

# "Alias Jimmy Valentine"

Novelized by  
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From the Great  
Play by  
PAUL ARMSTRONG

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## CHAPTER VIII.

LITTLE knowing of the serious conspiracy that was forming but a few yards away behind the thick velvet curtains, Valentine gave verbal and mental battle to the detective. Already he was beginning to see that the ways of the transgressor was hard not only while he was in the legal toils, but also after he became free and supposedly in a position to build a new life if he so desired. But Jimmy Valentine was only at the beginning of a knowledge of the conditions and trials and setbacks he must face, for so long as men make laws and administer them so long will the guilty and the innocent as well suffer and endure, sometimes justly and sometimes unjustly. This also is a law of life.

Valentine went on to insist that he didn't know where Avery was, hadn't seen him since his release from Sing Sing, was glad of it, didn't care



"THAT'S A LIE! YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS," where he was and didn't purpose to care. Of all this he was absolutely sure.

"Well," stated Doyle, "he held up a citizen just three days after he got out, and I want him."

"And I'm to tell you where he is and you will send him up for highway robbery?" questioned Valentine.

"The man he stuck up may die."

"And you expect me to hunt him up and deliver him to you?"

"And you are going to. That's the odd part of it. And possibly I'll make an eyewitness out of you."

"It would be odd if I sent Avery away for life. It would indeed!"

"Then I'll slough you for that Springfield job," Doyle rose abruptly.

"Then you may as well do it now," said the other defiantly.

"No hurry. I've got a little work on the case yet, and I'll find you when I want you," Doyle's grin showed his teeth.

"I'm not going to run away."

"Look here, Valentine, this Avery isn't worth this. He's as wrong as ever lived. He'll cross you or any one else. I should think when a him resorts to blackjacking an old man that would put him out of your class."

"I don't know where he is. I don't know that he did blackmail anybody, and I wouldn't know him if I saw him."

"That's your spiel, eh?"

"That's the truth," Valentine rose as though to end the distasteful interview.

"That's a lie! You know where he is better than any one. If you don't Red does, and I want him. One month to turn him up, and if you don't I go after you, and if I go after you I get you."

"Well, get me."

"I will. It will take a little time—a year, perhaps ten—but as long as we're both alive I'm after you. Good day," Doyle strode angrily away.

As the broad shouldered form of the "headquarters man" disappeared Valentine stood gazing reflectively after him. His back was turned to the portieres. Bill Avery, seeing his chance, crept stealthily out. In his right hand gleamed the barrel and the chamber of his 38 bulldog. He felt secure. He had the versatile Red to aid in the necessary getaway. The hotel corridors were opportunely deserted and

the noise of the elevator and of the street cars outside would dull the sound of the bulldog's bark.

Another step; he raised the weapon; his forefinger began to tighten on the trigger. But Valentine's keen ear caught the sound of the creak of Avery's stiffening elbow joint as it straightened. Wheeling with his old time alacrity, the ex-convict saw his danger, struck down the firearm with his powerful left hand and wrested it from his would be assailant's grasp.

He broke the weapon open and saw that all the chambers were loaded. Snapping it shut, he thrust it into his pocket and hurried the now cowering Avery from him to the floor.

"You fool!" sneered Valentine. "Get up and be a man."

The former prison mate of his conqueror stiffly regained his feet.

"I'll kill him—I'll kill him yet!" he exclaimed to Red, who had followed him from behind the curtain.

"Too bad you didn't get him," growled Red disgustedly.

Valentine, however, cut short their talk by warning them of their loud tones. At his pronouncement that they were both crazy Red reminded him of what he had told him about the detectives and their stool pigeons.

"It was a lie, too," put in Avery. "I never stuck that old man up. I'm talking on the level."

"I knew Doyle was lying," answered Valentine reassuringly. "It's a hard game we're up against."

Red agreed with the speaker.

"Well, now, maybe you believe that it ain't so easy to turn square. Listen, Jimmy, Avery and me have got a job worked out. We know every twist and turn of the joint. I've prowled it twice. We were going to use the soap." He showed a bottle. "See, old nitroglycerin, but we heard you were going to be sprung, and we waited. You can grab that gopher tonight, and you can bet with us outside no one can get to you."

Red and Avery eyed him anxiously, expectantly.

"I've opened my last safe, Red," was the calm rejoinder.

"So you're going to work, eh, with a copper at your heels?" snarled Red.

"I'm going to work, and I won't be a stool pigeon."

"You're going to give up the game, a graft like you got—you, with your"—

"I'm done."

"Well, what in heaven's name—I got it—it's a woman!"

"I have met a decent girl, Red, the kind I knew as a boy—my sister's kind. It was she who got me out of that hole at Sing Sing, and I have promised myself—"

"You don't think she or her folks would stand for you, do you?"

"If I was on the level she just might."

"With a copper telling lies about you to her folks unless you delivered me or Red?" interpolated old Avery.

"Jimmy, for God's sake don't go against that straight girl game. It'll only break your heart, then what?" asked Red earnestly.

The released prisoner was thoughtful a moment.

"I've thought it out," he finally said. "She'll be back any minute, and I'm going her way, boys. Yes, and if I do there's a chance that I may win her some day and be able to take her to my old home and my father and mother, who haven't heard of me for years. They didn't seem quite to understand me when I was a lad, boys, nor I them, but I can see now that they meant all right by me. I've learned it all from this girl, though she's almost a complete stranger to me."

Valentine's voice began to waver, and he inclined his face to one side to hide the evidences of the emotion that threatened to overwhelm him.

To Red Flanagan and Bill Avery the situation was a trying one, desperate indeed. One of them was all too young and inexperienced to execute alone the delicate, sure, nerve racking "inside" job of a safe looking sortie, the other was too old and feeble for anything but a berth as "outside" man, to detect approaching danger and give due warning thereof. Their absolutely required the partnership of Jimmy Valentine.

Yet here was Valentine, as Avery described him in a reproachful whisper to Red: "Here he is, crazy stuck on a skirt, an' him th' only man in



HE WRESTED THE WEAPON FROM AVERY. America as can open a twelve bolt safe by th' sense o' touch. Ain't it th' limit for a gent-oo like him to waste his talents an' go on the square?"

Valentine faced his friends of the past.

"When did you see her—the girl?" queried Red Flanagan of him.

"Right here today," Jimmy Valentine's face brightened as he thought of

her. "Met her father too. She said she would be back."

"And you think she'll come?" sneered Red. "Why, we been here a half hour, and it's a cinch Doyle has reached her father."

Valentine gave a sudden start. Red inwardly rejoiced as he saw that his shot had taken effect.

"Doyle!" gasped the released convict. "I wonder if he?"

"You can bet on it," put in Avery. "A little sympathy, Jimmy, that's all," suggested Red. "She just came to cheer you on the right path. Ain't you on?"

"Don't say that, Red. Don't you say that."

"It's a cinch Doyle has quered the play," went on Avery.

Valentine moved angrily at the speaker.

"It wasn't a play, Avery. I'll strangle you if you speak that way again."

Red was again scornful and said: "Oh, rot! They're playing you, and you don't see it. And for being spoken nice to you're going to blow the softest graft a man ever had."

"I know what I'm doing," insisted Valentine, who began walking nervously up and down the floor.

"Yes, you do. If you had a chance—I'd stick, and you know it, don't you?"

Avery, catching a significant glance from Red, continued the shrewd attempt to cause Valentine to lose faith in Rose Lane.

"Did the girl wear pink roses," he said excitedly, "and was the guy with her gray haired and carried a gold headed cane?"

"Yes."

"When you was talking to Doyle here and we was planted there—he indicated the portieres—"I saw them pass here going toward the depot."

Valentine stopped short in his nervous pacing. He glared in astonishment at the old thief, who stood at one side of the room gripping the rim of a slouch hat, one that could be pulled down over the eyes, to partially conceal the face when the wearer was in a public place.

"They went to the station," Valentine gasped. "Then—they—are—not—coming—to—to—"

Red saw the impression Avery's words had made on his former pal. He saw that possibly very little would now be needed to cause No. 1280 to return to the old ways with the old friends.

"Surest thing you know, Jimmy," he announced. "I saw them too. She had on a shimmering dress with pink flowers in her bonnet, and she looked perfectly happy, too, like she was glad to get away from this town."

(To be continued.)

Maud cannot sing, recite or dance. Paint china, write a ballad. But she can beat the chefs of France At making lettuce salad. —Detroit Free Press.

"And how old are you, little girl?" "Six."

"And how is it you are out walking without your mamma?"

"Oh, mamma doesn't go in for exercise. Really, we have very little in common."—Suburban Life.

I never saw a purple cow Nor others of that ilk. But I would rather see that sight Than gaze on nine cent milk. —Harper's Bazar.



## Watches and Cream Separators

There are some sensible dairy farmers who buy \$1, \$5 and \$10 watches, because they serve the purpose of a watch and waste nothing while they last.

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## LIMANTOUR POLIGIES PREVAIL IN MEXICO

Resignation of Diaz' Cabinet Will be Followed by Many Reforms.

Mexico City.—The resignation of the cabinet is taken as an indication that Finance Minister Limantour's policies are prevailing with President Diaz.

Included in the resignations was that of Ramon Corral as minister of the interior, but not as vice-president. Though minister of the interior Corral retains the office of vice-president. It is believed his resignation will be tendered at the opening of Congress in April, and that the post of vice-president, which was created for him, will be abolished.

With the changes in the cabinet reforms will be enacted which will include changes in the electoral system, effective suffrage in the election of state governors and a reformation of the powers of the jefes politico. It is said a full program of these reforms will be given in the president's message next Saturday at the opening of Congress.

That the administration's policy of reform now has an excellent chance of being carried out successfully is currently believed, but no alteration in its attitude toward the rebels, so far as the war is concerned, is expected.

El Paso, Texas.—Confident that the resignation of President Diaz' cabinet means the end of the present political regime of Mexico and the institution of great reforms, but still uncertain as to the immediate results which may follow the selection of a new cabinet, members of the insurrecto junta insist that the insurrection will proceed.

## DE LA BARRA APPOINTED

New Minister of Foreign Relations in Diaz' Cabinet.

Washington.—The appointment of Francisco de la Barra, Mexican ambassador to the United States as minister of foreign relations in the new cabinet of President Diaz is believed by official Washington to mark the initial stage of an era of peace in Mexico. Senor de la Barra has departed to take up his new duties.

## Brokerage Offices Raided.

New York.—In a raid on the stock brokerage offices in Fifth Avenue, occupied by Wisner & Co., and the Standard Securities Company, post-office inspectors charge that irregularities amounting to more than \$1,000,000 had been brought to light. Transactions in excess of \$10,000,000 throughout the country are credited to the two concerns in the last few years.

## Wichita Socialists Win.

Wichita, Kan.—Primary elections under the commission form of government held in Wichita brought a surprise in the shape of a Socialist landslide when A. L. Blase, a cobbler, was nominated by that party for mayor by a plurality of at least 700 votes, and two Socialist candidates for commissioner were placed on the tickets.

## Judge Landis Threatened.

Chicago.—Death hangs over Federal Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, of \$29,000,000 Standard Oil fame, according to a "black hand" letter received by the judge.

The letter threatens Landis with extermination if he did not acquit Giangli Alongi, charged with writing "black hand" letters.

## AMERICANS REPORTED SHOT

Executions Cause Inquiry—State Department Asks Investigation.

Washington.—Taking cognizance of the press reports that four Americans had been executed by Mexican soldiers in Chihuahua, and four others at Agua Prieta, the state department instructed the United States consular officers in the vicinity of the two places to investigate the reports immediately.

## Taft Is Criticized.

London.—British Socialists and other advanced politicians are freely criticizing the selection of John Hays Hammond, the mining magnate, as the special envoy of the United States at the coronation.

## 210 Voters Are Indicted.

Lexington, Ky.—The grand jury of Floyd county, which has been investigating vote selling, has returned 210 indictments and that many more true bills will be found against voters before the inquiry is concluded. This is an increase of about 100 indictments over the last report.

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