

BROADWAY JONES

BY EDWARD MARSHALL
FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY
COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY G.M. DILLINGHAM COMPANY



CHAPTER I.

Back of the massed red-brick and clapboard buildings forming, in Jonesville, Conn., the extensive group devoted to the manufacture of Jones' Pepsin Gum, was the abandoned powerhouse, wherein were housed the water-wheels which once had furnished force to drive the factory's machinery. The stream's diminishing flow, the increased needs of the business, and the economy of steam all had militated toward industrial abandonment of the old building.

Small boys never fished there, for the sluice-waters were too swift, loafers never idled there, for the watchmen of the mills were too strict in their guardianship; but lovers sometimes wandered there, of moonlight nights; and in the afternoons, when the academy sessions had ended "Broadway," really named Jackson Jones, but nicknamed "Broadway" because of his continual glorification of New York's great thoroughfare, which he had seen upon occasion, sometimes went there "to get away from Jonesville." This afternoon he was to teach two Jonesville girl friends new dance steps which he had learned in New York city. Later, dancing these with him at the Odd Fellows ball, they would confound all other girls in Jonesville.

The girls came promptly. Clara Spotswood was the daughter of the local judge, Josie Richards the daughter of a recent manager of the gum factory. Her father was now laid up with rheumatism, and Josie was in training for a bookkeeper's post in the great enterprise which swallowed most of Jonesville's youth of either sex, as soon as they left school.

"Now this step, girls," Broadway said in preface, "was invented on Broadway for use upon Broadway by Broadway people. Don't mistake it for a quiet nap. It's not a sleep-dance. It was not dreamed out in Jonesville."

"And was everybody dancing it?" asked Josie.

"Every girl I saw," he answered. He had been telling of a ball he had attended in New York, but not quite all he might have told about it. "Every one I saw, but one."

"And was she dancing old style?"

"No; she was being carried to an ambulance. She had just sprained an ankle."

"Oh, Jackson, you're too funny!"

"Thanks for those kind words." He watched them whirl together for a moment. "No; not quite that way, Clara. Don't give a Broadway step a Jonesville twist; you want to give a Jonesville step a Broadway polish."

Breathless they stopped their efforts. "Oh, you and your Broadway! You're always talking about Broadway!"

"Clara," said Jackson very seriously, "have you ever seen Broadway?"

"You know I haven't!"

"Well, if you had, you'd never see another place you thought worth seeing."

"Oh, you and your Broadway!" Josie Richards was an extremely pretty girl,



Broadway Jones.

more serious than Clara, who was fluff. "No wonder the boys all call you 'Broadway!'"

"I suppose a minister is proud when people call him 'doctor,'" was the answer. "When people call me 'Broadway,' I feel about like that."

"I'd rather folks would call me Andrew-Jackson," remarked Sammy. "Andrew-Jackson—was a statesman—not a street."

"You—er—little brother," began Broadway, but, not being eloquent by nature, he left the sentence incomplete.

"He thinks he'll be a Caesar. He wants to kill some boys by strategy, for he's too fat to fight."

The girls laughed again. Now they had begun the pleasant homeward walk along the high road to the border of the village.

"Can you come to supper?" Clara asked.

"As long as I can't eat on Broadway I'd rather go to your house than to any other place I know," said Jackson.

"But I've got to go home first. This collar's wilted."

He was the only boy in Jonesville who would have thought of that; he was the only boy in Jonesville who owned a pair of patent-leather shoes.

As they passed his uncle's residence the old man, who was his guardian, caught a glimpse of him through an opening in the neglected shrubbery on the great lawn, and sent a serving-man to bid him enter.

Jackson made a wry face for the benefit of the girls, as he said good-by to them, promising to appear for supper at the Spotswoods'. He carefully obeyed the summons, but it irked him. His uncle always irked him. He believed, and there were others who believed, that his uncle tried to irk him. They never had got on very well together; the old man was hard, conservative to the point of stubbornness and opposed every young idea, particularly to every young idea which chanced to have originated in his nephew's brain.

"Well, Jackson," said his uncle sourly.

"Ready to settle down in Jonesville, are you?"

"Now, uncle," said the youth protestingly.

"Your father settled down here, I settled down here, and you'll have to settle down here," said the grim, unlovable old man. "You have obligations here. The Jones Gum factory has built this town, and is responsible for it. You will have charge of the factory before long."

Jackson writhed. He didn't wish to have charge of the factory.

"It's not good business, uncle," he had once told the man who now sat staring at him moodily. "They'll think it was the gum that made him bald. Poor grandfather was too bareheaded to be a good advertisement for anything, except—an Indian."

"Why an Indian?" his uncle inquired without suspicion.

"As an after-taking 'ad' of the best scalper in the tribe."

This irreverence had abruptly ended that day's interview.

But this evening Abner Jones was busy with more serious thoughts.

"When are you going to work?" he crabbedly demanded.

"I don't see—"

"Jackson, every Jones for two generations has learned the gum business before he was as old as you; but you, foolishly indulged by your father—I have never seen such madness as the way he brought you up—have come to manhood knowing nothing of it. Don't you ever wish to settle down?"

"Not yet," said Jackson, boldly. "I'm too young."

"You're twenty-one."

"I'm twenty-one; but I've lived most of the time in Jonesville. That makes me just fifteen so far as actual age goes—and yet the time seems longer than it is," said the irreverent Jackson.

"I'm almost discouraged. I'm free to tell you, Jackson, that, if your father's will had left me any opportunity for doing so, I should see to it that, when I pass to my reward, you would have no share of the great business which you hold in such contempt."

"Pass on to your—er—yes, sir," Jackson murmured.

"I have had tales brought to me of some things you have said about Jonesville," said the old man bitterly. "You have compared it most unfavorably with that modern Babylon, New York."

"Well—er—uncle, you know New York is—well, more metropolitan."

"Jonesville is metropolitan enough. Jonesville is a pleasant little town, built by the industry and brains of the members of your family, sir—in both of which you seem to be most singularly lacking; and, while it has fewer people than New York, it has more virtues. You will be the only Jones remaining after I have gone. I am far from well. I—"

Instantly the young man was contrite. He had no wish to hurt his uncle's feelings.

"I'm sorry, sir, if you are feeling ill," he said, respectfully, "but, you see, you've always lived in Jonesville—a great drain on a man's vitality. I didn't mean to say a word to bother you."

But the old man was not to be pacified; his face continued stern. "It is less your words than what seems to be your disposition which annoys me," he burst forth. "Is there nothing serious in you?"

"I guess I'm pretty young to settle down. Perhaps that's what's the matter."

"I had settled down and had complete charge of the bookkeeping department of this great enterprise before I was eighteen. You might begin to take life seriously."

"You can't take it any other way in Jonesville."

"I feel that I should tell you various details of the business, for my days here may be numbered."

The youth looked deprecatingly around the dull old library, feeling, in the earnestness of his revolt, that if his own days in Jonesville were but numbered it would give him great relief. Even death, he thought—

"I'm sorry you're not well, sir."

"We are but shadows cast upon the

stream of life. Mere shadows, Jackson."

Jackson gazed at him with careful eyes; that his mouth was also careful was entirely proven by the fact that it said nothing. A careless mouth might have remarked that his old uncle was a pretty solid shadow, for he weighed close upon two hundred pounds.

"Your father," said this very robust invalid, "had some tendencies which I now see in you—exaggerated in you, Jackson. He, too, was frivolous; he, too, longed for the flesh-pots of New York."

"I never did, sir," he said, gravely.

"I wish I might feel sure of that," said Abner Jones. "I should feel surer of the safety of the gum."

"I shall never harm the gum, sir."

"You must not only never harm it; you must help it. Let me tell you, Jackson—there is a trust in the gum business—"

"Yes, sir, I've heard of it."

It would have been remarkable if he had not. For two years the air of Jonesville had been full of timid rum-

ors of the gum trust. The whole town was fearful that the great Jones factory might be sold to it and closed.

"After I am gone they will endeavor to secure our factory and business," Abner Jones went on. "I shall never let them have it. You must never let them have it. Of your pride in the Jones gum—"

"It's surely been a handsome little money maker," Broadway granted.

"I do not like your language," said his uncle, "but the meaning of your words is accurate enough. It has made money. It still continues to make money—as an independent gum. It—"

Broadway was getting fidgety. The Spotswoods were waiting supper for him. Mrs. Spotswood was a plump and cheerful housewife, who doted on the recipes he brought back from New York upon the rare occasions when his uncle let him go there.

"It would make more, uncle, wouldn't it, if it lost its independence?" he inquired.

"The plan of the trust is to take it from the market. They have not thought of continuing it as an individual product. They merely wish to eliminate it utterly. This would free their other products of its competition."

"Did some one of them chew it?" his nephew inquired earnestly.

"Jackson, you should be ashamed! They merely wish to take it from the market so that it no longer will affect their—"

"Yes, I've heard." He had—a thousand times.

"That is the reason I am anxious that you should begin to show some vital interest in our splendid enterprise. It must be protected at all hazards. It should be the pride, as it has been the fortune, of the Jones family."

"Honest, uncle, I don't believe I know enough to go into the business. Aren't you afraid that it would spoil the sale of the gum if anybody should find out I helped to make it? That worries me. The gum must be protected. I leave it to you, uncle. I—"

"Jackson, you are frivolous. You are a tremendous disappointment to me. You—"

"I don't want to be a disappointment, but I'd almost rather be a disappointment than a gum-maker. I'd—"

"Go!" said his uncle angrily. "I—"

But Jackson did not hear the remainder of the sentence. He had heeded its first word.

CHAPTER II.

"I should enjoy the supper better," Broadway said later at the Spotswood family table, "if everything I chew, after I've seen uncle, didn't make me think of gum. I wish there was a way of eating without chewing."

They all laughed, but not very heartily. Gum was a sacred word to them also. It was to every one in Jonesville.

"Let's talk things over after supper," said the judge. Then, after they had gone into his stuffy little study: "Broadway, I've been talking with your uncle."

"That's one reason I would never study law. You have to do such disagreeable things. I've been talking with him, too."

The judge laughed very briefly, very dryly. "It's not polite for you to speak that way, my boy. The old—er—your Uncle Abner will be sure to hear of it."

"Must I pretend to love him?"

"Er—it might be better to."

"Judge," said Broadway solemnly, "I'm a pretty good little amateur actor, but there are some parts I'd never try to play. One of them is that of loving nephew to my Uncle Abner Jones."

Judge Spotswood sighed. "I know, my boy, and I don't know that I blame you. I only wished to say that as a matter of expediency—"

"I don't know just what expediency means, but if it has anything to do with Uncle Abner I don't want to."

"Well, he said today that he hadn't any hopes of you. He said he didn't think you'd ever settle down. He doesn't seem to know where you get all your wild ways from. He is shocked beyond expression to find that your young friends all call you Broadway. It's worrying your uncle."

"What will he propose?"

"If you won't go into the business, he will try to buy you out."

Jackson looked at him in dumb delight. "For money? Ready money?"

"Yes; it's what I'm afraid of, Jackson. Be careful how you sell to him."

"I'll be careful that he pays me. That's all I care about."

"Don't be in a hurry. What I'm afraid of—but I ought not to talk in this way. Abner Jones has never done me an ill turn. Of course your father was my client—"

"And dear uncle put his hooks into my dad whenever he could get them caught so he could pull, didn't he?"

"He is a shrewd business man. But don't sell, Jackson." The judge was clearly ill at ease.

"If I don't sell, will I have to turn and make gum?"

"You ought to. A goose that lays a golden egg should be well cared for."

"Let uncle raise the poultry. I'd rather sell the eggs."

"But, Jackson—"

"Judge, will you come to see me in New York?"

The conversation had brought Jackson Jones to sudden realization of the fact that in eleven months or less he would be twenty-two, and that, as soon as he was twenty-two, he would be free, according to the terms of his dead father's will, to spend his own exactly as he pleased.

"I suppose you'll go there just as soon as you are master of your fortune."

The boy leaned forward eagerly. "When will it happen, judge? Will it be on the midnight that begins my birthday, or the midnight that it ends with? Quick! I've got to know."

"Better wait till the next day, Jackson. That's the safest. Oh, I know you'll go! But don't sell to your uncle. Promise me."

"When will he make me the offer?"

"Before your birthday, Jackson."

"Is it as close as that? Is liberty as close as that? I hadn't realized! Couldn't we get him to talk to me tonight about it? If I agreed to sell to him for half, would he agree to let my birthday come at once instead of when it's scheduled? Would—"

The judge was laughing, somewhat

repeatedly. Jackson Jones amused him, always; to some extent he could sympathize with his revolt against Jonesville. He himself had revolted against Jonesville in his youth, but there had been no fortune coming to him with the arrival of his manhood to release him from the hated village. And, besides, he was uncomfortable tonight. He wondered if he ought to tell Broadway what he had learned.

"Will you consider me your lawyer?" the judge asked.

"Consider you my lawyer, judge? Of course you are my lawyer. Weren't you my father's lawyer?"

"Not always; I did not draw his will, for instance. And in other things your uncle—well, if your father had but listened, as I hope you'll listen, his brother Abner never would have—"

"Sure! I know. And you've already been my lawyer. Didn't you get me out of jail there in New Haven? Imagine being locked up in New Haven! And I'd only dropped a melon from the window. If the chief of police happened to be going by, was that my fault? I'd have eaten the melon if it hadn't been so spoiled. And still they locked me up! They made a criminal of me! It's bad enough to be a criminal, but to be a criminal imprisoned in New Haven—heavens! Suppose a man should be locked up in Jonesville! Why, he'd die of shame."

"Well, if you accept me as your lawyer, when your uncle asks you to sell out your interest in the Jones Gum company you will refuse. When you do that, he'll try to bind you not to sell out to the trust as long as you both live. I hope you'll never sell out to the trust, but don't sign any papers, Jackson, although you know what the trust purchase of the factory would mean to Jonesville—and to all of us."

"I'll not sell out to the trust, judge, but if my uncle—"

"He'll not offer you a fair price. He'll want to get a bargain. And remember that the company will get richer every year."

"But the trust may bust it."

"I hope you'll take that chance, my boy, rather than ever be a party to ruining the old home town."

"All right, judge. I won't sell to Uncle Abner—anyway, just now. I won't need the money. There's enough coming to me to keep me busy for a while."

"Jackson, I wish you might feel differently about the starting of your life as a grown man. If you could cultivate a feeling of responsibility—"

"It bores me. I could never even spell it."

"I'm afraid it does, Jackson, and that worries me. But—"

"You'll come to New York, sometime, and—"

"Jackson, I'm afraid I shall."

"And keep it secret that we're either one of us from Jonesville."

"Jackson," said the judge, reprovingly, "you'd better get along toward home. And don't think too much about those lights. Broadway like every other street, is safer in the daytime, before the lights are lit."

"The lights are Broadway's eyes," said the young man. "Until they're lighted, Broadway is asleep, and you see only men and women on it."

"And what do you see later?"

"You can search me for the name. But they're several degrees beyond mere men and women."

After he had left the judge, Jackson found it quite impossible to go sedately home, as he might possibly have done on almost any other night. He often went to bed in Jonesville, he explained upon occasion, because he could not bear to stay awake there. He said it made him feel ashamed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THEATRICAL MANAGER WAS NOT GOING TO LET ANY MONEY GET AWAY FROM HIM.

Soon after the theaters opened a cowboy came up from the stock yards and purchased a ticket for a matinee performance. The cowboy was careless and when he presented his ticket at the main door the officer there told him that it was against the rules to allow a coatless man to sit in the parquet. He was referred to the box office. At the latter place he explained his predicament and said he supposed he would have to cash his ticket and go elsewhere. The manager overheard the conversation and began an inquiry.

"Where is your coat?" asked the manager.

"Down to the stock yards," said the cowboy.

The manager tweedle-tummed for a moment. The audience was very small and he hated to see any money refunded.

"Step into my office for a moment," said the manager.

They all laughed, but not very heartily. Gum was a sacred word to them also. It was to every one in Jonesville.

"Let's talk things over after supper," said the judge. Then, after they had gone into his stuffy little study: "Broadway, I've been talking with your uncle."

"That's one reason I would never study law. You have to do such disagreeable things. I've been talking with him, too."

The judge laughed very briefly, very dryly. "It's not polite for you to speak that way, my boy. The old—er—your Uncle Abner will be sure to hear of it."

"Must I pretend to love him?"

"Er—it might be better to."

"Judge," said Broadway solemnly, "I'm a pretty good little amateur actor, but there are some parts I'd never try to play. One of them is that of loving nephew to my Uncle Abner Jones."

Judge Spotswood sighed. "I know, my boy, and I don't know that I blame you. I only wished to say that as a matter of expediency—"

"I don't know just what expediency means, but if it has anything to do with Uncle Abner I don't want to."

"Well, he said today that he hadn't any hopes of you. He said he didn't think you'd ever settle down. He doesn't seem to know where you get all your wild ways from. He is shocked beyond expression to find that your young friends all call you Broadway. It's worrying your uncle."

"What will he propose?"

"If you won't go into the business, he will try to buy you out."

Jackson looked at him in dumb delight. "For money? Ready money?"

"Yes; it's what I'm afraid of, Jackson. Be careful how you sell to him."

"I'll be careful that he pays me. That's all I care about."

"Don't be in a hurry. What I'm afraid of—but I ought not to talk in this way. Abner Jones has never done me an ill turn. Of course your father was my client—"

"And dear uncle put his hooks into my dad whenever he could get them caught so he could pull, didn't he?"

"He is a shrewd business man. But don't sell, Jackson." The judge was clearly ill at ease.

"If I don't sell, will I have to turn and make gum?"

"You ought to. A goose that lays a golden egg should be well cared for."

"Let uncle raise the poultry. I'd rather sell the eggs."

"But, Jackson—"

"Judge, will you come to see me in New York?"

The conversation had brought Jackson Jones to sudden realization of the fact that in eleven months or less he would be twenty-two, and that, as soon as he was twenty-two, he would be free, according to the terms of his dead father's will, to spend his own exactly as he pleased.

"I suppose you'll go there just as soon as you are master of your fortune."

The boy leaned forward eagerly. "When will it happen, judge? Will it be on the midnight that begins my birthday, or the midnight that it ends with? Quick! I've got to know."

"Better wait till the next day, Jackson. That's the safest. Oh, I know you'll go! But don't sell to your uncle. Promise me."

"When will he make me the offer?"

"Before your birthday, Jackson."

"Is it as close as that? Is liberty as close as that? I hadn't realized! Couldn't we get him to talk to me tonight about it? If I agreed to sell to him for half, would he agree to let my birthday come at once instead of when it's scheduled? Would—"

The judge was laughing, somewhat

repeatedly. Jackson Jones amused him, always; to some extent he could sympathize with his revolt against Jonesville. He himself had revolted against Jonesville in his youth, but there had been no fortune coming to him with the arrival of his manhood to release him from the hated village. And, besides, he was uncomfortable tonight. He wondered if he ought to tell Broadway what he had learned.

"Will you consider me your lawyer?" the judge asked.

"Consider you my lawyer, judge? Of course you are my lawyer. Weren't you my father's lawyer?"

"Not always; I did not draw his will, for instance. And in other things your uncle—well, if your father had but listened, as I hope you'll listen, his brother Abner never would have—"

"Sure! I know. And you've already been my lawyer. Didn't you get me out of jail there in New Haven? Imagine being locked up in New Haven! And I'd only dropped a melon from the window. If the chief of police happened to be going by, was that my fault? I'd have eaten the melon if it hadn't been so spoiled. And still they locked me up! They made a criminal of me! It's bad enough to be a criminal, but to be a criminal imprisoned in New Haven—heavens! Suppose a man should be locked up in Jonesville! Why, he'd die of shame."

"Well, if you accept me as your lawyer, when your uncle asks you to sell out your interest in the Jones Gum company you will refuse. When you do that, he'll try to bind you not to sell out to the trust as long as you both live. I hope you'll never sell out to the trust, but don't sign any papers, Jackson, although you know what the trust purchase of the factory would mean to Jonesville—and to all of us."

"I'll not sell out to the trust, judge, but if my uncle—"

"He'll not offer you