A $600 KERMANSHA

By R. RAY BAKER

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His brow corrugated in a dark frown, Armen Doomborijian stood at the window of his business place and watched Doctor Azaad Boyajian march past on the opposite side of the street, head erect, shoulders back, twirling a cane.

Armen's black eyes followed the other until he arrived at a bazaar near the end of the block. The doctor did not enter the bazaar. Instead he passed through a doorway which opened on stairs giving access to rooms over the store.

Armen was not angry. He just felt sad; or rather, he was just plain jealous. For he knew Azaad was calling on Araxia Altoonjian, whose father was proprietor of the bazaar and whose home was above it.

Slowly Armen walked toward the back of his store, traversing its entire length with a few steps; because it was only a niche. It appeared that the construction of the various buildings on the street had been started at either end of the block, and that they had failed to meet in the middle. In order to avoid wasting building space a little coop of a building ten feet high and twice as wide had been fitted between the two walls. For space was expensive on the Midway of this Lake Michigan summer resort.

The contents of the coop, however, rivaled that of many large bazaars in intrinsic value, for it was filled with Persian rugs, so full that Armen found difficulty in making a path in his worried pacing of the floor.

Armen's means of livelihood was against him in his campaign for Araxia's heart. Araxia favored the professions when it came to husbands. In her opinion, selling rugs was a menial existence. Armen, however, could not bring himself to dissociate his life from the business he had always known and which his fathers had followed before him. He loved rugs, and he knew them as an artist knows colors.

He could not understand anybody's resisting the charm of the magnificent handwoven fabrics which seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of enchantment from the mysterious East.

As he paced the floor Armen stopped now and then to caress one of his beloved rugs which he had hung from the ceiling—rows upon rows of them. This scheme of display was not satisfactory, but it was the best he could devise in his cramped quarters.

"I love you," he whispered to the rugs. "Next to Araxia and my mother, far away in Armenia, I love you best."

Finally he seated himself at the rear of the store and concerned himself with reflections on his unrequited love. He hoped no customers would appear, because he wanted to think of things more ethereal than business. His sales this week already netted him $1,000, and that was sufficient. Armen was accumulating a neat sum in the bank.

Dr. Azaad Boyajian was the fly in Armen's ointment. Before the other came back from college with his degree Armen had been making progress in his love affair in spite of Araxia's aversion to his occupation. He had almost persuaded her that the rug business was art, and she had even promised to look over his assortment some day.

Then Azaad came home and spoiled everything. He liked Araxia, and he was a professional man. He opened an office and set out after a practice. This came slowly; in fact, the doctor appeared to be having little more than no success. But this had no effect on Araxia's admiration. He was a professional man, which it was better to be, even though a financial failure, than a rug merchant, no matter how successful. Besides, Azaad was handsome and strong, albeit he had a very excitable nature, which Araxia excused as temperament. Armen himself had a rather attractive physiognomy, but he was short of stature.

So things began to go against Armen. Instead of calling twice each week on Araxia, he was allowed to see her but once, while the doctor went three nights—and they were not professional calls. Then, before long, Armen was left out entirely, for Araxia always found some excuse when he asked if he might call.

Only yesterday Araxia had been invited into the rug shop when she was walking on the other side of the street. She had grudgingly consented to enter the coop and had looked over the rugs not only without enthusiasm, but with marked disdain in her demeanor. Armen had fairly raved to her about a new Kermansha which had just become a part of his stock, but she had thrown cold water on his fervor with the remark:

"Oh, sure Armen, it is nice to look at, but one of these (pointing to several hanging near the back of the store) would be just as good to walk on. You can't talk rugs to me, Armen. I've seen so many of them, and when I have a home it will have bare floors or old-fashioned carpets."

This made Armen tear his hair, figuratively. The Kermansha was worth $600, while "those" referred to by Araxia would not bring more than $100 each.

Then, with polite sarcasm, Araxia began ridiculing Armen and his rugs until he reached the boiling point and was glad when she left. She would not receive another invitation to look at his stock, he resolved. Yet his love did not diminish, in spite of her cruel treatment. Rather, it was intensified.

Armen's cogitations were interrupted by the telephone bell.

"This is Mrs. Turpenning," said a woman's voice on the wire. "I've decided to take the Kermansha. I have some friends at my home now, and I'm anxious for them to see it. Will you have it sent right up?" She gave the address.

Armen was glad of the excuse to get away from the shop and the vicinity of Araxia's home. He rolled the rug carefully—almost tearfully, for he was loath to part with it—and went out to the street.

It was necessary to go past the Altoonjian apartments, on the other side of the street; and he resolved not to look in that direction, for fear he might see his idol in company with Doctor Azaad. Just as he was uttering a sigh of satisfaction because he had got past without yielding to the desire to look, he heard a cry and automatically turned to ascertain the cause.

A tall, well-built young Armenian had stumbled from the stairway of the Altoonjian building and was shouting "Help! help!" And as Armen watched, the alarmist went racing up the street in a panic, while a series of screams sounded from the rooms of the bazaar.

Some one else started to run. It was Armen Doomborijian, and his course lay across the street. Lugging the heavy rug, he hustled into the stairway and up the flight.

Into the Altoonjian living room Armen staggered, weak from the quick climb, burdened as he was with the rug. There was no one in sight, but a scream from the kitchen lured him in that direction. He burst through the doorway to be greeted by a horrifying sight.

Araxia was running from the kitchen, her hands wildly and ineffectually beating at her burning clothes. The floor also was blazing near the gas stove, and it flashed into Armen's mind that the girl's dress must have become ignited while she was trying to extinguish the other flame. A popper containing some popped corn showed what she had been doing.

When Doctor Azaad returned from his quest for help, bringing several startled persons, including Mr. and Mrs. Altoonjian, he found Araxia lying on a davenport sobbing hysterically, her arms about the neck of Armen Doomborijian, rug merchant.

With one hand Armen patted her head, trying to soothe her, while the other held an object at which he now and then cast a rueful glance out of the corners of his eyes.

The object in question had once been a Kermansha rug valued at $600, but now it would not bring $25, it was so badly charred and burned.

HAD NO USE FOR FAIR SEX

St. Columba, Even in Fanatical Age, Carried His Aversion to Womankind to Excess.

Iona, which is one of the Hebrides group of islands off the coast of Scotland, long ago suffered the distinction of being a land without women.

During the middle ages the island was given to St. Columba, the patron saint of Argyle, by Christian, the king of the northern Scots. The holy man built a chapel with his own hands and established a mission station from which to send out missionaries to the heathen Picts. Then, in order to make sure that his island was a holy place, he decreed that no woman should set foot upon its shores. He carried this prohibition against the weaker sex even to the length of refusing to allow a cow to be kept on the island.

A difficulty arose in the fact that many of the converts which he made among the heathen had wives and refused to be separated from them. To obviate this difficulty another island a couple of miles away was set apart as a home for the wives of the faithful. On Iona a watch tower was built, from which the island of females was constantly watched to see that no woman left it. Legend says that post of watchman was in great demand among the brothers.

Later the good saint left Iona, and an abbess and nuns moved in.

It is a curious fact that when, many years after St. Columba had gone to his reward, a pilgrimage was made to the island of Iona, about two-thirds of the 4,000 pilgrims who went there were of the sex that does not mind being hated or feared, but cannot stand indifference.—Niksah in Chicago Daily News.

A Communal Mind.

Certain things in animal life lead me to suspect that animals have some means of communication with one another, especially the gregarious animals, that is quite independent of what we mean by language. It is like an interchange or blending of subconscious states, and may be analogous to telepathy among human beings. Observe what a unit a flock of birds becomes when performing their evolutions in the air. They are not many, but one, turning and flashing in the sun with a unity and a precision that it would be hard to imitate. One may see a flock of shore birds that behave as one body; now they turn to the sun a sheet of silver; then, as their dark backs are presented to the beholder, they almost disappear against the shore or in the clouds. It would seem as if they all shared in a communal mind or spirit, and that what one felt they all felt at the same instant.—John Burroughs.

Plan Clinics to Study Crime

Psychiatric Research Offers Possibilities in the Solving of Problems.

WORK RENEWED AFTER WAR

Preventive Rather Than Cure Is the Watchword of the Modern Psychiatrist—Reach Them Before Crime Becomes a Habit.

New York.—Broad possibilities for the operation of psychiatric clinics in connection with courts and correctional institutions during the reconstruction period are outlined in an article appearing in Mental Hygiene, written by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, medical director of the national committee for mental hygiene. The title of the article is "Some New Problems for Psychiatric Research in Delinquency."

The work of which Dr. Salmon writes was well under way in a number of institutions, notably in the vicinity of New York City, when war interrupted it, taking many of the trained psychiatrists into the service and otherwise curtailing the effort to apply the principles of modern psychiatry to the handling of persons accused of crime and those already convicted.

Sufficient progress had been made with the work, says Dr. Salmon, to assure it of an important place in all future efforts to get at the roots of crime and delinquency and to make it certain that these conditions "can no more be successfully managed without investigating the state of the organ of conduct than disorders of other kinds can be treated without understanding the processes responsible for them."

Its Importance in Courts.

The beginning of the application of psychiatry to crime and delinquency was through clinics in children's courts. Successful here, it spread into other criminal courts and into institutions where, according to Dr. Salmon, it is destined to play an important part in determining the best methods for handling prisoners so as to do the best by them and by society as well.

In connection with the part the psychiatrist is destined to play in modern court procedure, Dr. Salmon believes that the establishment of such clinics, presided over by experts with no connection with either side of the cases tried, will go a long way toward bringing about better conditions. Concerning the so-called "alienist" and his "expert testimony," Dr. Salmon says:

"Why supreme courts and courts of the general sessions content themselves with the so-called medico-legal testimony of 'alienists' employed by the district attorney and the defense—which is neither medical nor legal—remains a mystery. The findings of a psychiatric clinic, scientifically and impartially conducted with the sole purpose of aiding the judges in disposing of human issues before them, have more practical value than all the expert testimony that either side could purchase with the proceeds of a liberty loan."

Wide Field for Investigation.

Interesting especially is the suggestion by Dr. Salmon of the possibilities of finding out the deep seated causes of anti-social conduct in the individual through psychiatry. He says a comparatively small element furnishes the crime of a community and affords a field for scientific and impartial, unprejudiced study that is rich and almost virgin.

He thinks that this phase of criminology has barely been scratched as yet and believes it should be carried far in an endeavor to trace to their sources the original impulses for crime, so that eventually remedies may be found.

Prevention, rather than cure, is the watchword of the modern psychiatrist, as it is of the modern physician, although neither is inclined to neglect the person who has fallen ill. Dr. Salmon emphasizes the need of clinics that may reach first offenders before crime has become a habit. These, discovering the sources of criminal impulses and applying the proper remedies, may restore many persons of anti-social tendencies to society as normal citizens, in the opinion of Dr. Salmon.

REFUSES FILM OFFERS

Miss Kitty Dalton, said to be the prettiest Irish girl in New York city, who has rejected many enticing film offers so that she may still serve as a secretary in the Knights of Columbus hut at Forty-sixth street and Broadway.

Industries In Need of Women

Small and Agile Hands Are Specially Adapted to Certain Work.

MANY EMPLOYED SINCE WAR

They Now Make Watches, Electric Light Appliances and All Kinds of Garments—Many Married Women in the Industries.

Chicago.—"The forewoman has come to stay," says Mrs. Anna Lalor Burdick, special agent for trade and industrial education for girls and women, federal board, for vocational education. "The typical watchmaker of the United States is a nineteen-year-old girl. The number of married women in industry has increased 100 per cent since the war. Certain industries are limited in their expansion only by the number of woman employees to be obtained."

In the course of her work Mrs. Burdick meets all sorts and conditions of women. Following are some of her interesting observations of women in industry:

"Women's small and agile hands are especially adapted to the work of certain industries. Women are needed in garment and hat work, the hosiery industry and soapmaking. The expansion of the hosiery knitting and garment making industries is limited only by the number of women obtainable.

"Women make and assemble the delicate parts of adding machines, office appliances, Mazda lamps, electric light equipment and appliances. In 1914 five-eighths of the employees of the Waltham watch factory were women. It is surprising to know that the typical watchmaker of the United States is a nineteen year old girl.

"Before the war there was only the foreman in all industries where women were employed. Since the war there are both the instructional forewoman and the production forewoman in all woman-employing industries. In the Betts Artificial Limb company, Hammond, Ind., women are admitted to the classes in foreman training along with the men.

Women in Many Lines.

"In the Betts company women also do the set-up work. Certain machines have to be 'set up' to run a job lot through. Formerly a 'set-up' man set up the machine and a woman operated it. The machine got out of order and she raised two fingers as a sign for the set-up man to come. Today women do this set-up work.

"In Milwaukee, Wis., a street car advertisement from some factory which needed woman workers exhibited a picture of a bride, groom and preacher. Underneath were the words, 'Many marriages are made in our plant. Come down and pick out your job.' Then there was a long list of the social advantages accruing to the girl who would work in that factory. Needless to say, the factory did not expect the girl to quit work after her marriage.

"Married women in industry have increased 100 per cent since the war.

"At Grand Rapids, Mich., the furniture factories advertise for housewives who will work at least two hours a day, suiting their own convenience as to when they will come."

Probing the High Cost of Dying.

Louisville, Ky.—The high cost of living commission will turn attention to the high cost of dying, in a probe into alleged exorbitant prices for caskets.

ESTHONIA MAKES PEACE WITH RUSSIA

The Esthonian delegates at the conference at Dorpat, signing the peace treaty between Esthonia and the soviet government of Russia.

Cannot Speak English

Three Normal American Boys Never Taught to Talk.

Invent Queer Gibberish When Neglected by Hard-Working Parents.

Pomona, Cal.—How easily the chain of civilization is broken and how definitely its very maintenance depends upon every parent's training of the child, is dramatically illustrated here in the case of the three Keown boys.

Harold, Udell and Roy Keown, ten, nine and eight years old, are healthy, physically normal American youngsters, living in a bustling town, who have never learned to talk, simply because their parents neglected to teach them how.

The astonishing case was placed before the Welfare league of Pomona a few days ago by a teacher who, when the boys appeared at school, discovered that while apparently otherwise normal, they seemed bereft of speech.

The gibberish of the three Keown boys, who never learned to talk intelligibly, has a curious similarity to Hawaiian dialect. The following words comprise most of their vocabulary:

"Baa—hunger. "Waa"—thirst. "Daa"—sleep. "B-r-r"—dog. "Meah"—cat. "Oh'h'h"—spanking. "Ooop"—tree. "Sw'sh"—water. "Uuckuck"—chicken. "Bag"—shoes. "Deedee"—pants. "Lahi"—shirt. "Choo"—train or trolley cars. A whistle designated a bird. What they lacked in words they made up in signs.

An examination by specialists showed no defects.

The boys' father and his wife have worked early and late for years, having a hard time making a living for their brood. In addition to Roy, Udell and Harold there are five older children. The harassed parents, too busy to give them much attention, simply turned the younger ones over to the older.

The boys have now been placed in three separate homes, where they are associating with other lads and where they are rapidly learning to speak.

Dog Ends Five-Year Vigil, Dying on Master's Grave

Faithful unto death. This is the tribute that can be paid to Jack, a homeless yellow cur, known as the graveyard dog, found dead on his master's grave near Hamburg, O., having perished in a recent blizzard.

For five years he had kept a lonely vigil over the grave of John Dindore, leaving it only long enough to obtain food in the neighborhood each day.

County ministers have preached sermons on the love, devotion and grief shown by this dog.

Your Wat
Will not keep perfect time
you have it gone over by a
Send your watch to us by
watch man about once
put it in perfect condition.
BOYD PA
MAKERS OF JEWEL
166 MAIN STREET SALT LA

HELP WANTED If you want
towns need barbers: good
for men over drafting. Barber
good as officers commission
in few weeks. Call or write
College, 43 S. West Temple St.

HOW "ROMOLA" WAS W

**George Eliot's Immortal the
an Inspiration and
Hard Work.**

The scene of "Romola" in
ence of the fifteenth century
plan of it came to George
course of an Italian journey
those journeys that seem
one's life in half so many
do they suggest, so many
of interest do they open to
Having fixed on her scheme
turned to Florence, visiting
streets, rummaging ancient
seeking to impregnate herself
spirit of the venerable city.
was still far from her goal
on her return home, she at
work, she saw its difficulties
before her. Would not her
sert her when she left the
scenes of rustic life in the
today for foreign countries
ages? She despaired more
gave up her task, then
again, plunged (conscientiously
did everything) into historic
and brought forth in sorrow
moral tragedy which even
cannot behold without emo
mond Scherer.

SCULPTOR'S USE OF C

**Gigantic Figure of Neptune
of Art as Well as Archite
Curiosity.**

At Monterosso, near Spe
there stands an architectural
—a gigantic figure of Nep
structed of cement and used
the extreme end of a terrace
side villa. The house is the
tine, and the statue is the
rige Minerbi, a talented
Rome.

A small promontory on
villa is built presented many
ties to the architect, but he
ceeded in building there a
modious and comfortable
The statue, which is wonderf
like, is about 33 feet in hei
body, which, like the head,
re-enforced cement, is hollow,
tains a spiral staircase. C
the nature of the material
Signor Minerbi had to work
be congratulated on the
labors.

"All For a Song."

"He has sold his future for
they said of a rich man's
stead of taking advantage
usual opportunities open to
worth-while career, was
his golden years on the Gre
Way.

"All for a song" has come
to us "paying too much for a
any undue sacrifice or waste
thing that is worthless or
transient moment, particu
superficial.

It has come down to
day when its significance
As a token of her appreci
poet, Edmund Spencer, Qu
beth ordered Lord Burleigh
him with £100, which in
was a small fortune. Upon
Burleigh is said to have
"All this for a song!"

Rats as Food.

Doctor Kane, the Arctic
said that one of the worst
the far North were the
fested his ship. Nevertheless
in want of other food, he
eat them—sometimes chopped
frozen into tallow balls.

He wrote: "During the
nights Hans beguiled his
watch by shooting rats with
arrow. The repugnance of
panions to share with me
luxury gave me frequent
fresh meat soup, which
doubt to my comparative
scurvy."

"Pidgin English."

The shibboleth of the Ch
the word "business," which
unable to pronounce. In
so he makes a sound which
"pidgin." Thus the busin
he picks up in the open
a jargon of the many
hears, has come to be known
English?

"Rush" Work Seldom

It is all right to be
it is the right kind of
people are in a constant
which borders on confusion
they never begin in time
the right sort of preparation
stop long enough to
in order to get their

Most Welcome.

A man never appreciates
a solitaire diamond more
he holds the three other
Transcript.

Nyssa
A Brief Resume of
What You
H. N. Hon has again com
making concrete blocks and
years and will soon be able to
builders with some good concret

Ice Crea
We have all
healthful Ice
cream for you
as for you to

A GOOD
Can be spoiled by ba
scription can be grea
superior drugs when
scription Druggist.
We use only t
Drugs in all o
and as a resu
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ciency.
LAX
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VOTE FOR
Vote 3
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NO P
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NO INCREA
Present Auto License F
principal and interest o
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necessary to permit ear

ELECT
STATE
Vote 3
For 4% State
BALLOT T
2 X Yes
3 No
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Legislativ
LIMITATION
FOR PE
Article X
creation o
for the pu
amount o
in the Sta
NO PROPERTY
NO INCREASE I
NO INCREA
Keep these three facts in
asoline tax will pay both the
nder this amendment, and wi
ate highway work. No add
FEDERAL FUN
Oregon must have sufficient
ants or Oregon cannot get the
increasing this constitutional lim
ther state roads cannot be comp
y direct property taxation. Thi
ghways and makes early complet
Income from Present Source
The fact that revenues from auto lice
ple to pay both principal and int
the State Pamphlet, mailed to every
the table carefully. It proves th
License fees and gas tax will redeem pri
For Interest Tables, Pam
OREGON ROADS AND
President, 245 Eng St., Portland
Campaign Headquarters,
(Paid A