

HOTEL CLERK PLAYS ROLE OF DETECTIVE

Traces Missing Wolcott Guest
by Means of Long Dis-
tance Phone.

LOCATES HIM IN MONTREAL

Englishman Who Had Expensive
Wardrobe Leaves Suddenly
When Bill Is Presented.

Philip Nolan, not the man without a country, but the New York hotel clerk who invaded Belgium last Summer before the Germans got there, qualified yesterday as a long-distance detective. From his desk at the Wolcott Mr. Nolan located a man in Montreal who had been missing from the Wolcott for almost two weeks.

The missing man registered at the Wolcott on Oct. 25 as "R. North, London." His expensive flannels bear the name "Hon. Roger North," a fact that has developed since the visitor removed himself from these parts. It was whispered about the hotel that he was a son of a Colonel in the British Army. Another man who had been with him paid his bill and left. Mr. North was apparently in the early twenties, and he did a good deal of entertaining. At the end of a week he did not mention having received his bill, and it was brought to his attention. Then he said he was hourly expecting a draft from home. Two days later Mr. Nolan mentioned the matter a little urgently, and the visitor said the draft had not come. A little later he was seen to leave the hotel. That is the last that has been seen of him there.

After several days Nolan began to worry. He was afraid he had wounded the susceptibilities of the handsome young Englishman, and he pictured the distress of a young man away from home and friends without funds.

An investigation of the effects Mr. North neglected to take away showed a wardrobe a millionaire would not have despised. Clothes made by a fashionable London tailor and for every period of the day for which the fashionable Englishman dresses, fine shoes for various in and out door use, wonderful arrays of underwear of the best make, shirts, ties from the most fashionable haberdashers in Bond Street.

Getting into communication with the British Embassy, Nolan was unable to obtain information as to his identity or that of the man who had been with him. He remembered that Mr. North had often called up a certain telephone number, and that usually afterward he lunched with a young woman. Nolan called up his number. For this purpose he disguised his voice as that of an English valet, an easy part, owing to his stay in London last Summer. Over the telephone he told the young lady who answered that he was the servant of the friend of Mr. North, and explained that his master had left town and hadn't come back as expected, and he could not find Mr. North. Would the lady please tell him where he could reach the latter, who might know his friend's whereabouts.

"He went to Montreal three or four days ago," was the reply. "He wrote me from the Windsor Hotel."

So Nolan immediately communicated with the Windsor Hotel. There, sure enough, he received word yesterday, Mr. North had been, but only as a mail boarder; that is to say, he only got his letters there.

Nolan immediately wrote Mr. North a letter reproaching him for leaving his flannels behind when going into so cold a climate, and reminded him that his wardrobe was being taken care of.