

BROADWAY JONES

BY EDWARD MARSHALL WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY
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SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual flirtation of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. Alvin Jones, his uncle, 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. Judge Spotswood informs Broadway that Spotswood left him by his father's will. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

A year passed. Broadway carried three bank accounts, two of them not very large and seldom checked upon. The third was in New York's all-night bank. He kept busy. "I feel as if I ought to see the sun rise often," he explained. "Sunrises are so beautiful."

He seldom heard from Jonesville in these days. Judge Spotswood sometimes wrote to him, his uncle never. For a time he had endeavored to keep up a correspondence with the girls, but this had languished through his own exceeding occupation at more pressing matters and Josie Richards' sorrowful conviction that he did not tell her, in his brief, infrequent letters, about all the girls whom he was meeting in New York.

His first shock came when the All-Night bank wrote him a letter, asking him to call and talk of his account, and this did not occur until four years had vanished in the haze of Broadway's lights. It was his uncle's letter that he read, and he sat straight in his chair and blink at a cold dash from a seltzer bottle sometimes had when he had needed it. Rankin, entering, asked him if he had a pain.

"You bet I have," said he. "And I'm afraid it's serious."

"Shall I call a doctor, sir?"

"No, call a banker."

Rankin, puzzled, withdrew carefully. He had learned to step with catlike tread when he discovered that his master was in serious mood. He had no wish to anger him. No butler in the history of butling had ever had a place so utterly ideal. Pickings plentiful; work trivial; all life had been consigned to Rankin since he had encountered Broadway Jones.

The day of the bank's letter was the first after he had reached New York when Broadway did not go about his gay and simple routine of up Broadway in the afternoon and down Broadway at night, with movements so timed that they made long pauses near the Circle and near Forty-second street seem natural. He went home before five.

When Rankin ventured to express surprise at his return to the apartment that day, he snarled at him.

"Go to the devil, Rankin!" he suggested when he lay down.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir," said Rankin and withdrew.

He reached the kitchen with a face so troubled that the Japanese boy, who had sought domestic service here with (judging from his wages) the commendable intention of patriotically sending home, each year, enough American money to build a warship for his nation's navy, showed interest.

"What is mattru, Ranken?" the sympathetic Oriental queried.

"I know men," said Rankin, "and if I didn't know that Mr. Jones is really a millionaire—made it out of chewing gum, his family, I'm told—I should say he was hard up."

The Japanese boy stared politely; he did not understand at all.

"Of course he's not hard up," Rankin continued. "No hard-up man could have sworn at me as he did just now. It can't be money, so it must be women."

"Limlin," said the Japanese, who had not mastered w's.

"Lemons," Rankin granted. "You're almost right. I never saw a man more popular. He spends his money like he didn't care for it, and does it well because that, I never saw a bed, I had a chance to see his arm. Quite muscular it is—just as it felt when he was joking with me."

The next day, by chance, while visiting the kitchen, Rankin had a sudden inspiration. "I wonder if he is in love?" he pondered. "That Mr. Herriot that I attended just before he married that grass widow was an absent-minded—oh, quite absent-minded, quite! Now, which one—"

Rankin suddenly came to a stand in horror. Even to the small and very yellow cook it was plain that tragic thoughts had flashed into his mind.

ed, was talking with the first vice-president of the bank. The man seemed rather serious-minded, although on that previous occasion when he had marked the beginning of their acquaintance, when Broadway had gone to open his account with just two hundred thousand dollars, he had been geniality itself.

"I merely wished to have a little talk with you—Mr. Jones," said he. "You know your balance is—er—running rather low."

"Is what?" said Broadway, in amazement.

"Is running rather low."

"You don't mean that I've—"

"You've drawn rather heavily against it."

"But it was strong enough to stand a terrible strain."

"Not quite strong enough to stand without a protest the strain to which you have subjected it, Mr. Jones. It's not exhausted, but it's—"

"Getting tired?" Broadway himself supplied the words.

"About that. You have not been having it written up, you know; I thought perhaps you didn't realize the figures. I've had them all made out for you."

Broadway took one swift look at them, then sank back in his chair and took a longer look at them. "Well, I'll be—!" he ventured.

"I was afraid you'd feel that way. I only thought you ought to have a bit of just how things are running. Young men lose track of things sometimes. I've known it to occur before."

Jackson scarcely saw Broadway when he went out of the gray building, and it was the first time he had ever trodden Broadway without seeing and admiring it.

"Hello, Broadway!" cried a merry voice from just beyond the curb. It was a blonde voice, and issued from a natty little motor car with a sedan-chair top. Broadway had bought that motor car and given it to the blonde voice. "Let me put you down somewhere?"

"I'm not feeling very fit. You might take me to the morgue."

"Just in; we'll make it the Knickerbocker."

But the Knickerbocker had no charms for Broadway at that moment. He made his stay as brief as possible in the bright restaurant.

"Dollie, darling," he said gloomily. "I don't need a restaurant, today; I need a hospital. How would you like me, Dollie, honestly, if I was broke?"

"You? Broke?" She laughed.

"No; seriously. How would you like me?"

"It's nonsense; but you know what Shanley does to broken dishes."

"The bank can. Eh?"

"It wouldn't be for you, of course; but—what's the use of being Mr. Grump? Brace up! Come on up to Churchill's and we'll drinky-drink it out."

But Broadway would have none of such a plan as that. He went to his apartment, and, rummaging in every drawer and pocket, collected every bill which he could find. There were a hundred of them, ranging in all sorts of figures and for all sorts of articles, from diamonds to gasoline, from charity to fare. The arrival of the sympathetic Rankin, who believed his master had a headache, with a note from Mrs. Gerard, interrupted the bookkeeping which, for the first time in his life, Broadway had begun. It had not been encouraging, as far as he had gone.

Broadway defended rather hotly. An idea, so terrible that it was fascinating, had occurred to him.

"She might have gone to school with your grandmother. It makes me sick to see her ogle you. I think she wants to marry you."

Broadway burst into a laugh which he was well aware was quite too loud, too cackly and too hollow; he feared acutely that his friend would recognize its falseness.

"To marry me! Ho, ho!" Instantly his manner changed. "But I don't like the way you speak about her, Bob. Remember—we have just enjoyed her hospitality!"

"Enjoyed it! Speak for yourself, old man! If I had known where you were going, do you suppose I would have gone with you? I can meet grand-mother's schoolmates at the Old Ladies' home. I don't have to go to dinner with them."

"Now, Bob!"

Wallace burst into a laugh. "I believe it is pure charity," he guessed. "You are trying to make others happy. You smile on her as you would throw a dollar into a Salvation Army cash pot around Christmas time."

"Bob, I'm thinking about getting married."

His friend sat straight and looked at him in dumb amazement for a second. "Married? And is grandma in some way related to the bride who may be?"

"Bob, I need—"

"Almost he had told his friend he needed money; but he had not the courage. To confess poverty on Broadway is like confessing murder in a church."

"Need what?"

"A rest. I'm going to—er—take some sort of a vacation. Don't know what. Maybe back to the old home. Anyway, you won't see me around for quite a little while."

"Never mind, old chap! I'll tell them all that you have had to go away on business. Go somewhere and get straightened out. You need it. There's something wrong with you, or"

He wrote a letter to his uncle explaining that investments had gone wrong and that he needed a small loan of fifty thousand dollars for three months. He was sure that if he got this he would be enabled to find some way out. By return of mail he had an answer in an envelope which strangely bulged. He opened it with trembling fingers and a package of Jones' Pepsin Gum fell out.

"Chew this and forget it," said the cheerful note which Uncle Abner had wrapped round it. It said further: "I'm going to Europe for five years. Don't bother me again. You've made you, now lie on it."

That was the last straw. Without the least idea of what he wished to do, the frantic Broadway started out to find some work by which, at least, he could earn honestly his board and keep.

Wall street offered nothing, for when he went down to see his friends there his courage failed entirely and instead of asking them to find a place for him he bought them, one by one, expensive luncheons.

He went to neighboring cities, hoping there to find some means of getting food to eat without getting it on credit, and there he had some strange experiences which lasted several days. But, while he just escaped the uniform of the Salvation Army, he did not find work and wandered back to Broadway, the apartment and more debt.

He had no profession, knew no trade. Half crazed with the obsession that he must no longer run in debt, he decided to sell out the flat, discharge the servants and do menial labor. Running through the list of his abilities he decided, with frank self-contempt, that about the best which he could do was help in a hotel as bellboy. He knew too little about mathematics to keep books; he never would succeed as desk-clerk. But he could not bring himself to try to get a job of that sort—it would too often bring him into contact with the folk he knew.

One afternoon, while wandering in an aimless funk upon a side street, he saw a card in front of an apartment house announcing that an elevator boy was wanted. He rushed in with alacrity and determination—and at the very threshold met Mrs. Gerard, who had been calling on a friend there. Instead of asking for the job he took a drive with her.

It was while this drive progressed that the sordid, vicious tempter def-

initely seized him in his toils. The ancient but vivacious dame was very affable—most agreeable indeed. She was not motherly; she was flirtatious. And she accompanied her coquetry by a shrewd exposition of the magnitude of her unquestionably enormous wealth. It staggered him.

If he had not at the moment had a simple little Josie Richards' letter in his pocket he might have been swept under. A thousand times he had discovered the necessity of assuring himself, as he traveled up and down Broadway, that he did not care for Josie Richards. She was not the sort of girl who captivated one who knew life as he knew it; she was dear, but she was simple, unsophisticated and what he most admired was wide sophistication; he thought as little of her as he could, but now she popped into his mind and made him edge away from the aged, wealthy widow.

When he went back to the flat he found awaiting him new sheafs of bills, none pressing him—mere statements. The rumor had not started that he was not good pay. Broadway still delighted in him, still endeavored to induce him to accept its credit. This gave him new distress; he knew himself—he knew he would go out that night and run more debts.

Suddenly he knew what to do. It came to him without an effort of the brain. It was a tragic inspiration.

Without a word to Rankin, stealthily and secretly, he went forth into the afternoon in his smart runabout, still driven by the taxi cabman, who now regarded him with something akin to worship, and sought a gunshop and a chemist's.

In the former he made purchase of a large, grim, blued-steel automatic pistol of the largest caliber they had in stock, and secured one box of cartridges. It seemed a waste of money, which by rights was definitely the property of creditors, to buy so many cartridges, for he should need but one! However, he feared that to ask for one would pin attention to him and frustrate what he had in mind, so he put the heavy box into his pocket. It made it sag outrageously, which very much annoyed him. No man on Broadway was more careful of his clothes. But what, after all, did a sagged pocket matter now?

At the chemist's he secured an ounce of bichloride of mercury, which had been fashionable of late among smart suicides. He had no difficulty in obtaining it. This eased him and a further satisfaction grew out of the fact that though it held potentialities as deadly as the automatic gun and cartridges could hold it made a little package, not heavy in the least, and so did not sag the other pocket, where he placed it very carefully.

As he whirled uptown in the runabout he frequently felt the deadly things.

He liked the feel of neither of them. The revolver was so hard and business-like, the pill bottle was so slipper-ly, so cold and heartless! What an end was this for Broadway Jones!

Again seated in the little study, he solemnly reviewed his life. He saw no points at which he had made very great mistakes, save the important one of thinking that a quarter of a million is a lot of money in New York.

"I've been nothing but a piker," he reflected, "and I've acted like the trade-marked article. I ought to get it in the neck and I am going to get it in the neck."

This unpleasantly reminded him and he creased the neck wherein he was to get it. Never, in the past, when he had used that slang expression had it really suggested his own neck. Now it made his flesh creep and his blood run cold behind his collar.

"Well, here goes!" he whispered, and took out a pill, afterwards arranging the revolver, which was already loaded.

He held the pill between the fingers of a tremulous left hand; gripped in his faltering right he held the weapon. "Here goes!" he said again—and Rankin rapped upon the door.

Hastily he hid the dreadful evidences of his dire intention. "Come in!" he feebly called.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In Praise of Poverty.

It seems a matter of universal desire that poverty should be abolished. We should be quite willing to abolish luxury, but to abolish honest, industrious, self-denying poverty would be to destroy the virtues which enable our race to reach a still higher civilization than it now possesses.—Andrew Carnegie.

English Prince, Now King, Not Above Doing an Obliging Thing for the Professor.

When Professor Vambery, the famous Orientalist, whose death occurred recently, arrived at Sandringham on a visit he received a message that Queen Alexandra wanted to see him.

He decided to wash his hands first, so he went to his room and rang the bell to ask for hot water. No one came, though he rang the bell repeatedly.

Then there came a knock at the door and a youth entered. "Do you want anything, professor?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the professor, "I have been ringing for some hot water."

"Wait a moment and I'll get you some," was the obliging reply. The boy disappeared, returning in a few minutes with a large jug of hot water which he placed on the washstand. The professor thanked him and he withdrew.

After he had washed the professor

described to pay his respects to his royal hostess, but after a few minutes' conversation he was surprised to see his "hot water" boy come up to the group.

"Ah, professor," Queen Alexandra remarked, introducing the boy, "this is my son!"

After that the professor nicknamed the boy, who is now King George V., "The Royal Jug Bearer."

French Humor.

"French humor is a little too broad for us—and, when it isn't broad it is apt to be disgusting."

The speaker was a playwright who has adapted so many French plays. She continued:

"A Frenchman told me a joke the other day. He said two rustic sweethearts were walking out together. The girl remarked:

"I like you very well, Gaston; all except those letters, G. S., tattooed on your hand."

"But," said Gaston hotly, "don't you know, my dear, that it's the latest style to have your initials on your handkerchief?"

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Funny Newspaper Article Traps Hungry Vagrant

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Dawn was breaking and the streets were very still as Policeman McCarte proceeded along his beat on Golden Gate avenue, near Fillmore street. At midnight, five hours before, when Policeman McCarte, having just reported for duty stood in line with his fellow patrolmen in the assembly room of the Bush street police station, the lieutenant instructed the watch to be particularly on the look out for milk and paper thieves.

Policeman McCarte suddenly remembered the warning of his superior officer as he was gazing at the reddening sky over Oakland and he heard a hearty peal of laughter issuing from some point halfway down the block.

Hearty laughter at dawn when the laughter is not of a maudlin character is an extraordinary phenomenon. This laughter had the tone of sobriety, of appreciation and seemed to proceed from a mirth that bubbled up like a mountain spring in the winter season.

McCarte pulled himself together quickly and hastened down the block on tiptoe to investigate.

In the middle of the square he found a remarkably dirty, bewhiskered tatterdemalion seated coolly on the front steps of a residence reading the morning paper which he had picked up and chucked continually as he read. The vagrant made quite a picture. In his right hand he held a bottle of milk which he had half emptied and which from time to time he would place to his lips and take a luxurious sip of the beverage.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the vagrant arriving at another funny point in the article, then gazing upward, magnified no doubt by McCarte's scrutiny and seeing no mirth in the eyes of McCarte's, "Come wit you?" said he as if McCarte had spoken when as a matter of fact the latter had so far uttered not a word. "W'y sure. Wait'll I finish de here milk. De loidy wotent use wot's in de bottle now, anyway. Say, afore we go chust pipe dis here article, will yer?"

Five hours later the newspaper was Exhibit No. 1 in the case before Police Judge Sullivan, wherein the vagrant was charged with petty larceny.

Gift From Budapest Puzzles St. Louis Officials

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Some kind friend has sent the secretary of the city council copies of the Budapest Szekes fovarok-Kozigazgatasi Erkovnye and the Adatok Aljarwanos Belegesek Es Az Ovinzetkedeseki Kerdeshes-Kulonos Tekentettel A voshenyre. Secretary David W. Voyles is vehemently demanding explanations from somebody. The package looked innocent enough and purported to come from Washington, D. C. The only thing Voyles is right certain about is that the things are books. They open and shut, have covers, and the pages are numbered. Otherwise—

Anyway, the council members refuse to become interested in them. No one has discovered a single line that looks as if it might refer to the free bridge or the billboard ordinance. So far as can be told, there is no reference to the high price of butter and eggs.

Every man who has tried to pronounce a word in the volumes has sprained his tongue. Opinions are divided as to just what the language is in which they are written. Magyar, Sanscrit, Turkish and plain Bohemian are some of the suggestions, with all indications favoring the latter guess. Whatever the books may contain they were written by a Dr. Thuring Gustav of Budapest, who did not spare words.

Here is a sample passage: Az ekkent megallapott koltsagvetest, valamint a kozsegi adopletek kul-sanak folemeselet a beugyminiszter ur 1908. evi aprilis 30-an kelt 64.467 III. sz. a kelt leirataval hagyta joval, amelyben azonban kiemelt annak szuksegessaget, hogy az eddigre a kolcsontpenzkelet fozdotok, voltakppen azonban a rendes ev kezdes terfolt kepezot osszegek reszletekben visszatertesen, valamint hogy az lor nem latott rendkivuli kiadasok fejezete meg-felolloben javadalmaztassak.

Voyles is considering giving the books to the janitor.

This City Cow Qualifies as a First-Class Militant

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Special Policeman James Boyd of East Pittsburgh doesn't want a job as a cowboy. There's nothing to it! He couldn't qualify. He tried the other day and failed.

Came to the ears of the East Pittsburgh police the story that a stray cow was in the Brinto district and that foreigners were putting a crimp in the dairyman's receipts by milking bossy by turns. Boyd was sent to investigate.

He found the cow—easily. But taking her back one mile to the police station—well, that's another story. Here it is: Boyd hobbled Bossy so that she could not run away—he thought. He then tied a rope to her horns and the other end about his waist. They started well, but in crossing the Pennsylvania railroad at Braddock avenue the cow fell in the middle of the track. Boyd heard a passenger train approaching and the cow lay on the track. He was still tied to the cow. By an almost super-human effort Boyd dragged the animal from the track just as the flyer whizzed by. Once across the track the cow was relieved of her hobble. When they had gone down Braddock avenue a short distance, she became dissatisfied with the slow pace. Boyd couldn't keep up. He tripped, fell and was dragged some 50 yards before he could unwind the rope from his waist.

All went well until the Pennsylvania railroad arch bridge was reached. Here the cow refused to move from a spot under the bridge and directly in the middle of the single car track. Traffic was tied up for half an hour. Boyd and the street car men coaxed and cussed. At last by sheer "elbow grease" the animal was lifted across the trolley tracks.

It was after noon when Boyd and his "prisoner" arrived at the police station. The cow is under the special care of Burgess Shields until such time as the owner of the animal appears.

Indiana Girl Awakes to Find Her Tresses Gone

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—When she was called the other morning, Thelma Long, ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Long, 822 East Georgia street, walked into her mother's bedroom, sleepily rubbed her eyes. Her mother held up her hands in horror and demanded:

"Why, Thelma, what have you done with your hair?"

The girl hastily put her hands to her head and found instead of the long flowing locks, the pride of the entire household, only short, stubby bristles. She ran to a mirror and burst into tears.

Mrs. Long, believing the disappearance of the hair was due to a childish prank, enquired and threatened, but Thelma declared that she did not know what had become of the pretty golden-brown tresses, which were 15 inches long and which she had worn when she retired.

A hasty investigation was made and a door leading to the girl's bedroom was found open. "Burglars!" exclaimed Mrs. Long. But nothing except the child's hair was missing from the home. Mr. Long called police headquarters, and Detectives Simon and Dugan were sent to investigate. They admitted later that the case had them "stumped." The detectives have something of a reputation as "confessors," but they could not get Miss Long to admit that she knew what had become of her treasured locks.

"I loved them too much," she declared when it was suggested that she had cut them off herself.

To add to the mystery, members of the family declare that a dog which is kept in the house at night had been quiet, and that he surely would have caused a disturbance if thieves had entered.

Millions for Defense.

A negro had heard of Charles C. Pirkney's famous words, "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute."

Some time later he was crossing a field on foot and an angry bull chased him.

He made a tremendous effort to get to the fence first and this is what he said: "Millions for de fence, but not one cent for de brute."

Spanish Dignity.

Dignity is the prevailing instinct among every class in Spain, says a woman who has spent much time in that land of romance. The very beggars ask for alms with dignity and if

him. He said a tremendous effort to get to the fence first and this is what he said: "Millions for de fence, but not one cent for de brute."

Spainard—"Go, thou with God; I have nothing for thee today."

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