

# BROADWAY JONES

BY EDWARD MARSHALL WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN



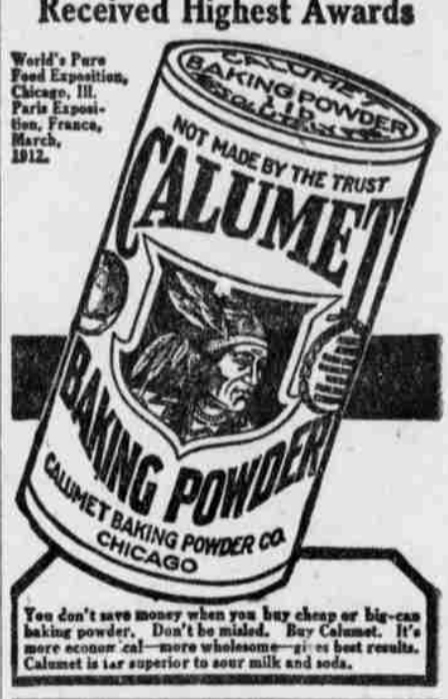
## STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

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**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. Alvin Jones, his brother, 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. He meets 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 quickly makes work without success. Broadway gives what is intended to be a handout to a very young man, and before it is over becomes engaged to Mrs. Gerard, an ancient widow. Wallace takes very good care of the situation. He warns that Broadway is broke and offers him a position with his father's advertising firm, but Broadway declines. Wallace takes charge of Uncle Albin in Europe. Broadway is his sole heir. Peter Pembroke of the Consolidated Chewing Gum plant and Broadway agree to sell. Wallace takes the affair in hand. He tells Broadway to hold off for a bigger price and rushes him to Jonesville to consult Judge Spotswood, who was Uncle Albin's attorney.

"The best chewing gum in the world!" She looked at him with the serious light of real reproach in her incomparable eyes. "I don't think there's any doubt about it, Mr. Jones. The trust people realize it. If they don't, they certainly wouldn't be willing to pay a million dollars for it."  
"They're willing to pay more than that for it," he told her, feeling for the first time a real interest in the conversation. Before that he had been absorbed only by the conversationalist. "Twenty hundred thousand they've offered."  
She was not pleased. "I didn't think you knew that," she confessed. "They made that offer to your uncle several months ago."  
"But what I've got to find out is this: Am I in a position to hold out against the trust for a bigger price? You see, a friend of mine advises me to hold out. Is business good, right now?"  
"Why, yes. We did over a hundred and twenty thousand dollars last month."  
"This was exciting news, and it excited him. 'A hundred and twenty thousand dollars' worth of business last month! Can I go down to the bank and get that money now?"  
She laughed at his commercial ignorance. "Why, certainly not!"  
For an instant his heart sank as he contemplated saying what he felt that he must say, and which he felt deep because he felt that the confession he must make might possibly destroy the good opinion of him which he hoped had renewed in her peculiarly lucid mind. But there was something in her eyes that gave him confidence. And there was nothing for it but confession.

As she picked up a little shopping bag with which she had been armed when she came in, she evidently was reminded of something, for she began to fumble in it. Presently she found what she was seeking, and produced a small tin box, round and highly decorated. She handed it to Broadway, who received it as if it had been something of high value.  
"This is our latest," she explained. "I don't think you've seen them. Jones' Peppin Wafers. Good night, Mr. Jones."  
Dazed and with the box held loosely in his hand, he gazed at her retreating back. "Good night—er—er—Miss Richards."  
After she had gone, while Broadway stood gazing after her, the box of Peppin Wafers still held loosely in his hand, the judge said cheerfully: "She's a nice girl, isn't she?"  
"Is she?"  
"Well, how did she strike you?"  
"An awful blow."  
"An awful blow?"  
Broadway caught himself. He realized that such talk would not do. He tried to dodge the inference. "No, no," he protested. "I mean her eyes. Her eyes are awful blue."  
The judge smiled satisfiedly. "Everyone in this town is just mad about her."  
"They ought to be," said Jackson. "Have another cigar," the judge suggested fervently.  
This brought Broadway to his senses. Those cigars! "No, I thank you. I've got some gum here. But I wouldn't mind having another glass of lemonade."  
The judge was pleased. "Why, certainly, my boy. I'll go and get it myself."  
Broadway spoke up hurriedly. "No; don't do that. Ask Mrs. Spotswood to make it for me, won't you?"  
"Sure," said the genial judge. "And I'll tell her that you asked me. It'll tickle her to death."  
At this point Wallace returned. He went to Broadway with his business air exceedingly in evidence.  
"Say," he said earnestly, "I've got a real knockout surprise for you, young fellow! Pembroke was waiting at the office of the hotel. That was his man he sent here. He knew we were leaving New York before we started. He was telephoned to from the Grand Central station. That's how skillfully they work in these mad days of frenzied finance."  
"He didn't wait to take a train—he came by motor. And just to show you what a smart little fellow you are for wanting to close at their price on today, I, who represented myself as Henry Wilson, your secretary, have given them till eleven o'clock tomorrow to close the deal at fifteen hundred thousand dollars."  
"He's burning up every telegraph

and telephone wire between here and Cleveland right now, and unless I miss my guess, I'm making you richer by several hundred thousand dollars, just proving to you the value of patience. Fifteen hundred thousand dollars! A million and a half!"  
He had been leaning tensely forward in his chair. Now he cast himself backward in an attitude of satisfied ease.  
"What do you think of that?" he asked.  
"Bob," said Broadway slowly, "I can't sell this plant."  
"You can't!" It was an exclamation of amazement.  
"You don't know," said Broadway dreamily, "you haven't heard. Now, just think of what I'd be selling. Here's the thing my grandfather worked for and handed down to my father; and the thing my father worked for and handed down to me; and it's the thing that I should work for and hand down to my children, and then to theirs, and so on and so on."  
Wallace looked at him with incredulity too great, at first, for words. When they finally came they were explosive. "Say," he cried. "What the h—'s the matter with you?"

**CHAPTER IX.**  
On the way to the hotel, after they had left the judge's house, Broadway tried to tell Bob Wallace what, indeed, was the matter with him, but could not, for he had not the least idea.  
"Do you really mean to keep the plant?" asked Wallace skeptically.  
"Yes, and pass it to my children," said the dazed young gentleman.  
"You haven't any children, you confounded ass!"  
"And they'll pass it to their children," said the coming magnate of the chewing gum trade.  
"I think you're crazy."  
"Bob, it's a cinch. But let me tell you. And he tried to, with but slight success."  
Wallace was a shrewd young man. "Is it your conscience or the girl that has driven you insane?" he asked.  
"I'm thinking about Jonesville. My grandfather built this town."  
"Well, he made a blamed bad job of it. Why didn't he build a place a man could get a decent drink in while he was about it?"  
"And my father kept it going."  
"Well, he didn't keep it going very fast."  
"And now I've got to keep my faith with it. It is a sacred duty. I must not abandon it."  
"Say," said Wallace, in disgust. "Where did you get that stuff? Have you gone out and tried to get a decent drink here? This town ought to be abandoned. It ought to be put out of its misery."  
"The trust would close the plant and ruin all these people."  
"You'd think they were first cousins, to hear you talk about them."  
"Bob," Broadway chided in a soft and earnest voice, "they are far more than that; far, far more than that. They are charges placed by Providence in the care of the Jones family. And, Bob, I'm the last of the Joneses."  
"Let us hope there'll never be another like you."  
"There'll never be one more earnest, you can bet on that, Bob!"  
They were in a shady stretch of Main street, and at night, a shady stretch of Main street, Jonesville, is about the darkest spot on earth outside of Africa.  
"Let's stop right here, in the dark, till you get over it," said Wallace. "It's late, but there might be some mad-dened, joyous Jonesville roisterer to see if you went into the light."  
"I mean every word of it. There are no roisterers in Jonesville; they're all honest workmen, horny-handed gum makers, toilers for the fortunes of my family. That's why I'm protecting them."  
The horny hand of some insane asylum guard will be upon your shoulder if you don't watch out."  
"Ha, ha! Ha, ha!" laughed Broadway somewhat cacklingly.  
"I think you're going to be violent!" said Wallace. "He'll probably need both horny hands. But he'll subside now. Now, try to give me some coherent notion of what's the matter with you, will you?"  
"I've awakened to my duty."  
"Time you did; you've had a nice long nap. What do you see, now you have aroused?"  
"A pleasant little city, working happily at well-paid industry. I'm the paymaster. A great nation, wagging tireless jaws. They're chewing the Jones gum. Jones' gum, mind you; not some

**CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.**  
"I've explained to Mr. Jones, Josie," said the judge, "that the affairs of the plant are entirely in your hands. You can give him a pretty good idea of how things stand without the books and figures in front of you, can't you?"  
To Broadway's grief he sat down comfortably.  
"Well, hardly, judge," said Josie, smiling at him in a way which pained Broadway, for it seemed certain to cement the jurist's firm intention of remaining with them for the balance of the evening. It seemed to him that this was inconsiderate.  
"The old gentleman told me," the judge explained, "that the works showed a profit of about forty thousand dollars last year. Is that right?"  
"Oh, it was more than that."  
This distracted Jackson Jones' attention even from the color of her eyes. More than forty thousand dollars!  
"It was!" he said, with an elongating gesture of the neck and a side head twist which were habitual with him in moments of delighted surprise.  
He drew his chair a little nearer even than it had been. Eyes were all right enough; but, after all, forty thousand dollars! And possibly the eyes thrown in! Had he been lucky to escape the bonds of wedlock with the ancient widow? Verily, he had!  
"It was nearer fifty. If I remember rightly," said the pretty business woman.

"Well, that wasn't so bad, now, was it?" exclaimed Broadway.  
"Why, no," his fair informant granted, "considering that we've been fighting the trust all the time. I think it was perfectly remarkable."  
"Do you?" inquired Broadway, with the eyes of faith, as if he were quite willing to accept her judgment upon all things.  
"Why, yes; don't you?" Her forehead had a pretty, earnest pucker that almost unmanned him.  
"Sure, I think it is," he made haste to agree. "What do you think about it, judge?" The judge must be brought into the talk, of course, as long as he was there.  
The judge settled back into his chair and looked complacent. "I always said it was the best chewing gum in the world."  
"We are talking about profits, not about the gum," said Broadway, and Josie burst into a rippling laugh which he felt sure was of the sort which makes among angels when something makes them happy on the golden streets.  
There was that in this speech which penetrated to the depths of the judicial system; it served as light to show the judge what might be going on. Although he had been comfortably settled for a long hour's chat about a subject which intensely interested him, he rose abruptly and stood looking down at them.  
"Well!" said he, and laughed. "You talk it over, now, with Josie. I'm—I guess I am a poor hand where figures are concerned." He moved slowly toward the door, and smiled at every step. "I want to ask mom about something, anyway."  
Jackson Jones was really embarrassed for a moment when he found himself alone with this old friend of his youth, this simple little country girl. But he knew it wouldn't do; he was certain that it was absurd. To kill time he referred back to what the judge had said about the gum.  
"Can you beat that?" he inquired.

**CHAPTER X.**  
The judge was waiting at the office of the hotel. That was his man he sent here. He knew we were leaving New York before we started. He was telephoned to from the Grand Central station. That's how skillfully they work in these mad days of frenzied finance.  
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**BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME**  
Bushman's Clever Strategy Saved Him From Becoming a Meal for Prowling Lion.  
The little Bushman of South Africa is not only small in size, but to the European he appears feeble in mind. Yet there is the story of an encounter between a Bushman and a lion which, according to a correspondent of Harper's Weekly, shows a man cool in danger and fertile in resource.  
The Bushman, who was a long way from home, met a lion. The animal, sure that he had his victim completely in his power, began to sport with him with a feigned playfulness that the little Bushman failed to appreciate. The lion would appear at a point in the road, and leap back again into the jungle, to reappear a little farther on.  
The Bushman did not lose his presence of mind, and presently hit upon a way to outwit his foe. Aware that the beast was ahead of him, the Bushman dodged into the jungle to the right, and quietly awaited the next move. When the lion discovered that

the man had suddenly disappeared from the path, he was perplexed. He roared. Then he espied the Bushman peering at him over the grass.  
The Bushman at once changed his position, while the lion stood irresolute in the path, following with his eye the moving black man. The little man rustled the reeds, vanished, and appeared at another point.  
The great brute was first confused, and then alarmed. It began to dawn on him that he was the hunted party. The Bushman did not let the lion collect his startled wits. He began to steal gradually toward the foe, who, now, in a complete state of doubt and fear, turned tail, and ran ignominiously from the field.

patched the valuable communion service to London to be melted down.  
Fortunately, the rector learned of the affair in time and personally acquired the articles. Subsequently they passed from his widow into the hands of her nephew, Rev. Henry Burnley, and a short time ago were purchased and presented to the parish by an anonymous donor. They have now been solemnly rededicated in the presence of a large congregation.—From the London Globe.  
**Law Aimed at Injustice.**  
Bank clerks and matrimony have been the subject of legislation by the Australian parliament. The assembly has approved of a new clause in the criminal code bill, by which any person or corporation, prohibiting, under threat of dismissal, the marrying of any employe over twenty-one years of age, will be liable to a fine of \$1,500, or three months' imprisonment. The clause is the outcome of evidence in the arbitration court that the Western Australian banks prohibit the marriage of clerks receiving under \$1,000 per annum.

**WHEN POTATOES WERE NEW**  
Ignorance of French Cook Came Very Near Putting Them Out of Commission as an Edible.  
In France, arrangements are being made for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Parmentier, whose name is inseparably associated with the introduction of potatoes as a popular comestible of France. Louis XVI. promised to help him to launch them by giving a banquet at which they were to be served as an attractive novelty; but the royal cook unfortunately misunderstood the instructions given to him. Instead of boiling the tubercles, he cooked the leaves as a kind of cabbage. The courtiers, after trying every imaginable sort of condiment with the preparation, pronounced the dish detestable, and declared that no persuasion would induce them ever to taste it again. Inquiry, however, detected the error which had been made, and a second experiment brought the new delicacy into high favor.  
Do many remember that Mr. Dahl

introduced the dahlia into civilization with the intention of making the tubers of which it bears so good a crop substitutes for potatoes?  
**Lavender as Tobacco Substitute.**  
Sweet lavender is now on the market and on the side table and the smell of it is clean, sweet and delicious, says the London Chronicle "office window" man. "But did you ever smoke it?" This business of the tobacco trust worries the smoker who may have to pay more for his pipeful. Then comes the glad news that we are growing tobacco and even cigar coverings—in order to beat Sunatra at her own game. And also comes a Madrid professor, inquiring what the ancient Romans smoked. Fine pipes have been dug up in Spain from Roman settlements, but they have no trace of tobacco or opium. Yet they are adorned with bas-reliefs picturing the lavender plant. And in 1276—before tobacco came to Europe—a Spanish writer said that "whoever smokes lavender feels active, ardent and vigorous." But why is it that smoking never crept into Roman literature?

**Too Much Uplift.**  
"This uplift gets my goat."  
"How now?"  
"The world is getting too uplifted. Went to a party the other night. Instead of playing kissing games they sat around and discussed ethical questions."  
**Two Meanings.**  
He (in a rage)—That man is the biggest fool in the world.  
His wife (comforting)—Henry, Henry, you are forgetting yourself—Woman's Home Companion.  
**Realism.**  
"What has become of the emotional actress who wept real tears?"  
"Out of date," replied the busy producer. "What we are giving the public now is a leading man who swears real swear words."  
**A Discount.**  
Lady of the House—Half the things you wash are torn to pieces.  
Washerwoman—Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I only charge for them as one piece, mum.

the man who wants the earth is apt to get his share—if the mud throwers are on the job.

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100 Acres  
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60 bushels for barley and from 10 to 20 bus. for flax. Keep records in your country 5 years ago from Denmark with very little manure. He homesteaded, worked hard, in now the owner of 200 acres of land in 1913 had a crop of 300 acres, which will realize him about \$4,000. His wheat weighed 68 lbs. to the bushel and averaged over 25 bushels to the acre.  
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