

you have to toil in—much less use your facilities as retiring rooms for the time being. British postal employees have the right to consultation and recommendation. We have the very latest inventions in hygiene and sanitation. During the entire day the cleaning staff is at work.”

“Our retiring rooms, smoking rooms, reading rooms and dining rooms are kept scrupulously clean. All these departments are maintained at the expense of the Post Office Department, but we manage them.”

“The actual working schedule in British post offices range from 6 to 7 hours, and after 8 p.m. until 6 a.m. 7 hours are equivalent to 8 hours’ day work.”

—“The Union Postal Clerk.”

#### TALE OF A STAMP.

I’m a stamp—a postage stamp—  
A two-center!  
I make the Government  
A profit  
Of \$62,000,000 a year.  
Some velvet, eh?  
Don’t want to brag,  
But I was never licked  
Except once;  
By a gentleman, too;  
He put me on an envelope—  
Perfumed, pink, square;  
I’ve been stuck on it  
Ever since;  
He dropped us—  
Through a slit in a dark box:  
A mail clerk hit me an awful  
Smash with a hammer;  
It left my face black and blue;  
Then I went on a long  
Journey.  
When we arrived—  
The pink envelope and me—  
We were presented to a perfect love  
Of a girl,  
Say, she’s a dream!  
Well, she mutilated  
The pink envelope and me  
With a hair pin;  
Then she read inside.  
I never saw a girl blush  
So beautifully!  
Say, she kissed me,  
Oh, you little godlets  
We—  
The pink envelope and me  
Are now nestling snugly  
In her bosom;  
We can hear her heart throb;  
When it goes fastest  
She takes us out  
And kisses me.  
Oh, say—This is great!  
I’m glad

I’m a stamp—  
A two-center,  
Even if  
The One Cent  
Letter Postage Association  
Is after my scalp.  
—“Union Postal Clerk.”

#### THE SOLILOQUY OF AN INTENDING MEMBER.

To join or not to join, that is the question. Whether ’tis nobler for a clerk to suffer the slights and disappointments of the party system or to take arms against the politicians, and by opposing, end them. To join, to sleep in apathy no more, and by our unity to strive to end the heart-ache and the other “Service” ills that clerks are heirs to. ’Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. To organize, to work. To work, perchance to win. Aye, there’s the point. For by that work, what victory may come ere we have shuffled off this mortal coil must give us hope. There’s the respect that makes success of so long effort.

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the ‘spoiler’s’ wrong, the ‘party’ man’s contumely, the pangs of disfavored duty, the law’s delay, the bitterness of classes and of grades, the undeserved merit the unworthy takes, if he himself his *Quietus* makes with a bare living. Who would these conditions bear?—to toil and work under a weary life, but that the hope of something afterwards, the far off goal, upon whose heights our patient eyes are turned, invokes our aid, and makes us combat all the ills we have, to obviate the others that we wot not of. Thus conscience does make members of us all.

“OMELET.”

In 1815 the population of the British Isles was 19,000,000, and the national debt was \$4,750,000,000, that is, about \$250 per head. In 1914, when the war broke out, the population was 46,000,000, and the national debt was \$3,500,000,000, or \$75 per head. Remembering that the average earning power of the individual has enormously increased during the century, it does not look as if the heart of the Empire was in the tragic financial condition that some folk imagine, even with all the debt that the war has been piling up.—*Christian Guardian*.