Short-Term.



BY ADDISON BENNETT.

THERE was more excitement in and around the penitentiary at Salem on Tuesday, July 3, 1883, than there ever was before or ever has been since, unless the day that Tracy secured his connections with the establishment is excepted, as it probably should be. But that was many years after the break, I am writing about. The trouble in review, however, should not be given as of a day or even an hour, for it was all started and ended so far as actual rioting is concerned in less than five minutes. It rather upset affairs in that institution, however, for several months.

To try and give the reader an idea of the story as nearly as possible the way it happened it will be necessary to turn the pages of the calendar back almost 35 years. Oregon was not so populous then as now—neither was the penitentiary. On the morning of the break there were 215 prisoners within the walls, and there were few of the number who would have felt at home in a Sunday school. Indeed, there was about as large a percentage of ruffians in the number as ever found in a like number of prisoners.

Former Officials Recalled.
Z. T. Moody was Governor at the time and he had appointed Julius Stratton as superintendent and George Collins as warden. They appointed the usual number of other employees, among them Gilford Stillwell was reappointed as guard, having first been appointed to the position in October, 1881, when Stephen F. Chadwick was Governor and Asahel Bush, later of Ladd & Bush, bankers of Salem, was superintendent.

Gilford Stillwell was a native of Yamhill County, Oregon, where he was born December 2, 1852. His father was born in Iowa, and came to Oregon with the great party of 1844, and has been an honored citizen of Oregon ever since, for he is still living in the little city of Tillamook. As he was born November 18, 1824, it will be seen that he was 51 years old last November. As he is still in splendid health, being apparently younger than many "boys" of 50, he is more than likely to pass the century mark. Perhaps there is something in the Tillamook air conducive to longevity; anyhow, Mr. Stillwell has resided there for almost 45 years, and keeps growing (looking) younger.

Post is Shifted.
Young Stillwell's duty as guard was usually performed at one of the stations on the back wall, but on the day in question he was stationed on the front wall over the main gate, the regular guard for that station, Wells Latourrette, of Salem, having received leave of absence to attend the Grand Army of the Republic reunion at Portland the following day.

As said there were a lot of tough characters in the prison at that time and the work in both the brick-yard and stove foundry gave them a chance to consult together and hatch up trouble. Guard Stillwell noticed that one of the unruly prisoners, a long-term man by the name of John McKern, was acting as though there was some plot brewing. It is difficult for prisoners to look and act precisely normal when any great movement is being worked upon, and this was no exception to the rule.

At 2:15 o'clock on the morning of July 3, Guard Stillwell was pacing back and forth on the wall over the main gate. In his hands he had a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot; in the station just at hand he had a Marlin rifle, a Colt's revolver and plenty of ammunition for all three arms.

At that instant a trusty came up to the gate with a team to take the warden down town, the superintendent

also being in the city. Warden Collins was in the brick yard. Two trusties started across the yard with two prisoners they were escorting from the shops to the cellhouse. Then a guard by the name of Fletcher came in sight just as Warden Collins did, and the two began a conversation. Only a few words had been spoken when McKern and Smith, two of the ringleaders, rushed up to the guard and warden and ordered the latter to throw up his hands. These men were armed with knives which they had made in the shops from hoop iron and as the guard and warden were grabbed before they were aware of any trouble they were powerless to resist, and instantly about a dozen other prisoners joined the party, each one having a knife or iron tampering rod, the same as they used in the stove foundry.

They rushed for the gate, holding the warden and guard before them and forced the warden to order it opened. He yelled to Stillwell not to shoot, but to open the gate. But the trusty guard knew better what to do than the warden. So he opened the gate, but as the crowd was passing through he pulled his shotgun to his shoulder. Unfortunately the first charge failed to go off; instantly he pulled the other trigger and killed one of the prisoners slightly wounded another. The dead man was so that the gate could be closed until the body was moved. Guard Fletcher was in the opening but unarmed. He pushed the body aside and the gate was closed, only 13 prisoners getting out.

Shotgun Discarded.
During this slight delay, and as the prisoners were rushing with the warden to the office, about 70 feet away, Stillwell grabbed the Marlin and threw a lot of shells in his pocket and there were eight in the chamber of the rifle. He was delayed a few seconds owing to the faulty cartridge in the shotgun. After discharging the other barrel and killing one of the rioters he undertook to "break" the gun so it fell into the hands of the prisoners it would be useless. Owing to the cartridge in the barrel or some other cause the weapon failed to break at the first effort and time was too valuable to try it again.

By the time Stillwell got ready to shoot again the party was at the office, and in spite of the quick they would find both arms and ammunition. But with the guard again in action it kept them busy dodging from his eyes, and in spite of the quick they were one of their number lying dead in the office and another in the hall leading to the office; and McKern was slightly wounded by the same charge that killed the victim at the gate.

In the office they got a revolver but no shells. There was a rifle in the office, but it was not a Marlin. Had they not had this story most likely they would have to deal with different results. But they missed the rifle because a guard saw the run and threw the rifle under a table—and moments were too precious to waste any time in making a search.

Stillwell "Bugs" Another.
From the office the warden rushed down the hall to his private rooms. Finding nothing there, and having already lost three of their number, the remaining members made a break for the street leading downtown. But Stillwell was still busy and "got" McKern the second time, and this time for keeps, for he died a few hours after.

Just which way the party went, the pursuit, the capture of all of them but one—these are details not particularly germane to this story. Anyhow, within less than three weeks the seven who escaped entirely were all recaptured save one, a man by the name of Dine-

more, who was a short-term man and was simply caught in the rush and had nothing to do with the break.

It was later learned that during the same evening, when three or four of them were huddled in a swamp near Salem, Dine-more remarked that he wished he was safe back in the "pen." But strange to say, he was the only one of them to get away and never be recaptured.

Four Killed, Two Wounded, Recalled.
The number killed outright by Stillwell was three, one died that night, one lost his right arm and another was slightly wounded. If the shotgun had gone off the first time Stillwell says he would surely have got two more. But his work was deadly enough and his head clear enough to do the right thing at the right time and thereby save what might have been a terrible revolt. For had the leaders procured arms and released the other prisoners no doubt

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BY LEONE CASS BAER.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has been boycotted by the press in Toronto, Canada. If the famous iconoclast elected to pay a visit to the Canadian city he would stand a fine chance of being mobbed by the irate populace. According to one who is on the inside, feeling runs high against the brilliant G. B. S. because of his demand that he be paid his salary for a special performance of his play, "Androcles and the Lion," which was given last week at the Princess Theater for the benefit of the Belgian relief fund. The theater was free, the actors of Percy Burton's company gave their services free and the newspaper gave advertising free in the case of the stricken Belgians, but G. B. S. has demanded his pound of money per contract.

As a result of Mr. Shaw's demand the newspapers of Toronto have placed a boycott on him and his plays. The business offices of the papers refuse to accept any advertising of a Shaw play, and the editors have issued orders not to give any play of Shaw's any publicity in their columns. Mr. Shaw is publicly accused here in the press of being "disloyal," "pro-German" in his sympathies, because of his action in demanding royalties for the benefit performance of "Androcles and the Lion." In private conversation citizens accuse the famous writer of much worse things. Such an outburst of indignation as resulted when it was known

what Mr. Shaw demanded has not been witnessed in many years.

Marie Tempest has been captured for vaudeville and is appearing this week at the Palace in New York, assisted by Melville Ellis.

Another romance of the stage has been revealed on the Orpheum circuit. Victor Morley, the musical comedy comedian who is now touring the circuit in "A Regular Army Man," was married recently in Oakland, Cal., to his leading woman, Carolyn Elizabeth Parsons, known to the stage as Carol Parsons. Besides being the leading woman in the company, Miss Parsons is "the only woman" or that's what Victor Morley says.

Just to show that the serious purpose and problem of "The Bride of Race" has in no way dimmed the luster or halted the quickness of his sparkling wit, Robert Hilliard has been dropping jokes along the trail from Maxine Elliott's Theater to the Lamba, with more than his usual blithe ebullience. This is one overheard by Mike Maghann, who put it in a New York dramatic paper.

"Said a prominent movie magnate who halted Mr. Hilliard for the usual congratulations. 'We are going to put you Lamba on the fringe, old man, when we picture men get our proposed club into running order.'"

"Didn't know you contemplated having a club," said Mr. Hilliard, "What's

the idea? Isn't the Lamba good enough? Is it a Brook? or the Players? or the Friars?"
"Oh, yes, they are all Henry Clay perfect," said the movie man, "but we want a club devoted to the special interests of the picture field, a club where we can talk camera and screen without having ourselves interrupted by men who consider acting simply an indoor sport, you know. Get me?"
"Oh, yes," responded Mr. Hilliard, without frenzied enthusiasm, "I get you, all right. What are you going to call your club?"
"That's just what is worrying us," cried the magnate, "we have got the organization all doped out and ready to incorporate—but the name. We can't hit on a good name for the instant. Wish you'd suggest something."

Mr. Hilliard assumed a godfatherly air. "How would The Camera-drama?" he asked. And I reckon that's what they will call it."

"A husky woman who answers to the name of Mrs. Fishel filed suit for divorce today," said a reporter on a Chicago paper. "Other night to a representative of the Olympic Theater, where 'Twin Beds' is playing."

"What's that to me?" demanded the house man with unaccustomed dignity. "I suppose she is tired of taking in wash."

"Her maiden name," said the reporter, "was Ray Cox."

"Hallelujah, I didn't know she was married yet. I know that two years ago she was getting thick letters every day addressed in the same hand and the manager of the show then said she was engaged. So when she came around this season in 'Twin Beds' I asked if she'd got married yet and they told me no."

"She was married back in 1907," said the reporter, "and she says Henry Scott Fishel, of New York, deserted her in 1911."

In her dressing-room, Mrs. Fishel-Ray Cox—said a reporter on a Chicago paper.

"I have nothing to say."

"When did you meet Mr. Fishel?"

"I shall say nothing."

"How old is he?"

"About 40."

"Have you any children?"

"No."

"Why did he desert you?"

"I don't know; put that in, will you? I don't know."

"Who is Mr. Fishel, anyway?"

The actress's shoulders heaved with laughter.

"He is my husband," she replied. But she would not explain the joke.

Actresses who have retired return to the stage for various reasons, usually because they have sustained financial reverses and they are obliged to earn their own livelihood again; but it is likely that never before in the history of the stage did a retired actress go back to it for the same reason that is to bring Mrs. Richard Mansfield (Bertrice Cameron) back to the dramatic stage, on which she was a shining light for so many years with her distinguished husband.

Mrs. Mansfield is to appear at the Palace Theater in a few weeks in a one-act play by Grace Livingston Fisk, entitled "The Quality of Mercy," suggested by Portia's famous speech in the trial scene of "The Merchant of Venice."

She states that her object in returning to the footlights is to pave the way for the career of her son, Richard Mansfield, who appears to have inherited the histrionic talent of his famous father, and who has decided to be an actor.

Mrs. Mansfield says that she wants to be near her boy, to be with him in his struggles to mount the ladder of fame. She knows the stage and its trials and difficulties. She knows how hard it is for the young actor to make his way, especially if he has in him the elements of greatness and the temperament of genius, so she wishes to be in intimate touch with her son through-out his early struggles to make a name for himself on the dramatic stage.

Mrs. Mansfield last appeared professionally in the leading role of her late husband's production of Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man."

Mme. Nasimova is the latest star to develop managerial ambitions. Following the example of James K. Hackett and Viola Allen, who are to present "Maebeth" at the Criterion Theater, and Robert Hilliard, who is offering "The Pride of Rasc" at the Maxine Elliott, Mme. Nasimova is to produce in New York shortly a new play in which she will take the leading role. For the past 40 weeks the Russian actress has been appearing in vaudeville in Marion Craig Wentworth's one-act tragedy, "War Brides." Her salary is said to be about \$1000 a week.

It is the money saved from her vaudeville season that is financing her latest plan.

When I had reached 14 I returned to New York and decided to go back on the stage. From a baby I had loved to dance. Music seemed to thrill me, and I could not keep my feet still, so when Gertrude Hoffman selected me as one of the children to appear with her in "The Spring Song" I was delighted. When vacation began after a long tour I went back to New York and was offered the position as leading woman, a child's part, in a play called "Charlotte Temple."

After "Charlotte Temple" I began to feel that I was an established actress, and through Thomas Wise, the well-known star, who was then appearing in "The Gentleman From Mississippi," secured an introduction to William A. Brady, the theatrical producer. Mr. Wise recommended me for the leading feminine part in a second company of "The Gentleman From Mississippi," which was about to go on the road.

I talked to Mr. Brady and was making a decision when I entered an unfortunate moment I smiled. Mr. Brady threw up his hands in horror and said, "Great heavens, Tom, I can't hire a leading lady who hasn't all her teeth set."

Undismayed by this blow to my artistic ambitions, I decided to go into the motion picture business.

Accompanied by a girl friend who already had played extra parts, I descended on a studio.

We climbed three flights of carpeted stairs and entered the ballroom, which occupied practically the entire third floor, and in conjunction with the roof, was used as the studio.

Seated on the floor, in the corner, on a small platform, Director Frank Powell was taking a scene for "A Corner in Wheat." Everyone was making a fuss over the money spent on the production, but it was a very cheap little affair compared with the productions of nowadays.

After I was made up several of us girls were hustled out to another corner of the ballroom, and my first scene in a moving picture was taken. I was given \$5 and told to come back the next day.

I worked there for several months on a guarantee of \$5 a day, until finally the news came that the company was going to move to California to take pictures.

One day the director sent for me. I had been late and thought he was going to fire me.

"Do you think you can act?" demanded Mr. Powell.

I admitted I thought I could. I explained that I was no Bernhardt, but still I thought I was pretty good, considering the little experience I had had.

BLANCHE SWEET TAKES LOOK AS FAR BACK AS '96

Glimpse of Last 10 Years Shows Wonderful Progress of Stage Favorite Who Often Played Child Parts With Chauncey Olcott and Others.



Blanche Sweet, The Lasky Paramount Star, Who's All That Her Name Implies

BY BLANCHE SWEET.

AS I look back over the past 10 years and compare the cheap little sets, the crude acting and photography and the hastily written stories—mostly made up as we went along—with the elaborate productions, the painstaking attention to detail, the careful direction, the carefully selected casts and the scenarios written by famous dramatists demanded today, I feel much older than I really am, and wonder what will happen in the next 10 years. The whole scheme has been changed.

I was a stage child from the time I began to talk. I was born in Chicago on June 18, 1896, and went on the stage when I was 3 years old, playing in support of Marie Burroughs in "The Battle of the Strong," with Holbrook Blinn and Maurice Barrymore. I was with that company for a year, and then with Chauncey Olcott for three years, again playing a little girl part.

When I was 5 years old I left the stage and went to a fashionable boarding school at Berkeley, Cal. The school was so strict that I never mentioned being on the stage for fear the other girls would snub me and the teachers would send me away.

When I had reached 14 I returned to New York and decided to go back on the stage. From a baby I had loved to dance. Music seemed to thrill me, and I could not keep my feet still, so when Gertrude Hoffman selected me as one of the children to appear with her in "The Spring Song" I was delighted. When vacation began after a long tour I went back to New York and was offered the position as leading woman, a child's part, in a play called "Charlotte Temple."

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"Well, you are to play 'The Lead in A Man With Three Wives' he snapped. 'You had better make good. Now go see the wardrobe woman about your costumes.'"

I knew I must have gazed at him open-mouthed.

"Run along," said he. And as I turned, "You had better push your eyes back where they belong or someone will knock them off."

How I did work over that part. I would lie awake nights and plan what I would do in the morning. I rehearsed so much around the house that my dear grandmother was driven to distraction.

When I was given the lead in "Judith of Bethulia," "The Escape," and many other films produced by D. W. Griffith. Then followed my appearance with the Lasky Company. I rehearsed so much around the house that my dear grandmother was driven to distraction.

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O. A. C. Man Appointed to Annapolis
OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Jan. 22.—(Special)—Lloyd Harrison, a freshman in the school of agriculture at the Oregon Agricultural College, has been appointed to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis by Representative W. C. Hawley.

Mr. Harrison is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ira H. Harrison, of Oregon City. He was graduated from the Central High School, Washington, D. C., at the age of 15.

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