

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

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

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SYNOPSIS.

Warden Handler of Sing Sing prison and Detective George Doyle endeavor to prevail on Hill 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, the beautiful niece, Rose Lane, and two women workers in a rescue mission visit the prison.

Warden Handler hears Rose Lane tell how she was rescued from a hotel 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 hotel.

Valentine says he can't open the safe, suggesting Handler. The lieutenant governor and Rose talk with Valentine, whose plans with Fay to aid the young prisoner, who is handsome even in Sing Sing shack.

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 Hill Avery and a former co-sucker, 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 arrest 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 does not tell her of his affection for her. A mysterious Mr. Cronin turns out to be old Hill 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 nor in Massachusetts in his life and that his name is Lee Randall.

Doyle is finally convinced by a sensational ruse employed by Valentine that Valentine is not Valentine after all. "I'll lead him if it takes a lifetime," he says.

Kitty, Rose's little sister, becomes accidentally locked in a safe vault in the bank. Red Flanagan rushes in to "handle" the office, crying, "Jimmy, Jimmy." Doyle recognizes Red and realizes that Randall is really Jimmy Valentine.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE room in the Fourth National bank of Springfield, Ill., in which the new vault had been constructed, was a large, somber enclosure, with a door at one side, opening from the assistant cashier's office, and one directly opposite, which led to a narrow hallway opening into the main hall.

Along this narrow hallway were doors opening into the offices of various officials of the bank. The vaults in which were kept the currency and negotiable papers, bonds, stocks, notes, etc., were on the floor below, and the new vault built against the wall at the rear of the room was designed as a receptacle for the bank's books of account. Therefore it had a larger interior than an ordinary vault, and as the shelves had not yet been built in there were several feet of free space inside, which would be occupied by books and records later on.

The huge steel ribbed door had been left invitingly open by the workmen engaged in adding the finishing touches, and consequently it afforded an unequalled source of delight to Bobby and Kitty, whose active imaginations readily converted the interior of the vault into the cave of daring smugglers who, presumably gone on a desperate enterprise, had left deserted their secret cavern and the precious continental articles which, Bobby assured Kitty, were surely to be found there. So what was there for a high spirited little girl to do, when her brother, who never failed at asserting his superiority over a mere girl and the superiority of the "men folk" in general, insisted that she go first into the yawning blackness of the big safe? Surely she must maintain the traditions of the fearlessness of her sex as she knew them and "take the dare" which Bobby forced upon her.

Slowly into the steel bound shadows she went, her waxen faced dolly clutched tightly against her throbbing bosom—yet in she went. Suddenly the huge door scraped shut. All was blackness. As she screamed in her fright she heard the click of the metal bars

as Bobby playfully turned the handle. Then all was silent, save for the moans of the little girl as she lurched blindly toward the door of the safe and scratched the metal thicknesses with her tiny nails.

The dolly fell to the floor, the ends of the soft little fingers began to bleed from frozen contact with the bars that ribbed the interior of the safe door, and after a few moments the wee girl's form sank limply to the bottom of the vault, where she gasped convulsively to breathe in the air that was gradually losing its life supporting qualities. Not many minutes would elapse ere she had consumed all the precious oxygen in the suffocating interior of the necessarily air tight vault.

As Jimmy Valentine dashed into the vault room he cried to Red Flanagan who was at his heels:

"Go get one of the clerks to run for some sandpaper. Plumber stone is too soft for this job. My fingers are not in shape for a trick like this. Go! Run!"

Red turned and darted away on his urgent errand. Well he knew just how necessary it was for Jimmy Valentine to have sandpaper to rescue Kitty if it were true that the skin on his fingers had grown calloused or had reached even its natural thickness.

Jimmy Valentine pulled manfully at the handles of the vault door. Perhaps, after all, the combination had not been turned and only the door's weight held it in place. But the metal barrier would not move. He pressed his ear to the hairlike crack. He heard the sound as of a little body falling to the floor and the faint moans of the prisoner calling, "Bobby, Bobby, Bobby!"

Valentine bent over the combination peered sharply at it, then began to twist the cylinders gently. Around and then back he turned the knobs. No, it was of no use. Nothing could be done until the sandpaper arrived. His fingers had lost their sensitiveness and hence their cunning, and in the meantime Valentine well knew the prisoner was consuming whatever of the priceless air that remained.

The door leading from his office swung open, and again Red Flanagan darted in. He flung himself on the vault room floor directly below Valentine's knees and held his ear close to the crack of the safe door.

"Think you can make it, Jimmy?" he gasped.

"Guess so, never failed on a lock like this. Why, in God's name, don't that fool come with that sandpaper?" Valentine was desperate at the delay.

"He's gone to a—here he is!" cried Red as he heard hurrying footsteps in the assistant cashier's office. Red jumped to his feet and out into Valentine's room. He seized the roll of sandpaper from the messenger's hands.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the inquisitive clerk.

Red shoved him away and darted back toward the vault room.

"None of your business," he cried, "and keep out of here."

"Give it here. What is it?" exclaimed Valentine as Red ran to him.

"No, 4."

"That's best. Is the bank empty?"

"Yes, thank God, Mr. Lane has gone. There's no one here to pip what we're doin'—and even if there was we'd just naturally have to go through with it—for that girl Kitty!"

"Shut up," cried Valentine nervously. He bent over and rubbed his fingers briskly across the gritty surface of one of the sheets of sandpaper which Red had handed him—rubbed until the white flesh showed pink. Red stood and watched him breathlessly. The sound of Valentine's fingers scraping back and forth across the face of the sandpaper seemed to his feverish brain the physical demonstration of an evil being, spalled him as a sinister omen of impending doom. He had heard a story of his old grand

mysterious tick, tick, tick, tick would be heard in the fated house, the sound coming as though from a mysterious watch concealed in the wall—the "death tick." As the sound of the scraping fingers continued the zip, zip, zip, zip echoed from the walls and smote into Red's ears and into Red's brain—an uneasy reminder of that long forgotten tale.

And, strangely enough, Red's premonition of the presence of an unseen menace was not without foundation in fact. It may be that this active career in the underworld had developed in him that sixth sense of the habitual thief which sometimes gives him warning of approaching dangers.

As Red stood there fascinatingly watching the rapid play of Valentine's fingers the door leading into the narrow hallway noiselessly opened—opened just enough to allow the sound of the scraping fingers to reach the ear pressed against the crack between the door and the jam. A few inches more of space and the face of George Doyle appeared in the doorway.

As the door on opening swung toward the rear of the chamber toward the vault, Doyle, shielded by it, was enabled to put one foot over the sill and stand half within the vault room. Pressing himself close against the door, he could watch in the darkened, shadowy room the operations of Red Flanagan and Mr. Lee Randall, alias Jimmy Valentine.

He saw the sheet of sandpaper flutter to the floor; he saw Valentine lick his fingers with his tongue to ease the burning pain that throbbled through them; he saw Red Flanagan drop on his knees and crouch against the door of the giant safe; he saw Valentine step forward, seize the combination with the tips of his fingers, press his ear against the vault and gently, caressingly, ever so gently, twirl the shining wicked knob of the combination.

George Doyle had his dearest wish gratified. At last he saw the great Jimmy Valentine at work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Humorous Suabians.

"Next to the Americans," said Max Nordau, "I think that the Suabians are the most humorous people in the world. A Suabian, if he has nothing funny to say, keeps silent. Stupidity is unknown among this race."

"One night in Suabia in my early youth I called on a Suabian maiden. She was very pretty. Perhaps I stayed longer than I should. Suddenly, at any rate, the young girl's mother called in a loud voice from upstairs:

"Gretchen! Gretchen!"

"Yes, mother," Gretchen answered.

"Gretchen, it is very cold here. Will you ask that young man to shut the front door from the outside?"

The Indian Chief Tammany.

The aborigines, whatever may be said against them, enjoyed natural beauty, and their habitations were often made in this delightful region, their councils being attended by Chief Tammenod, or Tammany, a Delaware, whose wisdom and virtues were such as to raise him to the place of patron saint of America. The Tammany society of New York is named for him. When this chief became old and feeble his tribe abandoned him in a hut at New Britain, Pa., and there he tried to kill himself by stabbing; but, failing in that, he flung burning leaves over himself and so perished. He was buried where he died.—From "Myths and Legends of Our Own Land."

Kongo Free State.

The Kongo Free State was practically unknown to white men prior to 1876, when it was explored by the Belgian authorities. It was recognized by the European powers as a state in 1885. The country comprises a strip of territory on the right bank of the river Kongo, as well as some 802,000 square miles, an area larger than that of the republic of Mexico. It has a population of only a few thousand whites and about 16,000,000 of blacks. Its climate in many places is bad for Europeans, though it may be possible, with scientific sanitation, to make a safe abode for whites.—New York American.

An Uncharitable Division.

"Teacher said charity begins at home. Do you know what that means, mamma?"

"Yes."

"Did you know it means that Aunt Jane is a wicked lady?"

"Why, Georgie!"

"Yes, it does. Aunt Jane has got a bucketful of hair an' three switches, an' Uncle Jim is most as bald as an egg."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Could Not Understand.

The bedtime hour was at hand, but after the usual preparations for the night Violet hesitated over her prayers. After a moment's silence she said, "Mummy, dear, are our prayers answered?"

"Why, yes, dear," replied Mamma. "But what a question, dear!"

"I asked because, if they are, why do you smack me? Why don't you pray for me to be a good girl? It would be so much more comfy."—



THE FACE OF GEORGE DOYLE APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY.

Candy Sale

Friday and Saturday we will sell our regular 25c per pound Candy

for 18c. lb.

Twenty different varieties to select from.

J. H. Mendenhall

HILL SEES CHANGES IN CENTRAL OREGON

This Section to Be Extensively Advertised the Coming Year

Louis W. Hill, president of the Great Northern R. R., who was recently in this section of the state, stated before his departure that he had found many changes in the central Oregon country since his visit here about a year ago and that the development is steadily going on. The opening of the Oregon Trunk he found had caused many new towns to grow up and between them the country is now being opened up.

President Gray who was with the Great Northern president on his trip, was well pleased with central Oregon and says he realizes there is much to be done to get the lands settled and under cultivation. It is this kind of work that he has been engaged in at St. Louis and he says it is his ambition to transplant the sage brush lands of central Oregon into waving fields of wheat, alfalfa or other crops.

Mr. Hill said that the railroad company would devote large sums of money and its best publicity men to advertising central Oregon next year with the view to attracting settlers. He spoke very complimentary of the excellent work being done by the Portland Commercial club and other commercial clubs throughout the state, as well as other commercial organizations.

Team for Sale

All around ranch and family young team, harness and wagon. Inquire at this office. 46tf

Illustrated Lecture

Professor Harrington of the Bend High School, will give an illustrated lecture on South America in the M. E. church here on Friday evening, May 26. The professor has traveled extensively in South America, and all who have heard his lecture say it is very interesting. The lecture is under the auspices of the Epworth League of the M. E. church here, and the proceeds are for the benefit of that organization.

Hillman Band Is Progressing

The Spokesman is informed that the newly organized brass band at Hillman is getting along nicely, and is a credit to that lively little city. The band now numbers twelve members, and additional members have signified their intention of joining.

Telephone Directory Has Been Issued

The new telephone directory for the Deschutes Mutual Telephone Co. of this city, was issued last week from The Spokesman office and is now ready for distribution at the local exchange.

CARL WOODS'

Blue Front Livery, Sale and Feed

STABLE

Headquarters for Freighters

Cor. 5th and E Sts., REDMOND, ORE.

Phone subscribers are urged to call by number as that will insure them quicker service. All phone subscribers are entitled to one of the new directories and can get same by calling at the exchange.

Another Brick Store For Redmond

Martin B. Donovan of Portland, this week bought the business lot between the postoffice building and G. M. Huffman's real estate office on 6th street for \$1,550, and intends to put up a brick store building there in the near future. Mr. Donovan's intentions now are to put up a two story building 25x100, and use the lower floor for a moving picture and vaudeville theater.

Farewell Reception Tendered Them

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Thompson who left Redmond last Friday morning, were surprised by a number of their friends of the M. E. church who gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Templeton Thursday evening and tendered them a farewell reception. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson intend to remain in Portland this summer, and later on go to their old home in Arkansas.

Correction in Date of "Children's Day"

Last week The Spokesman published the date of "Children's Day" as Sunday, May 21st. This was an error. The date that has been decided upon for the event is Sunday, June 18th.

His Potato Planter Does the Work

H. H. Hanks, who has a sanch near town, has a potato planter that puts the spuds into the ground in a lively manner. One day last week Mr. Hanks planted five acres to potatoes in 8 hours, and during that time he mixed land plaster with the soil.

"Jedediah Judkins" At Hillman

The Hillman Dramatic Club will present tomorrow, Friday night, the comedy drama of "Jedediah Judkins, J. P." at Hillman. The cast of characters and synopsis of the play is published on the last page of this issue. The proceeds of the entertainment will be given to the Hillman band. It is expected that a number from this city will attend the play.

Kendall & Chapman have built a commodious warehouse adjoining their store to house their buggies and wagons in.

J. A. Brown, who bought out the "Prineville" Steam Laundry and moved it to this city, is putting up a building on 8th street between D and E streets to be used for the plant.

Warlike Sitka Indians.

"Did you know that the most warlike tribe of savages in this country in the old days was the Sitka Indians in Alaska?" asked a citizen of Vancouver, B. C. "In comparison with them the Sioux and Apaches of our American Indians were as peaceable as cows. The Sitka men were of the real fighting stock and valued life no more than last year's blubber.

"Their religion was one of many gods, and everything about them had its own particular ruling spirit. The relics of their worship still stand—their totem poles, with their inscriptions and strangely carved figures. The Eskimos we know are a far different sort, given to the pursuit of their existence by simple and peaceable means."—Washington Herald.

Read the
REDMOND SPOKESMAN

if you want to keep posted on what is doing in Redmond and vicinity.

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