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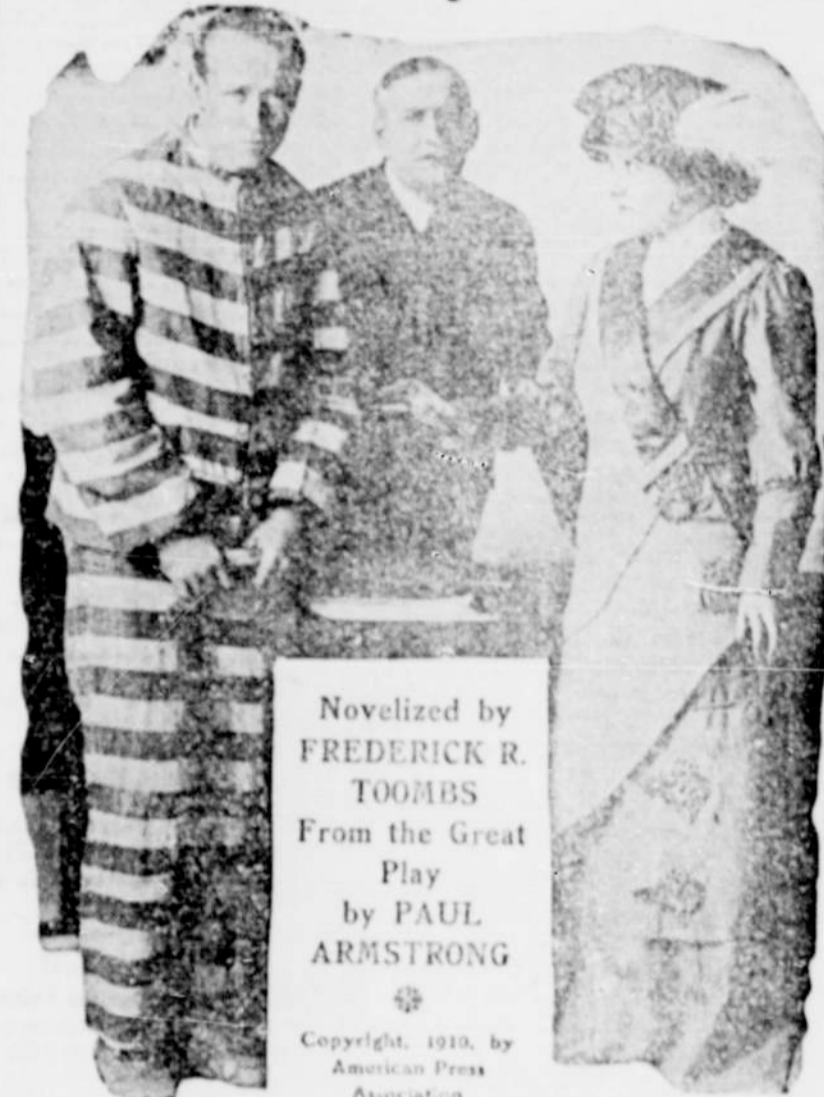
Items of news are always appreciated by the News and doubly so if they are handed in early in the week whenever possible.

Subscribe for the Santiam News.

THREE GREAT VIRTUES.

There are three great virtues to which every one should be dedicated—the virtue of civilization, which is politeness; the virtue of morality which is conscientiousness, and the virtue of religion, which is humility.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"



JIMMY VALENTINE, WARDEN HANDLER AND ROSE LANE.

PROLOGUE.

You're not so sure about Jimmy Valentine as you might be—until the very last chapter, when he "finds himself" in a scene that is as cleverly conceived as anything ever presented in American fiction or drama. What you are sure of as you read—very, very sure, in fact—is that you are following the story of a most interesting character, one whose doings on the stage have held the interest of many thousands. Jimmy Valentine becomes a "crook," with most of the failings and weaknesses of a man who doesn't recognize the difference between mine and thine, but he winds up as a—well, read the story and find out for yourself how he winds up. It will be worth your while, for this absorbing, thrilling romance of both the underworld and the upper world as well proves that a man has never sunk so low but that he may again regain the honor he has thrust aside when the true spirit of manhood throbs within him.

[The Armstrong drama, of which the following is the novelized version, is based on O. Henry's story, "A Retrieved Reformation."]

CHAPTER I.

THE warden's office in Sing Sing prison is not a pleasant spot in which to linger, whether you may be innocent or whether guilty of a crime. And no more reassuring could be termed the abrupt, dominating personage who presided over the dismal destinies of the office and institution when occurred the events chronicled in this narrative.

That a man fated by his choice of occupation to daily associate intimately with criminals of high and low degree and to come constantly in personal contact with all the misery and depravity going to form the life of a state's prison—that a man so fated should find exquisite enjoyment in accentuating these depressing conditions is surely a contradiction of what ordinarily would be expected. Humans of normal mold are generally occupied in ameliorating the evils and annoyances of their surroundings. That is nature's way. Not so with Warden Handler. That which is bad can be made to be worse. Innocence can be shown to be guilt—with the aid of trained witnesses. Repentance is always insincere, and if it is not it can be made so. A murderer should be made to remember always his ignominy. A thief should be reminded of his amateurish clumsiness which led him into the clutches of the central office men. That was Handler's philosophy. That was Handler's way.

And underlying all his petty oppression and gross inhumanity was a cause, deep rooted in a system of his own and of a race of jail keepers that went before him. Exposure? Re-

vel? Bah! He had considered all that. And, if worse came to worse, had he not friends in the state senate? Was there not a governor who would need his assistance in the state convention when it came to a question of delegates? Clearly the possibility of removal was the least of his worries. Warden Handler sat at his polished oak desk in the middle of his office. At his left was another desk used by Smith, his secretary. At his back the barred windows looked out into the prison yard, where at prescribed intervals gangs of convicts were allowed to take a brief outing to breathe in the air from the hills that mocked them, thus to prolong the lives of those who hoped to live as well as of those who hoped to die, thus to strengthen the nerves of the unfortunates whom justice had decreed must some day at sunrise go to a shadowy



"CHICAGO WHITEY" HAD ESCAPED.

little stone room to sit in a sinister wooden chair equipped with stout straps and electric wires.

The warden was in his customary pessimistic mood. Good reason for it this time, too, for "Chicago Whitey," a trusty, doing a "bit" of seven years, had got through the guards and dropped over the wall on to the top of a car of an "up bound" freight train the evening before. Not a trace of him yet. Handler's pride in his record as a pen master was at stake, and he blamed himself and the whole universe for the official explanations which must soon be forthcoming. His dark eyes glowered venomously; his short cropped black hair fairly bristled with the rage that surged in the thick skull beneath it; his strong, square jaws were grimly set, though now and again his upper lip would curl slightly back as he gritted his teeth, revealing a row of tobacco stained incisors. Yes, Warden Handler was disturbed.

He fingered a glistening letter opener impatiently, and his lips seemed to move.

"Nerves me right for makin' a 'trusty' out of a bloomin' yegg," he muttered. "Might have known one of them wouldn't stay put in one place any length of time, not even in a coffin." The door at Handler's right opened.

He half turned and glowered at a trusty who shuffled in, carrying a bottle of drinking water.

"It's pretty soft for you around here, eh?" grunted the warden.

The convict hastened to place the bottle in the holder at the sound of the official's voice. He then hurried toward the door, mumbling a faint "Yes, sir," as he went.

"Suppose he'll be tryin' the west wall next," commented Handler, pounding his fist on the desk. "But I'll trim 'em all yet, I'll!"

"A visitor for you," announced his secretary, Smith, entering. "His name is like a roll call in the German navy." He handed Handler a card.

The warden took the pasteboard.

"Blick-en-dol-fen-bach," he read slowly. "A man with a name like that has no right on the outside of a prison. What's his graft?"

"He has a letter from the state board of prisons. He has invented a lock, I believe, that—"

"Let's have him."

The secretary ushered in an earnest looking man with long, wavy black hair. He was short and thin.

"I am Gustave Bickendolffebach, the great inventor," said the visitor to the warden. "I have a lock for you to take the prisoners out." He bowed to the warden and rubbed his hands complacently.

"So I hear. Your lock can't be picked, eh?"

The inventor raised his hands in horror at the suggestion.

"Picked! Picked!" he ejaculated. "My lock picked? The whole world it has tried it—Germany, France, England—and even the cleverest thieves in Naples. The whole wide world it all it has not open without they the key has."

"No I've heard, but still it might be picked at that."

"It is maybe I don't understand picked—you mean open mit not my key?"

"Yes; with a wire or—"

"A wire!" exclaimed the inventor. "My lock open—that I half spend fourteen years to perfect? Nein! It is laughter, yes, but—"

Handler was growing impatient. "It will be accepted only on the condition that it cannot be opened with out a key," he pronounced.

The inventor drew himself up proudly. "Yaw, and I challenge the world," he cried confidently.

"Well, all the world's champions are in America, you know," answered the warden, "and when it comes to genius in mechanics most of them are in jail. We'll have it tried before noon."

The visitor took his precious lock from his pocket and laid it on the table in front of the warden, saying: "I keep the key. Now the world cannot my lock open."

"It looks good," commented Handler. "If you care to wait I'll have it tested."

"I wait. I love to see the expert frown and smile and give it up. It is my joy."

As the inventor went out to await the test George Doyle, a detective credited with a long list of important captures, entered the office and saluted Handler.

"Isn't Bill Avery to be let loose today?" queried the newcomer.

"Don't know. Is he?" returned the warden indifferently.

Doyle gazed at the other significantly.

"Yes," he said. "I hear he's very friendly with Jimmy Valentine. The way Valentine's lawyer is going after a new trial makes things look dangerous."

"What about the man you had make friends with Valentine in order to get him to talk about himself—to give himself away?" the warden asked shrewdly.

Doyle shrugged. "Nothing to it. Valentine wouldn't get confidential with him, but if I could get Avery on my staff to work for me and squeal on Valentine I'd get him. I'd be able to keep him from getting a new trial."

Thus did the detective describe in his conversation a small part of the system which his fellow man hunters find of utility in serving their particular ends, whatever they may be—the "stool pigeon" system, which consists of forcing or persuading released criminals to spy on their companions and to convey to the police the information they procure.

Sometimes the detective uses the knowledge so gained for the purpose

of arresting a fugitive, again for securing a division of ill gotten spoils, again for the purpose of obtaining witnesses who will find it policy to commit perjury at a trial, and so the underworld grows suspicious of its neighbors and finds danger lurking where friendship's smile is sought. The warden resumed the conversation.

"I don't know about Avery's release," he said. "Oh, Smith," turning to his assistant, "where's the list?"

"On your desk."

"Oh, yes. Avery here?"

"He's waiting outside."

"Let's have him."

(To be Continued)

A Good Position

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or Railroad telegraphy. Since the 8-hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from \$70 to \$90 per month, with good change for advancement. The National Telegraph Institute of Portland, Oregon, operates under supervision of R. R. and Wireless officials and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details. 23-4

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Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury and is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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DR. C. S. TIGARD, Scio, Ore.

The Olympian Jupiter.

The celebrated statue the Olympian Jupiter, the masterpiece of Phidias, the greatest of all sculptors, was removed to Constantinople by Theodosius I, in which place it was destroyed by fire in the year 475. In this, his greatest work, the artist sought to embody the idea of majesty and repose, and from all accounts succeeded perfectly. The famous statue was in a sitting position, forty feet high, on a pedestal of twenty, and was made of ivory and gold. So famous was it that it was considered a calamity to die without seeing it. The statue served as a model for all subsequent representations of majesty and power in repose among the ancients.

Incomprehension.

"I don't understand this banking business at all," said Mrs. Hicks. "The cashier wouldn't give me any money on my check this morning because he said it was overdrawn."

"Well, wasn't it?" asked Hicks. "Not that I know of," sighed Mrs. Hicks. "I filled it in just as you told me to, the date, amount, the person to whom paid and my signature. I didn't add a thing."—Harper's Weekly.