

people had to live. When some man or woman fell upon hard lines and all else failed, "Pat" Maloy looked about to see whether there was some spot in the public service where the unfortunate could find safety. And in that pursuit he was a model of smooth, silent efficiency. For more than half a century, he had his own privately conducted public welfare program. If a storm broke over his head, he was amiable. People had to live.

Next to the warmth of his heart, Mr. Maloy's salient characteristic was an almost pathological distaste for "front." And that, too, in part caused his failure in the fulfillment of his political career. In his dread of becoming anything like a "stuffed shirt" he seemed occasionally to choose exactly the wrong time to make some heretical observation which startled the conventional. Indeed in public affairs, he seemed to have the same deep, inner conviction that his long-time friend, Mr. Mencken, has always had in literature. Stately gentlemen, parading under silk hats, were irresistibly attractive targets. There was no malice in the urge to unloose a shaft, for bitterness was not at home in his soul. Not even the unhappy difference with Governor Ritchie could provide bitterness with permanent lodgment. But always something inside of "Pat" Maloy made him cast a skeptical eye on rank.

These things now matter little. What matters is that throughout this community today many men, conspicuous or obscure, remember that "Pat" Maloy lived in a house by the side of the road and was a friend to a man.

William Milnes Maloy

One of the warmest hearts ever to live in this town left it on Tuesday night when William Milnes Maloy reached the end of the road. He had been prominent at the bar for many years and prominent in Democratic politics. He was a man of wide learning. But today in every walk and every station, but above all among those who must struggle, are men and women who think, not of "Pat" Maloy's prominence or learning, but of his deeds of kindness—deeds of kindness which had in them no trace of that cruelty which is patronage. For young men who struggled ahead under educational handicaps he kept one of the warmest places in his warm heart.

Mr. Maloy's political career did not have the fulfillment which he sought. In part, this was due to his heart. Again and again, in office or out, he ran into criticism because he made posts or filled posts without following the straight and narrow path of efficiency. This was not the result of politics—though he believed philosophically in the party system and the compromises thereof—so much as the result of his belief that