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No. 29.

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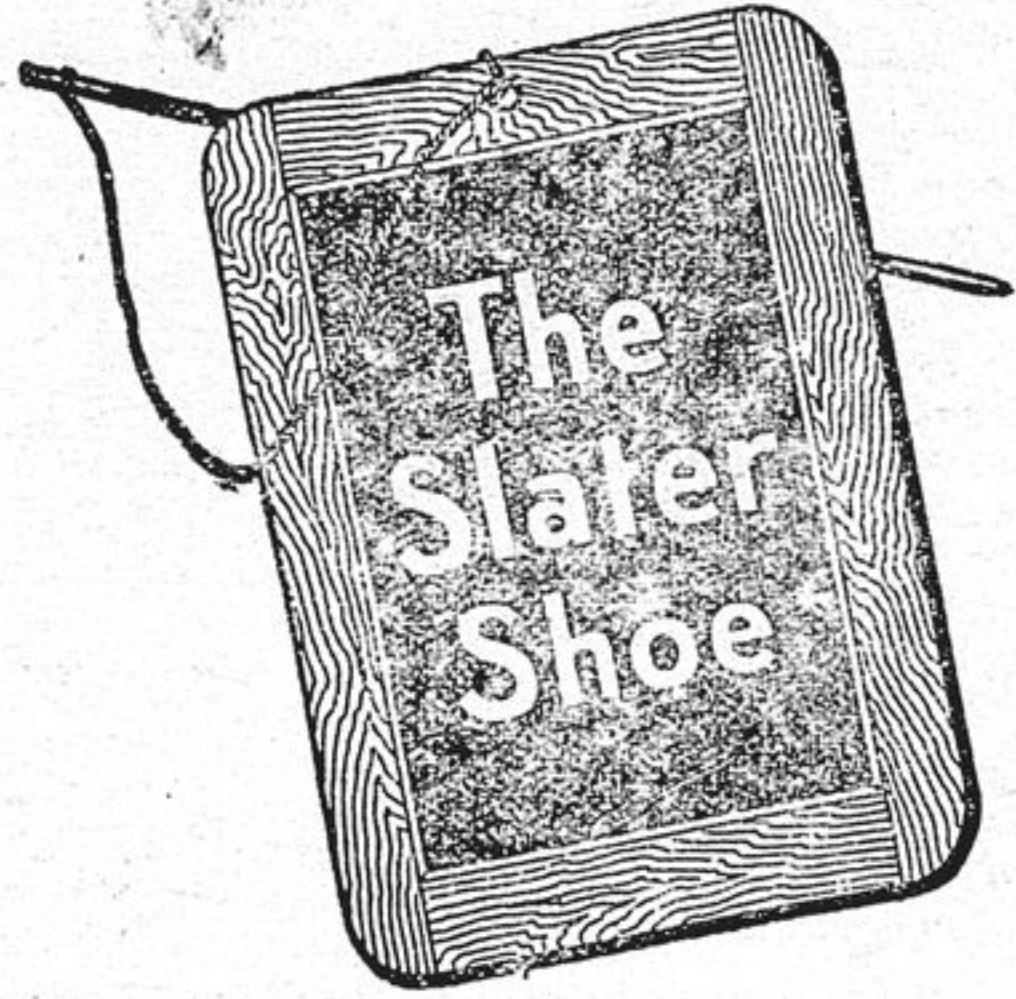
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'TOWNLEY.'

Be one of the number, and call and see what he is doing for the Spring and Summer. His prices are right, consistent with first-class style and workmanship. He makes no other.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY FANNIE M. LOTHROP



Photo by Gossford, New York.

FANNIE M. LOTHROP The Author of Our "Famous People" Series

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that with this issue we begin a series of remarkable, illustrated, biographic sketches of famous people—men and women who are making the history of the times. This series is by Fannie M. Lothrop, the well-known author and the ablest writer in this line in America to-day. For several years she has been a writer and critic on the leading publications of New York and Philadelphia.

For this work Mrs. Lothrop has a double fitness; from the literary side her knowledge of the great people of the day and her original way of putting things, and from the artistic side, her close acquaintance with the world's famous people fits her pre-eminently to select the best possible views of her subjects. To her belongs the distinctive honor of possessing the largest collection of portraits in the world, now numbering over 400,000—a treasury of portraiture unapproached by that of any museum or library in existence. The time, patience, concentration of purpose, industry and systematic attention to detail expended in arranging such a collection is remarkable.

"Mrs. Lothrop," says a famous critic, "has unusual ability in presenting the vital elements of a man's character so cleverly, so deftly, and subordinating dates and details, that from her pen we get in a few lines living biographies that show the real man, his qualities and his life, more effectively than in whole pages by other writers. Some artists can give more in a thumbnail sketch than others can present in a panoramic painting."

Mrs. Lothrop passed her girlhood years in Wisconsin, her native State. Her father, I. F. Mack, a New England gentleman of that class we fondly term "the old school," was a lawyer, educator and thinker of rare power and singular clearness of mind. He founded the public schools of Rochester, N. Y., and was identified with all local movements during his residence there, removing thence to Wisconsin, where he became prominent and wealthy by reason of his legal talent. Mrs. Lothrop's mother is a cousin of John Pierpont, the American poet, who was the grandfather of J. Pierpont Morgan.

For two years Mrs. Lothrop was a student of Oberlin College, standing highest in her class, and a graduate of the Normal College of Chicago, where her musical genius early attracted attention. She is brilliant in conversation and well informed on all topics of the day, though not a "new woman" in any sense of the word. In the library of her home in New York, filled with the best works of the best thinkers, she does all her literary work.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by W. G. Mack, at the Department of Agriculture.

Social Hell.

One day I visited the family of a man who had been prostrated by heat while working with a street paving gang. They were a family of seven, living in a two room apartment of a rear tenement. The day was in August, and the sun beat down unintermittently and without mercy. The husband had been brought home a few hours before. The wife, in a distracted but skilful way, found pathways among the laboring children: The air was steamy with a half-finished washing, and remnants of the last meal were still upon the table. A crying baby and a sick husband occupied the only bed. I had known before of five people sleeping in one bed; but I learned here that the father and oldest child usually slept on the floor. As I watched the woman on that day, I understood a little of what it meant to live in such contracted quarters. To cook and wash for seven, to nurse a crying baby broken out with heat and to care for a delirious husband, to arrange a possible sleeping place for seven—to do all these things in two rooms which open upon an alley tremulous with heated odors and swarming with flies from the garbage and manure boxes, was something to tax the patience and strength of a Titan.

In this instance the man had broken down, and sickness is most serious when it attacks the bread-winner of a working class family. The sickness of wife or child is far less terrifying. However painful the disease or distressing the consequences, the family's peace of mind is not shattered by the dread of want. The man is not kept from his work, and his earnings, made more necessary by the sickness, may still supply the family needs. The diseases which kill or undermine the health of the adults, especially the man, are the ones which strike terror in the hearts of working class families. Those which almost invariably

cause death—such as cancer, phthisis, Bright's disease, diabetes—as well as those which personally incapacitate a workman—such as apoplexy, paralysis, etc.—the many accidents in industries which cripple the body, and the diseases arising from certain dangerous trades, which permanently undermine health, are the forms of sickness which generally mean for wage earning families poverty and often pauperism. Such diseases affect the welfare of the whole family. They stop all earnings unless the wife is able, or one of the children old enough, to become a wage-earner. Sickness assumes a new and more terrible meaning when one realizes that the mass of wage-earning families are pathetically dependent upon some one person's health. Anyone familiar with the poor knows with what grim determination half-sick workmen labor under this heavy responsibility. An Italian workman dying of consumption once said to a friend of mine, who was urging him as a last hope to quit work and go to a sanitarium, "No! No! Me die not yet at all! Me gotta bringa de grub to ma chil!"—From "Poverty," by Robert Hunter.

Sweetly Comforting.

"It is a sweetly comforting thought," said Mr. Rockefeller at a recent prayer meeting, "that the requirements of God are only as he has given us ability." Thus does John D. keep up the "religious" act and piously hold the Almighty responsible for his "ability." This may be "sweetly comforting," after the reading of McClure's magazine; but he cannot baffle the ordinary sinner's mind with such a contemptible idea of divine "requirements" as Standard Oil rapacity represents.—The Vanguard.

Socialists affirm, as a fundamental principle, that labor, the sole creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates.