

## Here and There Among Public Servants

Edited by

Suffragettes have not fought and bled in vain. Witness this story of a London Bobby. The brave fellow was discharged from the Force—unjustly, he thought—and begged Parliament to look into him. No results. Parliament had other interests in life. So the Bobby announced that on Monday week at high noon he would pull King George's nose.

There was quite a flutter, nor did the nation entirely calm down when the Bobby announced that he had decided to leave the King's nose unpulled. He has gained a hearing. Parliament will look into him now, and listen to his little tale. He says he is sorry he scared the country so, but that "only women known how to manage Parliament" and that he adopted their method of becoming an issue in practical politics.

Still, Suffragettes should not be too proud. It was from a man, Mr. Arthur Balfour, that they learned militancy. Said he, "Kick up a fuss. Keep kicking it up." And now that men are going in for militancy, "Snap" fears that the Suffragettes will experience a very dismal setback. At the present rate, the day will soon be here when Suffragettes can pull the King's nose without attracting the slightest attention.

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France seems to have hit upon a novel antidote to the declining birth rate. A Bill has been introduced into the French Chamber, by Professor Lannologue, which is destined to create considerable concern amongst French civil servants. Under the proposed Bill every civil servant will be compelled to marry before he is twenty-five!

For some time past, and, indeed, even at the present time, the heads of the French Government departments are said to show decided bias in favour of bachelors. It is said that bachelors are free from home ties and domestic worries, which interfere with the proper discharge of their duties, and that the former can devote practically the whole of their time and energy to the State.

In regard to the other sex, almost the same system prevails, the single women being given a decided preference for higher posts over their married sisters. Marriage in France does not always mean that females surrender their posts.

The new bill also provides that married civil servants shall receive an allowance or gift of £8 per annum for every child under 16 after the first three. How far this provision is a forerunner of a scheme that will extend to the whole of the French nation one is not able to prophesy, but it is frankly

stated that the Republic has a right to experiment in such matters with its own employees.

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The Morning Advertiser, London, Eng., in recording an exceptional record of service in the Postal Department, indulges in the heartrending practice of calculating the number of miles walked by the retiring Postman. We are told that the official walked 120,000 miles during his 42 years of service.

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Trying to memorize 10,000 railway stations in seven States so he could pass the examination as a railway mail clerk, unbalanced the mind of Mace M. Young, and he was found wandering in the streets of Kansas City. He was taken to the General Hospital. Young is 28. For six months, nightly after his work at a grocery store, Young applied himself to the task. He was successful in the examination, passing with a high rank.

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Twenty-seven thousand public employees in the United States have so far signed petitions for a contributory Civil Service Retirement Bill. Every member of the Cabinet signed them. Many of the petitions sent to outside cities have not been returned as yet. Fifty thousand signers at least are expected. Two thousand two hundred and thirty-two out of a total of two thousand five hundred employees signed the petition in New York City.

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The Hampshire Telegraph has the following:—"The woman who had charge of a certain village post office was strongly suspected of tampering with parcels entrusted to her care. One day a rosy-cheeked youngster, dressed in his best clothes, entered the post office and carefully laid a huge slice of iced cake on the counter. 'With my sister the bride's compliments, and will you please eat as much as you can,' he said. The Postmistress smiled delightedly. 'How very kind of the bride to remember me,' she cried. 'Did she know of my weakness for wedding cake?' 'She did,' answered the youngster, coldly, 'and she thought she'd send you a bit of it this afternoon, just to take the edge off your appetite before she posted any boxes to her friends.'"

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The coming transfer of the business of the National Telephone Company of Great Britain to the Post Office Department will take place at the end of next year—perhaps one