

# Broadway Jones

From the Play of  
**George M. Cohan**

By  
**EDWARD MARSHALL**

With Photographs from Scenes in the Play

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### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I**—Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway," because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfares, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. His father, Mr. Jones, is very angry because Broadway refuses to settle down and take a place in the gum factory in which he succeeded to his father's interest.

**CHAPTER II**—Judge Spotswood informs Broadway that \$250,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York.

**CHAPTER III**—With his New York friend, Robert Wallace, Broadway creates a sensation by his extravagance on the White Way. Four years pass and Broadway suddenly discovers that he is not only broke, but heavily in debt. He applies to his uncle for a loan and receives a package of chewing gum with the advice to chew it and forget his troubles. He quietly seeks work without success.

**CHAPTER IV**—Broadway gives what is intended to be a farewell supper to his New York friends, and before it is over becomes engaged to Mrs. Gerard, an ancient widow, wealthy and very staid.

**CHAPTER V**—Wallace expostulates with the aged flirt and her youthful fiance, but fails to better the situation. He learns that Broadway is broke and offers him a position with his father's advertising firm, but it is declined. Wallace takes charge of Broadway's affairs.

**CHAPTER VI**—Broadway receives a telegram announcing the death of his Uncle Abner in Europe. Broadway is his sole heir. Peter Pembroke of the Consolidated Chewing Gum Company offers Broadway \$1,000,000 for his gum plant and Broadway agrees to sell. Wallace takes the affair in hand and insists that Broadway hold off for a bigger price and rushes him to Jonesville to consult Judge Spotswood, who was Uncle Abner's attorney.

**CHAPTER VII**—Broadway finds his boyhood playmate, Josie Richards, in charge of the plant and falls in love with her. Wallace is smitten with Judge Spotswood's daughter, Clara.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Josie points out to Broadway that by selling the plant in the trust he will ruin the town built by his ancestors and throw 750 employes out of work. Broadway decides that he will not sell. Wallace receives an offer of \$1,000,000 from the trust and is amazed when Broadway turns it down.

**CHAPTER IX**—Broadway explains the situation as set forth by Josie and Wallace agrees that it is Broadway's duty to stick by the town and his employes. He authorizes an announcement to his worried employes that the plant will not be sold.

**CHAPTER X**—Broadway visits the plant and Josie explains the business details to him.

**CHAPTER XI**—Broadway makes a speech to his employes who in their enthusiasm carry him around the plant on their shoulders.

**CHAPTER XII**—Pembroke calls and Broadway turns down the latest offer of the trust and announces that he intends to fight. Wallace intimates that his father's advertising agency is backing Jones and plans a big advertising campaign. Mrs. Gerard arrives looking for Broadway and is shooed back to New York by Wallace.

Her wrath was boiling fiercely now, and she showed the stuff of which she was made. She went closer still to Higgins, never wavering; giving back no inch, although he towered above her, shaking with wrath, and worked his clenched fingers ominously.

"That will be about enough now, Higgins; you get out of this office."

"I'd like to see anybody try to put me out till I'm ready to go!" he shouted.

To his amazement and to hers, it now developed that they had a listener. An unexcited voice spoke from one side.

"Good morning, Miss Richards."

She whirled, recognizing instantly the tones. "Good morning, Mr. Jones."

Higgins stood there speechless, gazing at the newcomer with dropping jaw. Jackson waited not a second after he had greeted Josie, but marched up to the belligerent foreman and stood facing him, small but determined, not six inches from the powerful, red-shirted figure.

Instantly the foreman's manner changed. From the bully he became the fawn. "Oh, hello, Mr. Jones! I didn't know you were in town."

"Yes, you did," said Jackson slowly, coldly; "Miss Richards just told you. I've been standing out there listening to what you had to say. I remember you, Higgins. The only good thing I remember of you was that you were funny when you had cramps in the swimming hole. You always were a grouch and forever nosing in other people's affairs. Now, I want to tell you something. This plant belongs to me, and it's nobody's business whether I keep it, or sell it, or give it away. Do you understand?"

"Well," said Higgins, half in apology, half dully, "the men asked me to come here and get the information."

"They didn't ask you to come here and insult this girl, did they? Now, I'll put you out of the office, and throw you out of the plant, and drive you out of the town if I hear any more red-dirt talk out of you."

He paused, and Higgins stood, quite humbled.

"The trust isn't going to buy this plant," Broadway continued, while not only Higgins, but Josie, gazed at him intently, gratefully, startled by the overwhelmingly good news, "for the simple reason that it isn't for sale, and you can't go and sell the men I said so."

Higgins now was much abashed. "I'm sorry I was hasty, Mr. Jones. I didn't mean to lose my temper."

"You don't want to lose your job, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Then go on; get out of here."

"Yes, sir." The big workman turned to Josie. "I hope you'll forgive me, Miss Richards. I know I've not a rot-

ten disposition, but my heart's in the right place."

"I understand," said Josie, who had known him all her life.

"I'll tell the men what you said, Mr. Jones," he said to his employer—that employer who had, in the past, employed no one more important than a butler, a chauffeur, a Jap cook, or temporarily, a waiter or a bellboy. It gave Broadway quite a little shock. "Gosh! What a relief it will be to them all! It's made a different man out of me already."

To their amazement he broke down, blubbering like a mammoth child.

"Well, what are you crying about?" said Jackson, utterly nonplussed.

"Because I'm happy," said the contradictory Higgins. "There'll be others to cry outside. You don't know what it means to us—it saves our homes and families, too, maybe." With that and still intently blubbering, he left them.

"Can you beat that?" asked Broadway, turning back to Josie. "He's a nice, cheerful little fellow! I'd like to be around him a while lot!"

### CHAPTER X.

There was another than the foreman who was happier than ordinary words would have expressed, now that Jackson Jones had stated, with what seemed to be finality, that he intended to continue at the business which had made his fortune and had made Jonesville. But Josie felt a strange need for reserve in her young employer's presence, a need which she had not felt the night before and one which she could not explain.

Her impulse was to rush into extravagance of praise after he had sent the foreman out into the works to tell the men that he should not sell his patrimony to the trust, but for some reason which she would have found it difficult to explain fully she said not a word about it. Instead, she turned to him with matter-of-fact expression and the words of commonplace occasions.

"Did you have a good night's rest?"

He felt like saying something full of emphasis, whether in access of joy or sorrow he was not certain, but he knew that any words which he could use to her would be inadequate to furnish him relief, and so halted her commonplace question with a thrill of real relief.

"My back is broken," he said with an expressive grimace and a writhe.

"Who named that hotel?"

"The Grand?"

He nodded with another serio-comic facial antic.

"There are men in prison for doing less than running a hotel like that!"

Almost he made the revelation of their startling midnight wanderings, but caught himself in time.

"Why don't you open your uncle's home?"

"My uncle's home?" he said, a little startled.

He had not thought of that. The suggestion probably did more to drive home definitely to his inner mind the true significance of his decision to take up the business than anything which had previously occurred. His uncle's home!

After his father's death it had been his home; it had been the only semblance of a home which he remembered, and his memories of it were harsh enough, in some details almost repellent. His uncle had been hard; he had had but little understanding of boy nature; the house had been a sort of prison from which he could escape at intervals each day.

He had not even thought of opening it; it never had occurred to him that he could ever live another day of his life there.

But, now she spoke of it, why not? The place was grim, old-fashioned, inhospitable, forbidding, as so many old New England houses are, and as so many more New England houses were ten years ago; but that atmosphere was more that of its occupant than that of the old place itself. It must have been a joyous and free-minded Jones who chose the site for it, for it was very beautiful; it must have been an artist Jones who chose the plans for it, for its design was of that beautiful, pure old colonial which (barring skyscrapers) is the only architectural merit America has yet originated, and than which nothing is more truly beautiful; it must have been a social Jones who added the great wing to it, for in that wing were bedrooms, sitting rooms, and a great dining-room quite plainly meant to welcome many guests.

His memories of the house were gloomy and unattractive, for from its own history and his mother's had been taken their final resting places, and in it he had spent few joyous hours. All the happiness of his youth in Jonesville were associated with the homes of others, public places, out-of-doors; he had heard very little laughter in the old homestead. But might it not house happiness? He realized that it would make an ideal setting for pure joy. Still, it was in Jonesville! That made him wince.

"You don't think it will be necessary for me to live in this town, do you?"

She nodded. She was rather glad to feel that it was right for her to nod. She would have shrunk from revelations of the sorrow which would certainly have filled her heart if it had transpired, now that Broadway was not to remain in Jonesville. She even shrank from an acknowledgment of this in her own heart.

"The business will need your attention," she said gravely.

He waved a hand which he tried to make appear as if dispensing privileges, but which, he knew, seemed more that of a shirker.

"Go right on with the business. Don't pay any attention to me."

She looked at him very gravely. Then, dropping her eyes, she took some papers from the desk and to a

filig cabinet, deposited them with care in their allotted places, and slowly went back to her desk. As she returned she did not again raise her eyes to his.

"Have you thought of what we talked about last night?" she asked.

She made him most uncomfortable. He had begun to wonder, for the first time in his life, if, possibly, he did not have a conscience. He had never taken any obligation very seriously; suddenly it seemed necessary for him to consider many things with solemn, pondering mind. He did not like it. It distinctly made him nervous. What was the use of being heir to all his uncle's property if riches brought the very thing which he had thought they might preserve him from—dull care?

Had he thought of what she had said last night? He had thought of little else! Had that train of thought been started by any human being other than herself, he would have bitterly resented the intense discomfort it had caused him. Even now his voice was peevish when he answered:

"Have I thought of it! All I dreamed about last night was poverty stricken families crying for their food. Thousands of men, women and children chased me through the streets, out of the town and into a wild forest—where there was nothing but chewing-gum trees."

She let her head fall back, and laughed. He was so funny! Yet she plainly felt that there was truth in his complaint. She believed he really had passed a most uncomfortable night. Perhaps she was not very sorry that he had.

"Oh, I had an awful night," he mourned. "I could have slept this morning, but the Ladies' Aid began to rehearse their minstrel show across the street, so I got up and ordered breakfast."

Having gone thus far he stopped, as if there could be nothing further to be said, but she did not understand the reason for his sudden silence.

"Yes," she inquired.

"Did you ever breakfast at the Grand?" he asked pathetically.

"No," she smiled.

"I dare you to!" he challenged.

"It's the best hotel in town. All the theatrical troupes stop there."

He nodded grimly. "The troupe that play in Jonesville probably deserve it."

She did not quite approve of this. She was sure that she had seen some wondrous acting there in Jonesville. Had she not wept her eyes out over a new play, entitled "East Lynne," the previous winter? Had not another novelty, which the bills announced came straight to Jonesville from a



Judge and Mrs. Spotswood.

metropolitan run of many weeks, and which was known as "The Two Orphans," held her spellbound for an evening? Had not the leading men in these productions been invariably very different in their appearance from any of the Jonesville youth, and therefore romantically attractive; had not the leading women worn enormous jewels and extraordinary, yellow hair which she had envied fiercely? Her own hair was rich, dark brown. She thought it very commonplace.

She looked at him somewhat coldly. It was plainly time to turn from gossip to pure business.

"I've worked all the morning with the auditor upon a statement which shows the year's business up to the first of this month," she notified him gravely. From an upper drawer of the big desk at which she had been seated she secured a long, formidable-looking paper and, rising, approached him with it. "Do you care to go over it now?"

He eyed it astance, as if it might have been a dangerous thing and liable to sting. Business! Should he ever really discover how to feel the slightest interest in it or understanding of it? What a tiresome looking thing it was.

"No; not right now," he told her, almost shivering. "I—Mr. Wallace promised to do all that for me."

She put the statement back into her desk, a little disappointed. "Then he'll be here this morning."

"Yes; he'll be here right away. He had to go to the barber shop." He laughed. "I shave myself, thank God!"

He added fervently.

Her manner now became more serious and rather puzzling. It was not as if he had done anything which displeased her, it was not even as if she thought he might; it was only that of the delightful woman who is wondering if, presently, she may not think he might. She was not suspicious, she suspected that she might suspect. He knew it; men always know when women are beginning to wonder if they had not better very soon begin to wonder. It's the only intuition mere men have. The others are all feminine monopolies.

Presently, while he waited, acutely conscious that some unpleasant element had entered into the situation,

and while she calmly went about the business of her office management, at which, it may as well be stated now as ever, she showed unmistakable signs of perfect competence, she went to a complicated filing cabinet, extracted from it certain other papers, carried them across the room to the desk near which he had found a seat, laid them on that desk, then slowly turned and faced him.

"Do you know that Mr. Pembroke, of the Consolidated, is here in town?" she asked, after a second's hesitation.

To her great satisfaction, which she would not for the world have admitted, he did not hesitate before he answered; he did not try to beat around the bush; he indulged in no evasions or delays of any kind whatever.

"Yes, I know it," he said promptly.

It may be that some detail in his tone or manner reassured her, at any rate her voice, when she spoke next, was free from a certain icy hint of criticism which undoubtedly had crept into it.

"Did he come here with you?"

"No; he followed me here."

"Have you seen him?" She made no attempt to offer an excuse for cross-examining him; she evidently asked the question as an interested party who has a right to be informed. Was she not a citizen of Jonesville and an employe of the Jones Pepsin Gum Company?

"No; I have not seen him, but Mr. Wallace saw him last night and turned down his offer, too."

Instantly the reserve, which intangible but perceptible, had affected her, dropped from her. She was no longer in the least suspicious.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she exclaimed cordially.

But he failed to note this circumstance; he failed to ward against oncoming danger. As a matter of fact he was not thinking of her as an employe of the Jones company, he was not thinking about Jonesville, he was considering his own pressing need for money and the delightful possibility that through Pembroke, in one way or another, that need must be relieved. He rose and paced the floor with light and hopeful tread, wholly without apprehension.

"We gave him to understand that we wouldn't sell for less than a million and a half." He said this half proudly. Then, with the accents of a hope: "We expect him here at eleven o'clock with his answer."

Her face took on a puzzled and disapproving frown. "But you just gave your word to the men that—"

Now he spoke definitely and crisply. No one listening to him could imagine that he did not mean exactly what he said; that he had not carefully considered every meaning of each syllable that he was uttering.

"Oh, don't be afraid," he assured her. "I meant exactly what I said to Higgins."

She sighed with real relief.

"I don't mind telling you, Miss Richards, that when I came here yesterday my intention was to sell this business and get it off my hands at any price or sacrifice."

The mere statement of this evidently past and gone intention was a shock to her. He noted, and not without emotion—mind that: Broadway unmistakably was touched—that her face blanched at the thought of that which he had definitely decided not to do.

The young man was beginning to think; he was forming some faint realization of the fact that his own troubles were but somewhat unimportant bubbles in a sea made up of everybody's troubles. The thought was forming in his mind that, while he had been severely worried about ways and means for getting luxuries, these people, here in Jonesville, who had lived and probably would die without ever having heard the names of many of the things his sybaritic soul had learned to crave, had felt themselves confronted by the possibility of loss of the necessities.

Indefinitely, but for the first time in his life at all, he saw how grim the struggle for a bare existence is with the majority; now, although they strain and strive to their limit of ability, they never feel quite safe in their possession of the means for getting it. He acknowledged to himself a feeling of embarrassment as he considered the undeniable selfishness of his previous existence.

But he brightened visibly, as he went on. He had learned his lesson and had learned it thoroughly.

"I wouldn't care to hear the news this morning," he said simply. "If he offered every dollar he has in the world, Mr. Wallace and I sat up talking it over until two o'clock this morning. I told him everything you said, and went over the whole situation with him. I promised to take his advice, and he's convinced me that the right thing to do is to stick right here and put up a fight for these people, the same as my uncle did."

Her reserve quite vanished; as is the way of women, she took credit for an intuition which her previous manner had not indicated. Where she had been suspicious of a reason for suspicion, she became enthusiastic over reason for enthusiasm.

"I knew you would!" she cried. "I knew—I knew you would!"

She had not known he would; she had feared, had half believed that he would not; but that now made not the slightest difference with her firm belief that she had known he would. Nor had the fact that Broadway, a short minute before, had suspected, with good reason, that she seriously doubted him, any influence whatever on his deep pleasure when he discovered that she did not—did not because she could not, not because she would not.

Men do not think clear to the bottom of these things. They take what women give them, when they give them anything, and are humbly grateful and surprised because they get a smile

when they deserve one, rather than a brick when they do not deserve one. Nothing which the world has ever offered to the gaze of the philosopher has been one-half so pitiful as the astonished gratitude of the right-minded male when he finds that the one female for whom he has begun, consciously or without his knowledge, to live his life and do his deeds, does not utterly condemn him when he has done his level best and that best has been worthy. Men are the world's natural "come-ons," women the world's natural vendors of psychological, sentimental and often very raw gold bricks.

So when Josie soulfully declared that she had known he would, Broadway did not let it pass with an unappreciative, "Of course you did," but looked at her with gratitude alight in his pleased face and humbly queried, "Did you?"

For a moment the fact that she declared that she had known he would be decent and not villainously selfish so completely overwhelmed him (and please do not forget that she, within a minute, had admitted that she thought him capable of basest selfishness) that he could not find words with which to proceed conversationally. All men are that way.

But presently he recovered self-possession and continued:

"Now, I don't know anything about business, and I don't know anything about money. I never did a day's work in my life for the simple reason that I never had to."

He looked at her with a shamed smile, the first evidence that he had ever shown of anything but pride in his ability to live idly with enormous and successful effort.

"The only trial of skill into which I have entered since I went from Jonesville to New York has been a general, endless contest with the world at large to see which could stay up the latest. I have generally won—won in a walk."

She was listening intently. All women are intent to breathlessness when they are hearing any man tell his worthiness; if there is a hint of a confession of real wickedness in his declaration they will listen with an absorption which approaches a hypnotic trance.

"I've never done anything good, because I've never had anything good to do."

She smiled at her, although she had regretted her arrival almost as much as Broadway had. She had so wished to read the words upon the hotel letter paper which her new employer had spent half the night in writing.

Mrs. Spotswood's smile expanded till it fairly beamed at Josie before she turned her eyes to Broadway, and then she started with surprise. It was because she had been certain he was there that she had come; a visit from her to the factory was an unheard-of thing; she had distinctly heard his voice as she had passed outside the open door, but now her deep astonishment because he was within the room seemed almost overwhelming.

"Oh, hello, Broadway!"

He smiled nervously and hurried forward. Things had not gone as he had wished, but he was not resentful. Never had he been so humble. Had he not, the night before, defaced that paper with the tale of his humility and the details of his good resolves? Besides, had not Mrs. Spotswood guarded him in childhood against wrath at home on more than one occasion, and had she not, the previous evening, with the understanding and good humor of an angel, prepared for him that lemonade which held the magic touch for which his system yearned?

"I'm awfully glad to see you here in the plant," she earnestly assured him.

"Good morning, Josie."

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"Good morning, Josie."

There ever is a Sammy ready to step in and spoil big moments in our lives.

"Are you—too—busy—for—company?" he asked deliberately and irreverently. The Imp, though fat, was quite cognizant of the fact that he had come at the wrong moment, and his heart was filled with joy because he felt so certain of it.

"Who is it, Sammy?"

"Ma—and—Clara."

Josie sighed, then looked at Broadway with an inquiry upon her face. He nodded. She thrust the paper he had given her into the top drawer of her desk. "All right, Sammy; tell them to come in."

With a gravity like that of the sphinx, but with a glint of malice satisfied in his small eyes, the fat boy ambled heavily to the door. With a voice as disproportionate to his years as were his calves, he cried invitation to his mother and his sister. It was as if they waited on the other side of a wide stream and he was battling a howling tempest with his tones. His "All right, mom, come on in," rasped Broadway's nerves; the fact that he had failed in the delivery of the brief eloquence which had been fruit of midnight and past-midnight oil at the unappealable Grand, a certain feeling (such as all of us have had) that he was doing worthily while getting less than proper credit for it, made him hate Sammy at that moment.

He wondered if he might not throttle him in some deserted spot before the day was over, looked him over carefully, observed the size of his columnar neck, and hopelessly abandoned thought of it. His hands would never reach around it! The visitors appeared.

While attention was distracted from her, in answer to an irresistible impulse, Josie took from the desk drawer the paper Broadway had entrusted to her, and thrust it into a sacred, secret place within her shirtwaist.

Mrs. Spotswood, filled with the fine excitement of the matron who is certain that romance is working in her neighborhood, was devoured by that modification of the spirit of the chase which sends the ladies, rich or poor, good or bad, upon the scent of such elusive news with all the zest of sportsmen after squirrels or elephants. She was inclined toward worry in regard to Jonesville's fate and also inclined to confidence in it because she had known Broadway since he was a little boy (ah, what errors have good women made because they have known someone since he was a little boy!) and knew that while he might be "wild" he was not wicked, for his baby curls had been so sweet; pleased beyond expression by the deep impression which her own delicious Clara had made upon Broadway's affluent, well-mannered, plainly competent friend—animated by those various emotions and not less than twenty others which I have not mentioned. Mrs. Spotswood wore a fluttering smile as she accepted her baby-mastodon son's infant fog-whistle invitation.

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