

**UNIVERSITY MUSEUM GIVEN
WONDERFUL INDIAN RELIC**

Millican Collection Said to Have Few Rivals Becomes Property of University of Oregon; Collector Taught Many Tribes

University of Oregon, Eugene, Oct. 24 (Special)—Some of the finest work of such skilled Indian craftsmen as the Utes, Uncompahgren, Yuma, Maricopas, Pimas, Papagos, Mascos, Puyallups, Cowlitz, and many others, are represented in the loan collection of baskets, blankets, weapons and other specimens of aboriginal handicraft donated to the University of Oregon by Mrs. Ada B. Millican, formerly of Prineville and now Roseburg. Mr. Millican was for six years in the Indian Service in the West.

Boxes containing the collection are now being unpacked at the University and exhibit case in which the specimens will be installed are now under construction.

President P. L. Campbell announced yesterday that a formal public showing of the collection will be held shortly.

The collection is said to have few rivals outside of the Smithsonian In-

stitution and the Museum in the Yosemite National Park. Some of the finest work in the collection is from Alaska. The basketmakers, potters and weavers of the entire West coast and Southwest from the Alutian Islands to the Mexican border have contributed to the collection.

While baskets form the principal part of the collection, the pottery, blankets and other products of the industrial life of the Indian found it out and make it the basis for a collection of the art objects of primitive America. The Murray Warner collection of Oriental art forms the foundation for the Chinese and Japanese section of the University museum. With the building up of both the Indian and Oriental sections, the Oregon Institution has the basis for a great museum devoted to the peoples of the Pacific area.

Mrs. Millican's first teaching experience in an Indian school was in 1899 among the Utes, the Uncompahgrens, and the Uintahs at the White Rocks school in Utah. Six months there gave her an insight into the life and habits of Utah tribes. Then she was transferred to a school near Yuma, Arizona. Here dwelt the Yumas, the Cocopahs and the Maricopas. After a year's service at Yuma, Mrs. Millican was transferred to Sacaton (which is the Indian word for grass) in Arizona. Here were the Pimas whose proud boast it was that they never took up arms against the white man. After three and a half years at Sacaton, Mrs. Millican went to Puget Sound where she served a year at the Puyallup reservation.

Five years ago she visited southeastern Alaska and came into the possession of works of the farthest north red men. One of the prize specimens of the collection is that of a Chilkat chief's robe.

While there are many valuable examples of Indian art and handicraft in the collection, some of the objects are interesting because of their historical or romantic origin. Others are grim reminders of days when the Indian took up arms against the white man.

A Pima war club made of ironwood, is stained with an Apache's blood. There is a buckskin doll, according to the story told Mrs. Millican, wears the hair scalped from a white woman.

FOR SALE—New house nearly completed and choice corner. Bargain. Call at office. R. A. Moon.

The ladies of the M. E. church will have a Halloween Silver Tea at the home of Mrs. A. L. Hunter, Tuesday afternoon, October 31. For the benefit of the church building fund. All are cordially invited.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, has been appointed as Administrator with Will Annexed, of the Estate of Elsie A. Fairchild, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Malheur county.

All persons who may have any claim against the estate of the said deceased are hereby notified to present the same duly verified as by Law required, to the undersigned at my office in Ontario, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

C. McGonagill,
Administrator of Estate of Elsie A. Fairchild, deceased, with Will Annexed.
Date of first publication, Oct. 26, 1922. Date of last publication Nov. 23, 1922.

HIS ANGEL

By MOLLIE MATHER
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Geoffrey, in his woolly bathrobe, kept a watch of the stair. For either up or down those stairs his good Samaritan, must go. The hall of the rooming house remaining for a time silent, Geoffrey sought the window. He was still weak and uncertain as to walking, but as it was possible that a light step might ascend that old stair while he was not there to see, he returned to his post.

He must have been in this gloomy room now, for more than two weeks. The flu had put him out of his head, so that he could not measure time.

Its interest vanished with his sudden illness. All that Geoffrey Gordon could distinctly remember was summoning his landlady, with the confused request that the woman who cared for his room be retained to give him such care as might be necessary.

The doctor, used to calls of the friendless and unremunerative, looked the unresponsive Geoffrey over, pronounced his case grip, and departed, leaving medicine behind. It was not his affair, certainly, whether that medicine was bestowed or not.

"What's his name?" the doctor briefly asked Mrs. Simpson.

"He says it's Stinson," she replied, "George Stinson."

So the author who loved to study at close range his subjects, who wrote of people as they are—lay among those of whom he would have written, himself needy and unknown.

Across the blur of his pain came then an angel directly from heaven, to minister to him. Like a frightened child, Geoffrey Gordon realized the reassuring comfort of firm, soothing hands. Over his hot forehead the cool hands moved rhythmically, charming his pain away. And when he awoke to momentary consciousness the following morning, the faded, insufficient coverlet had been miraculously replaced by warm blankets of dainty satin bindings.

It was when he reached weak but sure convalescence that Jellies and tempting small cakes and muffins found their way to the stand by the bed. The delicious cakes which he ate so hungrily brought to him a sting of mother-memory. The mother of his boyhood—gone so long, but still bitterly missed.

Geoffrey, watching the stair, knew at last why success and the many beautiful things of life still left a great lack which had never been filled.

And so, wondering, speculating, he questioned, and vainly, concerning his secret deliverer—and watched hopefully, despairingly, the stair. For the girl or woman must of course be an occupant of this dingy rooming house. And to settle this eager curiosity of his he must know her.

Many went down the stair each morning to places of employment, many came back each night. Soon Geoffrey must go away, but first he must know.

There was one lovely girl; her dark, dancing eyes sought the invalid out in his watching place.

At last in desperation the author called to the girl under pretense of asking her to forward a message to Mrs. Simpson. The girl smiled charmingly.

"Sure, I'll tell the old dame," agreed his supposed angel, "but you'd better believe I'll take her some time to get a move up here. Some weight, that old girl. Any other little thing I can do for you?"

"No, thank you," answered Geoffrey sadly.

That night inspiration came to him—one who had so unselfishly cared for a sick stranger would naturally still be interested in his condition. The next day found him suffering an apparent collapse; his groaning might even have been heard by a sympathetic listener off the long hall. Geoffrey began his groaning directly after customary office closing time. He deduced that his Angel was among the employed. She was—and at that precise moment opening a can of pineapple for her supper.

"Dear me," murmured the Angel, "that sounds exactly like my sick man. What a pity he has no mother or sister or—wife to look after him."

She decided to take a peep into the invalid's quarters. When her wide-eyed glance revealed her former charge again prostrate, Bessie MacDonald, late of Grove Village, slipped noiselessly into George Stinson's room. She carried some of the pineapple with her. As she supposed, the patient's lips were hot and dry; thoughtfully considering, Bessie fed him the pineapple.

Furtively the patient opened his eyes.

No, she wasn't exactly pretty, nor modish at all. Her soft capably molded hand made assured, graceful movements toward his lips. Her dark brows drew together concernedly, as she bent over him. Geoffrey remembered that same dear, anxious look in his mother's face long ago. Suddenly, his eyes upon her, the girl smiled. Why, she was pretty, tenderly pretty, and the plain little frock framed her some way fittingly—as one would have one's favorite priceless picture framed.

"So I have found you at last!" said Geoffrey Gordon.

"How I have needed you, my dear!" "I am glad to be where I am needed," answered Bessie confusedly.

"But I am going to need you always," insisted this strange patient.

However, Bessie remained true to her word.

Blacksnakes Good for Golf.

Blacksnakes seeking a comfortable home, rent and taxes free, are invited to the golf links of the Coatesville County club, in Coatesville, Pa. Along the sides of the course underbrush has been permitted to grow thick, and tempting rock piles with full southern exposures have been placed to lure the snakes from adjacent lands. An educational campaign has been inaugurated among golfers with an aversion to reptiles in order that there may be no repetition of the deaths by violence which came to two of the organization's pets. Champions of the blacksnake declare that it is the most efficient natural enemy of the ground mole, which admittedly is the natural enemy of golf greens. Not only does the snake go right into the mole's borings and discourage that animal's operations, but it is alleged to kill off rattlers and copperheads. It is harmless to mankind, and is unlikely to appear suddenly to disconcert a player about to putt, for it works at night.—Exchange.

Numbering German Students' Hair.

Professors who (according to a dispatch from Berlin) recently counted the hairs on the heads of an entire class of men and women in Munich university, must have been endowed with remarkable patience. The arduous research disclosed that the men had from 40,000 to 50,000 hairs; the women from 60,000 to 70,000. Counting at the rate of one hair a second, it would take one professor more than 10 hours to number 70,000.

Buttermilk "Spree" is New.

The buttermilk spree is a late sport. There are several places downtown where a person can drink buttermilk to repletion upon payment of a nickel, a perfectly safe venture for the vendor so far as the writer is concerned, by the way. This has been the impulse for a daring wager during the last few weeks.

Two neighbor ladies recently engaged in a sewing match, each concocting a shirt for her husband, the last to finish her task to buy the buttermilk for both.

Truly these be degenerate days, when respectable matrons can dissipate like that, unnoticed and unrepented. But, of course, the innocent husbands have to suffer the real penalty. They have to wear the shirts.—Portland Oregonian.

Land Reclaimed From Lake.

Montenegro will gain a navigable outlet to the sea and nearly 30,000 acres of rich new land, by negotiations pending between Jugo-Slavia and Albania, which have as their objective the lowering to sea level of the ancient lake of Scutari.

The project involves a cost of \$2,000,000 and will lower the level of Scutari lake by eight feet through the deepening of the River Bojana, from Scutari to the Adriatic.

The draining of the lake shores will increase Montenegro's territory 29,650 acres of rich land. This addition will make Montenegro self-supporting for the first time in its history.

Little Density in Fog.

It takes a big block of fog to make one good swallow of water, says Dr. W. J. Humphreys of the United States weather bureau at Washington. The densest fog off Newfoundland banks contains some 20,000 droplets in a cubic inch, Doctor Wells and Doctor Thurais of the bureau of standards found.

To get one gulp of water enough fog to fill a space 3 by 5 by 100 feet would have to be condensed. In a fog that size there are 60,000,000,000,000 particles of water. "It would take about a half hour to count an inch of fog particles," says Doctor Humphreys. Placed side by side, 2,500 to 3,000 droplets would be needed to fill that length." The droplets in a cloud have been found to be, on the average, twice the size of a fog droplet.


Oil From Sunflower Seed.

The sunflower is a possible source of oil, a large quantity of it having been made from sunflower seed in Russia before the war. The cold-pressed oil is used for culinary and other purposes where a high-grade edible oil is required, while the hot-pressed is employed in making soaps and Russian varnishes. In 1911, more than 500 mills in the Caucasus were engaged in pressing sunflower seed. It is possible that the sunflower may some day be an important oil-producing plant in this country. The crop is now grown to quite an extent in some parts of the country, notably Missouri, for poultry feed.

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