

BROADWAY JONES

EDWARD MARSHALL
FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY



SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. Abner 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 \$250,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway makes record time in heading for his favorite street in New York. With his New York friend, Robert Wallace, Broadway catches 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 works without success. 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 elderly widow, wealthy and very glib. Wallace expatriates with the aged flirt and her youthful fiancé, but fails to better the situation. He learns that Broadway is broke and offers him a position with his father's business, but it is declined. Wallace takes charge of Broadway's affairs. Broadway receives a telegram announcing the death of his uncle Abner in Europe. Broadway by his sole heir, Prince Pembroke, of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company offers Broadway \$1,200,000 for his gum plant and Broadway agrees to sell.

"Sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars." "Spending money, my boy," said Broadway grandly. "Spending money." "With that he sprang out of his chair and rushed about the room with joy upon his face and showed his deep contempt for little things by breaking several costly vases, throwing six American Beauty roses in the waste basket and tossing cushions here and there." "One of an especial elegance he threw out on Broadway, never looking to see whose head it softly lighted upon." "What's the matter with you?" demanded Wallace. "Going crazy all over again?" Broadway paused in his extraordinary movements. "Do you know what I'm going to do from now on? I'm going to make the loudest noise Broadway has heard since Dewey came home from the war."

"What are you talking about?" Jackson looked him kindly in the eye. "Know what happened after you had left the room? A messenger boy with golden wings and a jeweled harp blew through that window, handed me this telegram and flew right back to the Golden Gates." He thrust the telegram at Wallace. "Read, read, read!" The dazed Wallace read aloud. The reader paused. "God!" he exclaimed. "Did he sign it?" Broadway begged, without the slightest incredulity. "It's signed Judge Spotswood. Who's he?" "My uncle's lawyer." "This is a joke!" "If it is I'll make a reputation as a gun man!" "Why, this is the most wonderful thing that ever happened!" "It is all of that, and more. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to buy Brooklyn—and close it up!" But Wallace was not swept away by his extravagance. He really was a business man. "Pembroke," he reflected. "Why, he phoned. I took his message."

"He was here. Say, did you ever hear of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company?" "Why, certainly. They're the biggest advertisers in America." "Well, he's second vice-president. He's coming back at two o'clock." "What for?" "To bring me a check for twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars! I'm going to sell him Jones' Peppin." "Instantly the business man was up-ermost in Wallace. He became alert, suspicious. "He made that offer?" "Yes." "And you accepted?" "Yes." "Sign an agreement?" "Not yet." Wallace spoke now, with the firmness of a heavy hammer striking on an anvil. "And you're not going to?" Broadway gazed at him aghast. "Why?" "Now, don't give me any argument. You've been a damn fool all your life and here's a chance to get even with yourself."

"Turn down a million two hundred thousand dollars!" "Yes." Broadway shook his head. "Not on your biography!" Wallace was not impressed. "What you need is a keeper, and I'm going to take the job." The telephone rang, and as Broadway would have answered it Wallace pushed him ruthlessly away. It was plain that he had definitely assumed command. The message was from Judge Spotswood. As soon as Broadway learned this he explained that he had called the judge and wished him to come at once to New York city. Wallace gave him one sad glance of pure disgust. Then he told the judge exactly otherwise.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued. Jackson was in a fever of excitement. "Well, come on then. Let's get them! What are you waiting for? Let's get this all over with as quickly as we can." "Do you mean business?" "Certainly I mean business." Jackson gazed at him with definite reproach. "Don't I look like a business man?" He displayed the sack containing Rankin's hat at this business suit! He felt in his pocket, found what he sought and was extremely satisfied. "And I've got a lead pencil and everything. Certainly I mean business." "You'll sign the articles today?" "For twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars I'd sign a murderer's confession!" Pembroke, who never smiled, looked at his watch. "It's twelve o'clock."

"We've Got to Make a Train." "I'll be right here, waiting." "Will you shake hands with me?" "Sure! I'll kiss you if you want me to." Even this would not divert Pembroke to frivolity. "Mr. Jones, you're doing business with a great company." Jackson nodded. "You're the greatest company I've ever met!" "Two, then. Don't forget—two!" "Twelve! Don't forget—twelve!" "Good-by!" "Good-by!" Jackson went with him to the elevator, watching his every movement with something which approached in its brooding care an anxious mother's. "Be careful when you cross the street! Good-by!"

"Never mind what he says. You tell him he must stay. I wouldn't have him go for all the world. Go out and raise his salary and give him my regards. You understand?" "Yes, sir." "Say, come here. Where do you live when you're not here?" "In Harlem, sir." "Got a flat?" "Yes, sir." "Like this furniture?" He waved his hand at the extremely ornate contents of the room. "Beautiful, sir." "It's yours."

"Oh, thank you, sir! Anything else?" "No, what else do you want? Get out! Don't bother me, I'm a business man." He hurried to the telephone, laughing very earnestly, as if he really liked to laugh. "Give me long-distance, please. Hello, long-distance; hello, long-distance. I want to talk to Jonesville, Conn. Jonesville. J—o—there, you've got it right. Judge Spotswood, attorney at law, Jonesville, Conn. Yes; this is 2463 Huxley. Rush it, won't you? Thank!"

As he sat and contemplated with a smile of great intensity the tips of his slim patent-leather shoes, Wallace, having done his task, returned to him with a grave face. "Well, said he, almost discouraged, 'I've figured it all up, and the best that I can do makes the grand total sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars.'" "How much?"

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CHAPTER VII. Jonesville was in mourning. Broadway's departed uncle had inspired not much affection; he had not been one to care to; but for many years, to the workers in the factory, he had been a sort of business deity—the semi-providential head of the great enterprise through which they gained their livelihood. The folk of Jonesville had neither loved him nor revered him; he had been a sort of elemental necessity to their peace of mind; they had, so to speak, leaned with a feeling of security upon his stubbornness, knowing he would never sell out to the gum trust; if he did not sell out to the gum trust the factory would operate; and in its crude, undeveloped way, he merry. Now that he was dead, a feeling of uncertainty spread a mild panic through the little town.

The judge was waiting for the two men in the hotel corridor. His worry over what the new owner of the factory might decide to do about the perfectly well known trust plants was quite as keen as anyone's, but his dignity forbade that he should make display of it. It was something of a relief to him when Broadway hurried to him from the hotel office and held out his hand, although the boy's appearance was a shock to him. He remembered him as Higgins' mother had described him and as the dapper, boyish youth who had aroused the wonder of the town with patent-leather shoes and new dance steps. This pale, extremely urban man, young still, naturally, with a face which told untoward tales of night experiences such as were not written upon any face in Jonesville, no matter what its age, nonplussed and confused him. He had expected normal changes; he saw metamorphosis.

"Judge," said Wallace, who, although a stranger, was first to grasp his hand. "I'm glad to see you." There was a harassed look upon his face as if he

"Well, if we can't have supper in our rooms, I suppose we'll take it where we can," he granted, determined that if Broadway really came back to

RENT OF FIRST IMPORTANCE Decision of Massachusetts Judge May Have Created a Decision That Will Be Far-Reaching. When a landlord lets an apartment with heat, how many degrees of Fahrenheit is he supposed to furnish? May the tenant leave the windows open to admit fresh air, and then complain because the apartment is not warm enough? If neither the janitor nor the landlady heeds his complaints may the tenant justly refuse to pay rent? Or is he liable for the full amount until the expiration of the lease?

When he remonstrated the landlord said something to the effect that if the tenant would shut the windows the apartment would be warm enough. It appears from this case that while a man may elect either to freeze or to breathe impure air, he must pay his rent. Sexton is Shrewd. Among the tourists who travel through France, a considerable number visit the cathedral at Rheims, a magnificent example of Gothic architecture. In the tower there is an enormous clock, and it is the sexton's business to wind it every day—a very tiring job, as the weights are naturally extremely heavy.

Home-Made Silver Polish. Some of the bought silver polishes are very destructive. A harmless and effective home-made preparation consists of half a pound of whiting sifted into a bowl, to which are added two ounces of spirits of turpentine, one ounce of spirits of wine, half an ounce of spirits of camphor, with one tablespoonful of household ammonia. Mix the ingredients thoroughly and bottle. In polishing apply liberally to the silver with a soft cloth or brush and then allow it to dry, after which rub off with a soft cloth and polish with chamols. One Advantage. "There's one consolation about the present drama." "And what's that?" "When I get old and am a grand-mother I don't believe my grandchildren will be able to take me to a play that will shock me."—Detroit Free Press.

DEVICE THAT FOILS FORGER Authenticity of Paintings Now Can Be Fixed by New Methods of Photography. Important indeed is the news that one Dr. Laurie, a London professor of chemistry, has discovered a method of photographing pictures that will enable him—and other people—to decide with the certainty hitherto lacking whether they are or are not the works of the men to whom they have been ascribed, the New York Times states. Every true art lover knows the grating apprehension he is constantly in lest by some sad chance he imagine merit in a picture that only pretends to have been painted by a eminent or authority has failed to make this cruelly humiliating mistake at least once, and one of them is quite enough to embitter a lifetime. Given a single unquestionable authentic masterpiece, Dr. Laurie declares that he can decide infallibly that another is or is not by the same hand.

This will raise a criticism to a new and high level—that of the receiving-teller in a bank in judging money—and enable us all to know, not guess, what pictures to admire and what to scorn. Automatic Professor. The automatic professor is a mechanical means of teaching language which has just been introduced and which promises to become a favorite because of the ease and convenience with which it enables one to acquire a language. The device consists of a combination of the phonograph with a piece of mechanism which operates a reel on which are printed words and sentences so that the student is enabled to see the word at the same time that he hears it. The phonograph alone has already been utilized for the teaching of language with some success, but the efficacy of the new combination is much greater and the student acquires a greater familiarity with the language, both written and spoken, in less time. It is also applicable to elementary instruction in music.

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No Cheeseparer. The late George A. Hearn, the New York millionaire art collector, was noted for his generosity to his employees. To a reporter who once congratulated Mr. Hearn on the high wages and unusual comforts that his employees received Mr. Hearn said: "I don't believe in cheeseparing economy in the treatment of those whose hard work makes a man's success. Cheeseparing economy, applied in that way, seems to me as mean and paltry as the Yonkers man. A Yonkers man was summoned from his evening paper, by his wife's frightened cry: "George, come quick! The cook has tried to kill herself inhaling gas!" "Good gracious!" growled George, as he rushed to the kitchen, leaped over the cook's prostrate form, and turned off the gas—good gracious, think what the gas bill will be this month!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

COLDS

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Presence of Mind. A tramp called at Mr. Cobb's house one morning. "I've walked many miles to see you, sir," he said, "because people told me you were very kind to poor, unfortunate fellows like me." "Indeed!" said the old gentleman. "And are you going back the same way?" "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Well," said Mr. Cobb, "just contradict that rumor as you go, will you? Good morning."—Lippincott's.

MADE YOUNG MOTHER WORRY Something Surely Was Wrong With Baby According to Her Lament to Friends.

Anybody could see with half an eye that the young mother was worried. Her efforts to conceal it were futile. "What is it?" they asked sympathetically. "Is anything the matter with baby?" "O, yes!" half sobbed the gentle creature. "It's all about baby. I am so concerned about him." "Is he sick?" "No, no. At least, not yet." "Has he met with any accident?" "O, no." "Has he developed any undesirable traits?" "No, no, no. None of those. It's worse than any of those, and it's worrying me to death. Baby is three years old—here the young mother stifled a sob—"and he wears only three-year-old sizes in everything!"

FACE BROKE OUT IN PIMPLES Falls City, Neb.—My trouble began when I was about sixteen. My face broke out in little pimples at first. They were red and sore and then became like little boils. I picked at my face continually and it made my face red and sore looking and then I would wake up at night and scratch it. It was a source of continual annoyance to me, as my face was always red and spotted and burned all the time.

Easy to Find Out. "Does your father object to kissing?" "I don't know. Shall I tell him that you would like to kiss him?"

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Rooster—What's troubling you, my dear? Hen—I've mislaid an egg.—Judge.

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