

# "Alias Jimmy Valentine"

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

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[CONTINUED.]

"Dad, doesn't it mean anything to you that I want it done?" Tears began to gather in the girl's eyes.

"Why, of course," replied the father. "Your mother left you 40 per cent of the bank stock, and that alone would make me listen did you see fit to even ask it, but who knows about him, and suppose it became known who he was and what he had done?"

"I've thought of all that, and I want you to risk it, and my 40 per cent wants you to risk it."

"And your heart, Rose?" The father's keen eyes searched the young girl's beautiful face.

Rose returned his glance calmly.

"Yes," she cried, rising and meeting her father's eyes unflinchingly with her own. "I've known men who thought they were heroes all my life, who talked of themselves and bored me to death. And one day from a clear sky, when I was struggling in the arms of a bear eyed brute who beat me if I dared move a hand, this man came.

"There was no blame of bugles or anything but utter courage. He made the ruffian leave me. His voice was low. I could scarcely hear what he said, but there was a note of command and a threat of death in it, and the brute disregarded it, and he mastered him, a beast twice his size. He fought silently and killed him. And all my life that man owns me."

Mr. Lane was only half startled at the open declaration of his daughter for her admiration and gratitude for and sentimental interest in the ex-convict Jimmy Valentine. His trained intuition had already told him that she was more than casually concerned in the fate of this mystifying young man, whose record was apparently so bad and whose personality and ambitions were certainly impressive in their good qualities. Truth to tell, Mr. Lane was considerably disturbed at the situation, but he determined to accept it philosophically for the present and to watch carefully the future development.

"Rose," the father exclaimed as the girl concluded her statement. While he had realized her attraction toward the released prisoner, he had not guessed of the depth of her feeling for him.

"It's no good to be shocked, dad," answered the girl. "It's true, and then he went to prison on the death rattle of a beast like that, and I'm going to make it good to him if he's a man. And he is; every drop of my blood tells me so."

"And you don't even know his name?"

"Yes, I do."

"He gave you one, I know, but even that?"

"Well, what of it? Does a name mean anything to real men and women? No. The one comes—the one in all the world—and, well—that's all there is to love."

A pause ensued. The father was first to speak.

"Do you think he knows how you feel?" he asked sympathetically.

"No, nor he never will—unless you some day—believe him—worthy of me."

"You promise that?" relievedly.

"I promise, dad."

"Will you wait until I see the governor, Rose? Let us go to see him and ask his opinion of the matter."

"Gladly, and he will believe in him, I know," said the girl enthusiastically. She heard a step behind her, and she turned.

There, with his hat in his hand, well groomed and wearing a well cut suit of brown clothes—light brown, the fashionable color—there stood Jimmy Valentine.

"Mr. Valentine," exclaimed the girl. "Miss Lane, how do you do?" stepping quickly forward, extending his hand.

"This is my father." She presented Valentine to Mr. Lane, who welcomed him pleasantly.

Further conversation by the three was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Webster, returning from the tea room. Mr. Lane and Rose departed to go to the governor's chamber, and the two members of the Gate of Hope society and Jimmy Valentine seated themselves.

"And now, Mr. Valentine, concerning your future," began Mrs. Webster. "What do you contemplate going?"

"Get a position."

"We have already arranged that for you, Mr. Valentine," announced Mrs. Moore complacently.

"That is very thoughtful, ladies, but—"

"Mrs. Moore did not exactly convey

the entire facts," interjected Mrs. Webster.

"No?"

"We have a choice of three positions for you, Mr. Valentine," went on Mrs. Webster. "One is in a grain elevator."

"Yes," smiled Valentine. "I can imagine that would be a safe place for one under suspicion of robbing a bank."

The ladies failed to detect the veiled note of sarcasm.

"The second," informed Mrs. Moore, "is as a bookkeeper or checker in a scrap iron yard."

"Still under suspicion, I see," commented Valentine dryly.

"And the third as the first male officer in the Gate of Hope society," Mrs. Webster proudly declaimed.

"Yes," agreed the other charity worker.

"Treasurer?" the ex-convict queried significantly.

"No, secretary!" both the ladies cried simultaneously.

"I hold that honored position now," resumed Mrs. Moore, "but were you

Hartford "bulls" had broken up that midnight surprise party in the vaults of the Fifth National bank.

Hardly believing his ears, hardly daring to turn, yet he did turn, and he saw, crouching half behind one of the red velvet portieres of one of the hotel parlor entrances, the figure of Red—Red and the brick red hair of Red Flanagan, his old time coworker.

## CHAPTER VII.

JIMMY VALENTINE slowly recovered from the shock he experienced at beholding before him the man who had in the old days been his accomplice in many questionable adventures. No; he had concluded wrongly. No; he was not yet free from all the associations of the years past—those years which he was endeavoring to forget.

"Hello, Red," he finally addressed Flanagan. "Come out from behind the curtain. The coast is clear for you. How did you know I was here?"

Red came forth. "Oh, leave it to me, Jimmy, to keep track of an old pal." He held out his hand, which Valentine listlessly shook.

Red could not understand his former companion's indifferent manner.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Aw, cut it out. Somethin's got you guessin', an' so don't try to kid me."

The released convict looked meditatively at Red. Then he spoke.

"Red, did you ever do a bit?"

"Sure—Jollet."

"And you have been in one of those rotten holes and still think it's a good game?"

"You've weakened—eh?" sneered Red.

"I've turned square."

"You're crazy."

"No, it's only the man who thinks he can beat the law who's crazy," said Valentine.

"You'd a won out if it hadn't been for that Cotton, who blew on you because you beat him out of a dame."

Valentine turned and clutched him by the arm.

"You rat, don't you ever speak of her again or I'll murder you!" He threw Red roughly away from him.

"Now, get out of here and forget you know me."

"Good God, Jimmy!" exclaimed the other. "I wouldn't say anything to hurt your feelings. Why, I'd do anything for you; I'd a done your bit if I could have. Why, I'd go to h—l for you."

"Will you turn square with me? That's all I want of you now. Let's you and I start now and from this minute on go square. If we starve in the streets. Will you do that, Red?" Valentine spoke in intense earnestness.

Red hesitated. "One job to get a stake and I'll go you," he said eagerly.

Valentine appreciated the characteristic unwillingness of Red to leave his lifelong vocation—that of rifling strong boxes and safes deemed by their manufacturers to be "fire and burglar proof." True, the flames were some times foiled by the thicknesses of metal and asbestos, but rarely had Red Flanagan been foiled by mere human metal or time locks—rarely, indeed, when accompanied by No. 1289, the man who, as Warden Handler described him, opened safes solely by the sense of touch. Valentine knew the hold that the unlawful life he too, had followed invariably secured on its votaries, and he was not surprised when Red hesitated to leave it for the dubious rewards of "going straight."

"No," answered Valentine; "nothing for me but work from now on—work, honest work, legal manual labor if necessary. I've quit the old game for keeps, Red."

Red, plainly nonplused at this revolutionary change of heart in his former "pal," stood speechless for a moment. Jimmy Valentine, the best man in the country in his line, had "turned square." Merciful saints! Was the world coming to an end? At last he recovered his ability to talk.

He had an inspiration that he thought might win Valentine over, might make him come to his senses.

"What about the coppers?" suggested Red. "Are you dippy enough to think they'd let you turn square?"

"Yes. Why not?" retorted Valentine like a flash. "What have they got to do with honest men?"

Again did Red find cause to actually doubt the sanity of his ex-confederate, for here he was overlooking entirely in his childish reasoning the remorseless, dismal certainty that the detectives would force him to "peach" on his old pals or any one else in the underworld of whom he could obtain information desired by the police. In short, Valentine had overlooked the "stool pigeon game," the despair of every crook who had ever tried to "go straight."

"Aw, don't kid yourself," warned Red. "The copper 'll let you be square if you're a stool pigeon. If you tip off old pals. No other way."

"Absurd! How, for instance, could they do me?"

"Absurd, eh? What about Kid Steele? He turned square, but he wouldn't squeal, and job after job they threw him out of till he was hungry in the street. Then a copper offered to stake him to a feed if he'd 'turn up' an old pal. And he murdered the cop on the spot, and now he's doing life. Turn square, eh? That means be a stool or a bum in our game."

Red raised his hands protestingly and turned his face away from Valentine.

"Beat the coppers," insisted the other. "Get away where they can't find you. We can do that."

"Yes, we can." Red again faced his friend. "Why, Doyle is in town to see you now."

"Doyle here?" in alarm.

"Yes. I met him when he got off the 'rattler.' He's going to give you your orders, and you'll have to do as he tells you if you turn square. He knows you beat it. He was laying for Avery when he came out and told him to report once a month. And what about Avery? You sent him to me, and we've been at work on something."

"Where is Avery?" asked Valentine quickly.

"Want to see him?"

"Yes. I can explain better." Valentine crossed the parlor and peered through the portieres.

Red went to the opposite doorway and softly called, "Oh, Bill!"

Avery, dressed in a roughly cut ready made suit of clothes and looking in much better health than he did on the day he defied Detective Doyle and finished his term in Sing Sing, came slowly into the hotel parlor.

"Hello, Bill! You're talking a chance," greeted Valentine, "and you are, too, Red."

"I had to see you," returned Avery. "I have just been telling Red"—

"Sure, I heard you hand out that 'square' talk. I suppose you want me to join you in this 'going straight' business, too, eh?"

"I don't think the crooked game is any good. And you are getting old for clever work."

"Think so, eh?" snarled Avery suspiciously.

"He isn't too old to be an 'outside man' with us," put in Red.

"We don't need any outside man any more, Red," declared Valentine. Avery glared into the speaker's face.

"So you're out now, and you're going to throw Red and me out, eh? All this turning square talk I heard was a stall to get rid of me because I am old, eh?"

"I don't have to stall you, Avery."

The old thief leaned threateningly toward Valentine, shaking his withered fist as violently as the flabby muscles, sapped by years of prison air and prison fare, would permit.

"Like the d—l?" he cried, choking in his wrath. "I'm old, that's your dope. Going to throw me for a rookie, eh? Well, I'll show you. When guys start stalling me I'll show them up. From now on I'm a copper, and I'll show you up, Valentine. I'll get you, too—I'll get you good!"

Red Flanagan had won a continent wide reputation as a "smooth worker." He was one of those painstaking, conscientious burglars who followed habitually the laudable practice of looking after details. His employers, among whom had been Jimmy Valentine, "Chicago Whitey" and other leaders in their profession, had in the past shown a flattering willingness to recommend him (not in their own handwriting, to be sure) as a thorough artist, an untiring student and one who one day would probably revolutionize the business of caring for other people's money. In a word, Red was thorough, which means a great deal in his line.

So, true to his reputation, Red, fearing complications because of the pitch to which Avery had unconsciously raised his voice, had stepped behind the portieres to keep watch on the short hallway that led to it. This hallway opened out into the main hall of the hotel, at the far end of which was

of Hillman, at Mrs. McCauley's in honor of the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Bert Nichols and Mrs. McCauley.

W. R. Davis last week sold 44 acres more land to the Oregon Trunk Line for side track and yard facilities at this place.

Mr. Simpson of Redmond, was here last week taking measures to move his two buildings he has in this place to lots he has purchased here.

The new sign of H. B. Winfield's is quite a business looking proposition.

## PLEASANT RIDGE

The many friends of Mrs. Bevard will be sorry to learn that she is seriously ill.

Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Green visited Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sherwood last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harader attended the box social at Redmond last Friday evening, and report a good time.

Mrs. Lloyd Harader and children visited Mrs. Green last Wednesday.

Fred Sherwood made a business trip to Bend last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Manderscheid visited Alex Chase's Sunday.

Wayne Chase and Etta, Frances and Wendell Thompson are attending school at Redmond since school closed at this place.

## Lumber Yard Changes Hands

Last week the Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co. of Walla Walla bought out Ben Gotter's lumber yard at this place. J. M. Crawford, president of the Tum-A-Lum Co., was here and concluded the deal. The new company proposes to carry a complete line of lumber and building material. J. C. Swayze will be the manager of the company at this place.

## This Man Is a Mighty Trapper

Prineville Journal: Alex Collette of Ashwood is the champion trapper of Crook county, according to the records of the county clerk. He trapped 135 coyotes and 35 bobcats in five months at the head of Trout, Muddy and Cherry creeks along the divide. Thirty-five coyotes and 18 of the bobcats were caught in Wasco county. He cleaned up over \$800 in his five-months work. The pelts were sold to H. H. Cox at the courthouse.

## Bend to Organize Ball Team

The Bend Athletic Association has called a meeting in order to take steps to organize a ball team for the coming season. It is expected that Bend will put a team in the field this year. With Redmond, Bend and Prineville having teams there should be some good games pulled off this coming summer between the three towns.

## SISTERS

The Sisters country has been enjoying some fine spring weather the past week.

Work on the Commercial Hotel addition is progressing rapidly, and when finished the building will be quite an addition to this place. The building will have a frontage of 50 feet on Main street.

Mrs. H. K. Allen, who has been on the sick list is slightly improved.

Vern Gist, who has been confined to his home for some time with the grip, is now able to be out again.

Robert Ralph, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jordan, died the 16th inst. at their home on Lower Demert, and was buried the 18th at the Camp Polk cemetery. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of their many friends and neighbors in the loss of their little one.

Ed Howell was in Madras two days last week on business.

The family of Mr. Grogan arrived from the east this week and moved to their home 8 miles north of here.

John Dennis has been making some very necessary improvements to the interior of the Sisters Hotel lately.

C. S. Dennison is putting a new front on his furniture store, and intends putting in an entire new stock, which is on the road now between here and Metolius.

Robert Smith has in a carload of new wagons.

John McKinney and Lester Gist will soon begin work on their bowling alley and butcher shop.

Ed Howell's pet bear is attracting a good deal of attention.

W. N. Cobb has received his new piano which will be given away to the parties purchasing the largest amount of merchandise during 1911.

The base ball boys met on the diamond Sunday and got in a good practice. With the addition of an extra pitcher and a number of new players the team will be much stronger than last year, and some good results are looked for. The club will give a ball Saturday night and play Clime Falls Sunday.

Wm. Wilson and family have moved to the Wilson and Berry mill for the summer.

After getting some necessary repairs Allen and Meskill have the Vanbuskirk auto in first-class condition, and are having some joy rides—but have quit walking home.

J. B. Curi and family and C. K. Evratts were here Sunday watching the boys from the Ranger station play ball.

## HILLMAN

W. Moore was called to Tacoma Tuesday of last week by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his wife and daughter.

Guy Nelson and Mr. Alexander are at Camp 4 for a few days.

Messrs. Kent, Hamilton and Taylor of this place, were Redmond visitors last Saturday.

The big rock cut south of town that Albert Nelson has the contract for, will be completed by April 1st.

A birthday party was given Saturday afternoon by the Ladies Pioneer Club



"ONE JOB TO GET A STAKE AND I'LL GO YOU."

a carriage entrance. At the opposite side of the parlor was an exit leading to a dining room, which in turn had an opening directly next to the main entrance of the hotel. Red realized that a casual passerby might become suspicious of Avery's words should they be overheard. Besides, the implacable Doyle was in town. A friend of his, a "runner" for Doc Slater's faro bank, had so informed Red that very morning.

Red suddenly issued a warning hiss. "Duck, Avery! Here comes Doyle!"

The two thieves, having no opportunity to do better, hastily concealed themselves behind the portieres.

Valentine, very much disturbed, made an effort to calm himself. He

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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