

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"



JIMMY VALENTINE, WARDEN HANDLER AND ROSE LANE.

"Here," he cried, "from now on we go straight. I've got my chance." He caught Red by both shoulders and shook him violently in his overwhelming joy.

"By rights, but what do I do?" was the gasping response of Red, almost carried off his feet by the enthusiastic nature of Valentine's greeting.

"You trail along, Red, with me. Get a job in my town for a year, and by that time I'll have one for you."

"Doing what?"

Valentine hurried at his brother's safe breaking aspect a reply that caused him to stand speechless in amazement, jaws distended almost to the point of dislocation and with eyes that threatened momentarily to bulge entirely out of their sockets.

"I'm going to make you watchman in a national bank," was the cool response of Jimmy Valentine.

One bright winter afternoon, three years after the day Jimmy Valentine began to "go it straight," a young



LEE RANDALL, ASSISTANT CASHIER.

boy, attired in black velvet knickerbockers, turned the knob of the door of the private office of the assistant cashier of the Fourth National bank of Springfield, Ill. Barely eleven years old, Bobby Lane considered it the merest trifle of his life to be allowed a chance to invade this usually busy office and to play at being a banker.

The large office had two entrances, one leading into the hall of the large building and another leading into the tiled measure in which was being built a spacious new vault. In the middle of the room was a large mahogany desk. Near the hall door and close to the wall was a small mahogany writing table. Three or four comfortable chairs were scattered about the room.

On the glass of the hall door, glazed halfway to the top, was the inscription in tiny black letters, "Lee Randall, Assistant Cashier."

And so it was with Lee Randall, alias Jimmy Valentine, that Bobby Lane, the banker's little son, was fond of romping away his (Bobby's) idle hours and with whom he frequently enacted the role of an austere, uncompromising banker.

Very much the same Jimmy Valentine in appearance and manner, Mr. Randall had scored a signal success as assistant cashier, and neither Mr.

Lane nor any other official or director had found in the three years occasion for the slightest adverse criticism of the new employee. In fact, he was deemed to be a most valuable acquisition to the executive staff of the bank and had evidenced unusual capacity as a detector of counterfeit notes and of forged signatures on negotiable instruments. Yes, the assistant cashier was a man with a future of promise in store for him, and the Fourth National of Springfield had but a month before offered him the position of cashier, with a thousand dollars a year increase over his present salary. Not one official of the Fourth National could give a satisfactory reason for his refusal of the offer. "Very remarkable young man, very," was the comment of the president of the Fourth National when notified of the episode.

"Hurrah! Nobody in the office!" exclaimed Bobby to his sister Kitty, who followed him into the room.

The children, prime favorites with the assistant cashier, were accustomed to do very much as they pleased with him or with his office at this late hour in the day, when business with the public had practically concluded. Almost the only remaining thing for him to do was to attend to certain routine matters connected with the closing of the bank's business for the day.

"Come on, let us play something," challenged the sprightly Kitty, who, in her short skirted white linen dress and with her delicate features, much like those of her sister Rose, appeared more like a Christmas doll than a future inheritor of a fortune and of an imposing, dictatorial social position.

At Bobby's suggestion the children decided to play at "being a banker," and after a lengthy, spirited dispute Bobby impersonated the role of Mr. Randall, while Kitty was forced to be content with the character of a "lady borrower."

Bobby perched himself on the assistant cashier's chair and assumed as stern an expression as his childish features and mischievous roving eyes would permit.

"Now, I understand you wish a loan," began Bobby.

"I don't, either," retorted Kitty, sitting herself on a chair in front of the desk.

"Oh, come on and play. When I say 'I understand you wish a loan,' you say 'Yes.'"

"But you won't give me any money."

"If your security is good enough I will. Now," imperiously, "I understand you wish a loan."

"How much can I get?"

"No, no! You say a lot at first; that's business. Now, how much?"

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"That's fine." He paused, judiciously puckering his brows. "That's considerable money."

"That's the most I could think of," decisively.

"Don't talk that way," instructed Bobby. "You would be put out for making breaks like that. Just don't say anything when they find fault. Now, that's considerable money, but of course you have security?" He paused. "Well, say 'Yes.'"

"Yes."

"Well, I thought so—what?"

"What?"

"What have you got in the way of security?" he asked.

"A farm."
"How large a farm?"
"Ten million acres."
"Well, that's good. Now, what grows on this farm?"
She hesitated, then said: "Fruit—peaches and apples."
"That's good. What else?" he pronounced.
"Pears."

"Any bananas?" Kitty shook her head. "Very sorry," the lad went on, "but we have all the fruit you have in our own back yard. The only fruit farm I could loan money on would be a banana farm. No. No bananas, no loan. Good day."

"But you didn't tell me to say bananas," insisted the girl.

"Tell you! A banker don't tell you anything you ought to know."

After delivering himself of this piece of financial wisdom Bobby endeavored to continue, but Kitty insisted on being the man for awhile. While the argument was in progress the door leading from the vault inclosure opened and in came no less an individual than Jimmy Valentine. He had come from inspecting the new vault, now practically completed, and which he had pronounced as fine a piece of burglar proof construction as he had ever seen—and Jimmy Valentine in his day, as some of us know, had rightly been considered a connoisseur in this particular connection. To settle the dispute the assistant cashier took Kitty out with him to show her the vault, in the building of which she had shown a childlike interest.

No sooner had the door closed behind them when through the hall entrance came Rose Lane, who, gowned in the height of Paris fashion and of more mature development, presented even a more alluring picture of feminine loveliness than she had at the time three years before when, just out of Vassar, she had rescued Jimmy Valentine from the horrors of Sing Sing prison.

"Hello, Bobby! Where's Kitty?" she greeted the boy.

"Outside." He pointed toward the door leading to the vault.

"Where is Mr. Randall?" she continued.

Bobby grinned knowingly.

"You're always asking for Mr. Randall, aren't you?" he asked saucily.

Into Rose Lane's face came suddenly a flare of anger at the lad, but in a moment it was gone. A smile, tender, hopeful and true, supplanted it.

And Bobby, with all the accrued wisdom of eleven years, saw the smile and smiled in return, for he was old enough to understand.

CHAPTER XI.

JIMMY VALENTINE entered his private office from the room where the new vault had been erected. He saw Rose Lane standing close to his desk, where Bobby was presiding with all the dignity that went with his age. The girl's eyes met his, but only for an instant. Valentine lowered his gaze to the floor, his thoughts whirling rapidly through his brain.

True, at one time he had had serious thought concerning the beautiful young woman who had saved him from Sing Sing, from Warden Handler and the warden's favorite pastime of "solitaire."

But of late he had come to realize that he would be doing her a lasting wrong, a vital injustice, to permit himself to make any serious advances toward her. She had been attracted by him. She was now even more interested in him. He was observing enough to learn this. As for his own emotions toward her? He loved her. That no one would deny who saw him in her company. He could not conceal it. Even the infantile Bobby had guessed what he had endeavored to make his secret. Yet he had realized plainly the uncertainty of his position. At any moment the unexpected might happen, or, rather, the expected might happen, and some one would possibly uncover and reveal phases of his past that he would be unable to explain. Such had been the guiding thought of Jimmy Valentine in his social intercourse with the banker's daughter during his tenure as assistant cashier in the bank in Springfield, and now he saw more clearly than ever the wisdom of his course. Doyle-Doyle, the relentless tracker of men—had threatened to "get" him, and Doyle was always an element to be reckoned with.

Valentine desired to talk alone with Rose Lane, and after a lengthy conversation, punctuated by lavish promises of hunting trips, sent the lad away to play with Kitty in the new vault, which for their purpose became a smuggler's cave.

The assistant cashier stepped forward toward Rose, who stood close to his desk, resting her sable muff on its polished top.

"To what am I indebted for this pleasure?" he asked of her.

"Yourself." She smiled graciously on him as she spoke.

Valentine drew near to her.

"How?"

"Don't you suppose I like you as well as do the children?" she answered gayly.

"Do you?" he asked anxiously.

(To be Continued)

That Rascal Pat

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Pat McNeggerty..... R. M. Cain
Major Puffjacket..... J. F. Wesely
Charles Livingstone..... John Sticha
Laura..... Miss Birdella Brenner
Nancy..... Miss Agnes Cain

SYNOPSIS OF PLAY

Mr. Charles Livingstone is in love with Laura, who returns his affection but cannot secure the consent of Major Puffjacket, a crusty old bachelor, to their union. Charles leaves his servant Pat McNeggerty, a good natured and blundering Irishman, at a fashionable watering place hotel, cautioning him not to leave the house until Charles' return. Major Puffjacket and his niece happen to be staying in the same house unknown to Charles, and the Major of fers to take Pat into his service, to which proposition, Pat, thinking to turn a few honest dollars during his master's absence, assents. Charles returns unexpectedly and Pat, in trying to serve two masters, accidentally changes a pocket-book in the Major's coat for a picture-case in that of Charles, and to explain the mistake he tells the Major that the picture-case was given him by his late master, on his death bed, much to the grief of Laura, who recognizes it as the picture she had given to Charles. Then Pat explains the presence of the pocket-book to Charles by saying a gentleman had given it to him to hold, and Charles finding the pocket-book to contain his own letters to Laura, supposes the Major whom he had never seen, a rival, grossly insults the latter and challenges him to mortal combat. After a comical series of complications all the parties meet and explanations ensue. Laura discovering that Charles is not dead, pleads for forgiveness which the Major finally grants, together with his consent to their marriage. And though deeply incensed at Pat, he concludes that as the latter is about to marry Laura's maid and can thereby easily serve both his old and his new master, the best thing he can do is to retain in his service "That Rascal Pat."

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 republican 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. PFIFFER.

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 oats, 1 cheat, 1 red top, 1 vetch, at \$8 per ton at the barn; also 10 tons of straw, half oat and half vetch, at \$5 per ton.

S. W. GAINES.

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