

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

Novelized by
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From the Great
Play by
PAUL ARMSTRONG

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SYNOPSIS.

Warden Handler of Sing Sing prison and Detective George Doyle endeavor to reveal on Bill Avery, a released prisoner, to search out information against a former "pal," a young convict known as Jimmy Valentine. Avery refuses, and Doyle and Handler threaten to attack him. Valentine had a trick of opening safes solely by the sense of touch. Avery goes. Lieutenant Governor Fay, his beautiful niece, Rose Lane, and two women waiters in a rescue mission visit the prison.

Warden Handler hears Rose Lane tell how she was rescued from a thief on a train, and he is amazed at a coincidence. Convict Jimmy Valentine, No. 129, is brought into the warden's office to open a safe as an object lesson to the visitors, and Rose recognizes him as the man who saved her from the thief Cotton.

Valentine says he can't open the safe, exasperating Handler. The lieutenant governor and Rose talk with Valentine. Rose pleads with Fay to aid the young prisoner, who is handsome even in his dingy garb.

Fay promises for Rose's sake to ask the governor to pardon Valentine. A stormy interview occurs between Handler and Valentine.

Valentine waits patiently in prison for news. Finally he is pardoned and goes to Albany to thank the governor, Lieutenant Governor Fay and Rose.

Valentine refuses positions offered by the rescue mission workers. To his amazement, he meets Bill Avery and a former co-worker, Red Flanagan.

Red and Avery try to dissuade Jimmy from "going square." Detective Doyle appears, and Red and Avery hide. Doyle wants Valentine to tell him where Avery is, for he wants to rearrest him. Valentine refuses.

Doyle departs, threatening to send Valentine back to Sing Sing prison. Avery now tries to kill Valentine.

Valentine finally agrees to "go it crooked" again, but a note from Rose brings him back to his former determination to be honest "in spite of the coppers."

Rose persuades her father to give Valentine a position in his bank in Spring Field, Ill. He and Red go to work in the bank.

For several years Valentine works excellently and rises to be assistant cashier. He and Rose love each other, but Valentine knows Doyle is on his track and dares not tell her of his affection for her. A mysterious Mr. Cronin turns out to be old Bill Avery, now reformed and a man of business.

Valentine receives a telegram from Doyle. He tells Red how he has planned to outwit the detective by means of a cleverly concocted alibi.

Rose Lane tells Valentine she loves him and that they are going to marry. Valentine reveals to her his love for her. Doyle appears on the scene to arrest Valentine on a charge of robbing a Massachusetts bank many years before.

Doyle is astounded when Valentine announces that he was never in Sing Sing or in Massachusetts in his life and that his name is Lee Randall.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

Valentine broke the silence. "But to prove so important a matter so suddenly—on a second's notice—why, no man on earth can— Wait. If I happen to have that scrap book here; I brought it down one day, and if—he opened a drawer—here it is. Of course there may be nothing here on the exact date you mention." The last doubtfully.

"What's this?"

"A scrap book. I suppose all people are the same about this little vanity, whimsically. You doubtless cut out the first clippings about yourself you ever saw in print. There—no, that's



Valentine shuffled the pages back.

1907." Doyle came to him. Valentine shuffled the pages back. "Well, that's pretty close—that's in March, 1906. I made a speech that night. What was that date again?"

"Well, by"—began Doyle, completely nonplused.

"That was a pretty good speech," commented Valentine, pointing to another clipping—"second one I ever made. The first, what was that date—February what?"

"Ninth," Doyle rose impatiently. "This is too good," put in Valentine. "Here, look here." He indicated the picture on the wall. "Who is that as big as life there? It's been staring us both in the face ever since you've been here."

Doyle went to the photograph. "That was on Feb. 9, 1906—why, yes, the photographer even dated it."

"Is this you?" Doyle pointed to one of the figures in the group.

"Well, look at it. If this Valentine was in prison that must be me. You said yourself that King Sing doesn't allow boarders to go visiting."

Doyle stepped back in front of Valentine's desk.

"You can alibi yourself into hell, Valentine, but you can't get away from that scar on your left wrist."

Doyle had reserved this telling shot for a critical moment.

"I never had a scar on my left wrist," the other returned jubilantly. "Let's see," the detective snapped unbelievably.

"But that proves nothing," Valentine drew back as he spoke. He appeared unwilling to permit Doyle to make an examination of his wrist.

"Let me see, I tell you. It's got to be shown sooner or later. Delay won't get you anything." Doyle was forcing the fighting now. He was certain that he had Valentine cornered.

The assistant cashier thrust his hands behind his back.

"Don't you realize," he said triumphantly, "that that is a very old-fashioned method of identification? Don't you know that since the introduction of a horsehair in sewing wounds there is never a scar?" He smiled irritatingly at Doyle.

As a reply the detective bent swiftly across the desk, seized Valentine's arm and drew his left hand toward him.

"Could an old scar be opened and sewed with horsehair and disappear?" he asked dazedly as he saw the wrist was unmarked by any indication of a scar.

"I don't know; I presume so," in differently.

Doyle was silent. This last denouement disconcerted him more than had anything else. An idea came to him. He lunged forward, clutching Valentine's right hand in his own, and jerked it across the desk. "Was it the left wrist that was scarred?" he cried.

He pushed back the cuff, but the surface of the right wrist was as smooth and as unbroken as the other. "Anything else I can do for you?" asked the assistant cashier calmly as Doyle let go his hand.

"By—, that's funny!" murmured Doyle. He looked across the room to the picture on the wall. He drew a magnifying glass from his coat pocket and stepped before the handsomely framed photograph once more. He passed the lens up and down and across, over the face of the photograph, then wheeled about and faced Jimmy Valentine.

"Mr. Randall," he said apologetically. "My most excuse my mistake—my most unfortunate mistake—and I trust that you will overlook my ungentlemanly manners. I now realize that I have been making insinuations against an entirely innocent man. You of course realize the difficulties of my profession—how in dealing with the brightest criminal brains in the world we cannot avoid making errors at times, but—his face glowed pride—"I will say in justice to myself that this is the first mistake of the kind I have ever made."

"Quite true—quite true, I am sure, my dear sir," commented Jimmy Valentine condescendingly. "I can see that you are exceptionally able in your line. Some day if we ever have a loss here through thievery I shall be most glad to recommend you to the directors, and I am sorry that you feel so embarrassed at your error regarding me."

"Oh, cut that! Don't worry about me," said Doyle venomously. "Wait till I put the bracelets on the real Jimmy Valentine, then save your sympathy for him. He'll pay for this day's work. It's all through him that I made a sucker out of myself today, Mr. Randall, and when I get him he's going to come through, which means confess."

Doyle paused for breath and concluded, "I'm on the biggest job of my whole career, and when I finish it I'll have the real Jimmy Valentine sewed up in a little stone jug 6 by 8, without light or fresh air, and what he'll get to eat would make a pit bull terrier turn vegetarian."

Valentine in spite of the danger that attended his situation could not resist the temptation to continue the conversation with Doyle. It was dangerous—no doubt as to that. At any moment the young man might let drop a word or a hint that would betray himself into his enemy's hands by confirming the detective's suspicions.

But the daring Valentine relished the spice of excitement in the situation. He played with the detective as a cat with a squeaking mouse.

"To be sure, you do not promise this man Jimmy Valentine a very merry time if it when you finally land him," Valentine said. "I am glad I am not he."

Doyle laughed grimly.

"The resemblance is the most startling I have ever encountered," he answered. "You are perhaps a trifle taller—a half inch, maybe—but, aside from that and the wrist scar, you and Valentine are exact."

Valentine smiled fatuously—quite intentionally so.

"I should hate to have so clever a man as you hunting me, Mr. Doyle," he went on, "and from what you say I assume you have been after him some time."

"Nearly three years," the detective grunted angrily.

"Well, that's quite awhile. You must want him badly."

Doyle bent toward the other and pounded his fist into his opened palm. "He is the one man who can open a safe by the sense of touch," he explained.

Blank amazement came into the face of the assistant cashier.

"Why, that's not possible, is it?" he asked incredulously.

"Doesn't sound so—we never thought so—but Jimmy Valentine has done it repeatedly. The first year he worked we thought the jobs were done from the inside—employees or officers of the bank. Then we got him by a confession of his pal, and a fool governor pardoned him," Doyle growled disgustedly.

"Well, if he was pardoned"—The detective brushed the suggestion aside.

"I want him for another job, one that I can convict him on now and couldn't before the first conviction."

"You will doubtless get him, Mr. Doyle," confidently.

"Doubtless. It's a life work to land him. He's the most dangerous man loose."

"It doesn't seem possible that a man could have so delicate a sense of



"YOU MUST WANT HIM BADLY," touch," said Valentine innocently, continuing to "play" Doyle as an angler plays a brook trout.

"He has," with an angry snort. "It's been the ambition of my life to see him work—to catch him red handed."

"Well, for the sake of the community at large I hope you do. By the way, Mr. Doyle, as you have never seen this—er—Mr. Valentine work, how do you know that he uses nothing but his hands in opening safes?"

"Oh, we have a general idea about his system. He keeps his hands tender, soft, sensitive, and through a faculty seeming almost miraculous he is able to detect the movement of the tumblers that lock the safe as he turns the dials of the combination. This much we learned from one Red Flanagan, alias Tim Cronin, alias the 'White Rat,' the pal that Valentine took up with after he killed another pal named Cotton. Flanagan's right name is Jim. He did a bit at Joliet, and I think I'll be able to get him to testify against Valentine when I get him sewed up in Boston. What? Oh, yes; Red was always known as the 'White Rat' until he took to dyeing his hair vermilion."

Doyle looked at his watch. He nodded a farewell to Valentine and wheeled toward the door. He stopped momentarily and asked permission to "take another flash at that picture on the wall." Valentine gave his assent and watched the detective curiously. Doyle stepped in front of the photograph, took out his magnifying glass, a powerful reading glass, and again made a minute examination of the scene in the banquet hall, with "Mr. Lee Randall" sitting at the right of the toastmaster.

He turned, shot a searching look at Valentine and then drew close to the latter's desk.

"By the way," he said, "on my way out I'll stop and explain to the—"

"Mr. Lane, the president," reminded Valentine.

"Yes. I want to apologize for making accusations against you. Good day, Mr. Randall."

"Good day, Mr. Doyle."

Doyle stepped out into the hallway. As he drew the door toward him to close it he leaned forward and peered through the crack. He saw Valentine standing at his desk, and he also saw the young man's breast heave as though he was sighing in relief as at the ending of a trying ordeal.

Just as he was about to close the door and depart the door leading from the vault room into the assistant cashier's office burst violently open. Doyle heard the crash, and he also heard what followed it—a frenzied voice, an agonized voice, crying "Jimmy, Jimmy!"

"Jimmy!" Then that's his name, after all; it's Valentine!" gasped the detective, pushing the door open to better learn what was transpiring.

The voice was the voice of Red Flanagan, who, followed by little Bobby Lane, had rushed frantically into the room.

"Jimmy," screamed Red, his eyes bulging outward in horror. "Bobby's locked Kitty in the new vault! We can't get her out!"

Valentine turned on Red like a panther.

"Where is the combination? Quick, man, quick!"

"The builders haven't sent it yet. Nobody knows it," choked Red.

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Bobby threw himself into Valentine's arms, sobbing convulsively.

"I didn't mean to do it," he cried hysterically. "I didn't mean to—I didn't know Kitty hid in the vault, and I thought—I didn't know. I pretended not to and shut the door to scare her. Then just in fun I turned the knob."

"Good God, that baby!" groaned Valentine, wringing his hands and starting toward the vault room.

"You can do it," urged Red. "I'll clear the bank—just you and me. For God's sake, open that vault or that baby will die like a rat!" Red fell on his knees before Valentine and pleaded heartbrokenly for his old time safe breaking accomplice to use once again the skill that had made his name a synonym for success in the underworld.

Valentine hesitated, as well he might, considering the hazardous nature of his position. If any cue but Red should see him open the safe—see him at work—all hope of further concealing the nature of his occupation in the past would be destroyed. And Doyle, who wanted to "see Jimmy Valentine work," was even now in the bank building—might return to Valentine's office at any moment, reasoned the assistant cashier.

"Kitty mustn't die—she mustn't—she mustn't!" sobbed Bobby.

Valentine's face set determinedly. He tore off his coat and, rolling up his sleeves, dashed out into the vault room.

"I know! I'll do it! I'll do it!" he cried.

Detective George Doyle smiled sardonically as he softly withdrew from behind the partly opened door which had sheltered him from the view of the frantic actors in the tragedy that had been enacted in the assistant cashier's office. He walked swiftly down the hall.

"Jimmy Valentine, Jimmy Valentine," he muttered vengefully. "you've had your laugh! Now I'll have mine. I've got you now. I'm going to get you red handed!"

To be continued

CONTINUED ACTIVITY IN RANCH PROPERTY

Tacoma People Continue to Be Buyers of Irrigated Land

Real estate in Redmond and vicinity continues to attract outside buyers. During the past few days the following sales have been reported to The Spokesman:

Geo. Truesdale of Tacoma, has bought the Duffy ranch of 40 acres at Powell Buttes, and has gone onto the land.

Mr. Gift and Mr. Vote of Iowa, bought 80 acres of ditch land one mile this side of Wesley and have begun making improvements.

Geo. H. Livesley of Sumner, Wn., bought 320 acres of irrigated land adjoining Wesley on the east, and will immediately begin clearing the same.

O. E. Darling & Co. of Tacoma, sold two 40-acre tracts three miles west of the city, for the Central Oregon Irrigated Land Co. Tacoma parties were buyers.

C. S. Chamberlain closed the deal this week for 12 acres of the Tichenor property adjoining the city on the south, and has an option on the south 40 of the same property.

The Northwest Townsite Co. Philadelphia, bought the F. T. Redmond 40 acres adjoining the city.

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MAYOR JONES CASTS THE DECIDING VOTE

Council Has Tie Vote On Transfer of Saloon Location

At the council meeting Tuesday night the question of allowing James Green to move his saloon from its present location on the corner of 7th and E streets, to the McCaffery building on the corner of 6th and E streets, next to Lynch & Roberts store, came up for action.

Those who voted to allow Mr. Green to make the change were Councilmen McCaffery, White and Wells.

Those who voted against the proposition were: Councilmen Hosch, Lynch and Huffman.

The vote being a tie Mayor Jones cast the deciding vote, which was against removal of the saloon.

Additional Local.

Addison Bennett, staff correspondent of the Oregonian, was in Redmond the fore part of the week.

Harry Kennard has an Airdale Terrier pup that has a pedigree reaching nearly as far back as the dark ages.

G. B. Lintner, formerly division engineer of the Oregon Trunk Line at this place, was here the fore part of the week.

A good soaking rain visited this section Monday night and Tuesday morning, and was worth thousands of dollars to the growing crops.

The decoration of the table at the Oregon Cafe for the Sherwood-Cast wedding breakfast last Friday was attractive and elicited much admiration.

Attorney Miller of the firm of Miller & Foote of Crookston, Minn., was here this week looking the country over so he could make an intelligent report to the Minnesota people who are anxious for information regarding this section of the state.

About the Mail Service Once More

A recent dispatch from Washington to the Portland Journal says: Congressman Lafferty is advised that a complete readjustment of star and rural routes in

Wasco and Crook counties is now being made by the department to enable the postoffices to receive mail from the nearest railroad station, instead of carrying it by stage from Shaniko. The change in routes will be ready for announcement soon.

Spectacles Lost

A pair of spectacles lost about May 11th, between E and B streets on 5th or 6th streets. Finder please leave with postmaster. 45tf

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