

BROADWAY JONES

FROM THE PLAY OF
GEORGE M. COHAN

EDWARD MARSHALL
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

SYNOPSIS.

Jackson Jones, nicknamed "Broadway" because of his constant identification of New York's great thoroughfare, is anxious to get away from his home town of Jonesville. Alton 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 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 quietly seeks work without success. Broadway becomes engaged to Mrs. Gerard, an ancient widow, wealthy and very giddy. Wallace 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. Broadway receives a telegram announcing the death of his Uncle Alton in Europe. Broadway is his sole heir. Peter Pembroke of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company offers Broadway \$1,200,000 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. Broadway finds his boyhood playmate, Josie Richards, in charge of the plant and falls in love with her. Wallace is smitten with Josie Spotswood's daughter, Clara. Josie writes to Broadway that by selling the plant to the trust he will ruin the town built by his ancestors and throw 200 employees out of work. Broadway decides that he will not sell. Broadway visits the plant and Josie explains the business to him. He decides to take hold of the work at once.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Great Scott!" he said, aglow with genial satisfaction. "Talk about excitement! The whole plant is in an uproar."

"What is it, Judge?" the owner of the plant inquired.

"Why, didn't you send a message out there by Higgins?"

"Er—yes, I did."

"Well, that's what they're cheering about. The men are yelling themselves hoarse and the boys are dancing with joy." The judge was beaming like a full moon with gray tufts of hair above its ears. "You'd think Bedlam had broken loose. They're yelling for you, Broadway. Come out and let them see you."

Broadway was in a state of panic, of blue funk, of sheer, unspeakable fright. He ducked and looked about as if endeavoring to find that avenue through which escape would be easiest.

"No; not now, please," he begged pitifully.

They might have let it go at that had not the cheering within the works broken out afresh.

"Listen to that," the judge adjured him, and urged him with a happy hand upon his elbow.

His wife went to his assistance. "Oh, do go out and say something, Broadway!"

"Yes," the judge insisted, "come and make a speech."

"I can't say anything," said the miserable and frightened Broadway. "I never made a speech in my life!"

Josie, smiling gently, turned from them. When again she faced them she held in her hand the paper she had thrust so recently into that sacred, secret place. "Read this to them," she suggested.

He took it, but he did not see whence it had been extracted, although Mrs. Spotswood did. The eyes of matrons of her age are sympathetically attuned to signs of this sort, seeing them when others miss them. She smiled at Josie, Josie caught her eye and blushed furiously.

"Oh, come on." The judge now took a firmer hold on him. "It will make them all feel good."

His faithful wife went to his aid. She took the other arm of the acutely miserable youth, and between them they propelled him from the room, through the short length of a wide hallway stacked on either side with boxes full of chewing gum already packed for shipment, through a breathlessly hot engine-room, and into the main room upon the factory's ground floor.

Their appearance was the signal for an uproar of applause. The loudest cheering of the previous outburst was surpassed so notably that, by comparison, it had been whispering. In the enthusiasm of the moment men, women and the younger workers of the force lost all sense of reserve.

Broadway ceased to be that terrible thing, a new and untired being, who must be looked at carefully, addressed with caution and regarded with respect made up principally of fear. He was young; he had been fair to them; he was their economic savior.

They went mad, and, at first permitting him no opportunity to make the speech which he so feared, seized him as if he had been the winning player at a football game and bore him round the great room of the factory upon their shoulders.

There was affection in the strong arms of the men who lifted him; there were tears in many women's eyes which watched. Not only was this youth the boss; he was the young boss. They knew he had been plucky in his loyalty to them, rumors of the splendid offer which the trust had made had been circulated freely. He was accredited with that intention most admired by real Americans, and these workmen, in this old New England mill, were principally native sons.

He was not content to be an idler; he insisted upon buckling down to a man's job. And had he not decided to take up the burden of gum-manufacture largely through his feeling of responsibility to them and to the town? Financially the offer of the trust must certainly have been more tempting than the prospect of commercial battle which, even should it win, would inevitably involve a long, expensive and intensely wearing strain!

Would they ride him round and round upon their shoulders? Would they cheer him till the blood rushed to their heads? Would the woman want to kiss him and the youngsters look at him as if he were a species of superior being? Verily, they would. And verily they did.

In the meantime, in the office, Clara was left quite alone. She may have been aware that interesting things were happening in the factory, things which she would very gladly have witnessed, but beyond doubt she felt that something far more interesting—to wit, the arrival of Bob Wallace—was likely to occur at any moment in the office. She preferred the smiles of Wallace to the cheers of working-people, and she waited for them.

Wallace was not long delayed. She greeted him with cordial liking. "You didn't expect to find me here, did you?"

"Well, hardly. This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Mr. Jones will be back in a few minutes. He went out in the works to make a speech."

She gave this information with the air of one explaining commonplaces. To her everything, in deed, was commonplace, save Wallace. She held him the most extraordinary thing on earth. But he was utterly amazed. "To make a speech!" He burst into a roar

"They're Yelling for You, Broadway." of laughter. "Well, what do you think of that?"

She smiled at him. She cared nothing for the cheering, but she would tell him about it, because she liked to talk to him on any subject. "Well, you should have heard them cheering! They've made more noise than this old town has ever heard before."

"Yes, I dare say it is," he granted, as new cheers burst forth.

But he did not go to see the demonstration, which indicated to him that he must find something most attractive in this village belle's company. What other woman could have held him from the sight of Broadway Jones in his first effort as an orator?

composition it is now in the form of autinite, or uranium mica, so called because it is composed of thin flakes like ordinary mica, but has a greenish yellow tone that is unmistakable to the expert in such things. Radium is extracted from autinite in a very small way in Portugal.

The only important sources of radium known at present are the pitchblende mines in Austria and the carnotite deposits in Colorado. Formerly that carnotite ore was sent to Europe, to be used for making dyes from the uranium. Then it was found that the European purchasers were getting radium as well as dyes and there was a great rush to get the radium mines. A large part of the deposits have been reserved for the uses of medicine and science through the efforts of Doctor Kelly working in conjunction with the United States bureau of mines.

Replacing Delusions. If the popular imagination is to become heated to a point where it discerns an attempt at abduction in every "dizzy feeling" or momentary illness suffered by a young woman in a public place, it will be unsafe for a man to offer the slightest civility to any person of the other sex whom he does not happen to know. To assist a woman into a car will subject her to suspicion, and to let her get into a car will be to render her liable to arrest as a white-slaver.

Anatole France says somewhere that one result of getting rid of old delusions is that they are often replaced with others of worse aspect. This present phase of popular credulity on the subject would deserve to be regarded merely as silly if it were not for the tendency of an exaggeration of the fancied dangers of the evil to confuse the public mind about its real dangers.

Are Harvard Men Going Back? Twentieth century Harvard students are not as clever in the classics or the sciences as the freshmen of a century or more ago. The Harvard Alumni Bulletin, discussing the question, states that class after class 150 years ago contained freshmen 12, 13 and 14 years old. In the class of 1770 a boy was entered who was 11 years of age.

"Funny," he remarked, and smiled at her. "I was thinking of you as I passed the drug store just now."

She laughed delighted. "That's strange. I've been thinking of you, too!"

"Have you really?"

"Yes. Oh, those chocolates were fine! I ate them all before I went to bed." Then, reproachfully, "but you shouldn't be spending your money the way you do!"

He was unconscious of any mad expenditure of which she could be cognizant and, therefore, was surprised.

"What?"

"Mr. Jones told me that you were a regular spendthrift."

This from Broadway, the most famous spendthrift of New York's recent years! "When did he tell you that?" he asked, endeavoring to hide the meaning of his smiles.

"Just a little while ago. He said you spent over twenty-five dollars one night!"

For a second this extraordinary statement almost choked him. He had been with Broadway when that sum would have been regarded as a modest tip for a head-waiter.

"Oh, did he tell you about that night?" he asked, still carefully endeavoring to conceal the nature of his smiles at last.

And as he smiled it came upon him that for reasons which he did not understand as yet he should be sorry to have this particular girl learn details of some nights which he and Broadway Jones had passed together on the famous street they knew so well.

"Yes," she said, prettily admonishing, "and you mustn't waste it in that way any more."

She shook her finger at him playfully, but with a serious light of eyes behind the playfulness which seemed to indicate proprietary interest in him. It amused him—but he found it unmistakably pleasant, too.

The excited Sam came in. Sam always seemed to come at just those moments which without him would have been more interesting.

"He's—shaking—hands—with—everybody," he volunteered.

"Who? Mr. Jones?" asked Clara.

"Yes—Gosh!—He—was—afraid—to—make—a—speech!—I—bet—I—wouldn't—be—afraid!—I—ever—I—amount—to—anything—the—first—thing—I—m—going—to—do—is—to—make—a—speech—about—myself!"

Wallace laughed. "You've got the right idea, Sammy."

"You—bet—I've—got—the—right—idea!—I've—got—darned—good—ideas—if—I—ever—get—a—chance—to—use—'em!"

Clara was reproving. "Sammy, stop this constant talking about yourself!"

"Stop—your—own—talking!—You—don't—understand—me. I've—got—brains—I—have!"

"No one can tell," said Wallace. "Maybe he has."

"I'll—surprise—you—all—some—day!"

Clara smiled at Wallace. "Ain't it funny. He really thinks he's going to be a big man."

"Well, maybe he will," said Wallace, considering Sammy's bulk reflectively, "and then, again, he's liable to fall away to almost nothing."

She laughed, delighted at his humor. "Oh, I see what you mean! You're always joking, aren't you?"

"Aren't I the cut-up, though?" he gently gayer her.

It was very silly, and he knew how very silly it was, but, none the less, the city man enjoyed the persiflage with this red-cheeked rural maiden. In the extraordinary ebullition of his spirits he reached out his hand for hers, found it, and stood swinging it. She blushed, he laughed. He was really burlesquing a flirtation, but she did not know it, nor was the impulse of his foolery entirely burlesque. He was very much confused when an amused cough from behind them told that Josie had come in.

He whirled. "Oh, good morning, Miss Richards!"

"How do you do, Mr. Wallace?" She smiled with definite satisfaction. "Mr. Jones is causing quite a sensation in the works."

"So I understand."

"Shall I tell him you are here?" asked Clara.

"I wish you would, if it isn't too much trouble, Miss Spotswood."

"Not at all. I'll be only too pleased." She smiled at him. "Nobody ever calls me anything but Clara."

Wallace felt that he was most emphatically in clover. "Oh, you Clara!" He was a large young man, with a large, smooth-shaven face, particularly broad. It was one happy smile.

but, believe me, his mind was made up when you got through with him last night."

"She was very earnest. 'Oh, it means so much to me!'"

"Any way, I think he'd be a fool to sell."

"You do?"

"Certainly. A proposition which showed the profit this did last year—without any advertising! Why, it's wonderful!—I know what I'm talking about. I'm with the biggest advertising firm in New York city."

"But we couldn't afford to advertise, except in a small way," she said in explanation of what he evidently thought their lack of enterprise, "and the big firms wouldn't take a petty contract."

"Why didn't you try the Empire Agency?"

She shook her head. "We did. They refused to handle us at all. They do most of the Consolidated's work, you see. I guess that was the reason."

He was quick to deny this. He did not wish anyone to think that the great Empire Agency would favor one concern to the extent of shutting out another in fair competition.

"Oh, no," he confidently asserted, "we don't make that sort of agreements. No corporation can dictate to us. The Empire's my firm. My Governor's its president."

"Oh, well, then, perhaps, you know all about it." She evidently did not care to be so firmly contradicted.

This danted him. "You say they refused to handle your work?"

"Absolutely."

For a moment he stood lost in thought, then suddenly reached a resolution of importance. "May I use your 'phone'?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Give me long distance," he demanded of the operator; then, while he was waiting, he turned back to Josie, saying almost angrily: "That's a pretty rotten trick, if it's so—to squeeze the little fellow out like that. You're absolutely sure it was the Empire?"

"Yes; we tried all the big advertising firms."

"There isn't any other big advertising firm," he valiantly declared. His business patriotism was unquestionable. "If there was we'd whip it over to the Empire in pretty quick shape."

The receiver, which he held at his ear, showed signs of life. "Hello, I want New York," he told the operator. Then, to Josie: "What's this number?"

"Two-two Main."

"This is two-two Main, the Jones plant," he informed the operator. "All right. Get them for me as quickly as you can."

After hanging up the receiver he turned gravely to Josie. "There must be some mistake about this," he assured her. Evidently he was seriously worried about the charge of favoritism brought against his firm.

"I have all the correspondence, if you'd like to see it."

"I'd like to see it very much."

"I'll have it here in a very few minutes. Excuse me."

Fortunately for his telephonic endeavors there had been a period of quiet in the outer factory. But now, as the crowd approached across the vast workshop adjoining, from a visit to the other portions of the plant, the roar of cheering was renewed. He went to the door and opened it, looking into the workshop. Almost at the door were the Judge and Mrs. Spotswood and, just behind them, Broadway. They were smiling happily and proudly. He was somewhat wilted, but elated. He rushed forward, grasping Wallace's hand, greatly to the latter's surprise.

"I've shaken hands with everybody in the world," said Broadway.

CHAPTER XII.

The celebration over, the mill once more settled down to that industrial peace which is accompanied by the deafening roar of machinery, the clamor of the busy hammer on the nail, sinking home in packing boxes, the shouts of workmen and women forced to thrust their words above the strident medley which surrounds them.

There was new life in the old mill. New confidence had taken place of fear and fierce antagonism in the hearts of hundreds, an esprit de corps had been born suddenly such as had not existed in that factory for many years. In one happy sentence of his bashful speech Broadway had struck a keynote. He had said:

"And—er—now, you fellows, keep your brains—er—busy with this situation. I have bucked the Trust. I've bucked the Trust for you and the old town. Now if you don't help me beat it to the ropes, stagger it, blind it, pulp it, put it down and out as the all-powerful force in the gum-industry, it's going to wipe me off the map, and when I'm wiped you're wiped."

"I've fought for you, and lots of folks will say I am a fool for doing it. If you start in and fight for me; if we both fight heart and soul and night and day to win against the wildest competition that was ever known in chewing-gum, we WILL win. Anything else means our sponge in the air and a call for doctors and an ambulance, or more likely, undertaker, for Jones' self-sacrifice? Would pity and charity have any scope in a painless world? Would a world in which no one deserved pain be a moral world at all? We must not shrink pain, for it is in itself beneficial and part of God's ordering of the world. It is a great purifier; we cannot get rid of moral evil without it. When the pain ends gain ends. Success is rooted in apparent failure, and in the highest pleasures there is always an undernote of pain."

Replenishing Menageries. Trapping of wild animals for zoological gardens is a much larger business than many would imagine. Mr. Hagenbeck alone employed more than 20 European hunters, and during the last few years he established numerous depots where freshly caught animals are sent. He has five in Alaska, three in Africa, several in Europe and one in Siberia. It was his belief that the trade will be fully maintained for some time to come, in account of the many zoological gardens that are being built in all parts of the world.—London Globe.

WRONG TO SHRINK FROM PAIN

Eminent English Divine Points Out How its Action is for the Benefit of All Mankind.

An address dwelling upon the value and benefits of pain was delivered by Doctor Inge, dean of St. Paul's, at the annual meeting of the Southwark branch of the Charity Organization society, says the London Globe.

Pepsin Gum, its owner and two men who work for him."

"These words had struck home. The workmen had all understood their truth; furthermore, they fully recognized the justice of the burden Broadway laid upon them. Workmen are fair; they are fair in old, little towns like Jonesville than they are in great industrial centers, where the element of personality has passed out of industry and the worker is a cog, while the owner is an unseen and mysterious power. The men had shouted wildly that they all would help and meant it. After he had left the shops they had reiterated among themselves the pledges of their fealty, and they meant them then.

Sweethearts, that day in the Jones plant, would have scornfully rejected sweethearts who showed any sign of reason to the young proprietor; fathers would have thrashed a son who sneered at Broadway; mothers would have chided daughters (more likely would have spanked them fiercely) who offered slurs upon what had occurred. The capacity of mixers, cookers, drawers, molders, cutters, stackers, drawers, packers, boxers, shippers, increased as if by magic. For their hearts were in their work; they were hustling for the boss who had declared his firm intention of hustling for his workers.

Therefore in the works everything buzzed and hummed and banged and clattered with a pleasurable and contagious enthusiasm. In the office there was a warm glow of satisfaction, but Broadway's smile, after the ladies had departed, Clara and her mother to make calls and pass the joyful news about the town triumphantly, Josie to attend to necessary details of her duties, became somewhat weaker than it had been.

He had gone into the fight, but was he going to win the fight? It was fine to fight, undoubtedly, but it would be painful to get licked. His knowledge of the business world was amply represented by the figure "0." The Trust's knowledge of the business world was represented by the figure "0" and then another figure "0," the two preceded by the figure "1."

They knew 100 per cent. of that game of which he knew absolutely nothing. He had defied them, shied his hat into the ring, and now was obliged to chastise them drastically. He sighed, thrust his neck out stiffly, and said, trying to be cocky, but, now that the excitement had died down, realizing that it would be easy to be gloomy:

"Funny Pembroke isn't here."

He proposed to scorn that person, he was keyed up to a mighty candle-power of hot contempt, but he wanted to get it, to get it over with, before his energy had oozed away.

"He'll be along," said Wallace.

"Is it eleven, yet?"

"Just."

Out came Broadway's neck again. He was even rather nervous. "What are we going to say to him when he gets here?"

"Remember that you promised to let me handle him," said Wallace warningly. "He thinks I'm your secretary."

The judge saw that they were worried. "If you boys want to talk things over I'll skip alone."

"No, stay here, Judge," Broadway urged. "We may need a lawyer."

The judge's face glowed with his satisfaction.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Borax Water for Stains.

Keep upon your toilet table a bottle of borax solution, made by dissolving a teaspoonful of powdered borax in a pint of hot water. When the first suggestion of soil appears upon any of your light cloth gowns rub the spot with a piece of absorbent cotton wet with the solution. This simple operation will remove dust, mud spots and perspiration stains. It is better than gasoline or naphtha, as its application does not leave the ugly circle of stain that so frequently follows the use of other cleaning fluids.

Only occasionally when the streets are locally flushed can the conditions of our streets be compared with those abroad, where street cleanliness is one of the first principles of city administration.

Generous Gift to City.

An excellent example of an endowment that will be a source of continuous improvement to a city, and at the same time a continuous memorial to its founder is the Ferguson Monument fund, administered by the trustees of the Art Institute of Chicago.

Mr. Ferguson, a public-spirited citizen of that city, gave a bequest to the Art Institute the income of which is to be used for the erection of monumental sculpture, which shall serve to ornament the city. Thus every few years a great work of art will be erected in that city.

Playing Card Output.

According to official figures, about 6,562,000 packs of playing cards were sold in Germany last year, exclusive of those exported. This is equal to a daily average of about 18,000 packs.

Unavailable.

"A pedestrian always has the right of way."

"Yes," replied the timid man. "But what's the good of a right of way that's all filled up with moving vehicles?"

Excusable Mistake.

Patron of Cheap Restaurant—Here, waiter, what's the matter with this coffee?"

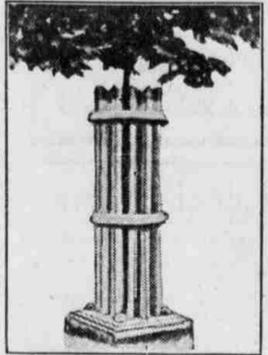
The Waiter—That ain't coffee—that's your drinkin' water, sir, fresh from the lake.

HOME TOWN HELPS

PROTECTS THE GROWING TREE

Concrete Box is Ornamental and May Be Removed When No Longer Necessary.

To protect growing trees with some degree of permanency, the use of concrete bars and rings, reinforced by steel bars and rings, a singularly pleasing design, resulting. The concrete tree box lends itself readily to decorative features, and color may be introduced to harmonize with foliage or house coloring. When the tree outgrows its narrow box, it is no great matter to remove the concrete and release the steel bars. While the first cost is somewhat higher than a good wooden box, the lasting quality of the concrete make it worth while.—Popular Mechanics.



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TIME TO THINK OF BEAUTY

Department of Agriculture Gives Good Advice on a Most Important Subject.

The appropriate use of trees, shrubs, vines, and herbaceous plants in the adornment of city, village, suburban, or country home grounds gives a charm and beauty which are interesting and pleasing to the passer-by as well as to the occupant of the home, says the U. S. department of agriculture. Plants are a means of expressing restfulness and beauty. Their gradually changing aspect with the succession of the seasons heightens their pleasing effect and relieves monotony. The changes which occur in the life of vegetation during the year have caused man to speak of the stages of human existence as the "spring," "summer," and "autumn" of life. The leaf, the branch, and the flower, as well as the general form of the plant, manifest a grace and beauty which art endeavors to copy. While art cannot take the place of nature, it nevertheless plays an important part in teaching us to see and appreciate the beauties of nature.

Man should first provide for his necessities, then for comforts, and finally for pleasures. In a new country such as ours, the expenditure of time and means for the adornment of grounds has naturally received too little attention. The people have been necessarily concerned with acquiring lands and buildings. But a stage of development has now been reached when Americans should give more attention to the embellishment of their home grounds.

Street Cleanliness.

Perhaps the most striking difference noticed by the American tourist abroad between American and European cities is the cleanliness of the streets of the latter, particularly in such places as Berlin and Dresden.

Clean streets, as the term is understood abroad, are unknown in the cities of the United States. The dirtiness of our streets both in summer and winter, with their clouds of dust charged with disease germs and filth of all kinds, makes walking almost intolerable and imposes on storekeepers and housekeepers a burden of cleaning that is far more expensive in the aggregate than would be the proper and systematic cleaning of the streets.

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1st First in Everything

First in Quality First in Results First in Purity First in Economy

and for these reasons Calumet Baking Powder is first in the hearts of the millions of housewives who use it and know it.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois, 1912. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



NOT MADE BY THE TRUST CALUMET BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO

AND IT WAS SO ORDERED