

## "Alias Jimmy Valentine"

Novelized by  
**FREDERIC R. TOOMBS**  
From the Great  
Play by  
**PAUL ARMSTRONG**  
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### CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Oh, I'm to be arrested for this Jimmy Valentine, am I?" The last time I was mistaken for him I was only embarrassed by having a tough on the streets in Chicago claim my acquaintance. You are really amusing, Mr. Doyle. The assistant cashier chuckled softly.

"So that's your game, eh?" "No game that I can see."

"I suppose you are going to deny that Bill Avery called on you today?" Doyle watched the other intently to note the effect of this shot. But Valentine was entirely equal to the occasion.

"I do not know your friend Bill, Mr. Doyle," he positively.

"No," he gasped. "Then a man with iron gray hair wearing a top hat and carrying a cane, did not get off a train here today and come straight here?"

"It is not possible for me to know how the men get here who call on me. Such a man as you describe, however, did call on me. But that man's name was—er—er—"

"Cronin!" he added. "He came in here a short time ago to negotiate a loan."

"Cronin!" gasped Doyle. "So he's taken a new moniker, too, has he?"

And he came to negotiate a loan from Banker Jimmy Valentine! Well, if that isn't rich! I do wish Warden Handler could be here today to hear you pull off this little stunt. I always told him you were too good for the safe breaking game. You ought to be an actor or a United States senator. You're wasting your time in this business."

"I appreciate your compliments, but I really quite fail to understand you. Valentine spoke sharply. "Your attitude is trying my patience, Mr. Doyle. I am a very busy man, with large responsibilities, and as this conversation is entirely frivolous—frivolous, I say—I must regret to fully inform you that I am going to my day's work."

He nodded toward the tray of currency. "Believe me, I am perfectly willing to do what any citizen should do to help apprehend a criminal, but I must ask you—"

"Oh, h—l, Valentine, do you think I've lost my eyesight? You're Jimmy Valentine, and that was Bill Avery who called on you. I guessed he knew where you were and had him watched.

"Well, the proof is finally up to you."

"But my word, injured."

"Oh, you are going to talk me out of it."

"But I can't get proof in an instant. Go up there and investigate."

it possible, after all, that he had been mistaken? No. It was Jimmy Valentine who stood before him, the same Jimmy that was wanted by the Massachusetts authorities for that old and almost forgotten "job" in the savings bank of Springfield, Mass.—\$14,000 in currency taken on a Washington's birthday night and not a mark of an instrument or of an explosive on the safe when next morning the doors were found yawning open, the night watchman gagged and bound helplessly to the metal legs of a stationary washstand in the vice president's office.

"Here, cut that out!" he cried, lunging forward at Valentine, awaiting a response to his call. "Don't bring any of these locals in on a big job like this. He thrust back his coat and, opening his vest revealed a shining shingle fastened on one of his suspender straps. Valentine bent over and inspected it very deliberately and very closely. He turned to the telephone and instructed central to countermand his call—all a mistake. The two men seated themselves, Doyle drawing a chair close to the assistant cashier's desk.

"Very well, sir. Now if you can see fit to refrain from your embarrassing questions and innuendoes I am sure we may arrive at something."

"Of course you know you will have to prove that you are not Jimmy Valentine."

"Pardon me, Mr. Doyle, if I set you right on a point of law," smiled Valentine. "You will have to prove that I am your friend Jimmy Valentine."

"But you won't make me," laughing confidently.

"No. To expedite matters I will concede you that I am not."

"Please do, Jimmy."

"Very well. Tell me how I may prove it."

"Very simply. I said goodbye to you in a hotel one afternoon in Albany three years ago. You were fresh from Sing Sing prison."

"Am I to understand that I was in prison, a prisoner?"

"Doing a bit, yes."

"But I couldn't have been. I couldn't have been in two places at the same time."

"No, not easily, and as Sing Sing doesn't allow its boarders to go visiting I guess you were there. Now, think hard and try to remember," advised the detective.

"Mr. Doyle, there can be no chance of any deception in so open and shut a matter. If I was in prison I must be your man. If I was not—"

"You were in Sing Sing; committed on the 9th of February, 1906."

"February 9, 1906, I was in St. Paul, Minnesota, sir," returned Valentine positively.

"Well, the proof is finally up to you."

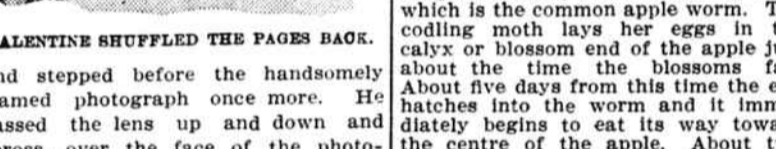
## Miscellaneous Reading.

### CARE OF FRUIT TREES.

**Full Direction as How to Spray and What to Spray With.**  
Spray all fruit trees while in dormant stage which will be from November to February inclusive. This spraying is with the lime-sulphur wash and is made as follows: Put 15 gallons water in large iron kettle and bring to boiling point. Weigh out 16 lbs. flour or flowers of sulphur and pour enough water on to make a stiff paste. Mix this in the kettle of boiling water and continue to boil. Weigh out 20 lbs. stone lime and put it in the kettle of boiling water and sulphur. Keep the solution boiling violently, not a slow simmer. If the solution begins to boil over, check it by pouring in a small amount of cold water. Continue to boil until the color changes to an olive green or to a dark red color. This will require from 45 to 60 minutes of violent boiling. When this color is obtained add enough cold water to make fifty gallons of the whole mixture. Strain the mixture into the spray tank and apply while still warm. A meal or flour sack makes a good strainer. Cover every part of the tree thoroughly, and any scale insects on the trees will be killed. Spray all thin bark hard trees with sulphur wash, and any scale insects on the trees will be killed. This spraying positively must not be done before the buds begin to swell. This is the only spraying that need be done during the winter.

### Directions For Spraying Apple or Pear

The first spraying to be given apple and pear trees after the winter spraying with lime-sulphur wash should be given just after the buds begin to swell, before the blossoms are out. This spraying is to kill fungus spores and make the tree healthy. The spray solution to be used this time is Bordeaux mixture which is made as follows: Put five pounds of copper sulphate (blue stone) in a sack and suspend it in a vessel containing ten gallons water, preferably warm water. Let the blue stone barely be covered by water, as it will dissolve more rapidly this way than if it were in contact with the bottom of the vessel. Slake five pounds of stone lime and add enough water to make a thin liquid. Strain the two solutions into a barrel, pouring both at the same time. A third person should stir the solution while it is being poured into the barrel. Now, add enough water to make 50 gallons and stir thoroughly. Be sure that every part of the surface of trunk and branches are covered. The next spraying should be given the apple immediately after the blossoms are out, and the pear immediately after the blossoms are out. This spraying is to protect the fruit from the fruit disease, and the coding moth which is very destructive. Use the Bordeaux mixture which is made as follows: Put five pounds of copper sulphate (blue stone) in a sack and suspend it in a vessel containing ten gallons water, preferably warm water. Let the blue stone barely be covered by water, as it will dissolve more rapidly this way than if it were in contact with the bottom of the vessel. Slake five pounds of stone lime and add enough water to make a thin liquid. Strain the two solutions into a barrel, pouring both at the same time. A third person should stir the solution while it is being poured into the barrel. Now, add enough water to make 50 gallons and stir thoroughly. Be sure that every part of the surface of trunk and branches are covered.



VALENTINE SHUFFLED THE PAGES BACK.

and stepped before the handsomely framed photograph once more. He passed the lens up and down and across, over the face of the photograph, then wheeled about and faced Jimmy Valentine.

"Mr. Valentine," he said apologetically, "you must excuse my mistake—I must have been making innuendoes against an entirely innocent man. You of course realize the difficulties of my profession—how in dealing with the brightest criminal brains in the world we cannot avoid making errors at times, but—"

"Oh, cut that! Don't worry about me," said Doyle vengefully. "Wait till I put the bracelets on the real Jimmy Valentine, then save your sympathy for him. He'll pay for his day's work. It's all through his today. I made a sucker out of myself today."

"Quite true," returned Jimmy Valentine condescendingly. "I can see that you are exceptionally able in your line. Some day if we ever have a loss here through thievery I shall be most glad to recommend you to the directors, and I am sorry that you feel so embarrassed at your error regarding me."

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## THE TRUTH ABOUT HUMUS.

Because of misleading articles which have recently appeared in a number of agricultural journals indicating that the teachings of the University of Illinois concerning the subject of humus and plant food is being misunderstood and mislabeled, it seems only just to us and to all interested in the subject that a definite statement be made regarding the matter.

Thus, an article entitled "Humus and Hopkins," by H. F. Patterson, of the Montana Agricultural College, in the *Dakota Farmer* of January 15, 1911, contains alleged quotations said to have been taken from a lecture which I am reported to have given at Bloomington, Illinois, including the following:

"What is of very much more value than humus is decaying organic matter. It is the action you get in the process of making humus that is most valuable. It is decaying organic matter that is valuable. The humus itself is very inactive. Humus has been in the soil for hundreds of thousands of years, and will remain there yet."

Professor W. F. Massey writes as follows in the *Southern Planter* of January, 1911:

"Professor Hopkins, of Illinois, is nothing if not peculiar. He now tells the farmers (1) that humus is not so important, (2) that humus has no plant food, (3) that what we need is plant food."

I shall not discuss the point of peculiarity except to say that these are peculiar criticisms considering that I never gave any such lecture at Bloomington, and never made several of the statements credited to me by Patterson and Massey. Certainly I have never said that humus is not important, and I have never said that "humus has been in the soil for hundreds of thousands of years; and will remain there yet."

The following exact quotations never said to have been taken from me, are given in the *Southern Planter* of January, 1911, as being taken from a lecture which I gave at Bloomington, Illinois, and which I never gave:

"The positive or intrinsic value of humus lies in the amount of available plant food which it contains. Humus is not a fertilizer, but it is a soil conditioner, and it makes the soil more porous and spongy and thus increases the power of the soil to absorb and retain water. In other words, this third value of humus is due to improvement in the physical conditions of the soil."

The value of farm manure for its physical improvement of the soil, is frequently overestimated by popular agricultural writers, while its value for the plant food which it supplies and for that which it liberates from the soil, is almost entirely ignored.

"There is no good excuse for erroneous teaching regarding these different values of humus. It is a matter of practical experience and from exact scientific investigations."

"Manure made from clover hay and heavy grain ration has much greater value than manure made from wheat straw. Why? Because it affects the physical conditions of the soil in different ways. No. The great difference in value is due to the difference in plant food and in rapidity of decay."

"At the famous agricultural experiment station at Rothamsted, England, it would be hard to find a more and no plant food have been applied, the average yield of wheat has been 14 bushels per acre for more than 40 years. Land treated with a heavy annual application of farm manure has produced 35.7 bushels of wheat per acre as an average of 41 years. Another plot treated with commercial plant food without organic matter has produced 37.1 bushels per acre as an average of 41 years during the same time. The latter field received a little less plant food than was furnished in the manure, thus furnishing a simple proof of the value of plant food supplied in manure and showing that the physical effect of the farm manure was by no means self-important."

"Nevertheless the physical effect should not be overlooked. Under certain conditions the physical effect value may be very important. Thus in the very dry season of 1893 at Rothamsted the land fertilized with manure produced only 17.5 bushels of wheat per acre, while the land treated with 21.7 bushels of wheat per acre, while the farm manure plot produced 34.2 bushels the same year."

"The following quotations are taken from pages 9 and 10 of Illinois Experiment Station Circular No. 108, and the following quotations are taken from pages 94 and 101 of my text book on 'Soil Fertility and Permanent Agriculture':"

"The organic matter of the soil may be considered in two classes, active and inactive, although no very sharp line can be drawn between them. The active organic matter consists of such substances as decaying plant roots and crop residues, green manure and animal manure, incorporated with the soil. These products decay rapidly in the soil and in the process of decomposition liberate not only plant food, which they contain, including nitrogen, phosphorus, and potassium, but they also set free other decomposition products, such as carbonic acid, nitric acid, and organic acids, which have power to dissolve more or less additional plant food from the mineral part of the soil."

"The inactive, or less active, organic matter consists of the more resistant organic matter that remains after several years and that decomposes very slowly. If present in large quantity, its gradual decomposition may set free sufficient nitrogen to meet the needs of good crops, although its power to liberate mineral plant food from the soil may not provide adequate supplies of available phosphorus, potassium, etc."

"Thus, we find that one soil may at the same time be richer in organic matter and less productive than another soil, even though the two soils are alike in all respects except the amount of fresh, actively decaying organic matter may be more effective for a year or two than thirty tons of old and less active humus."

## TO MEXICAN FRONTIER.

Washington, March 7.—The most extensive movement of troops and vessels ever executed in this country in time of peace is now under way by order of the president as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, the objective being the country north of the Mexican boundary and the waters of the two oceans at either end of it.

Twenty thousand soldiers, more than one-fourth of the army of the United States, of all arms of the service are moving toward the Mexican boundary; four armored cruisers comprising the fifth division of the Atlantic fleet have been ordered from northern waters to the naval station at Guantanamo, Cuba, and most of the Pacific is or shortly will be on its way to assemble at San Pedro and San Diego, Cal., and 2,000 marines are preparing to make the Guantanamo station their headquarters.

It was officially announced at the White House and at the war and navy departments today that the purpose of this great mobilization unprecedented since in war times, is the training of officers and men under service conditions, and practice in co-operation of the land and naval forces. Unusual pains were taken by all officials concerned in the matter to give this color to the sudden activity, but these statements were accepted with increasing reserve. There have been many joint manoeuvres during past few years, but these have been planned far in advance and carried through without a ripple of excitement, or even of evidence of interest at the White House.

Today the executive officers were steeped with mystery; the entire morning was given over to conferences with officers of the war and navy departments. This atmosphere of mystery and the zealous efforts to minimize the importance of the business, led a curious significance to the fact that Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the army, in an effort to elude interviews slipped out of one of the rear windows of the president's office and beat a masterly retreat through the secluded portions of the White House grounds to a rear entrance of the war department.

The real significance of these activities which have been confined apparently to the last forty-eight hours or less is thought to relate very directly to the conditions in Mexico, and to the growing belief that the situation there is by no means so satisfactory as the Mexican government would have it believed to be. There are persistent reports that the physical condition of President Diaz has lately become such as to alarm his adherents and that momentous developments are to be prepared for.

One report which was current here today was that the Pearson syndicate, heavily interested in enterprises in northern Mexico, had appealed to the British government for adequate production of themselves and other foreign interests in preparation for the chaotic conditions which would almost certainly follow any serious loss of prestige to say nothing of the collapse of the Diaz government. It was said that the British ambassador had taken up the question with the state department here with the suggestion that unless the United States took immediate steps to exhibit its disposition and ability to protect foreign interests in Mexico, the European governments, more particularly Great Britain and Germany, would be obliged to do so.

It was admitted at the White House this evening that the Mexican insurgents had been giving considerable trouble to the contractors engaged on the work of damming the Colorado river, across the line from the Imperial valley in California, and that Mexico was sending by way of the Gulf of California a regiment of federal troops to guard the work which was undertaken by the United States to prevent floods in the Imperial valley and the surrounding country. Two hundred Mexican soldiers sent through Yuma, Arizona, some time ago for this purpose were gobbled up by the insurgents and never reached their destination.

The president told callers today that Texas and the adjacent country offered an admirable field for manoeuvres at this time of the year but vouchsafed no further information.

No such secrecy ever before has marked the preparations for practice manoeuvres. Quite the contrary to other times the participating officers have been only too glad to draw public attention to and arouse public interest in the work of the army and navy. Furthermore, it was freely stated today that the appropriations for army manoeuvres for the current fiscal year are all but exhausted and it is pointed out that in ordinary circumstances no such movements as those sprung on the army and navy during the past forty-eight hours would be thought of. Hence it was inevitable that Washington should be skeptical toward the explanations given officially by and should look to conditions in Mexico, known or suspected, as explaining more plausibly that concentration of an army close to the border, with a goodly portion of the navy at hand in either ocean.

"My brains exposed" the injured one cried in surprise.

"Yes, my man!" replied the doctor.

"Please, doctor, do write and tell my father about this," said the private, the always awkward one.

"Prices paid to cattle raisers in Argentina have been rising steadily for the last twenty-five years."

"A movement is on foot among the telephone girls in Rome to have abolished the regulation which forbids them to marry before they are 28 years old. Italian women reach their prime before they are 20, and the telephone girls consider their chances of marriage greatly lessened by this government regulation."

## CONCERNING EGGS.

Reflections By the Wife of a Cold Storage Man.

The recent catastrophe in the egg packing business has reduced the egg men and their wives to such financial straits that some of them are turning to literature in the hope that it will help them buy their groceries. If they cannot sell their eggs at a profit, they turn to literature and check their troubles into the categories of the following dissertation on "The Egg and Its Habits," by the "Wife of a Cold Storage Man." Check goods forward herewith.

"Lay not up for yourself eggs in cold storage, where moisture and age doth corrupt and where pure food laws break through and squeal."

"When I met Tom it was a case of eggs at first sight and ever since life has been one grand omelette to me until this winter, when the bottom dropped out of the case. During the late unpleasantness Tom, to use his own words, 'got it in the yolk, and then some.' As usual, I was the innocent bystander and was eggged on until I was tempted to beat it. How was I to know that eggs which went into the cooler at 25 cents would come out at 67? I don't know my hens personally; how could I tell? Eggs are just like the boy who couldn't learn to spell because the teacher kept changing the words on him. You can't learn when to store eggs because the weather man keeps changing the weather on you. That's what Tom says."

"In my estimation a strictly fresh egg is all right, but a rotten one should be canned. When you come to know eggs as well as I do you'll get to realize there's a lot in them. There are men in this town today who couldn't hold a candle to an egg. A man may be 'fresh,' while an egg under the same circumstances would be 'fresh,' old 'fresh,' or 'fresh laid.' A man is as old as he looks, but an egg is fresh all the time until something happens. It all depends on the life it has led, whether it had a hot time and gone to the bad early or has managed to keep cool and earn the respect of the community."

"The egg has an awful crust. An egg that is old enough to know been laid will try to look like it hadn't been laid but it is. It's nothing but a shell game. The way it keeps in storage all depends on the shell. When an egg has done time in the cooler until senile decay is no name for what it has, its shell grows a mossy fungus that Tom calls whiskers. He says any warehouse that is on the square will furnish a razor with every case."

"Speaking of eggs reminds me of the farmers and the pathetic tales we used to hear of the poor farmer buncoed by the wicked commission man. But it's different now."

"The commission man, all sad and forlorn, was stalked by the farmer all the early morn, in the limousine with the crumpled horn, which he toots and toots to show his scorn, and to frighten the hen that laid the eggs that are stored in the house that Cold Storage Jack built.—Chicago Tribune."

One hundred special railway cars are continually on the road conveying beer brewed in Riga to various parts of Russia, including remote points in Siberia.

## TOUCHBOAT AND WINDJAMMER.

Bargaining in the Old Days For a Line into San Francisco Harbor.

Towboating out of San Francisco in the old days, when the white whiffs of lofty ships appeared on the horizon in a steady procession, was a much more thrilling and exacting game than it is now.

In addition to exercising judgment and good seamanship the towboat skipper was called upon to do some fine talking, much like the auctioneer. Freight was good and the shrewd towboat captain was not modest in price he would demand for a tow. Many a skipper tore his hair and danced in rage on the poopdeck because he was compelled to give in to the demands of the Skyhook on the towboat.

It was a nasty, thick morning in February a good many years ago when the lookout at Point Lobo reported a big four masted American ship outside. By the time the tug reached the salter a heavy fog had closed in and the lines of the windjammer could only be discerned phantomlike in the obscuring mist.

"Do you want a tow?" shouted the captain of the tugboat through his megaphone.

"Yes," came the reply from the windjammer.

"All right; I'll take you in for \$500."

"And I'll see you ten fathoms length on the road to the bottom of the sea first," roared the "blue nose."

The impudent tugboat put about and steamed away into the fog, which became still more dense. The ship's bell tolled out a warning through the impenetrable pall. The sea surged at the bows as the vessel drifted. After a short time had elapsed the tugboat came back and the captain of the windjammer nearly tumbled over the side as a voice spoke, almost mockingly:

"Better change your mind, captain, and take a tow; you have drifted in near the rocks. The price is \$500."

The frightened skipper could not see more than a ship's length ahead, but he fancied he heard the ominous thunder of the breakers. The tugboat was a dancing imp off his beam. He hesitated no longer.

"Get your hawser aboard in a hurry," he shouted entreatingly.

The line grew taut. The tug trobbled ahead. A few minutes passed and then the atmosphere cleared, the sun shone on the crisp waves, the windjammer was well off shore and had been in no danger of getting close in.

If a vessel showed up having lost her anchors on the bar or in fetching up outside the inexorable tugboats always fixed a fancy price for a tow, as the windjammer would be helpless in the clutches of the currents. This was a predicament of the master of a certain square rigger, but he had wits to match those of the man on the towboat.

As the small craft came in sight the captain of the ship had the parted cables run out through the hawse pipes surrounding the counter. Two hundred Mexican soldiers sent through Yuma, Arizona, some time ago for this purpose were gobbled up by the insurgents and never reached their destination.

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"GLAD TO KNOW YOU, MR. DOYLE."

and the first trip he made I followed him. Now, cut it out and declare yourself. Do you come, or do I get requisition papers and take you?" His manner became as threatening as his words.

"You will do neither, and you will desist from insinuating that I am a criminal or I will cause the watchman to eject you from the bank. Further, I do not know that you are a detective. Your actions are those of a blackmail—er—"

"A clerk entering."

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes. Kindly removing that currency," cried Valentine, eying Doyle. "So many suspicious characters about in these hard times that one must always be careful of strange visitors, particularly in a banking office."

The clerk cast an apprehensive glance at Doyle, whose face had turned red with rage, and, seizing the tray, hurried toward the vault room with it.

"Take it out, take it out," commanded Valentine, waving his hand. "I shall take no chances. Now, Mr. Doyle, either show credentials to prove what you are or I shall telephone the police."

Doyle, amazed at the effrontery and daring assurance of Jimmy Valentine, fell back against the wall, his legs threatening to give way beneath his heavy body.

"In the name of Dan the Dip," he exclaimed helplessly, "if the crooks were all as slick as you, Jimmy, the jails would all be empty. You don't dare do it."

Jimmy Valentine picked up the telephone and, getting the central of the bank's exchange, ordered in no uncertain tones:

"Get me police headquarters at once."

Doyle was further astounded by the readiness with which the baffling young man before him had accepted his challenge to call the police. Was