Post Office Substation
By W. E. Hill

The line-up before the stamp window at any drug store substation. Among those present are two elderly boys who have got into conversation about one thing and another. How in the good old days you could walk right in and get your stamp without having to wait in line. "Yes, sir, everything's changed," old boy number one concludes. "Take price fights. I remember when men like John S. Sullivan would wrap fifty rounds or more get about a dollar and a half for it and think they were well paid," etc. The young thing in the center foreground doesn't understand quite why there should be a line between her and the stamp window. She is trying to decide which old man has the kindest face, preparing to say: "You won't mind if I just squeeze in here, will you? I just want to buy a stamp!" The elderly lady at the end of the line wants a soda check, hoping to evade the substation for the cashier's desk.

Money orders. "If my calling card isn't an identification, then I don't know what it is, and I don't think you do either." Daily, hundreds of infuriated ladies with money order blanks leave the substation in a white heat, owing to the silly clerks asking for something more in the way of identification.

The substation desk, where those intrepid souls who don't mind most of the ink being on the blotters and the ledgers can write postal orders and buy stamps and have money orders cashed. "You've got to fill out her first money order. She's been back to the window eight times for help. Can't remember for the life of her how to spell "sorry"?

Meet Miss Brenda Bane, one of the many reasons why post office officials grow old and gray long before their time. Brenda is an expert to purchase a two-cent stamp with a ten dollar bill. It will take her a long, long time to count the change and put it away in her bag. Then she will herself merrily to the slot marked "City Mail" and will post the letter to Cousin Emma, in Paris, France.

The parcel post Santa Claus. This is a sight that will bring tears of joy to the eyes of every one connected with the stamp window a couple of months from now when postal employees are working at high tension.

Walter, the clerk at the window where the registered letters are given a good send-off, is more than usually introspective this morning. This is one of Walter's moody days, when, as Miss Sizer, his lady at the stamp window, says: "You can't no more than look at him and he growsl!" Walter is figuring up how long it will take for a postal clerk to retire on a pension.

Poor Mrs. Pratt! She's having a terrible time with the post office officials. Seems to be no pleasing them. Mrs. Pratt has a lovely blue and white china pitcher all done up in wrapping paper to send parcel post to her sister in Alberta. Post substations have refused to insure it on the ground that it is not wrapped properly. One substation might have taken it, only there was a sign reading, 'Nothing bigger than a small shoe box accepted here.'

Via air mail. Harriet is sending by airplane, mind you, a lovely head and shoulders photo to her best boy friend. Also a postal saying: "And would you mind saving the uncanceled stamp for Aunt Carrie? She's collecting them."