

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Strachwitz Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Sachs Poe Liebermann Kock Korolenko
de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



The publishing house **tredition** has created the series **TREDITION CLASSICS**. It contains classical literature works from over two thousand years. Most of these titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades.

The book series is intended to preserve the cultural legacy and to promote the timeless works of classical literature. As a reader of a **TREDITION CLASSICS** book, the reader supports the mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion.

The symbol of **TREDITION CLASSICS** is Johannes Gutenberg (1400 – 1468), the inventor of movable type printing.

With the series, **tredition** intends to make thousands of international literature classics available in printed format again – worldwide.

All books are available at book retailers worldwide in paperback and in hardcover. For more information please visit: www.tredition.com



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, **tredition** offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. **tredition** is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: www.tredition.com

Officer 666

Barton Wood Currie

Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: Barton Wood Currie

Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)

ISBN: 978-3-8495-2267-4

www.tredition.com

www.tredition.de

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.



HIS GAZE HAD WANDERED TO THE GREAT CHEST, THE LID OF WHICH WAS DISTINCTLY RISING.

CONTENTS

- I. A Grapefruit Prelude.
- II. Mr. Hogg Enters the Lists.
- III. Whitney Barnes Under Fire.
- IV. Smiles and Tears.
- V. Whitney Barnes Telephones to the Ritz.
- VI. Officer 666 on Patrol.
- VII. The Little Brown Jap.
- VIII. Art, Mystery and Love.
- IX. The Curse of Millions.
- X. The Heartbeats of Mr. Hogg.
- XI. Gainsborough "Blue Boy."

- XII. Approaching a World of Mystery.
- VIII. Travers Gladwin Gets a Thrill.
- XIV. Thrill Begets Thrill.
- XV. Heroism, Love and Something Else.
- XVI. The Torment of Officer 666.
- XVII. Travers Gladwin Is Considerably Jarred.
- XVIII. Sadie Becomes a Conspirator.
- XIX. Helen Leaves an Important Message.
- XX. Michael Phelan to the Rescue.
- XXI. Travers Gladwin Goes in Search of Himself.
- XXII. A Millionaire Policeman on Patrol.

- XXIII. Old Grim Barnes Gets a Thrill.
- XXIV. Auntie Takes the Trail.
- XXV. Phelan Meets His Uniform Again.
- XXVI. Gladwin Meets Himself.
- XXVII. Misadventures of Whitney Barnes.
- XXVIII. An Instance of Epic Nerve.
- XXIX. In Which the Hero Is Kept on the Hop.
- XXX. Gladwin Comes out of His Shell.
- XXXI. A Visit to the Exiled Phelan.
- XXXII. In Which Bluff Is Trumps.
- XXXIII. Bateato Summons Big Much Police.

- XXXIV. Phelan Loses His Bribe.
- XXXV. Bateato Keeps His Promise.
- XXXVI. Repartee and a Revolver Muzzle.
- XXXVII. Handcuffs and Love.
- XXXVIII. Kearney Meets His Match.
- XXXIX. Piling on Phelan's Agony.
- XL. Striking While the Iron Is Hot.
- XLI. The Escape.
- XLII. Michael Phelan's Predicament.
- XLIII. The Circumvention of Auntie.
- XLIV. Miss Featherington's Shattered Dream.

ILLUSTRATIONS

His gaze had wandered to the great chest, the lid of which was distinctly rising.

“Now here’s a cunning little line”, he pursued. “That shows something too.”

“Give me me uniform an’ let me git out of here.”

“He’s almost as madly in love with her as I am.”

The Publishers wish to acknowledge, with thanks, the permission to use some sketches of the H. C. Miner Lithographing Company in illustrating this book.

Officer 666

CHAPTER I.

A GRAPEFRUIT PRELUDE.

Splash! The grapefruit hit her in the eye!

Splash! His psychic wave was dashed to smithereens!

"Oh! Oh!" the two girls screamed in unison.

"D---!" the young man sitting near ejaculated.

For ten minutes there in the Oak Room of the Ritz-Carlton he had been hurling across the narrow intervening space this mental command to the girl facing him:

"Look here! Look at me! Let me see your eyes! Look here!"

For half that time she had been conscious of his insistent gaze and his message. But with as much will power as he himself displayed she bent her head over her plate and sent back along his telepathic transmission this reply:

"I won't! I won't!"

But she was weakening.

"Sadie," she said to her companion, "I do awfully want to look up. I want to see who is looking at me so fiercely. I can just feel it all through me. Of course it wouldn't be proper, would it?"

10

"Well, that all depends on who is looking at you, dear, doesn't it? If it were some horrid old man"--

"No, it doesn't feel a bit like that, Sadie. I don't know just how to explain it--really it isn't unpleasant at all."

"Why, Helen! And you engaged and going to elo"---

"Hush, Sadie, you mustn't say that in here. Somebody might--but I positively cannot keep my eyes down another moment. I'm"--

-

Then splash!

A vicious little jab of the spoon and there followed a disastrous geyser--a grapefruit geyser.

With a smothered little cry of pain Helen's eyes shut tight and she groped for her napkin. And to make a good job of it the Fates dragged in at that moment Helen's guardian aunt, the tall and statuesque Mrs. Elvira Burton of Omaha, Neb.

The young man who had failed so signally in what was perhaps his maiden effort at hypnotism viciously seized all the change the waiter proffered on the little silver tray, flung it back with a snarl, got up and stamped out of the room.

He was a mighty good looking chap, smartly attired, and if you care for details, he wore a heliotrope scarf in which there gleamed a superb black pearl for which he had paid a superb price.

"Can you beat it!" he muttered as he climbed the stairs to the lobby and mingled with the throng that 11 stood about in stiff groups, idly chattering and looking as if they bored one another to the verge of desperation.

"Can you beat it!" he exclaimed again, fairly biting off the words.

So vehemently occupied was he with his chagrin and annoyance that he stamped heavily upon the pet corn of a retired rear admiral, rudely bumped a Roumanian duchess, kicked the pink poodle of a famous prima donna and brought up with a thud against the heroic brawn and muscle of the house detective, who stood as solidly in the middle of the lobby as if he had taken root somewhere down in the foundations.

"Can I beat what?" asked the house detective frigidly.

My, but he was an angry young man, and he fairly snarled at the magnificent individual he had collided with:

"Beat a drum, beat an egg, beat around the bush--go as far as you like--beat your grandmother if you prefer!"

The granite faced house detective was not used to that sort of treatment; furthermore it distinctly galled him to be asked to beat his grandmother, whom he recalled as an estimable old lady who made an odd noise when she ate soup, owing to an absence of teeth.

"What's that you said about my grandmother?" he said, bristling.

"Bother your grandmother," shot back the insolent 12 retort, whereat the lordly house detective plucked the young man by the arm.

"Staggerin' an' loony talk don't go in the Ritz," he said under his breath. "You've been havin' too much."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed the young man, vainly endeavoring to shake his arm free.

"Are you a guest of the house?" demanded the immaculately garbed minion of the Ritz.

"I am, so kindly remove the pair of pincers you are crushing my arm with."

"What's your name?"

"I don't know--that is, I've forgotten."

"Now I know you need lookin' after. Come over here to the desk."

The house detective had manifested no more outward passion than a block of ice, and so adroit was he in marching the young man to the desk that not an eye in the lobby was attracted to the little scene.

The young man was at first inclined to make a fuss about it and demand an abject apology for this untoward treatment. The absurdity of his predicament, however, stirred his sense of humor and he was meekly docile when his captor arraigned him at the desk and addressed one of the clerks:

"Do you know this young man, Mr. Horton?"

"Why, yes, Reagan--this is Mr. Smith--why"--

"That's it--Smith!" cried the young man. "How could I ever forget that name? Thomas Smith, isn't it, Mr. Horton, or is it James?"

13

"Thomas, of course; at least that's the way you registered, Mr. Smith--Thomas Smith and valet." The clerk's eyebrows started straight up his head.

"Thomas Smith, exactly. Now are you satisfied, Mr. House Detective, or do you want to go up and examine my luggage? Having convinced you that I am a registered guest, how would you like to have me walk a chalk line and convince you that I am sober?"

The house detective froze up tighter than ever, pivoted on his heel and walked majestically away.

"What is the trouble, Mr. Smith?" asked the clerk deferentially, for he was a better student of exteriors than John Reagan, twenty years a precinct detective and retired to take up the haughtier rôle of plain-clothes man in this most fastidious of metropolitan hosteleries.

"No trouble at all, old chap," laughed the young man. "I lost my little *capri*, and then by accident I discovered a stray member of the herd belonging to yonder Ajax. Some day he's going to turn into solid marble from the dome down, when you will have a most extraordinary piece of statuary on your hands. By the way, have there been any telephone messages for me? I am expecting a very important one."

"I will see, Mr. Smith," said the clerk briskly, and began searching through the pigeonholes. "Yes, Mr. Whitney Barnes called up--left word he would call up again at 2 sharp. Will you be in your room, sir?"

14

"Do you think I'll be safe in my room?" asked the young man solemnly.

"Safe!" exclaimed the clerk. "Why, what do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, nothing, only Sir Ivory Ajax seems suspicious of me and might take it into his head to come up and see if I hadn't murdered my valet. That's all. I'm going to my room now to wait for Mr. Barnes's telephone call. Kindly be sure that he is connected with my room."

"There *is* something strange about that young fellow," murmured the clerk as he watched the object of suspicion vanish into the lift. "Though if he is a friend of Whitney Barnes," the clerk added after a

pause, "he ought to be all right. I think I'll look him up in the Social Register."

Which he did--without enlightenment.

15

