

**THE WHIRLPOOL:
SCENES FROM TORONTO
POLICE COURT**

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The whirlpool: scenes from Toronto police court by Harry M. Wodson

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HARRY M. WODSON

**THE WHIRLPOOL:
SCENES FROM TORONTO
POLICE COURT**

Dedicated to
Colonel George Taylor Denison
Police Magistrate, Toronto

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H. M. WODSON

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

THE author of "The Whirlpool" needs no introduction to Canadian readers. Two volumes from his pen, "The Lad Felix," and "Private Warwick," enjoyed well-merited popularity, and for ten years this writer has entertained the readers of "The Evening Telegram," Toronto, with his racy and sympathetic Police Court reports.

"The Whirlpool" is a human document.

*"When I speak, the
earth trembles, rocks
and mountains totter
and seas dry up.
"If I frown, men
die."*



A PRINCE IN THE DOCK

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THE WHIRLPOOL

SCENES FROM TORONTO POLICE COURT

By
HARRY M. WODSON

Author of "The Lad Felix," "Private Warwick," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MALCOLM LENNOX

The Whirlpool draws men and women into its vortex ; some are rescued ; others are lost forever in its swirling gulf.

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TORONTO

1917

PREFACE

IN this little volume I have tried to give a picture of a remarkable police court as it is to-day, and with proper modesty, hasten to explain that my chief qualification for the work has been the ten years spent in the press gallery. People have wondered what there could possibly be to laugh at in a police court. If those whose work takes them there, day after day, didn't laugh, they would go mad.

A police court is a place of tragic gloom, though like the ground where Ophelia was laid to rest, it is sometimes enlivened by the jests of the grave diggers; it is a whirlpool into which offenders against law and order are sucked; a justice shop where men, sinned against and sinning, receive their deserts; a pit of peradventure into which men sometimes slip; a guillotine which falls with shuddering swiftness upon the necks of those who would menace society; a house of tears and sighs and evil temper; a clearing house, where parcels of humanity are valued and classified; and sometimes—not too often—it is a mercy seat.

At all times, it is a place to avoid.

H. M. W.