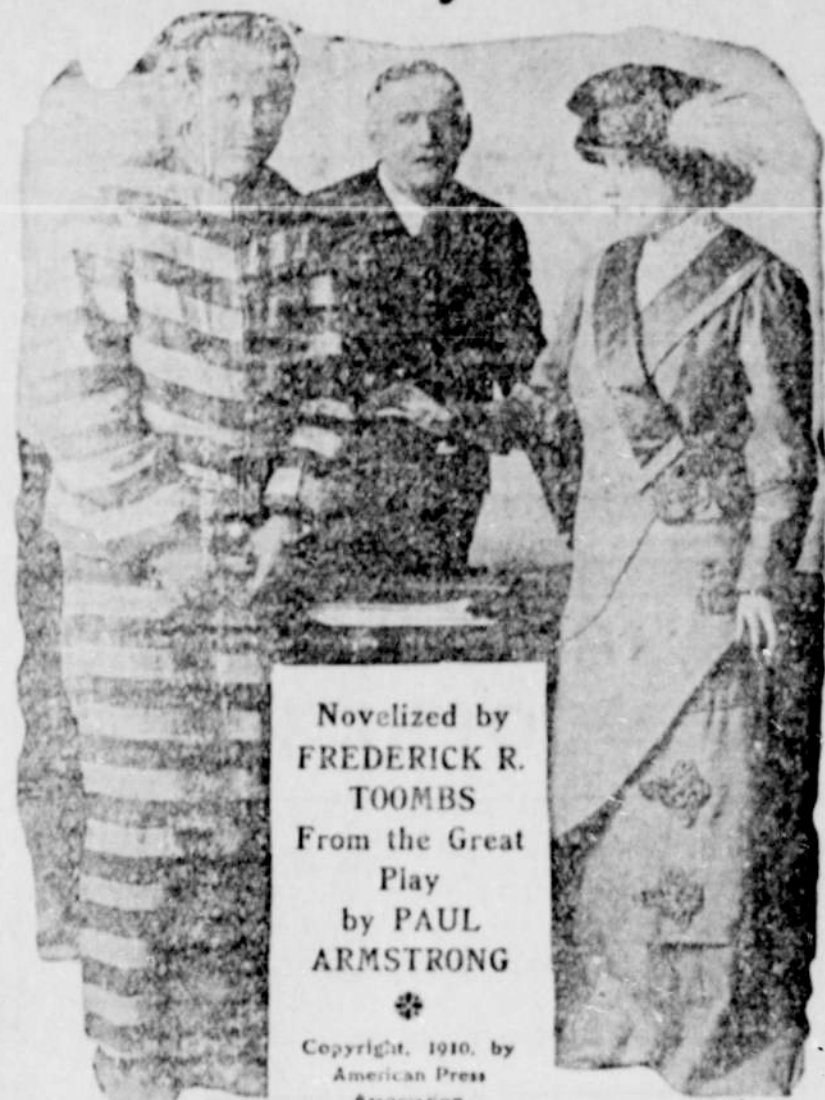


"Alias Jimmy Valentine"



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

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JIMMY VALENTINE, WARDEN HANDLER AND ROSE LANE.

"Yes, but why is it that you never do call on me any more?" she questioned reproachfully.

"Well, because— he became very uncomfortable. She must never know the true reason for his avoidance of her.

"Do you think it's fair to use a woman's weapon against her? You know it's a woman's right to say 'because' when she—"

"I mean—"

"Oh—oh—what were we talking about?"

"As to why you don't call on me any more."

Valentine struggled to think of a successful mode of escape from answering the question.

"Well, now—don't you see," he stammered, "Of course you do." He was becoming more involved every moment.

The girl's smile began to fade. Rather grimly she interrupted him.

"No, I don't see at all," she was her announcement. She moved away from the desk.

"Well, Miss Lane, I—"

The telephone bell rang at his desk. He went forward and out the receiver to his ear. As he hung up the receiver a clerk entered.

"Will you have the cash now?" the employee asked.

"In a few minutes."

No sooner had the clerk made his exit when a messenger boy entered, bringing a telegram. Valentine tore it open, glancing at those as he did so. The girl saw that the assistant cashier was very busy. She determined to leave him for the present.

As Valentine unfolded the boy she announced that if the press of business would not continue all day she would return. Valentine assured her that in a half hour he would be at leisure and that he would sacrifice everything else in order to talk to her. She started toward the door, assuring him that she would return. As she opened the door she turned and cast a smile in the direction of the assistant cashier.

But Valentine did not notice it. He did not see it. His eyes were glued to the slip of yellow paper that he held in his hand. The girl saw that as he read the telegram an expression of tenderness, of unsolicited excitement, crept across his face. Wonderingly she softly closed the door. A few steps carried her before Valentine, who looked up in surprise, thinking she had gone.

"What is it—that telegram?" she guessed. "It's bad news for you—very bad," she went on. "I must know."

Valentine, undergoing a pronounced check owing to the contents of the message which he held in his hand, was almost completely unstrung by the interruption of the girl he loved. Was it not fate that prompted her to appear before him at the very moment when—

"Oh, it is nothing," he said weakly. "Merely a little business tangle—that is all."

He stepped out from behind his desk, crumpling the fateful telegram to his hand, and gently led the girl to the door. "Remember," he said, "I have an engagement with you in a half hour."

"I will remember."

Unconvinced, mystified and thoroughly agitated by his nervous manner, Rose Lane went out of the office.

Valentine, smiling as best he could under the circumstances, closed the door behind her. He crossed to her chair, sank into it and flattened the wrinkled telegram before him. Again he read it from end to end:

"Look out," he read. "Doyle will be in town this afternoon at 4 to see you about an important matter."

The assistant cashier dropped his chin into his palm and stared vacantly at the opposite wall.

"Doyle," he muttered — "George Doyle. He said he'd get me if it took ten years—a lifetime. Well, perhaps he can; then, again, perhaps he cannot. At any rate, he can probably ruin my career, my hopes, my standing here, where I have friends who believe in me."



Valentine leaned back meditatively in his chair. The fatal telegram dropped unheeded to the floor. His mouth set determinedly. A new fire blazed in his eyes, the fire that had consumed him and had spurred him on when in the days and nights of the past he had ventured forth on a desperate enterprise.

He would give George Doyle a race, that he would. He would match his wit against that of the skilled sleuth. He already had laid the basis for what now must be his course of procedure, and he believed that it would withstand even the cunning and force of George Doyle. At any rate, he could try.

Valentine leaned forward and pressed a button. A clerk entered. The assistant cashier hesitated a moment, then spoke quickly.

"Tell the watchman to come here," he directed.

The clerk nodded and went out in search of Red Flanagan—yes, Red, none other than the one time accomplice of Jimmy Valentine, whom the latter, true to his word, had taken with him in his attempt to "go it straight."

Flanagan must be told of the coming of Doyle, who was his sworn enemy also. In addition, Red would have to assist the assistant cashier, now known as Mr. Randall, in the maneuver which the latter was about to execute.

Then there was Avery—old Bill Avery. From the day that Valentine had sent him away from the hotel in Albany Avery had been making heroic efforts to live "on the square."

The three years that had elapsed since No. 1289 had advanced Avery, long a "yeggman" of the most desperate type, the price of a railroad ticket, had made a revolutionary transformation in him. Today he was married, had a growing business and had performed for Valentine a service that was to render the vengeful efforts of George Doyle much more difficult and somewhat less effective than the detective would relish should he ever learn the truth.

Avery had been in communication with Valentine on various occasions in a secret manner. So carefully concealed, in fact, had been his moves that not even Red Flanagan had obtained the slightest knowledge of them.

True, Red was aware that Valentine had received various puzzling communications from one "Mr. Cronin," but how was Red to know that Mr. Cronin was Bill Avery unless the assistant cashier was pleased so to inform him, which he was not?

At first Valentine had had the belief that some friend was responsible for the sending of the warning telegram.



"I WILL REMEMBER"

but now that he more calmly considered the matter he dismissed that thought. Another idea fixed itself in his brain, which would cause him to govern his actions accordingly in the face of the danger that he wisely acknowledged to himself to be vitally alarming. At any cost he must prevent Doyle from turning Rose Lane and her father against him. They had trusted him—they alone—in the first instance, and so it would be wit against wit to defeat Doyle and, if need be, life against life.

The minutes passed. What could be the matter with the clerk or with Red? Had the watchman, too, received a warning? And if so had he followed the impulse that had first come to Jimmy Valentine, to see—the time honored resource of the crook, the time honored confession of the crook, fight? No; Red would not desert Jimmy Valentine in an emergency like this for—

A voice was heard outside in the vault room: "All right, Kirtly. I'll play some more with you in a few minutes. Mr. Randall wants me." It was the voice of Red Flanagan addressed to the little girl, whom he daily gave "piggyback" rides, at the daily hazard of his situation.

The door swung open, and Red stood before the assistant cashier. But not even his old mother, if she had been alive, would have recognized him. Hair as red as ever it was, eyes as blue and smile equally as innocent as that which had misled half a dozen sternly inclined judges in the court of special sessions in years gone, yet the figure that appeared was, and at the same time it was not, that of Red Flanagan, whose photograph adorned not less than five rogues' galleries.

The uniform—that was it. The blue-gray coat and trousers, loosely fitted, and the peaked cap, bearing in gold letters "Watchman," were the actual causes of his transformation, so far as outward indications were concerned. As for the inward changes—those quite hidden from the human eye—well, there were but two persons who could describe how they had come about. Those two persons were Red Flanagan and Jimmy Valentine.

Red stood before the assistant cashier and doffed his imposing watchman's cap.

"Want me, Randall?" he asked.

"Yes." He looked away from Red, unwilling to break to him the news that Doyle was on their track.

(To Be Continued)

As It Works Out.

"He called him crazy as a loon."

"What happened?"

"He resented the insult by drawing a revolver and shooting."

"And now?"

"Now he has hired three lawyers and a staff of expert witnesses to prove that he really was crazy as a loon."—Detroit Free Press.

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 offers 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.



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