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5812 Ninety-second Street
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WE ALL HAVE OUR TROUBLES

The Herald printer thought that he was the only one who suffered as a result of the little acts of selfishness to which the human flesh is prone until he had a conversation one day the first of the week with three business men of the district. One of them was a painter, another a real estate man and the third a grocer.

Said the Printer: "We certainly have troubles in our business. One day recently a good lady came into the office and asked for a bid or estimate on a little job of painting. It didn't amount to much in dollars and cents, and as it was to be done for a non-profit making organization, made our figure as low as possible, consistent with good paper and labor. The lady calmly announced she would shop around a bit and see if she could get a better price by anyone else; if not, she would let us print it. Now, that doesn't sound so terrible to the uninitiated, but it happens that the Herald has always been free with its space to the organization the lady represented; if a banner of money-raising affairs was to be given by them, we donated the space to help the good work along. Seems kind of tough then when they have a little printing to be done to have them calmly announce they would take it to some down-town shop which would probably substitute a cheaper grade of paper and shave it 25 cents or so."

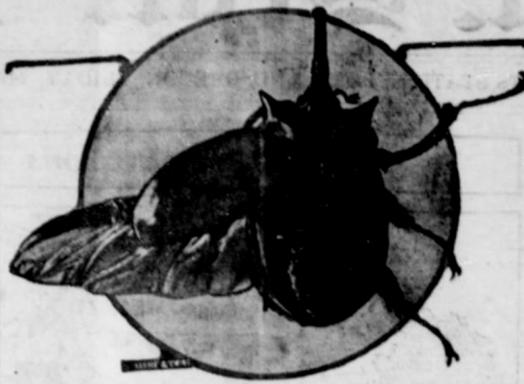
"Huh," the Painter snorted. "You haven't all the cheeky people as customers. I have troubles too. Some fellow repairing his house or putting up a little home will come to me and ask me to go down and look at it and figure on the cost of painting. I will walk a mile or so to get to the place, figure how much paint and labor is necessary, add a little profit and tell him the result. Do you think I get the job in a large percentage of cases? I'll say I do not. They scheme every way to get me to itemize so they can take the figures to someone else, who won't have to do all this preliminary work and can shave it a couple of dollars as a result. Or they want the list so they can go to a paint store, buy the right amount and proper kind of materials and dub it on themselves evenings when they haven't anything else to do. No, you printers have no monopoly on tight-fisted customers."

The Real Estate Man had been waiting to get a word in edgeways, and when the painter paused for a moment he drew a deep breath and started his tale of woe. "The other day I took some people out to look at some property I had listed and they thought it was just what they wanted. Well, they finally asked for an abstract up to date, and I suggested that as that meant some expense they had better put up a deposit before negotiations went any further. Do you think they could see it that way? No, never! They had bought property before, they wanted me to understand, and always had been shown an abstract right up to date. Anyway, I spent several hours traveling back and forth to town and attending to the securing of it, paid out \$5.75 in cash and then this morning they calmly told me over the phone the deal was all off. Where do I come in for my time and hard cash, I would like to know? The good lady who seemed to be running things in that family has no intention of paying me even the money I paid out. And yet they call real estate men crooks and grudge them their commissions."

After the Real Estate Man had allowed a moment or two to pass while the injustice of which he had been a victim was being considered, the grocer warbled his little sad story: "You, Mr. Printer, are interested in the growth of the district and the prosperity of the business men in it. You have been preaching trade-at-home to your readers, and it's a good work which will benefit merchants, paper and consumer alike. But we run up against some hard nuts too, probably oftener than any of you gentlemen. The other day two men, residents of my neighborhood, dropped off the street car, with two gunnysacks in loaded with canned stuff and groceries they had purchased in town. They paid cash for the stuff and the chances were it was 'sale' stuff—put up cheaply and sold cheap. Some of that class of stuff I wouldn't feed to a hog, much less sell it over my counter. Well, the two men deposited their 'junk' on the floor of my place, ordered a sack of scratch feed, on which the margin of profit is very small, and requested me to deliver the whole business to their home, some distance away. They paid cash for what they bought, I took cash and carry, the other fellow getting the cash, while I did the carrying, and I have to tide them over with credit. Truly, the cheek of some people passeth all belief."

These little instances of selfishness and unfair practice are not exaggerated. They all actually happened and we suppose every business man runs up against similar occurrences. They certainly would shake our faith in human nature if it were not for the great number of people we come in contact with who practice the Golden Rule as well as preach it. To those who do not, who are always on the lookout to beat the other fellow, the foregoing is indited, with the hope it will "get under their hide" enough to accomplish a little good.

Here's the Biggest of Beetles



This enormous beetle, 5 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide, has just arrived in Washington from Honduras, and has been placed in the National museum. It is the largest grown in the tropics, and is without a rival in size in the United States. The specimen belongs to the family of June-bugs.

Such is Life.

Country Boarder—I suppose we'll be getting some of these nice fresh eggs for breakfast.

Farmer—Yes, these very eggs; but not till you come down here next year. Ye see, I've got to sell them to the local commission man, and he sells them to the jobber in the city, who in turn sells them back here to the fellow who runs the country grocery, and I buy them from him."

Where He Drew the Line.

"Would you marry a woman lawyer?"
"No, sir. The ordinary woman can cross-examine quite well enough."—Boston Transcript.

The Helpful Waiter.

"Garcon, your portions are very small."
"Yes, sir, I'd advise you not to order a half-portion of anything."

JUDGE McCAMANT'S AMBITIONS

A news dispatch in the Portland daily papers setting forth the political gossip of the nation's capital, states that Wallace McCamant, of Oregon, was a visitor the past fortnight and was seen in company with members of the senate from this state. The story speculated upon the political aspect of Mr. McCamant's visit and ascribed it to his desire to fill the vacancy occurring in the United States circuit court of appeals in this district.

The facts of the matter are these, briefly: At the present time the bench of this court is graced by three of the ablest men who have occupied the bench in the history of the bar of the district, Judges Gilbert, Morrow and Ross. These esteemed gentlemen are ripe in years as well as learning; all are close to the four-score mark, and in the natural course of events there will be vacancies; in fact, it is rumored that one, Judge Gilbert, may retire at any time.

Mr. McCamant is anticipating this event, gossip has it, and would secure the support of the Oregon senators and the vice-president in support of his candidacy. To the layman, there would seem to be nothing so very terrible in this; it would simply be considered the act of a forehanded man who wanted to clinch a job when that job would be open. Professionally and ethically, however, such a course might be susceptible to criticism, to thus take time by the forelock, as it were.

Next to the supreme court of the United States, the position which will sooner or later be filled is considered the most important judicial appointment within the power of the president. It is no place for a politician, and especially a politician of Mr. McCamant's type. Rather the man who essays to fill the vacancy, if one should occur, should be the ablest juror obtainable; one with no political debts to pay or ambitions to further, for the circuit court of appeals, along with the other federal court and the state supreme courts, are considered stepping stones to the United States supreme bench. There should be other qualifications beyond party regularity and loyalty to the organization under all circumstances. That Mr. McCamant was opportunist enough to nominate a vice-president of the United States thereby beating someone else to it, is no indication that he would be an ornament to the circuit bench. Rather the reverse, and his appointment to the Oregon bench by the late Gov. Withycombe was generally recognized as a political appoint-

ment, and nothing indicating judicial eligibility.

Politics aside, in the natural course of events Presiding Judge Kavanaugh of the Oregon circuit court, should receive serious consideration when there occurs any vacancy in the federal appellate court. His friends have not been active in presenting his claims as yet. But since candidates are urging their claims, it might not be inopportune to call attention to Mr. Kavanaugh's qualifications. As circuit judge, he has won and held the respect of those who have come in professional contact with him. It is generally conceded that he is in every way fitted. The state supreme court seldom, if ever, reverses his decisions. He is not a politician in any sense of the word. From every standpoint he is the logical man for the place. His appointment would be but a fitting recognition of ability and faithful performance of duty. Incidentally it would be an evidence that the administration is courageous enough to keep the courts out of politics.

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