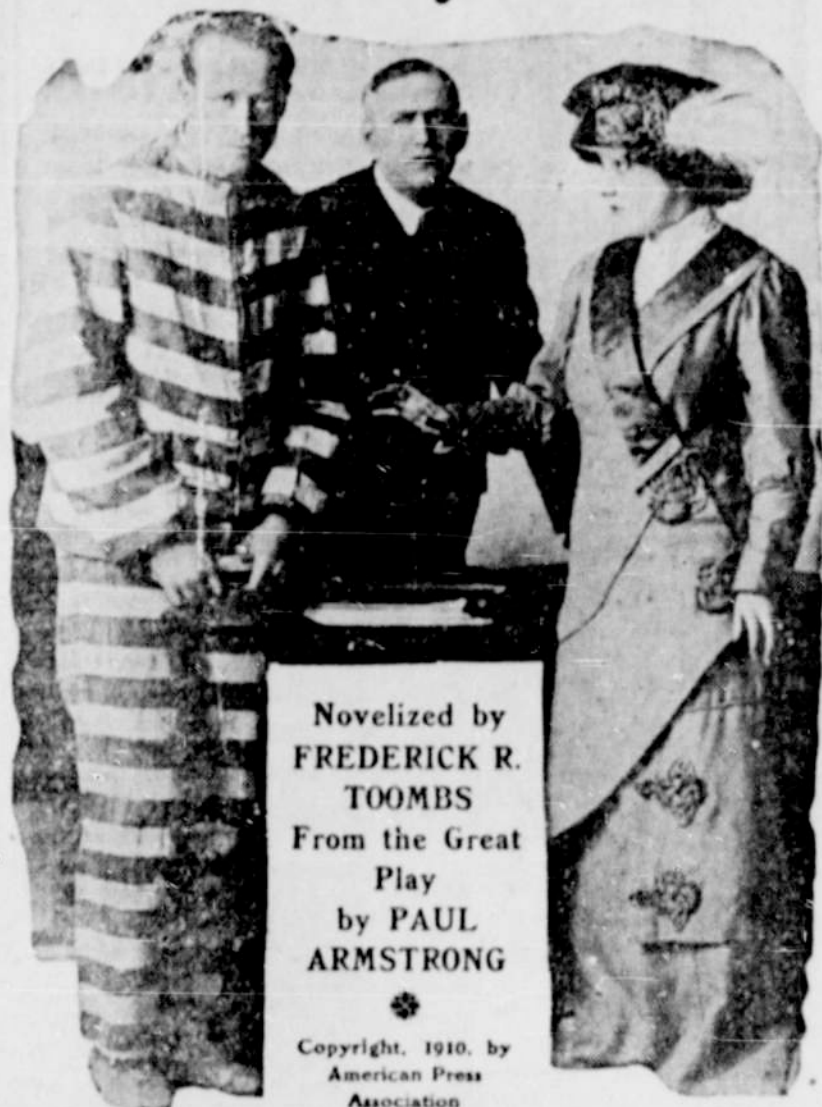


"Alias Jimmy Valentine"



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

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JIMMY VALENTINE, WARDEN HANDLER AND ROSE LANE.

"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 bum 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 blackjack 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 down, 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 "blackquarters man" disappeared Valentine stood gazing reflectively after him. His back was turned to the porters. Red Avery, seeing his chance, slipped stealthily out. In his right hand gleamed the barrel and the chamber of his .28 bulldog. He felt secure. He had the versatile Red to aid in the necessary getaway. The hotel corridors were opportunistically 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 was lightened. Wheeling with his old soldier's swiftness, the ex-convict saw his chance, 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. Scrambling it shut, he thrust it into his pocket and hurled the now cringing Avery from him to the floor.

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

The former prison mate of his conqueror still 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



"THAT'S A LIE! YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS."

soup." He showed a bottle. "See, old allyoglycerin, 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. They 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 queered the lay," 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?"

"I don't know anything about it."

Avery, catching a significant glance from Red, continued the shrewd at

(To be Continued)

Out of the Battle.

There is in existence a very modest man who, though now peacefully employed, has in his day seen fighting in many parts of the globe. His friends know this and lose no opportunity to draw him out amid his thrilling war adventures. But the veteran's modesty is such that his tales are more than likely to be colorless and disappointing. Once some of his friends cornered him and by artful subterfuges led the conversation straight up to a certain battle, in which, as they knew, the veteran had participated. In a moment of carelessness he allowed himself to be trapped into statements regarding that battle, whereupon, noting that he had warmed to the subject, one of his friends suddenly said: "You were in that battle, weren't you?"

"Yes," confessed the veteran, much embarrassed. "Tell us about your experiences on that day," commanded one of the gathering. There was a breathless silence. The fighter saw there was no way out of it. "On that day," he began slowly, "at a conservative estimate"—all leaned forward eagerly—"I ran twelve miles."

Preparing Him.

"You're goin' to marry sister, ain't you?" her little brother inquired.

The young man blushed. "I—I don't know," he replied.

"That's funny," said the terrible infant. "Pa has looked you up in the rate books, ma has found out all about your grandfathers, and sister has begun her shoppin'. Gimme a nickel, won't you?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

School House for Sale

The directors will receive bids for sale of the old school building located at Richardson's Gap up to February 25, 1912.

Sealed bids may be left at Santiam News office. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

W. RICHARDSON,
Chairman Board of Directors, of District No. 9.

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Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Services at the Christian church on second and fourth Sundays of each month.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.