Daniel Kiefer's partners in the clothing trade complained that he talked too much of Henry George. Then he arranged his affairs as a man going on a long journey, and prepared to give all his time to his new ideal. Cincinnati was a place in which it would seem there was room for reform and one in which there was not so much competition as might be met elsewhere.

Every leper, says Maarten Maartens, likes his own sores best, and so it is with reformers. Each one is sure that his own reform is the one thing needed to set the old world right. Thus each one learns the patter of his own program, becomes the slave of its cliches, and spends his time decrying all others. Daniel Kiefer, however, had few illusions as to the delays and difficulties he would encounter, or the hard task it set before him, the Singletaxers, anyway, being the most opportunist of all reformers. And so he avoided extremes, partly because he has that kindly human feeling toward all men that makes the best basis for a reformer, partly because he has some of the shrewdness of the politician.

Thus having arranged his business affairs so that he might give all his time to his reform, he gives his life to it—evidence of sincerity and of faith, the kind that moves mountains and the world. He set to work in his own town. He was one of those who helped to reorganize the Democratic party in Cincinnati in 1905, and that year they overthrew the old Cox régime and elected Judge Dempsey mayor. There was a reaction afterward, of course; that was to be expected, but it was the beginning of the movement that two years ago elected Henry Hunt prosecutor of Hamilton County and, last fall, Mayor of the City. In addition to this Mr. Kiefer was manager, as it were, of the Vine Street Congregational Church, in the liberal pulpit of which Herbert Bigelow preached radical political doctrines every Sunday to large congregations of common people. It was no little task to keep an institution like that alive but Daniel Kiefer kept the church open and warm and lighted, and later on made an arrangement—he has lost none of his business ability—by which the church society disposed of its property on Vine Street, and created a fund which enables it to hold its meetings Sunday afternoons in the Grand Opera House. Bigelow calls it a "People's Church and Town Meeting Society." Kiefer calls it the "People's Forum for Free Speech."

In addition to this Daniel Kiefer has for years been carrying much of the burden—the drudgery of the finance and detail—of organizing the State of Ohio for Direct Legislation, a work that now has come to its fruition in the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum by the Constitutional Convention. He is also treasurer of the Joseph Fels Fund, and in the midst of all his other labors he finds time to direct the financial policy which has made it possible to sustain The Public, the radical weekly published and edited by Louis F. Post in Chicago.

But these activities, enough to wear out any man, are all subsidiary to the great purpose Daniel Kiefer has set himself in life. His offices in the Commercial Tribune building are stacked with printed matter, and he carries on an immense correspondence all over the world. It has been estimated that every third man in those countries covered by the postal treaties receives every morning a circular letter from Daniel Kiefer, calling his attention to the philosophy of Henry George, and requesting a contribution to some one of the causes in sympathy with that philosophy, and always, in the end, pointing out the Singletax as the hope of man. He was thus in the budget fight in England, in the propaganda for taxing land values in Oregon and Canada and Australia, in the direct legislation campaign everywhere. This prodigious labor, carried on ceaselessly day and night, year in and year out, requires enormous energy, perseverance, devotion, faith. He never rests, never takes vacations, has no other interests, outside his family, and expects to carry on the work all his life. Since he is abstemious in his habits and a vegetarian, his life with such an interest and purpose to inspire it promises to be long, so that his correspondents might as well resign themselves to the inevitable and remit now. And at fifty-six, Daniel Kiefer looks out on the world, a happy and a hopeful man, giving his life to an ideal.

BRAND WHITLOCK.

"TAY PAY" ON TWO SINGLETAX MEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Special Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune of September 1, from T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

Returning to the subject of Singletax which I touched on last week,* there are two other chief figures in the group, both predestined politicians. They are F. Neilson† and E. G. Hemmerde.‡

Neilson started life in the dramatic world. He bears to this day something of that ineffaceable imprint which the dramatic profession leaves upon its members.

The face is clean shaven, as is almost invariably the case with the man of the stage, the features are pronounced and handsome, the eyes brilliant and expressive, made perhaps the more so by the pallor of the complexion from which they look out. Add that he is a tall man with a good figure and you will understand that he makes an impressive and attractive figure upon the platform.

Neilson has done an immense deal of work outside the house of commons; probably no man

*See Public of August 30, page 835.
†See Public of September 6, page 842.
‡See Public of July 19, pages 673, 678.

has made more speeches at popular meetings during the last few years.

Calm, and yet with an ardent and even impassioned spirit underneath, he has immense influence over large gatherings, and so far as the ideas of Henry George have found acceptance in England he has done as much as any man to propagate them.

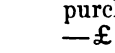
It was perhaps their community of ideas that brought him and Hemmerde into association. This was followed by an association of a different kind. In collaboration they produced "Breaking a Butterfly," one of the most successful dramas of a season.

To his cause Neilson brings the invaluable gift of an unselfish enthusiasm. Though brought up in the hard school of the world behind the scenes, he has remained an idealist. I should add that people who knew him in his earlier days still speak with enthusiasm of his remarkable gifts as a stage producer—his knowledge of color, of effect, and of organization. Many of the greatest productions at Covent Garden were brought out under his skillful guidance.

Perhaps his experience in this world has helped him largely in politics; only those outside politics fail to appreciate how much the effectiveness of a cause is helped by the dramatic instinct of the moment and the act or word that the moment demands.

Hemmerde is, as everybody knows, a barrister. Here is a man who stands out from any crowd of men by his startling personal appearance and air. Tall, well proportioned, with strongly marked features, a long, aquiline nose, brilliant, dark eyes, a dark skin, a mass of dark hair, an air bold and almost challenging, he looks the part of a daring innovator. Confident in himself as well as in his ideas, bold in speech as in action, optimistic, never depressed, always certain he is going to win, he is just the man to take a leading part in a fight which was to remove mountains of fortressed strength and of buttressed opinions.

Hemmerde is a fighter; seeks as most men would avoid a big and difficult battle. For instance, he gave up a safe Welsh seat to have the rollicking fun of a contest with Lord Charles Beresford at Portsmouth. He was beaten, but before he had finished the fight he had battered the sides of even so tough an old battleship as Lord Charles.



A TALE OF CONFISCATION.

Parts of a Report Upon Sheffield, England, in the London and Manchester Daily News of June 10, 1912, by R. L. Outhwaite.

During a century Sheffield has grown from a town of 30,000 inhabitants to be a mighty manufacturing center of 454,653 people, with a world-conquering industry based on the fashioning of steel to individual needs and national folly. But those who sowed have not garnered the harvest; that has gone to the ground landlords, and in particular to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk. I owe it to Mr. Charles Paul, author of "Forgotten Facts in the History of Sheffield" and "An Old English Village" (St. Catherine's Press, price 6d.) that I was able to understand the evolution of this tragedy.

We left the center of the city, and in a few minutes were in Attercliffe, the dark realm of the clan of Tubal Cain. Black clouds of smoke hung low, poisoning the atmosphere, obliterating the sky; the begrimed streets, the toil-stained workers, the squalor and the overpowering evidences of gigantic, remorseless activities were suggestive of the grim brutality of industrialism. A century ago this was Attercliffe Common, a place of pleasant meadows on the crystal Don, a part of the 63,000 acres of common land which in 1767 lay within a twelve-mile radius of the Sheffield parish church. The Inclosure Award dealing with Attercliffe Commons was made in 1820, in the childhood of men still living, and "the most noble Charles, Duke of Norfolk, Lord of the Manor of Sheffield," secured an area here of over 60 acres. Within the last 30 years the population of Attercliffe has grown from 6,000 to 60,000, and large works are now massed on what was the common land. Mr. Paul pointed out one crowded area of three acres, the site of which went to the Duke of Norfolk when the people were despoiled of Oaks Green.

We passed into Brightside division, another industrial territory under tribute to the Duke. A pleasing name is Salmon Pastures, recalling the once verdant river banks. It lay within the ancient demesne of the Duke of Norfolk. Industry has covered it with bricks and mortar, and pays dearly for the privilege.

The Duke has here, as elsewhere, low-lying land unfit for building purposes. The manufacturers have difficulty in getting rid of ashes and refuse. The Duke permits them to tip on to this land at a charge of 6d. or more a load until they have made it fit to provide him with ground rents as building land. In 1906 there was a vacant space here, slightly over an acre in extent—an unconsidered trifle; it produced no income and so it paid no rates. Then the Sheffield education committee purchased it, and had to pay the price of progress —£2,231 and costs.

We pass one world-conquering firm after another. Here, for instance, are the works of Messrs. Vickers, Sons & Maxim, covering 100 acres and employing 6,000 men. From this point back to the Wicker in the city is about two miles, and in one continuous row stretch the works of mighty firms established on ducal land. On a hillside in the distance one saw the massed dwellings of the workers at Pittsmoor, who pay ground rent to the