

## Broadway Jones

FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN BY EDWARD MARSHALL  
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(Continued from last week.)

"Yes, sir."  
"Say, come here. Where do you live when you're not here?"

"In Harlem, sir."

"Got a flat?"

"Yes, sir."

"Like this furniture?" He waved his hand at the extremely ornate contents of the room.

"Beautiful, sir."

"It's yours."

"Oh, thank you, sir! Anything else?"

"No; what else do you want? Get out! Don't bother me. I'm a business man."

He hurried to the telephone, laughing very earnestly, as if he really liked to laugh.

"Give me long-distance, please. Hello, long distance; hello, long-distance. I want to talk to Jonesville, Conn. Jonesville, J—o—there, you've got it right. Judge Spotswood, attorney at law, Jonesville, Conn. Yes; this is 2468 Huyler. Rush it, won't you? Thanks!"

As he sat and contemplated with a smile of great intensity the tips of his slim patent-leather shoes, Wallace, having done his task, returned to him with a grave face.

"Well," said he, almost discouraged, "I've figured it all up, and the best that I can do makes the grand total sixty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-two dollars."

"How much?"

"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 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 beg-

ged, without the slightest incredulity.

"It's signed Judge Spotswood. Who's he?"

"My uncle's lawyer."

"Is this a joke?"

"If it is I'll make a reputation as a gun man!"

"Why, this is the most wonderful thing that ever happened;"

"It is all of that, and more. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to buy Brooklyn—and close it up."

But Wallace was not swept away by his extravagance. He really was a business man. "Pembroke," he reflected. "Why, he phoned. I took his message."

"He was here. Say, did you ever hear of the Consolidated Chewing Gum company?"

"Why, certainly. They're the biggest advertisers in America."

"Well, he's second vice-president. He's coming back at two o'clock."

"What for?"

"To bring me a check for twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars! I'm going to sell him Jones' Pepsin."

Instantly the business man was uppermost in Wallace. He became alert, suspicious. "He made that offer?"

"Yes."

"And you accepted?"

"Yes."

"Sign an agreement?"

"Not yet."

Wallace spoke now, with the firmness of a heavy hammer striking on an anvil. "And you're not going to."

Broadway gazed at him aghast.

"Why?"

"Now, don't give me any argument. You've been a damn fool all your life and here's a chance to get even with yourself."

"Turn down a million two hundred thousand dollars!"

"Yes."

Broadway shook his head. "Not on your biography!"

Wallace was not impressed. "What you need is a keeper, and I'm going to take the job."

The telephone rang, and, as Broadway would have answered it, Wallace pushed him ruthlessly away. It was plain that he had definitely assumed command.

The message was from Judge Spotswood. As soon as Broadway learned this he explained that he had called the judge and wished him to come at once to New York City. Wallace gave him one sad glance of pure disgust. Then he told the judge exactly otherwise.

"No," he called into the phone. "No, no; don't you come here. We'll come there."

Broadway was instantly rebellious. "I'll do nothing of the kind."

Wallace waved him off with a condemnatory hand, and continued talking to the telephone. "We'll be there at six o'clock. . . In time for din-

ner. . . Yes; good-bye!" He hung up the receiver, and turned to Broadway with the hard but happy smile of the real business man who has succeeded in accomplishing a coup.

"Say, what are you trying to do?" said Broadway, not without resentment. "Run my affairs for me?"

"Yes," said Wallace readily, and then called loudly for the butler. When he came he told him to pack, without delay, a grip for Mr. Jones, who, he gravely announced, was going traveling.

"To—er—Japan?" inquired the hopeful Rankin.

"Same thing, Connecticut."

"Look here," said Broadway wrathfully, "I don't intend—"

The bell rang.

"Go see who that is," said Wallace in a most peremptory tone.

"Say, I'm not working for you, am I?" asked Broadway peevishly.

"Go on; do as you are told."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Broadway, but started toward the door.

Wallace, though, was thinking.

"Wait! Hold on. It may be Mrs. Gerard. Didn't she say she would be back in half an hour?"

Broadway paused, dismayed.

"That's so!" He hurried to the window, and looked out; he turned back with a worried face.

"Surest thing you know. It's her car, all right."

"Get your hat," said Wallace. "Is there another way out of this house?"

"The servants' elevator at the back."

"Rankin! Oh, Rankin!"

Rankin, breathless, hurried in. "I'll have the grip packed in five minutes, sir."

"Never mind the grip. We can't wait for it. We've got to make a train. See who's at the door. We're going out the other way." He seized Broadway's wrist. "Come on!"

Jackson, departing in a somewhat sideways fashion, owing to the steady pull of Wallace's strong arm, called back to Rankin: "Oh, there'll be a party of gentlemen here at two o'clock to see me, and—"

"What shall I tell them, sir?"

Wallace answered: "Tell them to go to hell," said he.

### CHAPTER VII.

Jonesville was in mourning. Broadway's departed uncle had inspired not much affection; he had not been one to care to; but for many years, to the workers in the factory, he had been a sort of business diety—the semi-providential head of the great enterprise through which they gained their livelihood.

The folk of Jonesville had neither loved him nor revered him; he had been a sort of elemental necessity to their peace of mind; they had, so to speak, leaned with a feeling of security upon his stubbornness, knowing he would never sell out to the gum trust; if he did not sell out to the gum trust the factory would operate; if the factory kept running Jonesville would continue to eat, drink, and, in its crude, undeveloped way, be merry. Now that he was dead, a feeling of

uncertainty spread a mild panic through the little town.

The judge was waiting for the two men in the hotel corridor. His worry over what the new owner of the factory might decide to do about the perfectly well known trust plans was quite as keen as anyone's but his dignity forbade that he should make display of it.

It was something of a relief to him when Broadway hurried to him from the hotel office and held out his hand, although the boy's appearance was a shock to him. He remembered him as Higgins' mother had described him and as the dapper, boyish youth who had aroused the wonder of the town with patent-leather shoes and new dance steps. This pale, extremely urban man, young still, naturally, with a face which told untoward tales of night experiences such as were not written upon any face in Jonesville, no matter what its age, non-plussed and confused him. He had expected normal changes; he saw metamorphosis.

"Judge," said Wallace, who, although a stranger, was first to grasp his hand, "I'm glad to see you. There was a harassed look upon his face as if he might have had a difficult time with Broadway on the train.

The judge took Broadway's hand. "And this is little Jackson? Broadway, we used to call you. Well, I'm glad to see you!"

"Thanks, judge," Broadway, really was glad, and shook hands heartily, although the  $\frac{5}{8}$  barite 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," said the judge approvingly, "the town is all upset. There might be—er—"

"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—"

"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 bathroom. 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 th' lead pipe has been used som'ers else. Know it has, in fact."

"Well—"

"Lead pipe, ye know, is val'able."

"Is it? Well, do the best you can for us. Telephones in the rooms, are there?"