

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

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

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CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER a few moments Valentine shook his head angrily and drew back a step from the safe.

"Red, got a handkerchief?" he snapped.

"Yes."

"Well, get moving. Come on—blot fold me so that I can't see, so that every nerve will be tensed on hearing the tumblers click—you know—the old gag."

Red scrambled to his feet and hastily tied a handkerchief tightly around Valentine's head, completely covering his eyes. Valentine stopped back to the vault, and Red crouched again at his feet.

Defly, intently, the ex-convict manipulated the intricate mechanism of the vault.

"Hurry, Jimmy, that kid," urged Red, to whom the suspense was becoming unbearable.

"D—n you, be quiet! If you say another word I'll knock your head off—my hands are like leather."

He again sandpapered his fingers.

"You're bleeding!" exclaimed Red.

"What of it?" returning to his task.

"Don't talk, I tell you. I heard it click—I missed it again!" taring the combination slowly—"but I felt it that time—I felt the dog lift"—Valentine was intensely excited. "Red, there it is! Hurry with a match!"

Red, well acquainted with the duties required of him, by reason of the thorough education he had received from Valentine in the past, had been waiting expectantly with a match ready for the striking. At the word he illuminated the combination's dial with a tiny flame.

"What is it?" cried Valentine.

The other stretched himself upward and peered at the numbers on the metal surface—

"It points to twenty-one!" he exclaimed.

Valentine again drew away from the vault.

"Sandpaper!" he cried. Red handed him another sheet. He rubbed his fingers softly across it. His raw, bleeding flesh could not stand more than the slightest contact with the rasping surface. "I'll feel every jar clean to my eyeballs now," he added. He turned the dial back and then forward and then four complete reverse revolutions.

"That's the way to get them. Red—two more forward revolutions—'bare, bleeding nerves'—a half turn back—'raw, throbbing nerves—a toothache in every finger end—eh, Red—there—match!"

After a moment:

"Fifty-two!"

"How many bolts did this door have?" asked Valentine. "Did you notice?" He went on turning the dial.

"Twelve."

"Thought so," jubilantly. "Can you bear her any more, Red?"

Red's ear was pressed against the crack of the vault door.

"No. And God knows I don't want to. Honest, Jimmy, I don't believe it!"

"Oh, yes, you do. So long as she calls you know she's alive"—turning the dial slowly back—"here we are again. If this is eleven I know this old rotation—match!"

"Eleven!" shrieked Red joyously after a moment of racking suspense.

"I've got it! I've got it!" cried Valentine. "If this is it, Red"—reversing the dial again—"she's ours in another minute. Match!"

Red struck another match.

"Ten!" he cried.

A half turn of the dial forward. Valentine's sharp ear detected the

sound as though another bolt had drawn back. "Here we are again! Match!"

"Forty-two," exclaimed Red.

"That's it—forty-two—that's what it should be. Do you hear Kitty now?"

"No. Good God, Jimmy, suppose, after all, she's dead?"

Two more turns of the dial.

"Keep your nerve, old pal—there—match!"

To George Doyle, standing in the doorway, the scene was one of gripping interest. The consummate, almost unchained, skill of Jimmy Valentine was something to cause in the detective, experienced even as he was with resourceful and intelligent cracksmen, a thrill of genuine admiration. No wonder Valentine had prided the despair of the safe makers, the banking officials and the stenographers of half a dozen states. And a lieutenant governor had pardoned him!

As Doyle surveyed intently the operations of Red Flanagan and Jimmy Valentine in their superhuman effort to rescue their beloved life playmate, Kitty Lane, from the stifling clutches of the steel vault he became aware of a sudden though very slight change in the darkened room, the windows of which, opening into a shaft, gave almost no aid at all to inquisitive eyes. He glanced across the room to the point from which the light seemed to

their task.

As Red struck the match at the latest command of Valentine Doyle saw the girl bend forward to betegain a view of the proceedings. The side of her face was illumined by the light in the assistant cashier's office—and could it be true?—yes, Doyle was positive that the form of the witness in the opposite doorway was none other than that of the young girl who had seen Jimmy Valentine in Warden Handler's office at Sing Sing and who had prevailed on the lieutenant governor to obtain his release.

Doyle's memory had not betrayed him. It was Rose Lane, who, returning to her lover's office in quest of him, had opened the door of the vault room and had, just as Doyle had done, caught him "red handed." She moved forward a step, as though to speak, but her attention was attracted by Doyle, who moved slightly. She saw him put his fingers to his lips, commanding silence. The girl therefore stood mute, watching the man she fondly loved "cop the gopher" in the bank that between them she and her father owned.

"One," announced Red as the match flared into a blue bright sulphurous gleam.

"That's it! That's the old rotation!" cried Valentine enthusiastically. "Ten

off the first"—turning the combination—"then one—two—and three"—turning the dial on the reverse—"then back, Match!"

"Twenty-one!" was Red's frenzied response.

Valentine tossed his head back triumphantly.

"Twenty-one, that's it!" he almost shrieked. "That's it. I've done the trick!"

Valentine tore the bandage from his eyes and, groping forward, gripped the handles of the vault doors in his hands. He threw his weight back and tugged mightily. At first the eight inch steel barrier refused to move. Red, who had lunged to one side out of the way of his superior, gazed apprehensively at Valentine, fearing that after all there had been some mistake.

Then, of a sudden, the crack in the black, sheer, forbidding face of the great safe widened, and Valentine's body, tensely set, fell back as the ponderous door swung open.

And as it did so a wee, white clad body, crouching against the heavy door, rolled out on to the vault room floor and lay limp and apparently lifeless before Red Flanagan and Jimmy Valentine.

"Get that kid," cried Valentine to Red. "She's out, but I think she'll live. She needs air and a doctor, quick!" With these words the excitement and the nervous strain under which he had been laboring, leaped exhaustedly against the cold steel walls of the vault.

Red lurched forward, seized the motionless form of Kitty in his arms and clutched it to his breast.

"She's dead," he choked, looking down into her white, drawn face, her closed eyes and the lips from which the blood had fled.

"No, she'll be all right in five minutes," instructed Valentine with as much force as he could muster. "Take her to the doctor on the corner."

Red straightened and with his helpless burden dashed through the door of the assistant cashier's room—only to come face to face with Rose Lane, who, in an agonized impulse, had drawn back into the office, hardly knowing what to do.

Notice of Intention to Impove "D" Street.

Notice is hereby given that the common council of the city of Salem, Oregon, deems it expedient and proposes to improve "D" street in the City of Salem, Oregon, with El Oso pavement, on a bituminous base, from the west line of Twentieth street westerly to 112 1/2 feet west of the west line of Winter street, 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 25th 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.

4-25-11t

Call for City Warrants.

Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand and applicable to the payment of all warrants, drawn on the street fund of the City of Salem, Oregon, and endorsed, "Not paid for want of funds." Holders of said warrants will please present them for payment, at the office of the city treasurer, as interest will cease from and after this date, April 18, 1911.

R. A. CROSSAN,
City Treasurer.

4-18-10t

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the City of Salem will receive applications to pay by installments, on all street and sewer improvements up to June 1st, 1911, according to the Bancroft Bonding Act.

CHAS. F. ELGIN,
City Recorder.

4-19-11t

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A GIRLISH FIGURE APPEARED.



"SHE'S DEAD," HE CHOKED.

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