Lesson Taught in Settlement of Telephone Strike

The telephone strike is over. The operatives are back at work. Service is resumed. An agreement was reached by conference. The strike was of brief duration. The patrons suffered the minimum of discomfort and inconvenience.

Public opinion forces public control to an early adjustment. A strike against public control is a strike against the public.

What a contrast with the mill strike at Lawrence! There, a conflict involving 32,000 operatives, millions of dollars worth of property and the safety, prosperity and comfort of thousands and thousands of people not directly connected with either the strikers or mill owners has gone along for three months and the end is not in sight.

The strikers offer to accept arbitration. And the private owners seek refuge behind that moth-eaten excuse, "There is nothing to arbitrate."

The welfare of the public demands settlement. THE PRIVATE OWNERS IGNORE IT.

The State Board vested with the duty of representing the public in the settlement of industrial disputes offers its services in the matter. THE PRIVATE OWNERS IGNORE IT.

The Governor of the Commonwealth, himself, declares in an official statement that the private mill owners should abandon their dog-in-the-manger policy and present their case to a proper tribunal for arbitration. AND THE MILL OWNERS DEFY HIM BY REPEATING AGAIN THE OLD EXCUSE, "THERE IS NOTHING TO ARBITRATE."

The sentiment of society and the authority of the State should be sufficient to compel one unruly side with a "public be damned" policy to effect a settlement of a situation that has brought so much hardship, not alone to participants, but to the public, which in this case is the innocent bystander, invariably damaged and injured.

Finish Your Part of the War as Your Sons Did Theirs

The first few days' results in the Victory Loan drive prove that Americans are both patriotic and intelligent.

Of their patriotism there had been no doubt. They proved it beyond question throughout the war.

But would their intelligence be quick enough to cause them to discern promptly the extraordinary attractiveness of the Victory Notes, or short-term Liberty Bonds, considered strictly as an investment?

In view of the previous great strain upon their earnings and savings, would they absorb this new issue readily or would it have to be taken and held mainly by banks, thus discommoding commercial credits?

The first days' results encourage the belief that the Victory Loan will, as it should, be a distinctively popular loan, bought in large volume by everyday Americans who are just ordinarily well-to-do.

It should be this from the patriotic standpoint, because it is designed to wind up the campaigning for war loans, and we ought to do that part—OUR part—as cheerfully and as speedily as our gallant soldier lads did theirs.

Had not our fighting sons done their work so quickly and so well, many more loans might have been necessary. When we measure the facts alongside the very imminent possibilities, we realize that we are indeed escaping rather cheaply, and gratitude alone requires us to put this loan through with a rush.

But the loan ought to be popular for its own sake, because:

(1) It offers the best security that ever backed a bond—the pledge of the entire resources of the wealthiest country in the world emerging victorious from a war which has immensely enhanced its prestige and its prospects.

(2) It carries a higher rate of interest for a bond selling at par than has been paid on a United States security issued since the Civil War.

(3) That rate, 4¾ per cent., exceeds the highest rate paid by banks on saving deposits and, with the short maturity, assures that this bond will not fall below par.

The Victory 4¾ is exempt from all State and local taxes, except estate and inheritance taxes, and from normal Federal income taxes; but it comes under the higher levels of the Federal income tax, hence cannot be used as a refuge for rich tax dodgers.

It is purchasable on easy instalments and most banks will loan on it to 90 per cent. of its face value at a rate of interest not higher than the bond pays.

For the man of moderate means this bond is, therefore, an ideal investment.

How Parents Spoil Their Children

Thousands of Ways—We Mention One

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This editorial is written in response to the request of a reader. He asks us to point out the harm that parents do by giving conflicting orders to children.

Many thoughtless fathers and mothers bewilder their children and hinder their development in the way complained of.

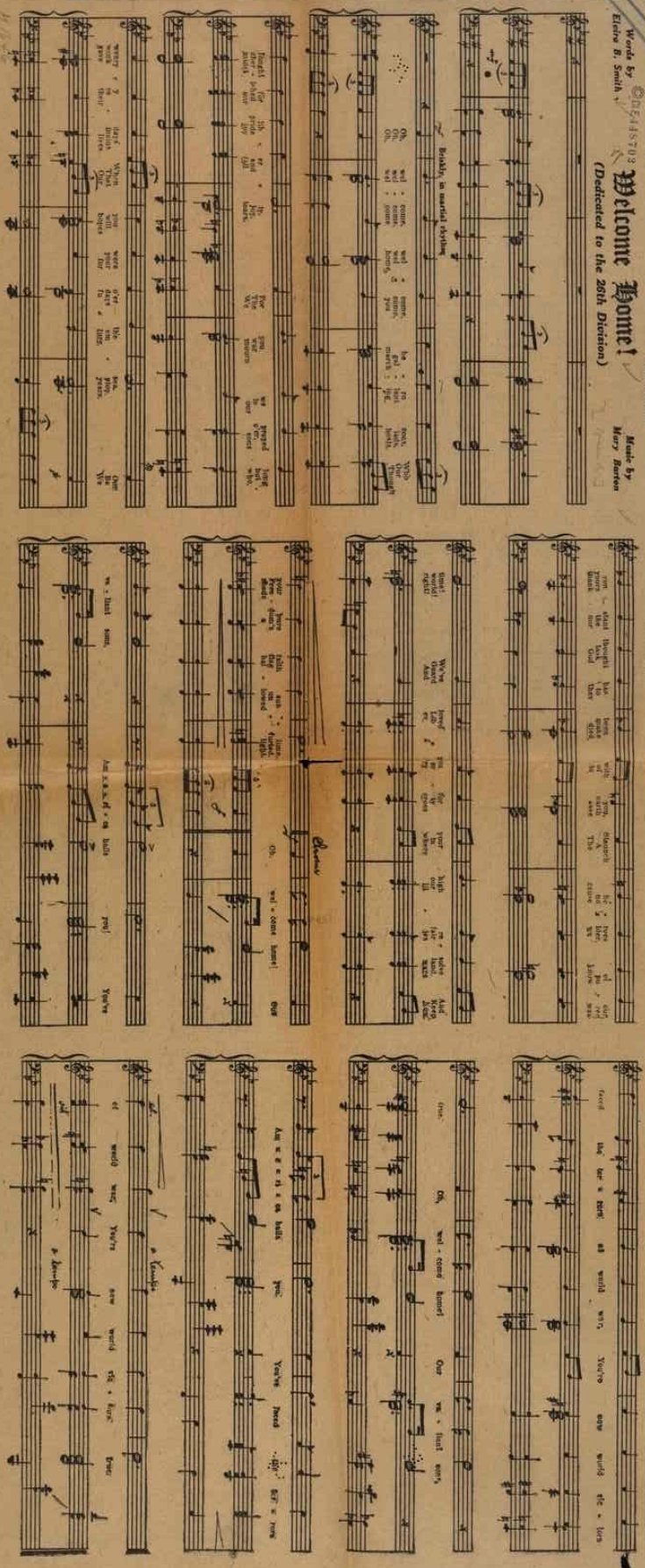
In the system of laws which govern grown men the first essential is UNITY of law. If laws should conflict no man would be expected to live or to develop properly under them.

The will and the instructions of the parents are the LAWS which govern children.

The child is unfortunate whose parents are whimsical. Still more unfortunate is the child whose father and mother disagree on important points—one saying "you shall do that," another "you shall not do that"—one ordering a certain thing, the other forbidding it.

The idea of education is first of all to develop what is IN the child, bringing out what is good in him, with as little oppression and coercion as possible from without. The child should be controlled mainly by making him feel personally the uncomfortable results of a harmful action.

Above all the child should be made thoroughly to respect laws and rules. There should be no such thing as conflict between parents. A single order from a father contradicted by a mother is enough to destroy all respect for parental authority.



HONEYMOON ENDED IN TERRIBLE MANNER

Married in Haste, Esther Crowell Repents at Leisure

JUST suppose—

Suppose YOU married a man you thought the embodiment of all that is good and brave and splendid in a man—only to find out before your honeymoon was over that he was worse than a common thief, a highwayman.

That instead of being a hero of the Argonne, whose tales of bravery and hair-breadth escape had won you, you learned that he never had been near the trenches—and that his strength was used, not to conquer German foes single-handed, but to frighten and rob defenceless women!

That was the tragic fate of Esther Crowell Robinson, pretty daughter of the head of one of the largest publishing houses in America, and herself a prominent member of fashionable New York society, who had been a leading spirit of the Newark division of the Motor Corps of America, all during the war!

A fascinating true story in next Sunday's Sunday Advertiser and American.

What does an oyster eat? Nobody knows! But Professor Thurlow C. Nelson, of the University of New Jersey, aims to find out. In his newly established laboratory for the study of them, he has arranged for the oysters to ring electric bells when they are hungry! An interesting scientific feature, next Sunday.

Two unexpected romances have recently blossomed in the rich and fashionable Drexel family—the branch of that family which expatriated itself in England, it was openly admitted, because of the ambition of Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel—that was—to shine and climb in British society. Now Mrs. Anthony, divorced, has herself wedded an obscure English colonel, and her son has married an unknown English girl with no fortune and no social position. Whereupon the ambitious daughter and sister, who is the Viscountess Maidstone, no longer speaks to her mother or brother, and her father, too, is going to use his millions to ostracise the "obscure" members of the family from society!

Mrs. Leonard Thomas, poetess of Fashionable Society, has written another volume of amazing verse under the pen name of Michael Strange. Passing strange it is, too—and one of the most delightful things you've read lately is the "poetical study" of this verse by Wex Jones, who is some versifier himself.

More of "Moon of Israel." Thrones are tottering, conspiracy is rife!

Spring Evening Gowns, by the famous "Lucile."

N. B. Comical Comics! The best ever.

Next Sunday.

—BUY VICTORY NOTES—

Once-Overs

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Taking It Easy in Your Flivver

You, Mr. Autoist, are you going to continue to be known as a speed fiend this Summer as well as last, or are you going to get some real pleasure with the aid of your car?

Are you going to hustle your family into your machine early Sunday mornings with the set purpose of making a certain point and return within the day, or are you going to give wife and the kiddies some real sport by allowing them to stop where the fancy strikes them, even if it be far back in the country?

Moderate speed and a chance to see the beauties of the country—wouldn't that be a much more enjoyable treat for all concerned?

How about providing changes of clothing for the children to play on the sandy beach, or to wade in some little brook or to skip about in a wooded spot, or to pick flowers in the fields?

Would not you and your wife have a much better time yourselves under the cool shade of the comforting arms of a benignant tree than licking the dust raised by the speed-crazed drivers you meet on the road?

Instead of that terrific and dangerous speed, try some real recreation.

WONDERFUL FAMILY IN THE CITY'S WHIRLPOOL

By Winifred Black

"Dear Winifred Black:

"You answer so many 'girl questions.' I wonder if you can answer some 'boy questions'? One year ago there were five of us, three boys and two girls. I am the eldest and am twenty-eight. My oldest brother, who was twenty-four, and the next one, twenty-two, enlisted in the army a year ago last January and sailed for France in May. One was killed in action August 22, and the other on October 4. It was up to me to support myself and baby sister, who is fifteen, and youngest brother, seventeen, so I came to New York and took a position. I cannot be at home and at work, too, and my 'babies' are dissatisfied. We were raised on the farm and, of course, are a little farmerish to be living in New York. Brother goes to high school, but he says that the boys and girls all call him 'Hayseed' and 'Onion Top,' and make so much fun of him because he says 'yes, ma'am,' to his teacher that he refuses to go any longer.

"His teacher says he is very bright and attentive, but that he fights so much with the other boys. I know he does it because they call him names, but his teacher thinks he shouldn't fight over such trifles.

"If I could only give more of my time to them I might be able to solve the problem myself, but as it is now I can only ask you for advice. Any suggestion you can offer will be greatly appreciated. Respectfully,

"WINIFRED H."

THERE, now, if that isn't a human document from start to finish in every curve of every letter and in every word of every sentence, I'd like to know what is?

No, it isn't her right name, signed at the end of this letter—not so that you need worry about it, though there's nothing I'd like better than to tell the world just exactly who she is, and where she lives and all about her.

She's the kind of girl who ought to wear a crown of pearls upon her forehead—the kind of girl who means more to this country and everything that is good and noble, and fine and brave, and modest and true and faithful, than any round dozen of any other kind of woman on earth.

Isn't it too bad about brother? I don't blame him a bit for wanting to run away from school, and I love him for fighting when the city lays call him "Onion Top" and "Hayseed."

He Will Win

Yes, I'd try and persuade him to stay in school. I'd tell him that in six months all the little, empty-headed nobodies who are making fun of him because he wasn't brought up in a tenement house will have something else to laugh at and somebody else to tease. They'll forget all about him and he can go on and learn what there is to learn without paying the least attention to it.

As for that teacher, I don't see where her eyes are or her heart, or her brain. If she's the right kind of a woman, it would take her long to make the boy see that he ought not to let these poor, little, narrow-minded creatures step in between him and his chance.

He's a man, and a good, old-fashioned American—and some day he'll be giving jobs to half of these boys who are trying to terrorize him now.

But if the situation is really getting on his nerve, then, sister, why don't' you send him down into the country back to the old place, where he can work on somebody's farm, and go to school, and be among his own kind—for a while, till his sore heart is healed, and he is ready to come back to the great, sneering, blind, deaf, ignorant, stupid city again, and show just exactly how his country upbringing has taught him how to conquer?

How about little sister? I hope she isn't unhappy, too.

Change the Scenery

Why don't you make a joke of it, you two, and have a nice, hot supper waiting for big sister when she comes home. Have something pleasant to tell her—she's just a girl, too, and she must be tired of nothing but work and worry.

I do hope the people where she works appreciate her. Bless her heart, I'd like to give her a good, old-fashioned hug this very minute—but she'll find friends and plenty of them before long.

In the meantime, here's looking at you, Big Sister, and Little Sister, and Onion Top—you'll be proud of that name some day, mark my words!

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Educational.

A Message from Burdett College To BOYS

This School of Business has adapted its courses to meet your needs.

You can begin an entirely new course—

Or you can start in where you left off. And you can finish up without any interruption. For Burdett College remains open all Summer. No Vacation. Thus you save time.

You can enter any Monday.

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Carmania ..... May 24

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GOOD MORTGAGE LOANS on Quincy property. Lowest rates. Prompt service. Call or write. Quincy Co-operative Bank, Quincy.

WALL PAPER Prices are Going Higher. HOWARD'S, 120 Tremont st., Boston. Send for samples.

PAINT $1.60 a Gal. 44 Shades. Send for color card. Quick shipments. Paint Mfg. Co., 10 Canal st., Boston.

BUNGALOW $595—$50 DOWN

Send for booklet. Bungalow Co., 1 Beacon st., Boston.

WANTED TO LEASE

Small Farm or Dairy Farm

Will pay cash. Address B 84, Boston American Office.

Real Estate—Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE—Modern 6-room house, all improvements, garage; $6000. Apply 1 Bay State road, Boston.

Apartments—Revere.

REVERE—Modern 6-room apartment, all improvements; $30. Apply 1 Bay State road, Boston.

Apartments—Roxbury.

ROXBURY—Modern 6-room apartment, all improvements; $30. Apply 1 Bay State road, Boston.

Apartments—Somerville.

SOMERVILLE—Modern 6-room apartment, all improvements; $30. Apply 1 Bay State road, Boston.

Furnished Apartments.

Furnished Suites of Rooms.

Furnished Rooms.

Furnished Rooms—Boston.

Furnished Rooms—Roxbury.

Apartments—Miscellaneous.

Apartments Wanted.

WANTED

LIBERTY HOTEL

Furnished Rooms—Miscellaneous.

LIBERTY HOTEL

Furnished Rooms—Back Bay.

Furnished Rooms—Beacon Hill.

Furnished Rooms—Brookline.

Furnished Rooms—Cambridge.

Furnished Rooms—Dorchester.

Furnished Rooms—Jamaica Plain.

Furnished Rooms—North Boston.

Furnished Rooms—South End.

Furnished Rooms—Somerville.

Furnished Rooms—Winthrop.

Board and Rooms.

Female Help Wanted.

Male Help Wanted.

Female Help Wanted.

Male Help Wanted.

Male Situations Wanted.

Pianos and Musical Instruments.

DEATHS

Lost and Found.

Legal and Public Notices.

Educational.

Proposals.

Auctions.

Wills and Trustees.

Dental.

Veterinarian.

Typewriters.

Cash Registers.

Detectives.

Boston American

Boston Sunday American

Boston Daily Advertiser

Boston Sunday Advertiser

Business Opportunities.

Business Chances.

Partners.

Upholstery.

Machinery and Tools.

Horses and Carriages.

Live Stock.

Furnished Rooms—Atlantic.

A ROOM or suites, unfurnished, 70 Kingston st.

Furnished Rooms—Back Bay.

PARKER, 40 Hemenway—Rooms, single and suites; reasonable; transient.

Furnished Rooms—Beacon Hill.

Furnished Rooms—Brookline.

Furnished Rooms—Cambridge.

Furnished Rooms—Dorchester.

Furnished Rooms—Jamaica Plain.

Furnished Rooms—North Boston.

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Apartments—Revere.

Apartments—Roxbury.

Apartments—Somerville.

Furnished Apartments.

Furnished Suites of Rooms.

Furnished Rooms.

Apartments—Miscellaneous.

Apartments Wanted.

Furnished Rooms—Miscellaneous.

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Furnished Rooms—Beacon Hill.

Furnished Rooms—Brookline.

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