THE NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A MILLION A YEAR?

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

John Warren, after fifteen years as an inmate of the household of Lawyer Jeffrey Brenton, suddenly finds himself treated like a dog. Unknown to him his previous good usage has been due to the expectation of Brenton that he would receive a fortune by the will of Thomas Merrington, who became rich through a mining system devised by Warren's father. That will does not mention John. Hence the change. Warren quarrels with Brenton, becomes ill the latter's enemiesin, and thumbs down the lawyer's dissolute son, when he meets slumming in the Bowery.

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CHAPTER II.

The Burden of Wealth.

HELEN MERRINGTON, one of the richest young women in America, if not the richest, was blessed with a sincere and conscientious desire to make her wealth the source of happiness and uplifting of others.

Helen Merrington was a magnificent specimen of American womanhood. She was tall and superbly proportioned. Her cheeks glowed with health, her eyes sparkled with animation and at times with a lurking gleam of teasing mischief.

But always in those dark-blue orbs shone the light of steadfast purpose.

Her red lips graced the firmest little mouth. The nose was Grecian and the hair was an abundant crop of rich brown tresses.

Nature, as well as fortune, had been prodigal in her favors to this happy girl.

Happy? No. Helen Merrington was not happy. At times she tried to persuade herself she was. She never repeated, she never sulked; she felt she was grateful for all that had been given her, but all her wealth and all her beauty had brought her neither happiness of heart nor of soul.

What of those is gold, beside which all metals are base, that it must bring you the possession of all mankind it confined its content with?

Helen had no recollection of her mother, and the memory of her father was but the dim, shadowy outlines of a big, bearded man who had kissed her and called her "My little daughter."

The late Abel Thurston had been to all intents and purposes a father to her.

An attachment had sprung up between the child and the kindly old bachelor lawyer that had but deepened as the years went on and Helen had blossomed into womanhood.

Upon the death of her father Abel Thurston had taken the little Helen to a convent in the upper part of New York. Here, although the good sisters had endeavored to keep such worldly considerations outside their cloistered walls, the rumors of the vast wealth that was the child's somehow got known and it was as "the little heiress" she grew up in the convent, and as "the little heiress" she went to a fashionable finishing school.

Here her wealth brought her into contact with flatterers and dissemblers, that were from that on to be the scourge of man and woman kind she was fated most to meet.

But the little heiress instinctively detected the false note, the false smile and the servile deference.

It all sickened and disgusted her. But she kept bravely on, rejoicing when she met hearts as honestly true as the many were barely false beneath the curse of gold.

She was eighteen when her guardian, Abel Thurston, died. The courts decided that a young lady who had graduated from Wellesley at the head of her class was competent to manage her own affairs, no matter how vast. Her estate had been placed in the capable hands of a great trust company by Abel Thurston and the Court decided not to appoint another guardian during the year to elapse between the death of Abel Thurston and the reading of the famous "Merrington sealed will."

It must be confessed that Jeffrey Brenton was chagrined at this turn affairs had taken, but he showed deferentially and congratulated his late partner's ward with some neatly turned compliment upon her being the mistress of her own money.

And from the court-room Helen Merrington stepped forth a young woman with a million a year.

A million a year!

How many hungry mouths that sum could feed, how many naked backs it could clothe! How much good it could do, how much evil it could mean!

A million a year!

The ambitions it represented! The hates, the hopes, the crimes!

A million a year!

The revenue of a kingdom, the consciences of ten thousand knaves, the hearts of a hundred fortune-hunters!

Helen Merrington, aged eighteen, swept out from the court an heiress with a million a year, to lend, to spend, to give, to invest, to waste, to hoard—just as she chose.

And a learned Judge held open her carriage door like a lackey and felt good clear down into his august shoes to receive a smile from her for his courtesy.

It was not that it was the gracious smile of a queenly young woman whose eyes flashed nobility and earnest truth.

It was the smile from a million a year, an income that would be quadrupled when Miss Merrington came into all the Merrington money and the great skyscraper, "The Matterhorn."

And the chuckling Judge toddled back into court to appoint a friend as referee in a corporation case that meant fat fees, fees of which it was whispered would reach His Honor's eager hand. A case meaning thousands of dollars, but how pitiful are thousands compared to millions; "and that young lady, sir, has a million a year to lend or spend, or scatter or save, and before long she will have four times as much!"

And the Judge smacked his lips and nodded to his friend, the lawyer he was appointing referee.

Meanwhile Miss Merrington's carriage was bowling swiftly toward Miss Merrington's Fifth avenue mansion.

SHE WAS A PRISONER IN A HOUSE OF GOLD.

She had youth and beauty. She had horses and carriages and yachts. She had jewels and furs and silks and satins. She had a million a year, and men and women toadied and fawned and flattered.

The heart of Helen Merrington throbbed with love for all humanity, but the wand of wealth she held seemed to have some fell power to make the servility and baseness of all mankind apparent.

Helen Merrington, young and beautiful, Helen Merrington, with a million a year, threw herself upon the sumptuous silken couch in her private sitting-room and wept in the misery of her gilded wretchedness.

She was a prisoner in a house of gold. In all the world there was not one soul now that dear old Abel Thurston was dead, who loved this loving, earnest girl.

It was a grim paradox.

A young and beautiful woman possessing everything in the world to make her happy—except happiness.

Her sense of humor came to her rescue, for Helen, blessed above other women in this also, had a sense of humor.

"I dare say," she mused, "it is very stupid and ridiculous for me to cry and be miserable. In every mail I get letters from people who tell me how happy they would be to have but a hundredth part of what I possess."

"What shall I do when all these accumulated riches are mine, if I face these perplexities when I possess but a tithe of it?

"Will my heart harden, and will I give myself up to idleness and frivolity?

"Will I despair of doing aught but evil with the wealth I am cursed with?"

And then Helen Merrington remembered that the Judge of the Probate Court granted her from the estate of which she was the only heir a million a year.

* * * * * * *

But Helen Merrington's heart did not harden. She was forced, however, to a harmless duplicity in an endeavor to make her vast wealth an instrument of good.

She would not trust to professional charitable agents.

With her money she had converted a vast hall on the east side into a summer home, and [illegible] the "Self-Help Settlement" and chose the "Self-Help" [illegible].

Under the name of Maud Halsey she gave it out that she had been employed by some wealthy people to take charge of this new institution.

Here both day and night were turned to education, industry and the cultivation of the social graces.

There were classes in cooking, in housekeeping, in sewing and in domestic economy. There were competent teachers in penmanship, stenography, typewriting, millinery, sewing, feather curling, artificial-flower making, music and painting for the girls and a trade school and business college for boys. In short, "The Self-Help Settlement" was a course in industry and education for young and old who cared to enjoy its benefits.

There was a social side to the "Self-Help Settlement," too. There were music and entertainments, dancing and amateur theatricals. A nominal fee was charged that the beneficiaries might not feel under too much obligation—for Miss Merrington had noticed that something got for nothing was neither appreciated nor respected.

But there was no boy or girl or man or woman who desired earnestly and honestly to be a beneficiary of the advantages of the "Self-Help Settlement" but found, no matter how dire their poverty, somehow they secured the necessary fees, even if it was through the doing of some odd chores for the local merchants.

So the heiress to a million a year employed her time and part of her money. She had great projects for the widening of the scope of her institution. Before long she found herself surrounded by a corps of capable and earnest instructors. Not being able to give their entire time to the general management of the whole institution she would like to have given, she had placed in charge an ex-city missionary who had given up his life to the redemption of the slums, morally and physically.

Given an opportunity like this, the ex-missionary proved himself a man of force and ability, coupled with tact and a gentle firmness that particularly fitted him for the position of superintendent. His name was Joseph Horton, and under his efficient rule and the generous outlay of the Merrington money, the "Self-Help Settlement" prospered and grew in influence and good works.

Helen Merrington, as "Miss Halsey," took from some instinctive sympathy in the work a peculiar interest in the stenographic and typewriting class. Be[illegible] proficient both in shorthand and in the speedy mastery of the typewriter.

In assisting in teaching others to be stenographers she helped to become one herself.

Just about this time occurred an event that was to change the whole course of Helen's life.

One day she came at her appointed time and she was surprised to see the scholars turn from their lessons to follow her, open-mouthed. A hum of conversation preceded her, was hushed in her presence and rose at her departure.

A body of the teachers came awkwardly toward her.

"Miss Merrington," said the spokesman, "we have discovered your identity. A lawyer who knows you pointed you out to one of us! How nice of you to do this and keep your benefaction a secret so long."

Helen felt a chill at her heart. There was a ring of insincerity in the voice. The teacher was talking to the Merrington millions!

She braved it out all day. She stayed for the night session, and when scholars and teachers and even the gaping neighborhood had been dismissed she telephoned for her carriage, for she knew she would be kept late, and then she had a long conference with Principal Horton.

She knew her influence was at an end, and her presence—the presence of a hundred millions of dollars—meant only evil for the "Self-Help Settlement."

She gave Horton her instructions and rode off weeping, leaving behind her the settlement and all her hopes of happiness in doing good unknown.

As she neared the Bowery she leaned from her carriage window, attracted by a scuffle on the sidewalk.

A handsome young man had torn his coat from him and thrown it at the feet of another, saying, "Take the clothes you taunt me that I wear! From this on I'll earn my own!"

Then there was a scuffle and her driver whipped up his horses.

But the words had set her thinking. Why should she go back to be the slave of her mine-made millions? She, too, could earn the clothes she wore!

(To Be Continued.)

GOSSIP OF THE THEATRE.

Yolande Wallace Has Quit the Stage—A Theatrical Wedding Tour.

"No," said Yolande Wallace, shaking her blond head vehemently. "Not if I can help it will I ever return to the stage. I am sick and tired of the whole business. How can I describe the heartaches and the thousand unnatural shocks that flesh is heir to? I am resting—simply resting and enjoying myself. Once in awhile I like to drop into a theatre and watch the performance from the social side of the footlights. But, as for donning grease paint, tights and all that sort of paraphernalia, I am through, I hope, forever. Yes, there was a time when I was dazzled by the glare of the footlights and liked the applause of listening senates to command, but it's all over now. I have had my fill and that settles it."

"But what has caused you to take this pessimistic view of stage life?" I asked as the former Venus of burlesque and musical comedy departed from the lobby of the Herald Square Theatre.

On the still night air came the response half whispered, yet with a pitiful wailing sound:

"I played one road season with 'The French Maid' company."

A Novel Wedding Tour.

Society Note—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frohman will start on their wedding tour next week. They will visit all the principal cities under direction of Mr. Charles Frohman. The "Miss Hobbs" company will go as escort to the young couple.

He Looked in Vain.

The big window of the Broadway store was filled with photographs of celebrities. Here might be found the portraits of kings and queens, nobles and ladies, actors and actresses who have gained fame and fortune. An eager crowd gathered in front of the windows to gaze admiringly at the noted personages on exhibition. Suddenly a man pushed his way through the throng and gazed intently at each photograph. Up and down the lines of portraits he ran his eagle eye, with anxiety and expectation in every feature. As he neared the end a look of hopeless dejection began to creep over his face, and as he turned from the last of the series, a gasping sob was heard. "Curses on me luck," he muttered hoarsely, "me picture isn't there!" The next instant Louis Mann was lost in the human maelstrom of the busy thoroughfare.

A Flaw in Her Accent.

She was a thoroughbred American girl when she went abroad with "The Belle of New York" company, but association with the blue bloods of Europe soon put a few kinks in Ella Snyder's vernacular. Miss Snyder wrote to George Kleiner yesterday and asked him to please elevate her "Cockney dialect" at a little [illegible]. Orchestra seats was a good enough term for the petite soubrette before her migration. Oh tempora! Oh Mores.

Belasco's Amulets.

"I don't consider myself superstitious, exactly," said David Belasco, "but I carry a few amulets just for luck." Then the playwright dipped into his hip pocket and brought forth a collection comprising six long nails, a lump of coal, a tiny horseshoe wrapped in silk and a paper stuck full of pins. From one overcoat pocket he brought out two small lumps of coal and a larger lump from another orifice. "You see," he explained, "I can't pass a pin or a nail that has the point turned toward me. The shoe was cast from a pet jackass, and, as for the coal, I have a basket of it at home. Whenever my foot strikes a lump I pick it up and keep it. No, I don't go much on superstitions, but there are some things I'm particular about," and the dramatist fingered lovingly a four-leaf clover in his watch charm and turned around twice before sipping his modest drink of vermouth.

Gift for Ted Sloane.

"For time at length sets all things even," quoted Lew Fields as he and Joe Weber returned from a "shoplifting" tour, as they expressed it. Lew bore a handsome silver asp ladle, the handle of which was a whip stock and the bowl a jockey's cap. "When in England last Summer," explained Lew, "Ted Sloane gave me a tip on a horse named Demosgrat and I won a bit of money. This ladle, which Weber spotted down the street, is for Ted in recognition of the valuable pointer." When Mr. Sloane returns to the city the formal presentation will be made.

Bijou Stays in Town.

Lucky Bijou Fernandez. To her the trials and hardships of "the road" are unknown. Mommer looks after her daughter's interests and manages to keep the Carmen-like beauty in the bosom of the family. Bijou hops from one city engagement to the other, and seems equally at home in all. Her latest is for an important part in "Countess Chiffon," which W. A. Brady is going to use as a vehicle to exploit his talented wife, Grace George.

THE STROLLER.

BANK CASHIER SUED.

Creditors of Garner & Co. Want Frank J. Van Orden to Pay Their Claims.

Creditors of the produce commission firm of Garner & Co., of 306 Washington street, have brought suit against Frank J. Van Order, cashier of the Gansevoort Bank in West Fourteenth street, in an effort to find assets to help them out.

The firm failed last October and the creditors say that when the crash was coming Van Order began denying his connection with, although he had enjoyed credit-taking for months as a partner. They allege that through Van Order's bank connection he had credit relations with the [illegible] firm.

GIRLS SPURN GOOD HOMES.

Why Don't They Take Places of Comfort Instead of Starving in Shops or at Vice's Treadmill?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Many communications to The Evening World recently have been from women who seem to have lost every hope in life, every purpose, every grip.

What's the matter with the working-woman, anyway?

I have tried for months to get a thoroughly reliable woman or girl to act as nurse and seamstress, the lightest possible work, particularly with children five and eleven years old.

I live in the suburbs, a fashionable one, keep two servants, live well and could give a girl more comfort than she could possibly get in her own home if she works during the day.

She would get $10 to $12 a month, besides her warm, light room, good food, good care if sick, and hundreds of other comforts the average store clerk never sees.

And yet I can't get one who is reliable (enough to tell the truth, to be cleanly in thought and deed, and to take any interest in life beyond doing as little as possible, and getting it done quickly.

I have tried employment offices, answered advertisements, advertised myself, and all to no purpose.

I often read of starving women who die, or who steal to get a crust, and yet these women cannot be reached and told of the opportunity for them in my home as well as the homes of friends.

Why do the bright, attractive girls who for one reason or another get out of joint with the world prefer the uncertain existence of vice rather than the quiet and serene comforts of a home—a real home—where they can live a life of comparative comfort, with no thought of the struggle to pay the price?

Going through the streets, it's easy to see hundreds of women who are actually suffering for want of proper and nourishing food. Yet every one of them works longer and harder than any nurse could possibly be expected to.

Not one of these women, even with $10 a week, can begin to live as well, as easily or as comfortably as the nurse on $10 a month.

I have had the same experience with a servant—but that's an old story.

Where are the girls who are about to be driven to dishonesty or vice to live? Can't I find just one before it's too late for her?

Can't I find some good woman who really wants a home, wants to get out of the whirl, and will take reasonable pains to make herself of use?

I know of a dozen homes open for women of that kind, but where are they?

GERTRUDE.

SOCIETY IN SWEAT-SHOPS.

Miss Eastman and Mrs. Livingston Look into the Conditions of This Phase of Labor.

The investigation by the sweat-shop joint committee of the Church Society for the Advancement of the interests of Labor, the Consumers' League, Social Reform Club and other societies, as to the workings of the Costello Factory law, is being prosecuted with vigor.

Recommendations for changes in the law will be presented to the Legislature next month. A committee of society women made a tour of the east side yesterday, under the guidance of representatives of the United Brotherhood of Cloakmakers, No. 160 Rivington street.

Miss Grace Eastman and Mrs. Harry B. Livingston were the investigators. Neither would anticipate her report to the Chairman, Rev. P. J. C. Moran, by a statement for publication, but it was learned that they found a gratifying improvement in the condition of the garment-workers and cloakmakers through the enforcement of the Evening World anti-sweat-shop law, which went into effect last September.

Although this girl set out to visit sweatshops, that is to say tenement-home homes where the making or finishing of garments is carried on in the living-rooms by the family—and "help"—the places visited were all either homes without workers or small workshops not in homes.

"While the conditions were not always quite what one would like to see," said Mrs. Livingston, "the abuses were not flagrant, though few of the proprietors could show the license required by the law, illustrating the failure of the factory inspectors to perform their duty.

"This argues, at least, that possibly the contention of the chief factory inspector that the fifty inspectors allowed to him to cover the whole State do not form an adequate force to go, and that might be remedied. Or the present force should be relieved of the duty of inspecting fire-escapes, sanitation and other outside matters that properly belong to the Building, Health and Police departments."

$20,000 FOR WIFE'S LOVE.

A jury in the Superior Court at Poughkeepsie has given a verdict in favor of Charles Peters in his suit for $20,000 damages against Dr. Leslie A. Sutton, of Hopewell, N. Y., for alienation of Mrs. Peters's affections. Her own parents testified against Mrs. Peters.

Nearly everybody in the court-room wept when Mrs. Peters's four-year-old son, who had been kept from her since last August, ran to her, crying: "Oh, my mamma! My precious mamma!" and threw his arms about her neck.

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THE CASE OF MRS. HIEPE.

If you were to call upon Mrs. Julius Hiepe at her home, 793 Centre ave., East New York, Brooklyn, she will tell you a very striking and graphic story of ten years' sickness and suffering without relief, and how she was cured after she had abandoned all hope.

Mrs. Hiepe's experience is a very common one in this climate, since it forms a complete history of a disease that started with a neglected cold and ended with what her family physician erroneously pronounced Consumption.

Her trouble began in her nose. It itched and burned. It was always stopped up. She had a sharp pain across the eyes. She had to sleep with her mouth open. Consequently her throat was dry and parched in the morning. She endured all this for a time and then went to a doctor. He couldn't help her, so he advised her to go to a hospital on

VINCENT STREET,

Brooklyn, where she says they operated on her and squirted something into her nose and throat. This did no good, but caused great pain and drove the disease deeper down into the chest.

So for a time she lost faith in doctors, and instead tried all the patent medicines she heard of. Nothing gave her any relief. Her condition became pitiable. She had a cough that seemed to tear her lungs. Every long breath caused intense pains under the shoulder blades and behind the breast bone. While the trouble had been driven down into her chest, the disease was still at work in her nose and throat. Her breath became so offensive that she was ashamed to come into contact with any one. She became unable to attend to her household duties.

When she resumed medical treatment with her family doctor. She was with him for three years and spent a large sum of money and took great quantities of medicine. At the end of three years her condition was such that her doctor said to her:

"You Have Consumption,

and I can't do anything more for you."

By this time the disease had crept down to the stomach, because at night she swallowed the accumulation of mucus in her throat. She couldn't eat any breakfast. If she ate any solid food she suffered great distress. When her stomach was empty it seemed as if the walls were shrunk together. [illegible] ago she came to Doctors Copeland's office. At this time her condition was very serious. She took two months treatment and noticed no change, so she stopped. She kept on growing worse, and continued to try it again.

Two months more passed without change, but in the third month she noticed that her cough had grown less and that her appetite was coming back. This encouraged her, and she kept on faithfully.

To-day she says she is cured. She has no more headaches. She sleeps soundly at nights. Her cough has entirely disappeared. She breathes freely through her nostrils. She can eat anything without distress. She is free from pain, is rapidly taking on flesh and strength, and no longer is tortured with the fear that she has Consumption.

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Is your skin dry and scaly?
Does your skin itch intensely?
Does your scalp itch and burn?
Is your skin rough and cracked?
Have you dandruff in your scalp?
Does your face look and feel oily?
Do your legs feel hot and burning?
Do nose, lips and ears itch intensely?
Have you pimples on neck and chest?
Have you pricking pains in your skin?
Have you flat, red-looking lumps on face?
Are these lumps on face sore to touch?
Is skin alongside nose red and swollen?
Are there dirty, yellowish pimples on face?
Have you pimples on your face with black tops?
Is there scaly, itching eruption on eyebrows?
Have you pimples on your back and shoulders?

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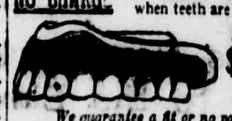

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