

The Klamath News

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TOOTH CARPENTRY BECOMES PROFESSION

Pioneer practitioners of the dental trade were called tooth carpenters, and they practiced more in the bungling manner of barn raisers than in the precise style of the skilled cabinet maker.

Their work was crude work, if ever crude work was done. In the social scale, the early dentist was ranked perhaps a little above the rattlesnake medicine mendicant, but never was he such a figure in the community as the horse doctor.

Against such conceptions of Washington there are many arguments, but perhaps one of the most significant is the characterization of him by Patrick Henry, who sat with him in the Virginia house of burgesses.

After all, Patrick Henry really knew the man—and saw him in action.

Or late years the trade has been picking up. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching now reports that there is one dentist to every 1,750 or so possible patients, while run-of-the-mine physicians number one to every 760 potential customers, and the percentages are gradually becoming more nearly equal.

The pioneer attitude towards tooth carpentry was more or less mechanical, waited till you had a toothache, and then went in to suffer. You waited till your teeth broke down, and then you went in to the shop for repairs—bridge work, shoring, scaffolding, abutments, falsework, masonry or superstructure. Now, there is such a thing as preventive dentistry. You go to the dentist's twice a year and literally stop the toothache before it happens.

The big gain in prestige for dentistry has come through the discovery that all sorts of maladies are traceable to bad teeth. Kidney trouble, rheumatism, heart failure—these and other maladies apparently in no way related to the mouth, were traced to tooth decay, and with this discovery, the high hat pill doctor found that it was necessary for him to call dentists in consultation.

STYLE KEEPS UP WITH THE NEWS

If there be yet scoffers who doubt that our civilization is moving at breakneck clip, he has but to learn that knitting mills now rival the weekly magazines in the speed with which fabric designs must be kept abreast of current news.

When a favorite movie star dies, the cotton mills must have a special weave and design on the market before the body gets decently chilled in the grave. When a racehorse becomes a national hero by repeated triumphs on turf or track, the designers must turn out a cloth bearing a woven head of this same nag.

Six days after Lindbergh took off for Paris, the mills were turning out "Welcome Home," and "Airway" prints.

Ten years ago looms used to turn out fabrics six and eight months ahead of the season. Today, this season's fabrics are out of style before the season arrives.

Idol-smashers have been busier than ever in the recent years which have seen an increased popular interest in biography. You may read, for instance, in some of the most recent biographies of George Washington, that he was rather a common person, mediocre, somewhat illiterate and devoid of real greatness.

After all, Patrick Henry really knew the man—and saw him in action.

Now you ask one

1. Why was Jonah thrown overboard by the sailors? 2. How long was Jonah in the belly of the great fish? 3. What relationship did Jonathan bear to Saul? 4. How did Ehad deliver the Israelites from the oppression of Eglon, king of the Moabites? 5. Where and by whom was Jesus baptized? 6. How did the devil tempt Jesus after his baptism? 7. How did the Queen of Sheba seek to test the wisdom of Solomon? 8. Why did Solomon give King Hiram of Tyre twenty cities? 9. Who led the children of Israel against the Canaanites after the death of Joshua?

THE ANSWERS 1. Jonah was cast into the sea by sailors to quiet a storm.—Jonah 1:16. 2. Jonah spent three days and three nights in the belly of the great fish.—Jonah 1:17. 3. Jonathan was the son of Saul.—1 Samuel xix: 1. 4. Ehad delivered Israel from the oppressions of King Eglon by killing him with a dagger.—Judges iii: 21. 5. Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist in the waters of the Jordan.—Matthew iii: 13-17. 6. The devil tempted Jesus by offering him all the kingdoms of the world.—Matthew iv: 8, 9. 7. The Queen of Sheba sought to test the wisdom of Solomon with hard questions.—1 Kings x: 1. 8. Solomon gave Hiram twenty cities in payment for the cedar and fir trees and gold he had given to Solomon.—1 Kings ix: 11. 9. Judah led the children of Israel against the Canaanites after the death of Joshua.—Judges 1:2.

OBSERVATIONS

by an INNOCENT BYSTANDER You a Friend of Jake's. Friends are invited to call on Jacob Custer, who is down in bed at his home with the smallpox—Beville, Texas, Banner.

A young girl's golden locks are her crowning glory, and as she ages they are still her crown—that is, if she diadem.

WHEN WINTER COMES ANTS WILL BE LEFT BEHIND. "A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest men."

Many are the men who don't let the grass grow under their feet merely by choosing the most smoothly paved way.

Rufe Johnson's pot hound disappeared. Rufe put the following ad in the paper: "Lost or Run Away—One liver-colored bird dog called Jim. Will show signs of hydrofobia in about three days."

The dog came home the following day.

Tsetimonial. Oh, lots of cures for colds there are.

And one of them is camphor; This is the best, and all the rest I wouldn't give a dampor.

"Did you ever catch your husband flirting?" "Only once." "What did you do then?" "Married him."

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Lincoln Nunnally, elderly American chemist, mysteriously summoned to the queer little jungle-bordered town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, encounters an old friend, Vilak, who tells him it was he who had sent for him.

Vilak's cousin, Elise Marberry, an American girl, owns a coffee plantation and other land near Porto Verde and has received mysterious warnings to get out of the country.

The day Nunnally arrives another man is killed, Tony Barberta, one of Elise Marberry's foremen. He has been hit with a club in the hands of Limey Potts, another foreman.

Before going to Prentiss' place, Vilak and Nunnally call on Elise Marberry. After a few minutes, Vilak, out of a clear sky, demands of Elise what took place in her house that afternoon.

CHAPTER VII Elise's face clouded. Her black eyes half closed to avoid the steadiness of Vilak's gaze.

CHAPTER VIII Elise's face clouded. Her black eyes half closed to avoid the steadiness of Vilak's gaze.

side down, in the belief that he might have hidden in some other part of the house. But he wasn't there. It's quite likely he got up on the roof and jumped down when it got dark.

Vilak meditatively traced with his shoe tip the conventionalized roses worked into the design of the parquet floor.

"Guns. Every one of the rifles we had in the storehouse has been stolen. Except the pistol I have in the bedroom, the whole fazenda is absolutely without a weapon.

Vilak snapped open his cigarette case. "Will you believe now that your life is in danger every hour you remain here?"

"Will you take the first and only boat that leaves here next week and go to Rio de Janeiro?"

"I'll merely ask you where you got your authority."

They walked out the door into the clear night, and going to a small cottage where four great shadowy warehouses loomed blackly against the horizon.

"Ach, it's terrible, terrible, Fraulein Marberry," he murmured, as he led the way to a small stone building near the edge of a wood where the rifles and more valuable tools were kept.

"You're right about the time, too. Quite close to tea. I had come back from town, not really much upset by Tony's shout along the road—I hadn't heard about the poor fellow's death then—and was sitting on the veranda with Tinky, when I decided to go into my bedroom and get one of those new blouses that came from the states the other day.

"Suppose I order fish to eat? What then?"

Did You Ever Stop to Think?

By EDSON R. WAITE Shawnee, Oklahoma

THAT no modern city is greater than its newspapers.

THAT it can safely be said with out any fear of contradiction that no city of its size is better than yours?

THAT newspapers are the great leaders that aid most in a city's ambitions, growth and progress?

THAT they are read by every family?

THAT they should have the confidence and support of all the people?

THAT their advertising columns are a reliable servant of all buyers and sellers?

THAT the old saying, "There is no form of advertising as good as newspaper advertising" is as true today as it ever was, and will remain true for all time to come?

THAT business concerns should never forget what a tremendous service they render the public?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



All Settled



Not So Good There



By Martin

SALESMAN SAM



Not So Good There

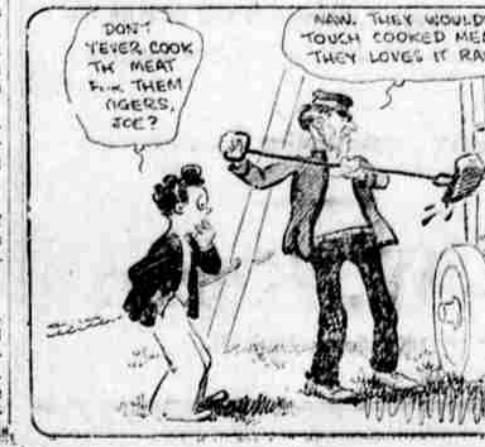


Not So Good There

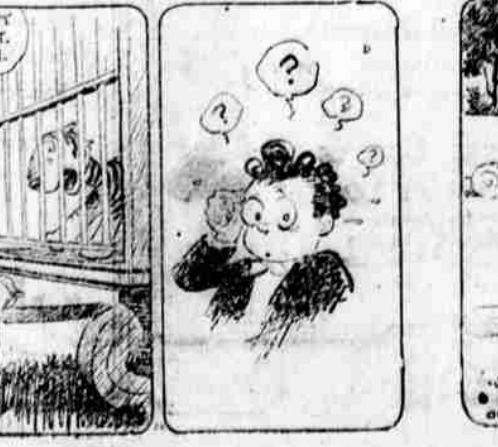


By Smal

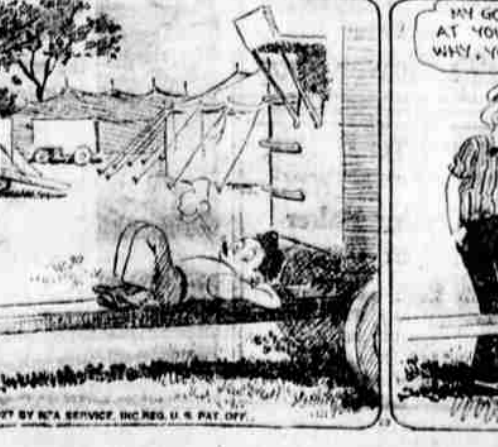
WASHINGTON TUBBS II



Not So Good There



Not So Good There



By Crane