

# Fine Tailored Suits For Women

Our beautiful line of suits was strengthened this week by the receipt of some new shipments. We are told almost daily that we are showing the prettiest suits in Salem. And the ladies are surprised at the reasonable prices. We hope that you will be among our next customers.

New Suits \$7.75 from \$50.00



# Stockton

## THE CANTON GAMBLING DENS ARE CLOSED

Canton, April 4.—In celebration of official action of the Chinese government in closing the gambling concessions in Canton, 25,000 Chinese paraded the streets today. The Canton gambling dens were the largest in the Orient and thousands of dollars changed hands daily. Several foreign concessions also were revoked.

Prompt relief in all cases of throat and lung trouble if you use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pleasant to take, soothing and healing in effect. Sold by all dealers.

### Averts Awful Tragedy.

Timely advice given Mrs. C. Willoughby, of Marengo, Wis., (R. No. 1) prevented a dreadful tragedy and saved two lives. Doctors had said her frightful cough was a "consumption" cough and could do little to help her. After many remedies failed, her aunt urged her to take Dr. King's New Discovery. "I have been using it for some time," she wrote, "and the awful cough has almost gone. It also saved my little boy when taken with a severe bronchial trouble." This matchless medicine has no equal for throat and lung troubles. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by J. C. Perry.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

## WILL OPEN AN AUCTION HOUSE HERE IN SALEM

M. M. T. Cook, an old resident of Salem, who has been in Alaska for the last 12 years, and recently of Fairbanks, has returned to Salem to make his home. His health was not good in Alaska, and he had to seek a milder climate. Mr. Cook has a large amount of rich mining property in the Fairbanks district, which his brother will look after in his absence. Mr. Cook is opening an auction house here, and his brother-in-law, Jack Goode, of this city, will act as auctioneer. The new firm will have many friends to start out with.

## SAN DIEGO MAY ELECT A SOCIALIST

San Diego, Calif., April 4.—Although the city campaign which ended yesterday lacked spirit, the indecision lasted today. A mayor, two councilmen and four members of the board of education are to be elected. Mayor Conard is being opposed for re-election by James E. Wadham, Democrat. Of the four candidates for the council, the one who has attracted the most attention is George A. Garrett, socialist, for whom a large part of the independent Republican vote has been claimed.

## RIVER STEAMER BURNED ON THE SACRAMENTO

Oakland, Cal., April 4.—The river steamer Captain Webber, plying between San Francisco and Stockton, was completely gutted by fire shortly before noon today. The vessel was moored at the California Transportation Company's wharf at First and Webster streets here, and the blaze started from an unknown cause in the hold. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.

## STRIKE STILL UNSETTLED AT ELLENSBURG

Elleensburg, Wash., April 4.—The independent mines at Jonesville, in the Roslyn coal mining district, resumed work this morning, but the men formerly employed by the North western Improvement Company are still out, and are firm in their demands for a closed shop. Upon hearing late last night that the workers in the independent mines were to resume work today several hundred strikers marched from Roslyn to Jonesville for the purpose of dissuading the miners from their intention of returning to work, but were unsuccessful. A few of the strikers became boisterous, but a show of force on the part of the deputies at the mines was sufficient to overawe them. Conditions are quiet today.

## WALLA WALLA HAS TWO INCHES OF BEAUTIFUL

Walla Walla, Wash., April 4.—Two inches of snow fell in Walla Walla today. It began early in the morning and continued until almost noon. Unless it turns colder fruit will not be damaged. The rain and snow during the last two days has been of great benefit to wheat crops.

## COUNCIL HAS LIVELY SESSION.

Mayor Lachmund in referring the letter to the street committee reminded it that the council was pledged to improvement and that the promises must be fulfilled. He urged the committee to give the subject the fullest consideration and to ascertain if there was not some way in which the company could be assisted so that the street improvement might be made. Petitions for Street Improvement. A petition was received by the council for their improvement of Center street and it was acted upon favorably. The half of the street lying west of Winter street will be improved with bitulithic and the east half with concrete. Plans and specifications for the improvement of Asylum Avenue and Twenty-fourth street with concrete were adopted. The city engineer was instructed to prepare plans and specifications for the improvement of Front street with concrete, and he was also instructed to prepare specifications for the same kind of pavement on Twelfth street and Thirteenth from Leslie to the south city limits and for gravel macadam on Fir from Meyer to Owen. The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company made application for a permit to construct a corrugated iron warehouse in the city and it was referred to the city engineer. Resolutions were adopted ordering the grade on D, Parris and Lamberson streets was passed. Even hundred dollars was voted for improvement and care of Willson park, and \$200 for Marion Square. The city treasurer was granted additional help; it being necessary on account of the work made by paving, etc.

### Notice of Intention to Improve Asylum Avenue.

Notice is hereby given that the common council of the city of Salem, Oregon, deem it expedient and propose to improve Asylum Avenue in the city of Salem, Oregon, with concrete pavement from the center line of 24th street to the city limits, at the expense of the adjacent and abutting property within said limits, and according to the plans and specifications adopted for said improvement and on file at the office of the city recorder, which said plans and specifications are hereby referred to for a more specific and detailed description of said improvement, and are hereby made a part of this notice.

This notice is published for ten (10) days pursuant to the order of the common council, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 4th day of April, 1911.

Remonstrances may be filed against said improvement within ten (10) days from the last publication of this notice, and in the manner provided by the city charter.

CHAS. F. ELGIN, City Recorder.

When a brave man goes down fighting, he doesn't want your sympathy—give him a cheer.

## "Alias Jimmy Valentine"

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

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### CHAPTER II.

WITH an agility surprising in contrast with his former decrepit attitude, the intended victim seized his chair and raised it threateningly over his head. The two officers halted. Doyle, regaining a calm demeanor, through the excellent self control which had become one of his valuable assets in his business, spoke easily. "So you don't want a friend, old fellow?" Avery lowered the chair. "No," he snorted, "not any friends that are coppers. Thieves are bad enough." The point of the reply did not escape Doyle. "Well," he responded angrily, "you have got me for an enemy all the rest of your worthless life. You'd better come to see me once a month for fear I grab you by mistake—on suspicion." "To — with you!" snarled Avery, turning away and facing the warden. "I've got the regular state allowance for released prisoners comin' to me, ain't it?" "Yes," answered Handler, "and you take it and get out of here, you crook! Here, sign this" (he showed him a paper, "if you can write. If you can't, why, make your mark." The warden handed over a bill. The departing man scanned the greenback deprecatingly. "Five dollars," he cried, "and this suit of clothes that a country constable could see the Sing Sing tag on in the night! Pretty good for eight years and ten months' work, eh? And you guys are my friends! For God's sake, let me get out of here, where there are men who don't live on the mistakes of some one else." He wheeled toward the door and disappeared. "There's one more we've got to keep track of," commented Doyle. "He'll be at work in a week," said Handler laconically. "Yes, and I'll nail him and give him back to you." "I don't want him," the warden put in hastily. "I just might make it

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," and this influence is not denied to those who languish forlorn and hopeless in prison cells. Little did they know that it might be Jimmy Valentine, No. 1280, 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 they shall not. And just now there came a knocking at the warden's door that portended much for No. 1280. 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."

"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 look about those contracts for supplies."

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 uncle'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!" 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 of 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 something 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 occasion. This voyage into this famous tomb of living dead men.

As the warden finished she exclaimed, "I once had an experience with a burglar, and—" "Did he take your jewels?" asked Mrs. Moore sympathetically.

"No. I was in the parlor car in daylight. I was the only person in the car, and this man walked up and accosted me. I reached for the bell for the porter. He struck my wrist. Then he sat on the arm of my chair. He wanted to talk to me, he said. I scarcely knew what to do when a younger man, evidently a gentleman, walked in from the smoking compartment and, taking the man by the arm, led him away."

"How do you know the man was a burglar?" asked the lieutenant gov-



LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR FAY WAS ANNOUNCED.

"Lisren. I had no more than got my breath when the man came back. He



"HE WAS TALL AND HAD BLOND HAIR," threw his arms about my shoulders and again sat on the chair arm. When I reached for the bell he struck my arm. I screamed. The gentleman who had taken him away before ran into the car, and they fought. I was petrified with fright. The gentleman was much the smaller, and it seemed he would surely be killed when suddenly by some trick he sent the man crashing through the Pullman window. I read in the paper the next day that a famous burglar was found with his skull fractured near the tracks."

A strange light came into Handler's eyes. Was it possible, he thought, that so strange a coincidence—

"Did that occur in this state?" he asked quickly. "Yes," between Buffalo and Rochester two years ago in June."

The warden compressed his lips firmly. "Was the dead burglar's name Cotton?" he interrogated earnestly.

"Yes; that's what the papers said. Did you know him?" "Had him here for five years once. Odd, but we heard he was killed trying to get on a moving train. And, by the way, his particular pal is now in this prison doing ten—safe breaking. His name is Valentine. The story you tell is a brand new one on us."

"And you never saw again the gentleman who rescued you?" queried Mrs. Moore of Miss Lane.

"Never." Into the young girl's face came an expression of mingled sweetness and regret. The woman's question seemed to revive in her the memories of a voice and face and a manner and a personality which somehow she had never been quite able to forget.

"We sat and talked for a few minutes," she finally went on. "He told me that there were reasons why he could not let me know who he was and that he could never see me again, though I wanted him to meet my family to receive their thanks for what he had done. He was very nervous, but he had amazing strength for one of his build, as his handling of that ruffian showed. When he shook hands with me I noticed that his hands were very white and smooth and sensitive."

The warden was now leaning over his desk. Intent on the girl's words. "I noticed that he had the habit of frequently pressing one hand nervously into the other, and—" "He was tall, and he had blond hair," interjected the warden.

The girl gazed at Handler in open mouthed astonishment.

# MOUNTAIN VIEW

## Salem's Finest Residence Section

# E. Hofer & Son

Room 201 U. S. Bk. Bldg.