## THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

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STRIKING FOR WHAT?

The textile strike is on and everyone wonders what will be the outcome. Nobody believes that industry should fatten itself at the expense of the workers. On the other hand the workers can not receive for very long more than the income from the product of their work. The federal commission ruled that the textile industry could not afford to pay higher wages after an investigation and it is reported that the real owners, the stockholders in the mills, have been the "forgotten men" so far as income is concerned for many months. If this actually is the situation then there can be but one outcome to the strike. It must fail because demands can not be met.

To us a strike is silly, especially now with the elaborate machinery of the NRA to adjust labor differencees. If the NRA means what it says it does all parties concerned can secure justice. Both sides lose in a strike usually no matter who wins.

The chief trouble with nearly all industry in the-country today-large and small. In our town and everyone else's town is that it is not paying any return to the ownership. In which case it makes very little difference to the owners whether the industry operates or not, and if it is operating solely to give employment then those who strike are destroying their jobs.

#### SCHOOL DAYS BEGIN AGAIN

Only a few days and school will open. All over the United States thirty million children will flock back to the public schools, besides the great number who will go to the church schools and private schools of all kinds.

Thirty million youngsters, getting ready to take the places of as many oldsters in a few years. That is as many people as there are in Poland, more than in Belgium, almost as many as in England. And we are spending, we who pay taxes, about \$90 a year for the education in the public schools of every child.

The future of the United States of America lies in the hands of these young ones. It is, therefore, of the highest importance to give attention to what they are taught in

We hear of subversive teaching creeping into some of the public schools in some of the big cities. We do not think that is true in the small towns and rural districts. It is our understanding that the fundamental virtues of honesty, industry and personal good character are still inculcated in the vast majority of the schools of America.

Most important of all is it that our public schools should give the children as much as they can absorb of knowledge of how the world of grown-ups gets a living and manages its affairs. Not that we think we grown-ups ma age things any too well, but a great deal of trouble will be averted if every boy and girl learns in school the elemental facts of our social and economic system.

The new administration is turning more socialistic every day. Socialism the enemy of capitalism flourishes best when it is subsidized by capital through excess taxation. When capital disappears and socialism must stand on its own feet the grand collapse takes place. Americans no doubt will turn back before this point is reached. It is our great failing we swing either too far right or too far



EYES UPON THE GOAL

Just what happened in the moment when the food was laid before Jesus in feeding the 5,000, is an impenetrable mystery; but there is no doubt at all as to what took place afterward. It was the event for which the people had waited, the unmistakable sign! Moses had fed their fathers on manna in the wilderness; here was one who likewise called on Heaven, and supplied their wants. Surely he was the son of David, long foretold, who would overthrow the rule of their conquerors and restore the throne

Joyously they shouted the news back and forth. The day of deliverance had come; the tyranny of the Romans was about to end. They were an army and had not realized it. Right there on the field they were enough to outnumber the garrison in Jerusalem; but they were only a nucleus of the host that would gather to their banners, once their southward march was formed. If they were five thousand now, they would be fifty thousand, perhaps a hundred thousand then. They surged forward toward the little hill where he stood-

And then-

Jesus had foreseen their purpose, and even while they were perfecting their plan, doubt had raged through his spirit with the force of a tempest. Why not accept their nomination? Why not be their king? It would mean an alteration in his program, to be sure—a surrender of his vision of spiritual leadership. And yet it might not be such a surrender, after all. Solomon had been king, and a great spiritual leader; David had been king and had written the nation's highest ideals into his Psalms. He himself was better balanced than David, wiser than Solomon-why

It was as splendid a picture as ever stirred the pulses of an ambitious man. For only an instant Jesus allowed his eyes to rest on it. Then he saw the other picture—the vast dumb multitudes of men, his brothers and sisters, the blind being led by the blind, their souls squeezed dry of vision and hope by the machinery of formalism. He saw generations born and die in spiritual servitude which nothing could end except the Truth that he had come to declare. To put himself at the head of this army of fanatical patriots would be perhaps to risk his life and his message with it. But worse than the possibility of failure was the probability of success.

In a flash he saw it all and made his decision. Even the multitude surged forward, he gave a few crisp orers to his disciples and disappeared. The Gospel story puts the dramatic climax into a single sentence:

Jesus, therefore, perceiving that they were about to come and take him by force to make him king, withdrew again into the mountain himself alone.



"Oh!"

ready, and the gwt helped her.

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Me eat? Fer th' love o' Mike,

however kin' the likes of me git

Nancy found a little tea, half a

In spite of herself, Nancy watch-

no place at all! She felt suddenly

Nancy put the kettle back and

dropped down on the floor beside

She had gone to this man and

offered to marry him. After she

had refused him, she had given her

water! But she could not; there

enough to come in when it rained!

up and down the old room.

the old ctove, furious.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE-Nancy Gordon trades herself in narriage for fifteen thousand dol lars—the price of her family hon-or—and the freedom of her brother, Roddy, who stole, for a woman, however kin' the likes of me that amount from the bank in which time ter eat—an' him so sick!' he works. Nancy, desperately in love with young Page Roemer, and Richard is loved by Helena Haddon, a sophisticated young mar-ried woman. Kingdon Haddon, she managed to spread an old clean Helena's husband, sees the elopers, napkin on the end of the table. but holds his counsel. After the ceremony, Nancy returns to her home, and continues to see Page and made tea. who urges her to divorce her husdaughter from what he considers her shameful marriage, sells his house to his friend Major Lomax, terest in Nancy, although the knows nothing of the marriage, and tries o make trouble. Once comes to Nancy's home and powerful and deft his hands in makes love o her. Nancy is frantic their dangerous office. she loves Page but refuses to go back on her bargain with Richard by divorcing him. Now Go On With the Story-

#### INSTALLMENT SIXTEEN

Nancy lifted the child gently on his pillow. "Now-quickly, don't self to him legally. And tonight be frightened, take off the old she had seen how great he could sheet and put on the clean one." be-and he had not even looked at together they slipped the child into her. clean things, and Nancy sponged Nancy could not stand it. She his hot little face with cold water. got up and went to the door and

Tony's more quiet see, the opened it. It was pitch black outonging did him good," she said side. She could not go; she wantgently, but her heart beat in her ed to go home-she was willing to The child seemed to be wade through the night and the

was no light anywhere. She shut Richard. Richard! Her heart ried again desperately. It seemed the door silently and turned back: impossible that she could need him she did not want to see him again. but she could not help it. so, but she did.

At last she stopped and looked He had his watch in his hand about her. It was better! The and was counting the child's pulse. mosphere had cleared, the floor It did not matter to him whether was bare and clean, the bed abso- she went or stayed-so long as she lutely white and fresh. She took did not obstruct him in his work hold of the sobbing woman and led The strain on her mind gave way her to the chair beside the bed. | suddenly; she felt as if she had

Nancy ran into the outer room fallen through space; she did not and began to iron towels with fev- matter at all! She sat down, huderish energy. Would Richard never dled, on the window sill and stared come? Perhaps Henry had been out at the night. thrown by Polestar, perhaps the roads were impassible-but, not, no! She would not believe it, he anxlety, sat up late, waiting for Nancy. Before the storm reached would come, he must come!

Nancy laid the clean towels in a its height, Mrs. Gordon had phoned row beside the clean basin, ready to Angle Fuller to know if Nancy for the hote water that was steam- had been there. Angle's reply that ing in the kettle. Then she went she had left before the rain began, to the bedside. The boy was very worried the poor woman. still, his glassy eyes stared and his Mr. Gordon, pretending to read parched lips were open. Was he his newspaper, grunted. breathing? He gasped and she "I've thought for some time that gan-she might be there, she-" drew a long sigh of relief.

"Don't ery so!" she checked poor mother pitifully. "Don't! He he growled. hears you The doctor must get ran to the window.

Would Richard never come? Then, suddenly, she saw him, have known it; he couldn't drive earth smelled sweet. A mackerel told where Morgan went.

How strong he looked, how cool. And this man was her husband! It seemed to her that she stopped breathing; then the child's gasps grew suddenly audible. She ran to the door and tore it open.

"Oh. Richard, I'm afraid he's dying!" she whispered, holding the door open.

He came in and shut the door with his shoulder.

"Where's the patient?" he asked

"In there!" she pointed to the inner room, a catch in her throat He did not notice it. His eyes went to the other room. His glance swept over the preparations with something like a flash of surprise but he said nothing. She saw him put the frantic mother gently aside and bend over the child. Deftly, silently, swiftly, he made his examination, raised up, and turned to face them.

Nancy was trying to coax the frantic woman away, but she broke out in a hoarse whisper: "Be he

dyin', doctor?" "No! Be gulet, please. Leave the room. I must be alone, I've got work to do."

Nancy drew the woman gently

Mrs. Kinney dropped into a chair and Nancy ran back.

"Here are towels and I've got plenty of hot water. I can help

He turned from his open surgical case and there was no response in his face at all. "No! You ought to be at home

a pipe in his throat-leave me. "Oh, poor child: Richard, she can't help, you need help. Let me

This is diphtheria, I'm going to put

help you." "No!" he motioned to the door. impatience in his gesture. "Leave the room, please!"

He did not want her. He would not let her help! She turned and walked slowly to the door. Then she heard the woman's

voice, broken and husky. "Th' doctor's savin' him" she said. "He's like God, ain't he? Workin' ter save life an' gettin' no

pay for it." Nancy made no answer. The wo man had begun mechanically to over the rosy east. Mr. Gordon Page Roemer's outside, m'm. He'd; stared down into his own garden. like to see Mis' Haddon." The Japanese quince was sagging in the corner. He started violently. He had heard his old gate creak on its hinges.

"The child's come home!" he hought with sharp relief.

But he opened the door to Page toemer. The young man's clothing was wet and muddy, but Mr. Gordon did not see it.

"Is Nancy here, Mr. Gordon?" Page asked anxiously. "I believe I've forbidden you the

house," replied Nancy's father. Page leaned against the door

"Mr. Gordon, your daughter was lown at the inn when the storm broke yesterday afternoon. She went out-at its height-no one knows where. We can't find a trace loaf of dry bread, some sugar, and of her!"

"When was it?" he asked, "and why did she leave?"

Then she sliced and toasted bread Page's answer was vague, but he aid that Helena Haddon and her husband were both there. Helena band. Mr. Gordon, to release his ed Richard covertly. In the stern had been with him, lending her car onflict that he waged, she had to help 'n the search.

"Go on, make what inquiries you, who rents it to the original owner. insignificant. Her very rage at his can," he said sharply to Page. "Try Helena is jealous of Richard's indomination dwindled. She was the Lomaxes, I've got to speak to spellbound; she had never noticed my wife-then I'll look myself." before how strong he was, how "I've been there!" Page's face

set itself, then he looked at Mr. Gordon. "I went to Morgan's, but he's out, been out all night." Mr. Gordon said nothing. He shut the door in the young man's face

"Nancy was at the inn when the storm broke. The Haddons were out there; that Roemer boy's just come here to tell me. Of course, Nancy got out of it to shake him off. Don't worry, Mama; I'm going to see about the telephone, our wire's down on top of the Japanese

and went upstairs.

quince. Mrs. Gordon crept out of bed and ressed herself. She came downstairs before Amanda made the coffee, and tried to set the breakfast table, when Amanda came out of the kitchen

"I'se makin' biscuits. Mis' Gordon, an' Mis' Haddon's automobill's at de gate-I reckon yo' all gots ter go ter de doah yo'se'f."

Helena came up the path alone. Mrs. Gordon was agitated when she opened the door.

"Oh, Mrs. Haddon, where's Nanv?" she cried. "I came here-I hoped she'd

ome home." Helena replied gently. "I've been nearly crazy all night" she said weakly, "Mr. Gordon's ure she's stopped somewhere-because of the storm. Page came here Mr. Gordon, scorning to admit a while ago."

> Helena laid her hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry," she said with a sweetness that went to Mrs. Gordon's heart. "I'm sure she's safe -isn't there anybody you can think of-she might know?"

The poor woman forgot herself entirely. "If our phone wasn't out of order-I'd call up Richard Mormy children didn't have cense she stopped short, catching her-

Helena's long eyes glimmered un-But all the same he sat up him- der their heavy lids. So, she she self. Long after he had driven his thought she knew it all now. The worried wife upstairs, he trampled mystery of Polestar's conditiondiscovered late the night before-He went to the windows and had been explained just before she coming over the crest of the hill threw open the shutters. It was left the house. Henry had confesson foot. Of course! She ought to morning now and the rain-swept ed to Kingdon Haddon. He had also

# his car past that telephone pole. sky showed its golden scales all Amanda came to the door, "Mist For Farmers and Workingmen

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Agency

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# Back to School

Just a few days more and we'll all be trailing back to school, some tripping happily to new adventures, others haltingly, remembering too vividly the freedom of vacation, but no matter how we go it's certain we are going. Williams' are completely stocked with all types of school necessities . . . at lower prices, too. Come in and see . . . school time will be welcome when you're rigged out in a new outfit from Williams'.



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## SCHOOL SUGGESTIONS

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