BROADWAY JONES

FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

by

EDWARD MARSHALL

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

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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. Abner 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 Abner 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 Judge Spotswood's daughter, Clara. Josie points out to Broadway that by selling the plant to the trust he will ruin the town built by his ancestors and throw 700 employes out of work. Broadway decides that he will not sell. Broadway visits the plant and Josie explains the business details 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 affright. 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.

"They're Yelling for You, Broadway."

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 untried boss, 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, in this old New England village, 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 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?

"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 least.

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! If — 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,

The Judge Beamed Happily.

"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 guyed 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.

She was giggling as she hurried toward the factory. "I'll tell him, right away."

Wallace turned to Josie. "Has Mr. Pembroke called?"

"No; Mr. Jones was saying he expected him at eleven o'clock."

"Well, it isn't quite eleven, yet."

"He told me of the advice you gave him. We have a good deal to thank you for. I'm sure of that."

"I don't see why," he protested. "He's only doing what is right. Any man with a conscience would do the same. Of course my influence may have had some bearing on his decision, 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 so many!"

"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 Guv'nor's its president."

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

This daunted 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 declaimed. 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 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 workroom 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 workroom. 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 workingmen 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' Pepsin Gum, its owner and the 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. Workingmen are fair; they are fairer 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 treason 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, wrappers, 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 at it, 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 along."

"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.

ALLOYS OF HIGHEST VALUE

Remarkable Products That Will Add Greatly to the Commercial Wealth of the World.

Two new alloys that are in many respects remarkable are described by the American Machinist. One, called argental, and produced by the inventor of the McAdamite alloy, is a compound of silver and aluminum. It has been put out to compete with silver, over which many superiorities are claimed for it, for industrial purposes. It can be cast rolled, spun, drawn into wire, takes a good polish and has greater strength than either aluminum or silver. It resembles silver in appearance, is not affected by nitric acid and does not tarnish on exposure to the air. Its specific gravity is only one-third that of silver.

The other alloy is a blend of cobalt and tin of about 40 to 60. This is said by the official chemist of the American Institute of Metals to be especially resistant to acids, but owing to its brittleness it has little commercial value. Experiments, however, tend to show that when this is mixed with other metals, such as copper, for instance, it produces a series of alloys which may be turned, forged and machined and have a high degree of chemical resistance.

Old Measurements of Time.

Sand glasses for measuring time were made as soon as the art of blowing glass had been perfected by the people of Byzantium. These glasses were used for all sorts of purposes, for cooking and for making speeches, but their most important use was at sea. In order that one's position at sea might be figured, it was important in those early days to know the vessel's speed. The earliest method was to throw over a heavy piece of wood of a shape that resisted being dragged through the sea, and with a string tied to it. The string had knots in it and the block of wood was called a log. The knots were so arranged that when one of them ran through one's fingers in a half minute measured by a sand glass it indicated that the vessel was going at the speed of one nautical mile in an hour.

The Onlooker

by HENRY HOWLAND

BEFORE the START

Stay, you that proudly plan to dare
And you that seek to do:
Before you hurry forth to try
To proudly plant your standard high,
An honest word with you.

Who seeks to raise himself above
The level of the crowd
Must drag through many a slough of woe
And suffer many a blinding blow
And oft sit humbly bowed.

For every little gain he makes
Who tries to take the lead
A hundred disappointments leave
Their impress on him; to achieve
The heart must often bleed.

Stay, you that plan to gain renown
Or play a splendid part:
Ten thousand sore discouragements
Upon your heart shall leave their dents
Before you get a start.

Love's Triumph.

With a fluttering heart the beautiful girl approached the magnificent old duchess.

"I have come," the lovely American said, in low, sweet tones, "to speak to you about something that is very—that is very—very—"

"There, there, sit down," the stately dame interrupted. "Compose yourself. Won't you have something to quiet your nerves?"

"Oh, thank you, you are very kind. As you doubtless know, my father began his life as a tin peddler, and my mother in her younger years had a job as dining-room girl in a boarding house. But you will not let these things prejudice you against me, will you? Please say that you will overlook my family and judge me for my worth alone. I love Bertie so much. It would kill me if you were to tell me that he cannot be mine. Please—please say that you will give your consent?"

"H'm! Have you and he arrived at an understanding?"

"Yes. I asked him last night to be mine, and he confessed that he loved me. All that we need now to complete our happiness is your consent."

"Well, if you can support him in the style to which he has been accustomed, I suppose I must yield."

"Oh, you dear, sweet old thing! I will give orders tomorrow to have the castle fitted up with modern plumbing and an elevator."

PERCY AND LIONEL.

"Yes, it's pretty hard to tell just how to name babies so their names will be appropriate when they grow up. There was my Uncle David. He had two sons, and he called them Percy and Lionel. Percy is a blacksmith now."

"What's Lionel doing?"

"Lionel? Oh, he's doing well. Runs one of the biggest sausage factories in St. Joe County."

The Last Hope.

On Thespis woman e'er relies
To be her willing benefactress;
If ever there should be the need
She thinks she could at once proceed
To earn her living as an actress.

For man there is another way:
When his best plans go to the dickens
He runs his fingers through his hair
And thinks of sitting down somewhere
And getting wealth by raising chickens.

Good Cheer.

"What makes you so cheerful today, Ophelia? You look as if you had just inherited about a million dollars."

"Oh, Alfred! What do you think! It has been found out that Mrs. Simpleigh, that blonde the men have all been crazy over this winter, was divorced by her first husband on this one's account."

The Office and the Man.

"Do you believe in letting the office seek the man?"

"Well, that depends on whether the man can get along just as well as not without the office."

The Difficult Part.

It doesn't take a man very long to become wise, but getting other people to recognize your wisdom, after you have it, is a long and tedious job.

Art.

"I didn't know she had much of an idea of art."

"Oh, yes. She's had all the doors taken off and hung Navajo blankets in their places."

A Hundred Years Hence.

"She is always boasting about her family."

Yes. Her great-grandparents were arrested by customs inspectors when they came to this country."