



All that is left of Hotel Quinte, Belleville, Destroyed by Fire, January 4th.

Photograph by Clarke, Belleville.

A Blaze at Belleville

THE Hotel Quinte has enjoyed for many years the reputation of being the handsomest hotel between Toronto and Montreal. Hence its destruction by fire last Friday night means much more than a local calamity. While the proprietor, Mr. J. V. Jenkins, estimates the loss at \$100,000, it is matter for thankfulness that all guests and employees escaped without injury. While the Hotel Quinte was popular with the general travelling public it was especially admired by summer visitors who found the "Quinte corner" one of the most picturesque spots in the city properly named Belleville. The people were proud of its imposing appearance and will cherish the memories of its dinners and dances. But no doubt a new hotel will soon arise, with, let us hope, the name and face of the old.

A "Daniel" from Denver

THOSE who have been at all interested in the ways of dispensing justice must have heard and read much about Judge Lindsey of the Juvenile Court of Denver, variously known as "Ben" and "the kids' judge." That redoubtable exposé of evil-doing, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, has lately turned his attention from the shame of cities to the good that is being accomplished by far-sighted public men. During last autumn there appeared in "McClure's Magazine" a series of articles by Mr. Steffens on the policy adopted by Judge Lindsey and the success with which it has met. The story makes attractive reading but the actual meeting with Judge Lindsey is even more stimulating.

During this week the Denver judge has appeared in Toronto, Ottawa and other Canadian cities and even those who had read of his delicate physique were surprised by the almost fragile appearance of the man who has won the confidence of the "criminal" community. But he does not talk for more than five minutes before we feel that he is a man to hypnotise the most stubborn, a man to whom we could tell anything and from whom we would positively welcome advice.

In spite of the Stevensonian delicacy of Judge Lindsey's form, he is essentially manly in speech and address, possessing dark eyes of remarkable depth and clearness and a voice of gentle sincerity. He tells of his work with no bluster and he refrains from using the "first person singular." He declares that the secrets of such

success as has been attained in Denver lie in personal contact with the accused and continued personal supervision of the erring child. He believes in taking infinite pains to keep a young offender out of jail and, if possible, out of institutions. He first endeavours to gain the boy's confidence, to find out what circumstances disposed to crime and assures the "fellow" that he will be given a square deal.

So admirably has this system of friendly surveillance and confidence worked that boys are sent to the industrial homes with no guards and are expected to buy their own tickets, with the result that the judge's belief in them is fully justified. The probation officers are so well-informed of the doings of their charges that even a day's truancy from school cannot escape notice and report. In fact, the local officers do everything possible to assist the home government, especially in cases where the father is dead, drunken or worthless and the mother is obliged to go outside the home as wage-earner.

It is no Utopia, no city of the supremely blest that Judge Lindsey describes but a community which has been awakened by a few earnest spirits to realise that it is better and cheaper to save a boy than to imprison a man. The system which throws a young and often merely thoughtless offender among hardened criminals is in itself the worst crime of all. The enthusiasm with which Judge Lindsey's efforts have been watched and imitated shows that humanity is by no means callous on the subject. But it needed the stimulating sympathy and imagination of one who is a born leader of men, or rather friend of boys, to show that firmness, not brutality, and discerning kindness, not sentimentality, will make of the average "kid who hasn't had a chance" a citizen that is an asset not a liability to the State. Those who heard the Denver judge would heartily applaud the remark of a Toronto alderman as the visitor concluded his address in the Mayor's Chamber: "I say, the little man's all right."

J. G.

The Canadian Courier

We can boost it if we want to, it is published in Toronto, It's a patriotic paper, it's Canadian to the bone; We should watch its progress keenly, and subscribe to it serenely,

Patronise Canadian effort, let the yellow sheets alone.

—St. Thomas Times.