RETARDING WORK OF JUVENILE COURT

Judge Mott Deplores Lack of Detention Home for Observation Purposes.

Members of the Local Council of Women learned yesterday with extreme regret that Lady Falconer, president for the past year, would not stand for renomination, stress of work during the past year and other present duties making this necessary. Nominations for the office were Dr. Stowe-Gullen and Mrs. M. A. Huestis. The secretaries, Dr. Margaret Johnston and Miss Waddington and Mrs. W. R. Jackson, were returned to office, there being no other nominations.

Mrs. J. B. Laidlaw, convener of the finance committee, laid two plans before the meeting for the purpose of raising funds. One of these was a theatre night and the other a paper campaign. The first was accepted and the second may be taken up later. In the course of her remarks, Mrs. Laidlaw also spoke of the moving picture, advocating an entertainment on condition that the pictures shown were up to the standard that women could accept.

Mrs. Laughton, secretary of the Big Sisters, asked for a representative from the local council to wait upon the board of control on Thursday at 10 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of joining a delegation to represent the needs of a detention house for the city. A resolution emphasizing the need was carried.

Judge Mott also spoke along the same lines. He pointed out that the juvenile delinquent act, while operative in Toronto failed to work just outside the city, there being no provincial legislation on the score. Ontario, said the judge, has to accept leadership from Alberta in this respect. The speaker gave a number of instances showing how the work of the juvenile court is retarded in Toronto because of the lack of a residence, which he preferred to call an observation house, rather than a detention house, the name generally given. Comparing results in Toronto with those in which opportunity is given thru having a place where observation may be made of the physical, mental and moral condition of the child, Judge Mott instanced Newark, where the number of first offenders amongst girls and boys was 80 and 90 per cent. In New York, 83 per cent. of those who come before the court are first offenders. In Philadelphia, where conditions are not so favorable, the number of first offenders is 60 per cent. Toronto cannot boast even as high a percentage as this. The judge was of the opinion that the observation home would go a long way in mending conditions and helping to eradicate the problems of the child awkwardly placed in his own home.

As convener of the committee on equal moral standards and objectionable literature, Mrs. J. M. Wood asked for the endorsement of a resolution framed by her committee, asking that the board of education give more attention to presenting educational films to the children of the schools.

"What's in a Name?"

Facts about your name; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; its significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

By MILDRED MARSHALL

UNA.

To not in general usage, Una is one of the most interesting of feminine names. It means "famine," according to etymologists, tho the great and only Spencer, who brought the name into fashion, rejected this interpretation. It is typically an Irish name and since it resembles "one," Spencer gave the title of Una to his lovely personation of the one truth, the one true, undivided church, the guide of the Red Cross knight.

Una is queen of the fairies in the county of Ormond, in which she appears in one version of the soldier billeted on a miser. The man was amazed at his hospitable reception and entertainment, as he thought, by the avaricious squire, until morning disclosed the fact that Una had raised the mansion and provided the supper.

Una is much in use today among the Irish peasantry. It is often pronounced Oonagh and has been Anglicized as Winny.

The pearl is Una's talismanic gem. It is the emblem of purity, popularity and affability. She who wears it will have many friends and admirers. Tuesday is her lucky day, and 5 her lucky number.

TO RAISE MONEY AT HOME

London, Nov. 16. — Hon. E. G. Theodore, Premier of Queensland, Australia, announces that the American loan offer was at from 9 1-2 to 13 per cent., and as negotiations from England had little better results, it was determined to raise money for development locally, by compulsion, if necessary.

THE TORONTO WORLD'S WEEKLY NOVEL

THE SUBSTITUTE MILLIONAIRE

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

(Continued From Page 7.)

ting a thoughtful finger to his chin.

Jack was sitting facing the mirror, while Evers stood behind him studying his reflection thru half-closed eyes.

"It is a good mask," he said—meaning Jack's face. "Good bones, well placed. A promising foundation for me to work on. Since your purpose is to escape observation, I would suggest making you as insignificant as possible. Say a business man in a small way, industrious, but not very bright; of very ordinary taste, both in ideas and dress."

"My idea exactly!" said Jack. "Make it simple, please—something that I can put off and on myself at need."

In due course Jack was ready to brave the sunshine in his new guise. The charge was steep, but he could not deny that the work was worth it. He left his other clothes with Mr. Evers, since he would have no return to the shop to change. The wigmaker stood off and examined him with satisfaction. Mrs. Evers was called on to admire her husband's work.

"What name would you suggest for my new character?" asked Jack, smiling. Mr. Evers took the matter with entire seriousness. "Let me see— you look to me as if your name might be—" His face cleared—"I have it! Your name is certainly Mr. Pitman."

"Mr. Pitman it shall be!"

"Mr. Fred Pitman," added Evers.

As Jack left the shop it was a few minutes before 12—that is to say, just the time he had designed to try out his new character for the first. He made his way up to 42nd street, and took up his station before the building that housed the offices of the Eureka Protective Association.

It was half-past 12 before the man he was waiting for appeared. Mr. Dave Anderson turned east on 42nd street, at a brisk pace. The pseudo-Pitman followed close at his heels. The chase led across Fifth and Madison and in front of the Grand Central station. Jack began to fear that Anderson lived in the neighborhood and was bound home.

But at a modest saloon on Lexington avenue, a place with a long-established air, he turned in. After loitering a moment or two outside, Jack followed. Behind the saloon was a small glass-roofed "garden" set with tables. The settled familiar style of the waiters and diners suggested that this was a real eating place. Jack commended Mr. Anderson's discrimination.

The tables accommodated four or six, and none was entirely vacant. It was, therefore, perfectly natural for Jack to seek one of the chairs at the table occupied by Anderson and another man. They made him welcome. Anderson scarcely looked at Jack.

The bill of fare provided Jack with an opening. "Are you a regular here?" he asked Anderson. "What's good?"

"Today, the pot roast with noodles," was the prompt reply.

It came and it was good. Jack's hearty commendation of the dish led naturally to a further exchange of amenities. When one of any two people has a positive disposition to make friends, the task is usually not difficult. Mr. Anderson discovered in this chance acquaintance a man after his own heart, who thought the same as he on all important matters. They were soon talking like old cronies. They finished eating simultaneously and left the place together. Anderson, who was of an expansive nature, had already mentioned that he ran a detective agency.

"You don't say!" said Mr. Pitman, with an air of strong interest not unmixed with envy. "Well, say, that's more fun than pounding the pavements collecting overdue bills like I do."

"You must come around to my office some time, and let me show you a thing or two," said Mr. Anderson affably.

Jack was careful to accept the invitation as casually as it was given. "I sure w... some time," he said.

They parted.

Jack went his way, thinking with satisfaction: "There's my second line started, all right."

Mr. Pitman's business was now done for the day, and Jack thought it was high time Mr. Robinson re-embodied himself to look after his employer. But before he changed back he had a strong desire to test his disguise on some one who knew him better than Anderson. He thought of Kate. By this time she must be in the thick of her preparations to open her house.

To think of it was to turn his steps in that direction. In ten minutes he was at the foot of the steps. Sure enough the house was already transformed; wooden shutters taken down, doors and windows flung open, and a small army of workmen and cleaners visible inside.

"Verily, Kate is a wonder!" he said to himself.

Mounting the steps, he rang the bell with twinkling eyes. Kate herself answered the door. She fronted him with a polite, inquiring look. It gives one a queer turn to meet that look on a familiar face.

"Is this Miss Storer?" he asked as polite as herself, tho he was bubbling inside.

She bowed.

"I understand you are fitting out this house to rent furnished apartments."

She seemed slightly surprised. "Yes. But may I ask how you learned of it?"

"Oh, a friend told me."

"What kind of accommodations do you require?"

Jack was hard put to keep from laughing in her face. Up till now he had been standing in the vestibule with the light behind him. But as Kate stood aside from the door, he stepped in and turned around, so thus his make-up was put to a full test.

"A room in the back," he said, "away from the noises of the street. And not too high up. The second storey rear would suit me very well."

"I'm sorry," she said soberly, "that room is already taken."

Jack could contain himself no longer. There was no one near. He took off his glasses and smiled his own smile. "Don't you know me!" he whispered.

Kate gasped and fell back a step. "Oh!" I wasn't expecting you so soon!"

He told her something of his adventures the night before.

"What a fool you have on your hands!" said Kate scornfully. "You'd better hurry back and see what he's up to now."

"But I've heaps more to tell you."

"I'm busy. So are you. Tell me tonight. Run along!"

And she fairly shooed him out of the house.

Jack hastened down to Evers' shop, washed his face, changed his clothes, and returned to the Madagascar. Evers provided him with everything necessary to reassume the personality of Mr. Pitman when the time came.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE end Jack had to give up the idea of separating Bobo from the lovely Miriam. For one thing Jack needed Miriam and Mrs. Cleaver in his present business, and Bobo supplied his only excuse for going there. The ladies were not interested in the humble secretary for himself.

Meanwhile one of those tremendous intimacies characteristic of the fluff of society sprang up among the four. Within a few days Bobo and Jack were all but living at Mrs. Cleaver's house. A hundredfold millionaire gets on fast socially. Jack was always included in Bobo's invitations as an understood thing.

Jack speculated endlessly on the real nature of the relations between Clara Cleaver and Miriam. It was given out that they were cousins, and on the surface they exhibited a formal affection towards each other.

"If I go deep enough I must find the link that connects them all!" he told himself. "The recent little gentleman with the imperial; Barbarossa, the Anarchist; Dave Anderson, the detective; Clara Cleaver, the well-born lady, and Miriam Culberth, the adventuress!"

Meanwhile Jack was not neglecting his other "lines." In the character of Mr. Pitman he lunched with Dave Anderson nearly every day, and the intimacy between them ripened fast. After several invitations, Mr. Pitman finally allowed himself to be persuaded to visit Mr. Anderson's office.

They sat in the inner office with their cigars, and discussing crime in all its aspects.

"Anything—er—specially interesting on just now?" asked Mr. Pitman, with a look suggesting that he was not averse to hearing the most horrible details. Jack, under Evers' tuition, had developed the character of Pitman to a high degree of artistry.

"No. The fact is I don't go after ordinary business any more; don't have to. I only have one case, so to speak, and that keeps me on Easy street. All I have to do is sit here and take the money."

"What a cinch! What kind of case is it?"

"Did you notice the name on the door?"

"Eureka Protective Association. Whom do you protect?"

"Millionaires!"

Thereupon Jack had to submit to hearing again what a fine concern Eureka was, what a benefit it conferred on the public, etc. Tho Anderson was at his ease with his friend, he told it all as seriously as before; there was no suggestion of a tongue in his cheek. Jack listened with well-assumed interest, hoping to get some real light on the subject later.

"How did you get into it in the first place?" he asked.

"Dumb luck!" said Anderson. "It was three years ago it started. I was doing a general detective business, and just barely making out, week by week. It was the time that big millionaire Ames Benton was killed by anarchists; remember?"

Jack nodded. He had a feeling that the loose ends of his case were now beginning to draw together.

"One day an oldish gentleman called at my office," Anderson went on, "a decent, respectable body, that you would expect to see coming out of church on Sunday morning. His hair was fixed in an old-fashioned way, sort of brushed forward on his ears like, and he wore a heavy mustache and neat little goatee or imperial.

"He didn't give me his name," Anderson went on, "in fact I don't know it to this day. I just call him 'Mr. B.' He told me right off the bat that he was an Anarchist, and that he had experienced what he called a change of heart—sort o' got religious, you understand. The murder of Mr. Benton had sickened him, he said, and now he was anxious to do something to make up for the harm he had caused.

"He let on that he was one of the leading reds of the country, a kind of supreme grand master with the entree to every lodge. He said he wasn't going to betray any of his comrades, but that with my help, if I was willing, he would draw their teeth, so to speak, by giving warning to their intended victim.

"Well, sir, we began to dope out the scheme of Eureka right then, or rather, he doped it out and I listened with big ears. He had it all thought out before he came. When he talked about getting all the millionaires to subscribe for personal protection I saw a happy future opening up. The best of it was, it was absolutely bona fide and on the level; we really had something to sell them, for my friend, as I say, had the entree to every anarchistic circle in the country, and was prepared to furnish me with full information of any plot they laid against a rich man.

"Well, that's all. From the start it worked like a charm. With the horrible death of Ames Benton fresh in their minds, the millionaires fell all over themselves to subscribe for protection. We started at a moderate figure, and gradually jacked up their dues. You'd open your eyes if I told you the amount of money that passes thru this little office every month."

"Do you mean to tell me you've been in business with this man for three years and don't even know his right name?"

"It's a fact, and what's more I've never laid eyes on him from that day to this."

"Come off!" said Jack incredulously.

"It's a fact, I tell you. It stands to reason, don't it, that he couldn't be seen around here?"

"You could meet him outside."

"Too risky. If the other anarchists got on to his connection with me, his life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel!"

"But you know where he lives?"

Anderson shook his head.

"Then how do you send him his share of the proceeds?"

"I send it in cash on a certain day every week. I put it in an envelope together with a statement of the week's business, and send it to a name and address previously furnished me that day over the 'phone. It's always different. Generally to a hotel, to be called for. I send it by messenger."

"Have you never had the curiosity to follow up the messenger?"

"No, sir! I've learned that it's healthier for me to follow instructions. I get my instructions over the 'phone, and by Gad! if they're not carried out to the letter he knows it, and I soon know it from him!"

"He must be a wonderful man."

"He's a marvel! Say, it scares you like, the way he knows things. He tells me everything to do; who to see and how to approach him; how to follow him up. And everything always turns out just the way he says. It's like magic!"

It began to look as if the decent little gentleman with the goatee was the guiding spirit in the whole scheme. Jack had made a long step forward in his investigation, but he now found himself opposed by an intelligence of the first class; one before whom Jack's youth and inexperience might well falter a little. He marveled at the cunning with which the principal used innocent men to further his criminal projects. Apparently he had built up a highly organized business of blackmail, with various departments all working independently of each other. And he gathered up all the strings in his own hands.

CHAPTER XIV.

JACK had not yet succeeded in establishing just where Miriam and Mrs. Cleaver fitted into the jigsaw puzzle he had to solve. Miriam, from the foreknowledge he had gained from Silas Clyde's letter, he had no hesitation in dubbing an out-and-out bad one, but he was less sure about Clara. He set himself to discover more about her.

There was nothing mysterious about her origin, and he had no difficulty in learning the main facts about her from outside sources. She was a poor girl; the daughter of a great physician who had lived beyond his means. She had married before her father's death the son of a wealthy and prominent family, but he, having ran thru his fortune, shot himself. She had, therefore, been left penniless, nor had she, so far as was known, received any legacy since his death.

To Jack, therefore, the grand question was, where did she get the money that provided the Park avenue house, the band of servants, the magnificent entertainment, the dresses, jewels, furs and automobiles. It was charitably said that she had made it in lucky speculations, but Jack was not satisfied with that. One must have something to speculate with. There had never been any scandal in connection with her name.

These parties of Mrs. Cleaver's offered no lack of food for speculation. In her way Clara was quite the rage, and every element of smart New York society was represented among the guests —except, perhaps, the most hide-bound exclusives. She always took care to provide, too, a leaven of clever artistic people, "to amuse the rich," she said.

So far everything was usual and explainable, but there was always another element present that mystified Jack. This consisted of various young people of both sexes, always good looking, perfectly dressed and at least superficially well-bred; often vivacious and charming —but invariably with hard, wary eyes.

These self-possessed youngsters turned up mysteriously, and were as mysteriously lost sight of again. They made a convenience of Mrs. Cleaver's house almost as if it had been a hotel. Mrs. Cleaver introduced them effusively at her parties like dear friends, but at other times she ignored them—and they as frankly returned the compliment.

Mrs. Cleaver was not by any means a prudent, wary woman, and it was not difficult for Jack to learn where she banked. She had four bank accounts. Thru the good offices of Mr. Delamere Jack next learned from the books of the banks concerned that she had been in the habit of depositing a thousand dollars weekly. In other words, every Friday afternoon she took a thousand dollars downtown and added it to one of her four accounts.

Having learned so much, the next time Friday came around Jack took care to be on hand early at the Cleaver house. He kept his eyes open for all that took place that morning. Just before lunch a messenger boy delivered a small packet for Mrs. Cleaver. Jack by a casual question or two of a servant, learned that this was a regular happening on Friday mornings, and that the packet was always carried direct to Mrs. Cleaver by her orders.

Jack, who had already learned from Anderson of the large part played by the messenger service in Mr. B.'s operations, guessed that this packet came direct from him. It was a good enough working theory anyway. Fifty thousand a year was no mean price! For that, Jack figured, Mrs. Cleaver lent her name and social position to the blackmailers, and allowed them the use of her house as a base of operations. It was likely, he thought, that she did not know what their game was, and with that handsome sum coming in so regularly, did not care to inquire.

Jack conceived the bold idea of enlightening Mrs. Cleaver, trusting to her better qualities to turn her against her present employer, and ally her with himself.

But an unexpected and disconcerting development, which such an alliance might have presented had it been formed earlier, left Jack no time to devote to Mrs. Cleaver or her establishment.

For twenty-four hours later a telegram was delivered to Jack at the Madagascar, which was dated Camden, N.J., and read:

"Bobo and I have just been married. Congratulate us.

"MRS. JOHN FARROW NORMAN."

And with a package of letters which was handed him was an even more astonishing communication. It was a note from the hotel clerk, whose business it was to receive and sign for all packages. It read:

"A. D. T. boy 791 came with a package for Mrs. John Farrow Norman today. When he was told she was out of town he took it back with him."

Jack's police credentials smoothed the way for him with the A. D. T. officials, and within two hours of the time he received the message No. 791, otherwise Tommy Mullulus, was on his way to the Madagascar to be questioned.

He was a small, thin boy with a wary eye that testified to a wide experience of the world, and an insinuating grin that was still childlike. He was disposed to be evasive in answering Jack's questions.

"You brought a package to the hotel yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get it?"

"At the office. Fella at the desk handed it to me."

"That means it was brought into the office by the person who wanted it delivered?"

"I guess so."

"Where is your office?"

"1113 Broadway."

"Did you see the person that brought the package in?"

"Didn't take no particular notice."

It suggested itself to Jack that the boy was under the spell of a generous tip. To offer him a larger tip was the most obvious course, but Jack, knowing something about boys, hesitated. Tommy would take the money, of course, but it would probably make him suspicious, and therefore more secretive than before. A better way was to win his confidence if it could be done.

"Tommy," said Jack, "the guy that gave you that package is a crook, and I'm trying to land him, see?"

Tommy looked interested but wary. He required to be shown.

"Did they tell you at the office who I was?" asked Jack.

"No more than your name was Robinson."

"Did you ever hear of John Farrow Norman?"

"The poor boy that came in for a hundred million! You bet!"

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(To be continued tomorrw morning.)

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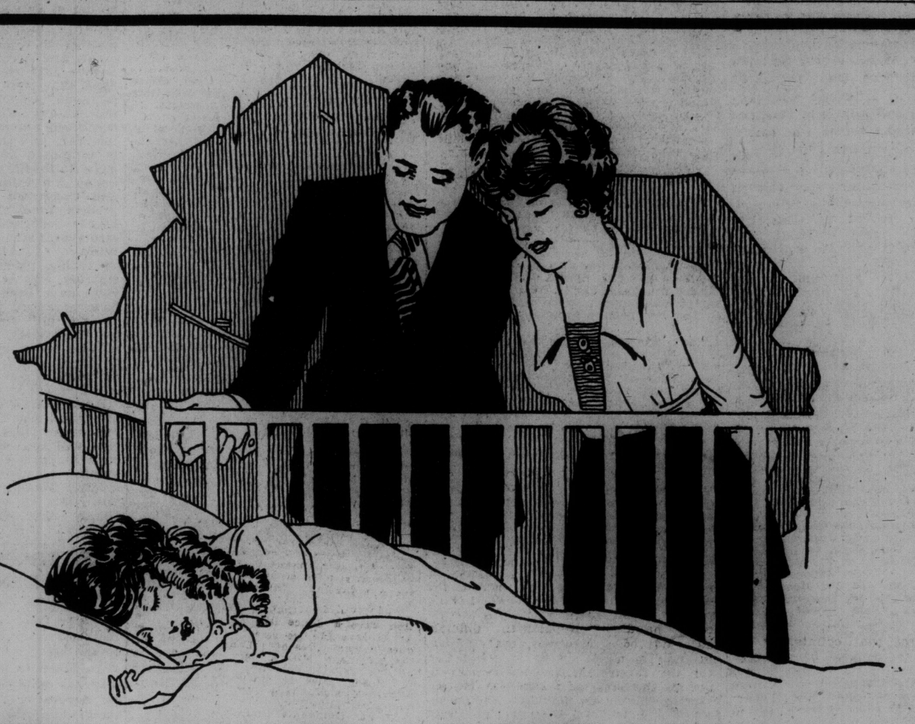

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