

ful' business men." But complimentary as that statement is to those "successful" business men, it is exaggerated. Possibly, as Mr. Kiefer insists, he hadn't a single thought of his own; possibly he was willing to adopt the views of the conservative papers on sight; possibly he was intolerant of every man who wasn't swimming in prosperity; possibly he thought the world should be ruled by successful business men, and was satisfied with himself. All this he confesses. It may be, too, that in his lavish gifts to charity, unmissed out of the plenty he had, he pretended, as he confesses now, to desire no credit or recognition when in fact he lost no chance of getting his name into the company of those of whom it would be said of each at his funeral, "He was charitable," etc. But in all that there is nothing contemptible; it is merely human. Even in the disinterested work he has done in the few years since his "awakening," Mr. Kiefer insists that it is solely for his own pleasure; and he proves this to himself by noting the unhappiness it gives him whenever he contemplates the possibility of quitting it.

Mr. Kiefer was born in Cincinnati, January 29, 1856, on Vine street near Sixth, now in the heart of the city. He was at work in the wholesale clothing and cloth business from his fifteenth to his forty-fourth year, and made money at it. In 1896 he marched in the business men's campaign procession in Cincinnati in behalf of McKinley, the remembrance of which is humiliating to him; but the Imperialist policy of the McKinley administration made him an insurgent before the next Presidential election came around. A synagogue Jew until that time, he broadened his Judaism then and entered wholeheartedly as treasurer into the work of the historic Vine Street Congregational church, which the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow, was engaged in re-Christianizing.

Mr. Kiefer enlarged his field of pleasurable activities to national dimensions when *The Public* was about to stop (vol. xi, pp. 1, 777), and for nearly three years he has taken the lead in financing it without a penny of compensation. When Joseph Fels founded the American Fels Fund for the promotion of land values taxation, Mr. Kiefer was made chairman of the Commission, of which Tom L. Johnson is treasurer, and Lincoln Steffens, Frederic C. Howe, Jackson H. Ralston and George A. Briggs are Mr. Kiefer's fellow members. Here, too, he works devotedly without compensation. He is also a friend of the Fairhope enterprise.

Through the later years of his life in which he would regard himself as having been awake, Mr. Kiefer has had the unalloyed sympathy and tireless co-operation of his wife. He is a man of rigidly logical mind, of stubborn fidelity to principle yet with a spirit of compromise in co-operative action, weariless as an agitator, courageous enough to risk

making a mistake when action is necessary, candid in acknowledging mistakes, and altogether a man of the kind of whom there are too few in the world.

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### WHAT THE DEVIL SAID TO NOAH.

The world was badly scared;  
The very heavens trembled;  
The Ark was all prepared,  
The beasts were all assembled  
And driven safe within  
By Noah's sons and daughters,  
When lo! the Lord of Sin  
Appeared upon the waters;  
A gallant privateer,  
He sailed a Malay proa;  
"I think it's gwine to clear!"  
The Devil said to Noah.

We know that things are wrong,  
We strive to make them better;  
Perhaps I write a song,  
Perhaps you write a letter,  
Perhaps we work like men  
To push a worthy movement—  
When up he pops again,  
That Foe of All Improvement,  
And, smiling on the Deer  
(But winking at the Boa)—  
"Ah, shucks! it's gwine to clear!"  
The Devil coos to Noah.

—Arthur Guiterman, in *New York Times*.

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## BOOKS

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### WANTED: A NEW HERO IN POLITICS

*The Thirteenth District.* By Brand Whitlock. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

When a book comes from the public library rebound, stained, worn, and ripe for rebinding again, there is a question as to the reason of its popularity which may not be always a test of its worth. But in the case of "The 13th District" by Brand Whitlock (published in 1902 and calling for a new edition) it is a story, not of sickly sentimentalism, but of rugged realism, that has passed from hand to hand with varying degrees and shades of interest according to the quality of the reader.

No more vivid and revealing searchlight has been thrown on the arena of American politics than has been shown in the moving pictures of Jerome B. Garwood's three campaigns for representative from the 13th Congressional district of Illinois. With the average conscience and self-seeking desires of the ordinary political aspirant, endowed with a degree of oratorical ability, the moral deterioration of the candidate, beginning with his first triumph, is traced with painful fidelity through his public career, and still foreshadowed in his unwritten future.

For the impartial observer of Garwood's type of

character does not have the faith in his final redeemable quality that seems to have sustained his devoted wife Emily under the crushing realization of her broken idol. The sympathetic touch with which Brand Whitlock depicts the unuttered agony of the woman's disappointment must be recognized and appreciated by the experienced as well as the imaginative reader. But it is doubtful if the woman of the twentieth century—or later—will take this beautiful type of wifely duty as a model, and continue to love, honor, and cover the cloven feet of her fallen god who no longer embodies the high ideals that won her maiden faith and adoration. The treachery of the man in his domestic life—though openly irreproachable—was more subtle and sad than the coarser sort visited upon his trusting friend and political boss, Jim Rankin. But the poison of political ambition, like that of the social and secret drink which so often attends it, insensibly lowers the victim's moral sense, as is keenly portrayed in the characters that figure in the drama of "The 13th District." The principal workers in the Garwood campaign are sketched with such fineness of detail that the reader feels he might go through that district—or any Congressional district, alas!—and, pointing his finger at the candidate, the political boss, the sinned cat and the crafty editor, say boldly, "Thou art the man."

Such an artist in realism as Brand Whitlock, with his powers of discrimination and delineation of character, his subtle irony, his flashes of humor, his keen sense of the ridiculous and scorn of the hypocritical, should surely give us a political hero and a candidate for public office with aims that would inspire us with faith and patriotism instead of sickening us with disgust and despair.

Having hung before us this masterly picture of the political situation as it exists today, may we not believe that Brand Whitlock, out of his own experience in service of public and private good, will evolve a political novel with a hero actuated by the loftiest ideals, and moving us all to enthusiastic support of his cause?

A. L. M.

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## FOR INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE.

*Injured in the Course of Duty.* By William Hard and Others. Reprinted, with some additions, from *Everybody's Magazine*. Published by The Ridgway Co., New York, 1910.

"In every important country in the world" the burden of an industrial accident, whether due to the fault of the employer, employe or nobody, "is placed on the shoulders of the industry in which it happened." To drive home our "mediaeval" condition of brutality and blindness, and to prove the universal advantage of industrial insurance, *Everybody's* has sent out this most able little book, as comprehensive as it is handy.

ANGELINE LOESCH GRAVES.

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## PERIODICALS

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In the August issue of Hampton's (New York) an installment of Rostand's "Chantecler"—the rooster that causes the rising sun to rise—is quite appropriately preceded by an article on Roosevelt in which the author, Judson C. Williver, asks whether Roosevelt is inevitable, and concludes that he is not, nor even Possible unless he lines up with the Insurgents.

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There is a disappointing article in the *Independent* of July 28 on the subject of clairvoyants and mediums. Twice the writer, who professes himself one of the tribe, seems on the point of saying something, but each time he switches off, and finally manages to arrive at the end of his essay without telling anything which all of us did not know before. If it were possible to have an article from within the fold giving definite information as to the ways of mediums it might be exceedingly interesting.

J. H. D.

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For the intimate knowledge of a period of American history, which will always be studied with regretful interest, it would be hard to imagine a more important contribution than Gideon Welles' *Diary of the Reconstruction Period*, which has been appearing in recent numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The August number covers the weeks from Dec. 12, 1866, to Feb. 16, 1867. Writing under date of Dec. 24, 1866, Welles says of the extremists: "The talk and labor of reconstruction is the engine by which they hold power, yet not a man among that great number of elected radicals appears to know or be able to define what he means by reconstruction."

J. H. D.

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The second installment of Mr. Howells' *Memories of Mark Twain*, which appears in the August *Harper*, is even more entertaining than the first. Some of the incidents and stories and estimates here given will always form a part of the history of Mark Twain, for no one could possibly understand him better than Mr. Howells. They were not exactly classmates, but they were graduates of the same great institution. One of the stories illustrates well the unexpected turn of words which made a part of Mark Twain's humor. Mr. Howells was on a lecture tour and was suffering from insomnia. Twain wrote to him: "I know where you are now. You are in hell."

J. H. D.

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Two articles in the *World's Work* (New York) for August will repay attention—"The Passing of the Man with the Hoe," by Edward A. Rumely, whose name is not unknown to The Public readers, and "A City that Taxes Things as They Are," by F. B. Johnson. The latter article deals with the land value tax in operation in Edmonton, Canada, of which *The Public* (vol. xi, p. 787; vol. xii, p. 1159) has had accounts. An editorial makes this comprehensive and altogether true explanation of tariff legislation,