

Third Engine Arrives For Keaton Company

Locomotive Pursuit Scenes Are
Being Filmed; Trestle
Work Starts.

A third engine for use of the Buster Keaton company in the filming here of "The General" has arrived from Hood River, where it was purchased and remodelled to Civil war type. It bears the nameplate "Yonah." The other engines are the General and the Texas. In a scene to be filmed as soon as a 200-foot trestle is built the Yonah will pursue the General across the trestle, which will be in flames. The General will escape and the Yonah will crash through the bridge into the river with its crew.

Pictures have been taken this week of scenes in which Miss Mack as Virginia, after being captured with the General, outwits her captors and makes away with the engine. She does not know how to control it and it runs wild. Buster Keaton pursues on foot and succeeds in reaching the engine and saving it and his sweetheart by taking shortcuts across ravines. This part of the picture was filmed Sunday and Monday on the Upton grade-out of the Rajada logging camp. This part of the Oregon Pacific & Eastern railway can be used only on days that the logging crews are not at work and most of the Sunday work will be done on this.

The wood burning locomotives have started several incipient blazes but these were quickly quenched by fire fighting apparatus which is carried at all times when there is danger of fire.

Miss Mack had a lot of fun Fourth of July playing out of her regular role. She donned a soldier's uniform, paint being effectively used to provide beard and moustache. Bert Bates, editor of the Roseburg News-Review, who was here as a guest of Miss Mack and her husband, Lewis Lewyn, also spent the Fourth playing the part of a soldier. Whether or not the fact that Miss Mack was playing a similar part had anything to do with the alacrity with which he donned a uniform Bates did not divulge.

No pictures were taken yesterday because of the cloudy sky. The company went up the line but spent their time playing baseball. Baseball equipment is always taken along, as a few minutes for play may be taken at any time.

Culp Creek, July 7.—(Special).—Work has started about 500 yards above the Culp Creek store upon the trestle which is to be used in one of the big scenes of the Buster Keaton picture, a large part of which is being filmed here. The company is doing the work itself.

The machinery for handling the heavy timbers is already on the ground and George E. Potter is getting out the bridge timbers. A spur of about 400 feet in length will be built this week from the main line of the Oregon Pacific & Eastern. This will be extended across the trestle, which will have a span of 200 feet and will be 50 feet high.

In the film one locomotive will succeed in crossing the trestle but the pursuing engine will go down with the burning structure and take a nose dive into the river. It is reported that from 700 to 1000 persons will be employed during the filming of this scene.

Letter Cabinets. Sentinel.

MICKIE SAYS—

IF I WUZ A CITIZEN O' THIS TOWN AN' DIDNT SUPPORT MY HOME PAPER, I'D SURE BE ASHAMED T' ADMIT IT! TH' FELLER WHO SNEERS AT HIS HOME PAPER MOST GENERALLY SNEERS AT HIS HOME TOWN TOO



Bee Stings Nearly Prove Fatal

Culp Creek, July 5.—(Special).—Mrs. E. H. Neal came near dying Sunday from the effects of bee stings and probably only the fact that she is a trained nurse saved her life.

She had been working with her bees and was stung once on each hand. She had been stung many times before without serious results and thought nothing of the stings until she was called hurriedly elsewhere. She was almost overcome by the quick action and realized that high blood pressure had been set up. One of the stings probably had reached a vein and the poison had been quickly distributed through the system.

By superhuman effort she was able to reach the house and send one of the children to a neighbor with a message for help. When help arrived she was able, from her experience as a nurse, to direct the application of local treatment. A few hours later she was out of danger but what appeared to be bee stings broke out all over her body, although she had been stung but twice.

W. D. Heath, Pioneer Dies From Operation

Funeral services for William Denison Heath Sr., who died Tuesday noon at a Eugene hospital, will be held at 1:30 Friday afternoon at the Mills chapel. Mr. Heath had undergone an operation for ulcers of the stomach. He was a pioneer of this region, having lived here for more than 35 years.

Mr. Heath was born May 13, 1854, in Amsterdam, N. Y., and was aged 72 years, one month and 23 days. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Alice Heath, the following children, Mrs. Jessie Wright, Mrs. Caroline Fisher, W. D. Heath Jr., J. Addison Heath and Mrs. L. R. Long; a stepson, F. M. Frost; the following grandchildren, Horatio and Wade Mosby, Harry Frost, Marian Lowry, Lyle Scott, Alice, Jean and Hyatt Lowry, and Jo Anna Wright; two sisters, Mrs. Anna Jackson, Joliet, Ill., and Mrs. Esther Kline, Amsterdam, N. Y.; and a brother, Charles Heath of Michigan.

Chambers Mill Not To Be Ready for 6 Weeks

While work is progressing satisfactorily at the J. H. Chambers mill, it will be six weeks or more before logs will be sent to the saws. Nearly all the machinery has been put into place and belts are being attached, but there are many things yet to be done.

The railway, which will not be completed before next year, already taps sufficient timber to keep the saws whirling until the big body on the other side of the Lorne mountain is reached. Five miles of the railway is already in an almost finished condition and operations can start as soon as the mill is ready.

Births Outdistance Deaths.
Births for June totaled 17, eight males and nine females, according to the report of C. E. Frost, city health officer. Births were 13 more than deaths, which were four, two males and two females.

Playgrounds Are Given Baseball Receipts

The Lions club has received a check of \$29.50 from Keaton's Hollywood Stars, which was the team's share of the receipts from Monday's ball game in which the Keaton baseball team participated. They play only for fun and exercise. Money heretofore received as their share of receipts has been used in repairs at the ball grounds.

Member Buster Keaton Company Medal Holder

Glen Cavender, Who Plays Part
of Spy, Has Been in
Four Wars.

One of the most unassuming members of the Buster Keaton company, which is filming "The General" here, has one of the most interesting personal histories of any member of the troupe. He is Glen Cavender, who takes the part of the spy and whose place in the acting of the play is probably second only to that of Buster himself.

Cavender is well equipped for taking part in a war picture, having participated in several wars in which Uncle Sam has had a hand. He has been decorated upon various occasions. He holds the congressional medal, medal for valor and medal for conspicuous bravery under fire during the Philippine campaign and the China Boxer expedition in 1901-1902, when he served in the 6th U. S. cavalry. He was later with the U. S. forces in Porto Rico. He was decorated by France with the medal of a Chevalier Legion D'Honneur for conspicuous bravery at Peking when he saved the life of a French marshal.

Cavender retired from the army in 1907 and made a name for himself directing battle scenes for the late Thomas H. Ince in such pictures as "Battle of Gettysburg," and "Custer's Last Stand." Later he played heavy star roles opposite such stars as J. Warren Kerrington, Bert Lytell, Warner Baxter, Mabel Normand and Priscilla Dean.

During the world war Cavender, who held the rank of major in the reserve officers corps, was called back to the colors and served in the intelligence department. He again distinguished himself and upon one occasion brought back into the American lines single handed two of the highest officers of the German army. For this service he was again decorated by the United States and French governments and also by the Italian government. He received the Croix de Guerre from the French and the Cross D'Honneur from Italy.

During the early part of the war Cavender assisted in training 300,000 men at Fort McArthur and Camp Kearney.

Cavender's army experiences have proved valuable in staging the troop and battle scenes in "The General." Although he is one of the highest paid members of the Keaton company, he is always just one of the boys. One of the best things about him is his charming little wife Betty, who is also a member of the Keaton company. Probably Cavender would not have himself given The Sentinel the information upon which this personal sketch is based and it was necessary to depend upon one who has known him for 15 years and has served under him in the army.

Among Mr. Cavender's accomplishments is that of a musician and he has helped to entertain the Cottage Grove public at the Saturday night dances.

Water Bonds Are Sold.
A \$15,000 issue of city water bonds was sold by the city council Tuesday night to the First National bank at par and accrued interest.

An issue of \$25,000 of city hall bonds was not sold because of no satisfactory bid being received. Action on this issue was postponed until an adjourned meeting to be held Friday.

Building Permits Total \$16,900.
Building permits totaling almost \$16,900 were issued during June by City Recorder Galloway. The largest permits were for the erection of a service station by the Emblem Chain Service, for repairs to the Hoskins building and for a residence being erected by C. B. Lee on Third street.



Youth Rides West By Will Irwin

(Continued.)
"She brought in a beaut with her. This Mrs. Barnaby who's startin' to put me out of business says she's jest a boarder, but if anybody asks me, I'll be answerin' and respondin' that she's the biscuit shooter."

We were now edging through the crowd; progress was too difficult for conversation; and I had a moment with my own thoughts. His mention of Mrs. Barnaby had brought a slight jerk of my nerves, which even yet tinkled in my cheeks. And when he coupled with this the mention of the unknown a song which had been singing behind my heart for three days seemed to burst suddenly into full tune. Not until that moment, I think, did I even half realize how deeply the episode of the Cottonwood road had touched me, what was really troubling my inmost thoughts during all that hard journey up the trails.

Huffaker had led us into a packed, stuffy little saloon. The object of his search was not there, apparently. We tried another; here Huffaker made inquiries. Yes Bill Talbot had been seen round camp. Now we entered that two-story establishment, saloon and gambling house combined. The evening rush was on. The fringe of standing spectators about the poker tables had become a crowd. The row by the bar stood two and three deep; men were reaching over each other's shoulders for their drinks.

The room above seemed equally crowded, to judge by the tramping and shaking of the ceiling. Even through our own babble, I could catch the whirr of the wheel, the call of the dealers.

A series of thumps sounded from above; the footsteps came heavier and with an irregular rhythm. There were shouts, too; and then one pistol shot. Through the door at the head of the stairs burst a glimpse of a man taking three steps at a time. Two miners, just starting to ascend, blocked his way. In the flash of an eye, he jumped like a cat over the rail without touching it, landed on the floor in a heap, got his feet, made a streak for the door.

Held to the spot by the suddenness of events, I saw a man jump from the crowd by a poker table, clutch at him. I saw the little man strike out and backward, perceived that as he leaped away he was carrying a knife. He had reached the door when someone thrust out a foot, and he went forward onto his face. One man, then another, fell on him; I lost sight of him in the surging crowd. The babble was cut by the noise of heavy boots and a shout—again from the stairs; down clumped and lumbered the big fellow with a black beard, yelling:

"Don't let him get my roll—grab my roll!"

The man who clutched at the fugitive from the poker table had been stabbed in the forearm. Blood was running down his fingers, spattering onto the floor; someone was twisting a tourniquet. My mind suddenly coordinating, I perceived the situation. The little man, now strangled to quietude on the floor, was a pickpocket; he who had just lumbered down the steps had been robbed of his roll of bills. The crowd opened for an instant, giv-

ing me a glimpse of the pickpocket's face. It was natively dark, Latin; but now his complexion looked like dirty wax, and the fixed sullen black eyes in his set features held a world of dread.

"Knifed him in a white man's camp"—"dirty pickpocket"—and then, always in a tone that hissed: "Lynch him!" It came again out of the roar: "Lynch him!" I grow until it was a refrain on half the tongues in the room: "Lynch him!" I turned to Buck. His face was hard. Huffaker had stepped back to the wall, regarding proceedings with cold but apprehensive eyes. All the rest, it seemed to me, were bawling: "Lynch him!" I grew faint with what I must see.

A mob, they say, needs only a leader to turn it from a herd of purposeless men to a legion of purposeful devils. In that instant the leader appeared. He was short, thick-necked, wrestler built. He wore a great red beard from above which gleamed an eye as red, and now wicked with whisky and animal hate.

"Well, has anybody got a rope?" he asked. This positive suggestion seemed to hush the babble as a muted stop on an organ; for an instant there was almost silence; cut of which a voice came:

"There's plenty of lariets in the corral."

"Two of you go and fetch one," said the leader. "Any of you got a couple of bolts to spare? All right, strap his arms and legs."

As men shot through the door, as men began stripping off their belts, the babble rose again; but not before I had heard from the thick crowd by the door a kind of low, choking wail, which made me, if possible, even more sick of soul. It flashed upon me that I might make some countermove in the interest of real justice and of mercy. I looked about; no eye but showed fury save only Buck's and the blue, impassive orb of Jim Huffaker. The back door flew open; a man entered with a coiled rope. And then—

"Drop that rope!" came a voice, a voice with ring and carry, which seemed to dominate all the noise. He who spoke stood in the door. Silence fell again—silence and quiet. It seemed that everyone froze in the midst of whatever he was doing—all except the newcomer. He was a tall man with a heavy brown mustache and imperial. He wore a black slouch hat of the G. A. R. pattern; and for all his height he moved with quick, flowing certainty. He did not wait for that mood of frozen hesitation to break; in two strides he had crossed to one of the empty chairs pushed against the wall when the players dropped their game. He stepped into it, stepped just as lightly to the table, his feet crunching on chips and the spilled stacks of twenty-dollar gold pieces. As the silence began to break into sinister mutterings, he spoke again:

"Bring that rope here—and that prisoner, too!"

Momentary silence again. He stood, his feet planted apart, a drawn revolver in his hand—which I thought odd. It rested so, close to his body, its muzzle a little lowered. His eyes seemed to take us all in.

(Continued on page 3.)

Buster Keaton's Father Here for Film

Had it not been for the fact that Buster Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, founded the once famous vaudeville troupe known in the days before the advent of the movies as The Four Keatons, Buster probably never would have become the frozen-faced comedian who has entertained millions. Now the positions are somewhat reversed. The son, who was a tumbler in his father's company, is better known than the father and the father has arrived here to take the part of a northern colonel in "The General," which is being filmed here by the son.

Others who have arrived this week are James Farley, who will take the part of a northern general, Frederick Vroom, who will take the part of a southern general; Mike Donlin, who will take the part of a northern major, and Ed Foster and Thomas Nawn, who will be one of the engine crews.

Crops At Saginaw Are Exceptionally Good

Berries and Fruit Produce So
Prolific That Some Is
Left to Rot.

Saginaw, Ore., July 7.—(Special).—The fruit crop is exceptionally good here this year. Apples, cherries and berries are so plentiful that many have been left on the trees and bushes to rot.

Saginaw has a record on non-irrigated peaches. Bart Johnston has a young peach tree which is loaded with ripe, mellow fruit. This is exceptional for June.

Mrs. Koch has a wonderful thornless blackberry bush. This bush was planted last year and now has many luscious berries one and three-fourth inches long.

Wheat and hay are exceptionally good.

Mr. Burleson has a stand of wheat five feet in height with heads seven inches long.

Spring wheat is not so good but probably will be average yield. The record has been made by O. Knight. He had a field of hay which went 120 shocks to the acre, the shocks averaging 75 pounds.

Gardens are good. Those having irrigation are immense.

Field corn is shoulder high.

R. C. REPORTS ON RELIEF EXTENDED ARE MADE

Reports of relief work carried on by the local Red Cross branch during the past four months were presented by committee workers at the monthly meeting of the branch held Friday evening.

The reports showed that milk had been furnished to two families, a temporary loan of \$25 had been made to a needy family who later repaid the sum, a loan of \$10 had been made to an ex-serviceman who gave his note for the amount, groceries were given to an itinerant family stranded here, \$12 for shoes and assistance was given a widow and other cases were cared for.

WIESE BROTHERS FIRE THREATENS MURRY BARN

Hebron, July 6.—(Special).—A fire in the Wiese Brothers' place last week threatened the buildings on the Murry place. Hard work saved the buildings from burning. The barn caught fire in several places but was extinguished before any damage was done. Some fires were burning on the Walter Woodard property but did not get out of control.

Machine bookkeeping equipment and supplies. The Sentinel.

Epworth League Meet To Open Here Monday

Dr. William Hints and Dr.
A. L. Howarth Are on
Speaking Program.

From 125 to 150 delegates are expected for the sixth annual Epworth League institute which will open Monday for a week's session. These delegates will represent the southern district of the Oregon conference of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Delegates will start arriving early Monday, according to Pastor John A. Linn of the local M. E. church, manager of the institute and the conference will open at 7:30 that evening. The institute will combine inspirational, educational and recreational features.

Dr. William Hints, pastor of the First Methodist church of Corvallis, will be the evening speaker. He is considered one of the foremost pastors of Oregon and is outstanding in his field. Dr. A. L. Howarth, district superintendent of the Portland district, is another outstanding speaker who is on the program. He will preach Sunday, July 18.

Others on the program are: Pastor S. J. Cheney, Pastor D. I. Fields, Pastor F. E. Finley, Miss Grace Driver, Pastor Joseph Knotts, Dr. G. Oscar Oliver, Pastor H. F. Pemberton, Pastor Omer Idso, Pastor F. L. Moore, Pastor J. E. Strevey. Pastor T. H. Temple of Medford will be dean of the institute, Miss V. Dorothy Johnson will be dean of women, Miss Hazel Bruner will be registrar, Pastor F. A. Brown will be musical director and Pastor Robert Parker will have charge of the grounds.

VISIT OF ZINIKER NO. 1 REVIVES OLD MEMORIES

Culp Creek, July 6.—(Special).—Memories of old times in the Bohemia mining district were revived by the visit here Sunday of Albert Ziniker, "Albert Ziniker No. 1," as he was known 20 years ago. He is now a farmer at Creswell.

He was associated with the Graber boys, Gottfried and John, who were the owners of the Vesuvius, which promised to be and probably is, one of the best properties in the district. Those were the days of struggle, of deprivation, of hardships.

Ziniker and the Grabers traced out, broke into and mined one of the many fine chutes of free milling that has been discovered in Bohemia. The boys tapped this vein on a high level and the ore had to be hauled down the mountain a considerable distance to the Stocks & Harlow mill, then situated on their property near the saddle between Bohemia and Vesuvius.

MANY COME AND GO TO AND FROM GOLD MINES

Culp Creek, Ore., July 5.—(Special).—J. R. Smith, interested with Bert Cline in ownership of the Musick mine, Bohemia, came down from the mountain today. He reports a little hot weather in the hills, the mercury standing around 70 degrees. John Coffman, old-time miner and prospector of Bohemia, passed through here today to spend a few days in Cottage Grove. Mr. Coffman is interested in the old Champion property. M. F. Wyatt is in the district, being interested in some prospect work on the Steamboat slope. R. C. Gleason and George Atkinson have gone into the district on a prospecting trip.

Flax Growing Tried.

Hebron, July 6.—(Special).—Walter Jepson has an acre of flax, which he expects to yield 14 bushels to the acre. He sowed it as an experiment. It is on hill land. If the experiment proves successful he will plant 20 acres next year.

THE FEATHERHEADS



Is That Nice, Fanny?