

# "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.

Red had been unfortunate in his early environment. Here lay the cause of his lawbreaking career. Left an orphan in a crowded tenement on the east side of New York city at the age of thirteen, he had been taken care of by his uncle, a retired police captain, who operated a gambling house in Thirty-third street.

Four years later Red was placed in charge of the buffet in this establish-

ments were not entirely blamable on Red.

He was about to inform Red of his intention to aid him in a new career when he heard in the corridor the voice of Rose Lane addressing some one he believed must be her father.

"Here she is, Red," whispered Valentine, rising quickly. "You must get out till they go." But too late. At that instant Rose Lane entered, followed by her father. They saw Valentine standing by a suspicious looking young man with very red hair.

Valentine, realizing that he was on the verge of absolute ruin in the estimation of the girl and her already suspicious father, for he could hardly explain Red's presence, turned coldly toward the thief.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said in indignant tones, "but I don't know the man you are inquiring for. Never heard of him. Guess you had better inquire of the clerk at the hotel office."

Red, catching the hint, replied, "Thank you, sir; I will do so," and went out of the room, concealing a grinning face behind his hat.

## CHAPTER X.

ROSE greeted Valentine pleasantly, the blush in her fresh young cheeks equaling the pink of the roses in her hat. She thanked him for awaiting her return, and she and her father seated themselves on the sofa, the ex-convict standing before them.

It was Mr. Lane who began to lead the conversation to a serious point.

"Mr. Randall—my daughter tells me that is the name you gave her."

"That is my name, sir."

"Well, Mr. Randall, I am not going to ask questions. I presume no one wishes to forget the past more than you. I am going to explain a situation to you and offer you employment."

"While I thank you I could not accept any position at your hands or your daughter's," answered Valentine. "It is better that I started without assistance and procured employment with total strangers."

"But, Mr. Randall," began the girl.

The father continued:

"I think you are wrong, Mr. Randall. I understand perfectly the spirit which prompts you to take this stand. Still, I think you are wrong. Won't you let me explain fully?"

"With pleasure, sir."

"First we know or think we know the one thing against you. We believe, while knowing this, that you are trustworthy. I am the president of the Fourth National bank of Springfield."

"Springfield, Massachusetts?" exclaimed Valentine excitedly and turning away his face to hide the signs of the shock the name gave him.

"No, Illinois," responded the banker. A relieved expression came over Valentine's face.

"I own 30 per cent of the stock, my daughter 40," resumed the banker. "It is her wish, to which I assent, that I take you into the bank as an employee."

Valentine could hardly believe that he was hearing aright. That a banker should offer a newly released convict a position in his establishment was astounding.

"But, Mr. Lane"—he began protestingly. But Mr. Lane again spoke.

"One moment, please. You will get a rather small salary to begin with, but as you learn the business—I understand you are an accountant?"

"I was for a time—yes, sir."

"That will make your advancement rapid, presuming, of course—The banker raised his eyes significantly.

"I understand, sir."

Rose leaned forward eagerly.

"And, don't you see, in a year or two"—she began, but her father interrupted.

"And this also I wish you to consider, Mr. Randall: In this position your past cannot affect you. I mean by that, since we know all, only your future concerns us."

"You are very generous, but—"

Rose again addressed Valentine.

"Won't you in some way allow us the chance to repay the kindness you once did me? I want you to come. You accept?"

The other considered for a moment. Finally he made up his mind.

"With the deepest thanks," he replied feelingly.

"We are leaving now. I shall expect you to report when?" asked the father.

"Within a week."

"That is entirely satisfactory."

Rose arose with her father and stepped close to Valentine, extending a dainty gloved hand.

"I shall look forward to seeing you," she said in a low voice.

The ex-prisoner gazed steadily into her eyes.

"I can only thank you," he murmured.

"Goodby, sir, until next week," spoke the banker.

"I shall try my best to make you glad of this," responded Valentine, his manner evidencing the gratefulness that welled within him as well as the earnestness of his desire to build anew the life that he had so nearly wrecked.

Father and daughter stepped to the entrance, leaving Jimmy Valentine



"I SHALL LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU"

standing in the middle of the hotel parlor. Half dazed by his good fortune, he gazed after them.

The banker hesitated a moment.

"I believe you, sir," turning toward Valentine. "I believe we shall never regret what we have done."

Rose also had a last word for her hero. She grasped her father's arm and said enthusiastically: "That is just how I feel, too, and—er"—she was becoming embarrassed—"Springfield is a beautiful city, Mr. Randall," she managed to end.

They were gone. Valentine sprang to the entrance and peered after them from between the portieres. A fleeting vision of a sweet young girl's face, smiling and confident, was his reward.

As Rose Lane walked out into the corridor he stood and stared even when father and daughter had gone from

sight, his eyes fixed on the point where the girl had disappeared.

And he was still standing in the same position when Red Flanagan, who had noticed the cessation of the conversation, stole quietly back into the room. He saw and understood.

His plunge into the abyssal underworld, where might makes right and where might makes wrong, had not yet dulled entirely his knowledge of some of the finer emotions that impel mankind to various courses of action. He smiled. "He's hopeless. He's got'n square for keeps," he murmured. He diplomatically coughed.

Valentine wheeled about.

(To be Continued)

## That Rascal Pat

Is the name of a laughable comedy that will be given some time next month for the benefit of the school.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

R. M. CAIN, JOHN STICHA, MISS AGNES CAIN, MISS BIRDELLA BRENNER, and J. F. WESELY.

Watch this space next week for a synopsis of the play

### Notice to the Public

The two leading magazines of the Pacific coast, the Pacific Monthly and the Sunset, have been consolidated under the title of "Sunset—the Pacific Monthly."

It is the intention of the publishers to spare no money nor effort to make Sunset—the Pacific Monthly a credit to the West and a magazine of national value and importance.

To introduce it to new readers, we will make the following special offer: Send 50 cents in stamps, and we will put your name on our subscription list for the next four months, and will send you free a copy of the superbly illustrated Mid-Winter number, and also the famous Sunset Indian poster, securely packed in a mailing tube. It will make a beautiful ornament for your front room or den.

Send your order to Fred Lockley, Northwestern Manager, Sunset—the Pacific Monthly, Portland, Oregon.

### At the Churches

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

Christian Endeavor meeting Sunday evening.

Services at the Baptist church on the first and third Sundays of each month. Union Sunday school at 10 a. m.



Regularly you hear of expensive lawsuits over disputed titles—titles, which if the buyer had abstracts of, they would have been avoided.

Why, therefore, take such long chances in buying real estate by investing without abstracts of the properties' titles?

Our abstracts are dependable, full and complete—one should accompany every real estate exchange.

Linn County Abstract Co.

Corner 2nd and Broadalbin St.

ALBANY OREGON

## SPECIAL Clubbing Offer

The regular subscription price of the Daily and Sunday Oregonian is \$8.00.

We are offering the Daily and Sunday Oregonian and the Santiam News one year for \$8.00

To those who do not care for the Sunday Oregonian, we will give

The Daily Oregonian and the Santiam News one year for \$6.00

This Offer is for a Limited Time Only

Santiam News and Semi-Weekly Journal \$2 per year.

Ladies Calling Cards printed or blank for sale at this office.

## Candidate's Announcements

CHARLES CHILDS  
Candidate for the  
Republican Nomination  
for Representative

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of sheriff of Linn county subject to the pleasure of the voters before the republican primaries.

A. C. FOSTER.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of sheriff of Linn county, subject to the pleasure of the voters, before the democratic primaries, to be held April 19.

D. H. BODINE.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of sheriff of Linn county, subject to the pleasure of the voters, before the democratic primaries.

F. H. PFIEFFER.

ED SHOEL  
Candidate for  
Sheriff of Linn County  
Subject to Democratic Primaries

### FOR ASSESSOR

I wish to announce myself a candidate for the Republican nomination for County Assessor. I have had nine years of experience in the assessor's office which I believe has thoroughly qualified me to take up this important work.

E. L. FISHER.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the nomination for sheriff of Linn county on the Republican ticket, subject to the primaries.

A. B. MARSHALL.

### Hay for Sale

The Santiam Farm wishes to sell 40 tons of No. 1 hay, 1/2 oats, 1/2 cheat, 1/2 red top, 1/2 vetch, at \$8 per ton at the barn; also 10 tons of straw, half oat and half vetch, at \$5 per ton.

22-8 S. W. GAINES.

Sunset—the Pacific Monthly and the Santiam News for \$1.75.