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BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?—Isaiah 58:7.

Gompers

In the passing of Samuel Gompers, organized labor has sustained a great loss, for it was due principally to the wisdom of his counsels that the American Federation of Labor, of which he was one of the organizers, and for many years the guiding spirit, has enjoyed its phenomenal growth from a coterie of small locals to a national organization with a membership of more than 3,000,000.

Mr. Gompers' success was due to his conservatism as well as his capacity as organizer and pacifier of the discordant elements in trades-unionism. Much of his life was spent in fighting radicalism in organized labor at home. His life was literally given toward bettering the condition of the workers, and the prosperity of trades-unionism today in comparison with its condition when he began his labors for it 50 years ago, attests the success of his efforts.

Mr. Gompers rendered patriotic service to his country against autocracy abroad during the world war. His force and eloquence won the solid support of the American Federation of Labor when the nation entered the war and after it he helped to organize the International Labor congress at Paris. The final years of his life were given to routing the spirit of bolshevism in the ranks of labor that followed the war.

Mr. Gompers was the personal friend of four presidents, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, and was often consulted by them. He never identified himself with any political party and used his influence to prevent the formation of a labor party in the United States. The endorsement of La Follette for president by Federation officials was in effect a defeat of his long established policy and the election proved its unwisdom.

Mr. Gompers was a national and international figure and his passing is not only a loss to labor but to the nation and the world.

Why a Constabulary?

District attorneys in convention assembled at Portland have gone on record as favoring the abolition of the state prohibition commission and his official law enforcement organization as unnecessary, inefficient and a duplication of authority that makes confusion worse confounded. Instead a state police department is favored, whose duties shall be to assist regularly constituted officers in the enforcement of all state laws.

All that the state prohibition forces have accomplished is to spend a large sum of money in questionable ways, disrupt and confuse enforcement by constitutional authority, act as snoopers upon private families and pinch hip-pocket violators. The big bootlegger and the moonshiner have been left largely alone or left to the sheriffs to capture.

But why add a state police force, and put more tax-eaters on the payroll, when ample forces for law enforcement already exist in city, district, county and state? Have we not a federal force as well as police, constable and sheriffs? Why add another police force?

Instead of increasing the number and variety of police forces, with their divided responsibility and their duplication of effort, all should be abolished save the regular officials. The special highway police, the booze police, the game police, ought all to be eliminated and law enforcement left where it belongs—in the hands of duly constituted authority. The Lord knows we have enough regulation as it is.

A White Elephant

The school board has a white elephant on its hands in the old Washington school, condemned as unsafe, unsanitary and unfit for public gatherings of any kind. It stands vacant and idle as a monument of earlier days, utilized by tramps and a fire menace to the neighborhood.

The building is useless and valueless, except for what it can be wrecked for. The property can be sold for residence purposes and add some \$15,000 to school funds. It might be exchanged for a more suitable site. Or it might be presented to or sold the city for a park—of which Salem has altogether too few.

The school board should take some action on the disposition of this obsolete structure.

END COMES IN HOTEL AT SAN ANTONIO

(Continued on Page Four.)

of the federation, was close at the death bed.

There also was his nurse, Miss Mathilda May, of New York City, who had been with him since his illness of last August. She remained kneeling at the foot of his bed in the shadow of death over the stricken leader.

Fights To Last

Death found Sam Gompers as life found him—a fighting man. He never gave up. When told by his physician that he was passing, his jaw clenched as tightly as feeble strength would permit. He breathed heavily.

Mr. Gompers last thought was of the American institutions he labored to maintain. When he was convinced he could not win the battle, he said to his nurse:

"Nurse, this is the end. God bless our American institutions. May they grow better day by day."

These words took his last strength and after that he was not able to utter a syllable.

The great heart pulsed feebly and soon it ceased its wearied work.

Until the moment when he slipped into unconsciousness, about an hour before his death, he was able to look into the future and was master of his own situation. He gave a few simple directions for his funeral, should the end come before morning. He talked to his followers and called for life long friends whose hands he wanted to

unknown. When Mr. Gompers became ill in Mexico City a few days ago he expressed the wish that if he was to die he wanted to pass away on American soil. His physician would not let him rise from his sickbed to go to the train, but had him taken on a stretcher and placed him on a special coach, the stretcher being passed through a window. This was said to have given rise to the report that he was dead.

His wish to reach his own country before death should overtake him must have been for the journey was very long on the journey up from Mexico City. Dr. W. S. Cockrell, his physician said, had Mr. Gompers remained in the high altitude of Mexico City six hours longer he could not have reached the United States alive.

The complications which combined to end the career of the famous labor leader have been his aging body for several years, according to his physicians, but the final acute attack was brought on by a change of weather in Mexico City, which resulted in a cold and congestion of the lungs and the body worn by intense labor at the recent American Federation of Labor convention in El Paso, could offer little resistance to the assault. His mind and will, however, resisted with all their might, and their determination to live if only a few hours longer enabled him to go to his final rest in the country where lived laboring men he had championed and defended through a whole lifetime.

Strength Overused

In his dying moments, Mr. Gompers had an opportunity to witness the affection in which he was held

by his own people and the public as well. As his cot was being lowered from the special car in the railroad yards a greater throng gathered to have a peep at the sick man.

According to C. N. Idar, of San Antonio, general organizer for the American Federation of Labor, Mr. Gompers' final acute illness came following a walk up a long flight of stairs to the Mexican national palace to attend the inauguration of President Calles a week ago last Tuesday. When Gompers reached the last step exhausted he exclaimed to his escort:

"I don't mind climbing the stairs but I do not want to climb the 'golden stairs' just yet."

It was apparent at 2:30 a. m. that Mr. Gompers was going, his physician stated. He was told by Dr. Lee Rice of San Antonio, attending him, that he was in a critical condition and might not live out the night. The old man breathed heavily for a moment but there was no other response.

Officials of the federation gathered about his bedside. The strain of the vigil was apparent on many of them and a few gave way to tears as it appeared their comrade of many years was passing out.

Collapse Is Sudden

Dr. Rice sketched the patient's medical history after his arrival in San Antonio briefly as follows:

"The heart rate on arrival was 150 but under the influence of digitalis it had slowed down to 140 at 11 p. m. From this time he was improving until a sudden collapse occurred at 2:30 a. m., when his heart refused to respond to stimulation."

"Epinephrin was used and he was bled a pint and a half of blood to relieve congestion of his lungs. After each procedure he rallied for a few minutes but almost at once collapsed."

"I was told he had been suffering from diabetes. Two specimens taken during the evening were free from sugar and this disease did not participate in the final attack."

"The heart was fibrillating (abnormally irregular) when he arrived."

ed, but it is not known how long this condition had existed.

"I told Mr. Gompers at 2:30 o'clock that he was in a critical condition and might not pass through the night. He understood but did not respond, his heavy breathing preventing any spoken words."

A statement issued by Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, and members of the executive council present, says in part:

"President Gompers died at 4:10 o'clock this morning after heroic efforts to save his life. Dr. Lee Rice and Dr. W. B. Hanson of San Antonio were in attendance. Dr. Rice stated that Mr. Gompers' heart failed to respond to restoration. There had been an acute condition of the heart and kidneys for fully a year and a half past. It was impossible to overcome the weakness of the heart. Every possible measure was taken to prolong Mr. Gompers' life, but to no avail."

"From that time until the end, Mr. Gompers was unconscious. His breathing was heavy until just a few moments before the end. As death approached his face became calm and he sank peacefully and quietly into his last slumber."

Surrounded by Friends

"In accordance with a wish expressed in Mexico City when he believed the end to be near, Vice-President James Duncan held Mr. Gompers' hand as he passed away."

"Members of the executive council present in San Antonio, are discussing arrangements for the funeral and an announcement in that respect will be made later."

Mr. Gompers, during his last moments, was surrounded by a group, the members of which have for years been his intimate associates and co-workers."

Samuel Gompers was born in London, England, January 21, 1859. His father was a cigar-maker

and Samuel was the eldest of eight children. His mother was a woman of excellent education and through her influence he was led to study. Notwithstanding the fact that at the age of ten he began to help his father support the family. He went to school after his sixth to his tenth year and was then apprenticed to a shoemaker. This trade was not to his liking, however, and he learned the trade of his father and while working as a cigar-maker attended school for four years.

Started As Cigar Maker

He came to the United States when he was thirteen years old and worked as a cigar maker in New York City. In 1884 he first became identified with the labor movement when he helped organize the Cigar-Makers International Union. He served as secretary and president of the union for six years and under his management it became a large and successful organization. He also edited the local paper of the Cigar-Makers' union, the "Picket" during that time. It was in connection with this work that he became interested in a national association of trade unions that would preserve the autonomy of the local organizations. Under his leadership the Cigar-Makers Union fought the Knights of Labor on this principle.

He served as president of the New York State Federation of Labor for two years, and in 1887 founded the national federation, serving as its president for the first five years without compensation.

Notwithstanding earnest opposition by a substantial part of the union labor movement, Mr. Gompers took an active part in the organization of the National Civic Federation, formed to establish better relations between capital and labor. He represented labor in the federation, and was vice-president of the organization. He also took part in many congresses, conferences and conventions devoted to the promotion of social service.

Independent Politically

He was affiliated with the Society for Ethical Culture of New York City, established in 1887 by Felix Adler, and in addition to the

The flower of the family

A Thrilling Love Story by IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

"You might as well own up, Dad," said Marta, "that you're the first to blame for all this mess. You were the first to grow tired of all this comfort with which mother surrounded you. You did not realize that when a man neglects his wife, even if she is not so beautiful as mother, there is always some other man who stands by to pay her attention."

"Perhaps I did not think about it as you say. At least I did not think it would be Kent Summers' curse him!"

"Why not? Mr. Summers has been here often. He could not help but see that mother is not only beautiful but clever. He could help but be appreciative, if you were not. Besides, he's no coward. He told you to your face that he was in love with mother, and I for one do not blame him for being in love with her. If I were a man I would try to make love to her every day of the week."

"The reason I am quite out of patience with you, Dad, and why I am not giving you any sympathy at all in this matter is that you, American Federation of Labor he remained an active member of the Cigar-Makers International Union. He also belonged to the Free and Accepted Masons, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and the Home Club."

He was the author of numerous small pamphlets in the nature of tracks on labor questions, wrote a book on the world labor movement and edited the "American Federationist," the official organ of the American Federation.

He married Sophia Julian, of New York, and their family consisted of three sons and a daughter.

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He was the saddest looking man I had ever seen. I think he would never have told her he loved her if he had not thought she needed to be told it to get back her self-respect."

Harold Ralston laughed long and loud. Marta looked puzzled and asked: "How come?"

"I'm laughing, my dear, at your quaint remark that the way to give a married woman back her self-respect is for some man not her husband to tell her he loves her."

"Oh! laugh it off, laugh it off, old dear," answered Marta tranquilly, "but while you're doing it please remember that a wife's stock does get a little below the market in her own estimation when she sees her husband seeking in at above par all the thrills some other woman has to give or sell. It's only when some other man, quite as fascinating, tells her she is 'all to the good,' that she finds her self-respect again."

"By Jove, you're a wonder, child!"

"Oh, no I am not. I've just been studying psychology very carefully in this last semester, and I've been to one or two psychoanalysts on the q. t. We give discuss every possible angle of life with each other nowadays. That's what makes me so disgusted with Norrie. She's such a prude—just trots around with a lot of mushy ideas which she pats and smooths and pets along as one does a kitten."

"The girls of today, Dad, are no that kind."

"So I see, so I see," murmured her father. "Do you know Marta, I feel quite like a bantam rooster who sees that the favorite of his harem has hatched out an egglet."

"That's it, Dad, that's it. You think it's all right to have a harem but you would make a big fuss against the mother of the egglet!"

"Well, what are we going to do about it all, Marta?"

"Will you take my advice, Dad? 'Perhaps'."

"Here it is, anyway. First thing to do is to get rid of Mrs. Storm."

"Which won't be easy," said her father ruefully.

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

THAT AUTO SALESMAN JUST PHONED AND SAID HE'D BE UP TO SEE YOU IN HALF AN HOUR.

I'M GONNA GIT RID OF THAT PEST TODAY IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO ON EARTH.

WELL MR JIGGS HERE I AM I HOPE YOU CAN SPARE ME A FEW MOMENTS.

I COULD SPARE YOU FOREVER.

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BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

58.25 - 58.90 - I GOTTA FORTUNE HERE. I'LL PAY THIS THIRTY CENT SUPPER CHECK AND BEAT IT BACK HOME - POOR SPARKY MUST BE LONGER FOR HIS PAPA.

LOOK, CLARENCE! THE LITTLE GUY'S GOT A ROLL - LAP UP YOUR COFFEE AND WE'LL KEEP OUR EYES ON HIM.

OWL LUNCH

SHH - GO EASY

WELL, THE WORLD AIN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL - IF I CLEAN UP SO PLUNKS OR SO EVERY WEEK I'LL BE SITTING PRETTY.