Returning to Brooklyn the Radical Democracy renewed its demand for the nomination of some of its members by the Democrats, and presented a list of names from which selections were asked. The request was complied with to the extent of nominating Robert Baker for Congress and Edwin J. Chapman and Edward A. Miller, two other single taxers, for the Assembly. An active campaign of the single tax kind—open air truck meetings, etc.—was at once inaugurated, and the "old guard" of the Henry George movement threw themselves into the fight with all their old time energy and enthusiasm, despite what to some appeared as a hopeless up hill fight, but Baker insisted from the first that he would win, and despite the bitter attacks made upon him by some of E. M. Shephard's chief lieutenants and particularly by the Brooklyn *Eagle,* which honored no other Democratic candidate for Congress with its opposition, and which took advantage of every opportunity to draw an unfavorable comparison with the other Democratic Congressional candidates, insisting that "decent" Democrats would resent such a nomination, and that in any event the district was so overwhelmingly Republican that he would be beaten by a large plurality, yet the despised Henry George man carried a district which as at present constituted gave McKinley 4,577 plurality, by a plurality of 466.

Not the least gratifying feature of the situation is found in the fact that not alone did Baker get a larger proportionate vote than any other Democratic Congressional candidate—with the exception of Fitzgerald, one of the sitting members who had no opposition—but he ran ahead of Coler, the gubernatorial candidate, in nearly every election district where the Republicans are in the majority, the very sections in which the *Eagle* has its largest circulation, as it is a 3 cent paper. This is an indication of the magnificent and effective campaign made by the single tax men, and clearly shows that Baker's radical views, so far from being a handicap, were a source of strength when explained as they were from the tail end of trucks.

FATHER TOM.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE LATE REV. THOMAS M'LOUGHLIN, OF NEW ROCHELLE, BY A PROTESTANT IN THE PARISH.

It would be sacrilege to head this short sketch other than it is, as he was "Father Tom" to everybody—rich and poor—and to those of all creeds and politics. This is a key to the lovability of his character. He was always near the heart of all the people. He had his foibles and his fancies, but he was always true to his Maker and just with his neighbors. A vigorous, wholesome body and mentality were his chief characteristics.

He belonged to a school of priests, probably extinct in this country, possibly plenty still in Ireland—forceful and crude, but always sincere. If one should describe his life as something between Ian McLaren's, Dr. McLure and Father Phil in "Handy Andy," one would not be wide of the mark.

His fifty years of priesthood led him within the line of his duty, away from home and comfort in all weathers, for the cure of his parishioners' souls, and he hated hypocrisy and always called a spade a spade, even if policy dictated it should be termed a fire shovel.

In the short space allotted me I may only indulge in a few sketches and stories of the man—for he was a man first and a priest afterwards. The story most often told is the story of the building of his new church. Imagine the fire of the old church—the controversy with those who would have built him a new one, and the resulting struggle of triumphant effort, in the erection of the magnificent new edifice, which his parishioners have finally made his monument, by depositing his body at its side, by itself, alone. And this was accomplished *after he was seventy years old,* and in spite of opposition within his own church family. It is true, the Protestants, as in Father Phil's old time with the thatched roof, contributed to the cause, but their financial help was really infinitesimal, although their moral support may easily have been a source of a strength to an old man, who had passed the allotted span of life, and who should have been resting rather than struggling. And when the labor was accomplished, the edifice finished, the pride of Father Tom was the pride of all old New Rochelle, no matter what its creed. A monument it stands to New Rochelle and to Father Tom, and an example to posterity of what industry, will, frugality and administrative ability will accomplish for any man, endowed with the qualities of this country priest, no matter how late in life the effort may be made.

Father Tom was a man of the strongest convictions always. In war time he was a loyal Union man and became a Republican. From that political faith he never wavered until Henry George became a positive force in the thought of the nation. The writer recalls how he was loaned book after book of the apostle of single tax by Father Tom, and how he skimmed through them, much to his later discomfiture, as Father McLoughlin invariably questioned the writer, until the carelessness of my reading was laid naked before him. Then, and only then, for very shame, the writer read the books through, and while never converted to their theories he understood them, believed in the honesty of conviction of those who believed in them and recognized, what everyone must, their mag-

nificence as literature. When we were sure we disagreed there was neither hard feeling nor anger, only good natured chaffing.

He remained faithful to single tax theories to the end, and he remained the faithful friend of Father McGlynn until he passed away. He was not a changeful man.

He was no worshipper of wealth. After his old church burned down and before the new one was built, he held service in the parochial school house adjoining. The pews were hard, like proverbial Presbyterjan benches. One day he passed into the building and found a mechanic upholstering one or two of the pews. He inquired by whose orders. He was told, "by his most liberal parishioner." He asked if the order included the whole of the pews or only the one or two. He was answered that it included the lesser number. "Take it out," said he, "they are privileged to no better pews here than others," and out came the upholstery.

He was as fond of nature as any man I ever knew. The flowers surrounding the church and his home were cherished and nourished, as few greenhouses are. He gathered from the four corners of the earth, curious stones and rocks and devised tasty uses for them about the church. These matters occupied his spare time the year around, and he gloried most in God's old-fashioned flowers. He gave them his individual loving care.

He was honest, and had no pride of opinion, which if he was convinced he was wrong he would not "publicly acknowledge." Years ago, he engaged in what seemed to his friends to be a needless newspaper controversy with the Presbyterian minister at New Rochelle. At the end he as publicly, in the same newspaper, declared himself wrong, stating that "his hot Celtic blood had got the better of him," and when a few years since that Presbyterian minister left New Rochelle for other fields, among those who bade him Godspeed, was Father Tom. It is easy to be wrong, but it is hard to publicly acknowledge error.

He was a broad, fair man. When some of his mischievous congregation amused themselves, by breaking the windows of the Salvation Army barracks at New Rochelle, instead of a Sunday morning sermon, Father Tom delivered a lecture to his mischievous congregation telling them how wrong it was for them to destroy other people's property, and driving the point into them by inquiring, in homely phrase, how they would like it if the Salvationists broke their windows, and explaining that this was a free country, and freedom of worship was allowed everybody, winding up with the threat that if the persecution of the Salvationists did not stop, he would undertake the prosecution of the malefactors in his own congregation himself.

He was a charitable man. In snow drift or hot summer, he was at the call of his humblest parishioners, near or far, when they were in need of either spiritual or temporal help. He would devote much time and infinite pains to help the widow procure her pension, or to minister to her spiritual welfare. No storm raged which would keep this whole-souled, strenuous, vigorous man from attendance upon what he considered a duty.

He was a firm believer in education. All his life school questions occupied his mind.

In fact, his last Sunday's service consisted in the reading and comment of Professor Eliot, of Harvard's, latest emanation on that subject. The homely, practical, common sense comments were of as much value to his church people as the article itself, with which he agreed fully.

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He died, as he would have chosen, at work in the temple he had reared, and at work to the last. A good, old-fashioned priest has gone; a grand character has left its imprint, wider than the narrow confines of his parish; the light has gone out, but not failed, as the rays have spread out, so that a larger world has felt their influence and will in the time to come.

C. H. YOUNG.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A friend of mine told me that he was reading Ernest H. Crosby's poem, "The Machines," to his wife, without noticing that his little girl, eight years of age, was listening. In a few moments the child's sobs called attention to her; they were so violent that the reading had to be discontinued. This is a good illustration of the simplicity and the power of "Swords and Plowshares." Since Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" there has been no more forcible plea for the poor little ones than this poem on the Grinding up of the children by the Machine.

Mr. Crosby likes the freedom of the Whitmanesque verse. Some one has remarked that any good prose will cut up into pretty fair blank verse, and much of this might have been as well written in the form of prose, were it not that the public, or at least the publisher, seems to demand the versified form.

If any one thinks, however, that Mr. Crosby chooses blank verse because he cannot write good rhyme, let him read "Christianity and War," or the following stanza:

I love the men thou lovest, Lord,
The prophet-seers whom thou createst.
Nor great nor good, my name record
As one who loved the best and greatest.

Ernest Crosby's "Swords and Plowshares." Funk & Wagnalls. Cloth. $1.50.