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Our suits are all made by the best of men tailors in the cleanest manufacturing establishment.

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Stockton

HE LOSES FIGHT.

(Continued from Page 1.)

and the party narrowly escaped death. They landed on the Alameda shore and remained in hiding for several hours, and then recrossed the bay. All Wednesday night they remained at a fisherman's house, and then moved to an apartment at Jones and Clay streets.

Attorney Nelson, chief counsel for Henry, announced this afternoon that he would prosecute everyone connected with the kidnaping.

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

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"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

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

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the entire facts," interjected Mrs Webster.

"No!"

"We have a choice of three positions for you, Mr. Valentine," went on Mrs Webster. "One is in a grain elevator."

"Yes," smiled Valentine. "I can imagine that would be a safe place for one under suspicion of robbing a bank."

"The ladies failed to detect the veiled note of sarcasm."

"The second," informed Mrs. Moore, "is as a bookkeeper or checker in a scrap iron yard."

"Still under suspicion, I see," commented Valentine dryly.

"And the third as the first male officer in the Gate of Hope society," Mrs Webster proudly declared.

"Yes," agreed the other charity worker.

"Treasurer?" the ex-convict queried significantly.

"No, secretary!" both the ladies cried simultaneously.

"I hold that honored position now," resumed Mrs. Moore, "but were you willing to accept it we would pay a salary. We agree that your knowledge of the—the"

"The inside," suggested Valentine.

"Exactly—would be a great help to us."

"Doubtless."

"Then you accept, Mr. Valentine?"

"No, ladies," decisively.

"You refuse the position?"

"Yes, ladies. In fact, I decline all your positions."

The Gate of Hope representatives rose and assumed expressions of extreme indignation at the unexpected rebuff and refusal of their well meant but ill advised offers.

"Ingratitude!" they exclaimed.

A smile which had deepened their features because of their evident misapprehension of the nature of the positions

they had offered him, resolved on a course of action that would, he thought, dispose of them and at the same time afford him a long craved amusement.

"No, please do not say that," he protested elaborately. "No, no. I refuse the positions you offer me because I fear the world would misunderstand."

"What do you mean?" asked one of the ladies.

"Oh, you see," went on Valentine whimsically, "if I accepted help from you ladies the world might say that you—er—you were in love with me!"

"Oh-h-h!" ejaculated the astonished ladies.

"Let the world say what it dare!" proclaimed the pedantic little Mrs. Moore, lifting her chin defiantly.

"And so goodly, my dear ladies," said Valentine, bowing almost to the floor.

With anger in their glance and their walk, chins and noses pointing almost toward the ceiling, the two members of the Gate of Hope society stalked out of the hotel parlor.

Jimmy Valentine, chuckling in his amusement, sank into a chair to await the return of Miss Lane and her father, Miss Lane—Rose Lane—the girl who had saved him from the horrors of that "bit of ten" at Sing Sing. How beautiful she was, he murmured. She had a heart. And she cared something for No. 1280; that was apparent. Just how much did she care? Just what did she care? If a man lived straight he might in time win such a girl for his own. Yes; that was life. And Jimmy Valentine now had his chance to "go straight," he reasoned. Stranger things had happened. The girl had revealed already, had she not, that she knew a prison sentence could not kill the good in a man if a single germ of it yet lingered in him? The old life was behind him now. The future gleamed bright and beckoned him on. Never again would he—

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" A harsh whisper hissed its way into his ears.

Jimmy Valentine started up in amazement. That voice, that whisper! He had not heard it since the night the Hartford "bulls" had broken up that midnight surprise party in the vaults of the Fifth National bank.

Hardly believing his ears, hardly daring to turn, yet he did turn, and he saw, crouching half behind one of the red velvet portieres of one of the hotel parlor entrances, the figure of Red—the face and the brick red hair of Red Flanagan, his old time coworker.

CHAPTER VII.

JIMMY VALENTINE slowly recovered from the shock he experienced at beholding before him the man who had in the old days been his accomplice in many questionable adventures. No; he had concluded wrongly. No; he was not yet free from all the associations of the years past—those years which he was endeavoring to forget.

"Hello, Red," he finally addressed Flanagan. "Come out from behind the curtain. The coast is clear for you. How did you know I was here?"

"Red came forth. 'Oh, leave it to me, Jimmy, to keep track of an old pal.' He held out his hand, which Valentine listlessly shook.

Red could not understand his former companion's indifferent manner.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Aw, cut it out. Something's got you guessin', an' so don't try to kid me."

The released convict looked maddly at Red. Then he spoke.

"Red, did you ever do a bit?"

"Sure—Joliet."

"And you have been in one of those rotten holes and still think it's a good game?"

"You've weakened—eh?" sneered Red.

"I've turned square."

"You're crazy?"

"No; it's only the man who thinks he can beat the law who's crazy," said Valentine.

"You'd a won out if it hadn't been for that Cotton, who blew an you because you beat him out of a dame."

Valentine turned and clutched him by the arm.

"You rat, don't you ever speak of her again or I'll murder you!" He threw Red roughly away from him.

"Now, get out of here and forget you know me."

"Good God, Jimmy!" exclaimed the other. "I wouldn't say anything to hurt your feelings. Why, I'd do anything for you; I'd a done your bit if I could have. Why, I'd go to—"

"Will you turn square with me? That's all I want of you now. Let's you and I start now and from this minute on go square. If we starve in the streets, will you do that, Red?" Valentine spoke in intense earnestness.

Red hesitated. "One job to get a stake and I'll go you," he said eagerly.

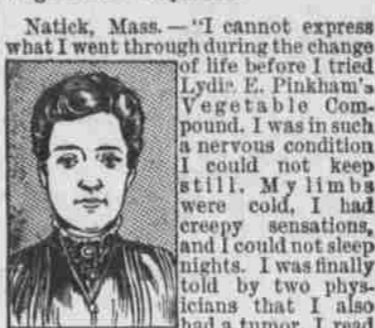
Valentine appreciated the character late unwillingness of Red to leave his lifelong vocation—that of ridding strong boxes and safes deemed by their manufacturers to be "fire and burglar proof." True, the flames were sometimes fanned by the thickness of metal and asbestos, but rarely had Red Flanagan been foiled by mere human made metal or time locks—rarely, indeed, when accompanied by No. 1280, the man who, as Warden Handler described him, opened safes solely by the sense of touch. Valentine knew the hold that the unlawful life he too, had followed invariably secured on its votaries, and he was not surprised when Red hesitated to leave it for the dubious rewards of "going straight."

"No," answered Valentine; "nothing for me but work from now on—work, honest work, hard manual labor if necessary. I've quit the old game for keeps, Red."

Red, plainly nonplussed at this revolutionary change of heart in his former "pal," stood speechless for a moment. Jimmy Valentine, the best man

WHAT I WENT THROUGH

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Natick, Mass.—"I cannot express what I went through during the change of life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold, I had creepy sensations, and I could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I also had a tumor. I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it had worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish my letter."—MRS. NATHAN B. GREATON, 61 N. Main Street, Natick, Mass.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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in the country, in his line, had "turned square." Merciful saints! Was the world coming to an end? At last he recovered his ability to talk.

He had an inspiration that he thought might win Valentine over, might make him come to his senses.

"What about the coppers?" suggested Red. "Are you dippy enough to think they'd let you turn square?"

"Yes. Why not?" retorted Valentine like a flash. "What have they got to do with honest men?"

Again did Red find cause to actually doubt the sanity of his ex-confederate, for here he was overlooking entirely in his childish reasoning the remorseless, dismal certainty that the detectives would force him to "peach" on his old pals or any one else in the underworld of whom he could obtain information desired by the police. In short, Valentine had overlooked the "stool pigeon game," the despair of every crook who had ever tried to "go straight."

"Aw, don't kid yourself," warned Red. "The copper'll let you be square if you're a stool pigeon, if you tip off old pals. No other way."

"Absurd! How, for instance, could they do me?"

"Absurd, eh? What about Kid Steele? He turned square, but he wouldn't squeal and job after job they threw him out of till he was hungry in the street. Then a copper offered to stake him to a feed if he'd 'turn up' an old pal. And he murdered the cop on the spot, and now he's doing life. Turn square, eh? That means be a stool or a bum in our game."

Red raised his hands protestingly and turned his face away from Valentine.

"Beat the coppers," insisted the other. "Get away where they can't find you. We can do that."

(To be continued.)

DOCTOR PRAISES D. D. D.

Although an M. D., I acknowledge to my patients and patrons that your remedy, D. D. D., reaches cases of Eczema and permanently cures them.—Dr. Ira T. Gabbert, Caldwell, Kan.

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MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Something new coming in every day. Do us the favor to be in doubt, but also investigate. We'll probably take you to the Shirt section first, and then the new Scarfs that will go handsomely with the Shirts. Even the Fancy Hosiery has a refreshing newness. You'll catch glimpses elsewhere of new things. Underwear in two-pieces or UNION SUITS, in fact you will find everything wanted in Men's Furnishings. Every effort has been given to make our collection of Merchandise the best to be had in Salem. An important characteristic is the moderate prices.

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Fancy Imported Swiss Cheese.....40c per lb.
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