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"Alias Jimmy Valentine"



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TOOMBS
From the Great
Play
by PAUL
ARMSTRONG

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JIMMY VALENTINE, WARDEN HANDLER AND ROSE LANE.

Little did they know that it might be Jimmy Valentine, No. 1289, who was to teach them that the soul of a man is an unquenchable spark that not even years of oppression and degradation can lastingly dim when the spirit wills that it shall not.

And just now there came a knocking at the warden's door that portended much for No. 1289.

The warden's secretary went to the door opening from the office into a waiting room where visitors were received. He returned to announce, "Some members of the Gate of Hope society, and they have the lieutenant governor and his niece with them."

"The lieutenant governor?" ejaculated Handler. "Fay."

"Yes."

"What's the Gate of Hope?" asked Doyle.

"A gang of women tryin' to release from prison convicts they believe are innocent," said the warden.

The detective smiled.

At Handler's order Smith summoned the callers, Doyle making his exit.

"The lieutenant governor," pondered Handler. "I wonder if there's any leak about those contracts for sup-

plies."

Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Webster of the society, middle aged women of pleasing appearance, came in, followed by Rose Lane, the lieutenant governor's niece, and that official himself, Miss Lane, a young girl of unmistakable charm and beauty, held close to her aunt's side.

"Mr. Handler," spoke Mrs. Webster, "we come today with a famous humanitarian, Lieutenant Governor Fay," she pronounced, inclining toward that official.

"Governor," said the warden, bowing. The lieutenant governor shook Handler's hand and presented his niece. The party seated themselves, facing the warden.

"We have come here today," said Mrs. Moore, "to again ask that men be not forced to make confessions while imprisoned here that may be used against them when they leave here. We understand that through the pressure that can be brought to bear on the inmates in these institutions they can be made willing to confess to crimes they never committed."

"What do you mean?" queried Handler.

"Oh, we understand that by depriving prisoners of their proper allowance of food and of small privileges they are allowed, and by bullying conduct on the part of the men in charge of them the inmates can be led to make false confessions involving themselves or others. This information is used against the men after they are released as well as against men who are at large whom the police desire to incriminate."

"No one is ever forced to confess anything here, madam," protested Handler.

"But I know—"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Moore," interrupted the lieutenant governor, rising. "I do not think that in your zeal you realize what you are saying." He addressed the warden. "It seems, however, that these well meaning ladies have evidence that a certain man here did confess some offense to a—"

"To a stool," commented Handler. "Am I responsible for the detectives who have men working inside the prison for them?"

"By a stool you mean?"

"A stool pigeon, a decoy. They win the confidence of prisoners and tell what they learn to the detectives."

Mrs. Moore here went on to state that in Sing Sing and in all prisons were confined many innocent men and that in any event released men should be encouraged to live honestly, should be given a chance. They ought not to be pursued and hounded into being spies by detectives anxious to make a record for securing convictions regardless of the truth of the testimony. One reason the woman advanced for her stand was that a man who became a spy or decoy must associate continually with men and women of questionable character, thus rendering it impossible to secure or much less remain in honest employment.

"Bosh!" exclaimed Handler as she ceased. "These folks we get don't want to live straight, won't live straight, can't live straight when they get on the outside. First, they're all lazy; second, most of them are insane."

"What would you call a man," continued the warden, "who does some-



LEUTENANT GOVERNOR FAY WAS ANNOUNCED.

thing the law forbids, does it whenever the opportunity offers without a chance of gain? What do you call a

man who does a thing for the love of it?"

"An artist," answered Mrs. Webster.

"Artist! Then I've got a lot of them," laughed Handler sarcastically. "Well, to me they are insane."

To Rose Lane the adventure was extremely interesting. Finally succeeding in gaining her uncle's consent to her accompanying him on a visit to the great prison, she was now seeing a little section of the darker side of life which appealed strongly to her imaginative nature. Her cheeks flushed with the excitement of the occa-

(To be Continued)

Helpless.

It was a dark morning, and Mr. Dorkins was groping around in the basement when somebody suddenly flashed a dark lantern on him.

Mechanically he threw up his hands. "I'm the gas meter inspector," explained the intruder.

Whereupon Mr. Dorkins held his hands up still higher.—Chicago Tribune.

The Scrap Book

Shutting Off Competition.

Bishop Nathaniel S. Thomas of Wyoming visited the state penitentiary and endeavored to ascertain what causes had led to the downfall of the various prisoners. Almost to a man they told the bishop that love of drink had put them behind the bars. This interested him, and he asked each prisoner for his solution of the liquor problem, carefully tabulating the answers for future reference. All but one of the prisoners announced themselves advocates of prohibition.

One man, a lean, rugged, leather necked convict, not yet bleached by prison life, denounced this plan when the bishop suggested it to him.

"The trouble with prohibition is it don't prohibit," he said vigorously. "What you want to do is to close up the distilleries. They're the boys to go after."

"A sensible idea, certainly," said Bishop Thomas, making a note of it. "Your plan is to stop the traffic at its source. Excellent! You seem like a very intelligent man. May I ask who you are—what you are here for?"

"Oh, me," said the prisoner. "I am a moonshiner."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Anger.

Bridle thy passion. Anger is the sin Of all the greatest. It leads up to deeds Known only to the darkest hours of night. It tempts the upright man to throw aside His cloak of reason and go forth to dip His hands in human blood. It covers up The path where duty walks with steadfast feet.

It will not listen to the soft appeals Of maiden loveliness or turn aside From its fierce purpose when the dimpled hands

Of mercy are held up before its gaze. It will not falter in its stubborn course When old age counsels with great swelling words.

It is the curse of youth and middle age, Of gray haired men and women. It benumbs The sensibilities of all alike.

'Tis only fit to live where madmen live, Safe stilled behind the strongest prison bars.

—Herbert E. Day.

Misnamed.

An old lady was going over the London zoo, and after some time she went up to a keeper and tapped him on the shoulder with her umbrella.

"Well, mum?" said the keeper. "I want to ask you," explained the old lady, "which of the animals in the zoo you consider the most remarkable."

The keeper scratched his head for awhile.

"Well, mum," he replied, "after careful consideration, as you might say, I've come to the conclusion as the biscuit goes to the laughing hyena?"

"Indeed!" said the old lady in surprise. "And why do you consider the laughing hyena so remarkable?"

"Well, mum," answered the zoological expert, "he only has a sleep once a week, he only has a meal once a month, and he only has a drink once a year. So what he's got to laugh about is a bloomin' mystery to me!"

A Case of Economy.

Mrs. Johnson, the wife of the new minister in a New England town, asked a neighboring farmer's boy to bring her a dozen eggs and a roasting chicken when he brought the vegetables the next day. The boy appeared promptly, but in his basket were only eleven eggs. "Ma says she will send over the other egg after a while," he explained. "But what about the chicken?" Mrs. Johnson asked. "That does not seem to be here either."

"She will send that, too," was the answer.

"But," complained Mrs. Johnson, "I want to cook the chicken for dinner. Why didn't you bring it over with you this time?"

"Because," replied the boy, "the hen isn't killed yet. You see, ma's waitin' till she lays the other egg."—Lippincott's.