

BROADWAY JONES

EDWARD MARSHALL FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

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A Pharisee

By REV. L. W. GOSNELL
Assistant to the Dean
Moody Bible Institute, Chicago



Rev. L. W. Gosnell

STOP THAT BACKACHE

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you awake. Pains persist when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story.



Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
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The Lost Roses of Sick Women

Life would be full of hope, and ambition would lighten your labor if you possessed that strength which you have a right to claim from nature.

STELLA-VITAE has put new hope into the hearts of thousands of despairing women every year for the past thirty years. It has renewed their strength, corrected their irregular periods, put the roses of health into their cheeks and given them back the joy of living.

Tutt's Pills
Possess these qualities, and speedily restore to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

Pettit's Eye Salve SMARTING SORE LIDS

New Evil Laid to the Cigarette.
Lucy Page Gaston of the Anti-Cigarette League recites the following case of "total depravity."

The Difference.
A Waco heiress had just announced her engagement to an impetuous Sicilian nobleman.

CAUSE AND EFFECT
Good Digestion Follows Right Food.
Indigestion and the attendant discomforts of mind and body are certain to follow continued use of improper food.

Gift of Spiritual Wealth.
I am startled that God can make me so rich even with my own cheap stores. It needs but a few wisps of straw in the sun, some small worms dropped or one that has long lain latent in a book—Thoreau.

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 zinc factory in which he succeeded to his father's interest. Judge Spotswood, informs Broadway that \$25,000 left him by his father is at his disposal. Broadway creates a sensation by his extravagance on the White Way. Four years ago Broadway suddenly discovered 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 and a telegram from his New York friends, and before it is over he is engaged to Mrs. Gerard, and a week later he is in a position with his father's advertising firm, but it is declined. Wallace takes charge of Broadway's affairs. Broadway is in a telegram announcing the death of his Uncle Abner in Europe. Broadway is the sole heir of Peter 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

him one sad glance of pure disgust. Then he told the judge exactly otherwise. "No," he called into the phone. "No. 'And this is little Jackson! Broadway way, we used to call you. Well, I'm glad to see you!' " "Thanks, judge." Broadway really was glad, and shook hands heartily, although the sybarite in him already was in strong revolt against the old hotel. "I'll go in and register, Broadway," said Wallace. "And I'll put you down as Mr. Jackson. No use in—"

"Yes, judge, approvingly. 'The town is all upset. There might be a riot.' " "I understand." "If it should get around that the old mill would be sold to the trust." The desk was near the door which led into the fly-specked corridor and the judge was listening as Wallace made terms with the clerk. "What'll you take now, Mr. Wallace?" said the clerk, after careful study of the signature upon the register. "Or are you Mr. Jackson?" "No, Wallace. I'm Mr. Jackson's secretary. And we'd like two rooms with—"

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."



"We've Got to Make a Train."

"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 coat Rankin had laid out for him that morning. "Look 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."

"Two," said the clerk, astonished. That was such extravagance as never had before occurred in that hotel. "Yes, two connecting rooms, with a bath between, if possible." The clerk gazed, open-mouthed. "Well, now," he explained, "I don't guess I can do that. We got a bath room. Years ago a barber leased the shop and had it put in next to it. Thought he'd rent it out to strangers. But he didn't. It's still there, but lord, he's dead, and I guess the lead pipe has been used some's else. Know it has, in fact."

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CHAPTER VII.

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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."

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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?

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.

One Advantage.

There's one consolation about the present drama.

"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 grinding 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 great artist. Hardly one critic of any eminence 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.

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 student acquires a greater familiarity with the language, both written and spoken, in less time. It is also applicable to elementary instruction in music.

It Doesn't Seem Possible It's You.

Jonesville, as he intended to compel him to, some changes should be made in the hotel.

"Minnie!" shouted the clerk, in a reverberating voice, calculated to express itself, though miles might intervene. "Two sup-per-rs!" "All right," he said to Wallace. "Want to wash? Wash basins—"

"We'll do that, anyway, up in our rooms."

How Does Broadway Look?

"Ten years older. My, how that boy has changed!"

"But couldn't—"

"Ain't no water," said the clerk in

different, grandly. "Her no soap, ner towels, ner pitchers, ner no bowls, ner nothin'." He turned away.

"But where's the key?"

"Ain't no key. We're honest folks in Jonesville. I'm gone out."

"But where are the rooms?"

"Head 'er stairs. One and two. They ain't no others."

"My God, Bob," said Broadway, approaching him appealingly, "you're not going to make me live here, are you?"

"Yes, but I'm going to build a new hotel here," Wallace answered.

The judge hovered close to Broadway. "I wish you'd come up to the house to supper."

"Not tonight, judge, thanks."

"No," he granted sympathetically, "I suppose you want a rest. Tired after four hours on the train, of course. God, it's quite a journey! How've you been, Broadway?" The judge pronounced it "bean" as if it came in pods.

"Oh, so, so, judge."

"Busy, I suppose, down to New York—"

"Yes, busy every minute—night and day."

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"Yes—judge," said Broadway, "I have invested quite a lot of money in the liquor business."

"Well," said the cautious judge, anxious not to hurt his feelings, and, in his heart, not shocked, "somebody's got to sell it. And I suppose it was the wholesale business you were in. That's always the wholesale business."

"You bet," Wallace broke in cheerily.

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"Why didn't you bring him here to supper?" she inquired.

"Well, mother, you know they've been on a railroad train four hours. I guess they're pretty tired. They'll get supper at the hotel." He laughed.

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