

Cleek is a master of disguise, an able assistant to the head of Scotland Yard, and a former criminal, the "Vanishing Cracksman". He's pursued by vengeful Apaches and ruritians. He's also amazing, a fact I should mention as the author reminds it to us ad nauseum.

Walk with me, Ailsa Cleek hears that the fabulous "Ladder of Light" is back in London again. Young Mawson overhears his parents discussing the problem of the jewel. Maverick Narkom, Superintendent at Scotland Yard, flung aside the paper he was reading and wheeled round in his revolving desk-chair, all alert on the instant, like a terrier that scents a rat. He knew well what the coming of the footsteps toward his private office portended; his messenger was returning at last. Now he would get at the facts of the matter, and be relieved from the sneers of carping critics and the pin pricks of overzealous reporters, who seemed to think that the Yard was to blame, and all the forces connected with it to be screamed at as incompetents if every evildoer in London was not instantly brought to book and his craftiest secrets promptly revealed. Let them take on his job, then, if they thought the thing so easy! The door opened and closed, and Detective Sergeant Petrie stepped into the room, removing his hat and standing at attention. It was a false alarm, was it not? Quicker and sharper than any of the others. Total collapse about twenty minutes after my arrival and went off like that"--snapping his fingers and giving his hand an outward fling. That makes five in the same mysterious way, Superintendent, and not a ghost of a clue yet. The papers will be ringing with it to-morrow. Blame any more unreasonably than they have blamed? It is small solace for the overburdened taxpayer to reflect that he may be done to death at any hour of the night, and that the heads of the institution he has so long and so consistently supported are capable of giving his stricken family nothing more in return than the "Dear me! No thought for the manner in which the police departments of other countries were made to sit up and to marvel at our methods. By the Lord Harry! Narkom; it was none of us--none of the regular force, I mean--that made the record of those years what it was. That chap Cleek was the man that did it, sir. You know that as well as I. Put him on the case, indeed! Gave up his lodgings, sacked his housekeeper, laid off his assistant, Dollops, and went the Lord knows where and why. No backslider about that chap, by James! Last time I saw him he was out shopping with Miss Ailsa Lorne--the girl who redeemed him--and judging from their manner toward each other, I rather fancied--well, never mind! Besides, I feel sure that if they had, Mrs. Narkom and I would have been invited. All he said was that he was going to take a holiday. I could have kicked myself for not having done so when that she-devil of a Frenchwoman managed to slip the leash and get off scot free. Margot, the Queen of the Apaches. I never actually saw the woman until that night, it is true, but Cleek told me she was Margot; and who should know better than he, when he was once her pal and partner? The woman brought a dozen witnesses to prove that she was a respectable Austrian lady on a visit to her son in England; that the motor in which she was riding broke down before that Roehampton house about an hour before our descent upon it, and that she had merely been invited to step in and wait while the repairs were being attended to by her chauffeur. And no sooner is the vixen set at large than--presto! Even Cleek himself knows nothing of who and what she really is. He confessed that to me. Their knowledge of each other began when they threw in their lot together for the first time, and ceased when they parted. King Ulric of Mauravia is there as the guest of the Republic. Grand old johnny, that--I hope no harm comes to him. He was in England not so long ago. Came to consult Cleek about some business regarding a lost pearl, and I took no end of a fancy to him. What friends has he outside of myself? Who knows him any better than I know him--and what do I know of him, at that? Nothing--not where he comes from; not what his real name may be; not a living thing but that he chooses to call himself Hamilton Cleek and to fight in the interest of the law as strenuously as he once fought against it. You never saw his real face--never in all your life. His mind moved always along well-prepared grooves to time-honoured ends. It found one of those grooves and moved along it now. The suggestion was so bald, so painfully ordinary and commonplace, that, heretofore, it had never occurred to him. The very outrageousness of the thing was its best passport to success. Hold the line, please; Superintendent Narkom wants to speak to you. The afternoon editions were still worse--for, between breakfast and lunch time, yet another man had

fallen victim to the mysterious assassin--and sheets pink and sheets green, sheets gray and sheets yellow were scattering panic from one end of London to the other. The police-detective system of the country was rotten! The Government should interfere--must interfere! It was a national disgrace that the foremost city of the civilized world should be terrorized in this appalling fashion and the author of the outrages remain undetected! Could anything be more appalling? It could, and--it was! When night came and the evening papers were supplanting the afternoon ones, that something "more appalling"--known hours before to the Yard itself--was glaring out on every bulletin and every front page in words like these: The old "magic" street of those "magic" old times of Cleek, and the Red Limousine, and the Riddles that were unriddled for the asking! Narkom grabbed the report the instant he heard that name and began to read it breathlessly. It was the usual advice ticked through to headquarters and deciphered by the operator there, and it ran tersely, thus: Attempt made by unknown parties to blow up house in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. Three persons injured and two killed. No clue to motive. Occupants, family from Essex. Only moved in two days ago. House been vacant for months previously. Formerly occupied by retired seafaring man named Capt. Horatio Burbage, who" Narkom read no farther. He flung the paper aside with a sort of mingled laugh and blub and collapsed into his chair with his eyes hidden in the crook of an upthrown arm, and the muscles of his mouth twitching. But after a moment or two he jumped to his feet and began walking up and down the room, his face fairly glowing; and if he had put his thoughts into words they would have run like this: And he must have guessed that something of the sort would happen some time if he stopped there after that Silver Snare business at Roehampton--either from her lot or from the followers of that Mauravian johnnie who was at the back of it. They were after him even in that little game, those two. Prime Minister of Mauravania! And the fool faced fifteen years hard to do the thing and let her get off scot free! Faced it and--took it; and is taking it still, for the sake of helping her to wipe off an old score against a reformed criminal. Wonder if Cleek ever crossed him in something? Oh, well, he got his medicine. Had their second shot and missed you! He stopped short in his purposeless walking and nodded and smiled to it. I shall hear soon--yes, by James! Not, however, from the quarter nor in the manner he expected. It had but just gone half-past seven when a tap sounded, the door of his office swung inward, and the porter stepped into the room. You, is it, you blessed young monkey? Sent you for me, has he, eh? Is he coming himself or does he want me to go to him? Speak up, and--Good Lord! Heard from him twice. And he never done it, sir--my Gawd! Narkom had turned to his desk and was hammering furiously upon the call gong. A scurry of flying feet came up the outer passage, the door opened in a flash, and the porter was there. And behind him Lennard, the chauffeur, who guessed from that excited summons that there would be a call for him. He switched round on the superintendent and laid a nervous clutch on his sleeve. Sir, it was that there Personal of yours. Narkom brought the car to his side with one excited word, and fairly wrenched open the door. Catch it, if you rack the motor to pieces. A minute and a half! But even the best of motors cannot accomplish the impossible. The gates were closed, the signal down, the last train already outside the station when they reached it, and not even the mandate of the law might hope to stay it or to call it back. The boat sails from Dover at eleven. But you could wire down and have her held over till we get there, Superintendent. Beat that train--do you hear me?

LibriVox recording of Cleek of Scotland Yard, by Thomas W. Hanshew (). Read by Ruth Golding. Hamilton Cleek is back - or is he? Margot, Queen of the Apaches (the notorious French criminal gang) has been released on bail and vanished, Mr. Narkom has a series of inexplicable murders to solve, there is talk of revolution in Mauravania.

Cleek of Scotland Yard, by T. Hanshew Cleek of Scotland Yard, by T. Hanshew A review by Rich Horton Back to a book that really is old , was apparently at least something of a bestseller, and is pretty much forgotten. This is Cleek of Scotland Yard, by T. Hanshew was an American, born in in Brooklyn, but he lived in the UK from He died in He was an actor, playing when very young with the famous Ellen Terry, but he became a writer, and a very prolific writer of early pulp fiction. Wikipedia claims he wrote some novels, many as by Charlotte May Kingsley. His wife, Mary E. Hanshew, was also an author, and they apparently collaborated while he was alive, and further books and stories were published under his name or both their names for some years after his death -- they may have been finished by his wife, or written entirely by her with his name included on the byline for better sales or for some other reason. Hanshew was well enough known in his life for his prolificity that he was identified -- apparently wrongly -- as the author of the "Dora Thorne" stories as by "Bertha Clay" -- I found an extract from a New York Times article that appeared shortly after his death claiming to have disproved this assertion. I should add, by the way, that the most useful source for this information was the Science Fiction Encyclopedia, despite that Hanshew was at the best only marginally a writer of fantastika -- Cleek has a mild "superpower", the ability to change his looks by mental effort supposedly, rather absurdly, because his mother played with a rubber toy while he was in the womb. This is not the first time the SFE has proved the best source of online information about a non-SF author -- it is a thoroughly wonderful resource. The book at hand, Cleek of Scotland Yard, reads like another fixup: The book appeared, then, in My copy is from Doubleday and Page. The book is illustrated, interestingly, "from photographs of the motion pictures", "by courtesy of Thomas A. Thus I presume there were a number of films perhaps shorts made from the stories herein. The photographs, and there are quite a few, do illustrate scenes from the book, always featuring the same actors as Cleek and his friend and sort of boss, Narkom. Jess Nevins and I presume John Grant have pointed me to references to the Cleek films -- there were quite a few, from to , all shorts, based on single episodes, presumably from both books. Another bit of publishing trivia: What is the relationship of this press to Doubleday and Page also located in Garden City? Is it the printers as opposed to the publisher? Apparently this was originally a station explicitly for the use of the Country Life Press, which was indeed part of Doubleday, presumably the place the books were printed. The rest of the book is a series of mysteries that Cleek solves, usually by leaping to far-fetched conclusions that are invariably correct. Cleek also occasionally uses his mysterious power to disguise himself. He is also often on the run from the Mauravian Count Waldemar, who wants revenge for Cleek having fouled up some scheme in the past. The mysteries really are mostly a bit absurd, though sometimes amusing. Some of the weapons are curious -- I liked the secret of the projectile used to shoot someone with curare mainly I suppose because I figured out what it was immediately. In a couple of cases Cleek realizes that no crime was actually committed. Narkom, his constant companion, is something of a buffoonish foil, though not completely so. The mysteries are interposed with occasional scenes of Cleek preparing a house for his fiancée, the saintly Ailsa Lorne, who "redeemed" Cleek from his former life of crime. Cleek plans to marry her once he has paid back all the victims of his burglaries. As noted, it reads mostly like a fixup of separate stories, but there is enough connecting material, and something of an overarching story arc, to consider it ultimately a novel, if a bit of a broken backed mess.

Chapter 3 : German addresses are blocked - blog.quintoapp.com

Sequel to "Cleek: The Man of the Forty Faces". To put it simply, Cleek is for when you're run out of Sherlock Holmes-stories. To ask other readers questions about Cleek of Scotland Yard, please sign up. Be the first to ask a question about Cleek of Scotland Yard I'm listening to the LibriVox.

Cleek of Scotland Yard - [novelonlinefull](http://novelonlinefull.com). Please use the follow button to get notification about the latest chapter next time when you visit NovelOnlineFull. Use F11 button to read novel in full-screen PC only. Drop by anytime you want to read free "fast" latest novel. Enjoy "We both have battled for an ideal, Count," he said, with a happy little laugh. Here is what I have fought for! But it needed not the little shocked breath he heard upon all sides to dash that bright look from his face and to bring him to a sudden halt. It is too silly to think that forms should stand with you, too. Take my hand--take it! I took it off when--I heard. Give it to me and let me do that myself--here, before them all. Kings must have queens, must they not? You were always mine: Even the day of our wedding is not to be changed. There is a different rule, a different law. Oh, let me go--please! I know, I fully realize, it would be different with you--if it were possible. But--it is the penalty one must pay for kingship, dear. Royalty must mate with royalty, not with a woman of the people. It is the law of all kingdoms, the immutable law. He had forgotten that; and it came upon him now with a shock of bitter recollection. For a moment he stood silent, the colour draining out of his face, the light fading slowly from his eyes; then, of a sudden, he looked over the glittering room and across its breadth at Irma. I have already explained that to Mademoiselle. My lords and gentlemen, I decline her flattering offer. Walk with me, Ailsa--walk with me always. You said you would.

Chapter 4 : Strange at Ecbatan: Old Bestsellers: Cleek of Scotland Yard, by T. W. Hanshew

And Cleek is missing. Hold on to your hats for another thrilling ride as murder, espionage, bombs and political intrigue rear their ugly heads. (Introduction by Ruth Golding).

Chapter 5 : Thomas W. Hanshew - Wikipedia

Mr. Maverick Narkom, Superintendent at Scotland Yard, flung aside the paper he was reading and wheeled round in his revolving desk-chair, all alert on the instant, like a terrier that scents a rat.

Chapter 6 : Cleek of Scotland Yard by Thomas W. Hanshew

Free eBook: Cleek of Scotland Yard by Thomas W. Hanshew. Cleek is a detective as remarkable, though not so convincingly drawn, as Sherlock Holmes. He has, however, the prime quality of always being in an apparently hopeless tangle of circumstances, and he has also the genius of getting out.

Chapter 7 : Cleek Of Scotland Yard|Thomas W. Hanshew|Free download|PDF EPUB|Freeditorial

Cleek of Scotland Yard audiobook by Thomas W. Hanshew () Hamilton Cleek is back - or is he? Margot, Queen of the Apaches (the notorious French criminal gang) has been released on bail.

Chapter 8 : Cleek of Scotland Yard

Cleek of Scotland Yard summary is updating. Come visit blog.quintoapp.com sometime to read the latest chapter of Cleek of Scotland Yard. If you have any question about this novel, Please don't hesitate to contact us or translate team.

Chapter 9 : Cleek of Scotland Yard - Sinopsis y Precio | FNAC

Cleek of Scotland Yard, by Thomas W. Hanshew, free ebook. CHAPTER I. "This will be it, I think, sir," said Lennard, bringing the limousine to a halt at the head of a branching lane, thick set with lime and chestnut trees between whose double wall of green one could catch a distant glimpse of the river, shining golden in the five o'clock light.