WHEE! SOME GUY BOGEYS OFF AXEL'S BEAN BY VIC

OFFICER 666

A Fast Moving New York Story

By Barton W. Currie

Based on the Successful Farce of the Same Title

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Travers Gladwin, an eccentric young New York millionaire, comes home secretly from Egypt. He falls in love at sight with Helen Burton, a Western girl. Helen confides to her cousin Sadie that she is privately engaged to "Travers Gladwin." She and Sadie call at Gladwin's house, where Travers and his friend, Whitney Barnes, are discussing the former's infatuation for the girl. Travers learns that Helen is in love with a man who poses as Travers Gladwin. She adds that she and the supposed Travers Gladwin are to elope that same evening and are going to take away with them the most valuable of the Gladwin art treasures. Travers then realizes an impostor has been impersonating him. But he does not tell Helen. Travers, to avert the threatened robbery of his treasures, sends for a policeman. Patrolman Phelan (known as Officer 666) responds. Travers forces Phelan's uniform to seek the robber. He hides in a darkened room and hears some one trying to enter the house. Watkins, a butler Travers has discharged for dishonesty, enters with a well groomed man. Travers, still in uniform, accosts the latter intruder, who calmly introduces himself as "Travers Gladwin" and orders the pseudo policeman to help him strip the house of its priceless paintings. While they are at work Helen returns. The thief is the man she knows and loves as "Travers Gladwin." They set about gathering Gladwin's valuables for the elopement. Travers secretly warns Helen against the man. She half believes him and hides in an alcove awaiting a chance to escape from the house. Phelan is called in. The thief tries to bluff him. Just then a woman's scream is heard.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Bateato Summons Big Much Police.

A BIOGRAPH film of Bateato's journey to and from the police station would consist of a series of dark brown blurs. If you have ever noticed a mouse in full flight you will have some idea of how that Jap ran. He knew where the police station was, too, for he had been there once when his brother, Itchi Comio, was arrested for assaulting a Russian peddler.

If the little Jap had only coursed through another street things might have gone somewhat differently in the Gladwin household, for he would have encountered Whitney Barnes hurrying in the opposite direction, and that young man would very likely have prevented him from going to the station.

But there was absolutely no obstacle in Bateato's way until he reached the station house, and the only obstacle he encountered there was a serious impediment in his speech.

Police Captain Stone had returned to barracks a few minutes after the departure of Barnes and a few minutes before the arrival of Bateato. He was standing beside the Lieutenant's chair when the Jap sped in, and he seemed almost interested (for a police captain) at the extraordinary manifestations of emotion in Bateato's countenance.

"All piece—quick—robbers—thieves—ladies!" began Bateato, then paused and made wild jabs above his head with his hands.

"Crazy as a nut," said the Lieutenant in an undertone to the Captain, and the Captain nodded.

"All pictures—thieves—steal—ladies!" was Bateato's second instalment, and the Captain and Lieutenant looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Big much piece!" shrieked Bateato, made some more motions with his hands and rushed out into the street.

"It's Jap whiskey," said the Captain, musingly, utterly unimpressed. "He isn't crazy. That Jap whiskey's awful stuff. They licked the Russian army on it. He'll run it off. If you ever see a Jap runnin' you'll know what's the matter."

Bateato ran a block and then stopped.

"Hell dam!" he exploded. "I no tell where house."

He ran back to the station and burst in again with even more precipitation.

"I no tell house," he rattled off. "Mr. Gladwin—Travers Gladwin. Big lot white house—Fifth avenue—eight, eighty, eighty. Quick—thieves—ladies!" and he was gone again before Capt. Stone could remove his cigar from his face.

The Captain looked at the Lieutenant and the lieutenant looked at the Captain.

"Maybe he ain't drunk, Captain," ventured the Lieutenant. "There's that Gladwin house on the books. It's marked closed and there's a note about a million-dollar collection of paintings."

The Captain thought a moment and then burst into action:

"Call the reserves and get the patrol wagon," he shouted. "I remember that Jap. I guess there's something doing. I'll go myself."

As the reserves were all asleep and the horses had to be hitched to the patrol wagon Bateato had a big start of his "big much piece."

Notwithstanding the breathless condition in which he had arrived at the station house his return journey was accomplished at his dizzy first speed. Also he arrived back at the house way in advance of Whitney Barnes. There was a reason.

Wearing a frock coat and a silk hat and carrying a cane (of course he called it STICK) one is hardly equipped for Marathoning. And if you must know more, Whitney's small clothes were too fashionably tight to permit of more than a swift heel and toe action. At this he was doing admirably in his passionate haste to return and warn his friend Gladwin when another woman came into his life and appealed for succor.

Three in one evening, when he was perfectly satisfied to stop at one—the bewitching Sadie.

No. 3 was of an entirely different type from No. 1 and No. 2, and, happily for Whitney, there was no yowling bundle this time—merely a cat, and a silent cat at that.

She was a plump little woman and rather comely and she was intensely excited, for the cat in the case was hers and the cat was up the only tree on that street east of Central Park. At the foot of the tree sat a large bulldog gazing fixedly up at the cat.

Whitney Barnes was so occupied with his heel and toe pace that he did not descry the woman or the dog or the tree or the cat until the woman seized him by the arm and cried:

"You must save my darling Zaza from that dog."

Then she talled off into hysterical sobs, but did not release her grip.

"Madam, I'm in great haste," retorted Barnes, striving to wriggle free from her grip. "I would advise you to call a policeman."

"There is no policeman," sobbed the distressed mistress of Zaza. "Oh, you m-m-m-must s-s-s-save my Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-aza. Oo-oo!"

Then Barnes glimpsed the dog and its fang-filled grin as it stared up at the cat.

"You don't expect me to tackle that dog?" he asked, backing away and making another effort to free himself.

"Shoot him! do anything to him!" insisted the distressed female. "Oo-oo-oo! he kills cats. Do something quick or I must scream."

Whitney Barnes would have welcomed an open manhole to vanish into, if that woman screamed and held fast to him till the police came it would be just as bad as the baby case. But if he tackled the dog he would probably go to the hospital and be afflicted with hydrophobia and all sorts of things.

"Calm yourself my dear woman," he said frantically. "The dog cannot climb the tree and your cat is perfectly safe."

"Are y-y-y-you s-s-s-sure," she moaned. Then grabbing him tighter, "But you must not leave me. In case the dog should go up that tree you must attack it with your cane."

"I promise," panted Barnes, "if you will only release your grip on my arm, four finger nails are tearing the flesh."

"I w-w-w-will not hold you so tight," she consented, "but I must hold on to you till somebody comes. Oh, look at that brute. He is biting the tree. He"——

But the sudden clang of a patrol wagon and the clangor of steel-shod hoofs on the cobbles caused the owner of Zaza both to cease her shrill lamentations and let go of Whitney Barnes's arm.

The patrol wagon was rolling down behind them at a furious pace while its gong rent the stillness of the night as a warning to all crooks and criminals to beware and to scurry to shelter. It is the New York brass band method of thief hunting and if that patrol wagon gong hadn't broken before the vehicle had crossed Madison avenue the destinies of several prominent personages might have been seriously hampered in their headlong ding.

That gong kept blaring its clang of warning long enough to frighten off the dog and restore Whitney Barnes to freedom, and once released from the bruising grip of that distraught little woman he turned his back upon Zaza's fate and ran—he ran so long as he considered it feasible to maintain the integrity of his trousers. That is, he ran not quite a block, then dropped back to his heel and toe exercise and swiftly ate up the distance that separated him from Travers Gladwin's home.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Phelan Loses His Bribe.

IT was merely a coincidence that Bateato should drag Helen back into the room just as Gladwin had gone on record with the declaration, "There are no women here," but it was a sufficiently dramatic coincidence to jar from Officer No. 666 the exclamation:

"Where the divil are they all springin' from?"

Bateato had come up with Helen as she was descending the stoop, had seized her by the wrist and almost swung her off her feet as he swept her back into the house and rounded her up before the three men, dumb with fright and barely able to stand. Still gripping her wrist, Bateato let go the Maxim volley:

"You tief! She try get away, but Bateato catch fast—she tief—I see steal all pictures—she"——

"Bateato, you idiot!" his master hurled at him with a menacing gesture that caused the little Jap to drop the girl's hand and jump back.

"Didn't I tell you to stay at the hotel?" continued Gladwin, fiercely, for the moment ignoring both Phelan and the thief.

"Yes, but I 'fraid—much late you no come. Bateato come back see girl steal all pictures!"

The little Jap had fallen into Phelan's state of blind bewilderment.

"Shut up!" his master snapped him up, walking up to him with an eat-'em-alive expression. "And now listen—I don't want you to say anything more, understand? Not a word to anybody about anything. Not a syllable!"

"I no spik," bleated the Jap.

"See that you don't—not a single word—if you do I'll skin you!"

Never in the three years he had served the young man had Bateato seen him in anything like this savage state of mind.

"I spick no more for nothing not anybody quick!" he promised, and his hand clasped over his mouth like a vise.

Having corked Bateato in this wise, Gladwin turned to Helen, who stood as if rooted to the floor, staring straight ahead of her.

"Don't be frightened," he said gently. "Everything is all right." He took her arm to reassure her and then spoke to Phelan, who had been making a vain effort to solve the mix-up and didn't feel quite sure that he wasn't bewitched.

"Now, Phelan," said Gladwin, "I'll explain the thing."

"I wisht to God ye would!" said Phelan from the bottom of his heart.

"This lady's being here is all right—and she isn't connected with this affair in any way. I'll prove that to you readily enough."

"Well, go ahead." And Phelan crossed his eyes in an effort to include in the focus both Gladwin and the thief de luxe, whose splendidly groomed appearance impressed him the more.

On his part the thief was leaning carelessly against a cabinet looking on with the expression of one both amused and bored. What he had noticed most was that Helen kept her eyes averted from him as if she feared to look at him and that she had palpably transferred her allegiance to Gladwin. When she had recovered some of her self-control she followed that young man's words eagerly and obeyed his slightest signal.

"I will explain to you, Phelan, as soon as I see this young lady started for home," Gladwin ran on, and started with Helen toward the entrance to the hallway.

"Hold on! Yez'll not leave this room," Phelan stopped them, his suspicions again in a state of conflagration.

"But I only want"——

"I don't care what you want," Phelan snorted, blocking the way. "Yez'll stay here."

"Oh, well—just as you say," returned the young man desperately, "but I will have to ask my man to escort this lady out and put her in a taxicab. Bateato"——

"Bad Pertaters 'll stay where he is."

Phelan was visibly swelling with the majesty of the law.

"You're very disagreeable," Gladwin charged him; then to Helen, "I'm awfully sorry I cannot go with you, but I think you can find the way yourself. Just go out through the hall, and"——

"She'll stay right here with the rest o' yez," was Phelan's ultimatum, as he squared himself in the doorway with the heroic bearing of a bridge-defending Horatius.

The only member of that tense little tableau who really had anything to fear from the spectre of the law embodied in the person of Officer 666 had waited for Gladwin to play his poor hand and, conceiving that this was the psychological moment, sauntered across the room and said with easy assurance:

"Officer, if there's anything further you want of me, you'll have to be quick."

"Yez 'll wait here, too, till I can communicate with Headquarters," Phelan gave him back, not liking the tone of command.

"Then hurry up, because it won't go well with you if I am detained."

"Now, don't yez threaten me!" exploded Phelan. "I'm doin' me duty by the book."

"Threaten you! Why, I can show you that you have been helping to rob my house."

This was a new current of thought—a sudden inspiration—but this peer of bluffers managed to crowd a volume of accusation in the slow emphasis with which he said it.

"Your house!" gasped Phelan, rocked clear off the firm base he had scarcely planted himself on. "What do ye mean—who are yez?"

"Who do you suppose I am? Travers Gladwin, of course."

Even the fear-numbed Helen Burton was startled into animation by this amazingly nervy declaration and half rose from the chair she had been guided to and forced into by Gladwin when she seemed on the verge of swooning at Phelan's refusal to permit her to depart.

Phelan expressed wonder and alarm in every feature and his arms flopped limply at his side as he muttered:

"Travers Gladwin—youse!"

"Don't listen to him, Phelan," cried Gladwin.

"Shut up, youse," Phelan turned on him.

"When I came home to-night," the thief pressed his advantage, "this man was here—robbing my house, dressed in your uniform—yes, and you yourself were helping him."

"But I didn't know," whined the distressed Phelan, yielding himself utterly to the toils of the master prevaricator.

"I don't think you did it intentionally—but why did you do it?" the thief let him down with a little less severity of emphasis.

"He said he wanted to play a joke. He—he—"

"Oh, don't be an idiot, Phelan," interposed Gladwin, putting his foot in it at the wrong time and receiving as his reward from the policeman a savage, "Close your face!"

"Oh, playing a joke, was he?" said the thief, smiling. "And did he offer you money. Now, no evasion—you had better tell me."

"Yes, sir," gulped Phelan, with murder in one eye for the real Gladwin and craven apology in the other for the impostor.

"And you took it?" sharply.

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, officer! Shame! Shame!" in tones of shocked reproach. "Let me see what he gave you—come now, it's your only chance."

Phelan hesitated, gulped some more, and at last produced the bill.

(To Be Continued.)

Redding Makes Great Record.

The Lincoln Giants, the champion semi-professional team of this country, played another doubleheader at the Olympic Field yesterday, winning both games without any trouble. In the first game they shut out the West New York team in a six-inning game by a score of 10 to 0, while in the second tussle they walloped the New London nine by 10 runs to 3. Redding, the Lincoln's star twirler, accomplished the wonderful feat of striking out fifteen of the eighteen West New York batsmen who faced him.

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If you have—*you know!*

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The Roll Cut is handy for your pipe—the can is handy for your pocket. At any dealer's— 10c

STOP! AUTOMOBILISTS!

I had occasion Sunday to go through the country, and it is wonderful how many automobiles you meet, and I want to call the attention of the automobilists to my store and its possibilities. I am catering to the man who drives an automobile especially. I have thousands of styles of neat, quiet patterns, grays, blues and fancy colorings, light in weight and cool in appearance, which would be just the thing to use in an automobile, and will look good when you stop at some place of refreshment or some place where you choose to visit, and the price of same will be—suit to order,

9.00

And if by chance it is necessary for you to put on a tire (Sunday I saw hundreds of motorists by the roadside putting on new tires on account of the excessive heat), you can get up and brush goods of this character so that you will be presentable when you stop to visit.

I am making a special blue serge suit to order, United States Worsted Company's goods, 10 oz. in weight, all wool, that I am making any way you choose to wear it, to wear over a sweater or under a sweater, skeleton lined or lined up heavy, at a price of—two-piece suit to order,

9.00

I have a number of medium weight coatings in stock that would be just the thing for motorists for cover or shower coats. I will make these to order for either ladies or gentlemen, mannish styles, cut full and loose, so the driver can cover his knees in case of a shower. I am making a special effort on these garments. They would cost ready made $18, $20, $25—my price to order,

9.00

Goods by the Yard

I have fine heavy chinchillas and plaid back coatings and fine fancy worsteds that I sell by the yard, that would be suitable for motor robes, at prices from $1.50 to $2.50 per yard. Two yards of this goods with bound edges would make the handsomest robe in the world.

I sell goods by the yard to ladies, with a wonderful variety to select from, that could easily be used for motor garments—at prices $1.00 and up per yard.

This ad was intended for the motorists, but I feel assured that the general public will read it, as what interests one man in the community interests them all, and if I am able to sell clothes to the automobile driver I am surely able to sell them to the average workman. But if you have a car and its color is blue, gray, red or yellow, and you choose to have your chauffeur dressed in colors to correspond with your car, come and see me on the price for his uniform throughout, and you will find it will be just as cheap to have the man look as well as the car, and it will help MITCHELL THE TAILOR to get volume of business.

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