OUNURINE.

The keen police court magistrate, a mighty man is he, And, as for being wise, he is as wise as he can be; He's wiser than King Solomon, and he is faster, too, For he has more to worry him than Sol could ever do.

Comedies and tragedies unroll in Omaha's police courts - Peculiarities of women are revealed -Some "characters" know the judge well.

By JACK LEE.

Solomon's reputation as a wise judge was established by a decision emanating from his court in

a well known baby case. History gives all the credit of the settlement of that case to Solwhen the was willing to relinquish all claims to her rival rather than see her baby cut in twain, settled the case and was so overjoyed at getting her baby back she didn't stop to reap credit. Thus the wise judge was made

In a present-day court, especially a police court, such as is conducted every day in Omaha and in South Omaha. Solomon would have to show more speed than he did in the good old days. The decision in the baby case has nothing on those made each day by Judge Charles E. Foster and Judge William Wappich.

A Tell-Tale Tail.

Take for instance the time when two women, furious as only women can be, claimed the same dog. The two came before Judge Foster, one of them lugging the dog. During all the testimony the woman hold ing the dog spoke the loudest and

declared most emphatically her right to the dog.

After listening to the claims of both women Judge Foster ordered the woman to let the dog down on the floor. The order was observed. As soon as the dog landed, with a bark of joy he rushed to the other woman and began to express his happiness in tail wagging and

"The dog belongs to this woman," the judge said. The woman who had held the dog finally confessed that she had found the dog, taken it home with her and had become so attached to it she didn't want to give it up. Thus Solomon's decision was tied right

Horse Sense Necessary. It doesn't take much law to make a good police judge. This statement is made on the authority

of two police judges, an ex-police judge and numerous attor-To be an efficient police judge.

a man must throw all knowledge of the law to the four winds and just depend on the good old common sense with which he has been endowed," says Judge Wappich, Practically all cases coming in-

to my court settle themselves. There is no great demand for legal ability. Of course one the law and stay within bounds but in the ordinary cases. old-fashioned horse sense comes in handier than all the law Blackstone.'

Police courts as they are conducted now are little different than those of 40 years ago, a pioneer attorney of Omaha says. The misdemeanors have changed. For instance, there are fewer street fights and assaults and very few wife-beaters, or those who jumped board bills. With the k. o. of John Barleycorn, all those evils attendant have gone on the de-

No Speeders Then. In the old days there were no

speeders. Once in a while some overheated cowhand just in off the prairie might have run his horse on the sidewalk or let out a few yelps and been hauled up. But now speeders and traffic ordinance violators are the common culprits.

As Judge Wappich presides at South Side police court, it is only fair that he should describe it. "The South Side police court is in the old city hall. The court room is ideal and just a short dis-tance from the jail. There are tance from the jail. There are for spectators, or those who are to be arraigned. Everything is

kept clean and neat. "Most persons have an idea that the South Side is bad because there are so many foreigners. There are fewer foreigners in police court than there are Americans, or citizens who have been naturalized for some years. The foreigners settle their differences at home. The Americans and foreigners who have been over here years rush into police courteat the slightest provocation. It seems to be an American failing

to want to get into court. Respect the Law. "In the main, the South Side is made up of men and women of foreign birth or extraction. They are law-abiding, easy to get along with and respect the law.

'I get them in once in a while for making liquor, or drinking too much. Once in a while they fight, but as a whole there are few very

serious cases. "Most of my cases involve traffic ordinance violators. Good common sense has helped me more than all the law I ever



The new city jail at Eleventh and Dodge streets where police court patrons, before and afterwards, often are furnished meals and lodgings.

"There's just as much lawbreaking as when I came here 30 years ago, only the misdemeanors have changed."

A Sharp Wit. Judge Wappich lives up to his

rule of throwing the law out the window and using common sense in disposing of his cases. He has a sharp wit which comes in handy at all times. Recently a drunk came before

the judge.
"Good morning judge," was the salutation. "Good morning, you're charged

with being drunk. "Well your honor, I'm down and out," and then the prisoner went on to tell a long tale of woc. He was still a bit under the influence of "moonshine

The judge fistened very carefully and when the prisoner finished he said. "You may be down, but you're

not out. You won't be out for 30

Trial By Jury. In the early days of the Omaha police court law was almost unheard of. Anybody could run for the office and it depended on the number of votes he got whether he was qualified to fill the posinot. In those days

mand a trial by jury and get it. His standing in politics also bad a great bearing on his case. Whenever a man demanded a jury trial a jury was impaneled. This jury usually stayed in until the cases for that day were dis-

person haled into court could de-

Some years later the Shoemaker bill stopped the trial by jury and the cases were settled by the po-lice judge. When cases before the court were of serious nature, they were held to the district court, and the practice continues.

Going or Coming. One day when Judge Will Learne was presiding a man charged with being drunk was

brought before him. "You're charged with being drunk, disorderly and refusing to

It's all a lie," the prisoner de-"All right," said Judge Learne. "I'll fine you for fighting."

They tell one on the present Po-lice Commissioner Henry W. Dunn when he was a police judge. A drunk was brought before

"Where did you get that snootful?" the judge queried.
"Well, yeh see," said the prisoner, "Oi didn't have much in me shtumic. If Oi'd had more in me

shtumic I wouldn't have so much in me snoot."

There were no automobile police patrols in the old days. vehicle pulled by horses served to haul in those arrested. Oftentimes a policeman had to carry in his prisoner bodily.

One time a clever fellow was arraigned before Judge Gordon. After listening to the charges against him the fellow threw up his hands, let out a yell, began to froth at the mouth and collapsed in what seemed to be a terrible

"Take him out," cried the judge.
"I don't want him to die in here."
The prisoner was taken outside and in a few moments lously recovered. It was learned later that the fellow had faked

"Fainting Bertha" was another one who got by with a lot of clever stuff before she was found out. Fainting Bertha.

Bertha used to select some prominent corner of the city on which to throw a faint. Of course men would rush to her rescue and her to some nearby drug store. After receiving a few ministrations Bertha would recover. Later the men and even physicians who attended her in her illness would report to police that they had been robbed of their watches and pickpockets. Bertha was just "dip" working a rather smooth racket until it was stopped

by police. There are "attorneys" Practice only in the police court. Recently a fellow was arrested and on his person was found an attorney's card which had been slipped him by the attorney as he was being led into the police sta-

The present court in the new Central station is a great improvement over the court at the old engine house. That place was a disgrace to the city. It was dark, smelled of horses, had no windows and men and women of all colors were jammed together in one hugh squirming, smelly mass. The "bull pen," built to hold 12 easily, usually held three times that many.

The new court is large and clean. The "bull pen" is large enough to hold 60 men.

Police Court Characters. In the court room the men and women are segregated and there is plenty of fresh air and light. The

udge and city prosecutor, Frank M. Dineen, prosecute the cases. There are police characters, men and women, who have been in po-lice circles for years. When they are arraigned they greet the judge

with great familiarity, just as an old friend would greet another. As the old characters die off or move away, new ones take their

One time several men in jail refused to take a bath, It was known they were "inhabited." Judge Foster ordered some of the officers to get some sheep dip from the stock yards in South Omaha. When the sheep dip arrived all the men who refused to bathe or get rid of their population were

dipped in the sheep dip.
This stopped the "strike." There are cases calling for tears in police court and often times words of kindly admonition from the judges have turned boys and girls from the downward path to the straight and narrow

Saved from Disgrace. One young lad, now a prominent business man in an Iowa city, was saved from disgrace by a few kind words from Judge Foster. Judge Wappich has saved husbands and wives from separation by his kindly advice.

Family disputes are common and here a knowledge of family life is

necessary.

One of the strange incidents in police court cases is that in which a wife has her husband arrested for beating her. It is a rare instance when the wife appears to prosecute her charges. She nearly always comes into court and for her erring husband. even at the expense of appearing before the judge with a black eye. Just now Omaha is overrun "moochers," "panhandlers," "con" men and others of the same

Judge Foster: Omaha is one of the few large cities where men or women in jail do not work. All they do is to eat and sleep and tell stories. It is a regular paradise for men out of work and in need of eats. The new jail, especially with its modern jail equipment, attracts the old timers and they go out of their

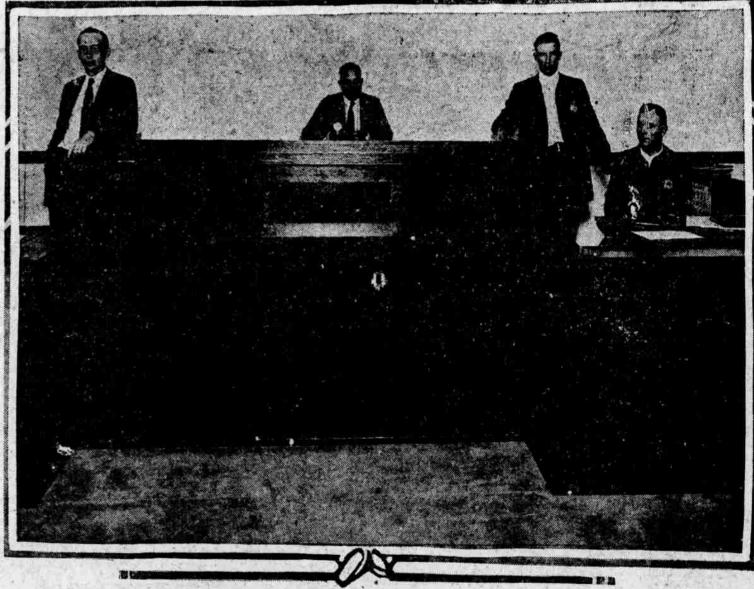
ilk. The reason as explained by

way to get 'jugged.'
To clear up this evil Judge Foster advocates a rock pile where men may make "little ones out of ' the crushed rock to be placed on boulevards and roads in the city needing repairs. It would take \$100 to buy tools for the men and they could earn their keep.

"Others not in favor of this scheme say there should be a work house. To erect a decent workwhere any trades could be applied it would take \$500,000. This would be foolish waste of taxpayers' money," the judge says. police court at Central station has not always been located at Eleventh and Dodge.



At the South Side police court. Left to right: Sergea nt James Sheahan, Judge W. F. Wappich, Prosecutor John Marcell and Court Officer James P. Grace. In the rear: Officer Joe Potach, left, and Captain John Briggs.



"Bring 'em on." The Central police court force ready for action. Left to right: Prosecutor Frank Dineen, Judge Charles E. Foster, Officer C. M. George and Court Sergeant Johnny Holden.

In 1880 the police court was located in the basement of the county and city building located where the Paxton block now stands. Pat O. Hawes, was the judge. From there the court was moved to the northwest corner of Thir-

teenth and Harney streets over a saloon. It remained there only three weeks, Judge Gustave Ben-cke presided. Later rooms were fitted up in the place on Sixteenth street now occupied by the Lin-coln cafeteria. From there it was

moved to the Exposition building

on Fourteenth and Davenport. All city offices were in the building. Judge Louis Berka presided. At that time the city was paying \$1,000 a month rental for its ofMany Moving Days.

Attorney Ed F. Morearty, then city attorney, introduced a resolution in city council declaring that the rent was too high. The city then moved its offices to 1405 Jones street and the police court convened in the basement of the old Goose hotel. In 1898 the city bought an old school house at Eleventh and Dodge streets and located its offices, jail and court room there.

The police court remained there until 1920, when it was removed to the engine house at Twelfth and Dodge streets until the new Central police station was finished. Now the police court is back to its old place in a new which Judge William Wappich characterizes as "an architectural monstrosity and which appears on the inside as though it might have

been planned by some high school lad." The following men have been judges of the Omaha police court: Patrick O. Hawes, 1880; Gustave Beneke, 1882; A. M. Stenburg, 1885; Louis Berka, 1907; Lee Helsley, 1890; S. I. Gordon, 1896; Bryce Crawford, 1906; Charles E. Foster,

1912; J. M. Fitzgerald, 1912, and Judge William Wappich, 1921. When South Omaha was taken as a part of Greater Omaha the South Side police court was in-cluded in the transaction. Police judges alternate between Omaha

CRACK By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

WILL admit that the Kid broke it to me gently. He slid into the room, shut the door, and blushed. Then he asked me if he mightn't have \$250.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars!"

WILL admit that the Kid broke chee. Mr. Joe, just wait'll you meet and buying her a piece of ice allowery word stuff, but I know a about the prize ring. That book explains that he'd made him aside and asked him about it.

That book explains that he'd made him start at the Southside and that manager of the manager of the manager of the stock has been boosted about a million per cent by beating Battling his start at the Southside and that ween after a scrap and tell a stock has been boosted about a million per cent by beating Battling his start at the Southside and that ween after a scrap and tell a stock has been boosted about a million per cent by beating Battling his start at the Southside and that south him with One-Round Ma-

I gasped. "Why, Kid. that's a heap mey to have all at once."

"I know it," he counters. What you want with it?" he came back evasively. "On what?"
He blushed again and fidgeted

from one foot to the other. "Nawthin' special. Jus' a I got slowly out of my chair,

crossed the room, took the Kid by oth shoulders, and shook him. "For yourself?" I asked sternly.

'Kid-you've run foul if a skirt!" muscles of his shoulder rippled under my hands and he met my eyes squarely

"I sure have," he affirmed, "Oh!

"That's all right, Kid. I'll manage

think I'd kid you for? An' she's as pretty as her name."

Whether it was the woman's name, with its trade-mark of the chorus, or if some grifter told him p whether it was a hint of antagonism straight he'd swallow it.

"And of course your bein' light- and then he'd write it into shape him that he owed a debt of gratitude loney.

ate, I frowned a bit, and then:
"When did you meet her?"

His eyes dropped.
"Last Friday night."

"Last Friday night."

"Hmph! Eight days' acquaintance."

I found that out before I started ing on. I saw them snp the Kid days that the same fifty as his share.

At that time, I didn't think the some day."

Kid was a world-beater, but I imagined that out before I started ing on. I saw them snp the Kid days the start.

At that time, I didn't think the some day."

So I get a lawyer chap to draw in the sixth round, and pulled his ined that he got at least two hundred and fifty for a 10-round bout, and affixes our scrawls—and the deal is (Turn to Page Two, Column One.)

"That's all right, Kid. I'll manage your fights—not your love affairs. What's her monniker?"
"Rose LaBelle."
"Rose LaBelle."
"Rose LaBelle."
"Rose LaBelle."
"You mean that?"
"Mean it? Sure I mean it. Watcha "Yep."
"That's all right, Kid. I'll manage would be affairs. Whith Battling Roberts, the excham"Indeed the with Battling Roberts, the excham"You need a debt of gratitude to the club, and so he oughtn't to ask more than fifty. Besides, said that bully, the Kid one fight this here Kid Riley fought a scheduled 10-round battle with Battling Roberts, the excham"You need a manager." I says, "the "That's fine," enthuses the manager and finished him in the 10 weret with the owed a debt of gratitude to the club, and so he oughtn't to ask more than fifty. Besides, said that bully, the Kid one wants the Kid turns the ranager over the top.

One night this here Kid Riley fought a scheduled 10-round battle with Battling Roberts, the excham"You need a manager." I says, "the "That's fine," enthuses the manager producing a contract." "The weet ways I'll set on a fitty fity."

That's fine," enthuses the manager are designed as a fitty fity.

The weight champeen of the world, and so he oughtn't to the club, and so he oughtn't to the c

"You sure?"
"Cert. Why—she says so!"
That's the Kid all over. Honest, if some grifter told him politics was like the fights had been, and me being in let me arrange your fights and handle

Tou need a manager, I says, the will hat's fine, enthuses the manager, I says, the ager, producing a contract. "Ten rounds, It was at the Southside basis if you want. But, Kid—I'll or or draw."

Athletic club, where all his other have to be your guardeen, too. You or draw."

I pretended to be surprised. He's the with the officials there just happened your money-and I'll make you rich. in the Kid's manner—a sort of stratmost trusting lad I had ever seen. to drift around when they were payegic defense—I don't know. At any
I found that out before I started ing off. I saw them slip the Kid
rate, I frowned a bit, and then:

managing him; in fact, it was the
fifty as his share.

You're young (he was then just I says. "You mean two hundred and
turned 20) and you've got the stuff.
Maybe I can make you champeen
The long and short of it was that

I pretended to be surprised.
"I guess I didn't get you right,"
I says. "You mean two hundred and

and South Side court every month