

MOSSER SOUNDS ASHLAND PRAISE

"We held the biggest and best Fourth of July celebration in Ashland this year in the history of southern Oregon—more people enjoyed our beautiful Lithia park, with its fountains serving ice-cold mineral water; the pioneer displays in the store windows created wide interest among our own folk and visitors; the parade was longer and better and we had the finest display of fireworks to close the event in the evening," states G. H. Mosser, who is at the Congress with his family. Ashland is becoming a great recreational center, Mr. Mosser says. For two weeks Mr. Mosser has been visiting the major communities as far north as Vancouver, B. C., securing co-operation among commercial and travel organizations that direct travel south into California for the winter season. "The loss of more than 1000 people three years ago created 18 empty store buildings and dozens of vacant houses in our town, but we have come back, even showing a substantial increase in population," Mr. Mosser declared. "All store buildings have been remodeled, houses are occupied and the town actually needs many new homes for people seeking homes in Oregon. Ashland, like all Oregon towns, is interested in tourist travel, but we are more interested in permanent settlers who will build our town and surrounding country, and our chamber of commerce has carried on an active campaign that has settled many small tracts in the last three years."—Oregonian.

APPLEGATERS BUILD HOUSE FOR LOOKOUT

APPLEGATE, Ore., July 25.—(Spl.)—Work has started by the national forest service on the new lookout station on top of Whiskey peak to take the place of the one destroyed last year by fire. Harold Buck is running the caterpillar tractor and trailer hauling sand and gravel from the bed of Big Applegate up to the end of the road, where Tom Bigsby continues with pack horses to the top. The new house is to have a concrete floor. Cal Winningham, the new lookout for the forest service is living in a tent while the new house is being constructed.

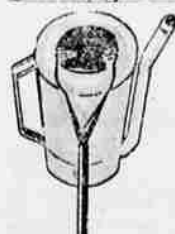
BIRDS AID TABLE ROCK FIGHT ON ARMY WORM

TABLE ROCK, Ore., July 25.—(Special)—The straggling rear guard of the army worms is fast disappearing from this section, which every one is thankful for. During their maneuvers here they were continually harassed by the quail, pheasants, chickens, birds of many kinds and even the much despised crow lended his services in the fight.

Many people think that the army worm pest would not have reached the magnitude it did here had it not been for the heavy loss of meadow larks during the cold and snow last January.

APPLEGATE COW RUNS AFOUL OF PORCUPINE

APPLEGATE, Ore., July 25.—(Special)—One of the range cows belonging to Frank Preston was found this week in the Muddy vicinity with her head full of porcupine quills. She has a nice calf and it is believed the porcupine came too close to her young and in putting up a fight the cow came too close to the enemy and suffered the result.



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DAGGER by Mary Dahlberg

SENSELESS: Dagger, Marley, 16-year-old son of a Texas rancher near the Mexican border, rescues Howard Howard, an American vagabond, and respect for such other as women almost it once. It is a story of love and hate, of a man who was once a famous bull fighter, as was Dick Welling, now crippled by loss of an arm, a foreman on the ranch at Dagger's uncle, Joe Marley, Howard and Welling both have heard of each other but both seem to have something in their past life about which they do not wish to speak. Howard accepts an invitation to remain at the ranch for a time as a guest.

Chapter 3 DAGGER MEETS HER MATCH HOWARD readily adjusted himself to the routine of the ranch. He was popular with everyone and especially Dagger. In the beginning she was tempted to preen herself, peacock-wise, to exhibit her accomplishments. But he bested her so nonchalantly that her slightly egotistical attitude was soon discarded for admiration. The metamorphosis began with the polo game staged for Howard his second day. Captaining a team of cowboys, he defeated a side which included both Welling and Dagger. Welling rode superbly, and Dagger hit accurately, but Howard was better than the pair of them together.



In an hour of frenzied bucking Howard never once pulled leather. The day after Dagger took him down to the corral, and introduced him to broncho-busting. He mounted a half-wild mustang, and in an hour of frenzied buckings and curvettings never once pulled leather.

But what finally won Dagger to accept his superiority was his exploit in the monthly crap-shooting contest, which celebrated payday on the ranch. It was she who came stealthily to him that night after supper, and suggested a stroll in the cool of the evening.

"What's doing?" he asked. "Sssh! There's a big game at the bunkhouse."

"That's no place for you," he returned, mildly amused.

"Well, I'll go alone, if you won't come with me." And honestly, if somewhat disagreeably: "The boys like to have me."

"I'm sure of that," Howard agreed. "How much money have you?"

"Fifteen dollars—and I won't lose it. A gambler in El Paso, a friend of Dad's, taught me how to finger the dice."

"Humph!" Howard commented thoughtfully. "Is that so?"

"I'll make it good," she answered coldly. "You watch!"

Dagger's advent at the bunkhouse was received with greetings from all sides, and Howard was cordially invited to "sit in"; but he declined.

"Ever play?" Dagger asked Howard over her shoulder, after a time, a hint of patronage in her voice.

"Once in a while."

A cowboy named McCarty spoke up. "Horn in, if yub like, Howard."

"Don't mind if I do," assented the New Yorker, dropping to the floor between the girl and a raw boned Texan called Pete. The other player was a bland lad from the Panhandle country, familiarly known as Hank.

McCarty held the dice, and threw eleven.

"Let it ride," he said, and threw six.

"Cover you, Mac," snapped Dagger.

"Watch out," advised the cowboy. "That there's a gentleman's point."

"Meaning who?" she retorted. "There's my seven."

The dice passed to Pete, who won. "Shoot the works," he said. "Cover you again," affirmed Hank.

"Taint yore night, feller," derided Pete. "Pay up."

"Pay up, and quit," mourned Hank.

"I'm just beginning," Dagger announced. "I'll shoot twenty dollars."

"Cover you," replied Howard. Dagger threw a four.

"I'd have to get little Joe with you covering," she remarked unconcernedly. "But little Joe's lucky for me. Tell you what: I'll double my money. Will you take me?"

"That's a dangerous point to double on," he warned. "Better—"

"I know my luck," she rapped. "Take me!"

He nodded, and pushed the pile of banknotes toward her as she threw a pair of deuces.

"Leave it," she bade him. "I'll let it ride."

McCarty stood up. "The game's gittin' a bit too high for this buncher, folks."

"I'll take five dollars," Pete professed.

"Cover the balance," said Howard.

dairyman cleans his milk by putting it through a special machine called a clarifier. The cleaning process, however, does not remove germs or bacteria, and in milk that is warm, the bacteria multiply at a prodigious rate. Every drop of dirty, stale, warm milk teems with bacteria.

The principal diseases caused by milk infected with harmful bacteria are tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diarrheae, scarlet fever, diphtheria, septic sore throat, dysentery, and "summer complaint" of children. Fortunately, not every glass of milk threatens us with these dangers, because milk can be freed from such dangers by pasteurization and proper care in handling.

Cold and cleanliness are the best milk preservatives. Any farmer who is careful, clean and willing to use plenty of ice, can send to market milk that is clean and healthful. But his cows must be healthy and clean; his milkers must be healthy and clean; his pails and cans must be sterilized; and the milk must be chilled promptly and kept cool.

Under ordinary conditions milk sours quickly, but clean milk, when kept cold and properly protected, shows very little change in three, five or even ten days. It is possible to produce milk so clean that it may be shipped across the ocean and back again and still be in good condition.

Milk readily absorbs every flavor and odor that reaches it. If placed in an open container near tobacco, kerosene, onions, fish or fruit, it will quickly take up enough of the strange odor to make it quite unpalatable. Even feeding the cow with turnips, onions, or any strong tasting food will impart a disagreeable flavor to her milk. Milk should have no odor at all, or at most, only a slight milk odor. A cow's odor tells a tale of illkept barns, poor dairy methods, and the taint of manure.

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PREPARING TO START MINE ON APPLIGATE

APPLIGATE, Ore., July 25.—(Special)—Floyd Steel of Medford who last winter bought the Bun-

com place from Ansel Gibson, is preparing to start mining as soon as the fall rains set in. He has brought out two truck loads of pipe which was shipped from Seattle the first of this week. They will be busy for the next few weeks laying pipes from the Gin Lin ditch across the creek to the outside of the field. In the meantime Frank Preston will pasture the field with his Hereford cattle.

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CLIMAX FAMILY GIVEN SURPRISE BY FRIENDS

CLIMAX, Ore., July 25.—(Spl.)—The L. H. Wirtz family was pleasantly surprised Sunday by a visit from several families from Ashland

who formerly resided near Hill, Cal. A bounteous picnic dinner was spread under the big walnut tree and was much enjoyed by all. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Drake and Jean, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Burns and Dobby, Mr. and Mrs. Fay Potter and Pauline, Cliff Hazlewood, Nina and Anna May, Mrs. Forns, Ben Oswald, Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Compton and Carl and Joe.



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Take advantage of the Special Introductory Offer given here. Go to your grocer today and tell him you want to try the New Pabst-ett Varieties. Don't wait! This special offer is good for a few days only.

Ask your dealer TODAY for the Special Introductory Offer.

FULL SIZE 25c PACKAGES 2 for 35c 1 Pkg. Standard Pabst-ett. 1 Pkg. Pabst-ett of any Variety

County Health Department

Activities and News By Dr. B. C. Wilson, Health Officer

DANGERS IN MILK The souring and curdling of milk are wrongly called nature's danger signals. Nature has no danger signal for milk. The dangers milk may carry cannot be seen by the naked eye, or detected by the nose of taste or smell. Frequently there is so much dirt in milk that the specks can be seen in the bottom of the bottle or glass. Most of this dirt consists of cow dung, dust from the air, bits of straw, hair, dirt, and the like. Ordinarily, however, the dirt is not apparent to the naked eye. But you can see for yourself that milk hides the dirt. Milk is opaque, not transparent. Add a teaspoonful of earth to a quart of milk; mix it up; the milk will look as white and pure as before the earth was added. Equally interesting is the regulation dirt test, made by straining milk through clean white cotton or through several layers of white cloth. Try it, and if your milk is dirty, you will observe the brown or black stain showing the presence of dirt. Dirty milk spoils much more quickly than clean milk, so the