

# BROADWAY JONES

FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

EDWARD MARSHALL

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

[Continued.]

Jackson winced. He reflected that this showed the gratitude, the cherishing regard of the workmen. His uncle had just gone to his reward and now, because he, the heir, in a moment of decent impulse, had done the square thing by them, the faithful laborers were quite content to follow their old friend's obsequies by torch-lights borne in glory to the new one while brass bands played ragtime!

Josie had looked up the correspondence with the Empire Advertising Agency, and now gave the letters she had found to Wallace.

He looked at them, frowned, shook his head and bit his lip, very much astonished, very much annoyed. "It's the Empire, all right," he was forced to admit. But before he had a chance to read the letters, Sam came in, tramping like a little elephant, threw back his massive head, half closed his eyes and roared:

"Mr.—Pembroke—and—Mr.—Leary—to—see—Mr.—Jones."

"Tell them to come right in," said Broadway. His neck thrust this way and that—two thrusts in honor of big business.

Wallace smiled. "Judge," he said, "did you ever see a man refuse to take a million and a half?"

"Not yet."

"Well, watch the little professor, over there." He nodded toward Broadway. Then, to the man of whom he had been speaking: "Sit at that desk and look business-like."

"In that chair?" asked Broadway with determination. "Not after what he said! And then he sat there, and he died." No, I'll die standing up.

"Shall I go?" asked Josie.

"No; please don't."

Then Pembroke entered, trailed by a sallow person, young in years, old in expression, and bearing in his hand

"Those were my instructions," Jackson answered, never wavering.

"I should like to understand the reason for so unusual an arrangement."

"Well," said Jackson, "you want to buy something that I own. He's the salesman, that's all." He paused, wondering at his own great brilliance. "John Wanamaker owns a store, but he doesn't wait on the customers, does he?"

This was unanswerable. It dumfounded Pembroke; it delighted all the other hearers, saving only the two secretaries, who were bent above their tasks with nervous diligence.

Broadway himself laughed outright.

"How was that?" he asked Wallace in a whisper.

"You're immense, on the square," said Wallace, with intense appreciation.

Pembroke was not thus impressed. He was offended. He was evidently ready for offence from any quarter.

"You are flippant, sir," he said with a grave scowl. "You gave me your word that the deal would be consummated at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. The price was settled and agreed upon by both of us."

Jackson sat in silence, regarding him with an innocent, unwavering attention which very greatly disconcerted him.

"I returned by appointment to your New York apartment, with my lawyers and papers ready to sign, and upon inquiring from an insolent butler as to your whereabouts I received the information that you were on your way to Egypt."

"Good old Rankin!" muttered Broadway, and decided, then and there, to raise his butler's wages once more.

"He said the only word that you had left for me was a profane request that I go to—er—well, I'll not repeat it."

"I'll make that raise a twenty, not a ten," Broadway reflected.

"Believing you to be a man of integrity," Pembroke went on, "unfortunately for me I had no witnesses present at our closing of the bargain."

Broadway continued to smile expansively.

"Still," said Pembroke, "I ask you, as man to man, is your word worthless?"

Broadway looked at him with an intensity of gaze which required three stretchings of the neck to bring about.

"When I'm doing business with unscrupulous people, yes," he answered.

Pembroke, shuddering, turned to his stenographer. "Have you got that, John?" And John nodded.

"Got that, Henry?" Broadway demanded of his man. And Henry nodded.

Then Broadway walked the floor, keeping the astonished Pembroke fixed with a glittering eye. That careful, able, very modern business person was rather notably surprised by the young man. Somehow he seemed to have developed since the hour, so short a time before, when first he had encountered him in New York city.

"When I fell for your rush football business methods yesterday and agreed to sell," said Broadway, his voice assuming an extraordinary sing-song, to his friends unusual, to himself astonishing, to Pembroke disconcerting, and, in later years, a celebratory thing, "I wasn't aware of the low, contemptible tricks to which your company had stooped in order to put my poor old uncle out of business."

His voice thrilled with feeling when he used those touching words "my poor old uncle." His "poor old uncle" would have been emphatically surprised had he been there to hear that thrill.

"I didn't know it was the result of the business blows you'd dealt him that sent him to his g-r-a-v-e." (I am endeavoring, by means of hyphens, to indicate the lingering, scathing emphasis which Broadway, this day saturated in the soul of oratory, was giving now to certain words.) "I didn't know it was the purpose of the concern with which I was dealing to throw out of work hundreds of men that owed to that thing I was selling their very means of livelihood, food for their babies, education for their growing sons and d-a-u-g-h-t-e-r-s."

Even Wallace looked at him amazed. The tremolo, the emphasis, the feeling which Broadway was putting into this extraordinary line of talk to the trust agent were all new and beautiful to him.

"Lots of things I didn't know yesterday, Mr. Pembroke," said the young man in conclusion, "but I've found them out since then, and that is why I've broken my word."

Pembroke's impassiveness was ruffled; there was not the slightest doubt of that.

On Josie's face there was a look of admiration which was balm to Broadway's soul; the judge had listened with a mouth continually opening wider; Wallace was frankly triumphant.

"You didn't think that I could talk that way, did you?" asked Broadway of his adversary. Then, to Wallace: "How was it?"

"Great!"

[To Be Continued.]

"We're Not Going to Sell. We're Going to Fight."

a new stenographer's notebook and a little group of finely sharpened pencils, which he carried as if they might have been small, very deadly weapons, to be used in time of need upon his master's enemies.

"How do you do, Mr. Pembroke," said Broadway with what he conceived to be great dignity.

"Mr. Jones," said Pembroke, bowing formally.

Broadway waved him to the fatal chair. "Sit right down here," he urged.

"No, thank you," Pembroke countered.

"He's on!" Broadway whispered to Wallace.

Gravely Pembroke bowed to all the others of the party, murmuring as he did so, their names. But as he bowed to Wallace he said "Wilson."

"Wilson?" said the judge and Josie in astonishment and concert.

Bob winked at them. "Yes; that's right," he hissed. "That's my name."

This over, Pembroke turned to his stenographer, who had found a seat upon an office stool. "Take the entire conversation, John," he directed. This feazed Broadway for an instant but he recovered quickly. Was he to be outdone by this emissary of the Gum Trust in presenting evidences of suspicion? Not if he, Broadway Jones, was kept informed of what was going on, he wasn't. He pointed to a youth whom he had seen about the office frequently, and asked Josie: "Stenographer, is he?"

She nodded.

"What's his name?" asked Broadway, in a whisper.

"Henry."

Broadway was content. With a grand air and several protrusions of the neck, he ordered: "Take the entire conversation, Henry." Outdone by anyone like Pembroke! He thought not!

"Are we to talk in the presence of all here?" asked Pembroke calmly, coldly, disapprovingly. He was very cautious.

"I'm satisfied, if you are," Broadway answered. "Sit down, judge."

"Very well, Mr. Jones," said Pembroke gravely. "Mr. Jones, I am not in the habit of doing business through hirelings." He cast a scornful glance at Wallace, who smiled sweetly at Broadway.

"Your Mr. Wilson, your secretary as he represents himself to be, and whose impertinence, by the way, is beyond description, has had the audacity to state that I should have to do business through him or not at all."

will finish his work on the engine, which he now considers about perfect.

Mr. Mohler formerly resided in this place, where he and his family are well known and have many friends. He is a brother of Grant M. Mohler and Mrs. Geary Brenner, both of Mechanicsburg, and Mrs. Lincoln Hollar, of Harrisburg.

When I fell for your rush football business methods yesterday and agreed to sell," said Broadway, his voice assuming an extraordinary sing-song, to his friends unusual, to himself astonishing, to Pembroke disconcerting, and, in later years, a celebratory thing, "I wasn't aware of the low, contemptible tricks to which your company had stooped in order to put my poor old uncle out of business."

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[To Be Continued.]

## Mechanicsburg Man Who Will Return to Business Place in City of Mexico



ALEX. B. MOHLER

Special to The Telegraph

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Feb. 5.—Alexander B. Mohler, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mohler, of this place, who paid a farewell visit to his parents on Sunday and who has been in the United States for the past six months, will leave with his wife and son Byron for his home in Mexico City, Mexico, sailing from New York city on Thursday and landing at Vera Cruz, Mexico. Two daughters, Misses May and Thelma, will remain as students in college near Boston.

Mr. Mohler has large business interests in Mexico City, where he and his brother Frank are prominent dealers in automobiles, conducting a well-equipped garage. During the recent revolutionary disturbances their place of business narrowly escaped being shattered with shot and shell, being located where the heaviest fighting took place when the city was besieged.

An important invention has recently been patented by A. B. Mohler in England, France, Mexico and the United States which is attracting attention of the largest automobile manufacturers in this country and Europe. This is a noiseless high-powered engine, running with twice the power and covering twice the distance ordinarily achieved by engines on each gallon of gasoline. While in the States his time has been occupied in demonstrating the engine in the largest cities. Upon its return to Mexico he

## AMUSEMENTS

**MAJESTIC**

Kirk Brown and His Company.

To-day, matinee—"Brown's in Town."

To-night—"The Two Orphans."

To-morrow, matinee—"The Middleman."

To-morrow night—"The Merchant of Venice."

Saturday matinee—"The Two Orphans."

Saturday night—"The Wall Street Detective."

Evening, February 10.—Mme. Bessie Thomashefsky in a new play, Wednesday, February 11, matinee and night—"Brewster's Millions."

**ORPHEUM**

Keith Vaudeville—Every afternoon and evening.

**COLONIAL**

Vaudeville and Pictures—Every afternoon and evening.

**"THE TWO ORPHANS"**

When the repertoire for the week's engagement that Kirk Brown is filling at the Majestic now was first announced only one performance of "The Two Orphans" was in the list, but owing to so many requests being made for an evening performance of this everlasting old play, a change was made in order to give same to-night. So the many admirers of Kate Claxton's greatest success and the one that has been presented more times than any other with the exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," will be able to see this bill to-night. The play is used in the one in seven acts and contains all of the many beautiful scenes. The famous river Seine, the grand ballroom, the church scene, the snowstorm, together with the complete costuming, that has made this the best dressed play in the city, will be presented, being the only time that this bill will be given, while at night "The Merchant of Venice" is underlined.—Advertisement.

**MME. THOMASHEFSKY**

Old-time Yiddish plays given in the Yiddish by Yiddish players, have been coming to Harrisburg for the past three years, but it remained for Mme. Thomashefsky to put them on a paying basis. She presented "The Country Boy" here. She will be at the Majestic Tuesday evening, February 10, in one of her late successes, the same that she has been giving in Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and other cities.—Advertisement.

**NOVEL PANTOMIME ACT**

"The Darling of Paris" is the biggest spectacle ever presented at the Or-

## DOG DOING TANGO

Murray's Comedy Canines, the only dogs in the world that dance the tango, come to the Colonial to-day. Speaking of wonderful animal attractions, this troupe of dogs is second to none. Their clever comedy canines are just as funny as they are clever. The dogs dance, have tea parties and create undulating fun in a beautiful stage setting made to represent the interior of a restaurant. On the same bill with them will be a dainty violinist and something new in the way of an original soap bubble novelty.—Advertisement.

**VICTORIA THEATER**

"The Lost Diamond" is a three-act feature picture showing what disturbance a magpie caused in the home of a rich man. He picks up a diamond and carries it to another room and a servant is blamed for the theft. He joins a band of thieves and goes to Africa and saves his master from death by slaying a fierce animal. After the diamond has been found he receives a letter to come back and he is received with open arms. Another big feature to-day is "The Woman Pays," and is heralded as being one of the best.—Advertisement.

**HAMMELBAUGH SECRETARY OF STATE SCHOOL SECRETARIES**

Permanent organization of the Pennsylvania State School Secretaries Association was effected yesterday afternoon by the election of R. E. Peffer, of Easton, president; W. J. Flynn, Erie, vice-president; D. D. Hammelbaugh, this city, secretary, and W. T. Norton, McKeesport, treasurer.

The executive committee are: F. L. Bensinger, Franklin; Joseph Rovinsky, Jeannette; H. T. Judd, Bethlehem; John Hains, Shamokin, and John C. Penrod, South Fork. The committee on legislation consists of Charles H. Moyer, Johnstown; T. P. Wenner, Allentown; H. F. McCloud, Mahanoy; Rees F. Davies, Edwinstown, and A. L. Castle, Chester.

## GIRLS! CLEAN AND BEAUTIFY HAIR NO DANDRUFF—25 CENT DANDERINE

Stop Washing Hair! Try This! Makes it Glossy, Soft and Abundant

Besides beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; invigorates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it as directed.—Advertisement.

## Conservationists to Confer Here Tomorrow

Discussion of plans for legislation to be asked of the Legislature at its next meeting will be brought up at the executive committee and advisory board of the Pennsylvania Conservation Association to be held to-morrow at the Harrisburg Club. Among those who will be here are: A. B. Farquhar, York; Gifford Pinchot, Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, State health commissioner; Dr. Henry S. Drinker, president of Lehigh University; J. Horace McFarland, president of the American Civic Association; the Right Rev. J. H. Darlington, H. D.

W. English, Pittsburgh; and Miss Florence Keen, Philadelphia.

**COMMITTEES APPOINTED**

Special to The Telegraph

Mechanicsburg, Pa., Feb. 5.—On Tuesday evening the following committees were appointed at a meeting of the board of managers of the Mechanicsburg Library Association: Ways and means, James J. Young, Eugene A. Burnett, J. Williams Brandt, Mrs. Alice Starr Hauck and R. H. Ross; books, D. E. Kast, W. J. Geyer, Guy H. Lucas, George L. Wenk and E. C. Gardner; call, H. M. Kamhaus, Miss Ida G. Kast, S. E. Brenner, C. H. Smith and H. M. Hess.

## Don't Fuss With Mustard Plasters!

There's no sense in mixing up a mess of mustard, flour and water and getting everything all muddled up when you can so easily relieve that pain or soreness with a little clean, white MUSTEROLE.

MUSTEROLE is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, combined in the form of a pleasant white ointment. It takes the place of the out-of-date mustard plaster, and will not blister!

MUSTEROLE gives instant relief from Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Tonsillitis, Croup, Stiff Neck, Asthma, Neuralgia, Headache, Congestion, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Aches of the Back or Joints, Sprains, Sore Muscles, Bruises, Chills, Frosted Feet, Colds of the Chest (it prevents Pneumonia).

At your druggist's, in 25c and 50c jars, and a special large hospital size for \$2.50.

Accept no substitute. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c or 50c to the MUSTEROLE Company, Cleveland, Ohio, and we will mail you a jar, postage prepaid. (64)

MISS C. BLEADHIZER, nurse, Washington, D. C., writes: "I have used Musterole on patients and consider it fine."

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