

Wichita Daily Eagle

A WELL KNOWN NEW YORKER.

H. H. Hadley, the Metropolitan Missionary, and His Work. (Special Correspondence.)

New York, July 9.—Henry Hercules Hadley is as appreciated a man as I ever met, and it is hard to say just how he has escaped greatness. Years ago, when he was a Bohemian among us, we used to think it was because he lacked moral principle. A number of others escaped the same way. Then, his aims were not lofty. He fairly distinguished himself

in various things which he undertook, but he never seemed to undertake anything that was worthy of his talents. He mingled in politics and was known not only as a powerful stump speaker, but as an active worker in underground politics. Hadley was a soldier. He came of good stock, and claims that Jonathan Edwards was his great-grandfather's uncle. On his father's side there were numerous ancestors of very respectable fame. He enlisted in an Ohio regiment when he was twenty years old, and learned to drink inordinately while in the army. He says that fifty drinks a day were not enough for him when he was at his worst. He became a captain and brevet lieutenant colonel, wherefore he has been called Colonel Hadley since the war.

He went into business, made money and spent it recklessly, studied law and practiced with success. Making large money all the time he grew poorer and poorer, though he never had less than enough to maintain the appearance of a gentleman, and according to his own story never ceased to keep up a sort of struggle against the drinking habit.

When he became a New York Bohemian his fortunes were at a low ebb, but he was always full of schemes, and long before he made his radical departure from the old line of life which he had followed so long he had organized the Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation, an institution which made a considerable stir in New York and which really did accomplish something in the way of good. At least it served to show out Hadley's ideas, as he frankly acknowledged at the time, and it paid for the maintenance of one or more public ice water fountains every summer in places where a passer by would be likely to be diverted from the purchase of beer by the proximity of free ice water.

In 1880, however, he changed radically. He and a friend swore off (as Hadley had often before done) at the conclusion of a furious drinking bout, and Hadley took to it. The other did not. He is dead. Hadley managed by will power and the aid of a physician to keep his oath for forty-eight hours, and then, sadly broken up, he called in a meeting of the famous McAuley mission in Water street, where his brother, also a reformed drunkard, was superintendent at the time. There, Hadley says, he was converted, and from that time till this has never had the desire to drink or even to go into a saloon. He was very profane by habit, and he says that it has never occurred to him to swear since.

"By their works ye shall know them." What has Hadley done? He was at that time editor and proprietor of a small up town paper which was mainly supported by the advertisements of brewers and liquor dealers. In the next issue of his paper he announced that he would take no more such advertisements. Then, with the assistance of a friend, he refunded all moneys paid in advance for standing "ads," and threw them out of his columns. Then he struggled.

I was associated with him in a business arrangement for some months after this, and I know of his refusing dishonest money which he might have taken secretly at a time when he was struggling the hardest. And after working hard all day he used to go every night and work without pay at a little obscure east side mission where drunkards were dragged in and prayed for. His tremendous physical strength (he is a very large and very powerful man) enabled him to stand the strain, and as time went on he proved his ability in this line of work so that he was presently engaged, at an infinitesimal salary, to establish other missions of a like character.

This was at a time when, refreshed by his temperance habits and in the full vigor of manhood, he might have gone into business again or resumed the practice of the law, and might have been reasonably certain of a good income. He did neither, but stuck to the mission work and is at it yet. He has started missions in New Brunswick, Rochester, Harlem, Morristown, Buffalo, Newark and Bayonne, N. J., and is now the superintendent of the St. Bartolomew Rescue mission in this city.

He says, "Since May, 1887, I have seen over 17,000 hard drinkers start to become Christians, and have personally knelt in prayer with more than half of them and heard them pray for themselves." He freely admits, however, that 70 or 80 per cent of those who undertake a new life succumb to the old temptation. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is one of the vestrymen of St. Bartolomew's church, and it is understood that he is the principal subscriber to the cost of the new mission house in Forty-second street, where, as a policeman told me today, "poor unfortunate men will get grub and Gospel." DAVID A. CURTIS.

A FRIENDLY HAND.

When a man can't get a cent, and he's feelin' kind o' blue, An' his cap an' an' an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through, It's a great thing, oh, my brethren, for a feller just to lay His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious, it makes the tear-drops start, You sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart; You can't help but meet his eyes; you don't know what to say When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall, With its crosses and its bitter crosses, but a good world after all; And a good God must have made it—leastways, that's what I say! When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE SOUBRETTE ROLE.

"If one must be a genteel pauper this sort of thing is the best of its kind. A ranch is picturesque; it has a touch of the 'arabesque,' and there is no boss. It may sound strange, but I am actually lord of all the prickly pear and mesquite in view." Fairfax Compton delivered himself of this speech with a manner half serious, half cynical.

His friend was lazily swinging in the bright colored Mexican hammock beside him. He took his pipe out of his mouth long enough to quote:

From the center all round to the sea I am lord of the fowl and the brute. Fairfax laughed again. "Don't mention the sea," he said. "You couldn't find a more respectable fowl which we can go out and shoot after supper, quail, etc. As to the brutes, you will judge for yourself—I mean the indigenous breed, not the cattle or sheep. Shake up a coyote and a jack rabbit in a bag, and which would come out ahead I wonder?"

Jack Holden was a contrast to his host. He had a round, good natured face, and a prophetic which pointed skyward. "Your nose and hair both look up, not down," Fairfax had said to him years before, apropos of a hymn which was sung by the boys at boarding school.

This remark had caused a battle royal at the time, for like most men with unrefined dispositions Holden would fight on occasion like a tiger. It was the knowledge of this reserve force in him which enabled Fairfax to forgive him his habitual serenity and to use discretion in teasing him.

It was Holden's first visit to the Texas ranch which Compton had purchased three years before, he had been anxious to investigate that young man's wild exploits earlier, but he had waited for an invitation.

At last Compton sent him one of his short, characteristic letters, always nearly related to telegrams. It was Holden's fate to imagine himself an artist, and indeed "the balded better than he knew" for his painting was lifelike and beautiful.

"Suppose you try your hand on the scenery around here," wrote Compton, "come the prophet and interpreter of the prickly pear. At any rate bring yourself and your brushes to Texas and spend two or three months with me."

Compton had met him with an ambulance and a pair of mules at the last American station on the Rio Grande. The ranch was situated thirty miles away, and it was on the afternoon of the second day that the foregoing conversation took place. The two young men were seated on the veranda, or rather what might have been a veranda.

It had the elements of one, for it was covered over with a thatched roof supported by four pillars. The room was furnished with several comfortable chairs scattered about, as well as the hammocks swinging to the pillars. There and there some large flat stones had become imbedded in the earth. The house was a large and comfortable one, with a porch which was reached by the Mexicans alone. In color it was pale amber, with flecks of yellow.



Pearline and water for a month, with safety. Delightful in the bath—makes the water soft. Perhaps you have been using some of the imitations and have sore hands and find your clothing going to pieces. Moral—use the original and best.

Sold everywhere.

"Why, yes," she said, "you are a carpet knight so far, but you may do better." "I am going far away," he answered, "to toil, and to such much danger as lies in the line of work. Perhaps you do not even care for the address." "Oh, yes," she replied; "I might want to send you a Christmas card."

"All the actresses on earth will not hurt me, Elizabeth," he went on stolidly. "I have said my say and I am going." "You have the expression of a child when they give him a new toy," she said. "The flame in his eyes rose, and for a moment his hand lips quivered under the tawny mustache.

"Yes," he said, "I dare you," and then he was gone. That night Mrs. Gorgane's little cousin Marie was brushing out the widow's golden locks, and no one but herself ever related the fact that she was one at all. Three years Elizabeth's junior, she was pale and spoiled and coquettish in her ways, ready to an alarming extent. Mrs. Gorgane was notoriously good to her own sex.

"Poor Mr. Compton," said Marie, as she began to braid. "That man really loves me," Elizabeth announced to the mirror. "He would have loved me as a girl. Poor Mr. Gorgane's money is only a nuisance to him."

"Don't you love him a little, dear?" Marie queried, with tears in her eyes. Elizabeth's own orbs were dry. "I may," she said, "if he comes back."

Yet with all this as a past back Jack Holden did not dare introduce Mrs. Gorgane's name. For one thing they tasted together all the pleasures of ranch life. They rode over the wide range, they slaughtered game, from birds to deer, and they spent their evenings smoking and swinging in the hammocks.

After the custom of men, they talked of everything except what was nearest to their hearts. On returning with a bag full one evening, the Mexican sheep farmer met them at the gate of the second pasture.

"Senor," he announced, "Roquita has come back. She was very late in making her first communion, but the Virgin has blessed it."

"Send her up to the house," said Compton, "and let her bring the mandolin. No young man will have a new sensation and a picturesque affect sure enough." Her eyes were bright, addressing Holden as they rode on. "This Roquita is the foreman's daughter. She has a dash of the Castilian and is really very pretty. Has a way of rendering her native New York stage."

"The moon was just rising when Roquita appeared. The old sheep foreman was with her, and he sat down at some distance with his pipe. She could not have been more than seventeen, and she possessed in a high degree the soft, girlish beauty of the Latin race. Her eyes were large and dark, with that gossamer quality which a poet has immortalized. She wore a scarlet bodice and a brown skirt. Over the heavy b's of her hair she had draped some black, which looked in the dim light like an abridged mantilla.

She spoke but little English, and that little with the southern accent. Compton greeted her with his indifferent kindness, but the poor child did not know it was indifference. She tuned her mandolin and began to sing, accompanying herself with her slow, sensuous chords. Fairfax smoked and listened complacently. He was fond of music, and beauty of any kind gave him a superior pleasure.

Hot Weather Pearline Peculiar Purifying Properties. It is the very best time to try Pyle's Pearline. Then the wash is largest, and a saving of time and toil is best appreciated.

Moral—use the original and best. Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

"I tell you, I was rather put to it," said an ingenuous, albeit somewhat careless youth, "when I was stopping in London one winter with Mr. Merton. Would you mind using my bath, as it is just next door?" she asked me after I had been shown to my room. "Not at all," I answered. "I had no hot water faucet put in," she went on. "He loves cold water, like looking as if she intended to weigh me in the balance to see if I was wanting. I never use hot water myself; I responded mendaciously, but resolved at all hazards to have a good reputation."

"Well, that brute of a husband of hers called me every morning. 'Hello, Jim, I'm new, I think once or twice a week is enough for cleanliness, and I know too much bathing does not agree with me, but I do not dare to confess this to the L's. So every day I rolled myself in my dressing gown and proceeded to take my turn at the tub.'"

"But did you take your bath?" said his sister skeptically. "Ah! that is another matter," he answered with a guilty laugh. "I made enough noise at all events to satisfy them."

Not every one is so frank about their reluctance to take a cold plunge, but it is certain that the love of water is not as British a quality with our men as with our maidens. We are greatly on the mend, however, in this respect, and this generation of tall, finely formed youths and maidens proves that the regime of the day is a good one.—New York Tribune.

Reversing in Dancing. If one were dancing for show or dancing for pleasure in a solitude a deux, reversing would be a variation of the proceedings, with a good deal to be said for it. As things are, however, reversing in respect to the ballrooms causes collisions or perils of collision nine times out of ten, and so few couples can reverse with complete success that in the tenth instance those who reverse invariably produce the impression that they are showing off at the expense of their less scrupulous neighbors, which impression is usually correct.

There cannot be complete success in reversing without a continual recollection of the fact that a reversing couple is like a ship on the starboard tack, and is bound to go so far out of the way of every couple that reverses as to allow them to hold their course unimpeded. Therefore, under existing circumstances, and at all places where more than three or four couples are gathered together, reversing is sin and should not be practiced in public.—Saturday Review.

People Who Have Had New Hair. Some cases reported of persons of great age, where the hair has returned to the normal color, are very remarkable. By an inscription on a tombstone at Boston it appears that one John Fontana, who was a deaf mute, recovered three times the color of his hair. A Mr. Marazella, of Vienna, died in 1774, aged one hundred and five. A few months before his death, according to the account, "he had several new teeth, and his hair, growing gray by age, became black, its original color." John Weeks, of New London, Conn., at the age of one hundred and six married a girl of sixteen, at which time "his gray hairs had fallen off, and were renewed by a dark head of hair." He died eight years later. Susan Edmunds, of Worcester, Mass., at the age of ninety-nine, five years before her death, acquired "new hair of a fine brown color." She died in 1780.—Hyland C. Kirk in New York Times.

His Mouth Needed Stretching. Little Sue was to have a grand treat in the shape of an after-dinner. "But mamma thought her small Bennie too young to share it." When the little fellow's lips quivered playfully, she promised him as his "good time" the privilege of "sitting up" with his auntie. Bennie was much impressed with his new dignity.

As the long evening wore on he bravely held his little, sleepy eyes wide open, until at last tired baby nature found relief in a series of snaps. "I guess Bennie is getting sleepy," auntie said. "Oh, no! I ain't, auntie," the little boy said manfully, "only my mouth needs stretching!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Bride in Dead Earnest. She was an Indiana (Pa.) bride, and although somewhat mixed in her responses, she showed a certain amount of intelligence. When asked by the clergyman, "Dost thou take this man to be thy lawful wedded husband?" she responded very distinctly and emphatically, "God being my helper, I do." The minister looked very grave and the groom cast a very anxious glance at the bride's face as she said, "I do." Exchange.

Where Vanity Begins. Observe a wife of four dressed for a children's party. With what delight does she twist herself round to admire a new sash, what pride her diminutive features express at the crumple mass of hair that waves around her face; how complacently she smiles at her reflection in the mirror, while amidst lighted faces of several of the guests—Exchange.

A handful of raw pig iron, weighing about five pounds, is worth five cents. It would make about sixty cents knife blades. Five dollars, converted into steel watch springs, there would be about 110,000 of these little coils, which, at the rate of \$1.50 a dozen, would be valued at \$16,500.

Hot Weather is the very best time to try Pyle's Pearline. Then the wash is largest, and a saving of time and toil is best appreciated. Think of doing a large wash with little or no rubbing. Consider how much longer your delicate summer clothing will last if not rubbed to pieces on a washboard. A saving is a gain. You'll be surprised and pleased with the cleanliness, satisfaction and comfort which comes of the use of PEARLINE. Simple—any servant can use it. Perfectly harmless—you can soak your finest linen and laces in Pearline and water for a month, with safety. Delightful in the bath—makes the water soft. Perhaps you have been using some of the imitations and have sore hands and find your clothing going to pieces. Moral—use the original and best.

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"See, Fairfax! she must have walked in from town to greet you. She shall never sing that song about the lilies again." Said Roquita did not wake. Holden stooped down and looked closely at her face. "She will never sing about anything any more," he said, "she is dead."

Years passed, and Compton had ceased to remember the Mexican maiden and her pathetic story. His wife, who held his love with a regal completeness, did not forget her, however. She often placed a garland on her grave, and sometimes murmured: "The saddest death in nature is the soubrette role."—Reba Gregory Prentiss in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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