

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

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

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association

SYNOPSIS.

Warden Handler of Sing Sing prison and Detective George Doyle endeavor to prevail on Bill Avery, a released prisoner, to furnish information against a former "pal," a young convict known as Jimmy Valentine. Avery refuses, and Doyle and Handler threaten to attack him. Valentine has a trick of opening safes solely by the sense of touch. Avery goes. Lieutenant Governor Fay, his beautiful niece, Rose Lane, and two women workers in a rescue mission visit the prison. Warden Handler hears Rose Lane tell her she was rescued from a thief on a train, and he is amazed at a coincidence. Convict Jimmy Valentine, No. 1289, is brought into the warden's office to open a safe as an object lesson to the visitors, and Rose recognizes him as the man who saved her from the thief Cotton. Valentine says he can't open the safe, enraging Handler. The lieutenant governor and Rose talk with Valentine. Rose pleads with Fay to aid the young prisoner, who is handsome even in Sing Sing garb. Fay promises for Rose's sake to ask the governor to pardon Valentine. A stormy interview occurs between Handler and Valentine. Valentine waits patiently in prison for news. Finally he is pardoned and goes to Albany to thank the governor, Lieutenant Governor Fay and Rose. Valentine refuses positions offered by the rescue mission workers. To his amazement, he meets Bill Avery and a former coworker, Red Flanagan. Red and Avery try to dissuade Jimmy from "going square." Detective Doyle appears, and Red and Avery hide. Doyle wants Valentine to tell him where Avery is, for he wants to rearrest him. Valentine refuses. Doyle departs, threatening to send Valentine back to Sing Sing prison. Avery now tries to kill Valentine. Valentine finally agrees to "go it crooked" again, but a note from Rose brings him back to his former determination to be honest "in spite of the coppers." Rose persuades her father to give Valentine a position in his bank in Springfield, Ill. He and Red go to work in the bank. For several years Valentine works excellently and rises to be assistant cashier. He and Rose love each other, but Valentine knows Doyle is on his track and dares not tell her of his affection for her. A mysterious Mr. Cronin turns out to be old Bill Avery, now reformed and a man of business. Valentine receives a telegram from Doyle. He tells Red how he has planned to outwit the detective by means of a cleverly concocted alibi. Rose Lane tells Valentine she loves him and that they are going to marry. Valentine reveals to her his love for her. Doyle appears on the scene to arrest Valentine on a charge of robbing a Massachusetts bank many years before. Doyle is astounded when Valentine announces that he was never in Sing Sing or in Massachusetts in his life and that his name is Lee Randall. Doyle is finally convinced by a sensational ruse employed by Valentine that Valentine is not Valentine after all. "I'll find him if it takes a lifetime," he says.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE room in the Fourth National bank of Springfield, Ill., in which the new vault had been constructed, was a large, somewhat lofty, with a door at one side, opening from the assistant cashier's office, and one directly opposite, which led to a narrow hallway opening into the main hall. Along this narrow hallway were doors opening into the offices of various officials of the bank. The vaults in which were kept the currency and negotiable papers, bonds, stocks, notes, etc., were on the floor below, and the new vault built against the wall at the rear of the room was designed as a receptacle for the bank's books of account. Therefore it had a larger interior than an ordinary vault, and as the shelves had not yet been built there were several feet of free space inside, which would be occupied by books and records later on. The huge steel ribbed door had been left invitingly open by the workmen engaged in adding the finishing touches, and consequently it afforded an unobstructed source of delight to Bobby and Kitty, whose active imaginations readily converted the interior of the vault into the cave of daring smugglers who, presumably gone on a desperate enterprise, had left deserted their secret cavern and the precious contraband articles which, Bobby assured Kitty, were surely to be found there. So what was there for a high spirited little girl to do, when her brother, who never failed at asserting his superiority over a mere girl and the superiority of the "men folk" in general, insisted that she go first into the yawning blackness of the big safe? Surely she must maintain the traditions of the fearlessness of her sex as she knew them and "take the dare" which Bobby forced upon her. Slowly into the steel bound shadows she went, her waxen faced doll clutched tightly against her throbbing bosom - yet in she went. Suddenly the huge door scraped shut. All was blackness. As she screamed in her fright she heard the click of the metal bars as Bobby playfully turned the handles. Then all was silent, save for the moans of the little girl as she lurched blindly toward the door of the safe and scratched the metal thickness with her tiny nails. The dolly fell to the floor, the ends of the soft little fingers began to bleed from frozen contact with the bars that ribbed the interior of the safe door, and after a few moments the wee girl's form sank limply to the bot-

tom of the vault, where she gasped convulsively to breathe in the air that was gradually losing its life supporting qualities. Not many minutes would elapse ere she had consumed all the precious oxygen in the suffocating interior of the necessarily air tight vault. As Jimmy Valentine dashed into the vault room he cried to Red Flanagan, who was at his heels. "Go get one of the clerks to run for some sandpaper. Pumice stone is too soft for this job. My fingers are not in shape for a trick like this. Go! Run!" Red turned and darted away on his urgent errand. Well he knew just how necessary it was for Jimmy Valentine to have sandpaper to rescue Kitty if it were true that the skin on his fingers had grown calloused or had reached even its natural thickness. Jimmy Valentine pulled manfully at the handles of the vault door. Perhaps, after all, the combination had not been turned and only the door's weight held it in place. But the metal barrier would not move. He pressed his ear to the handle crack. He heard the sound as of a little body falling to the floor and the faint moans of the prisoner calling, "Bobby, Bobby, Bobby!" Valentine bent over the combination, peered sharply at it, then began to twist the cylinders gently. Around and then back he turned the knob. No; it was of no use. Nothing could be done until the sandpaper arrived. His fingers had lost their sensitiveness and hence their cunning, and in the meantime Valentine well knew the prisoner was consuming whatever of the priceless air that remained. The door leading from his office swung open, and again Red Flanagan darted in. He flung himself on the vault room floor directly below Valentine's knees and held his ear close to the crack of the safe door. "Think you can make it, Jimmy?" he gasped. "Guess so; never failed on a lock like this. Why, in God's name, don't that fool come with that sandpaper?" Valentine was desperate at the delay. "He's gone to a-here he is!" cried Red as he heard hurrying footsteps in the assistant cashier's office. Red jumped to his feet and out into Valentine's room. He seized the roll of sandpaper from the messenger's hands. "What are you going to do with it?" asked the inquisitive clerk. Red shoved him away and darted back toward the vault room. "None of your business," he cried, "and keep out of here." "Give it here. What is it?" exclaimed Valentine as Red ran to him. "No. 4." "That's best. Is the bank empty?" "Yes, thank God, Mr. Lane has gone. There's no one here to pipe what we're doing - and even if there was we'd just naturally have to go through with it - for that girl Kitty." "Stun up!" cried Valentine nervously. He bent over and rubbed his fingers briskly across the gritty surface of one of the sheets of sandpaper which Red had handed him - rubbed until the white flesh showed pink. Red stood and watched him breathlessly. The sound of Valentine's fingers scraping back and forth across the face of the sandpaper seemed to his feverish brain the physical demonstration of an evil being, appalled him as a sinister omen of impending doom. He had heard a story of his old grand-

THE FACE OF GEORGE DOYLE APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY.

mother's, when a young lad, that of ten when a person was going to die a mysterious tick, tick, tick would be heard in the faded house, the sound coming as though from a mysterious watch concealed in the wall - in "death tick." As the sound of the scraping fingers continued the zip, zip, zip, zip echoed from the walls and smote into Red's ears and into Red's brain - an uncanny reminder of that long forgotten tale. And, strangely enough, Red's premonition of the presence of an unseen menace was not without foundation in fact. It may be that this active career in the underworld had developed in him that sixth sense of the habitual thief which sometimes gives him warning of approaching dangers. As Red stood there fascinatingly watching the rapid play of Valentine's

fingers the door leading into the narrow hallway noiselessly opened - opened just enough to allow the sound of the scraping fingers to reach the ear pressed against the crack between the door and the jam. A few inches more of space and the face of George Doyle appeared in the doorway. As the door on opening swung toward the rear of the chamber toward the vault, Doyle, shielded by it, was enabled to put one foot over the sill and stand half within the vault room. Pressing himself close against the door, he could watch in the darkened, shadowy room the operations of Red Flanagan and Mr. Lee Randall, alias Jimmy Valentine. He saw the sheet of sandpaper flutter to the floor; he saw Valentine lick his fingers with his tongue to ease the burning pain that throbed through them; he saw Red Flanagan drop on his knees and crouch against the door of the giant safe; he saw Valentine step forward, seize the combination with the tips of his fingers, press his ear against the vault and gently, caressingly, ever so gently, twist the shining nickel knob of the combination. George Doyle had his dearest wish gratified. At last he saw the great Jimmy Valentine at work. (To be continued.)

Protect Yourself! Get the Original and Genuine HORLICK'S MALTED MILK The Food-drink for All Ages. For Infants, Invalids, and Growing Children. Pure Nutrition, up building the whole body. Invigorates the nursing mother and the aged. Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. A quick lunch prepared in a minute. Take no substitute. Ask for HORLICK'S. No Gombine or Trust

WARDE THE GREATEST OF OLD STARS

AN ACTOR WHO HAS DEVOTED A LIFE TO THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTERS, TO INTERPRET JULIUS CAESAR SATURDAY NIGHT.

Gazing into the distant theatrical horizon, no new stars are to be discovered - that is, stars belonging to the bright galaxy of Shakespeare. It is necessary, therefore, to welcome the old ones. They deserve the brilliance that continual shining has made possible. One of the brightest of these is Frederick Warde, who presented a splendid revival of "Julius Caesar" at the Lyceum theatre last night. Frederick Warde left the stage for a brief while, not to abandon his career nor the classic drama, but to bring before the people from the lecture rostrum the wonderful characters he has so admirably portrayed. Today Ellen Terry, in New York is living among her Shakespearean heroines. Each an actual breathing personage, stepping from the pages of the play to receive life and blood and breath from her magnetic personality. So it was with Frederick Warde. He talked with the heroes of the poet, talked of them and gave voice to their mighty utterances. But the theatre needed him. One by one the great players have been gathered to that final world beyond the curtain. It seems that the classical inspiration has departed from them. It rests with such scholars as Warde to keep burning the spark of genius to tell us that in the past there was a better and brighter day. Frederick has played many parts. He has given life to many of the heroes of Shakespeare. When last seen in "Julius Caesar" here, he ever since. Use this safe, sure remedy only. 50 cents at J. C. Perry's, Druggist.

Up in Nova Scotia automobilists are not allowed to run their cars every day in the week. But that is natural, the Acadians being wedded to the ways of the past rather than to those of the present.

Every family and especially those who reside in the country should be provided at all times with a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment. There is no telling when it may be wanted in case of an accident or emergency. It is most excellent in all cases of rheumatism, sprains and bruises. Sold by all dealers. Get it at Dr. Stone's Drug Store.



Frederick Warde, Greatest of All Living Interpreters of Shakespearean Characters, Will Present "Julius Caesar" at the Grand Saturday Night.

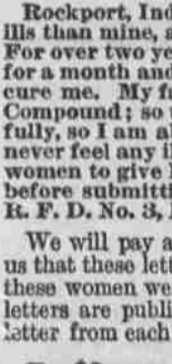
tancy in the theatre and upholds high standards and high ideals because they are noble and beautiful and beneficent. It is to Frederick Warde we must look in the theatrical horizon, for he is a star whose brightness is undimmed, whose brilliancy grows clearer and more luminous as the years advanced. Brutus with him is but a reproduction of a man in his mind. So close in touch is he with the hero of Shakespeare that one and all become with him an intimate friend and associate. He ceases to be Frederick Warde. He becomes the role he plays, a breathing pulsating, passionate man, to tell his story as he might tell it in actual life. This is why the acting of Frederick Warde appeals to every lover of Shakespeare. Familiar quotations come back to us as if they were read but yesterday. There is lacking that plethora of gestures which so many of our younger players have. There is in what he does an intense dignity, a mighty feeling, a sympathy that penetrates even the scenes of dispute. It was a pleasure to greet Mr. Warde last night, and it is no wonder that the audience, spontaneous in its expression of delight and approval, called for a speech from the actor. Nor was it possible for Mr. Warde to deny the demand. In a few selected sentences he thanked the people present, for it carried to his heart the grateful knowledge that there still remain men and women who love art for art's sake, and not for ulterior motives. - Memphis Commercial Appeal. Grand opera house, Saturday, April 29. Seat sale Friday, April 28, at 9 a. m. Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c and 50c. The Sound Sleep of Good Health. Can not be overestimated and any ailment that prevents it is a menace to health. J. L. Souther, Eau Claire, Wis., says: "I have been unable to sleep soundly nights, because of pains across my back and soreness of my kidneys. My appetite was very poor and my general condition was much run down. I have been taking Foley Kidney Pills but a short time and now sleep as sound as a rock, my general condition is greatly improved, and I know that Foley Kidney Pills have cured me." Good results always follow the use of Foley Kidney Pills. They are a prompt corrective of urinary irregularities. Try them. Red Cross Pharmacy, H. Jerman. Diarrhoea should be cured without loss of time and by a medicine which like Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy not only cures promptly but produces no unpleasant after effects. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. Sold by all dealers. Get it at Dr. Stone's Drug Store.

Before Allowing an Operation

Please Read These Two Letters. The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before. Then after all that suffering Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored her health.



HERE IS HER OWN STATEMENT. Paw Paw, Mich. - "Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement - I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for several months without much relief, and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. To-day I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise every woman who is afflicted with any female complaint to try it." - Mrs. Orville Rock, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Mich. "There never was a worse case."



Rockport, Ind. - "There never was a worse case of woman's ills than mine, and I cannot begin to tell you what I suffered. For over two years I was not able to do anything. I was in bed for a month and the doctor said nothing but an operation would cure me. My father suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I please him I took it, and I improved wonderfully, so I am able to travel, ride horseback, take long rides and never feel any ill effects from it. I can only ask other suffering women to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation." - Mrs. Margaret Meredith, R. F. D. No. 3, Rockport, Ind. We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful - or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.



For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit. Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



SEND THE LITTLE ONE For the meat you need in a hurry if you cannot come your self. She will be treated just as well as if she was the keenest judge of meat We will give her just what you order, no more or less. We have no poor cuts to work off and no poor meat of any kind. E. C. CROSS & SON Phone 1880

SOMETHING WORTH WHILE

- Eight-room house, fine lot 79x160, on car line, in best residence part of city, fruit trees and fruit, modern improvements, \$5000. Best 20-acre prune orchard, in full bearing, one-half mile from Rosedale, \$6000. Well established manufacturing business, one-fourth cash; easy terms on balance, \$20,000. Brush farm, fine fruit land, in Liberty district, 22 acres, 2 1-2 acres cleared, good house, \$2200. Good building lots in Miller block, South Salem, one with Commercial street, close. Finest improved fruit farm and residence on Garden Road for sale on easy terms, \$10,000. Half-acre tracts on South Commercial Street, close in, on easy terms, \$800. Three first-class 50-acre tracts one fine road near church and school, per acre, \$100. Five-year-old prune orchard, half-mile beyond end of car line, sold in lots of two acres or upward, to suit purchaser, all but first two acres, \$500 per acre. R. R. Ryan place, 20 acres, 1 1-2 miles east of city, fine house, two large barns, \$10,000. Half block, Twentieth and Trade streets, corner lot with house, \$1200; three lots, \$800 to \$1000. Best five acres, with orchard, house and barn, little timber, ideal little home lot, with \$1500 improvements, close to city, \$2600. Good house and two lots corner Liberty and Mission, price including paving and sewer \$2000. Four choice building lots, two facing Liberty and two on High streets, \$800. Spot cash. All good, new buildings on the block. Lots large, 75x141, and all sewer assessments paid. Money to loan. I have \$1000 to \$1200 to loan at seven per cent on first mortgage.

E. HOFER & SONS Room 201 U. S. Bank Bldg. Phone Main 82