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Formerly Banquet Cafe  
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Table and counter service  
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Open day and night.  
One door south of Oregon Hotel

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Now in complete running order  
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In connection with the bakery I carry a  
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South 6th St. REDMOND

The Frank Elkins Auto Livery,  
with headquarters at Redmond,  
recently bought an elegant 50  
Speedwell car which will be op-  
erated with his line of autos  
from Redmond to interior points  
of Central Oregon. This line is  
one of the best operating in this  
section.

Ed Maher, who is having the  
building two doors north of The  
Spokesman office fitted up for a  
hardware and furniture store,  
expects to have the place ready

for business about the first of  
April. He has had an addition  
of 24x34 feet built on the rear of  
the place for a store room.

The Yeomen Homestead of  
this city have postponed their  
dance until the first of April.

In writing up the new busi-  
ness enterprises and industries  
of Redmond that had been es-  
tablished here during the past  
year The Spokesman uninten-  
tionally left out the clothing  
house of E. L. Rapp.

## "Alias Jimmy Valentine"

Novelized by  
FREDERICK R. TOOMBS  
From the Great  
Play by  
PAUL ARMSTRONG

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Association

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.  
WARDEN HANDLER, regret-  
ting that he had given his  
visitors an indication that he  
believed he had recognized  
Rose Lane's deliverer, answered  
the questions of the girl and the lieuten-  
ant governor by stating: "The man is  
as bad as the burglar he threw out of  
the car window—even worse. He is in  
this prison at this moment. I firmly  
believe, according to the description  
we've just heard."

"Oh, impossible!" exclaimed Miss  
Lane, her face coloring. "He was a  
gentleman, a thorough gentleman, and  
too young to be a hardened criminal."  
Her face became shadowed with con-  
cern.

The warden was vastly amused at  
this remark, which the young girl ren-  
dered with the finality of unquestioned  
authority.

"Too young?" he laughed. "Age  
doesn't cut any figure in crime the  
way you mean. It's some of these  
young fellows that will take a chance  
at anything. You see, they're ambi-  
tious. They're anxious to rise in their  
business."

The warden paused and glanced from  
the girl to the observing lieutenant  
governor, then to the two members of  
the Gate of Hope. He commented on  
the fact that his visitors had dis-  
agreed with him on various points and  
informed them that he had determined  
to offer them a few object lessons,  
lessons with living models. "I'll show  
you," he said, "that these crooks we've  
got here will try their trade at all  
times, whether they profit or not; that  
in short, criminality is a mania with  
them and that there's no use in try-  
ing to better them." His first exhibit,  
brought in by the secretary, was the  
celebrated forger "Blinky" Davis. At  
the warden's request Lieutenant Gov-  
ernor Fay drew a check for \$5 and  
handed it to Blinky. To oblige the  
warden Blinky, aided by a knife and  
pen and ink, in five minutes had  
"raised" it to the amount of \$50,000.

The lieutenant governor pronounced it  
perfect. "I know where I could pass  
it, too," laughed Blinky as he was led  
away.

"I had him on the books once, and  
he couldn't resist raising the prison  
checks," chuckled Handler. "I could  
bring in fellows like that all day."  
He picked up an object from his desk.  
"Do you see this lock? A German  
inventor waiting outside has spent  
fourteen years in perfecting that. He  
claims it cannot be opened without  
the key. The prison board has accept-  
ed it for use here if the claims are  
true. We have a man here  
paralyzed on one side, a sneak thief,  
I have sent for him. He may not open  
it, but he will try, for he cannot re-  
sist the criminal mania that controls  
him. Smith," to his secretary, "get  
the Dutchman; also the gentleman  
known as 'Dick the Rat.'"

When the decrepit form of "Dick the  
Rat" was brought in, together with  
the patient inventor Blickehdollen-  
bach, he was given the lock, three  
minutes and a hairpin. Ten seconds  
before his allotted time expired he  
threw the lock, opened, on the ward-  
en's desk, and with his repulsive,  
seamy face contorted into what he  
considered a smile he inclined his  
head to one side. From his throat  
came inarticulate squeals of glee—ex-  
actly the squeals of a rat.

Only the watchfulness of Smith  
saved the "Rat" from the violent,  
despairing onslaught of the German,  
who screamed: "I'll kill him! He ruin  
me! Und mit a hairpin, mein Gott!"  
"You're not the first man to be ruin-  
ed by a hairpin," laughed the warden.  
"Don't tell your wife."

Smith sent the inventor to the rail-  
road station in charge of a guard and  
consigned the grinning Blinky to the  
cell that had long been his home. On  
returning to the office the secretary  
said: "I've brought Valentine along  
too. I thought you might want him to  
open the safe."

A disturbed expression came into  
the prison master's face. He glanced  
quickly at Fay and his niece, then  
talked in an undertone with his aid.  
He was interrupted by Mrs. Webster.  
"The two you have shown us do not  
entirely prove your argument, Mr.  
Warden," she said doubtfully. "They  
are the very lowest types in the pris-  
on. You argue a general premise from  
two individual cases. We do not  
maintain that such apparent criminals  
as we have seen should be liberated,  
but"—she turned to Fay—"there are  
gentlemen here, governor, men of  
quite a different type than those,  
whom one never sees."

"Warden," said the lieutenant gov-  
ernor, "I fear the ladies have more  
interest in the more romantic types of  
criminals—poets, for instance."  
Mrs. Moore rose indignantly. "I  
shall make note of that frivolous  
speech in my report," she snapped.

Handler thought of Valentine, who  
was being detained outside. He would  
give his visitors their wish, as Fay  
seemed greatly interested. He would  
show them his prize exhibit. In spite  
of a belief that was taking a strong  
hold on his brain he would take a  
chance on displaying the unique abil-  
ties of No. 1289.

He well knew what to do should  
complications ensue. There were dark  
cells in Sing Sing for convicts the  
warden could decide to be snuffy

These were damp, dark cells below  
the level of the rushing river, relics  
of years when the state had little  
money and little thought for those  
sold to have broken its laws. There  
were cells with "straitjackets," where  
a man could be trussed up with straps  
fixed to the walls, like a suckling pig  
in a market window, only his toes  
touching the floor. Anyway No. 1289  
was already discredited.

"Get Valentine!" he gruffly said to  
Smith. "Well, governor," he contin-  
ued in a more amiable tone. "I'll give  
you and the ladies a romantic type.  
He's not a poet, but he is doing two  
years here for opening a bank safe  
without tools or the combination, sim-  
ply by sense of touch. There is some  
poetry in that."

"Impossible!" commented Fay.  
"Well, the bank safe was opened  
and the money stolen, and his pal  
peached."

The door at the right of the office  
leading in from the corridors of cells  
opened. In came Smith, followed by  
a young man whose convict's garb  
could not overshadow the intelligence  
that showed in his ashen face. Clearly  
the prison air was working its  
beneficial penalty on him with more suc-  
cess than usual in the case of men  
who entered the institution in good  
health. Vaguely conscious that there  
were visitors present, No. 1289 stood  
before the warden with his eyes di-  
rected toward the floor. His shoul-  
ders were square, he was of good  
height, with a figure which yet bore  
indications that he had been athletic  
in his free days. When he had en-  
tered the room the lieutenant gov-  
ernor had noticed that the convict  
walked with a free, manly stride, hav-  
ing no semblance to the shuffling pris-  
on slouch of his fellow inmates.

"Permit me," Handler addressed his  
visitors, with an elaborate gesture.

"How do you do, sir?" he said in a  
low voice.

Handler was watching the exchange  
of greetings with keen interest.

"Met before, governor, have you?"  
he asked ingenuously.

"No," responded Fay. "But I'm glad  
to see you have some types here dif-  
ferent than 'Dick the Rat' and—"

"Yes," broke in the warden. "Here,  
Jimmy, there's something gone wrong  
with the office safe. Open it for me,  
will you?"

Fay fastened a penetrating gaze on  
Valentine.

The prisoner turned his face away  
and toward the warden.

"I'll do so very gladly if I can.  
What is the combination?"

"Combination?" exploded the ward-  
en, staring at the prisoner.

Valentine was as cool and as insten-  
sate as though he were an employer  
talking with one of his clerks.

"Yes, the combination. How can  
you expect me to open the safe with-  
out it? Why, Mr. Warden, you must  
be joking with me."

Rose Lane smiled complacently into  
the lieutenant governor's face.

Handler's face became red—a deep  
red that threatened any moment to  
merge into a rich grape purple tinge.

"You go at that safe and open it  
just like you need the coin!" he  
shouted.

Valentine made a deprecatory ges-  
ture.

"You flatter me," he answered, and  
he smiled a most aggravating smile  
that caused the now thoroughly aroused  
prison master to pound his desk  
and hoarsely cry:

"Flattery be d—d! You do as I say  
or I'll give you the—"

Handler caught himself just in time.  
He suddenly remembered that the  
lieutenant governor was present.

"Say, Valentine," he substituted for  
his intended threat of the straitjacket,  
"you're foudrushing because there's a  
gallery present, eh?"

No. 1289 turned and surveyed the  
visitors present. His gaze passed  
from the lieutenant governor to the  
two members of the Gate of Hope so-  
ciety. Then in the background, half  
crouched into one of the uncomfort-  
able wooden chairs that adorned the  
warden's office, he saw a girlish fig-  
ure. He leaned forward involuntarily,  
for he saw a face and a pair of large  
brown eyes fixed steadfastly upon  
him. He recognized the girl as the  
one he had saved from the remorse-  
less clutches of Billy Cotton-Cotton,  
whom he had thrown to his death  
through the window of a transconti-  
nental flier. But only for a moment  
did Jimmy Valentine falter. With  
masterful control he wheeled to face  
the warden. "You are wrong again,"  
he said evenly to Handler. "You  
know I am not what you would have  
these people think I am."

Now the grape purple began to show  
in the warden's face. The thick veins  
in his neck began to thicken still  
more and to crowd his low collar for  
space.

"You better do as I ask, Valentine,"  
he warned.

"I know that every one here knows  
that, but—"

"You're doing ten for opening a bank  
safe and you can't open an old safe  
like mine?" The warden was sneer-  
ing.

"I never opened that bank safe.  
You know that."

"You're going to pose, eh? Well,  
listen, you go and 'top that gopher' or  
I'll give you solitaire for a month,"  
Handler was snarling at his worst.  
A month of "solitaire." A month, thirty  
days, thirty nights, alone, save for  
the rats and the river tides that seep-  
ed between the stones!

"It is an impossibility for any one  
to open a safe without the combina-  
tion. I regret I cannot do as you  
ask."

Handler forgot the presence of the  
lieutenant governor and of the ladies.

"Get out of here, you!"  
Mrs. Webster stepped forward pro-  
testingly.

Fay determined to take a hand.

"You're losing your temper, ward-  
en," he began when he saw the pris-  
oner step to the door through which  
he had come. "Just a moment," Fay  
said commandingly to the convict. "I  
forgot your name."

The prisoner halted. He saw that  
the speaker had come across to the  
middle of the office. "My name is Val-  
entine, sir," he responded.

"With your permission, warden, I  
will speak further with this young  
man," Fay directed at Handler.

"Aw, he's making a grand stand  
play because there is some one here."  
"And you?"

Handler was apologetic.

"I've only—"

"If you please, I should like to talk  
to Valentine, sir," spoke Fay coldly.

"All right, go ahead. He's waiting  
to talk."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"DICK THE RAT."

To present Mr. Jimmy Valentine  
He's put more time locks on the re-  
tired list than any three men in the  
whole place, and when it comes to  
the fancy 'getaway' only a crosseyed  
copper can keep tabs on him."

The warden's picturesque introduc-  
tion was lost on Rose Lane. She  
caught a glimpse of the face of the  
man in felon's stripes. She leaned to  
one side to make certain. Yes, now  
she could not possibly be mistaken.  
She extended her hand spasmodically  
and clutched the lieutenant governor's  
arm.

"Uncle, uncle," she said chokingly.  
"It is he!"

"What's the matter, child?" was  
Fay's anxious response.

"That is the man who saved me!"  
the excited young girl gasped. "That  
is the man who threw the burglar  
through the express train window!"

The warden's shifting eye caught  
the agitated movement of Rose Lane  
as Jimmy Valentine was brought in,  
and he quickly resolved on a course of  
procedure that would place the young  
prisoner in as bad a light as possible.

As for the lieutenant governor, he was  
almost as astonished as Rose at the  
unexpected denouement, and he quiet-  
ly insisted that she say nothing more  
about the subject and calm herself.  
So far as outward manifestations  
were concerned, the girl followed this  
advice fairly well, but her heart  
pounded uncontrollably, her pulse  
throbbled correspondingly, and a wave  
of deepest pity surged over her as she  
realized the horrible lot to which had  
been condemned the hero of the one  
great adventure of her life, the gall-  
ant Prince Charming of the only real  
romance in which she had ever played  
a part.

The lieutenant governor addressed  
the prisoner:

"How do you do, sir?"  
Valentine swung around and faced  
the speaker. He realized that he  
could no longer conceal his features  
from the spectator. He pressed his  
hands nervously together and looked  
his questioner squarely in the eyes.

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## 1/2 cent per Pound

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come to Madras on the R. R.

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your mind



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