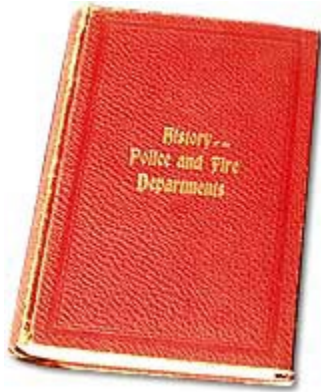
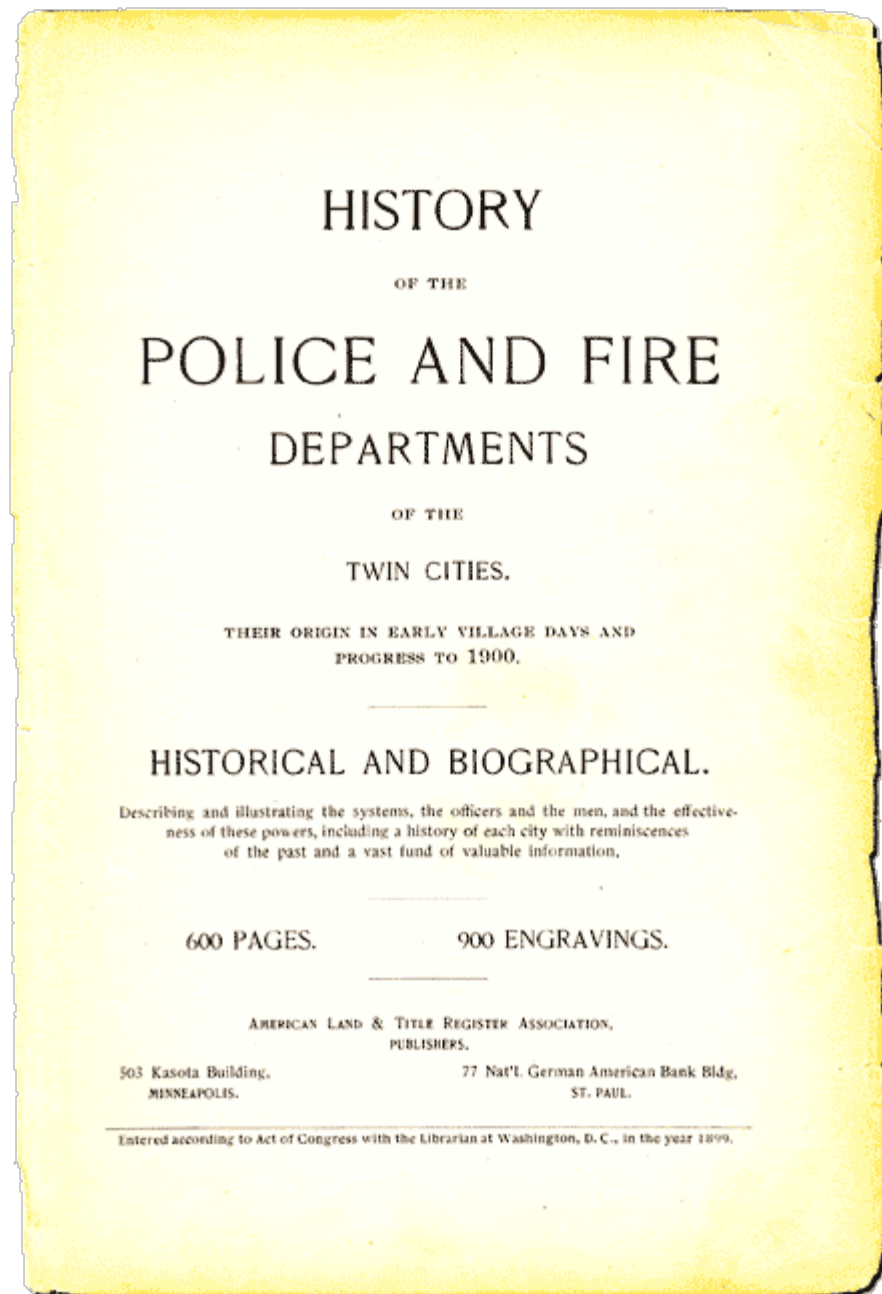


History of the Police and Fire Departments of the Twin Cities, 1899



This is taken from History of the Police and Fire Departments of the Twin Cities, an 1899 publication.



Title page of "History of the Police and Fire Departments of the Twin Cities"

(Note: This site contains only the portion of this publication pertaining to the St. Paul Police Department)

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POLICE DEPARTMENT.

1	Chief.
1	Secretary to Chief.
1	Chief of Detectives.
4	Captains.
7	Lieutenants.
10	Sergeants.
4	Detectives.
1	Supt. Police Telegraph.
1	License Inspector.
1	Driver Workhouse Van.
1	Janitor.
1	Matron.
148	Patrolmen.
181	Total.

INTRODUCTORY.

1899.

THE object of this volume is to present a true history of the Police and Fire Departments of the Twin Cities from early village days up to the close of the nineteenth century, with biographical sketches and interesting personal experiences of its members.

The St. Paul portion of the work has been compiled and written by Alix J. Muller, and the Minneapolis portion by Frank J. Mead, both well known local journalists. The engravings are all vignettied, and are the perfection of the engraver's art. The material on which the work is printed is of the best quality. Typographically the work is unexcelled. Neither time, labor or expense have been spared, and it is confidently believed that it will prove an instructive and valuable historical record which will be highly appreciated now, but infinitely more in the coming time when future generations shall take inspiration from the lives of these stalwarts and from the services which they have given to the commonwealth.

The government of the municipality is largely the work of the Police and Fire Departments, and it has been the intention of the publishers to set forth this fact while introducing the individual members to the community which they so faithfully protect.

The work of these departments is of the most vital importance to the city, and each individual member is entitled to the highest consideration and appreciation for his share in it; but without a written record or history, which should present tangible evidence of the important duties which he performs, he is almost forgotten in the great drama of life in a large city.

Although there is no department of the public service so highly interesting to every citizen, yet there is none of which so little is known. The old maxim "Truth is stranger than fiction," applies with full force to the experiences of the Police and Fire Departments, and many thrilling incidents and tales are related.

In early days the volunteers were the most important men in the community; they were leaders in business, social and political circles, and now in old age they are justly proud of the protection which they afforded the infant cities in days of vigorous manhood.

Those who read this work carefully will agree that it must have a strong tendency to elevate the departments and the men and give them the prestige and influence to which they are so justly entitled.

It will create a deeper interest in the life work of the members of these useful departments of public service and bring about a closer acquaintance with each other, familiarize them with the work of the past and doubtless will exert a beneficial influence upon the organizations in the future.

ALIX J. MULLER.



Writer of the history of the St. Paul Police and Fire Departments, is a St. Paul girl, daughter and granddaughter of pioneer settlers, and by reason of close affinity to the growth of the city, thoroughly conversant with the subject in hand. At the age of fifteen, in 1888, she was a high school graduate and subsequently spent five years on the Pacific coast and in Montana, where her first literary work was done. In 1895 she became a member of the Pioneer Press staff of reporters, and in 1896 was a special writer for the Salt Lake Herald during the Bryan campaign. While in Utah the Equal Suffrage cause engrossed much of her attention and led her to become the coeditor and publisher of the only woman's weekly then issued between Portland and San Francisco, the Pacific Empire, of Portland, Ore. Upon her return to Minnesota she became associate editor of the Spring Valley Vidette, remaining until the paper changed hands in the spring of 1898. Miss Muller has contributed largely to periodical literature in the form of descriptive articles and views on current topics as well as book reviews, and is a young woman of whom one may very safely say that her whole heart is bound up in her chosen life work.

CHAPTER I

EARLY HISTORY OF ST. PAUL IN 1838 — PIG'S EYE THE FIRST SETTLER — FIRST JUSTICE OF THE PEACE — GEN. SIBLEY AS JUSTICE — THE FIRST ARREST — PRIMITIVE GOVERNMENT OF PIONEER DAYS — FIRST MURDER — A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER — ST. PAUL'S FIRST CHURCH, AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE SETTLEMENT — DIFFICULTIES IN HOLDING COURT, AND THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN EARLY DAYS — THE SETTLERS ALONG ABOUT 1848 OF THE BEST CLASS, SOBER, STURDY, INTELLIGENT AND MORAL — MINNESOTA BECOMES A TERRITORY IN 1849 — HON. ALEX. RAMSEY IS APPOINTED GOVERNOR — THE FIRST LEGISLATURE IN MINNESOTA — ST. PAUL INCORPORATED AS A TOWN IN

1849 — FIRST OFFICERS AND LAWS IN THE NEW VILLAGE — COURT HOUSE AND JAIL BUILT IN 1851 — SIMEON P. FOLSOM ONE OF THE OLDEST LIVING SETTLERS — ST. PAUL IS INCORPORATED AS A CITY IN 1854 — LAX METHOD OF DEALING WITH CRIMINALS — FIRST LEGAL EXECUTION IN MINNESOTA.

It is a current saying that "coming events cast their shadows before," and the steady growth of the city of St. Paul to its present state of empire shows no exception to the general rule. Shadows there certainly were, but history admits them to have been very vague; misty to a degree which in comparison to the practical reality of today seems wonderful. Father Louis Hennepin was the earliest known embodiment of a shadow of destiny. Clad in a coarse gray gown, with a peaked cowl and with feet encased in sandals, he was the first white man to set foot on what is now St. Paul.

And when on that April day nearly two and a quarter centuries ago Father Hennepin, Franciscan priest and successor of the early Jesuits, stood on the spot which is now the centre of a saintly city, did he send forth the dominant thought of the Society of Jesus, "The end justifies the means," as the abiding spirit of the place? Did he and all the devout who followed in his footsteps, spreading civilization, but also the doom of a race as they went, mark the vicinity as one most favorable for impregnating the very air with the fateful import of a magnificently subtle creed?

It would seem so, for today in summing up the greatness of a world-known inland city, the beauty of its architecture, the wealth and comfort of its people, and the strength of its municipal government, who is there to say that St. Paul, the visible end, does not justify a means, which never before, in all the annals of time, led an onward march to glory, and that is — whisky!

Diluted, adulterated whisky, so vile that an old Indian named Rattler fell dead as the result of an over dose, and yet its sale was the forerunner of the building of a mighty metropolis. In short, it was an ignoble cause which led to a great effect.

Today, in 1899, the city of St. Paul numbers all of 175,000 souls; sixty-one years ago, in the spring of 1838, it numbered one, old "Pig's Eye" Parrant, a Canadian voyageur, who lived by selling "firewater" to the soldiers of Fort Snelling and to Indians.

He had been driven away from the west side of the Mississippi by the authorities at Fort Snelling; his character, and personal appearance, as recorded, were such as to make him a generally undesirable neighbor; but he seems to have been not at all sensitive on that score, for his first act upon leaving the military domain was to plant himself across the river upon the southeastern boundary of the reservation and to erect a log hut at the mouth of the creek which then emptied into Fountain Cave, a lonely but picturesquely beautiful spot situated immediately above the site of the present City and County Hospital. Says a noted historian: "Thus was our city 'founded'. The location of the future capital of Minnesota was determined, by the commanding and picturesque bluffs, a noble and inspiring site whereon to build a city — by the great river flowing so majestically in front of it, suggestive of commerce and trade — and as a convenient spot to sell whisky without the pale of law!"

Other settlers, for the most part Red River colonists of French-Swiss extraction, who had taken refuge at Fort Snelling, soon followed, but of the earliest of these only one, a discharged soldier named Edward Phelan made open show of becoming a "business" rival of Parrant. The latter was, however, too conveniently situated to suffer any diminution of sales. It is a little curious to note that the first keeper of a "blind pig," was himself blind in one eye and that his other one "looked for all the world like that of a pig." Beyond a question old Pierre Parrant did a great deal of conscious harm, involving exquisite physical agony, what with transforming Sioux braves into demons by copious draughts of poisoned Minnewakan, and by rendering soldiers from the fort so insanely stupid as to be unfit to recross the river, much less to climb the fort bluff — but he might unconsciously have inflicted mental torment to an unparalleled degree had the aspect of his face been quite as attractive as the liquor he vended. His one little eye was, however, both sinister and frowning, and though the hamlet, then an embryo, unlettered Saint, was known as "Pig's Eye" for years after his removal from it, the remembrance of his generally unamiable qualities and ill-favored features, did much toward creating a popular demand for a change of name.



The Night Camp — Ready to start from St. Paul — Homeward bound — "Winter Line"

As a matter of police record, Pierre Parrant, who was all of sixty at that time, and should have known better, was probably the first culprit worthy of correction, as well as being the first settler, but although the then Indian agent, Major Lawrence Taliaferro, who lived in the little village of St. Peter's (Mendota) repeatedly ordered him off of Indian territory and later threatened to destroy his whisky cabin and to imprison him at Prairie du Chien, no arrest was ever made. His hut was thoroughly searched several times, it is true, but so shrewd was the "first Parrant" that only a few fingers of the vile stuff could ever be located. The hands were hidden — buried in the cave.

Major Taliaferro was virtually the first justice of the peace in Minnesota; it is historically stated by Neill, that he performed at least six marriages "for the sake of morality," between white men and Indian women, while possessing the power of magistrate prior to the appointment of Henry H. Sibley at St. Peter's as the first civil officer for the west bank of the Mississippi. Of the major quite a little is known, even at the present day, owing to the fact that he kept a well written journal of events, which is now stored away among the many treasures of the State Historical Society. He was a Virginian of Italian birth who had served in the war of 1812, and won the rank of lieutenant. That he was a good man and just in all his dealings is evidenced by the reverential regard accorded him by the Indians as their "Little Father" and in a general popularity among the few whites of the period. He was commissioned agent in 1819, and arrived at the post called St. Peter's in advance of the first regiment sent out to garrison the prospective Fort St. Anthony, which became Fort Snelling in 1822. Remaining twenty years he resigned and returned to his former home in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Sibley was appointed a justice of the peace in 1838, by Gov. John Chambers, of Iowa, which then embraced the territory west of the Mississippi as Clayton county, and his court was for ten years afterwards held in the village of St. Peter's or Mendota. During the same year (1838) Joseph R. Brown was appointed a justice of the peace for Crawford county, by Gov. Dodge, of Wisconsin, which then embraced the territory east of the Mississippi. Mr. Brown's office was at his trading post on Grey Cloud Island, twelve miles below St. Paul. But boundary lines were flimsy affairs in those days and little, if any mention, is made of Brown as a justice in St. Paul history. He certainly did not try the majority of cases involving the settlers of St. Paul. One of his best remembered decisions was given in a rather ridiculous land dispute between old "Pig's Eye" Parrant and one Le Claire. They could not determine the boundary line of their respective claims, and on appearing before Squire Brown confused him not a little, for he was in doubt as to his possession of jurisdiction over land. But to have voiced this doubt would have meant the confession of a lack of authority and consequently, diminution of his power over the simple French-Canadians of the vicinity. His love of a joke came to his rescue. With a grave face and an assumed sternness of demeanor, he decided that the strip of contested land belonged to neither, as it had not been properly staked out, and that it should belong to the first who did the staking. The result was an eight-mile foot race over bogs and sloughs, through swamps and dense woods. Le Claire won it, much to the disgust of Parrant, who forthwith left the vicinity and died soon after.

What fees Squire Brown charged can only be conjectured. Act No. 81 of the Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory, 1838, allowed the following fees to justices of the peace in criminal cases:

For a warrant	25
Taking a recognizance	25
Commitment to jail	25
For a search warrant	37½
Entering a judgment for fine or punishment	25
Discharging a prisoner	12½
Warrant for punishment	1¾
Order of discharge to the jailer	25

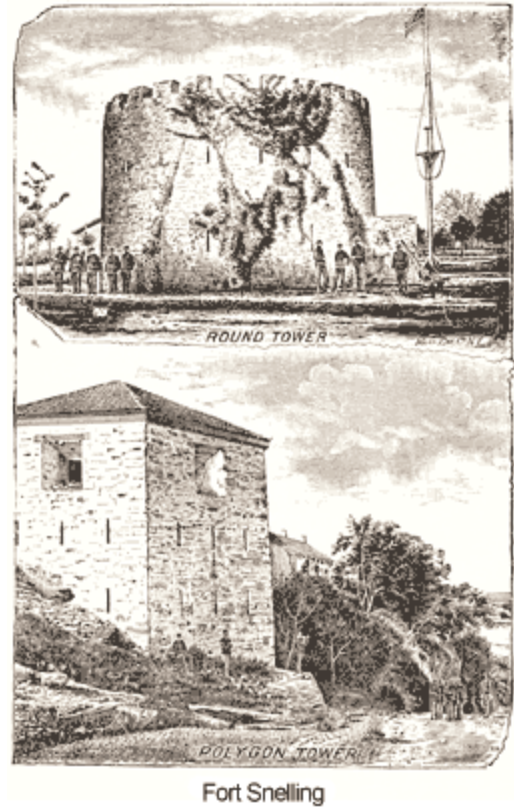
But as the case in question, though a quarrel, was not a criminal case, Squire Brown may have received the usual stipend allowed in civil cases. Administering an oath and certifying same, 25c; entering judgment on trial, 25c. Total, 75c.

It is doubtful, however, whether he did not think the witnessing of an overly eager footrace sufficient payment for his erratic decision.

Henry H. Sibley was only twenty-three years of age when he arrived at Mendota, Nov. 7, 1834, as a partner of the American Fur Company, which then controlled the policy, mercantile, social and in a sense, religious, of the entire Northwest. He had traveled the distance between "St. Peter's" and Prairie du Chien, nearly three hundred miles, on horseback, encountering but one

sign of human habitation, the log hut of an old French trapper, on the way. As he had studied law "back East" it was quite in order that he should hang out his sign in 1835. And although he never practiced the profession, being there were no courts to practice in at that time, the knowledge it afforded him proved invaluable in the settlement of many petty disputes between the company he represented and the fur traders who ranged the Mississippi valley. His appointment as a justice of the peace in 1838 was made with far more reference to the interests of the then Northwestern "lords of creation" than toward the establishment of local justice and the preservation of the peace. The American Fur Company, in control of the law, naturally grew prosperous. Most of the crimes of that day consisted of thefts of its property, and quarrels with its agents, and coming under the jurisdiction of a justice who was himself a member of the company appeals were naturally never made by the stronger side. As for the weaker, why should it appeal when "might made right," and how could it when there was no court within 300 miles to appeal to. Of Gen. Sibley's justice, however, little complaint was ever made. Speaking of his early life in St. Peter's he says in his reminiscences: "It was my fortune to be the first to introduce the machinery of the law into what our legal brethren would have termed a benighted region, having received a commission of justice of the peace from the governor of Iowa Territory for the county of Clayton. This county was an empire of itself in extent, reaching from a line some twenty miles below Prairie du Chien on the west of the 'Father of Waters,' to Pembina, and across to the Missouri river. As I was the only magistrate in this region and the county seat some 300 miles distant I had matters pretty much under my own control, there being little chance of an appeal from my decisions. In fact, some of the simple minded people around me firmly believed that I had the power of life and death. On one occasion I issued a warrant for a Canadian who had committed a gross outrage, and then fled from justice. I dispatched a trusty constable in pursuit and he overtook the man below Lake Pepin and brought him back in irons. The friends of the culprit begged hard that he should not be severely punished, and after keeping him in durance vile for several days I agreed to release him if he would leave the country, threatening — him with dire vengeance if he should ever return. He left in great haste and I never saw him afterward."

Had Mr. Sibley not been of strongly athletic build and extremely energetic disposition he would doubtless have found it difficult to cope with the rude spirits of that generation, an admixture of savage and frontier blood which did not take kindly to the trammels of an approaching civilization. But he was by nature a pioneer, having early imbibed the love of adventure and growth from a long line of pioneer ancestry, of whom traces are to be found all over the states of Ohio and Michigan. Although he himself mentions dispatching trusty constables to serve warrants, tradition has it that these constables were only faithful employes of the fur company commissioned afresh as each exigency arose, but it is also a matter of record that Mr. Sibley very seldom allowed the absence of a constable to interfere with an arrest which he considered needful. And he seems to have cared very little whether his prisoners belonged to his own side of the river or not. Stories which seem incredible nowadays are still current in regard to his vigorous methods of making arrests. An interesting account of some of his early experiences as a police officer and justice combined, is given by J. Fletcher Williams in his memoirs of H. H. Sibley, published shortly after the death of Minnesota's greatest pioneer in 1891:



"Some of the early settlers (of Mendota) used to say Sibley preserved order and discipline among his rough voyageurs by the actual use of the lash and bludgeon. Doubtless, if so, it was unavoidable. Gen. Sibley once related a case showing the trouble he had in managing his men. One of them, a powerful and desperate fellow, while intoxicated, insisted on picking a quarrel with Sibley, and defied him. Mr. Sibley said he saw no half-way measure would answer, or authority would have been gone forever. He knocked the rascal down with a blow of his fist and then pummeled him until he begged for mercy. Some of the man's pals took him away, unable to move, and it was reported that he had been seriously hurt. Some days afterward Sibley sent him word to come back and behave himself, which he did, and he never had any more trouble with the man, nor indeed, with any of the others. Once at Mendota a half-breed named Cornoyer was raising a row. Sibley took him under the arm and dragged him out of the ring. Cornoyer twisted his head around and looked up. Recognizing who had him, he exclaimed: "Oh, is it you, Mis'r Siblee? I'll give up."

Owing to the preservation of its own peace being very valuable to the American Fur Co., fees were the last thing thought of by Mr. Sibley in his capacity as justice, and it is generally believed that if he had been put to the expense of keeping a separate office, his rent would have dug deeply into his private purse. Certain it is that as the law of Iowa did not limit the charges of a justice, he could take or refuse whatever he pleased, and he probably did both. As it is recorded, however, that he was once given a choice of land now worth hundreds of thousands or twenty dollars in silver as a fee for trying a case before a Alankato court, having walked over snow and

ice in midwinter all the way from St. Peter's to get there, and that he took the twenty dollars — was glad to get them — it is hardly to be supposed that he enriched himself greatly by becoming a civil officer.

Although the first murder was committed in territory not under his jurisdiction, that is, over in Pig's Eye, Crawford county, Wisconsin (and who would ever think the spot identical with St. Paul, Ramsey county, Minn., yet such it was) the supposed murderer, Edward Phelan, was at once arrested on a warrant issued by Mr. Sibley and bound over to the justice court of Mendota. John Hays, Phelan's partner in the "claim" business, and also joint owner of several cattle, had disappeared early in April, 1839, and as he was known to be the possessor of what was considered a snug little fortune for those days, suspicion at once attached to Phelan, who bore a rather unsavory reputation. The body of Hays, badly mutilated, with head, nose and jaw knocked in, as though by the force of violent blows, had been found near the mouth of Carver's Cave by some friendly Indians. On identification by a detail of soldiers sent by the commanding officer of Fort Snelling. Major Plympton, the body was secured and Phelan subjected to a rigid examination on the 28th by Justice Sibley. All evidence given served strongly to incriminate Phelan, and he was committed to answer the charge of murder in the first degree at the county seat of Crawford county, Prairie du Chien. And during the time which elapsed before the arrival of a steamboat Phelan was confined in the guard house at Fort Snelling. The trial at Prairie du Chien did not amount to much, however. In the absence of a record the supposition is made by old settlers that the grand jury did not find a bill against Phelan. At any rate, after being confined in the Fort Crawford guard house for nearly a year, he reappeared on the-streets of "Pig's Eye" in the spring of 1840, apparently neither a sadder nor a wiser man for his name is mentioned in both a brawl and a theft very shortly afterward. Of the charge of being Minnesota's first white murderer he has, however, been acquitted in the minds of many who at the time believed him guilty, for it is stated on good authority that a full confession of the crime was made by an Indian, Do-wau, the Singer, shortly before his death in the battle of Kaposia.

If a policeman of today were to undertake the arrest of all who constitute what would have been "suspicious characters" at that time he would have his hands full and probably be committed to the St. Peter of the present for his pains. A man named Johnson — and at that time even the name was odd in Pig's Eye — came to the hamlet in 1838 and built a cabin on what is now Seventh, near Kittson st. He was accompanied by a young woman and a child. There was nothing about their manner of living to indicate that they were not man and wife, but the fact was they talked too little, possessed too much refinement of manner and — dressed too well to suit the simple people of that period. Why should "Johnson" wear a silk hat, and broadcloth, and patent leathers if he were not a suspicious character, a refugee from justice, and why should both he and Mrs. "Johnson" seek to isolate themselves in a wilderness if she were only his wife and not the wife of another man? And how could "Johnson" put on so much style without working for a livelihood? Agreed, he must be a counterfeiter, come west to escape detection. Besides, had he not refused to open his door to a way-farer one rainy night? That surely showed a guilty conscience! So, with a definite conclusion arrived at, "Johnson" received a hint of the suspicions aforesaid and a threat that the "authorities at the fort," who seemed to inspire universal awe, were going to arrest him. Is it a wonder he left the community in disgust?

The "authorities at the fort" and the American Fur Company were the two great powers of the day, and though both occasionally overstepped the bounds of justice and mercy, who shall say that they were not needed to serve as factors in the development of a more than rude civilization. Try as they might, however, no effectual remedy could be found against the hordes of liquor sellers who were the immediate successors of old Parrant on the east bank of the Mississippi until the discovery was made by Major Plympton that they were really squatters on part of the government reservation belonging to Fort Snelling and could be driven off by law.

A report at that time, made by Brig. Gen. John E. Wool explains itself: "The white inhabitants, aware of the large amount of money annually paid by the United States to the Indians residing in that region of country, avail themselves of the means in their power, confident of the protection of the government, of introducing at all points and within half a mile of Fort Snelling intoxicating liquors, which is no less destructive to the discipline of the troops than hazardous of the peace and quiet of the country. Such is the character of the white inhabitants of that country that if they cannot be permitted to carry on their nefarious traffic with the Indians it will sooner or later involve them in a war with the United States. If the government would avoid such a result it should immediately adopt measures to drive off the public lands all white intruders within twenty miles of Fort Snelling and prohibit intoxicating liquors from being introduced into the United States, or on lands not sold by the United States."

Liquor, drunkenness, ignorance and crime! What little inducement, other than natural, there was for settlers of a better class to come here, and yet they came in such great numbers that only a few years afterward, when Pig's Eye, like Saul, had become a Saint, no question of its utter redemption from the follies of youth ever occurred to interfere with its material growth and prosperity.

When Marshal Edward James, of Wisconsin Territory, received the order from Secretary Poinsett, of the war department to expel all settlers from the reserve, he sent it to his deputy, Ira B. Brunson, to execute. Mr. Brunson gave the settlers several days' notice to evacuate, but as they paid no attention to his warning, he was obliged to ask Major Plympton for military assistance. And on May 6, 1840, every settler was driven off the reserve and his cabin destroyed by the soldiery, a fact greatly exaggerated in complaints still preserved.

Among these refugees there were, however, many orderly, quiet men of family, who immediately proceeded to erect new habitations further down the river forming the nucleus of the present center of St. Paul. And in 1841, finding a settlement had grown up on the landing where a year before he had been able to discover only a solitary cabin, Father Lucien Galtier, of the diocese of Dubuque, erected a little church "of tamarac poles" on what is now Second st., between Cedar and Minnesota sts. Because of his dedicating the chapel "to the memory of St. Paul" he wished the village named St. Paul and history never fails to remark that the citizens of a great and growing metropolis owe Father Galtier a lasting debt of gratitude accordingly.



The first church, erected in 1841,
from which St. Paul derives its name

In 1842 Henry Jackson came to St. Paul, "and with his arrival," says T. M. Newson, "the population was made greatly more respectable." Within a year he became first justice of the peace of the village, receiving his appointment from Gov. Dodge, of Wisconsin. Mr. Jackson was a Virginian by birth, but a Yankee in intuition and commercial sagacity. His first act after securing a home for himself and family was to add to it a stock of general merchandise, both liquid and dry, from the sale of which he derived a very considerable income. The land he occupied at that time is now bounded by Jackson and Robert and Second and Third streets. a rather imposing site for the erection of a two room log cabin!

A rather amusing incident of Mr. Jackson's ingenuity and adaptability to circumstances occurred just a few days before he received his commission as a justice. A couple came to him, asking to be married immediately. They were young and eager and thoroughly wrapt up in one another; now could he refuse their plea? And yet, how could he grant it? A thought struck him, he would marry them by bond, i. e., that in consideration of their giving him a bond for their reappearance to be legally married he would allow them to live together as man and wife, in the meantime. No sooner said than done, but whether the "joined by proxy" pair ever did reappear is another question. It was probably a matter of just how heavy the bond was, and as that is not stated, who shall tell?

As a justice of the peace, merchant and saloon keeper combined, Jackson soon became quite a power in the village, and though it seems doubtful whether he could very justly dispense both law and whisky at the same time, his personal influence seems to have held unlawfulness in check to a great extent, inasmuch as there is not a crime of any importance mentioned as occurring during his regime. The Indians had by this time become less troublesome, owing to the efforts of Rev. T. Williamson, who established a mission school at Kaposia. His coming was brought about in a curious way. The Dakotahs had been growing worse from year to year and daily subjected the early settlers and their wives to coarse and brutal scenes, as well as constant

fear for their lives. During one of these periodical sprees, in 1846, Little Crow, Jr., a Sioux warrior of no mean degree, was shot by his own brother, and on becoming sober, determined to put an end to the Minne-wakan trips forthwith, by having a missionary live in his village, a request which was readily granted by the resident Indian agent.

The battle of Kaposia, fought between the Sioux and the Chippewas, who were hereditary enemies, had occurred not long before that and to illustrate what danger the whites of a community incurred through their frequent conflicts it is interesting to note that in 1840, the legislative assembly of Wisconsin passed "An act for the relief of Jos. R. Brown, to-wit: That Jos. R. Brown be granted a divorce from Margaret Brown, a half-breed Chippewa, on-account of the danger that both incur from invasions of the Sioux." The Chippewas or Ojibwas occupied the east bank, while the Sioux or Dakotahs, roamed the west bank of the Mississippi.

But what with changing its name, St. Paul had, with the forming of St. Croix county, Wisconsin, of which the mention of Jos. R. Brown serves as a forcible reminder, changed its county seat from Prairie du Chien to Stillwater or Dak-kotah in 1840. Squire Brown, who had urged the measure, became clerk of courts. Had this been a salaried position he certainly would have had a "snap job," for the first court held in Stillwater, as well as the first court ever held in what is now Minnesota did not convene until 1847. It is true an attempt was made in 1842 to hold a court in St. Croix county by Judge Irwin, one of the territorial judges of Wisconsin, but it proved a signal failure. Alluding to the circumstance Judge C. E. Flandrau says, in his "Territorial Lawyers and Courts:"

"It came about in this way: There was a very enterprising settler here then, named Joseph R. Brown, who came to Fort Snelling with the regiment which laid the corner stone of the fort in 1819, and was discharged from the army in 1826, or thereabouts. In 1842 he was clerk of the courts of St. Croix county and for some reason best known to himself procured the legislature of Wisconsin to appoint a court in his county. Judge Irwin came up to hold it, and on arriving at Fort Snelling he found himself in a country which indicated that disputes were more frequently settled with the tomahawk than by the principles of the common law. The officers of the fort could give him no accurate information but fortunately he discovered Norman W. Kittson at his trading house near the Falls of Minnehaha. Kittson knew Mr. Brown, the clerk, who then lived on the St. Croix river, near where Stillwater now stands, and directed the judge to him. He furnished a horse, and his honor struck across the country and found his clerk, who had either forgotten all about the court or had never heard of it. The disgusted judge took the first chance down the river, a very angry man."

Another account says that in place of Stillwater he found a wilderness and that when he looked for Squire Brown at the one desolate cabin of the place, he found a Mrs. Brown in the person of an Indian woman, who could only speak a few words of English and who said the squire was down at Gray Cloud. And when on arriving at the latter place he found Mr. Brown entirely unaware of his coming, it is no wonder he was disgusted with the ways of the wild, new West.

At the time the first court was really held by Chief Justice Dunn in June, 1847, there was only one important case on the docket. An Indian chief named "Wind" was supposed to have murdered Henry Rust, a lumberman of the St. Croix district, and was indicted accordingly. But

the jury, and this was the first trial by jury held in any part of the region now embraced by Minnesota, acquitted him. It is very likely that their verdict was much to the satisfaction of both the judge and the lawyers who were present, for it seems that the holding of a regular term of United States district court by the chief justice had caused so much interest among the attorneys of the region as to have them make it the occasion of a genuine social excursion to the Falls of St. Anthony. And as they were all accompanied by their wives and Judge Dunn by his daughter, the sight and knowledge of a condemned murderer might have interfered seriously with the pleasure of the ladies, if not of the entire party.

The administration of justice in those early days was attended by many curious phases. During the summer of 1848, in the justice court held by Henry Jackson, an affair occurred which is so extremely ridiculous as to bear retelling. An ordinary case had been tried and submitted to the jury, confined in a little addition which had only one high outside window. There was, among the six jurors, a violinist named Charlie Mitchell, who was in continual request for weddings and balls, and it so happened that on that very evening a ball was to be given in Stillwater. When the man who had been sent to hire the fiddler arrived on the scene and found the latter locked up indefinitely he became very much excited and his nervousness increased as the afternoon wore on, leaving less and less time for the return homeward. Unfortunately for him the jury had seen fit to disagree, and some of its members had begun to indulge, in profane bits of temper, when all of a sudden the head of the Stillwater man was thrust through the window and the violinist heard his name called. The subsequent conversation carried on in an aside between the perched-up stranger and the fiddling jurymen, afforded too good a weapon to one of the disagreeing jurors, and springing up from his seat he accused the latter of conspiring falsely and accepting a bribe. This brought the matter to blows, and blows of every description, chairs and tables being brought into play, until three of the jurymen were pounded beyond recognition. The fiddler, of course, was one of them, and as a result of his badly swelled head, the ball was not given in Stillwater that night.

About this time in May, 1848, Wisconsin was admitted as a state and the embryo of Minnesota, as the cast-off remnant of a territory, was left without a government. But a remarkable change had taken place in the character of the early settlers during the past decade, and the condition of affairs was not nearly as alarming as it would have been in 1838, when a generally crude state of existence often led to lawlessness unknown to clearly defined civic life. The population had become, by gradual admixture of all the sober, sturdy elements which go to make up the life of the average French-Canadian farmer and by a dimly perceptible influx of middle eastern brains and ideas, almost Arcadian in its habits of life. Rural simplicity, kindliness of manner and lack of mercenary ambition were its chief attributes; the power of the great world beyond the Mississippi to disturb its quiet or impel its growth was as yet undreamt of. Speaking of the period immediately preceding the establishment of a territory, Mr. Sibley says in a letter published by the Washington Union in 1850: "I would remark in conclusion that the people of our territory are distinguished for intelligence and high-toned morality. For the twelve months or more prior to the establishment by congress of a government for Minnesota, although in the anomalous position in which it was left by the admission of Wisconsin into the union as a state, it was uncertain to what extent, if any, laws could be enforced, not a single crime of any magnitude was committed."

The bidding in of the town-site of St. Paul affords an apt illustration of the primitive simplicity but also extreme tenacity of purpose characteristic of the pre-territorial settlers. Being very much afraid that a crowd of greedy, grasping speculators would over-bid them for their own claims at the government sale, they entrusted Mr. Sibley with the purchase of the entire townsite. In relating the circumstance, Mr. Sibley says "When the hour for business had arrived, my seat was invariably surrounded by a number of men with huge bludgeons. What was meant by the proceedings I could, of course, only surmise, but I would not have envied the fate of the individual who would have ventured to bid against me."

The most curious part of the whole affair, in the light of modern business distrust, is the fact that many of the French-Canadians, speaking little English and ignorant as to the forms and conveyances of law, suffered their titles to remain in Mr. Sibley's name two or three years, thinking them safe in his possession, and finally had to be quarreled with in order to make them properly sign the deeds and register them.

On March 3, 1849, Minnesota became a territory. Some of the arguments advanced by members of congress against the admission are "funny" in the extreme. In a speech by the Ohio member of the House, the following burst of elocutionary extravagance occurs:

"When God's footstool is so densely populated that each human being can only occupy two feet square, then, but not until then, will a white man go to that hyperborean region of the Northwest, fit only to be the home of savages and wild beasts."

And yet they came! With the beginning of the winter of 1848-49 there were eighteen families living in St. Paul; early in the following April there were thirty, and a census taken in July, 1849, shows that the village contained 840 people. That meant at least one hundred roof trees, estimated at the usual size of French-Canadian families.

Hon. Alexander Ramsey was the first governor; Hon. Aaron Goodrich, the first chief justice, and Col. Alexander M. Mitchell the first marshal of Minnesota Territory, all three appointments being made by President Taylor.

From the day of his arrival in St. Paul May 27, 1849, to the present time, when as a well-preserved old gentleman of eighty-four, he is still accounted one of the familiar figures of the city streets, Gov. Ramsey has never failed to manifest a deep interest in the material progress of the community of which he was also the second mayor. He was born at Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 8, 1815, and inherited all the elements of hardy strength and unflinching perseverance concurrent in the blood of a vigorous Scotch-German ancestry. Being left an orphan at a tender age he was early forced to earn his own living and when only thirteen years old was employed in the office of register of Deeds of Dauphin county. Later he became a student of Lafayette college, and in 1837 entered a law office in Harrisburg. He was admitted to practice in 1839 and soon after took a prominent part in the political affairs of his native state.

As chairman of the Whig State committee, in 1848, he contributed largely to the election of Gen. Zach. Taylor to the presidency, and in return was tendered the governorship of the new Territory of Minnesota.

But what a scene of future dominion met his eyes on that May day fifty years ago when he walked up from the landing into the streets of the village which had been designated as the capital of Minnesota! Deep ravines and gurgling brooks, and any number of hills covered with brush, with here and there an isolated board cabin or a pole shanty to show a sign of life, while on either side of the river Indian tepees studded the bluffs and birch-bark canoes lined the banks! Civilization on the east side represented by



The Old Central House, St. Paul, Minn., on Bench St., now Second, near corner of Minnesota St. It was the Territorial Capitol in 1849, and in its dining room the first session of the Territorial Legislature — from September 3 to November 3 — was convened.

groups of keen-eyed, bronze-skinned traders eagerly discussing the Political situation over the bar at Henry Jackson's; by swarthy Canadian Frenchmen, sitting beside their hovel doors, peacefully smoking their pipes and ever and anon smiling proudly at the innumerable little steps of humanity running hither and thither; by pioneer women of rugged build making a score of beds and cooking dinners in the same room; and, sometimes, by Indians in gorgeous array carrying home the Minne-wakan purchased with skins and furs and beaded nick-nacks! On the other side of the Mississippi, where West St. Paul now rears its stately dwellings and tall church spires, Indian squaws built camp fires and cooked, and constructed wigwams, and canoes, so that their lords should be able to enjoy life in all the fullness of the firewater procured across the river. Perchance, too, they crooned in the meanwhile to the poor little papposes strapped across their backs. It may be, all things may be, where there is no record, no foot-print, to show for what has passed away, forever beyond human ken.

Gov. Ramsey was at that time a man of such pleasing personality, such force of character and intellectual acumen, as to forthwith make him a power throughout the new territory. And even as he was known for his extreme graciousness to all, rich and poor alike, in that early day, so now, after the passage of half a century, he still retains the love and veneration of a whole city, ready to rise "and call him blessed!"

Judge Aaron Goodrich, the first chief justice, was born in Sempronius, Cayuga county, N. Y., in 1807. As a young man he practiced law in Tennessee, and was elected as a whig to the legislature of that state, later becoming a presidential elector on the whig ticket. Shortly after President Taylor's inauguration in 1849, he was appointed chief justice of the infant Territory of Minnesota. This was the beginning of a residence of all of thirty years, during which the judge as a prominent politician, a leading and charter member of secret and benevolent societies, and a brilliant writer on all topics of the day, became an invaluable factor in the molding of a city. He was a man of marked individuality, positive in all matters and radical in his denunciation of

hypocrisy and petty meanness. His decisions, handed down to the children of Time, are uniformly just and fair, showing the breadth of heart which lay beneath the folds of his judicial robe. He lived to be eighty.

As an example of his intolerance of petty injustice the story of the strong fight made by him in 1854 for the repeal of the debtor's law, which was passed by the legislature of 1849, is often told. The little wooden jail, built the following year, was frequently filled with honest, though unfortunate men, and one poor fellow died in it because he could not meet the demands of his creditors. But owing to the efforts of Judge Goodrich and a member of the House, named Davis, the obnoxious law was never allowed to stain the records of St. Paul after it became a city.



Of Alexander M. Mitchell, the first marshal, not a great deal is known, save that he was a North Carolinian, who graduated at West Point, that he studied law at Yale, and enlisted in the Mexican war, that he became a colonel, was wounded, and shortly after appointed marshal of Minnesota in 1849. Also that he was uniformly spoken of by all who knew him as a genial, whole-souled man, afraid of nothing under Heaven, and unfair at times only to himself.

In July, 1849, Gov. Ramsey commissioned John A. Wakefield a justice of the peace, the first office of the kind given in the Territory of Minnesota. In the subsequent first legislative assembly, which convened that fall, fees of justices were fixed as follows:

For a summons, warrant or subpoena	25c
For a venire	25c
Swearing a jury	25c
For taking recognizance to bail	25c
For committing to jail	25c

Not much is remembered of Mr. Wakefield, who resigned in favor of (Judge) Orlando Simons, the following November, save that he was a good temperance lecturer and an excellent writer.

The Territorial Legislature of 1849 remained in session sixty days, convening on the 3d day of November. Among other acts passed was one creating nine counties, one of them the county of Ramsey, with St. Paul as its county seat. And on Nov. 1 a bill was approved, incorporating the "Town of St. Paul." It included a provision for the election, every sixth day of May, of one president, one recorder and five trustees, each for the term of one year, the same to constitute a Town Council. They were empowered to appoint a treasurer and a marshal, and other subordinate officers. The president was also to be a justice of the peace, ex-officio, in all matters, civil or criminal.

C. V. P. Lull was the first sheriff of Ramsey county, receiving his appointment from the governor immediately after the adjournment of the legislature. He was a New Yorker and a

carpenter, a very energetic and peculiar man, though well liked by his day and generation, some of whom will even now associate the idea of early justice only with the name of Lull. He did not neglect his business on account of being sheriff; a standing "ad," in the Pioneer of 1849, reading "C. V. P. Lull, House Builder, St. Paul House," testifies to that, but it is a matter of record that during the period when the town of St. Paul was without a jail many a suspect had to spend the night on a bed of shavings in Sheriff Lull's shop, while awaiting trial.

Meanwhile, a jail was an affair of the near future. A prize of \$10 was offered in December for the best plan combining a court house and jail in one and it was won by Dr. David Day.

During the fall of 1849 a murder, the first murder in the new town, had been committed. A half-witted boy named Isaiah McMillan had shot a play fellow, Heman Snow, in the head, killing him almost instantly. His trial was the principal feature of the first district court held in Stillwater, by Judge Cooper, the following February.

The announcement of the proceeding seems almost savage in its lack of charity. Says the Minnesota Pioneer of Feb. 20, 1850:

"Isaiah McMillan, alias Slarkey, a boy about thirteen years old, indited as a murderer for shooting his schoolmate, Heman Snow, last fall in St. Paul, was tried last week in Stillwater and found guilty of manslaughter. Nothing but the most able and ingenious defense of counsel saved the boy from the halter. For prosecution Messrs. Wilkinson & Bishop, for defense Messrs. Moss and Ames." Then in another column appears the heading: "Homeopathic"! Beneath it may be read: "Judge Cooper has sentenced Isaiah McMillan, who killed Heman Snow, to the penitentiary (which meant Fort Snelling) for one year and twenty days of solitude in broken doses of ten days each."

Friday, Feb. 22, 1850, the second homicide occurred. While intoxicated Alexander McLeod killed William Gordon down in the same "Swede Hollow" which has since that day seen so many affairs of a like nature. Upon examination by Justice Wakefield the evidence was adduced that Gordon had struck McLeod with a whip at the beginning of the fray and that the latter had used his fists in self-defense. At any rate, he was acquitted on this plea when his case was tried at the first term of court held in Ramsey county, Chief Justice Goodrich presiding, April 8, 1850. The brilliance of his counsel, Hon. Edmund Rice, a prominent pioneer and later a most efficient mayor, had probably much to do with McLeod's release. Out of the twenty-five lawyers then resident in the village he had certainly chosen one of the ablest. This first term of court also marked the session of the first grand jury ever drawn for Ramsey county. There were thirteen indictments found, principally against the proprietors of gambling resorts.



Hon. Edmund Rice

It seems, however, that even as a grand jury, the session was not quite up-to-date, for, says the record, "Some of them reported for duty." Not all!

On May 6, according to the provisions of the town charter, the first election of "house-holders of the town" was held. Dr. Thomas R. Potts became president of the council, an office equivalent to that of mayor in a later day. Dr. Potts was born in Philadelphia and early received a very substantial education, graduating at the University of Pennsylvania when only twenty-one. After practicing medicine in several Mississippi ports he located permanently in St. Paul, and at the time of his death, in 1874, was known as the senior practicing physician of the city.

The rest of the officers elected were: Recorder, Edmund Rice; trustees, W. H. Forbes, B. F. Hoyt, Wm. H. Randall, Henry Jackson and A. L. Larpenteur.

Reading the first ordinances passed by the council of the little "place" which had so recently attained the dignity of town-ship, one is forcibly reminded of some of the rigid decrees enforced by the founders of the first thirteen colonies. In order to secure "peace and quietude" severe penalties were prescribed for disturbing the quiet of any street or neighborhood by "blowing horns, trumpets, or other instruments," or by "the calling of drums, tambourines, kettles, pans or other sounding vessels," or by "singing, bellowing, howling or screaming, scolding, hallowing or cursing."

But it was in the matter of Sabbath observance that the views of the early fathers of a municipality most closely resembled those of the Puritans. On a Sunday, no person was allowed to "make unusual noise," to "play at any game of amusement" to "sell or give vinous, spiritous or malt liquors." All steamers were directed to "moor quietly, discharge passengers, and proceed on trips in quiet, orderly manner." The ringing of bells and blowing of whistles was strictly prohibited. Nor were they permitted to land freight on that day. In a record of early fines occurs that of the Galena "for discharging freight on Sunday, \$22.50."



View of St. Paul in 1851. Looking up Robert Street from Third.

In June of that year a council of Sioux and Chippewa chiefs, with their agents and interpreters, was summoned by Gov. Ramsey to meet at Fort Snelling for the purpose of looking into recent Indian butcheries and to consummate one of the innumerable treaties of peace between red men which were being continually made and just as continually broken. Try as they might to confine the savages to the same laws of civil intercourse as the whites, no ordinances of the council or acts of the legislature proved equal to the emergency. The Indian braves were bound to do just as they pleased, be it to engage in murder and rapine among themselves, or in becoming general nuisances to the white settlers. Many a timid little woman of that time has still her tale to tell of the insolent invasions of her kitchen by the redskins, and of how she would bid her children go run and hide themselves the while she dealt out bread and meat and then bravely, and oh, so tremblingly, bade the intruders "Puck-a-chee" (begone) in her most severe tone of voice.

At about this time the editor of the Pioneer devotes a goodly portion of a column to denying reports then in circulation regarding the disorderliness and immorality of St. Paul, substantiating his remarks by a review of all the influences for good then extant in the community. Religious services held in five churches, and well attended; Sunday decorously observed even by non-attendants; drunkenness and gambling not openly carried on, and a growing system of public schools which would soon become a power for the undermining of municipal vice.

In the light of above editorial it is rather interesting to note that Mr. Goodhue's successor in 1852 was Joseph R. Brown, the eccentric squire of a past decade, and a still more erratic though always good-natured and large hearted editor of the era under discussion. He too, was much interested in the question of morality, but he thought St. Paul possessed too little of it and as he was a member of the senate he framed a bill "for the suppression of immorality." When read aloud by the clerk of the senate it produced no visible effect until the final clause, "Resolved, That to advance the moral character of the community no person shall be permitted to hang the undergarments of either sex on a public clothes-line, as such an act is detrimental to the public morals of the people" was reached. As may be imagined it produced an explosion of merriment quite equal to that occasioned by the later popularly famous "McHale Bill." And it was shelved in quite a similar manner, postponed — indefinitely. So much for the morals of St. Paul town!

In August, 1850, at the first county election, two constables, Warren Chapman and Warren Woodbury, were given office, with an unlimited salary payable in fees. The spoils of office did not amount to much in those days, however, for with the highest possible set of fees aggregating \$1.25, and a county of 2,197 souls as a total population to draw from, a constable could never dream of getting rich.

But to accommodate constables and all their numerous, albeit forced, hangers-on, a court-house and a jail were eminently necessary. The guardhouse at Fort Snelling had done duty long enough; and besides, there was a growing demand for a home institution — wherein to punish violators of the law. In order to raise the money for so much building, the County Board ordered the issue of some county bonds and the court house corner stone was laid early in the spring of 1851. When finished and ready for occupancy more than a year afterward, it was an imposing structure and quite as commodious and complete as it was handsome. Built of stone taken from near-by quarries, it was a model of simplicity in architecture, with its Corinthian pillared porch and dome-shaped tower.



The Original Courthouse

Freeman and Daniels were the contractors and the cost of the building was somewhere in the neighborhood of \$9,000. It occupied the site of the present city and county court house.



The Original Jail

The little old jail stood immediately in back of it, and was a much inferior edifice. Built of logs and weather-boarded, it is small wonder that this first prison of Minnesota was seldom used to effectually corral real criminals inasmuch as they usually escaped soon after entering its portals.

There were some five or six tiny rooms in it, and the windows, though well removed from the ground, were covered over with circular iron bars, wide enough apart to admit of any and all outside communication desired.

But such as it was it served the need of the times fairly well. Considering all things the little town had at this period of its development no one feature to be more proud of than of its generally good government. Border ruffianism, then rampant on the Pacific coast, and requiring the creation of vigilance committees, was unknown; "Judge Lynch" was not in existence, and with the exception of an occasional too boisterous "chivari," which resulted in riot and bloodshed, St. Paul was quite as orderly and well-behaved a little settlement as could be found anywhere in the Northwest. In speaking of those days, Mr. Simeon P. Folsom, first city surveyor, and one of the oldest living settlers of St. Paul today, says that though a town marshal's duties were such as might properly fall to a chief of police and a dozen subordinates, he was never kept busy enough to be in evidence.

Early in January Justice Orlando Simons was reinforced by Bushrod W. Lott, who received 182 votes to John F. Tehan's 119. And as a salve for his wounded feelings the latter, immediately after the charter election, was appointed town marshal by the council. Tradition has it that he made a very good one.

It is a little difficult to ascertain just in what particular the offices of sheriff and town marshal varied at this period. Minute records have been preserved of a fight which occurred on Jan. 15, 1851, between Col. Goodhue, of the Minnesota Pioneer, and Joseph Cooper, a brother of Judge Cooper, in regard to an editorial which "roasted" the latter "to a brown finish." On meeting both drew pistols, and Mr. Cooper intimated that he would blow Goodhue's --- --- brains out. With this Sheriff Lull ran up and separated the combatants, though it would seem as if the town marshal should have been on hand to do the interfering. The affair ended in Cooper's receiving a shot which rendered him a permanent invalid, while Goodhue escaped with a slight knife cut.

St. Paul was as yet a little village! Angry discussions of the merits of the case, pro and con, prevailed on every street corner, and as a last resort a public meeting was held in which peace resolutions were passed proving an effectual aid to the restoration of general good feeling.

From that time on until the incorporation of the city of St. Paul, in 1854, elections and murders seem to have been the chief affairs worthy of municipal record. Robert Kennedy and Bushrod W. Lott succeeded Dr. Potts as president of the town board, and Michael Cummings and John M. Castner were the last town marshals.

Be it remarked that a town marshal in those primitive days had to rely solely on his strength of fist and skillful handling of a weapon, in the matter of enforcing authority, for he wore neither uniform nor badge whereby to distinguish his calling and command obedience.

Of the murders committed during 1852 and 1853, some five or six in all, and among them a wife-murder, only one perpetrator was brought to justice. All the rest escaped and when one reads how easily an escape was effected, one is also tempted to question the need of early police courts or police power, inasmuch as the only prisoners of the law seem to have been children and Indians, either too weak or too proud to fly the country.

A singular paragraph appearing in a paper of that day, plainly illustrates the lax-ness of local police government in 1852.

"Perfectly Indifferent. Shipler took so little interest in his suit that he actually put out without waiting to hear the judgment of the court, and has left town."

Think of a modern prisoner on trial for assault with intent to kill, trying to "put out" of a courtroom, and to leave town! And, what is more, to succeed in so doing.

It seems that, with a little discrimination as to the color of the victim the Indians could also find escape an easy matter. One morning the body of a Winnebago Indian, nick-named "Dr. Johnson," was discovered in a clump of bushes near the centre of town. On taking charge of it Sheriff Lull and the county coroner decided that the man had been stabbed by a member of his own tribe, having been last seen in company with several other braves, and forthwith a detachment of soldiers was sent to apprehend the murderer at the Winnebago encampment. The question being put to the Indians assembled, one of them, Standing Lodge, coolly replied "I did it!" explaining that he had acted in compliance to a decree of his tribe which adjudged his victim deserving of death.

On being told to accompany the squad, Standing Lodge gathered up his blanket and without a word of protest, marched into town, unfettered, unresisting, an impersonation of stern and savage stoicism being led to the sacrificial altar of civilization. As the jail was not finished he was kept in Sheriff Lull's carpenter shop and did not make an effort to escape, much less to conceal his guilt, for at the preliminary examination he repeatedly answered "I did it."

As the county did not care to bear the burden of his board and keep he was released on his own recognizance until the next meeting of the grand jury. And when he heard the number of days he was to stay away, he cut a corresponding number of notches in the stick he carried.

Most of the townspeople never expected to see him again and were greatly surprised to find him sitting on the court-house steps the very day of the opening. But perhaps his was a case of tempting Fate and getting left. At any rate, being he had murdered "only an Indian," public sentiment discouraged his prosecution and though he daily attended the sessions of the jury and nightly slept on the shavings of the sheriff's carpenter shop, the case was never brought to trial, a shoving over to the next term of court resulting in dismissal.

But the Indian who murdered a white woman, Mrs. Keener, in October, 1852, fared in a vastly different manner. His name was Yu-ha-see, and inasmuch as his counsel, none other than ex-Chief Justice Goodrich, invariably referred to him as "my client Ahasuerus," he may have been very properly entitled to an appeal. Summary justice was meted out to him. He was taken to Fort Snelling Tuesday, indicted by the Grand Jury Thursday, tried and convicted of murder Friday, and on Saturday sentenced to be hung, Judge Hayner presiding. If the statute at that time had not ordained the lapse of a year between sentence and execution, "Ahasuerus" would probably have unwittingly obeyed the Scriptural injunction as to "six days shalt thou labor," and have rested forever, on the seventh. As it was he was not hung till two years later, and so, with its incorporation as a city St. Paul also had a condemned murderer within its city limits, awaiting early city justice.

CHAPTER II

FIRST CITY ELECTION IN 1854 — FIRST CITY OFFICIALS — ORLANDO SIMONS ADMINISTERS A MORE VIGOROUS METHOD OF APPREHENDING CRIME — PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST CITY COUNCIL — DUTIES OF THE FIRST CITY MARSHAL — IMMENSE IMMIGRATION BEGINS IN 1855 AND WITH IT COMES GENERAL LAWLESSNESS AND DISORDER — A POLICE FORCE IS ORGANIZED ON MAY 30TH, 1856 — HENRY GALVIN ONLY MEMBER OF THE FORCE NOW LIVING — A CITY HALL AND JAIL IS BUILT; THE MAN WHO FURNISHES THE MONEY TO BUILD IT IS THE FIRST PRISONER — A STAR IS PROCURED FOR POLICEMEN — THE PRESENT COUNTY JAIL WAS BUILT IN 1857 — A REAL ESTATE BOOM OCCURS — THEN FOLLOWS THE LAMENTABLE PANIC OF 1857 — MINNESOTA BECOMES A STATE IN 1858 — A WOMAN IS SENTENCED TO HANG — A VOLUNTEER POLICE DEPARTMENT — REGULAR PAID POLICE DEPARTMENT REORGANIZED IN 1863 — THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A FORCE OF DETECTIVES — A NEW CHARTER IS GRANTED IN 1868 — A FEMALE PRISON IS ESTABLISHED — A BRIDGE IS BUILT CONNECTING DAYTON'S BLUFF WITH THE CITY — ST. PAUL DOUBLES ITS POPULATION DURING THE PERIOD 1860 TO 1870 — WEST ST. PAUL IS ANNEXED TO ST. PAUL IN 1874 AND THE POPULATION IS INCREASED TO 30,000.

1854! The year in which a city, an infant named St. Paul, was born to the then youngest daughter of the Union, Minnesota — "Whitish Water." And even as on the day of birth, March 4th, the grand old "Father of Waters" the mighty Mississippi, smiled paternally on the active little hamlet, so since that time, throughout its many stages of progress, it has never ceased to be reliant on the river for mercantile profit, for unalloyed enjoyment and for all the magnificence of scenery which has made St. Paul justly famous in the estimation of a beauty-loving world.

With the coming of 1854 St. Paul numbered 4,000 souls and the city valuation was \$1,300,000. Small wonder that the tax-payers of that day concluded that the incorporation of a city was an eminently fitting, if not an imperatively necessary event.

Just a month from the time of its incorporation, on April 4, 1854, the first city election was held, resulting in an even admixture of Whigs and Democrats, as follows:

Mayor — David Olmstead.

Treasurer — D. Rohrer.

City Marshal — Wm. R. Miller.

City Justice — Orlando Simons.

Aldermen — R. C. Knox, A. C. Chamblin, R. Marvin, A. L. Larpenteur, F. Fanning, C. S. Cave, George L. Becker, Jno. R. Irvine, J. M. Stone.

The first mayor, David Olmstead, had been a member of the town council and an editor of the Democrat, so that he was tolerably well versed in the study of municipal economy before assuming a leadership. He was born in Vermont in 1822 and early became an Indian trader, following the Winnebagoes in their journeys westward as far as Long Prairie; where he opened a store. In 1849 he was elected a member of the first territorial council, becoming the president of that body, and later on, in 1851, was a "town father." After that he settled down in a little white frame house on the corner of Third and Wabasha sts., writing the views and setting the type of the Minnesota Democrat. And in 1854 he stepped from the editorial sanctum into the office of mayor, a first chief executive of whose broadminded, liberal policy the city of St. Paul may well feel proud, inasmuch as it contributed vastly to its growth and progress. Like the present mayor, Mr. Olmstead was an extremely polite man, serenely dignified, and yet alert and active in every movement which he deemed practical, or which had enlisted his sympathies. He remained in office one year, removing to Winona in 1855, and during the same year becoming a nominee for congress on the anti-slavery ticket. Ill health overtook him soon after, and he died in 1861 when only thirty-nine years of age.

Of the first city marshal, and in fact the first chief of police, ex-officio, "Bill Miller," little is known today, save that he came to the village in the early fifties and soon became a power in the community. A man of generous physical proportions, he was of a very hearty, sociable disposition, but invariably attentive to the performance of duty, as represented by attendance at every council meeting, and obedience to all the ordinances passed by that august body.

Judge Orlando Simons, the first police judge of the infant city, was until within the past decade a familiar figure on the streets. He was born in New York in 1824, and was educated in the schools of Elmira and Chester. As a slender legal fledgeling he came to St. Paul in 1849, finding, however, that the law had already too many "lean, lank representatives on deck." But, nothing daunted, he set to work at the trade of a carpenter, which he had acquired early in life, and was soon lifted into his proper sphere by being elected a successor of Justice Wakefield, in 1850. When a city justice, it is said he often made the "fur fly," but his vigorous methods of apprehending crime and prompt action afterward were well suited to the needs of that primitive period. In 1875 he was appointed associate judge of the common pleas court of Ramsey county and remained on the bench seven years. His death occurred Nov. 9, 1890.

The proceedings in manuscript of the first city council, are interesting reading and a valuable contribution to history. Even a casual glance through the time-worn yellow pages will convince one that of all early officials, the city marshal worked hardest. At least the duties assigned him are most voluminous; he certainly seems to have been "chief cook and bottle-washer," in the municipal kitchen, during the whole of his incumbency. For instance: He was required to attend the common council at their several meetings; to act as their rental agent and general purveyor;

to rent market stalls; to issue licenses for dogs, shows, liquor stores and billiard rooms, and to impose fines for failure to comply with his mandates; to collect wharfage on steamboats; to keep streets and sidewalks clean; to destroy squatter shanties; to select such lots at the cemetery as the burial of paupers might require; and the last, but not the least, of his injunctions appears in the form of a suggestion in an early issue of the Pioneer: "The corporation ought to instruct the marshal to shoot down every swine found in the streets after suitable notice to the owners and thus settle the matter at once." Hunting in those days came easy, to a chief of police. But besides all aforesaid methods of recreation he had also to patrol the streets, and be on hand to interfere in every passing brawl. And in return he received the magnificent stipend of \$400 per annum, and ten per cent of all monies collected by him for fines and licenses. The regular salary as voted by the common council, was \$300. but it was increased \$100 in lieu of services rendered in attendance on that body. Marshal Miller had, on assuming his position, to give two bonds in the sum of \$2,500.

The salary of Judge Simons, as city Justice, was \$250 per annum. In addition he was allowed to collect regular fees in all civil cases.

With the passing of a resolution voting a regular salary to the city justice a clamor arose for the same liberality(?) toward the three ward justices, and for a time the matter proved a source of agitation. But the city was too small, the city treasury too empty, and the county taxes too heavy, to admit of such extravagance and the justices were forced to return to all their former schemes for increasing fees.

Of one of these early legal lights, Le May, a French Canadian, a story is told which might have served him well in the early days of Fargo, had he chosen to make his subsequent home there instead of in Pembina. He had married a couple and received the customary greenback. The next day they returned and wanted the knot untied; marriage had proven, even for a day, an utter, utter failure. "N'importe," quoth the fat little justice, and straightway declared he would annul the whole affair, certificate and all, on payment of a five-dollar gold piece. And to suit his action to the word, at sight of the money he tore up the certificate and pronounced them free.

The common council chamber was at this time composed of three rooms above the jewelry store of Nathan Spicer, on 3d st., between Minnesota and Cedar, and the rent paid monthly was \$12. A market-house on the corner of 7th and Wabasha had been built not long before this, in 1853, by Vetel Guerin, and was rented by him to the city for \$152.50 per quarter annum. It was in the second story of this old red brick market house, afterwards bought by the city for \$20,000, that the early municipal court was held, called then, as it often is now, the "police court."

On Dec. 29, 1854, occurred the first execution in Ramsey county, that of Yu-ha-see. Though he undoubtedly deserved death, the mode of it and the brutal treatment he received during the period of his incarceration, are a blot on the fair fame of the growing little city. The hanging took place on a bitter cold day, and as the poor, friendless creature was marched to the scaffold, erected on an exposed plot of ground covering what is now the brow of St. Anthony Hill, he was followed by a yelling, hooting mob, who seemed to delight in the fact that he shivered with the cold. Indeed the whole affair, beginning with his extremely scanty attire and ending in a

prolonged death struggle, was treated as a huge joke by the crowds who had gathered, en masse, to pass rude, indecent remarks and to jeer at the soul launched into eternity by Sheriff Lull.

In September of this year a resolution passed the common council which authorized Marshal Miller to appoint "a city police of such numbers and at such times as in his opinion the same may be necessary for the public safety." But of these early "special" police, if any were appointed, nothing is known today. According to all records, "Bill Miller" seems to have been "left alone in his glory" until a much later day.

During one of the December sessions of the city fathers a salary of \$300 per annum was voted the mayor, and of \$3.00 per week to the aldermen, And accordingly at the next meeting orders were drawn on the city treasurer to meet the various amounts. But within another week the tide turned in the form of an ordinance rescinding the measure entirely "in as far as same contemplates any pay for future services." And thus it is not known just how well or ill the first mayor and aldermen fared, for with this injunction affixed not even the treasury orders may have been cashed. It certainly speaks well for this pioneer body to note that they firmly believed in "charity ending, not beginning, at home."

The first murder committed in the newly incorporated city was in June, W. W. Hickcox, a druggist, had an altercation with a drayman named Peltier, in regard to a delivery of goods. A blow with a dray-pin wielded by Peltier, fractured his skull and he died very soon after. But Peltier, though arrested and tried for homicide, managed, like some ten or twelve before him, to effectually cheat the gallows.

Gov. Alexander Ramsey, having been succeeded by Willis A. Gorman, became the second mayor of St. Paul, April 4, 1855. In his opening address to the council an allusion is made to questions which have sorely beset many a mayor since his day. After a review of public issues then at stake, Mayor Ramsey says:

"I trust that every citizen when he observes infractions of the laws; violations of the public order and public morals, will remember that idle complaining without efficient action, is the reverse of duty; that there is a police justice for the city, whose office is always open to hear legitimate complaints and who will promptly summon offenders to answer to the laws for any offense against them, that there is a city marshal who wilt not shrink from performing the duties of his office; and that the mayor of the city, besides presiding at the meetings of the council, has no power to interfere except to see that the charter officers perform their respective duties, or, in the unusual case of riot or resistance to the laws, to embody a special police levied from the mass of the citizens for the occasion."

The aldermen elected for the second year were: Wm. H. Nobles, C. H. Schurmeier, C. S. Cave, A. L. Larpenteur, J. R. Irvine, A. G. Fuller. Both Marshal Miller and Police Judge Simons remained in office through many succeeding elections.



View of St. Paul in 1855

At the beginning of 1855 St. Paul had a population of 4,716, and at the end there were so many new inhabitants, in the hotels, in improvised boarding houses, in squatter shanties and "camping out," that it was impossible to count them. And as 1855 was the first great year of immigration, so, too, it was the year in which St. Paul began to acquire a reputation for general lawlessness and disorder, caused by the unprecedented rush of travel into and through it.



Gen. George L. Becker

St. Paul's third mayor, George L. Becker, elected April 4, 1856, is still living, a hale and hearty, handsome type of "three score and ten," at its best. He was born in New York, in 1829, and after receiving an elementary education there became a student in the University of Michigan, graduating in 1846. For three years following he read law with a celebrated firm of that day and then, in 1849, came westward, establishing himself as one of the first territorial settlers, and a member of the firm of Rice, Becker & Whitall. A year after it became Rice, Hollinshead & Becker and remained in practice until 1855, when Mr. Rice withdrew. The election of Mr. Becker to the mayoralty in 1856 caused his retirement from active professional life, inasmuch as from that time to this he has continuously occupied positions of public trust. In 1857 he was elected a member of congress, but the state being entitled to only two members, instead of the three elected, he could not take his seat. In 1862 he became Land Commissioner of the St. Paul & Pacific railway, and two years later, president of the road, holding that position twelve years, and during the time doing much to advance civilization in the Northwest by means of railroad enterprises, and a deep personal interest in the material progress of St. Paul. The latter quality was especially evinced throughout the two terms served by Gen. Becker as Senator from Ramsey county, late in the '60's. He is at present a member of the Railroad & Warehouse Commission.

The village was rapidly becoming a city, not only in growth of population and progress, but in a sudden accumulation of vice and crime directly attributable to the real estate mania, which had

brought many gamblers and "black-legs," as well as other undesirable citizens in its wake. "Bill" Miller could no longer hold his own, and so, on May 30, 1856, the first police force of St. Paul came into existence, with the city marshal as its chief. Four patrolmen were elected by the council, all of whom have long since passed out of the life of St. Paul, if indeed they have not exchanged that of the world for the slumber of eternity. They were John Gabel, Nicholas Miller, M. C. Hardwig and Edward Maher, and they were paid \$1.50 for every day of service.

John Gabel and Nicholas Miller soon dropped out, it seems, for when in the fall of 1856, the real police department, consisting of one chief, three captains and nine men, was organized by the mayor, their names are not included in the roster which reads thus: City marshal or chief of police, Wm. Miller; captain 1st district, Solomon Walters. Police: Wm. H. Spitzer, Smith McAuley, Jos. Fadden. Captain, 2d district, Bert Miller. Police: Wm. Tonika, Andrew Sanberg, Aspinwall Cornwall. Captain, 3d district, Jas. Gooding. Police: M. C. Hardwig, Henry Galvin, Edward Maher. The mayor's message, accompanying the notice of appointment, strongly recommends a "ball and chain gang" as "an antidote to police rule."

Of all these men, pioneers of law and order, and harbingers of a newer, better civilization, only one, Henry Galvin, now the sergeant of arms in the council chamber, lives to tell the tale of a struggle with conditions which today seem but as shadows of a well-nigh forgotten past. Mr. Galvin was born in Ireland in 1830, and when twenty-two years of age emigrated to Connecticut. In 1855 he was married to Miss Mary Mullen and during the same year "set up house-keeping" in the little city which, grown large and strong, is still his home. Then, in August, 1856, he became one of the first policemen and has been on the force, with the exception of odd intervals, ever since.

His position of sergeant at arms was given him Jan. 1, 1896.

For a while he drew a pension in addition to the little stipend of \$20 a month attached to the office, but when police pensions were abolished, he, too, lost what had seemed a protection to his old age.

The pay of captains was at the time fixed as \$2 per day. As to the size of a district, a fair estimate would be that it contained about 2,000 people or one-third of the population, but owing to the residence portion of St. Paul being so widely scattered even then it is more likely that districts were formed with regard to area of territory rather than the number of inhabitants they contained. The salary of City Justice Simons was increased to \$500 per annum in view of the larger duties entailed by a well policed community.

The immediate cause of the enlargement of the force within three months of its establishment was a murder, one of those murders which so often occurred in the early days of St. Paul, unshrouded, unavenged, and one might almost surmise — unlamented, by reason of the leniency accorded the perpetrator. On July 9, the lifeless body of George R. McKensie, proprietor of the Mansion House, which stood on the bluff at the foot of Minnesota st., was found floating in the river, bearing every evidence of desperate treatment and robbery. During the spring a man named Robert Johnson had met the same fate at the hands of highwaymen, and so numerous were the crimes committed by the bands of brutal and drunken desperadoes who swarmed through the

streets and thronged the wharf, that at a public meeting, called for the purpose of preserving law and order and preventing further crime, a secret vigilance committee was appointed to patrol the streets at night, and thus effectually aid the first four policemen, who were unable to cope with the situation. This remedy for signal abuses, used for the first, but not the last time in St. Paul during the dreadful summer of 1856, proved entirely too much for the disorderly element, and what with a force of twelve men to hold it in check, St. Paul soon experienced a restoration to as much of its former order as was possible under varied and ever changing conditions.



The old City Hall, Postoffice and Cathedral

Aug. 12, 1856, the common council directed the purchase of a lot on the corner of Fifth and Washington sts., for the sum of \$1,500. It was the site of the city hall, which was so long a familiar landmark to the growing generation. A "lock-up" on the first story was included in the contract, which amounted to \$6,500, payment to be made in city bonds at par. Be it said that these bonds were bought up by a certain "Baron von Glahn," a capitalist and also a man of somewhat convivial spirits, evidenced by the curious fact that he was one of the first "D. D.'s" to taste the comforts of the new jail after its completion. Albert Fuller & Co. and George Scott were the contractors, and the building, a stone structure of a commodious, old-fashioned aspect, well-shaded by spreading oaks and tall poplars, long since hewn down by the "hand of progress" (?) and with its ground floor walls well placarded by virtue of sundry official notices, became a permanent fixture of the city early in the spring of 1857.

The new jail contained "six iron cages," and was in every way superior to the one torn down. The petition of a workingman who it seems was really unjustly imprisoned in the old log jail just before it was demolished serves as an apt illustration of what used to be the fate of petty sinners. Written Nov. 25, 1856, it reads: "To the Honorable Mayor and Common Council of the City of St. Paul: Learning from a friend that your honorable body will sit in council this afternoon at 3 o'clock I avail myself of the opportunity as a so-called criminal to lay before your honorable body my situation. On the 16th inst. for no other crime under Heaven but lawfully and honestly asking my hard-earned wages, I was taken in custody by a police officer in this city, brought before Justice Simons, prosecuted and fined in the penal sum of \$100. I am still incarcerated in a place not fit for a human being, but better adapted for a hog pen. I, therefore, most respectfully pray that your honorable body will take into consideration my situation and if possible, release me from this cursed prison and your petitioner will as in duty bound ever pray. John Tucker."

At one of the council sessions a provision was made allowing John Gabel, a member of the first police quartette, 75 cents a day for the board of prisoners confined in the lock-up.

May 29, 1856, the city clerk was directed by the council to procure a "star" for the city marshal and the police officers, and later on, in October, it was decided the words "St. Paul Police" be engraved thereon. The chief, however, was exempted from wearing this badge "in a conspicuous position."

To John Ball Brisbin belongs the honor of having been elected fourth mayor on the Democratic ticket. "entirely without opposition," April 4, 1857. He was a native of Saratoga. N. Y., and was born in 1827. His parents were both distinguished — his father as a prominent physician and his mother because of her close relationship to George Washington — and young Brisbin spent his early youth surrounded by all the comfort and refinement of environment commensurate with their station in life. He went to school in Troy and Schuylersville, and later at Yale college, acquired a literary reputation which was at one time national. After graduation he read law with several leading New York firms, and in 1849 was admitted to the bar. In 1853 he located in St. Paul, and was soon a leader of the Democratic party in Minnesota, becoming city attorney, and later, president of the territorial council (senate) in 1856. Then, in 1857 he became mayor by a unanimous vote, and from that time until his death, which occurred March 22, 1898, was a continual factor in its growth and development. To him, more than to any other one man St. Paul owes its present position as the possessor of a new capitol, which, when finished, will be unrivalled in magnificence of site or structure, for it was his ruling, while president of the senate, which saved the capitol from being removed to St. Peter in 1857. He was a man of brilliant mentality and great oratorical ability, eloquent to a degree which invariably carried weight with a jury, and possessed of more than ordinary personal magnetism.

Early in January, 1857, another brutal murder roused the community. Henry Schroeder, a German tailor, who lived alone in his little shop, was found there with his skull fractured and not a clue to his slayer was ever discovered. St. Paul was yet to learn the value of expert detective service.

In March of this year the building of the present Ramsey county jail was begun on a contract for \$10,000. being awarded to Day & Grace. Official audits say, however, that it cost considerably more before it was completed. To make room for it the little old log jail was torn down, but it will probably not be within the knowledge of the present generation that a like fate is given the solid mass of brick and stone which occupies a goodly portion of the handsome court house square, immediately adjoining the city and county building, of which St. Paul is justly proud.

It seems small wonder murders were committed when never a murderer was brought to justice. Though one of them, "Mike Smith," a notorious thug, was pursued as far as St. Louis by Sheriff Prince, he, too, escaped, leaving the blood of another victim, Peter W. Trotter, to "cry aloud for vengeance."

But there were many victims of another kind in store for St. Paul, victims of a mania which reached its height in the summer of 1857, the "real estate craze," a blind, mad rush for land, unsurpassed in the annals of Northwestern history. Land in sight or land on paper, it mattered

not; everybody — farm hands, clerks, merchants — all bought land and the sharpers who had but a paper townsite to show in lieu of pockets full of gold went on their way down the river rejoicing. Gamblers, con-men, thieves, and bad women thronged the hotels and streets. St. Paul had grown to be the "fastest" town on the river. Money was plenty, official salaries went up, the mayor suddenly found a vision of \$800 staring him in the face, and the aldermen, hitherto so free from monetary burdens drew \$500 each for that year's "householding." But the marshal, working day and night to keep the city's moral sidewalks clean, had his salary decreased just \$100 a year for his pains. The pay of captains was raised to \$2.50, and that of the men to \$2 a day.

Then came the crash of 1857, and St. Paul awoke from its dizzy dream of fictitious values to find itself a financial, if not a moral, bankrupt. Oh, the bitterness of those days of reconstruction — the mortgage sales! The wholesale poverty! The business wrecks! Few of the merchants were able to weather the storm and the population, which had increased "a floating three thousand" during the summer, fell off almost 50 per cent. The September census showed St. Paul as having 9,973 inhabitants.

The vigilance committee was again called upon for night duty during that very flush summer, when twelve policemen were hard put to preserve daylight peace, as well as midnight quiet. Fires and riots had occurred galore — but after the panic set in all was at a standstill; for awhile there was not even any arresting to be done. It was the familiar old story of "the devil turned monk," only that in this case the devil skipped down the river and left the monk behind to reap his wild oats.

On April 4, 1858, the spring election occurred and Norman Wolfred Kittson became the mayor of St. Paul.

With a record of over fifty years spent in the Northwest Norman W. Kittson might well be supposed to possess qualities of heart and mind and a gift for pioneer organization well adapted to the needs of one of the first mayors of St. Paul. He was born in Lower Canada in 1814, and was a grandson of John Kittson, who fought with Gen. Wolfe at the siege of Quebec. When sixteen he became an employe of the American Fur Company, and four years later took a position in the sutler's department at Fort Snelling, beginning, while there, a friendship with Henry H. Sibley which lasted throughout the lives of both men. In 1839 he established a trading post near St. Anthony Falls, and in 1843 became a partner of the American Fur Company, shipping furs in little wooden carts along the Red River route from Pembina to Mendota for many years. Immediately after the organization of Minnesota he served five terms in the legislature as a representative of the Pembina district, and such was his rugged strength at that time that he frequently made the entire trip, 500 miles, on snowshoes, using a dog sledge only in extremely severe weather, and having to rely on his own resources for food and shelter in the absence of human habitations. As "His Honor" of 1858 he did much to resuscitate St. Paul from the material damper cast on it by the collapse of the first "real estate boom." In early days he established a line of steamers plying the Mississippi, then he became prominently identified with railroad affairs. His family was at one time very large, but has been greatly decreased by death. He died May 10, 1888.

In May, 1858, Minnesota was admitted as a state, and the city of St. Paul was reincorporated with four wards, the capitol remaining there, despite much opposition.

A new chief of police, in fact, the first, officially elected as such, made his appearance this year in the person of J. W. Crosby, who seems to have succeeded in pleasing the common council far more than did the rotund, easy-going, yet ever-rushing ex-officio chief, "Bill" Miller. His salary was fixed at \$1,000 per annum, and his bonds at \$3,000. The mayor's salary remained \$800, and the captains of police were given \$3, the privates \$2.50 a day, an increase of 50 cents per diem.

Early in February a question which has ever since proven debatable, municipal ground, stirred up a tempest in the council teapot. The committee on police had dared send in the following report: "Your committee would further recommend that a portion of the police be discharged and that some Germans be appointed in their stead. The police force are as follows: Three Americans, six Irish and two French."

How little that committee dreamed that the day of the German was yet to come, and how wasted were the many angry flings and bitter retorts which filled the air of that council chamber so long ago, during the warm debate on an endless issue which is today quite as deplorable a political factor as it was then. But unlike that of today, the nationality question of 1858 was promptly nipped in the bud and laid on the shelf, the aldermen becoming agreed on the passage of the following resolution:

"The appointment of the police force of this city is vested in the mayor, therefore: Resolved, that the Common Council has nothing to do with the nationality of police so appointed by the mayor."

The city treasury seems to have been rather empty this year, at any rate there was much bickering over police salaries during the months of June and July. Finally, on Aug. 3. the pay of the chief of police was decreased to \$2.50 a day, and that of officers and turnkeys fixed at \$2. After Oct. 1 captains received \$2.75 and men \$2.25 a day.

On Aug. 30 the force was composed of the following men: J. W. Crosby, chief: Wm. Renniger, Am. Dufor, A. J. Church, Judson Parker, John Killroy, James Gooding, James Fitzgerald, George Morton, Edward Maher, Johnson Colter, Henry Galvin, Wm. Smith, James Waters, John Bresett.

A resolution was passed at this time requiring all policemen to wear a band with the words "City Police" on it in the front of their hats or caps, said bands to be provided by the mayor at city expense.

During the early years of patrol duty the levee and the streets which ran parallel to it were the only well policed parts of the city. All wickedness, unless indeed it were Indian treachery, traveled river-bound in those days and incoming vagabonds were comparatively easy to get rid of if intercepted at the landing. It was a time of religious revival besides, and religion in primeval days was a great preserver of peace in interior neighborhoods, so much so that they seldom needed police protection.

Col. D. A. Robertson, who on May 3, 1859, took his place as sixth mayor of St. Paul, was a Pennsylvanian of Highland Scotch descent. He was admitted to the bar of New York in 1839, but soon after located in Ohio as the editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer and Mount Vernon Banner. In 1844 he became United States marshal for the state of Ohio, holding the position four years. The first tide of territorial immigration brought him to Minnesota and from the time of his landing in 1850 to the day of his death in May, 1895, he was continually active in seeking the welfare of his adopted state and city, whether at home or abroad. It was he who established the Minnesota Democrat immediately after his arrival in St. Paul. A mayor in 1859, he was a sheriff two terms, beginning with 1862, a member of the house of representatives in 1866 and 1867, and later a promoter of many state and city enterprises dealing with the furtherance of science and literature.

With the spring of 1859 affairs in St. Paul began to look brighter, a permanent era of prosperity was just at its dawning and the sand-hills of the past were fast giving way to the limestone foundations on which St. Paul has built her present reputation for solidity. Municipal issues also began to have a fixed aspect; the police department was allowed fourteen members, one chief, one captain and twelve men and the question of salary was settled at the beginning of the official year. Chief of police \$600 per annum, captain of police \$60 a month, officers \$40 a month, jailers and turnkeys \$1 a day, city justice \$600 per annum.

A woman was sentenced to be hung that spring for the first and only time in the history of Minnesota. She had committed a murder — it was the old, old story — an ugly old man; divorcee in triplicate; a fair young wife, buxom beauty with a past; an overly assiduous hired man, loving and loved in turn; a faithless hired girl, who refused to forget that she had bought arsenic for her mistress. And so, because of the sudden death of "Polander" Bilansky, living on a claim called "Oak Point," now part of Arlington Heights, March 11, 1859, Anne Bilansky, his wife, was arrested and indicted for murder in the first degree, arsenic, being found in the dead man's stomach. And on June 3, after a fair trial and an unusually brilliant defense by ex-Gov. W. A. Gorman, she was sentenced to death by hanging, the governor fixing March 23, 1860, as the date.

Quite a number of the members of the legislature were opposed to capital punishment, and a bill was passed commuting the death sentence to life imprisonment. But Gov. Ramsey would not sign it, saying that the case did not call for executive clemency.

The gallows was erected on the court house square in the yard at the rear of the jail, and although a high board fence enclosed it, thousands of people who had not been able to force their way in were able to get a full view of the gruesome proceedings from the tops of the many small hills near by. Anne Bilansky met her fate calmly, cheerfully saying good-bye to her few friends, and to the very last protesting her innocence. Death came within a few minutes after the adjustment of the noose at 10 o'clock a. m. by Sheriff Tullis, and within an hour the mortal remains of the first executed murderess had been deposited in the Catholic burial ground.

Col. John Stoughtenburgh Prince, seventh and tenth chief executive of St. Paul, and of whom it used to be said, "You can't beat Prince for mayor," was a native of Ohio and born in 1821. He was early left fatherless, and as a mere child went into the world to begin a career which, notwithstanding many hardships and privations, was uniformly successful. In 1840 he entered

the employ of the American Fur Co., and from 1842 to 1854 was engaged in superintending the land and lumber interests of the Choteaus, in St. Louis, up in the Northwest region. Aside from his own real estate and logging investments he was prominently identified with the commercial life of the growing metropolis as one of its first insurance men, first railroad directors, and first bankers. His military title was earned while a member of Gen. Sibley's staff. As a mayor he was always stirring and active, carrying the city through the beginning of the civil war with consummate tact and a courage of conviction which tided over many an emergency. His death occurred in September, 1895.

A census taken in June, 1860, by John M. Lamb, deputy marshal, was reported thus: Population of the city, 10,279; native born, 5,620; foreign born, 4,659.

With the business depression resulting from forebodings of civil war city salaries took a downward leap, the new chief of police, John O'Gorman, receiving \$500, and the captain \$480 per annum, whilst those of policemen were cut to \$30 a month. Police salaries paid out from March 31, 1859, to March 31, 1860, aggregated \$7,586.37.

As was quite natural, owing to the extremely unsettled condition of all things, municipal affairs remained at a standstill during the entire war period. Mayor Prince was re-elected to office in 1861 and 1862, and was largely instrumental in enforcing city provision for the families of soldiers, as well as preserving rigid law and order within city limits. In his opening address to the council April 8, 1862, he speaks of complaint having been made by the press against the police force, but affirms that after a careful investigation he has found no sufficient reason for making changes.

The force at this time had been greatly curtailed, seven men besides the chief and captain comprising the police department. In May the mayor was authorized to appoint two extra policemen to do night and day duty at the levee. Salaries at this time rose to \$460 per annum for patrolmen and turnkeys, with a corresponding decrease in that of Police Justice Nelson Gibbs, who received \$400 instead of the \$500 allowed in 1861.

On Aug. 19, 1862, just after Minnesota had sent her last five regiments down the river, among the number of volunteers being three St. Paul policemen, Mayor Prince, in a lengthy communication to the council, advised the adoption of an entirely new and decidedly unique police measure. The force, for the preceding three years reduced to its lowest practicable number, had, with a loss of its three soldier members, grown too small, according to His Honor, to afford St. Paul sufficient protection. And the treasury of the Sainly City, depleted by its heavy war drain, was really too empty to permit of enlargement of the police department, consequently the mayor moved for a dismissal of every man on a beat, and the establishment of a "home guard." Each ward was to enroll the names of sixty of its citizens who would be willing to serve upon the patrol without pay, and then to designate two of their number to serve one night in a month. There were then four wards. So much for a night guard. During the day the constables of the several wards were to do police duty for the fees, the whole force to be under the control of the former chief and captain. James Gooding was at this time in command, succeeding H. H. Western at the election in April, 1862.

So for one winter at a time when love of country surmounted even that of home and order, St. Paul was nightly patrolled by a volunteer police force. During the day the six remaining policemen, not the constables, as intimated, preserved municipal peace.

Where is the man who does not delight in both a semblance of the military and a social club? Hardly had a "home guard" been mentioned as a possibility when meetings were called in every ward for the purpose of organization. The First Ward Home Guards were first to come to the front, William B. Langley being chosen captain; Charles L. Wood, first lieutenant, and William Leip, second lieutenant.

The company numbered over sixty men, and according to the "City News" of that time "night-hawking" became wonderfully popular when looked upon as a necessary evil by wives and mothers at home.

There were fully one hundred members in the Third Ward company, the officers of which were: Captain, C. C. Lund; first lieutenant, H. Schiffbauer; second lieutenant, I. V. D. Heard.

In mentioning the selection of the Fifth Ward Co. officers as captain, A. T. Chamblin; first lieutenant, Harvey Officer, and second lieutenant, J. H. Conaway, the Daily Pioneer adds: "A very good selection we think."

The "Lower Town Home Guards," composed mostly of influential German citizens, organized Saturday night, September 6. Ferdinand Willius was elected captain, and the other officers were: First lieutenant D. S. Stomles; second lieutenant George Constans; treasurer, C. H. Schurmeier; secretary, Charles Passavant.

D. A. Monfort, who died very recently, was secretary of the Fourth Ward Guards. A. J. Chamblin became major of the little regiment, drilling it so effectively as to inspire a taste for war even among those citizens who most severely denounced governmental drafting.



A curious little newspaper item, clipped from among a veritable volume of war notes and stories, is illustrative of some of the social conditions prevalent in 1862. Says the editor:

"A fair specimen of mob law was exhibited on Third street yesterday afternoon. While Officers Patterson and Pendergast were carrying a man under arrest to the calaboose they were surrounded by thirty or more men, who demanded the prisoner. The officers refused to give him up, when the mob rescued him from them and allowed him to escape. Among the leaders we noticed several citizens who we would have supposed far above such an act. We are glad to say, however, that a number of the rascals have been arrested and will be properly dealt with for resisting officers in the discharge of their duty."

We notice furthermore that six of the "prominent citizens" were fined \$5 and costs by Justice Gibbs.

Burglars evidently did not fear hangmen in those halcyon days of warlike serenity. On Oct. 2, 1862, a burglar entered the residence of Sheriff Tullis and escaped with a goodly armful of valuables.

Of Mayor John Esaias Warren, elected in the spring of 1863, not much is known now except that a half century ago he was an important factor in local politics, a law partner of Joseph Wakefield, formerly town justice, in 1852, and that when elected to office he received the warm support of many political enemies, because of his pronounced attitude on the war question. He was subsequently United States district attorney, and finally moved to Chicago, where he became lost to the sight of St. Paul and its citizens. He died in Brussels, Belgium, July 6, 1896.

At the first council meeting of 1863 a provision was made for a regular and paid police department, consisting of one chief at \$600; one captain at \$500, and seven privates at \$480 per annum. Mayor Warren, however, in a subsequent communication, objected seriously to the small number of patrolmen. saying there should be twelve, but that at least three new men must be enrolled for the sake of public peace and safety. The letter, written April 21, 1863, is extremely interesting in view of the insight it gives into the "beat" and boundary questions of that time:

"Two policemen are stationed on the levee during the day and one at night. Two on Third street by day and two by night; one above and one below the bridge (Wabasha st.); this exhausts the entire number. Robert st., Jackson st., and Minnesota st. should have at least one night policeman. There should also be a watchman on Seventh st. and another on Fort st."

"These regular beats being established, the public, if they bear them in mind will always know where to look for a policeman whenever disturbances in the neighboring streets occur. The police, moreover, have stringent instructions always to wear their stars, so that they may be easily identified."

In an ordinance passed soon after a fine of \$5 was imposed on any citizen who should wear a "police star" unless so authorized.

The force with the addition of three men, as recommended by the mayor, was now composed of the following men: Chief. Michael Cummings; captain. George Morton; police officers: 1, Henry Galvin; 2, Peter Sass; 3, Jacob Heck; 4, James Waters; 5, Win. Costello; 6, Herman Harff; 7, Michael Quinn; 8, John O'Connor; 9, William Burke; 10, Patrick Morin.

But during the year charges had been made against the department and apparently the mayor was radically unsuited with its personnel, for on Feb. 16, 1864, he submitted a list of changes to the council, the roster reading:

Chief, M. Cummings.
Captain, Jacob Heck.
J. B. Sprague, special.
Hugh Dunn, special.
John McMahon, special.
Herman Harff, special.

Mathias Steffles, special.
John O'Connor, special.
Patrick Morin, special.
James Butterfield, special.
Andrew Oleson, special.
James Waters, special.

The valedictory address of Mayor Warren was a masterpiece of its kind in that it recommended reforms which even at this late day are proving of value to the city. It seems that he was the first chief executive who believed implicitly in detective service. "The office of the ordinary police is to prevent crime," said he, in the course of his remarks, "of a detective to follow out secret clues, and bring to light the perpetrators. It will not do to withdraw men from their regular police 'beats' and set them to trace out the intricacies of an ingenious robbery which may take days, and perhaps weeks to unravel. While the men are thus employed other robberies might, and probably would take place in the neighborhood of their described beats. It would be well known that the men were away and their posts left unguarded, and thus crime so far from being diminished would be increased."

He also recommended that provision be made by the city for a "neat uniform dress," so that the members of the police force might at all times present a respectable appearance and be distinguished at a glance as belonging to the department. The greatest improvement suggested was the establishment of sentry boxes in every ward, "as places of refuge for the police on cold and stormy nights. This would obviate the apparent excuse they now have for resorting to saloons."

Removals for political reasons, Mayor Warren expressed himself as being decidedly averse to, but contended that the mayor should always possess power of removal in order to insure efficient service.

Two weeks afterward the council allowed the new mayor, Dr. J. H. Stewart, \$200 for the employment of detective service. This was the beginning of a city detective bureau.

With John S. Prince, who was in 1861 his successful opponent on the mayoralty ticket, Dr. J. H. Stewart, during his political career in St. Paul, received the equal honor of being elected mayor five times. He came to the city in 1855 from New York, and as a slender young disciple of Esculapius scarce twenty-five in years, and far younger in looks and manner, hung out his little professional shingle. In 1856 he was appointed county physician, and in 1860 became a state senator. With the first call to arms in 1861 he accompanied the First Minnesotan down to Dixie as regimental surgeon, was taken prisoner at Bull Run, and exchanged at Richmond. After that he served his first term as mayor, a veteran of only thirty-five, and amply qualified to guide the current of those troublous times because of his own experience with life and death at its noblest and best, down in the trenches of the sunny South. He was postmaster of St. Paul in 1869, and later a member of congress, serving one term. For four years he held the office of surveyor-general of Minnesota and at the time of his death was in partnership with Dr. C. A. Wheaton, under the firm name of Stewart & Wheaton. He died Aug. 25. 1884, aged fifty-five years.

With the opening of navigation in 1865 the war was fast approaching an end and the outlook everywhere was growing brighter. For St. Paul it was the spring-time of a hope which has long since been granted a glorious fulfillment. Never had prosperity seemed so near at hand, what with capital pouring in from all sides, employment plenty and every branch of industry fully represented and active. Police salaries took an upward bound: in 1864 Chief Cleveland had received \$600 for his services, and now Chief Turnbull was voted \$1,000. A census taken in the summer of 1865 showed a population of 12,976.



The Original Capitol

Late in August the body of a man badly decayed was found in the river. A rope around his neck, attached to a stone plainly told the tale of an atrocious murder. Two years later George L. Van Solen, of St. Paul, was arrested as the murderer, and Dr. Henry Harcourt, of England, named as the victim. The doctor had mysteriously disappeared while off on a fishing trip to Pig's Eye as the guest of Van Solen, and owing to inquiries made by English relatives, the latter was taken into custody. The trial at the time attracted an immense amount of attention all over the county, but as the body could not be properly identified Van Solen, who was ably defended by two of Minnesota's greatest lawyers, Hon. Cushman K. Davis and Hon. I. V. D. Heard, was acquitted.

Mayor John S. Prince was re-elected to his fourth term of office in April, and remained in the chair two years. A. McElrath was at this time city justice, having succeeded Nelson Gibbs. The police department, during 1865, consisted of a chief and a captain and ten members, and remained stationary during 1866 with one exception, that police salaries in the latter year were increased \$15 per month. The mayor's salary was at the lowest then — \$200 per year.

But with the beginning of the fiscal year of 1867 the new mayor, Hon. George L. Otis, received a salary of \$500. He was a native of New York state, and was born in 1829. As a child he went to Michigan with his parents, and early began the study of law. He had practiced several years before his arrival in St. Paul on a summer day in 1855, just at a time when the very atmosphere of the village seemed to bid the law defiance. It seems he encountered little difficulty in establishing a practice which grew larger with every succeeding year and that, though an extremely quiet, conservative man, little given to the convivial customs of the times he was extremely popular with his fellow citizens, both during and after his election to the office of eleventh mayor of St. Paul. He was a territorial representative in 1857-58, a state senator in 1866, a manager of the State Reform School and a Mason of high degree. His death occurred soon after he had passed the prime of life, in the early eighties.

In the spring of 1867 J. P. McElrath succeeded Chief John Jones and held the position until 1870, going on record as one of the most efficient public officials of his time. A new departure during that year was the regular appointment of a special detective. Salaries remained fixed, with the single exception of that of the captain, who received an increase of \$100 a year.

A new charter was granted St. Paul in 1868 and the city divided into five wards. As nearly as can be ascertained at present, the wards comprised the following territory:

Fifth Ward — All the district of country east of Broadway and Mississippi sts., bounded on the north by Minnehaha st., and on the south by the river.

First Ward — All the territory bounded on the east by Broadway and Mississippi sts., on the west by Jackson and Sylvan sts., on the north and south by Minnehaha and the levee.

Second Ward — All the land bounded by Jackson st., Sylvan st., Minnehaha st., Park av. and Aurora av., Wabasha st., Bluff st., and the Mississippi river.

Third Ward — All the district lying between Wabasha st., Exchange st., Rice st., Minnehaha st. and the river.

The Fourth Ward comprised all territory west of west line of Third Ward and east of city limits, including, we are told, "the center of the Mississippi river."

Dr. J. H. Stewart was re-elected to the mayoralty in the spring of 1868, and O. Malmros succeeded Judge Lambert in the city justice office.

Salaries of patrolmen fell \$5 a month with the new administration, and that of the mayor was reduced to \$300 per annum, where it remained for some time. John Schmidt was appointed city jailer and Edwin Shields poundmaster, each receiving \$60 a month.

A much needed reform was established during this year — that of a workhouse for the incarceration of frail femininity. There had never been any provision made for the care of women at the city hall lock-up, and, sad to say, women, young and old, fairly outnumbered men for cases of vagrancy and disorderly conduct, in those days. On Dec. 15, 1868, the charitable institution known as the House of the Good Shepherd was declared by the council to be a workhouse for female prisoners under provisions of the St. Paul charter, and ordinances. Committals by the city justice were not to exceed thirty days (later changed to ninety) in length and the hard labor assigned was to be suitable to condition. In enforcing discipline or preventing escape the superintendent was instructed to call in the aid of Chief McIlrath if necessary. The same board, per capitum, was allowed as that received by the city jailer for the board of prisoners, 75 cents a day. If imprisoned in default of payment of a fine the inmates of the workhouse were to be permitted to work out their fines. The new house of refuge was in full running order early in January, of 1869.

In the meantime the city jail was designated as the workhouse for all sorts and conditions of men, from the simple "drunk" who was allowed to sleep off a goodly "jag" on the hard stone floor, to the "ball and chain gang," under sentence for all the misdemeanors common to a city. What St. Paul would be now but for some of the prison labor expended on its streets is hard telling. Many hills were dug down, many swamps filled up, Rice Park was transformed into a thing of beauty, and Third st. became a boulevard through the daily toil of these "tramps" guarded sometimes by one, and oftener by two policemen. As the workhouse the lock-up was to be superintended by the chief of police, and the junior alderman of each ward were to constitute a board of managers.

St. Paul now contained about nineteen thousand people, but the houses had just been numbered; city life and city modes can hardly be said to have begun in earnest before 1870.

Hon. James T. Maxfield became St. Paul's chief executive in the spring of 1869. From the time of birth to the present St. Paul has been singularly blessed in its choice of mayors. Not one has ever hesitated to put his shoulder to the wheel in a period of emergency, and to none is St. Paul more indebted for good clean government than to James T. Maxfield, who died in office May 29, 1878. He was born in Norwich, Ohio, March 7, 1827, and had been a resident of Goshen, Indiana; of Cleveland and of Detroit before permanently locating in St. Paul in 1864. It did not take him long after his arrival, however, to demonstrate his value as a citizen, as evidenced by his being elected three times to the office of mayor.

In May of this year a petition quite contrary to one presented in 1864, and signed by over 1,000 citizens was sent to the mayor, requesting that disorderly houses and saloons be closed on Sunday. Inasmuch as the liquor sellers were already restrained by an ordinance from keeping open house on the Sabbath, the effect of the document was to determine a veritable crusade for the purpose of enforcing both it and other measures which had been passed against haunts of vice and crime as well as sin and misery.

A good substantial bridge was built across Trout Brook in 1869 and from that time on we find Dayton's Bluff taking an active part in municipal affairs.

Twelve hundred dollars per annum was voted the chief of police early that Spring, with \$1,000 for the captain and \$70 a month to the privates. The police force of 1869 consisted of sixteen men, including the chief and captain. During the winter months it was reduced to fourteen members. The number of arrests made during the year was 967.

Oct. 7 the council resolved that thereafter every fire alarm was to be attended by the presence of the chief of police, who was to report himself to any alderman on the premises.

Few police changes occurred in 1870, only one man being added for duty during the summer months and L. H. Eddy becoming chief. Luther H. Eddy was a prominent man in his day and generation. An alderman eight years, chief of the Fire Department one year and always an active, bustling man, brimful of energy.

The new mayor. Wm. Lee, had been a leading jobber of St. Paul for a number of years before entering the political field. He was born in Millford, Hunterdon county, New Jersey, April 14, 1822. and settled in Minnesota in 1859. As a mayor, twice elected to office and the postmaster of St. Paul two terms besides serving several years as a county commissioner, he has identified with a great many of the municipal enterprises which have marked the growth of the city. He is still living a retired life in his old homestead on E. Eighth st.

Thomas Howard became police justice in 1870 at a yearly salary of \$600.

The census of 1870 showed a rapid growth of the city since 1865. The total population of St. Paul was reported at 20,030, whereas five years before it had been 12,976.

During Mayor Lee's second term of office, in 1871, four more policemen were added to the department.

On June 5, 1872, the first mention of a city appropriation for police outfits. The amount expended was \$116.12, but no itemized account is given so we are left to presume that it was an outlay for the caps, belts, clubs and badges furnished to policemen during their incumbency. As to brass-buttoned suits they were purchased by individual members and were not insisted upon until Mayor Stewart's third term, beginning in 1872. Patrolman also supplied their own revolvers, and may we add, their own pipes. For at that time every "copper" smoked a "cob."

Eleven new men entered the department during 1872, among them being Officers Charles Rouleau and A. M. Lowell, now known as the two oldest veterans in active service. Many of them were night police, St. Paul having experienced an epidemic of incendiarism during the spring, which necessitated precautionary measures. During one month the residence of Dr. Steele, Maj. Donaldson and Gen. Sanborn were set fire to, and though large rewards were offered for the capture of the perpetrators nothing came of it but an abatement of that particular form of crime.

The office of police sergeant was created this year, the salary being fixed at \$900 per annum. In 1873 it was increased to \$1,000. That of the chief and captain rose to \$1,500 and \$1,200 respectively in the spring of 1872 and remained the same for a number of years to come. Policemen continued to receive \$840 per annum. Six hundred dollars a year was granted the mayor.

The force for 1873 consisted of one chief, one captain, one sergeant and twenty-five patrolmen, showing a material increase since the re-election of Dr. J. H. Stewart, who continued in office until the spring of 1875. A. McElrath was city justice for the same length of time.

In 1874 the personnel of the St. Paul police force was as follows: Chief, J. H. McElrath; captain, James King; sergeant, Charles Weber; officers, Galvin, Mitchell, Kenaley, Vogtli, Cayenross, Walstrum, Rouleau, Nolan, O'Keefe, Morgan, Pretris, Cristoph, Oelker, Lowell, Palmer, Bresett, Clark, Bremer, Murphy, Putzier, Ryan, Nugent, Nygard and Dowlan.

Early in January a resolution passed the council decreeing that the police department should thereafter constitute a board of fire wardens, the chief to act as clerk of the body, and accordingly make semi-annual reports to the common council. All policemen were ordered to enter houses and stores in their respective wards several times a year for the purpose of fire inspection.

The year 1874 is memorable in the municipal annals of St. Paul, because when near its close, on Nov. 16, West St. Paul was proclaimed by an act of the legislature a part of St. Paul and known thenceforth as the Sixth Ward. By this annexation about 3,000 acres were added to St. Paul, as well as a population of perhaps fifteen hundred souls. The city limits were thus increased to an area of 13,583 acres or twenty-one and one-fifth square miles, and the city census swelled to fully thirty thousand inhabitants. And in those days not a citizen dreamt of so large a population being multiplied by six within a quarter of a century. Truth certainly has proven stranger than fiction ever could be — in St. Paul.

CHAPTER III

ST. PAUL ACQUIRES THE REPUTATION OF BEING A LIVE, TOUGH RIVER CITY — A WORKHOUSE IS ESTABLISHED — ROSTER OF THE POLICE FORCE IN 1878 — PATROLMAN O'CONNELL IS MURDERED BY A BURGLAR — THE DEPARTMENT IS PROVIDED WITH A PATROL WAGON AND HORSES — INSECURITY OF THE OLD JAIL — THE "BLACK MARIA" — THE MOUNTED POLICE AND THE TELEGRAPH SYSTEM IS ADDED TO THE FORCE — THE ICE PALACE REQUIRES A LARGE FORCE OF "SPECIALS" — FOUR POLICE SUB-STATIONS ARE ERECTED — DOG CATCHERS ARE EMPLOYED — STANDARD OF ADMISSION TO POLICE SERVICE IS FIXED — UNUSUAL NUMBER OF MURDERS IN 1887 — OFFICER HANSON IS KILLED — THE NEW COURT HOUSE AND CITY HALL IS ERECTED — THE BELL CHARTER IN 1891 — PENSIONS FOR AGED POLICEMEN AND THEIR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

Twenty-five years ago, away back in the seventies, St. Paul, saintliest of modern cities, was known up and down the river as a "dead tough" town. As a matter of evolution and the forming of municipal character this stage of civic existence was perhaps essential to its growth; as a matter of river frontage and inadequate police protection it certainly could not have been much better considering the time, the opportunity and the general make-up of steamboat refuse. Third st. was the main thoroughfare, the principal business street, as well as the most fashionable boulevard at command. But Second, then Bench st., was most popular with such masses as daily sifted into the city; low river dives and dance halls, and groggeries, flourishing there, and no respectable man, much less a woman, dared enter the neighborhood after dark. Not a house on the Second Ward front but had its record of crime and vice; in one the gang of sharpers lying in wait for the approach of a "tenderfoot," in the other the relay of frail and tawdy women, ready to murder the souls of men, and in yet another the vender of distilled poison, destined to kill its victims, old men, young men, fair young girls and hideous hags - as fast as they could be led to slaughter. It is but a glimpse into a past which can never repeat itself; a skeleton dragged out of a city closet, an arraignment of facts which had better far be left untold; they grate so harshly on the civilized ear of the present. But grim figures though these facts be, they stand as the landmarks of History, beckoning ever, beckoning onward to a glorious achievement unsullied by the aid of vice.

It is hardly possible to realize that a quarter of a century ago a large part of what is now properly speaking, "Lower Town," was a marsh, uninhabited save where it bordered on Broadway st.; that Trout Brook flowed through as picturesque a ravine as one can find this side of the Rockies, and that all the residence hills which now round out the city were once studded with little lakes, clear as crystal and splendid places to camp near, provided there were no Indians in sight.

For the very good reason that St. Paul abounded in unpaved, half-lit streets, walking at night was dangerous, and the policemen, especially those in the First and Second Wards, had all they could do to maintain their "beats." The thugs and crooks outnumbered them three to one on every occasion of conflict and of all desperate men the gang of thieves and cutthroats infesting St. Paul during the early seventies was the worst. It included characters known to "rogues galleries" all

over the Union. "Punt" Scott, Matt Jones, "Shank" Stanton, Sam Sharp, and "Billy" Bouquet, being among the number.

Highway robbery and immorality were, however, not the worst features of the times, the doings of outlaws and castaways who had drifted into St. Paul were bad enough to cause general alarm, but when a succession of murders, committed by citizens during the fall of 1874, began to make even ordinary life in a quiet neighborhood unsafe, the community was aroused to a commensurate pitch of excitement.

On August 3, Michael Kelley and Barney Lamb had a fight near Wabasha and Rice sts., and during the scuffle Lamb was instantly killed by a knife thrust from Kelley. The latter was sentenced to Stillwater for life.

But the murder which of all others still continues to stir the pulse of citizens who lived in the vicinity at mere mention of its atrocity, occurred on a cloudy Sunday evening, Nov. 1, 1874. Joseph Lick, with his wife and eleven children (seven of whom were hers by a previous marriage, and four his by his first wife) lived in a new story and a half frame house at 59 W. Tenth st., just a few doors from St. Peter. A creek ran through their yard, at the rear of which a family named Rapp was domiciled on property belonging to Mrs. Lick. In their respective relations as to landlord and tenant the two families had been continually at war during all of two years, disputes having raged to the extent of settlement in the city justice court, and through the intervention of the police. And in all these disputes Mrs. Rapp was always vigorously seconded by her brother, George Lautenschlager, who lived near by.

On the aforesaid evening Mr. and Mrs. Lick had returned home from a visit. They went first to the kitchen which stood about seventy feet away from the house, and while there Mrs. Lick exclaimed that she saw Mrs. Rapp looking into the window. The appearance frightened her a little, and when on opening the door three figures, those of a woman who sat, and two men who stood on a nearby lumber pile, accosted her view, she called out in the hope that one of them might be her son. Hardly had she spoke when one of the men dealt her two vicious blows on the head with a hatchet, either of which would have killed her instantly. The other man seized her husband, who had hold of her arm, by the back of the neck, while the woman attacked him with a knife. Luckily he had a handkerchief knotted around his neck, thus defeating her apparent intention of cutting his throat. He was rendered unconscious, however, and when found was lying in the brook close by. The murder occurred between 10 and 11 o'clock at night and before midnight the entire neighborhood was aroused. Officers Lowell and Sergt. Weber were among the first to arrive on the scene. Two of the Lick boys had seen Rapp running across the yard, and suspicion at once fastened on himself and wife and brother-in-law. They were immediately put under arrest, and one of the dailies, in commenting on the affair, said: "The police authorities deserve considerable credit for their action in capturing the murderers, all of whom were arrested on suspicion within three-quarters of an hour after the deed was done."

The trial, based on the evidence given by Lick, attracted an immense amount of attention far and wide. Lautenschlager had been recognized as the man who killed Ulrica Lick, and he was sentenced to receive the death penalty. In 1876 it was commuted to imprisonment for life, and he is still to be seen in the penitentiary at Stillwater, a tall, gaunt shadow of a man, hollow-eyed and

sharp-featured, yet withal wearing the malicious leer and frowning visage which characterized him throughout his trial. The Rapps were also sent to prison for life.

Ten days afterwards, at a little after four in the afternoon, John H. Rose shot Patrick O'Connor while the latter was standing on an excavation opposite the Sherman House on Sibley near 4th st. Rose had been discharged by O'Connor for incompetency that very morning, and had sworn vengeance. He was in a white heat when he saw the contractor standing on the spot where he had been ordered to leave off work, and it took just the space of a second, a flash of fire, a man mortally wounded to restore him to his senses. Realizing the enormity of his deed, he ran for dear life, followed by a crowd yelling as with one accord, "Lynch him! Lynch him!" At the corner of Seventh and Jackson he was captured by Officer Putzier, who had all he could do to safely land him in the city hall. O'Connor died the next day, and Rose was convicted of murder in the first degree and sent up as a "lifer." On July 12, 1897 he was released from Stillwater by the state board of pardons, all arguments adduced having shown that however cruel the murder committed by him was at least not cold.

In looking over old records the thought occurs that if St. Paul had early begun a system of driving out, instead of licensing crime, there would not have been so much of it to contend with, and far less to contaminate the city morals. But for a long time, extending over thirty years, the city government existed, and at times thrived, on the fruits of misdemeanor in the form of fines or licenses. It would seem as if anything and everything had a right to exist and become a plague spot so long as it paid its fine, which really was a license. For a number of years after the Sixth Ward became part of the city, a greater part of the expense accruing from the maintenance of a female workhouse was met by fines imposed on the "social evil," but, until the early eighties no one seems to have considered even partial extermination possible.

The licensing of drummers representing eastern firms for a time caused unusual excitement throughout the business district. They, or the hotels harboring them, were required to pay \$10 in order to make any sales, and policemen were deputed to do the collecting. The dodging which ensued must have been comical, as related by many prominent citizens of today, who willingly confess that they were often guilty of defying the law by slipping a traveling man out of a back door on seeing a policeman enter a front. It was too detrimental to hotel business, not to speak of trade in general, however, to last long.

Mayor James T. Maxfield stepped into his second term of office in December, 1874, the time of election having been changed with the rechartering of the city. S. M. Flint became city justice, and James King was appointed chief of police, remaining at his post four years.

In 1875 the force at first consisted of twenty-four patrolmen, eight doing duty in the daytime and sixteen at night, but it was later increased to thirty men. A special detective, compensation not mentioned, was also appointed. In 1876 his salary is stated to be \$1,000 per annum. The bridge watchman and assistant jailer were to be selected from the ranks of the regular police.

Mayor Maxfield, in his inaugural address, delivered in the spring of 1875, urged the necessity of establishing a municipal court, as provided for by an act of the legislature passed March 8, of that year. Justice Flint accordingly became Judge Flint, at a salary of \$2,500 per annum. Two

special judges of the municipal court were elected, as specified by the Act. During the enforced absence of Judge Flint either one of them as determined by the council was to occupy the bench at a salary of \$8 per day, but not for longer than one term of court. When not thus engaged they were at liberty to practice law. James F. O'Brien and Thos. Robinson were the first special judges elected.

During this year the county jail was established as a workhouse for "drunks, disorderlies and vagrants." While employed on the streets the "chain gang" (in name only) was to be under the supervision of a policeman, but if engaged on the premises it was to remain in charge of Sheriff Grace.

In 1877 St. Paul was said to be the only city of its size in the United States in which cattle were allowed to roam the streets and trample down yards at sweet will.

Hon. William Dawson, mayor of St. Paul from 1878 to 1881, was born in County Cavan, Ireland, Oct. 1, 1825. Early receiving a liberal education, he resolved to become a civil engineer. In 1846 he emigrated to Peterboro, Ont., and seven years later became a merchant in Laurel Hill, La., remaining until 1861, when he located in St. Paul and opened a private bank. When the Bank of Minnesota was organized in 1882 he officiated as its president. He was also president of the city council from 1865 to 1868, and again from 1875 to 1878. Throughout the last illness of Mayor Maxfield he was acting mayor.

The social evil fines of 1878, were divided as follows: City hospital, one-third; Magdalen Society, one-third; House of Good Shepherd, one-third; said amounts to be in lieu of payment of board by the city.

By an ordinance passed in January all janitors of public schools were to be special policemen.

LIST OF POLICEMEN MAY 1, 1878.

Name.	Rank.	Nativity.	When Aptd.
James King	Chief	Ireland	Ap. 15 '70
Charles Weber	Captain	Germany	May 10 '72
John Clark	Sergeant	U. S.	Ap 21 '71
John Bresett	Special	U. S.	June 15 '57
*1 Henry Galvin	Patrolman	Ireland	July 1 '56
2 John Mitchell	Patrolman	Ireland	May 1 '66
3 Isaac D. Morgan	Patrolman	U. S.	July 1 '66
4 Robert Palmer	Patrolman	U. S.	Ap 16 '69
5 John Casey	Patrolman	Ireland	Ap 10 '67
6 Charles Rouleau	Patrolman	U. S.	Ap 10 '72
7 John Vogtli	Patrolman	Switzerland	Ap 10 '72

8	Thomas Kenaley	Patrolman	Ireland	May 5 '72
9	William O'Keefe	Patrolman	Ireland	June 24 '72
10	Dennis Murphy	Patrolman	Canada	Sept 18 '72
11	A. M. Lowell	Patrolman	U. S.	Sept 18 '72
12	E. M. Johnson	Patrolman	Norway	May 13 '72
13	James Nugent	Patrolman	U. S.	Dec 2 '72
14	Ole Nygard	Patrolman	Norway	Aug 26 '72
15	Thomas McMahon	Patrolman	Ireland	Nov 16, 74
16	George DeCoursey	Patrolman	U. S.	Ap 15 '72
17	Philip Gibbons	Patrolman	Ireland	Jan 4 '75
18	William Hanft	Patrolman	Germany	Jan 4 '75
19	Thomas Welsh	Patrolman	Ireland	Jan 4 '75
20	Frank Gruber	Patrolman	Germany	Feb 1 '75
21	Aug. Baer	Patrolman	Germany	Ap 1 '75
22	H. N. Clouse	Patrolman	Sweden	May 1 '75
23	Frank Brosseau	Patrolman	U. S.	May 3 '75
24	D. Waterhouse	Patrolman	U. S.	June 1 '75
25	Henry Babe	Patrolman	Germany	June 1 '75
26	William T. Bremer	Patrolman	Germany	Jan 4 '75
27	John W. Cook	Patrolman	Ireland	Ap 25 '71
	James Mullen	Bailiff	Ireland	Mar 5 '75
	John Jessrang	Jailer	Germany	May 1 '66

* Not Star Number.

In 1879 Charles Weber became chief and John E. Newell, appointed in June, 1879, was added to the list of patrolmen. William Dowlan was made bailiff of the municipal court. No further changes are to be noted in that year's roster.

Salaries, however, underwent a change — for the worse, the chief being reduced to \$1,200; the captain, \$1,100, the sergeant and detective \$900, and the patrolmen \$780 each per annum.

On the 22d of January an innovation was made for the benefit of those vagrants who, on receiving too light a sentence, repeatedly became guests of the city, or insisted on rendering life miserable for residents while at large. Smith Park, then only a large empty block of land, was to be used for the erection of a temporary workhouse, containing a stove and fuel "for the comfort of our tramps." A stone-pile of goodly dimensions and a lot of tools were prominent features of the new scheme for "keeping the industrious men who resort there for labor and refreshment, employed." The plan, as reported from time to time by the city dailies, seems to have worked

splendidly, the only drawback being that as the idea became well known the number of men anxious to work out fines at \$1 a day of stone-pile drudgery gradually decreased, and it was necessary for the city to employ a more expensive, and certainly more reliable street force when one was needed. The total income of the workhouse in 1879 was \$113.30.

The contract for the market-house, which until the present year served its purpose on the site of the first one by Vetel Guerin on 7th and Wabasha sts., was during this year let to James S. Burns for \$58,516 and completed in 1880.

On April 16, 1879, the clerk of the municipal court was ordered to pay all fines imposed for cruelty to animals over to the Minnesota Society for Prevention of Cruelty.

At the November election James F. O'Brien and William B. McGrorty became special municipal judges. Judge Flint's salary fell to \$2,250 per annum; that of the clerk of the municipal court was fixed at \$1,200.



In 1880 the salaries of the police department were raised to what they had been up to 1879, \$1,500, \$1,200, and \$1,000 for officers, \$1,000 for detective, and \$840 for patrolmen per annum, no radical changes being made for the next five years. The total amount paid in police salaries for the year was \$29,186.79.

Early the following April a permanent city workhouse was decided upon. A few years before the city had purchased a large tract of land almost surrounding Lake Como, and it was agreed that the new resort for unfortunates was to occupy the northeast forty acres of the park. The contract for the building was let to Timothy Reardon, the lowest bidder, for \$23,500. The building has since been enlarged by the addition of several wings, and now has cell room for four hundred weary Willies. F. A. Renz was the first superintendent of the workhouse, and James Fitzgerald, of Detroit, succeeded him in 1885.

In the spring of 1881 Walter T. Burr became municipal judge.

No one man has been more intimately connected with the growth and well being of St. Paul than Edmund Rice, the next mayor, and no man is more richly deserving of credit for what he accomplished at home and abroad in behalf of his adopted city. He was a native of Vermont, born in 1819, and came to the middle west in 1838. For the next ten years he practiced law and held positions of honor in the courts of Michigan. Then he enlisted in the Mexican war. In 1849 he settled in St. Paul, as a member of the law firm of Rice, Hollinshead & Becker. His next move was to become president of the Minnesota & Pacific Railway Co., as well as of its successors,

the St. Paul & Pacific, and the St. Paul & Chicago. He was also a member of the State Legislature, both in the House and the Senate, for a number of terms.

Jails seem to have been the bugbear of that day, but no reason has ever been assigned for their perpetual insecurity. Jan. 27, 1881, four prisoners, all hard cases, under sentence to terms at Stillwater, escaped by ripping up the floor of the lower corridor and walking out through the cellar. Two, Nobles and Harrison, were caught in the woods, and the others, Murphy and Morgan, ran into the meshes of the law at Hastings. So there was no real harm done, but the fact remained, that the jail was absolutely untrustworthy. Says the Pioneer of Jan. 28:

"The fact is, the county jail is not fitted for the purposes of a jail. It has long been a source of wonder that prisoners have stayed in there. But upon second thought one recognizes the fact that most of them are scrubs playing for a winter's keeping. Men in desperate conditions usually leave whenever they please."

Mayor Rice, in his annual message to the council, May 4, 1882, says of the city hall lock-up: "The situation now is simply disgraceful to humanity and therewith recommends enlarging the number of cells. But nothing was done, for in February, 1883, he again alludes to the subject: "During the winter there have been as many as forty-five inmates of the lock-up in a single night, some sleeping on the tops of cells and others actually fighting for space on the floor in which to lie down. It is dangerous not only to life to have so many criminals and unfortunates packed in so small a space, but to health as well. The wonder is they have not bred a pestilence."

And yet, with a little patching now and then, this state of affairs lasted nearly ten years longer.

Early in the morning of June 17, Patrolman Daniel O'Connell met death at the hands of a burglar. He was just off duty and was wending his way homeward along upper Third st. when he was confronted by a wild-eyed young fellow, hatless and shoeless, and pistol in hand, who excitedly exclaimed that a couple of burglars had just escaped from his house. O'Connell at once gave chase. It was scarce daylight, just a little after 3 a. m. and the neighborhood a very quiet one. Even when the shot which killed O'Connell rang through the air it was not heard by more than two people. Being off duty he was not missed at headquarters and the first intimation of his tragic end received there was from the colored man who found him lying face downward, cold in death, on an unoccupied lot near the corner of Summit av. and Walnut st., close to the spot where it is supposed he surprised the burglars in ambush.

O'Connell had been on the force only a month, having received his appointment on May 18, but within that short time he had demonstrated much fitness for his position. Nevertheless, it was his death, much more than his life which proclaimed his faithfulness, and he was honored in death as he had never dreamt of being honored in life. A handsome rosewood casket was provided by the city and in this all that was mortal of Daniel O'Connell lay, up at the Cathedral, completely submerged by floral offerings. The funeral was attended by the entire police force of the city, headed by Chief Weber and the Great Western Band, the Fire Department and the city officials, including Mayor Rice, following. Many of the pall-bearers chosen that day as being among the oldest police officers, are still in active service. They were Messrs. Murphy, Cook, Rouleau, Bahe, O'Keefe, Galvin, Palmer and Casey.

Shortly after the service a donation of nearly \$300, generously subscribed by members of the force, was handed to the bereaved widow, who with her three children, might have wanted for the bare necessities of life had it not been for the timely forethought of her husband's colleagues. The Council also arose to the occasion, resolving to pay all funeral expenses and to allow Mrs. O'Connell a monthly income of \$25, and the Chamber of Commerce held a meeting for the purpose of raising a fund for her benefit.

Oct. 23, 1883, George Washington and Al Underhill, two colored men, were sent to Stillwater for life as the murderers of the first police-officer, who had found death in extreme devotion to duty. The conviction of these men was largely due to the efforts of Capt. Bresett.

As a detective has played a very important part in this community and was generally known for his brusque, quick, off-hand way, and he was as plausible as an angel if it was necessary to be so. He was of French descent, and was born in Plattsburgh, Clinton County, New York, March 13, 1838. At the age of 18 years he left the home and friends of childhood to seek others in the west. He reached St. Paul in 1856. His first work was in a lumber mill, but his labors in that line were short, as in 1857 he was appointed a member of the police department by Mayor J. B. Brisbin. He served in that position until August, 1862, when he enlisted in the Eighth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, in which he served until 1865, when he was discharged on account of disability. Immediately after his return he was reappointed on the Police force, and in 1872 the city council appointed him a special detective.



Capt. John B. Bresett

He had several peculiar traits of character, among which were his earnestness, his devotion to his profession, his activity, his determination, and his perseverance and he was extremely charitable. He has been known to take off some of his clothing and give them to some poor individual whom he happened to meet on the street who he saw was very much in need of shelter from the inclement weather. He never failed to sacrifice himself in doing some charitable work.

He was the senior captain at police headquarters for several years, resigning from the department in 1890, then entering the service of the Northern Pacific Railway as detective, at which profession he continued up to the time of his death, which was very sudden; he dropped dead on the sidewalk in Minneapolis on March 17, 1892.

He was married in 1856 to Miss Hermine Oville Brosseau, of La Prairie, Canada, who died April 6, 1898, the mother of two children: one son, John Ripley Bresett, now deceased, and one daughter, Marie Louise Bresett, who married Dr. Geert A. Vandersluis, who had one son born to them, John Bresett Vandersluis. Dr. Vandersluis died May 28, 1897.

John Clark, a member of the force since 1871, became Chief of Police in 1882 and remained in office for the next decade.

In June, 1883, the first patrol wagon was contracted for, and duly delivered the following October. During the months intervening a temporary wagon, costing \$135, was procured. The first horses to enter the department were magnificent creatures and cost the city just \$500. When

hitched to the new patrol wagon, a rather cumbrous affair, but otherwise very similar to those of the present, they were a nine days' wonder to the natives, and many a semi-respectable "vag" let himself be arrested, just to see "how it felt" to be driven up the street, in style, by driver "Pat" Casey. The wagon was manufactured by the Fire Extinguisher Co., of Chicago, and cost \$600. Fifteen new patrolmen were added to the force that year.

John Rooney was the first driver of the "Black Maria," as well as the first owner, for he furnished the team along with his services, his daily trips to and from the city work-house at Lake Como costing St. Paul just \$78 a month. A police barn was at this time built in the rear of the City Hall, at an outlay of \$222.70.

Hon. C. D. O'Brien became Mayor of St. Paul in 1883. What Mayor Rand's administration was to Minneapolis Mayor O'Brien's was to St. Paul, a time long to be remembered as an epoch in municipal history. At the end of his term of office he had conclusively demonstrated the fact that a great city can flourish apart from periodical fees paid it for tolerance of vice in its midst. The locality on the upper flats known as "Under the Hill" and "South Washington st." has always been one of the legalized plague spots of St. Paul, owing to the common idea that the so-called "Social Evil" must exist in a city, but that if sequestered from open view, and forbidden the means of contaminating public morals by expulsion to a given district, no great harm can result from a fixed revenue accruing to the city. Mayor O'Brien thought otherwise, and his term of office will always be remembered as the only "closed administration" in the history of St. Paul. But it is also a fact that at that time all "furnished rooms" were filled to over-crowding.

Christopher D. O'Brien is a native of County Galway, Ireland, and just fifty years of age. He came to Minnesota in 1863, and seven years later was admitted to the bar. For four years previous to his election as mayor he was county attorney, and is now engaged in an ever-increasing practice.

The special municipal judges elected in the spring of 1883 were A. S. Hall and Frederick Nelson.

During all this time the police force was growing rapidly; so was the city, and so was prosperity. Who does not remember those golden days when real estate was booming loudly enough to fill every house in town, when every man had all the work he wanted, and when even the Clerk of the Municipal Court, by vocation a pessimist and a cynic, felt constrained to say in his annual report:

"Idleness is a boon companion of drunkenness in the production of crime, and to the circumstance that we have very few idle people in our midst may be ascribed the fact that we have less crime to punish in court."

In 1884 fifteen new patrolmen had been admitted to the ranks, and in 1885 fifteen more donned star and buttons, making the force consist of 90 men. Two lieutenants at \$1,200 per annum, were created that year, I. D. Morgan and Thomas Walsh, and two sergeants were added to the list, so that the quartette of sergeants comprised the following well known names: A. M. Lowell, Chas. Rouleau, Dennis Murphy, and William Hanft. The pay of a sergeant was \$1,000 per annum. Chief Clark received \$2,200, and Capt. Bresett \$1,700 a year. John J. O'Connor was Chief of

Detectives, at \$1,500, the two detectives, Thos. Kenaley and Daniel J. O'Connor, received \$1,000 each. Henry W. Cory became municipal judge in 1885, and Frank Ford and Jas. Schoonmaker were elected "specials." By the charter of 1884 the municipal judges salary was fixed at \$2,500 per annum, and the mayor received \$1,000 a year.

The patrol service at this time consisted of two patrolmen, August H. Baer and Phil R. Gibbons, and two drivers, P. J. Casey and T. C. Johnson. As at present in the central station, there were four horses, all making regular changes every two weeks from day to night duty.

A mounted police patrol was one of the many needed movements successfully brought about by Mayor Rice during his second term of office. Six men composed the squad. And the police patrol telegraph system, completed that year, is in itself a triumph for the administration which recognized the powerful aid it would afford daily, hourly, bringing to justice. E. B. Dirge was the first superintendent, and the operators were E. W. Hildebrand and Henry H. Flint. Thirty-two alarm boxes were placed at various times and a telephone connection with each sentry station was in short order.

At the workhouse a superintendent and a matron, a doctor and a secretary, were continually kept busy. Their charges were largely supposed to plow the ground and grade the avenues around Como, but, alas, so many of them were "five day" men, and of "five day" men the workhouse directors evidently had little opinion. In a characteristic report submitted by that body this statement occurs:

"Five day" men continue to draw upon our resources and to receive a large part of our attention. We bathe them, shave them, rest them, feed them, laundry their clothing, restore their shattered nerves with medicine, and then set them loose, invigorated for a fresh debauch. This may seem an admirable arrangement for the "vag," and a humane one, but it is not. It promotes vagrancy, makes it easy, makes it professional. Legislation should abate this evil."

In January, 1886, St. Paul indulged in the first of its great Winter carnivals. The Ice Palace of that year was a marvelous creation and with its attendant round of continual festivity, it brought thousands of strangers to the city. In order to insure police protection a force of "specials" were employed during the carnival season, at a cost of \$3,163.04. They were discharged in February and at the same time Mayor Rice took occasion to thank the regular force for extremely efficient conduct throughout the reign of gayety and consequent disorder. Seldom has a carnival in any large city been so free from boisterous manifestations or general lawlessness as was this one, and the fact that life and property were so secure redounded far and wide to the credit of St. Paul.

Sketches of police sub-stations, for some time past become eminently necessary, were drawn by H. P. Hamilton, that April. Upon acceptance by the Council bids were let as follows: Four buildings, one on Margaret st., one on Winslow av., and one in Union Park, to cost \$8,922, contractor Asher Bassford. One building, corner Rondo and Western av., cost \$2,678.50. Contractor, G. Dressel. Owing to the "backing out" of the latter, Mr. Bassford was subsequently given his contract also. The stations were all to be of pressed white brick and, with the exception of the one on Prior av., Union Park, two story edifices, containing four rooms, more or less, each. They were ready for occupancy the following spring.

During the year the sentry boxes were supplied with telephones, a departure which soon became invaluable to all who were benefitted by it. The salary of mounted policemen, hitherto a bone of contention, was also permanently fixed for some time to come. The Council decreed that they were to have \$840 per annum, in common with the foot men, but were to be allowed \$260 extra for the maintenance of their horses.

Feb. 15, 1887, Mayor Rice sent in his resignation from Washington and on March 1, Robert A. Smith, president of the Council, and acting mayor, became the chief executive. Of all the mayors of St. Paul, "present company" always excepted, "Bob" Smith, in common parlance, has been most popular. The secret of his popularity lies in several extremely pleasing traits of character, sociability and liberality being in the lead, and to the possession of these qualities his political success may also be ascribed. Says T. M. Newson: "Mr. Smith has always been a Democrat, but when he ran for office the Whigs invariably helped him through."



Hon. Robert A. Smith

Robert A. Smith was born in Indiana so early in the century as to now render his span of life just a little over seventy. But if a man is "as old as he feels" and quite as young as he looks, Mr. Smith has cheated Father Time out of fully fifteen years, for no one to meet him on the street today would believe him a day over fifty-seven. He early studied law and at the age of twenty-two was holding the office of auditor of Warwick county in his native state. In 1853 he came to St. Paul as Gov. Gorman's private secretary. He was married to Miss Mary E. Stone in 1850, a sister of Gov. Gorman's wife. From 1856 to 1868 he was treasurer of Ramsey county, and it is said that during all those twelve years he not only failed to enrich himself, but lost much of what he had in the beginning. So that when he became a partner of Mr. Win. Dawson in the banking business it was with the aid of borrowed capital. Twenty-five years as a banker

left him little better off, for though at one time prosperous, the failure of the Bank of Minnesota caused him to give up all he had to the depositors. During this time he was repeatedly elected to the Council and also served in the Legislature. He is now the post-master of St. Paul.

Mayor Smith's administration was marked by an era of good feeling. It has sometimes been called "open" owing to the fact that the chief executive, himself a tolerant, thoroughly upright man, was rather lenient with small offenders, and not at all inclined to pass or enforce aggressive measures, which might tend to cause municipal disruption. But the high license law, passed in 1888 and requiring every saloonkeeper to pay a \$1,000 liquor license, will always speak well for his regime. The revenue derived in 1888 from this source alone was \$355,000, to \$78,000 in 1887.

Dog-catchers' teams were during this year placed upon the police payroll at the rate of \$4.50 a day when employed.

During this year the city attained present limits through the annexing of all of half a hundred outlying plats and additions, not to speak of several suburban villages, and was divided into eleven wards, with a total area of fifty-five square miles.

May 1, 1887, the four sub-stations were opened and placed in charge of the following commissioned officers: Rondo, Capt. Lowell; Margaret, Capt. Hanft; Ducas (at first Winslow), Capt. Walsh; Union Park (or Prior Avenue), Lieut. Budy. The extension of police surveillance necessitated a considerable increase of the police force, which after May consisted of 1 chief, 1 senior captain, 3 captains, 5 lieutenants, 8 sergeants, 1 chief of detectives, 4 detectives, 121 patrolmen (including 6 mounted), 5 drivers of patrol, 4 jailers, 2 bailiffs, 3 pound-masters, 1 driver Black Maria. 160 men, all told.

The standard of admission to the police service was also rigorously fixed. All applicants must be citizens of the United States, and under thirty-five years of age, and they must physically meet all the tests and requirements exacted of soldiers before enlistment in the U. S. army.

The year 1887 was marked by an unusual number of murders, intentional and otherwise. The first had to do with a very young, and a very pretty woman, who would most likely have suffered far more at the hands of even justice had she been old and ugly. Her name was Mary (or Bertha) Hegener and she was the wife of a barber in Minneapolis. John Murphy had been in the employ of her husband, and it seems had become infatuated with the little woman — only twenty-three and the mother of two children — to the extent of making her daily life a burden. At last, becoming tired of importuning her, he deliberately set to work at destroying her reputation, alleging that he had won her affection, because he thought that such a statement would result in her husband's casting her off, and placing her in his power. She succeeded in getting him to leave Hegener's employ and supposed he had gone to Chicago, when a letter, dated in St. Paul, and written by Murphy, reached Hegener's brother, and stirred up trouble afresh. It was slanderous in the extreme and on reading it, according to evidence brought out at the trial, Hegener placed a revolver in his wife's hand, saying:

"Mary, you see this letter contains these charges against your character. There is but one way in which you can prove your innocence. Either you must kill that man or I will cut you into pieces.

So, on the afternoon of April 6, 1887, Mrs. Hegener came over to St. Paul, accompanied by a friend, and going to Murphy's lodging place, demanded that he retract his charges. He refused, and she brandishing a revolver, followed him in his escape down 3d st. When near Sibley she fired, the bullet entering his head. He died the following night. Officer Moznets at once placed Mrs. Hegener under arrest and later on her husband was brought over, charged with complicity in the crime. After a highly sensational trial, ruled largely by popular sentiment, both were acquitted.

In July Police Officer Gus. Roenisch was shot while on duty at the saloonkeepers' picnic in Banholzer's Park. Together with Officers Banker and Matak he had successfully ousted a gang of "toughs" who were creating a disturbance. They persisted in returning, however, and on the final occasion, grabbed at Roenisch's star. A grocer named A. S. Edwards interposed and was struck with a club by the policeman. Without a moment's warning Edwards pulled out a revolver

and shot Roenisch twice, inflicting a flesh wound in the side, and a serious fracture of the jaw, caused by the bullet penetrating the upper lip. Roenisch recovered from his injuries after a long period of invalidism, only to drift into insanity. He died in Rochester, five years afterward.

Of all dastardly, brutal murders committed in St. Paul, that of Jacob Kohn by a man whom he had befriended, stands pre-eminent. It was just after Fair time on the 14th of September. For a week Jacob Kohn, who tended the stock and lived in the large gloomy frame-house on the Hazzard farm, had harbored Nicholas Kill, a man just released from the Workhouse at Como. Then one morning, at 6 o'clock, a butcher boy who had been sent to fetch a purchased calf, failing to rouse Kohn, looked through the bedroom window and saw a sight which completely unmanned him. Jacob Kohn lay on the bed, unconscious, groaning piteously and with three awful holes in his head, out of which the blood was oozing. Body, bed, mattress and floor were saturated with life blood, and in the quiet of the early morning, the horrible meaning of it all — the feeling of nearness to the work of an incarnate fiend, swept over the boy with sickening force. He at once aroused the neighbors and Justice of the peace Hoyt was summoned. Kohn died at 9:30 a.m. Only one circumstance afforded a clue to his murderer — Nicholas Kill was missing. So was Kohn's silver watch, and trunk, and all the clothing he had daily worn. But no one knew the supposed murderer's right name, being he had served his month in the workhouse as John Kiefer. Nevertheless, descriptions were sent out, far and wide, and mounted patrolmen scoured the country around. Kill had last been seen riding to town with Kohn and the fact of their seeming friendship had been remarked by many. At four in the afternoon of the 14th Officer Kline, who had been searching the woods all day, came upon Kill husking corn in a farm-yard. He at once arrested him and turned him over to Sergt. Budy, who lost no time in delivering him to the Central Station. Kill was wearing Kohn's watch and Kohn's boots, and in his pocket was a knife belonging to the murdered man, on which blood was plainly visible. He was held to the grand jury, and to the surprise of many, adjudged insane Feb. 3, 1888. Nov. 28, 1890, he was committed to Stillwater for life and is there at present.

On Sept. 28 Sheriff Richter shot a man, killing him instantly, in the full belief that his victim was an escaping prisoner. What was his dismay then on lighting up, to find Tim Graham, a colored ex-janitor, discharged two months before, lying before him. A whisky bottle, dropped from the man's pocket, was nearly empty, showing conclusively that intoxication had caused the man's bewildered state of being.

During the year of 1887 a knitting shop was very successfully established at the workhouse and the building was greatly improved, some two years afterward when a legislative appropriation of \$50,000 allowed more scope to much needed renovation.

On Jan. 2, 1888, St. Paul received a new impetus to continued growth. At 4:30 p. m. that day the first cable car was seen going up 4th st. by the officials at the old City Hall.

St. Valentine's Day, of that year, was marked by the escape of three prisoners from the county jail, all of them being held to the grand jury. John W. O'Connor and Frank St. Clair were Minneapolis postoffice robbers, men of good address and unusual intelligence. Wm. Thomas was a highwayman. They had managed to cut through jail by sawing off the iron bars of their cell-windows.

A murder which is as much of a mystery today as it was then, occurred during the night of Aug. 3, when Officer Hans Hanson became the second martyr to duty. A shot had been heard just before daylight by the officers of the circuit, and, in searching the vicinity of Summit and Virginia aves., they found Officer Hanson off his beat. A little later they came upon his lifeless body, lying face downward, on the curbstone just outside the Barnum grounds, on Virginia ave. The residence was at the time unoccupied, the family being at the lake, and the popular supposition is that Officer Hanson detected two burglars making their way across the lawn and was shot as a consequence. The revolver, lying beside him, half-cocked, completely downed all theories of suicide, and also established the fact that he had attempted the arrest of the marauders. The knowledge that there were two is based on the statement of a liveryman who had let out a horse and buggy to a couple of suspicious looking fellows the foregoing evening. The next day the horse came home, dragging a badly banged-up vehicle which had probably been abandoned in the outskirts, after enabling the assassins to make good headway in eluding pursuit.

Hanson had been on duty since September, 1887, and was generally accounted one of the most promising men in the department, sober, steady, and punctilious to an extreme. He left a young wife to mourn his loss and public sympathy was enlisted in her behalf to the extent of a liberal cash donation, largely subscribed to by hill residents. Despite the reward of \$500 offered by Mayor Smith and the united efforts of the detective and police departments, no clue to the perpetrators of the crime was ever found.

Patrolman Jerry Sullivan, of the Ducas st. station, met with a gruesome experience the following November and for a long time afterward could not rid himself of the feeling that his hands were stained with the blood of a fellow-creature, even if spilled in self-defense. He was walking his beat at a late hour on a slushy, dreary night, when a boy approached him, and in a voice choked with tears, begged him to come to the assistance of his mother and himself. They had been driven out of their home, a flat-boat moored on the river's edge, by his step-father, a man of violent temper, especially when crazed with drink as on this occasion. Sullivan immediately prepared to accompany him, and summoned Officer Lauderdale to join him in the forthcoming encounter, which he had good reason to dread, for Cowie, the flat-boat owner, was known to be a desperate character when aroused. The walk down to the flats was dismal in the extreme, the night was pitch dark, and as they carefully treaded their way along the narrow gangways and muddy paths, visions of evil in store mingled with the intense gloom. Arrived at the door of the flat-boat the officers knocked repeatedly and meeting with no response, resolved to break in. The frail door did not need much coaxing, and in a few minutes they had entered what seem to be a bare, barny looking little room, with a board partition on one side. Cowie appeared in the doorway of this partition (his bedroom) and shaking his clenched hand at the intruders, yelled, "Get out of here, you —— —— ——!" At the same time he began firing a revolver at the distance of four feet from where Lauderdale stood. The shot extinguished the flickering light which the latter carried and the three were left in utter darkness. What is more, the officers by this time felt that they had to deal with a maniac for Cowie was giving vent to a frenzy of drunken rage, shooting in all directions and madly clutching the air in his attempts to reach Sullivan and Lauderdale. As he approached Lauderdale the latter made a rush for the door. Sullivan, hereupon, quickly assumed a kneeling posture, and taking his only chance of escape, fired a fatal shot at the figure coming toward him. The man expired in ten minutes. He was a

shoemaker by trade and of a generally disagreeable disposition, even when sober. Sullivan was never held for the killing, as it was clearly shown to be a case of self defense while on duty.

The wrongs of a woman scorned had everything to do with the next important shooting affray. Clara Doherty or Clara Blatz, alias Lizzie Hart, was a very wicked young woman; had she lived in the days of Cotton Mather a great big scarlet "A" would surely have adorned the front of the sealskin she was so fond of wearing. Living in modern St. Paul she was simply accorded one of the women whom the other women must not know and no one ever did know very much of her. Bad as she was, however, this woman had a heart, and it was her misfortune to find that after years of wayward living, true love for a man who was an Adonis in form and feature, should have come to her. They lived together for years ostensibly as man and wife, but they were not happy. "Mrs." Doherty was very jealous of attentions paid to any and all women and quarrels were frequent. Doherty in his fits of anger often resorting to blows and other cruel abuse. At last they separated and soon after Doherty paid a pugilistic friend of his to pick a quarrel with the woman and to injure her jaw so badly as to mar her brazen beauty forever. But, although he himself admitted this to her so much did she care for him in her mad infatuation that she accepted the overtures of peace made soon after and again went to live with him in apartments on Wabasha street, where they were known as Mr. and Mrs. Doherty. Doherty, as a clerk of six years' standing at the American Express company's Jackson street office, had a very comfortable income, but it seems that at this time he repeatedly received money from his common law wife. When she refused him a dollar he turned on her and avoided her on every possible occasion. A little after 6 in the evening of February 27, 1889, she met him coming up 5th street from the office. They did not speak, but it is probable that disguised as she was in a thick white veil and a long brown ulster, he did not know her. A second afterward a shot rent the air and Doherty, mortally wounded, fell to the ground. The shooting occurred on the south side of 5th st., within seventy-five feet of Robert, and the thoroughfare was thronged with people. When the crowd rushed to the spot they found a man breathing his last and a Titian-haired woman who must at one time have been very fair, but with a face now livid with passion, bending over him. His handsome face and stalward frame were bespattered with the life blood oozing out of nose and mouth and trickling in a little stream down the sidewalk, where it stained her skirts and soiled her shoes. She did not relax her rigid attitude until officer Casserly approached her and took hold of her arm. Then she handed him the revolver and signified her readiness to go by a nod. Doherty died in ten minutes. Clara Doherty did not betray much emotion on hearing that she had killed him. She seemed as one in a dream and unable to fully realize the enormity of her deed.

"My God!" she exclaimed, "is he dead? I didn't mean to kill him. I only meant to mark him for life as he did me."

She was given two trials before Judge Kelly. At the first the jury disagreed and at the second a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree instead of murder was handed in. The plea of emotional insanity had much to do with her escape from the fate of Mrs. Bilansky. Twenty years in prison at that time seemed a light sentence for Clara Doherty or Blatz. But time and the reforms it brings about must inevitably prove a softener of even the just measures of law. Clara Blatz was pardoned Nov. 26, 1895, and is now an infinitely sadder though a much better woman.

By a special act of the legislature, passed April 24, 1889, two municipal judges were that year elected to the bench. Henry W. Cory received a re-election, and John Twohy became junior judge, each at an annual salary of \$4,000. In the winter of 1889 the municipal court was removed from the market house to its present location in the basement of the court house and city hall, then just completed for occupancy.

The corner stone of the latter building, which belongs jointly to the city of St. Paul and to the county of Ramsey was laid in 1885, and fully four years were consumed in its erection. The cost was supposed at first to approximate one million, but when finished it was found that an outlay of exactly \$1,014,592 had been made. Of this St. Paul paid half. The building is of Kasota stone and is a magnificent structure of its kind, both in style and finish, as well as durability. E. P. Bassford was the architect and Matthew Breen was awarded the contract for masonry and excavation.

An exclamation — just four spoken little words, "I had bad luck!" But they brought about the arrest of a man for murder and gave St. Paul a celebrated trial. Walter F. Horton was an employe in the Northern Pacific land office. He had married Miss Nellie Hanson eleven years before, but for four years previous to 1890 they had not lived together. In July of this year he had asked for a reconciliation and she had in response left the home of her mother in Wisconsin and joined him in St. Paul, bringing her little daughter Mabel with her. During the week preceding their coming Horton engaged rooms in an out-of-the-way lonely residence on Eaton ave., in West St. Paul, and to these he took his family on the Monday of their arrival. The following Thursday, on Aug. 14, at about 7 p. m. they went for a boat ride on the river, which was but a block or two distant from the house they roomed in. It was a calm, beautiful summer night, and "Six-Fingered Jack," who lived in a shanty on the flats this side of South St. Paul, was just composing himself for a peaceful siesta when he heard a succession of shrill screams coming from the water. He was in his boat and rowing for dear life before he fully realized where he was going. The screams had sounded like the death agony of a child or a woman, or both, but he was unable to discern the least commotion on the placid bosom of the river. All at once a man, dripping wet, loomed up before him on a sand-bar, and in an extremely matter-of-fact way explained that his wife and child had just been drowned through the upsetting of a boat, and that he had been able to save himself only by swimming across to the spot where he stood. Jack took him into his boat and rowed him down to South St. Paul, where he exchanged the clothes he wore for dry ones, and completely mystified all who heard his story by his exceedingly calm, unruffled demeanor. Promising to return for his clothes the next morning he left for the rooms on Eaton av., reaching there shortly after midnight. It is on record that Horton went to bed and actually slept throughout the hours preceding dawn. At breakfast time he was seen to approach the house carrying a satchel, and meeting his landlady out in the hall, said to her, "I had bad luck!" Then in a monotonous, studied tone of voice, and entirely without any display of emotion he proceeded to relate the fate of his wife and child. The excitable little French woman was quite overcome with grief and dismay and loudly called out the facts to her husband. He seemed to suspect foul play immediately and learning that Horton intended going to South St. Paul, communicated all he knew of the case to Capt. Walsh, of the Ducass st. substation. Within an hour Sergt. Jerry Sullivan had arrested Horton in an office near the stockyards, and the news of the double "murder" spread like wildfire. All the circumstances were against Horton. He was a powerfully built man and a trained athlete, whereas his wife, a slender little woman, five years older than himself, weighed

only 110 pounds. Even if the child Mabel had succeeded in upsetting the boat in four feet of water there was no reason why Horton should not have rescued herself and her mother, rather than have loosened the woman's grasp around his neck in order to save only himself.

Besides, the boat when found, resisted all efforts of men twice the weight of Mrs. Horton and Mabel to prove it "cranky."

The trial, one of the first to be held in the new court house, was replete with sensational features and attracted widespread attention. Public sentiment pronounced Horton a murderer, but he had many friends who declared him not only innocent, but greatly wronged. More than that, he was defended by a man who was once the greatest criminal lawyer of his time, "Bill" Erwin, the "Tall Pine" of Minnesota. And he was acquitted.

The year of 1891 was important in municipal annals because of a new charter, still called the "Bell charter," in honor of one of its framers, adopted that spring by an act of the legislature. It is the one in present use, and by far the best the city has ever had. Among its provisions is the fixing of the mayor's salary at \$2,500 per annum. It also stipulates that the salary of the chief of police is to be regulated by the council, but that it must not exceed \$3,500. The amount of \$185,000 was to be set aside yearly for all police purposes. A permanent police pension fund was arranged for, all policemen over fifty years of age who had been in service twenty years, and all widows and minor children being entitled to its benefits. Under the law ten per cent of all moneys paid into the municipal court as "fines collected from criminal cases" were to be credited to the police pension fund; also all fines imposed by the mayor on members of the police force. Retired police officers and widows drew from this fund a monthly sum equal to one half of the salary received when on active duty, provided, however, that no pension exceeded \$1,000 per annum.

Early in the fall of 1891 the old city hall was virtually abandoned to its fate by the removal of police headquarters to the present Central station. The old stone building, standing sentry like on upper Third st., at the very brow of the hill which overlooks the haunts of sin and shame, was the property of K. P. Cullen, and was leased by him to the city, on Aug. 1, for \$150 a month. Aug. 25 a contract for remodeling the structure was let to McSherry & White, the amount paid them being \$7,772.44. Two years later, on Aug. 1, 1893, a new lease was entered into fixing the rent of the building at \$100 a month, the same amount obtaining at present and payable to the K. P. Cullen estate.

During the spring of this year a decidedly metropolitan aspect had been acquired by the force, for in April one hundred and fifty felt helmets were contracted for, an allowance of \$450 being made by the council to cover the purchase.

On May 21 a very efficient officer named Thomas McCarrick was lost to the force by a frightful accident. He was on his way home to dinner and slipping on a track was caught under an electric car and badly crushed. Officer Ross was quickly on the scene, but the wounded man was past relief. He lingered nearly a month longer, suffering agony until within the hour of death. A pension of \$400 a year was given Mrs. McCarrick for some time afterward.

It seems that some of the "rounders" must have been a trifle too "promiscuous" in the use of their clubs, for on Nov. 11 all patrolmen having occasion to use clubs were ordered to report the matter at once to Chief Clark, failure to do so being punishable by fine or dismissal from the service.

Mayor Frederick P. Wright stepped into office in 1892, and with his administration both the police and detective departments received new heads, Chief Clark being succeeded by Albert Garvin, of Stillwater, and Chief O'Connor by John C. McGinn.

The new administration had a lively time for a while with thieves who infested the city, who were even so bold as to enter the mayor's dwelling.

On December 8, 1893, and towards morning Mayor Wright heard a noise in the lower part of his house. Hurrying down he found a man crouching on his knees on the stairway. At the same time he heard a voice outside of the house calling, "Mr. Mayor, please come down here." Hastily locking up his man he joined Mrs. Wright at the door, and surprised the caller, Sergt. Rose of the Rondo sub-station, by telling him that the man he had tracked by his footprints across the snowy lawn, was safely esconsed in a bedroom upstairs.

When they went up to view the captive, they were greeted with an air of sang froid quite in keeping with the set of tools and jimmies which marked the man as a "regular."

"Weren't you just a little bold?" queried the mayor.

And Joe Kennedy replied that he'd "just as soon go into the president's house as the mayor's."

Such outspokenly democratic views could never find tolerance in a republican household, so Joe was hurried off to jail, and though it is not on record that he stole anything worth mentioning that night, he was bound over to the grand jury because he had not known better than to become an unwelcome guest at an official mansion.

But the robbery which of all others attracted the most attention because of the skill which had planned, and the "nerve" which had carried it out, occurred in August, 1893. Since then it has been alluded to far and wide as one of the most remarkable crimes on record. There were five men interested in it; James Jonas Meiggs, a jolly looking old bald head; Thos. Fleury, who had Svengali eyes and always said "Beg pawdon;" Jim Howard and Ben Miller, well dressed, gentlemanly looking fellows, and Henry Morris, the "infant terrible," a youth of twenty-three, possessed of a permanent frown creased in between the eyes and by far the coolest of them all. They hailed from England, had been taking in the World's Fair at Chicago and several small towns in Wisconsin as a means of combining work and play, and evidently intended leaving St. Paul for the midwinter fair in San Francisco quite as soon as "business" would permit.

Messenger Rinaldo Lares, of the Merchants' National bank, was just entering the corridor of the First National on 5th and Jackson. Firmly clasped in both hands was a box in which were four bags, each containing \$5,000 in gold. It was about 11:30 in the morning of August 14, and Lares was in a hurry. He did not observe a man who stood hidden behind a pillar and so preoccupied

was he in his mission that when the man, Jim Howard, reached out and grabbed a bag of gold, he failed to notice the act. Howard handed the bag to Miller, who stood near by, and he in turn darted out of the bank to where Morris stood. The latter tucked the gold inside his coat and coolly walked off. During the entire happening, which did not occupy more than five minutes, Fleury and Meiggs stood near the door, ready to hinder pursuit. Meanwhile Lares had delivered his packet and the theft had been discovered. But the robbers had disappeared in various directions and the police when called had but little clue to follow. The whole occurrence had proceeded so quietly that no attention was attracted and few people on the street had even noticed the men, let alone suspected anything unusual in their movements. By luck, however, Inspector Hoy had arrested the gang in Minneapolis on the charge of being suspicious characters, and had insisted on photographing them before turning them loose on a promise to leave the city. These pictures led to their subsequent arrest and conviction. On leaving the bank they met at a spot previously agreed upon, divided the gold and arranged on a meeting place in Chicago. Then they separated, but did not leave the city at once. By making the start from suburban stations, at various times during the next day and night, they succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the police. All but Jim Howard, who was arrested on the day of the occurrence. Fleury and Meiggs were caught by the Pinkerton's in Chicago - Fleury because of his well known "Beg pawdon" — and made to disgorge a portion of the stolen gold. The other two fell into the hands of Inspector Byrne in New York City. What rendered this robbery a most peculiar one was that though no one had witnessed the deed, the perpetrators were at no time free from the supervision of the police.

The men were all tried separately and received sentences in proportion to implication in the crime. Fleury, the leader, was given ten years at hard labor. "Old Man" Meiggs received eight, and was released last August, his term, minus allowance for good behavior, having expired. Jim Howard served six years and Ben Miller four and a half. Henry Morris was not arraigned at all.

Josef Herda was a Bohemian contractor who lived on Palace and Warsaw sts. It was his custom to spend an evening now and then in the saloon of his friend Michael Walek at 437 Michigan st. On the evening of Oct. 31, he was sitting as usual sipping a mug of beer and engaged in a conversation with Walek. The two were alone. At about 9:30 the door opened and three men with handkerchiefs tied around their faces, entered. Walking up to Walek they ordered him to throw up his hands, and as he was rather slow about it, one of them knocked him senseless with the butt of a revolver.

Seeing his friend lying on the floor with his scalp laid open and apparently dying Herda ran to the back door, intending to call for assistance. Four shots anticipated the movement, one striking Herda under his arm and another entering his back. The assassins then rummaged the cash drawer and found — eleven dollars.

At headquarters a gang of desperate characters who had been "doing the town" was at once suspected. But in order to locate the right men and divert suspicion a group of lesser lights, local "toughs" under the leadership of "Jocko" Conway, was arrested in bulk and charged with vagrancy. "Jocko" himself was supposed to possess knowledge of the murder. In the meantime two police officers in citizens' clothes engaged rooms at a boarding house on Rice st., supposed to be the home of the two suspects and prepared to await developments. Within a week Joseph White, alias "Spec Elms," and Charles Fisher, alias Philip Rice, alias "Lally Cameron," were

arrested by Officers Sweeney and Brennan while coming out of a Rice St. saloon on evidence furnished by Officers Gruber and Galvin, and the detectives who had watched proceedings. "Reddy" Hackett was the third man arrested. At the arraignment before Judge Twohy Charles Fisher was held to the grand jury and "Spec Elms" discharged. Just as he was leaving the court house with a number of relatives he was rearrested on a warrant charging him with complicity in the murder of J. A. Harris of Minneapolis. With one bound he was at the door and would have escaped but for the presence of mind and prompt action of Officer Joe Davis who effectually barred his way. Fisher received a life sentence at Stillwater.

It is very likely that the decided action of Chief Garvin in ordering the arrest of all wandering crooks on their way to California, and the arrest at wholesale of local characters with shadowy reputations prevented more murders than there were. Of highway robberies there seemed no end that year. Within two weeks two hold-ups occurred in the neighborhood of Jackson and 12th and 14th sts. In one a young man named Banker was rescued by the police, and on the second occasion E. J. Dahl lost \$594 at an early hour of the evening. On Dec. 19, two men and a woman held up John Roth, a laboring man, the men with drawn revolvers keeping him quiet while the woman ransacked his pockets. Two days before, on the 17th, two masked men held up a gentleman and lady on their way to church, immediately in front of the Virginia Flats, at 7:15 p. m. The man was hit with a revolver and fell to the ground while the wife by her screams of "murder" scared the miscreants away. A raid was immediately made by the police on a Fourth st. resort, where they battered down the door and took five men into custody, two, Hoban and O'Brien, being held for the attempted robbery.

As an illustration of the reckless arrests made in consequence of all this lawlessness the story is told of how Chief McGinn, entering a lower town saloon one night, found two of his detectives drinking and apparently on the friendliest of terms with two "film flam" operators on trains. With flushed face and angry gestures, he exclaimed:

"Well, this looks -- well! Now you two coppers, just take those fellows and throw them in!"

Moral. Never trust a "copper" who condescends to drink with you, for he may "cell" you as well.



Answering a call

CHAPTER IV

WONIGKEIT AND IRMISCH ARE CONVICTED OF MURDER AND ARE HUNG — SALARIES OF OFFICERS — CHIEF GOSS PROVES AN EFFICIENT HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT — POLICE PENSION LAW IS REPEALED — TALES OF CRIMES AND ARRESTS — EXTRACTS FROM THE CHIEF'S REPORT FOR 1898 — BIOGRAPHIES OF THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT — INTERESTING NARRATIVES OF POLICE LIFE — ENGRAVINGS OF THE BEST MEN ON THE FORCE.

The value of life to be fitly determined must not be estimated by the number of years we have lived but by the aggregate amount of happiness we have been able to take out of those years. As with a citizen, so with a city, the one which has longest given its denizens comfort and quiet must be perforce a better place to live in than the ancient borough in which the voice of improvement is never heard. But for the very reason that the youngest cities of the world are the most progressive they often attract a heterogeneous population for whose deeds no municipal responsibility can be fixed. It is so with St. Paul and was much more so during the years of 1893 and 1894. Few real criminals have been of native birth; rarely has Minnesota had occasion to be ashamed of her own sons.

For the extremely large number of lawless characters infesting St. Paul immediately after the World's Fair in Chicago no other cause than the fair can be assigned. And yet it would doubtless be a great injustice to blame a gala occasion in Chicago for a double hanging which occurred in St. Paul, despite the fact that the hanging was a direct outcome of existing conditions.

It was during the last month of Mayor Wright's administration. All the "bunco" men had "steered" into the workhouse, all the suspects with a highway robbery air had been either jailed or ordered to leave town, and Chief Garvin was breathing just a little bit more freely when the rumor of an atrocious murder rent the air.

A barkeeper named Wm. Lindhoff had been shot and killed almost instantly in a saloon on the corner of College av. and Wabasha st. Only one man was in the place at the time. A woman, Mrs. Kohlmann the wife of the proprietor, sat at a table near the rear entrance. She was engaged in conversation with Lindhoff — it was a little after 9 p. m. — and the evening as quiet and balmy as only evenings in early May can be. Suddenly the front and side doors, both leading to the street, opened with a jar. Two men entered — boys they seemed to the startled eyes of the woman and the one lone visitor — and moving rapidly towards the bar called out "Hands up!" at the same time pointing their revolvers at Lindhoff. Too frightened to stir from her seat, Mrs. Kohlmann cried out, "Willie, get your revolver! These men are robbers." At this one of the men turned on her, menacing her with his weapon as she ran down the length of the saloon, entreating the protection of the barkeeper. Why the one man present, afterwards subpoenaed as an eye witness, did not make an effort to defend her, has never been quite plain. On hearing the barkeeper called upon the robbers both began firing at Lindhoff, or Linhoff, wounding him several times. According to Wonigkeit's confession seven shots were fired, meeting with only one at the hands of the murdered man. Lindhoff died soon after reaching the city hospital, and though Mrs. Kohlmann's evidence was valuable as that of an eye-witness, it did not furnish a clue, being the faces of both robbers were completely disguised by large red and white handkerchiefs. The corraling of the two boys who were soon to figure as examples of extreme justice is really very creditable to the four detectives employed in working out the case, Chief McGinn, "Jack" McGuiggan, "Jim" Werrick and Henry Gruber. McGuiggan, it seems, had found their methods almost identical to those employed by two men who had robbed a till in a W. 7th st. saloon and because of their youth confined in the St. Cloud reformatory. On looking up the records of Wonigkeit, alias Millhausen, and Irmisch, he became convinced that they were the murderers. and found his suspicion fully verified when Wonigkeit, caught while loitering with a tough gang on the levee, confessed in detail.

On seeing Lindhoff fall to the floor the two boys thought only of escape; all dreams of ill-gotten gain vanished with the fear of capture and punishment, and as a consequence the condition of the money drawer puzzled many who tried to guess at the motive of the murder. Running up College av. in a headlong fashion, they turned into Aurora av. and found shelter for the night on the hay of the Merriam barn. At 5 the next morning they made their way to the railroad tracks and followed the ties until they reached Red Rock. For three days and three nights they occupied a deserted shanty in the vicinity of the Methodist camp ground, begging food at surrounding farms and calling themselves Fisher and Squires. On Sunday morning Irmisch had so far succumbed to wet and cold and hunger as to feel the necessity of going home to his mother on Blair st., and there the city physician found him and handed him over to the police. He was suffering with acute pneumonia and could not be removed for a week afterward. In the meantime Wonigkeit confessed, and from the first both boys seemed to feel that it was all over with them. They had a fair, though a short trial and a verdict of murder in the first degree was brought in. That meant hanging.

They certainly deserved it. But how many other guilty men and women, also, older, wiser and, therefore, far more culpable than those two foolish wretches, born criminals though they may have been, have not escaped their fate, aye, even escaped a semblance of punishment. After all, how near we are to civilization with a record of a half-crazed Indian, a friendless woman, and — two boys, neither of them over twenty, swung into eternity by the justice of a Saint.

"I and Charlie Irmisch were without money and had no means of getting any, so we made up our minds to rob the bartender of Kohlmann's saloon."

That was the only plea entered, the plea of a degenerate. Friday, Oct. 19, 1894, at 5:05 a. m., just as the first rays of daylight were beginning to creep through the cell windows, it was answered by Sheriff Chapel. Side by side they passed out of the life in which they had so much in common — Otto Wonigkeit and Charles Irmisch — badly born, badly reared and badly entering into an unknown court of final judgment.

As proof of Irmisch's inherited criminality, Mrs. Henrietta Schmelzer, his mother, occupied a cell in the jail on the morning of the hanging. She had been found guilty of handing him a pistol wherewith to shoot the deputy sheriff, Edward Horst, some six weeks before and loudly bewailed the "cruelty," which had kept her from her son in his last moments. But hardly had two years passed before she herself was sent to Stillwater for outrageous treatment of a little step-daughter.

Just three months before the murder of Lindhoff, on Feb. 1, 1894, an extremely popular young butcher named Martin Erickson, had been brutally killed in his shop at 540 Decatur st. Nine o'clock was also chosen as the hour of reckoning. But this murder was evidently the result of a quarrel. Various suspects from "Swede Hollow" and "Connemara Patch" were lodged behind bars, but to no avail. Though seen by a brother and a friend of Erickson in his mad rush for liberty, after the commission of the deed, the assassin is still at large, and poor Erickson has long since joined the lists of the unavenged.

Mayor Robt. A. Smith entered upon his second term of office in June, 1894, and Hon. Grier M. Orr became one of the municipal judges in May. In July St. Paul and Minneapolis experienced the first railroad strike, in fact the first strike, of any magnitude which has ever threatened to disrupt the local world of capital and labor. It passed over without serious riot or bloodshed, however, and the credit accruing from this circumstance has been generally ascribed to the vigilance of the Twin City police force. During the time of disorder, according to Chief Clark's report, 1,852 days of extra police duty were performed in St. Paul. Chief John Clark and Chief of Detectives O'Connor were reinstated in office with the change of administration, and so vigorous were the methods used to rid the city of unwelcome guests in those days that it is said 1894 witnessed the departure of an army of confidence men and the closing of every "bunco" establishment in sight.

In 1895 the census report showed St. Paul to have a population of 140,292.

Local crime, according to Chief Clark's report, decreased fifty per cent during this year, and to John J. O'Connor with his staff of experienced detectives, Thos. Horan, Thos. Kenaley, M. H. Daly and D. L. Ahern, the credit for this condition of affairs is largely given.

Only one murder attracted public attention in 1895, and that was the death of Clara Berg at the Globe hotel. A doctor, John Johnson, of Wisconsin, was sent to Stillwater for malpractice.

Police salaries in 1895 were as follows: Chief, \$3,500; captains, \$1,400; lieutenants, \$1,200; mounted lieutenants, \$1,460; sergeants, \$1,000; mounted sergeants, \$1,260; chief of detectives, \$2,000; detectives, \$1,200; patrolmen, \$900; mounted patrolmen, \$1,160; matron, \$600.

When the investigation committee, which was in daily session from Oct. to Dec. 4 of that year, made their report they recommended a number of retrenchments, one of them being a reduction in the salaries of patrolmen. Seventy-two dollars and fifty cents a month became the rate in April, 1896 a further cut to \$70, the present salary, was made in September.

On Thursday night, May 21, 1896, there were three hold-ups and the two perpetrators were cleverly intercepted by Detective Enright and Officer McHale, the latter in citizen's clothes, who came upon them lying in the grass on Hague av. and Avon st. "What are you doing here?" said McHale. Putting up his gun, one of the robbers replied, "None of your business," and would have fired but for catching sight of two men behind the officers. The two, Fred Whitaker, alias Hill and Harry Wiman, alias Harris, was promptly jailed and given the full limit of the law. Whitaker has since asked for a pardon, but to no avail. Their capture was the final breaking up of a gang of thieves who had terrorized the Twin Cities for years.

The summer of 1896 was marked by an attempt at murder so peculiar as to elicit much attention at home and abroad. An expelled minister of the gospel was involved. His name was J. C. Hull, and he lived in West St. Paul. He had long known his wife to be suffering from a well nigh incurable disease, but managed, nevertheless, to have her life insured in his favor. Waiting for a natural death proved unsatisfactory and he began giving Mrs. Hull minute doses of arsenic with her medicine. His bedside devotion was such as to allay all suspicion on her part for some time, but finally she unearthed an attempt upon her life which filled her with horror of the man who was her husband. He was arrested on Aug. 5.

When Hull was put on trial his attorney, Mr. Pierce, believing him innocent, so skillfully brought out facts in his defense as to make his release seem sure. But on the last day, Nov. 20, 1896, the prosecuting attorney, Pierce Butler, produced a letter written by Hull and most damaging in its testimony. Then Mr. Pierce did what few attorneys have ever done before. In a few well chosen words he acknowledged that he had been deceived by his client, severed all connection with the case, and going over to where Mrs. Hull sat apologized for the attitude he had taken against her. The ex-clergyman, convicted by his own written words, received a sentence of six years in the penitentiary and Mrs. Hull secured a divorce.

Notwithstanding 1896 was considered a very quiet year in police circles, despite the fact also that the G. A. R. encampment of September brought hundreds of shadowy characters in its wake. But with a new mayor — Hon. Frank B. Doran, a new chief of police — M. N. Goss, and a new chief of detectives — Philip W. Schweitzer, municipal affairs were bound to undergo a change. As it happens, the change since 1894 has gradually been for the better.

A farm in the town of Lisbon, near Ottawa, Ill., was the birthplace of Frank B. Doran, sixty years ago. Memories of a little log school house and rude benches that were hard to sit upon the livelong day still come to him, but they are half hidden by those of the successes and diplomas of later academic life. His school years ended with a finishing course in Wheaton college, completed in 1859. The next year, in 1860, he was one of the country pedagogues who flourished "before the war," and to whose elevated patriotism, liberally instilled into the minds of youthful charges, barefoot and overgrown, perhaps, but heroes at heart, our "land of the free" is much indebted. With the first call to arms in 1861 all books were thrown aside and together with many of his whilom pupils, he enlisted in the ranks of the 52d Illinois infantry. After a year's service as a non-commissioned officer he was honorably discharged in August 1862. In December of the same year, while on a visit to the Union forces in Mississippi he was captured by the rebels and successively lodged in twelve of the Southern prisons whose very name is fraught with horror and despair. Such experience as was Mr. Doran's during the two years and over of confinement in torture cells has been vouchsafed few living men, and at the end of it he came home a veritable shadow of himself, broken in health and spirits and thoroughly imbued with knowledge of the awful havoc wrought by war between men who should be brothers.



Hon. Frank B. Doran

Mr. Doran's marriage occurred in 1865 and he subsequently became a stock raiser and farmer on a large scale. In 1881 he came to St. Paul, entering into the fuel trade, his present business. As a 6th Ward member of the city council in 1892 and 1893 he attracted much attention by his positive stand on some matters of municipal interest, chief among them being the granting away of valuable franchises to private corporations and the lessening of city expenses. In 1894 he received the republican nomination for mayor, but was defeated by Robert A. Smith. But a subsequent election in the spring of 1896 evinced his popularity with the masses and tended to strongly establish a republican rule. Mayor Doran's administration was characterized by his firm adherence to the principles which had won him aldermanic distinction.

In consideration of Chief Goss' comparative newness to police duty, his splendid marshaling of the forces during the G. A. R. encampment of 1896, which brought all of 100,000 visitors to the city, elicited unstinted praise and admiration on all sides. The chief had very effectively planned ahead and so was prepared to meet all emergencies. The sub-stations were drawn upon for one-half of their regular patrolmen, who were placed on beats in the Central district, and their positions filled by "specials," one hundred in all being engaged by the city. The detective department was also strongly reinforced. Consultations were had with the J. J. O'Connor Detective Agency, of which John Clark was at that time a member, and its cooperation with the city detective force was secured. In addition twelve expert sleuths from other cities were placed on guard.

The most criminal happening during the encampment was a hold-up in Smith Park. B. C. Tolliver was an old soldier, and a man generally supposed to be "pretty well fixed," hailing from Brookings, S. D. He was beaten into insensibility and robbed of \$125 in cash by two desperadoes, Wm. Raleigh and Wm. Maloney. They were promptly captured and dealt with as their offense merited.

A letter from the mayor to the chief written immediately after the gala occasion is expressive of popular opinion at that time.

"The conduct of the St. Paul police force has been the topic of general commendation by our visitors and a source of greatest pride to our own people. To me as chief, ex-officio, of the city, the praises that have been bestowed upon your courtesy, your vigilance and your efficiency, by great numbers of people from home and abroad have been most gratifying. You have taken part in the greatest gathering of strangers ever witnessed in our Northwestern country and have aided largely in making it a remarkable success. Your accommodating department has won for you the enviable reputation of being in all respects the equal, if not the superior, of any department that has had to do with the order and comfort of our veterans during the past fifteen years, and, better than all, you have secured the admiration of our own people."

On the 6th of August, 1896, an arrest was made which seemed ordinary at the time, but which soon proved of national importance, inasmuch as it was the "beginning of the end" in one of the cleverest swindling schemes on record. Some time before that Marx & Co., on the corner of 7th and Sibley sts., had signed a contract for advertising in the "Buyers' Guide," purporting to be published in Philadelphia, the price to be 50c. And when a dapper looking man, seemingly possessed of all the intelligence fifty years of life can accumulate, appeared on the scene and demanded \$6 Marx & Co. were naturally indignant. Their signature was there, they did not dispute that. But \$6! No, they had never signed for such an amount. In the midst of it all Officer McEllistrom came in and arrested the man, who gave his name as Thomas Wills. Soon after his son, H. B. Wills and Frank E. Rose were put into custody, charged with complicity in a "fake" publishing scheme which thrived by means of carbon signatures and contracts filled in to suit the purse of a proposed victim. Various names were used in the transaction of "business," prominent among them being Rose Publishing Co., Managers' and Merchants' Guide, National Commercial Register and Buyers' Guide. It soon developed that a large number of cities had been "worked" in the same way, and public opinion was loud in its demands for justice. The accused men were admitted to bail and H. B. Wills escaped. Oct. 26 Detective Henry Gruber located an important member of the swindling gang named M. Roy Daniels, in Louisville, Ky. To save himself, this bright young man, who was little more than twenty-four years in age, but a veteran in experience, decided to turn states' evidence and was accordingly held as a witness. But M. Roy Daniels did not linger long enough to fulfill the hopes entertained at his capture. Given \$1,000 and a ticket to parts unknown by confederates, he left town, much to the regret of all who had trusted to see justice vindicated.

Nov. 28 the indictment against Wills and Rose was quashed on the ground that the contracts made by them had never been legal. The affair was not dropped, however, for the so-called "mercantile directory" men were a menace not only to this community, but to the whole of the United States. Owing to the earnest efforts of Mr. Zollmann they were again apprehended, and on March 12, 1897, Frank E. Rose, alias T. R. Kane, was sentenced to serve a ten-year term in the state penitentiary. Thomas Wills was given his freedom.

A host of "fake" auction stores were looted by Mayor Doran during the fall of 1896, and all pawnshops placed under such police supervision as to materially aid the discovery of stolen goods.

The following winter, 1896-97, was marked by a financial depression, immediately due to the wrecking of the Bank of Minnesota and the Minnesota Savings Bank. By the failure of the former many handsome fortunes were seriously depleted, but when the news of the latter crash spread broadcast it wrought such havoc as St. Paul has seldom witnessed. The depositors had mainly been poor people, laboring men, servant girls, washerwomen, and in the list the names of widows and children appeared galore. There were many suicides among the poor that winter, many deaths resultant from hardship and privation, and as one account after another appeared in the daily papers people shook their heads and murmured, "Oh, those bankers."

On May 29, 1897, \$13,600 was discovered missing from the teller's department of the National German-American Bank, and on June 2, "Charley" Zschau was arraigned for the theft. The money was afterwards recovered, part being deposited at the First National and part hidden in the little cooper shop of Zschau's father, a very worthy citizen, on whose gray head the news of his son's crime fell like a thunderbolt. It afterwards came to light that Zschau's speculations within the past six months had amounted to fully \$6,000, all of which had gone to feed his mania for gambling in stocks. He was a remarkably intelligent young man of twenty-five, a law student at the state university, where he attended evening classes, and a member of the class which graduated in 1897. When his fellow students heard of his arrest they were very indignant and resolved to stand by him to a man. But he was adjudged guilty by his own confession and the grief of family and friends consequent on his downfall was pitiful to behold.

In April, 1897, the police pension law was repealed by an act of the legislature. Few changes took place in the department during the year, the office of license inspector being the only one created during Doran's administration. A new workhouse van, the one in present use, was bought for the sum of \$300.

With the exception of innumerable burglaries of a petty nature there were few police occurrences in 1897. Gambling on a large and small scale afforded the city officials no little concern, but there was a notable decrease in state offenses.

Toward the end of the year in November, St. Paul was badly shaken up by what has been known ever since as the "Lambert Lake mystery." And from that time to this no one except the guilty party, has ever known whether to believe the whole affair an atrocious murder, or a most monstrous hoax. The body of a woman was found in the woods midway between the boundaries of St. Paul and White Bear village. The knoll on which it lay buried in the frosty leaves of early winter, had once been an island in the center of Lambert Lake, long since become a desolate hay-marsh. Immediately after the find all sorts of theories prevailed as to the identity of the woman who had been foully deprived of life and thrown there headless, soon to become a putrid skeleton. Most of the clothing had disappeared, and the left leg was missing. The skull was discovered near by, together with a silver side-comb and the remnants of an auburn hair switch. During the summer four people had camped near by and one of the women had frequent quarrels with a man who was not her husband. But inasmuch as none of these people were known by name nothing came of that clue. The remains were held at the morgue for some time, and finally buried, many officials connected with the case having arrived at the conclusion that a hoax had been perpetrated by some medical students. What tended most to strengthen this theory was the fact that none of the clothing found on the body was put on after the fashion of ordinarily

fastidious, modern womankind. And with the burial of the bones the matter was dropped. Forever? Who can tell? Dead men, and even dead women, tell no tales.

In January, 1898, three men, Charles Setterstaedt, Charles Anderson and Andrew Swanson were arrested charged with burglary at wholesale, commensurate with the find of an extremely large quantity of miscellaneous merchandise in Setterstaedt's home on Whitall st. Five carriages of a decidedly new pattern, harness and horse blankets galore evidenced born horse thief propensities and a lot of stock fish clearly established the nationality of the men who purloined it. There were many other articles included in the capture. Detectives Sweeney and Daly were instrumental in making the capture and had the satisfaction of having the men indicted for grand larceny by the grand jury.

June 7, 1898, Col. Andrew R. Kiefer became mayor of St. Paul.

A sketch of Mayor Kiefer as the present head of the Police Department will be found at the close of the history.

With the spring election of 1898, Robert C. Hine became a judge of the municipal court, of which Judge Orr, elected in 1894, is senior judge. Placed in a position which, because of the many petty details handled daily, is naturally subject to much lay criticism. Judge Orr and Judge Hine have both been singularly fortunate in securing the confidence of the people at large.

Soon after entering office Mayor Kiefer and the corporation attorney were called upon to solve a knotty problem which had puzzled the police department for a long time. It came about in this way. George Fairbrother had a bicycle stolen from him and Detective Hallowell located it in Michmiski's pawnshop. When a demand was made for the wheel the pawnbroker refused to give it up unless a payment of the \$6 he had advanced was made. Mayor Kiefer was indignant at this outcome and ordered Chief Goss to send an officer with Fairbrother for the purpose of seizing the wheel. Chief Goss demurred, raising the point that Fairbrother should secure a replevin, and contending that the police had no right to take the bicycle away from a store. But the mayor insisted and the wheel was forcibly taken. The chief thereupon demanded the opinion of Corporation Attorney Markham, who replied that though not strictly legal, the course pursued by the mayor was the only plausible one. Pawnbrokers knowing of the risk attached to advancing money on stolen property, would be more careful in future dealings with thieves. And he furthermore assured the chief that any action brought against an officer by a pawnbroker for forcible entry and seizure would be fully defended by his department.

It is a noticeable fact that since that time bicycle stealing and pawning has gradually decreased.

During the fall of 1898 four murders were committed in St. Paul. Besides this, a laboring man was killed by unknown assassins in July and an attempted murder, followed by suicide, took place in September. Of the man found dead in an orchard on Atlantic st., Post Siding, nothing was known at the time, and all the efforts of the local detective force have since failed to develop a clue. On Sept. 6 Swan P. Hellner, a tailor living on Margaret st., attempted to kill his wife. He was crazed with liquor and on her refusal to prepare a meal for him in the middle of the afternoon, deliberately fired three shots at her, all of which took effect. Then, perceiving his

awful crime, he placed the barrel of the weapon in his own mouth and a moment later was dead, the bullet having entered his brain. Mrs. Hellner recovered.

Very early in the morning of the same day a murder was committed at exactly the opposite side of St. Paul, in the rear room of a little tea store at 269 W. 7th st. Arthur Middleton, the proprietor, was the victim. The shooting occurred a little after midnight, and owing to Middleton's being alone in the apartment which he occupied as a bed room, all evidence given by people interested in his fate was bound to be purely circumstantial. He had, according to his dying statement, been awakened by a noise in the storeroom, which led to an open back yard. Turning on an electric light at the head of his bed he saw two men standing in the door-way of his bedroom. Immediately afterward three shots rent the air, and with the last Middleton felt himself mortally wounded. Crawling out of bed and through the front door onto the sidewalk, he managed to attract attention by his cries.

"Murder! Police! Murder! Police!" These were the gruesome calls heard by residents in the vicinity and by a midnight street cleaner, who drove up, finding a man clad only in an undershirt on his hands and knees on the sidewalk in front of his place of business. A deep wound in the breast clearly showed his dying condition. Officers Fillingim and McCormick had also heard the shots and lost no time in hurrying to the spot. The wounded man was soon after taken to the city hospital, where he breathed his last at about 3:30 a. m.

His story of two burglars was not generally believed. It was thought by many that he told it in order to shield the real criminal. And because women are supposed to be implicated in every case possessing human interest, so too, it was on the woman in this case that suspicion fell, hot and heavy. She was a Mrs. Y——, who kept a boarding house on a side street, and her back yard was immediately adjacent to Middleton's. On the night of the murder he had gone with her to see her sister off at the depot and had been seen in her company as late as 12 o'clock. The fact that she was the last person known to have spoken to him and a washerwoman's report of a quarrel alleged to have taken place between a man and a woman in the Y—— yard shortly before midnight, led to her arrest, on the night of Sept. 7. She was confined at the Central Station and in the county jail for nearly a week, then her innocence being fully established, was set free by Judge Orr.

Not long after, a silver watch taken from the pocket of Middleton's trousers on the night of the murder, was brought to Sheriff Wagener, by a man named Nic Kauth, who claimed to have been given it by a brother of the murderer, whom he designated as "Slob" Edmunds, but owing to insufficient evidence the men are at large today, and the Middleton murder, like many others, has become a well-nigh forgotten mystery of the past.

A little after 12 m., on the night of October 18, 1898, Eva Woodworth, whose real name was Ruth Parrish, a "woman of the town," was shot and instantly killed by John Steenerson, a young Swede, in her room at 137 E. 9th st. He had met the woman in a down-town saloon and after a round of drinks had accompanied her to her home, where the drinking of beer was resumed. Finally the woman asked Steenerson for the wherewithal to get more liquor and he gave her a five-dollar bill, on condition that only twenty-five cents should be expended. On receiving the money "Mrs." Woodworth refused to get the proposed "can" and also declined absolutely to

return the money. With a pistol levelled at her breast he threatened to kill her if she did not give it up, but she persisted in her refusal. Then he took deliberate aim and shot her through the heart. He was an ignorant foreigner, hardly able to talk English. As soon as he saw what he had done he rushed out into the hall and through the basement of the house, breaking a cellar window in his flight. Officer Bernard F. Ryan soon had him landed in the Central Station. On Dec. 1, he was given an indeterminate reformatory sentence, which may mean detention in St. Cloud for only a year if the prisoner behaves himself.

"I am convinced that the prisoner is not a criminal by training or profession," said Judge Brill, before pronouncing sentence. "I have overlooked neither the gravity of the offense nor the extenuating circumstances. I shall expect this to be a lesson to him to keep out of the way of temptation hereafter."

A bright young woman named Kitty Marrinan was the next victim of a fatal bullet. It was fired by her brother-in-law, Daniel Coughlin, an ex-locomotive engineer, and was immediately followed by his own suicide. The tragedy, which occurred at 537 Broadway, was caused by a quarrel over property. Miss Marrinan had fallen heir to a cosy little homestead, built partly with her own savings, to the exclusion of her sister, Mrs. Coughlin. She was willing to provide for the latter, but wished to have Coughlin, who was going blind, sent to a state institution. This prospect infuriated Coughlin, and when she came to his house for lunch at noon on Oct. 26, a dispute was entered into and two dead bodies found as a result.

A pool table tete-a-tete of a very unpleasant character led to the next murder, on Nov. 15. August Hesse, scarce twenty-one, was playing pool in a Jackson st. saloon, when John Shanley, badly intoxicated, brushed against him, hitting him a hard blow on the knee. Hesse turned round and said: "Friend, you want to look where you are walking." Whereupon Shanley assailed Hesse in language well calculated to incite the latter's wrath. Pausing in the doorway he called Hesse a string of vile names, and as Hesse approached him he doubled up his fist as if to strike. With a single blow Hesse levelled him to the ground. There were fully sixty men in the place, and the dull thud resultant from the knocking of Shanley's head against the floor, followed by streams of blood oozing out of his ears, caused intense excitement. In the meantime Hesse was warned to "get out." Shanley died that same evening. Had Hesse not confided the details to a sweetheart over in Minneapolis and she in turn transmitted the news to a friend, the identity of Hesse would probably never have been established. As it was, he was never held for murder, the grand jury not finding him guilty of more than assault under strong provocation.

During the ensuing winter a hold-up craze seemed prevalent all over the city, and burglaries were frequent. Owing, however, to exaggerated accounts of trivial happenings being given in the daily papers, the real nature of many police doings were never ascertained by the public at large.

A sensational raid of a shop-lifting "plant" was made by the police on Dec. 23, operations having continued for some time in rooms almost opposite the Central Station, at 98 W. 3d st. A colored woman had been arrested in Minneapolis for the theft of a lot of pocket handkerchiefs, and her request that Carl H. Park be notified of her detention led to a find by which all of a half dozen retail stores were considerably enriched. Park came of a good family, and the colored woman, who was his common law wife, had once been a cook for his mother. Her sister, May Dayton,

assisted the pair in their rounds. The women were given workhouse sentences, but Park, as leader and instigator, received three years in Stillwater.

The official report of Chief Goss for the year ending Dec. 31, 1898, shows the police department of St. Paul to consist of the following: One chief, 1 secretary to the chief, 1 chief of detectives, 4 captains, 7 lieutenants (including one mounted), 10 sergeants (including 1 mounted), four detectives, 2 special detectives, 1 superintendent of police telegraph, 1 license inspector, 1 driver workhouse van, 1 janitor (Central Station), 1 matron, 148 patrolmen. The latter number has, however, not been stationary.

Of the 148 patrolmen only 121 were available for patrol duty, including 8 mounted and 12 bicycle police. Twenty-seven were detailed as follows: One dog license inspector, 3 bailiffs municipal court, 1 desk sergeant, 1 detailed in mayor's office, 1 at Union depot, 2 conductors patrol wagon, 6 drivers, 7 jailors, 1 conductor workhouse van.

Chief Goss was urgent in his recommendation that a new Central Station, with modern improvements and located near the city hall and courthouse be provided. The all too frequent escapes from cells at the present one should be conclusive evidence that a new building is badly needed. There is a constant demand for more room and it seems especially necessary that quarters be provided for the police matron, Mrs. Cummings, who is now available only if at home when called. She occupies a flat of rooms immediately adjacent to headquarters together with her four children, and receives a salary of \$50 a month.

The present telegraph alarm system, in charge of Supt. Joseph King, is also declared badly in need of re-modification. This department occupies the east side of the second floor of the Central Station, and its value as an adjunct to police service cannot be overestimated.

The following table, compiled for 1898, is interesting in that it presents an apt illustration of the voluminous duties of the Police Department:

Accidents reported	278
Attempted suicides	12
Defective walks	409
Dead bodies found	10
Death by accident	9
Doors found open	2,515
Insane persons cared for	40
Cattle and horses reported stolen	7
Cattle and horses reported lost	229
Gas lamps not lit	105
Oil lamps not lit	3,172
Electric lamps not lit	61

Lost children taken to parents	177
Mad and crippled animals killed	344
Meals served prisoners	4,073
Miles traveled by patrol wagon	8,634
Nuisances reported	4,073
Runaway horses stopped	122
Sick and injured persons cared for	224
Stray teams cared for	45
Cattle and horses cared for	134
Stolen vehicles recovered	55
Suicides reported	8
Street lamps broken	35
Sudden deaths	8
Stray horses taken up	147
Vehicles reported stolen	3
Arrests made by wagon	2,643
Box calls for wagon	2,018
Special calls for wagon	1,236
Fire calls responded to	423
Extra duty performed	796 days

The year 1899 has been crowded with petty police details and the municipal judges have been busier than ever before. Only one offense of a particularly criminal nature is on the record. That is the assault and robbery of Michael Treacy on Saturday afternoon, April 1. In bringing the perpetrators to light the detective department of St. Paul has reason to congratulate itself on as fine a piece of work as northwestern police annals have ever known.

It had been a custom for eighteen years past with the firm of Brown, Treacy & Co., on E. 3d st., to pay off the employes in the binding and composing departments every Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Michael Treacy invariably carried the bag containing the weekly earnings separately wrapped in little envelopes, upstairs at about 5:30 p. m. On the day of the robbery he was a little later than usual and was carefully making his way up the dark stairway leading from the office, when a blow, wielded by an unknown hand, felled him to the floor of the first landing. He was found badly bruised and groaning, a few minutes afterward, but the bag with its contents, amounting to \$493, was gone.

The police and detective department was puzzled, and it had a good right to be. Not a clue could be found, not even a suspicion on the part of Mr. Treacy, as to who his assailant might be. It was generally supposed that two men were implicated, although no one on the street had noticed any one at all coming down the stairway before 6 o'clock. So the detectives hunted for two and the

story of their search is very interesting. Almost immediately on learning of the robbery Detectives Werrick and Wells were detailed on the case and were taking notes within half an hour after it happened. Not much could be ascertained in the building, for a thorough examination of the employes failed to discover that any one of them had seen aught of a suspicious character prowling about. The first clue was given by a merchant next door, who stated that he had seen someone on the stairway at 5:50 p. m. Another man substantiated his words, but neither could give a satisfactory description. A list of employes, past and present, was secured, and when the name of Charles Raaen appeared as that of a boy who was discharged because of his record it was at once fastened upon as worth looking up. The prevalent idea of the detectives was from the first that the miscreant or miscreants, must at one time have been very familiar with the methods of the firm, and the inner winding of the stairway. In the meantime a young man named Edward Beaver, a student at the Globe Business College, was reported missing from his boarding place, and together with the fact that he and Raaen were known to be good friends, this item served the detectives in good stead. Raaen was also missing from his room immediately next to the Brown-Treaty place of business. After some little inquiry it was found that the two had visited a low resort in Minneapolis on the night after the attack — they were boys of seventeen and twenty — and had stated on leaving that they were going to Beaver's home in Lake Park, Minn. Beaver was apprehended there, and confessed in full, stating that Raaen, the younger of the two, had both assaulted and robbed Mr. Treaty, but that he had helped to spend the money taken. It was not hard after this to find Charles Raaen at his home in Neenah, Wis., indulging in his long-cherished ambition of "acting the swell," and treating all the Neenah girls to soda water and pop-corn galore. He, too, needed little persuasion to make him confess, and his testimony alone would have served to convict him as an utter degenerate. To be a second Jesse James, known for his daring and nerve, seemed to him the height of fame and he sustained his bravado and repeated his reiterations that he "certainly would do it again," until the moment when Judge Kelly pronounced sentence. Then he broke down and cried just as many a better boy might on receiving trivial punishment. Eight years in the state penitentiary certainly did not afford an alluring prospect, much less the suggestion that he would become the boy hero of local criminal annals. Beaver received an indefinite term in the St. Cloud reformatory.

Another example of youthful depravity was vouchsafed by George Sametz, the boy who disguised himself as a messenger in order to "sneak" into residences under pretext of finding street numbers. On being caught for a most daring theft on E. 10th st. he was locked up in the Central Station. Here Jailer Harris allowed him the liberty of the corridor because of his youth. Prying open a window, he crawled along a narrow ledge of the stone front, and by scaling a fence, soon managed to reach the street, and effectually make his escape. After eluding justice six weeks word came from St. Joseph, Mo., stating that the juvenile criminal was safe behind bars and asking what disposition to make of him. So the "messenger sneak" was brought back. There were many sneak thieves who stole more than he, but for his years he is accounted the shrewdest criminal on record. In January a rich haul of jewels was made from the residence of M. J. Donnelly, on Pleasant av., \$700 worth being taken. A great many other burglaries were committed at that time and efforts were repeatedly made to trace the stolen property, but largely without avail, until a man named Gorman was cleverly trapped by a woman and held for trial. When arrested his physical condition precluded all vigorous enforcement of the law.

An "office thief" named Dahlgren was convicted of pursuing his specialty on a large scale in May and on July 12 he was given ten years in Stillwater, a salutary lesson to those inclined to follow in his footsteps.

Then there was the "St. Anthony Hill Terror," who is alleged to have had a mania for waylaying young women, most of them domestics who were abroad in the early hours of the evening.

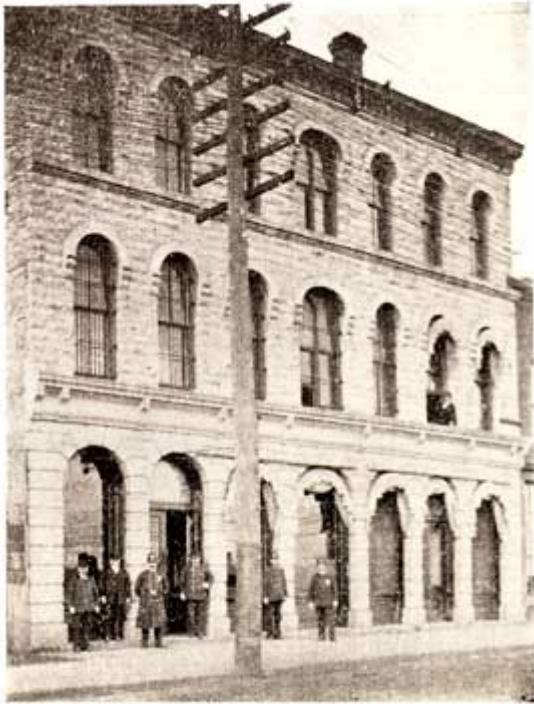
The Franklin C. Bishop case created quite a little excitement while on trial. Incidentally the "police spy" system and the system of fining owners of "rooming houses" were dwelt on at length. They were well defended by City Prosecutor Arnold, who argued that police officers acting as spies were sent out under orders and that the present method of exacting fines from disreputable people is not for the purpose of revenue, but because no other check to the spread of the social evil has ever been found.

Police officers, too, have had their grievances during the past spring and summer. It is said that more patrolmen have been beaten and pounded up within a year's time than all the records of eighteen years back can show. Officers Manteuffel, Hughes, Houska, Hoefer and Urbanski were all assaulted at various times. Then, early in June four men attacked Officer Frazer with an iron whip handle, beating him over the head until he was stunned. At this juncture they ran over him with a heavy sand wagon, and only Mr. Frazer's great strength and vitality protected him from an untimely death.

Sergt. Andrew J. Rose, of the Rondo st. station, was the last man to suffer. Shortly after midnight on June 24, he encountered a crowd of "toughs" loitering about the corner of Rice and Lafond sts., and ordered them to disperse. As he turned to go one of the fellows struck him from behind and knocked him senseless. All the others followed suit, jumping upon the unconscious officer and pummeling him unmercifully. On hearing sounds of a fight patrolman Lindgren hurried to the scene. He was roughly handled at first, but managed to overcome his assailants with a club. Then they took to their heels, and four of them were subsequently arrested. For some time Sergt. Rose lay in his home on Martin st. in a precarious condition and has only lately been able to report for full duty.

And this is St. Paul after forty-five years of civic existence, a saint in name and often in deed, but too human in all its dealings with both an inner and outer world of ambition and toil, and strife, and crime, to ever aspire to other than a terrestrial crown. Character, whether it be of a man or a municipality, is only to be acquired through experience. Rounded by adversity and chastened by the hand of Time it cannot other than gain beauty with the passing years. The growth of St. Paul has been of a dual nature. When, at times, lawlessness and disorder have prevailed to an alarming extent, innate forces — the reserve power of religion and society — have served to maintain a stoic semblance of calm and quiet. And to the pioneers of St. Paul, the property owners, and the office-holders, and the laborers who have helped to build the city, credit is chiefly due for its present magnificence of size, and strength, and feature. Their all enduring faith in progress, and their sometimes rough, but usually true culture wrought wonders in a wilderness, and today it is only a pity that so few are alive to reap the fruits of their own sowing. It is a pity, too, that they cannot see the work of their sons, visible in a city government which has few equals in its various departments, and notably not a peer throughout the United States in

the one branch on which all law and order depend — the branch called — the St. Paul Police Department.



Central Police Station

MAYOR ANDREW R. KIEFER

An intelligent man who means "no" when he says "no," must be a power politically; he can be trusted by an entire party. So too, the man who says "yes" and means it, is sure of social success; he is at least no hypocrite. Add to these qualities commanding dignity of carriage, extremely handsome presence, eloquent speech, winning grace of manner which is magnetic, and you have the chief characteristics of the mayor of St. Paul, Andrew R. Kiefer. And you have also the reason why he is so popular, especially with "the ladies," who can perhaps appreciate true politeness all the more because of the common lack of it. Mr. Kiefer was born at Marienborn, near Mainz, on the Rhine, Germany, and attended school in both places. In 1849 he came to America, and six years later to St. Paul. At the beginning of the civil war in 1861 he answered Lincoln's first call for volunteers, by organizing, together with Lieut. Mainzer, the first German company in the state, known as "Co. G., 2d Regiment Minnesota Volunteer Infantry." As its captain he took part in a number of battles, notably the fight at Mill Spring, the first battle which resulted in victory for the Union troops. In 1863 he was appointed provost marshal of Triune, Tenn., and subsequently was commissioned colonel of the 32d regiment, Minnesota State militia. In 1864 he was elected to the legislature of Minnesota, and in 1878 was clerk of the district court of Ramsey county. On retiring to private



life he went into the real estate business, being connected for a time with Edward J. Schurmeier, under the firm name of Kiefer & Schurmeier. He also held offices in a number of insurance companies and was one of the originators of the Hail and Storm Insurance company.

In 1892 he was elected to the 53d U. S. congress by the Republican party, and in 1894 received a second term at its hands. On June 1, 1898, he became mayor of St. Paul, and by his vigorous attack of old abuses as well as by an energetic substitution of new reforms wherever needed, has ably demonstrated his ability to give the city a clean, well-balanced administration.

FREDERICK O. HAMMER

Whenever the name of Frederick O. Hammer, the mayor's secretary, is mentioned in his favorite haunts, be it as a Lincoln club-man, or as a brother at wholesale to innumerable knights and sir knights, it is always coupled with the assurance that he is "a jolly good fellow, don't you know." And as such he has hosts of friends and no open enemies. His father, Jacob Hammer, was a pioneer resident of St. Paul, settling there in 1856. Born in the Saintly City Aug. 11, 1865, young Hammer attended public and private schools until he was sixteen, when he entered the office of Col. A. R. Kiefer, then clerk of the district court. He has been associated with the mayor ever since, invariably occupying the position of secretary in enterprises in which Mr. Kiefer was president, notably a hail storm insurance company and several building and loan associations. In 1890 Mr. Hammer was married to Miss Lavanche Barnum, a Nebraska lady. He stepped into his present office June 7, 1898, and it can safely be said that no secretary has ever given better satisfaction to the countless questioners who besiege a mayor's office than he, both as a human encyclopedia and as the most suave and obliging of gentlemen. He is a prominent Mason, a K. P., a Junior Pioneer and a member of the Lincoln Republican Club.



REGINALD HALL AMES

In Minnesota a family is accounted old because it settled there in territorial days, whereas in New England only those in whom the blood of Pilgrim or Puritan flows are accorded ready preference in point of age. The family from which Reginald Hall Ames claims proud descent is justly entitled to both distinctions, for his grandfather came to Minnesota in 1850, and another far-off English ancestor touched Plymouth Rock as early as 1638. Reginald was born Feb. 16, 1877, at Grey Cloud Island. Minn., where his father, Oliver Ames, owned the Grey Cloud Stock Farm. His birth-place had once been an Indian trading post, and the circumstance tended largely to envelop the early childhood of Mr. Ames in a semi-savage, semi-romantic atmosphere, wholly absent from the lives of most country boys. When six years old his father died and the family went to live in St. Paul where Reginald attended school, graduating from the Central High School in 1897. The following year he entered the office of A. R. Kiefer as stenographer, and when Col. Kiefer became mayor of St. Paul, went with him in an official capacity. On July 5, 1898, Mr. Ames was appointed a member of the Police Department and detailed for duty in the mayor's office. He is the youngest member of the force and lives at 1111 Reaney st. He is a member of the K. O. T. M., and the Order of Columbian Knights.



MICHAEL N. GOSS, CHIEF OF POLICE

To a large inland city through which a restless, lawless, ever-ebbing tide of humanity must constantly have its flow, contaminating here, and wrecking there, in a desperate surge toward an infinite depth of crime, the selection of a chief of police is of inestimable importance. When Mayor Doran, shortly after his inauguration in the spring of 1896, fixed his choice on Michael N. Goss, like himself a citizen of the West Side, his action was universally commended. It was thought then that Mr. Goss, as a man of irreproachable honor, determined character, and undisputed intelligence, would make a splendid official record, and so far all predictions have been not only realized but signally exceeded by an unusually successful police administration.



Chief Goss is a magnificent specimen of manhood, an ideal athlete in point of form and stature, and of a singularly agreeable presence, well calculated to inspire all who meet him with respectful admiration of his many admirable qualities and supreme confidence in his ability to protect St. Paul.

He was born in Lancaster county, Pa., Jan. 9, 1859, and at two months of age was an orphan. That his early education should have been somewhat curtailed as a consequence is quite natural. Nevertheless, when a boy of thirteen he had succeeded by dint of iron perseverance and native energy in accumulating enough knowledge of the world in general, to enable him to make his own living; going to school and working for his board sometimes, and at others doing the work of a man in summer so that he might become a pupil in winter. Five years passed in this manner, and at eighteen turning westward as far as St. Paul, young Goss became a brakeman for the St. P., M. & M. Ry., now the Great Northern. Promotion to the position of conductor on this road, and later, on the Northern Pacific rapidly followed. Early in the 80's Mr. Goss was married to Miss Jessie Snow at Wheatland, N. D. Miss Snow was born and brought up in St. Paul and came of a prominent pioneer family, her parents having located there in 1854. Two bright boys, Arthur and Milton, aged thirteen and fourteen, now gladden their home. Subsequent to his marriage Mr. Goss went into the drug business in North Dakota. Returning to St. Paul in 1888 he assumed the management of the Blackwood Bottling Company, and five years later was appointed a deputy sheriff of Ramsey county by Sheriff Chapel. Then, on June 1, 1896, he was given the title of chief of police, carrying it so well, even during the first few months of his incumbency, that after the G. A. R. encampment of September, 1896, St. Paul became known far and wide as one of the most orderly, well-governed cities extant. Not a serious robbery or act of violence had occurred during the entire thirtieth encampment, and only to the excellent discipline and untiring vigilance of Chief Goss, ably abetted by the united endeavor of rank and file, can this remarkable circumstance be ascribed.

That the sympathies of the chief are largely fraternal is demonstrated by the fact that he is a Mason of the thirty-second degree, an Elk and a Knight of Pythias, as well as being a charter member of the St. Paul Commercial Club and an officer in Division No. 40, Order of Railway Conductors.

JOSEPH N. MOUNTS

Was born at Morrow, Warren Co., Ohio, Oct. 25, 1859. When five years old his parents moved to Loveland, Ohio, where his father was connected with the Little Miami Division of the Pan Handle Railroad. In the year 1871, his parents both died, and he then went to live with an uncle who had a farm near Hopkinsville, Ohio, and where Mr. Mounts lived until he was seventeen years of age, when he thought he was old enough to "hustle" for himself, and consequently hired out to a farmer in the neighborhood for ten dollars per month. In the spring of 1880 he got the "Western fever" and started for St. Paul, arriving here April 15 of that year with only ten dollars in cash and one suit of clothes. The following morning bright and early he started out to find a position of some kind and before noon had secured employment in a fruit store on 3d st., between Robert and Jackson, where he remained but a short time on account of not liking the business. The following day after resigning he was offered a position with Reynolds & Cobb, retail grocers, doing business at 165 W. 3d st (that street being the principal business street in the city at that time) which he accepted, and remained with this firm for three years, when he was offered a better position and larger salary with George K. Kent, who was conducting a grocery at the corner of Wabasha and College av. He was in Mr. Kent's employ for four years, and becoming somewhat tired of the grocery business he thought he would like a change and applied for a position as Pullman car conductor, and secured the position the following week. He remained with the Pullman Co. for some time, running between here and the coast and also to Chicago. Owing to sickness in his family he was compelled to resign and concluded to go into business for himself, and consequently opened up a grocery store at the corner of Dale st. and Ashland av., which he conducted until the spring of 1892, when he sold out and later on secured a position as city salesman for McCormack, Behnke & Co., wholesale teas, coffees and spices. He remained with this firm for one year when he went on the road for Menk Bros., wholesale grocers. In the spring of 1896 he was given a position in the sheriff's office under Sheriff Chapel, and upon the election of F. B. Doran as mayor, he was appointed secretary of the police department, which position he still holds.



Joe (as he is familiarly known) has a host of friends and is a great favorite with all the members of the police department. He is a prominent member of the Order of Modern Woodmen, holding one of the highest offices within the gift of the lodge to which he belongs, they having a membership of over seven hundred. He is also a member of Lincoln Lodge, K. of P., Woodmen of the World, Modern Samaritans, and Royal Neighbors.

PHILIP W. SCHWEITZER, CHIEF OF DETECTIVES

For many years past Philip Wendell Schweitzer, chief of St. Paul detectives, has borne the reputation of being the handsomest man on the force. But so genial and hearty is he in disposition, so social and obliging by nature, that he would win friends readily were he without the slightest pretension to good looks. When necessary the chief can be severely dignified and even stern, with a firmness which is at direct variance with his apparent easy courtesy; qualities which go to show how really well



balanced he is at all times. He was born in St. Paul in March, 1858; received his education in a German parochial school and later in the public schools, and on leaving there learned the butcher trade. This last move was resorted to as a measure of health on the principle that a butcher is never a consumptive. At any rate, health and success in business became assured factors of his career and he was for many years a prosperous local meat dealer. On May 12, 1883, Mayor Edmund Rice appointed him a patrolman, and four years later, May 1, 1887, he became a sergeant, by favor of Mayor Smith. During Mayor Smith's second administration, May 31, 1890, he was again promoted, this time to the position of lieutenant. It is well known that his captain's commission, conferred by Mayor Wright, was entirely unsought. But the fact that it was given him December 3, 1892, when Mr. Schweitzer was a young man of only thirty-four years of age goes far toward exemplifying the esteem in which he was held by his superiors in office. When the movement to make him chief of detectives was agitated he protested, pleading inexperience. But Mayor Doran knew his man, and seldom has a choice proven more happy and satisfactory to all concerned than that made June 2, 1896, when he assumed his present responsible position. Chief Schweitzer was married to a St. Paul lady, belonging to a prominent pioneer family early in the '80's, and there is now a brown-eyed Philip. Jr., who bids fair to become quite as popular as his father.

The chief is very fond of his home and most of his spare time is devoted to his particular hobby, that of raising fine poultry. As a chicken fancier of the most pronounced type he is known to possess one of the finest collections of fowls in the Northwest. He resides at No. 972 Charles st.

DONALD C. CAMPBELL

One of the detectives of the present force, was born at Arbroath, Scotland, March 17, 1857. He was appointed to the force by Mayor Doran June 6, 1896. He formerly conducted a private detective agency.

MICHAEL H. DALY

Was born in Manchester, N. H., in 1852, and was appointed to the force June 7, 1894, and is now doing duty as a detective at the Central Station.

JAMES C. MURNANE

The work of a city detective is seldom appreciated as it should be by those whom it chiefly concerns for the very good reason that the more effective it is the less obtrusive it must be. Nevertheless, as in other professions requiring skill and daring, there is a satisfaction in duty well performed, which to a detective means more than the laudation of a public. One of the ablest of St. Paul sleuths is James C. Murnane, whose father, Patrick Murnane, was one of Minnesota's earliest settlers, coming here in 1848.

The younger Murnane was born in St. Paul, Feb. 4, 1859, and received his education at the Jefferson school. On leaving there he joined a U. S. government survey party and during the next year became well acquainted with the winding of the Missouri between Lincoln and Benton, and the wild scenery of the Yellowstone, at its loveliest, near the mouth of the Big Horn.



Subsequently he worked for a wholesale house three years and in 1881 went to Duluth, where he spent two years in the employ of the Duluth & Western Railway. He was engaged in real estate in the Minnesota pineries for a year, was four years a wholesale liquor merchant in Superior, and two years in the employ of the Gooding Detective Agency. His appointment occurred June 3, 1896. He lives at No. 677 Wabasha st.

JAMES WERRICK

The name of James Werrick is well known to every reader of a St. Paul daily, for there is seldom an important local crime committed in which he does not have a hand at the sifting. He is thirty-nine years old and was born in Carver, Minn., coming to St. Paul with his parents a year later. When he had finished the common schools he worked successively for a lithographing establishment, a plumbing shop, a candy factory and at the learning of the carpenter and machinists' trades. Perhaps it was because of this early inclination to know all the ins and outs of artisanship that he is now enabled to draw so unremittingly upon the store of general knowledge which is a detective's stock in trade. At any rate he did not stop there, but worked two years as a locomotive fireman and two and a half years as a harness maker previous to his appointment to the police force, May 18, 1882. In 1885 he resigned and went to St. Louis, Mo., engaging in business there. In June, 1886, he was reappointed a patrolman and on the opening of the Margaret station, walked a beat in that district one year, after which, he became a detailed detective. In 1893 Mayor Wright appointed him a regular detective and during Mayor Smith's administration he worked for a private agency. Then when Doran came into power he was reappointed a detailed detective; later, in 1897, receiving his present position. He has figured extensively in a number of celebrated cases, notably the bringing to justice of Wonigkeit and Irmisch, the arresting of "Spec Elms" or White, now a lifer at Stillwater, and the tracking of the youthful would-be murderer in the recent Brown-Treaty robbery.



CAPT. PARKER L. GETCHELL

Viewed in the light of a branch institution the Ducas St. Sub-station has always been regarded as a model of its kind, and to Capt. Parker L. Getchell, as its head, most of the credit attached to its excellent discipline must naturally be awarded. He was born in Wyoming Co., N. Y., in 1853, and is therefore forty-six years old. The greater part of his life has been spent in St. Paul and previous to his entering the police department, eighteen years ago, he followed railroading in various capacities. June 23, 1881, he was appointed a patrolman and six years afterward became a sergeant. In April, 1893, he was promoted to the position of lieutenant, but the following year was reduced to sergeant. With Mayor Doran's inauguration, June 2, 1896, he was given charge of the Ducas St. Sub-station and the rank of captain.



During his first year of service, in 1881, Capt. Getchell made an important arrest of house-breakers, wounding one of the burglars and capturing the chief, Lavalle. He has done invaluable

work both for the city and for humanity during the Mississippi floods which periodically immerse the flats of West St. Paul.

CAPT. ADELBERT M. LOWELL

Many, many years ago, when all the civilization of the new world lay centred in a few log huts, scattered along the bleak North Atlantic shore and protected only from storm and gale and savage onslaught by dense, primeval forests, Percival Lowell (or Lowle), a zealous Pilgrim, for love of life and liberty, put aside all love of home, and friends, and comfort, and became the first to leave Bristol, Eng., for a comparatively unknown land. That was in 1639, and his harbor of refuge was Newbury, Mass.



Now, in 1899, a record shows that since then eight thousand Lowells have lived to claim direct descent from him. Among them is Capt. Adelbert M. Lowell, of the Rondo St. Sub-station. One need hardly be told that the genial captain is a Maineite, for accent and bearing both betray him. He was born in Aetna, in 1847, but as a child was taken to Bangor, where he attended both common and select schools. He did not finish his education, however, for with the Civil War sweeping death and devastation all over the country, fires of youthful patriotism burned so very fiercely as to quite outbalance the usual thirst for knowledge. Instead he enlisted as a landsman in Admiral Dahlgren's squadron and served a little over two years. The fleet was called the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron and its object was to guard the coast states on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line. After serving eighteen months young Lowell was offered a commission, but he refused it and in 1865 went back to Bangor. In 1869 he came to St. Paul, and engaged as a shipping clerk for S. L. Sheldon & Co., then a wholesale machinery firm located on the lower levee. On the last day of August, 1872, he left their employ and on the 18th of September was appointed a patrolman.

Dr. Stewart was mayor of St. Paul then and there was a police force of only two dozen men, including officers in charge. In March, 1885, he became Sergt. Lowell and two years later, on May 1, 1887, Mayor Smith gave him a captain's commission and full charge of the Rondo St. Sub-station, then just opened.

The Rondo district embraces all of St. Anthony Hill, on which the best residences of St. Paul are located. It naturally follows that Capt. Lowell has to deal largely with expert burglars of all types, and in doing this it may safely be said he has never let public opinion interfere with duty, in any way. A born gentleman, he is kindly by nature, and no amount of habitual intercourse with the seamy side of life has been able to disturb the unvarying courtesy which is one of his chief attributes.

CAPT. PHILIP POTTGIESER

There is not a more popular gentleman in St. Paul than Philip Pottgieser, captain of the Margaret St. Sub-station. A Prussian by birth, he is decidedly American in ideas and except for the impression of "gemuetlichkeit" conveyed not only by his every action but by every nook and corner of his scrupulously well-kept little office, one would never suspect him of being born across the water, in sedately narrow Germany. He came to St. Paul when a child of five and is now forty-seven years old. After completing the routine of public school life he became a boiler-maker and was employed in this capacity for many years. Five years previous to his appointment he worked for the Pullman Car Co. He joined the police force in May, 1882, and walked a beat until April, 1889, when he received his promotion as sergeant of the Central Station. Shortly after this he had a thrilling experience with a gang of burglars on Mississippi st., narrowly escaping with his life. He became a lieutenant in 1893 and on June 4, 1896, assumed his present post as captain. Though he usually accompanies his officers in making important arrests, Capt. Pottgieser, having won his own spurs, seldom claims present glory, preferring with commendable generosity to put a good man in the way of promotion every time. So but little is known of the way Murderer Moshek's revolver came to be discovered in the ash receiver of a kitchen stove, and of innumerable other instances, in which equally acute detective skill was demonstrated on the part of the captain. One of the most curious arrests on record occurred early in the '80s. Capt. Pottgieser, who was then Officer Pottgieser, and out on night duty, was approached by a man who told him that a stranger, then lunching in a centrally located cafe wished to hire a hack for the conveyance of himself and a lot of furs to Minneapolis. It was long past midnight and the officer's suspicions were immediately aroused. After considerable ferreting he discovered the man who wanted a ride. And not only did he grant his wish but stood treat for the trip, stipulating only that it be to the Central Station instead of to Minneapolis. Arrived there he found that a robbery of \$1,400 worth of furs had been committed that night. Another peculiar arrest made during the captain's patrol service, was of a man who incurred doubt because he asked what he should have known, the location of corner Wabasha and 7th sts., and because he wore one new shoe. A small lot of shoes had been stolen that night, and following the man through a maze of alleys, Officer Pottgieser had the satisfaction of arresting the thief in the very act of dislodging his steal from the midst of a heap of refuse. He resides at No. 537 Park av.



CAPT. CHARLES T. ROULEAU

Of all the children born in "Lower Town" twenty-five and thirty years ago, there are few who do not remember a stalwart, handsome young policeman, who used to chase away tramps, and stop runaway horses, and shake his finger at the little girls who fired toy pistols on the 3rd day of July. His face was so kind, however, and his smile so reassuring that he seldom frightened them a great deal. That was Officer Chas. T. Rouleau early in the seventies, now Capt. Rouleau is a robust, well-preserved man of fifty-three, the little girls are women, and the "French Hill" which used oft-times to conceal tramps from view, has long since been but a memory of the past. Capt. Rouleau's father, Charles T. Rouleau, Sr., was one of the earliest settlers of the Northwest, coming here from Canada in 1829, and engaging in



the service of the American Fur Co. Later on he was one of the pioneer mounted mail carriers and in '45, when he removed his family to St. Paul, a hamlet of twenty families, he took rank as the first cooper there. A carpenter by trade, he hewed the logs and took a hand in the building of the first hotel, "The St. Paul House." Rouleau, Jr., was born shortly after the family came to St. Paul, and was one of fourteen children, eight of whom are still living. His early education was not extensive, because at that time there was no school house in St. Paul, and schoolma'ams energetic enough to open a session commonly closed it soon after to follow the example of Miss Rumsey, the first schoolmistress, "and get married." When eighteen young Rouleau enlisted in Co. A, Hatch's Battalion, Minn. Volunteers, and was on detached service, which consisted of taking prisoners South until the close of the Civil War in 1865.

John S. Prince then controlled extensive lumbering interests along the Mississippi, and, during the next six years Capt. Rouleau worked for him. April 10, 1872, he was appointed to the police force, which then numbered seventeen men, not counting Chief McIlrath. After ten years he received a sergeant's commission from Mayor O'Brien. A lieutenantancy followed in 1885, together with a transfer to the Ducas St. Sub-station. In 1892 Mayor Wright promoted him to the position of captain there, and in 1896 Mayor Doran transferred him to the Central station, giving him the rank of senior captain, with full charge of all the stations at night.

Capt. Rouleau was married to Miss Exilda Dufour, daughter of a prominent West Side pioneer, in 1870. They have had a family of six sons and daughters, five of whom live to call them blessed. The captain has been for the past four years the oldest veteran in the St. Paul police service. He resides at No. 471 Ada st.

LIEUT. HENRY BAHE

Abrupt of speech and extremely loath to use the fair records of his own life as subject-matter, Lieut. Henry Babe is known throughout St. Paul as one of the largest hearted, most whole-souled men within its boundaries. He is liked by young and old who have grown to realize that his habitually dignified, grave demeanor is but a mask to hide the depth of feeling invariably aroused by the sight of suffering. Physically, Lieut. Babe is a splendid type, and his courage and pluck are fully in keeping with the massive strength which has stood him in such good stead for fifty years of life. Just so many have passed since his birth in Hessen-Cassel, Germany, but one needs to be told it by the lieutenant himself in order to believe it. He was educated in the state schools of his native land, and when sixteen came to Minnesota, locating on a farm in Woodbury, Washington Co. After five years he settled in St. Paul, going into the express business. At this time, in 1872, he was married to Miss Rosina Lindig, the daughter of a prominent pioneer resident of the city. In 1875 he received his appointment to the force from Mayor Maxfield. There were only twenty-five men on duty then, and a patrolman's beat was not a "snap job" by any means. In April, 1890. Lieut. Babe received his present title, after having been acting sergeant for some time.



He was installed at the Rondo st. Sub-station, remained there a little over five years, and after three months at the Margaret st. Sub-station, assumed his present position. One of Lieut. Bahe's

most vivid recollections of arrests while in the patrol service is of "Sheeny George," who within one hour of reaching town stole \$300 worth of furs from Albrecht's store.

The sight of "Prussian Frank" with his teeth knocked out, lying stretched on the floor of the Rondo station, pockets full of silver from the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Co.'s safe and blood oozing everywhere is another one of a kaleidoscope of stirring memories.

Lieut. Bahe says, however, that he would rather deal with a male prisoner any day than with a frantic woman, which ought to be flattering to the men, to say the least. He lives at 159 Carroll st.

LIEUT. ERNEST BOERNER

During the late war with Spain some of the highest positions of trust were held by men of German birth or ancestry, who knowing the value of implicit obedience and rigid discipline in time of danger, never hesitated to act for their adopted country in precisely the same spirit of loyalty as that which might have animated them years ago, when the Fatherland was threatened with disruption. A man of this character is Ernest Boerner, lieutenant of the Central Station. Tall and erect and of an extremely dignified bearing, he looks the military man of a past decade to perfection. He is a fine looking man, too, and wears his uniform with a grace and ease known only to long possession. The lieutenant was born in Berlin, Germany, in September, 1850. His father was a man who had served with high honors in the German army, later becoming a government employe. At the time of the lieutenant's birth he was a captain of police, which latter position he held thirty-seven years. Lieut. Boerner is now the proud possessor of many medals conferred on his father, one of them being for fifty years government service.



The education of the young Boerner began when he was a mere child and ended with his graduation from a polytechnic institute as a full-fledged architectural draughtsman. In 1867 he came to the United States and for a time pursued his chosen avocation, but imbibing the warlike spirit which still lingered in the atmosphere, he became a soldier, and served in Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico for a period covering twelve years. The greater part of this time he was post commissary sergeant. Late in the seventies he engaged in business in Gunnison, Colo., and in 1881, located in St. Paul, where he was employed as bookkeeper by Commisary General Morgan. He received his appointment as a patrolman in 1882, and for the succeeding five years served alternately as patrolman, roundsman, acting baliff, and acting secretary to the mayor. Then, on May 1, 1887, he was promoted to the position of sergeant, and assigned to the Rondo St. Police station. In Dec. 1892, he became a lieutenant and in January, 1893, a captain, but in 1894 was reduced to the rank of sergeant. Two years later he received his present position as the lieutenant in charge of the central station during the day.

Needless to say, Lieut. Boerner has won a splendid record during his seventeen years of service. With a thoroughly competent chief at its head, and such a man as lieutenant Boerner in charge of its principal station, the police department of St. Paul need not fear the rivalry of any other city of its size.



Burglar tools found on the robbers who held up
the Great Northern train in November, 1898

LIEUT. WM. BUDY

As the leader of every patrol of mounted police which has taken part in the street parades of the city of St. Paul, since 1885, Lieut. Wm. Budy will long be remembered by the multitudes assembled on these occasions. Always a man of commanding appearance, his attitude while on horseback is strikingly handsome; a combination of manly strength and perfect horsemanship which must elicit universal admiration. He is of German parentage and is now in the prime of life. When eighteen years of age, Lieut. Body enlisted as a private, in Co. F, 7th U. S. Infantry, and had an encounter with the Sioux Indians, in September, 1870, to record as one of his first adventures. Before being transferred to Fort Snelling, in 1878, Lieut. Budy had served successively at Fort Steele, Fort Buford, Fort Shaw, and Fort Benton, and had won the rank of 1st Sergeant, and acting post quarter-master. While in Benton in 1876 he married an English lady, born on the Isle of Jersey and the daughter of an army officer who fell at Gibraltar. Shortly after being installed at Fort Snelling his company was sent to White River, Colo., where the Ute expedition was being organized. Active participation in the latter closed Lieut. Budy's career as a soldier, discharge from the service being given him in February, 1880. During his ten years enlistment he had seen every phase of Indian warfare and great loss of life, notably at the battle of Big Hole, which occurred in August, 1877, without himself sustaining serious injury.



Lieut. Wm. Budy

Lieut. Budy was made a patrolman June 23, 1881, serving four years in that capacity. He was acting sergeant of the mounted patrol for two years before being promoted, on May 1, 1887, to the rank of sergeant and assigned to the Prior av. sub-station.

In 1889 he assumed his present duties as lieutenant of the same station. Since then he has made many arrests of offenders who were bound over to the grand jury, and though the neat little station house was at first the center of a somewhat desperate element, none of the captures made have required quite as much strength as did the arrest of a man named Schneider, early in 1882, and also early in the lieutenant's police career. The narrative of the tussle in which Lieut. Budy lost all his buttons, and his star, is thrilling. Lieut. Budy's narratives are all thrilling, for that matter. He is a brilliant raconteur and invariably at his best while relating one of the many hairbreadth escapes he has had while out on the plains.

As is quite natural, he is a lover of fine horses and has ridden his present saddle horse seventeen years. Another horse in his service is twenty-two years old and still quite active.

Lieut. Budy is a member of the following secret societies; Hermann's Sons, Lodge No. 24; Army and Navy Union, Gen. Wesley Merritt Garrison, No. 58; Knights of Pythias, Champion Lodge No. 13; Royal Arcanum, Merriam Park Council, No. 186, and The Teutonic Society. Lieut. Budy resides at No. 1909 Carroll st.

JOHN W. COOK

Was born in Ireland in 1847. He was appointed to the force Jan. 1, 1878, and is now doing duty as lieutenant at the Ducas Station.

WM. HANFT

Was born in Ohio in 1853, and was appointed to the force Jan. 4, 1875, and is now doing duty as lieutenant at the Rondo Station.

LIEUT. HENRY J. POTHEN

Is truly a Junior Pioneer. Forty years ago and during the civil war his father drove one of the first stages ever taken out of St. Paul. His mother was of French-Canadian parentage and was brought to St. Paul by her parents when a child of two in 1846, the journey from Canada being made by ox-team. The lieutenant was born on a farm embracing much of what is now the Fort Snelling boulevard, thirty-one years ago. He was a school-boy until 1887, when he engaged in the hardware business. Jan. 1, 1890, he entered the police department, served three years and was detailed as a detective three more. In July, 1895, he became a sergeant at the Central Station, and the following year received his promotion to his present position. Since then he was twice injured by criminals resisting arrest, but as a matter of record has never had occasion to shoot a man in effecting a capture.



Lieut. Pothen is black-haired and black-eyed, of very pleasant address, and quiet undemonstrative disposition. Native energy and caution have done much toward placing him where he is and with his youth and strong physical constitution at command, he bids fair to climb still higher on the department ladder. Like Alexander of old Lieut. Pothen loves a good horse and owns several. He annually makes entries at the state fair and is seldom amiss in his judgment of "thoroughbreds." One of the latter, Hammont, has been on the track three or four years, and is a popular favorite. He resides at No. 189 Edmund st.

LIEUT. JOHN A. SHOGREN

A lieutenant at twenty-five! strong, healthy and handsome besides, surely it would seem as if John A. Shogren has much to be thankful for. He was born and brought up in Chicago; came to St. Paul in 1890, and for five years was employed in a local flour and feed store. When twenty-two he joined the rank and file of the police department, and two months after his appointment, in August, 1896, was transferred from the Central to the Margaret st. district. August 18, 1898, he received his commission as lieutenant. During the spring prior to his promotion Lieut. Shogren made several very important arrests, one being of two highway robbers, Pat Hussey and Jim Dugan, who held up a man on the well-lighted corner of 7th and Sibley streets, at about 8 o'clock in the evening. Lieut. Shogren and officer Gates caught them in a saloon an hour and a half after the robbery had been committed. Another time he arrested a clever forger who had been trying to pass spurious paper in several Arlington Hill's business houses. A description had been furnished and from that he traced the whereabouts of the man, who was with difficulty taken to the station. Lieut. Shogren is married and lives at No. 677 Jessamine st. E.



SERGT. PHILIP J. ARNOLD

Half a century ago what is now known as University Avenue was commonly designated as "the territorial road" and then as now, was the principal thoroughfare between the Twin Cities. On this road and on what is now the junction of Broadway and University av. Sergt. Philip J. Arnold was born, thirty-nine years ago. His father, Jacob Arnold, was the first dairyman in St. Paul and for many years did a flourishing business, supplying not only the village, but wandering cattle drovers and Indians with milk. Tepees then lined the prairies between St. Paul and Minneapolis and from 70 to 90 gallons of milk were daily consumed. While yet a little fellow, young Arnold became a scholar in the German Lutheran school and one of his most vivid recollections is of a daily run to town through a most dismal tamarac swamp. Later he attended the Madison School, and on finishing there assisted his father in the dairy business. When he was twenty-one he became a grocer, locating on the corner of University av. and Mackubin sts. In 1886 he married a St. Paul lady and subsequently kept a railroad hotel until his appointment to the force, Aug. 22, 1888, as a mounted patrolman at the Prior av. sub-station. His promotion to his present position occurred Oct. 21, 1896. In April, 1895, Sergt. Arnold received a bad cut in the head while making an arrest. Of a quiet, unassuming disposition and a frank, intelligent countenance, he is generally well liked and deservedly popular. He is a member of the A. O. U. W., Junior Pioneers, Teutonic Society and Sons of Hermann. He lives at 523 Sherburne av.



SERGT. JOSEPH F. DAVIS

Twenty years ago when the entire Northwest was threatened by the Indian wars then raging, tales of thrilling experience, close at hand were quite as common as Philippine literature is now, Sergeant Joseph F. Davis as one of the survivors of that dread period can point with pride to a record filled with feats of daring bravery. A Dative of Bohemia, and forty-two years of age, he came to this country when a child and was educated in the private and public schools of Cleveland, Ohio. Later he acquired the trade of a cooper but left it to enlist in the U. S. army at the age of twenty. From the Columbus barracks he was transferred to Fort Snelling, and soon after became a member of Co. A, 5th Regiment Mounted Infantry, then commanded by Col. Nelson A. Miles, and stationed at Fort Keogh.



In March, 1878, Sergt. Davis took part in the first expedition sent out to surround the Indians, under Chief Gall, and from that time until Dec. 17, 1882, when he was honorably discharged, he fought in innumerable skirmishes. Among the last of these was an encounter at Poplar, River, near old Fort Peck, in which sixty-five wigwams were destroyed and about seventeen hundred savages taken prisoners. The honor of escorting the captured Indians to Fort Yates, Dak., was given to the companies participating in the engagement.

Shortly after his discharge, Sergt. Davis came to St. Paul and was given the position of turn-key at the jail. Resigning in 1886, he was appointed to the police force by Mayor Rice, receiving his promotion as sergeant of the Central Station in June, 1896. He is a member of General Wesley

Merritt Garrison of the Army and Navy Union, U. S. A. and the Bohemian order C. S. P. S. He lives at No. 407 Superior St.

SERGT. MICHAEL GEBHARDT

Sixteen years of continuous service have made Sergeant Michael Gebhardt every inch a veteran in the faithful performance of duty. And yet he has hardly passed the summer of life, being only forty-four years old. Sergt. Gebhardt hails from Alsace-Lorraine, now a province of Germany, and was educated in the public schools of his native land.



When seventeen he began working as a teamster for the St. Paul branch of the Standard Oil Co., and later on was given a position at the Ramsey County Poor Farm, of which Nicholas Pothén was then superintendent. In 1883 Mayor O'Brien appointed him to the Central Station, the only one at that time. With the opening of the sub-station on Margaret st. he was detailed as driver of the patrol wagon there. Five years later he was made a detective and shortly afterwards, on August 15, 1896, was promoted to his present position as sergeant. Mr. Gebhardt is married and has a large family of sons and daughters. He lives at No. 1148 4th st. E.

SERGT. CHARLES H. GERBER

A single glance at the regular determined features and strong physique of officer Charles H. Gerber must suffice to show that he possesses elements which make an ideal patrolman. He is as yet a young man, only twenty-eight, but this is his third year of service. St. Paul is his birthplace and he received his education in the city schools, later on engaging in the grocery business. He became a member of the force Aug. 3, 1896 and was assigned to the Rondo st. Sub-station where he is at present. He was promoted to sergeant March 8, 1899.



SERGT. OLUF LARSEN

In Throndhjem, on the Throndhjem Fjord, which winds inland between the towering cliffs and rocky highlands for which Norwegian scenery is justly famous, a boy's first knowledge of life is gained on the water. School-books and fish-nets bear a very close relationship in those far Northern climes; indeed, as Sergt. Oluf Larsen puts it, "a boy's school is on the sea." He was born mid all the grandeur of the upper coast of Norway, fifty-two years ago, and when only eleven years of age became a sailor on a merchant vessel. It was a pleasant life, full of excitement and adventure and young Oluf bade fair to continue in the calling of a ship-carpenter indefinitely. But one day, while cruising along the English channel, his elder brother who had been his protector on many a rough and stormy voyage, fell off a rigging and was picked up dead on the lower deck. This sad occurrence put an end to the younger Larsen's sea-life for all time. He was then a youth of twenty-two and in the search for a haven of forgetfulness. America became his first thought. Emigrating first to Chicago and later to St. Paul, he settled in the latter city as a carpenter and contractor. That was



in 1869. In 1872 he married Miss Peterson of St. Paul, who became the mother of his seven children, and in 1881, on the first day of March, he became a member of the police force. There were only twenty-eight men on as regulars at that time and a beat in one of the lower town precincts was far harder to control than it is now. But Sergt. Larsen did always his duty with rigorous precision, and what is more, intelligently, so that when, May 1, 1887, he received his promotion as sergeant of the Margaret st. sub-station, all his well-wishers were highly gratified and not even his enemies could deny that his elevation in rank was the reward of merit and well deserved. He lives at No. 788 Pine st.

SERGT. DENNIS C. McCARTHY

Forty-three years ago, Sergeant Dennis C. McCarthy was an infant in Clahanaough, County Kerry, Ireland. He obtained a thorough education in the free schools of his native town, and on reaching manhood crossed the ocean, arriving in St. Paul during the Spring of 1879. The following six years he was a foreman for the Street Railway Company. May 1, 1887, he was appointed a patrolman and assigned to the newly opened Rondo st. Sub-station. In 1891 he was transferred to the Central district and for two years and a half was on duty at the Union Depot. His promotion to the position of sergeant occurred in June, 1896.



Sergeant McCarthy has enjoyed the best of health throughout his long service. He is a typical Irishman, witty and highly optimistic, with a rich fund of humor which never fails him.

In 1891 Sergeant McCarthy rendered splendid service while assisting Capt. — then Sergt. — Getchell in making the arrest of Prussian Frank, one of the most desperate criminals known to the Northwest. He is married and lives at No. 436 Fuller st.

SERGT. GUSTAF A. MALMQUIST

Is thirty-five years old and in his present position is an example of what energy and perseverance, allied to good common sense, can do toward elevating a man's station in life. When he came to St. Paul, from Sweden, in 1883, he worked as a private coachman, and later on, held a position as collector for a local business house. For two years previous to his appointment on the force he was a conductor for the street railway company. On March 24, 1893. he was assigned to a West St. Paul beat and five years later Mayor Kiefer promoted him to the position of sergeant. He is married and resides at No. 55 Colorado st. W.

SERGT. ANDREW J. ROSE

The average old settler of either of the Twin Cities feels very safe in making the assertion that the coming half century can never bring about as many changes as the past one has. And as he says it, a half-sad, wistful-look comes into his eyes; he thinks of the time when a drive to St. Anthony or to Little Canada, or to Rose-town, did not mean a view of rows of houses. Rose-town used to be a thriving agricultural community, and received its



name from its principal farmer, the father of Sergt. Andrew J. Rose. The sergeant went to live there when a baby, and there too, he attended the three-months-a year district school. He is now fifty-two years of age and never so happy as when recalling some of the scenes of a long-vanished past. When 14 years old he went to live in Cottage Grove, Minn.; married Miss Mary Robinette of Mendota when twenty and in 1873 came to St. Paul. Miss Robinette was the daughter of Joseph Robinette, a government blacksmith, who was killed during the Indian outbreak in Redwood Falls, in 1862. Sergt. Rose has a large family, thirteen sons and daughters having been born to bless his early union, three of whom died in infancy. Upon coming to St. Paul he worked at railroad grading for a short time, and later did general teaming. When the city workhouse was opened he served as a guard there for a year. In December, 1883, he was appointed a patrolman and walked a beat down in "lower town" nine years and a half. Then, in April, 1893, he received his promotion as sergeant of the Rondo st. Sub-station. During his long career Sergt. Rose suffered real injury only once and that a permanent dislocation of one of his fingers. He was assisting an officer in making the arrest of the notorious Spot" O'Connell and accidentally received a blow from the officer's club. Sergt. Rose is the personification of kindly simplicity, a true American of the old school and to know him is to like him. He resides at No. 397 Martin st. Since the above was written he was attacked by a crowd of toughs on June 24 and seriously injured.

SERGT. JAMES T. ROSS

Is a Scotchman and forty-one years of age. Receiving a common school education in his native city he became an attendant at the Murray Flats asylum in Glasgow, and remained thus occupied three years. At twenty-one he determined to try a newer field for the display of all the innate energy and strong Scotch pluck which he possessed, and crossing the ocean landed in Quebec. Later on he went to Duluth and from there to St. Paul, where he settled down as a blacksmith. In 1885 he left his forge to join the ranks of the police department. He was promoted to the position of sergeant at the Rondo Station. Serving two years he was transferred back to the Central Station, where he is now. He resides at No. 261 Thomas st.



WM. RYAN

Was born in Ireland in 1867. He was appointed to the force May 20, 1893, and is now doing duty as sergeant at the Ducas Station.

SERGT. REUBEN A. WRIGHT

Of all the city "blue-coats" there is not one better or more widely known than is Sergt. Reuben A. Wright, of the Central Station. He is well liked everywhere, and deserves to be, for he is a man of extreme good nature and more than ordinary intelligence. He was born near Decatur, Ill., in 1851, and in 1855 came to Red Wing, Minn., with his mother. This lady, Mrs. Amelia Wright, was one of the pioneer heroines of whom Minnesota must justly feel proud. Settling on an untilled farm a widow with ten children, not



one of whom had reached maturity, she managed to rear and educate eight of them, two little ones being struck by lightning the summer after they came to Minnesota. The present sergeant received his schooling in Hamline University, then situated in Red Wing. Between times he worked on his mother's farm, and did not leave it until 1880, when he came to St. Paul to live. During the next two or three years he worked for a grocery firm and as a night watchman for a local wholesale house. Jan. 1, 1883, when Mayor Rice was at the head of the city government, Reuben Wright was appointed a patrolman. Before receiving his commission as sergeant in April, 1893, he was acting sergeant for half a year, and connected with the Margaret st. sub-station. In June, 1894, he resigned but was re-appointed two years later, resuming his former post of duty. From August, 1896, until March, 1899, he was stationed in the Rondo district. Now he is desk sergeant of the Central Station. During his long police career Sergeant Wright has seen crime in its very worst and crudest stages; he has also had the satisfaction of noting to what extent efficient service and conscientious attention to duty can help a city to become a model municipality. He lives at No. 286 Virginia av.

HANS AAMOLD

Was born in Rushford, Minn., twenty-nine years ago. In 1882 he came to St. Paul and during the next six years worked as a private coachman. July 2, 1890, he joined the rank and file of the police force and was detailed as driver of the Margaret st. patrol wagon. Two years later he was transferred to the Central Station and for three years drove the patrol there. Now he is walking a beat in the Margaret district and is a popular favorite with all who know him. Officer Aamold has always enjoyed the best of health and with the exception of an injury to his right side received in a fall from the wagon has never been hurt while on duty. At that time he did not allow the accident to interfere with his daily work. He is married and lives at 707 Minnehaha st. E.



CHARLES ANDERSON

Was born in Sweden thirty-two years ago, coming to the United States in 1870. The first location chosen by his parents was Andover, Ill., where they lived seven years. During the four years spent in Stockholm, Wis., he attended public school, proving himself a bright and diligent pupil. Later on, in St. Peter, Minn., he completed his education and in 1881 began work in a St. Paul sash and door factory. Mr. Anderson remained in this position until Feb. 12, 1897, when he was made a patrolman by Mayor Doran. In April of the same year he was transferred from the Central to the Margaret st. Sub-station, where he is still serving. Officer Anderson is able to boast that he has never lost time by a single day of sickness or suffered any injury while on duty. He is married and lives at 670 Lawson st. E.



GUSTAVE W. BATHKE

Is one of the latest additions to the force, but if reports speak true, a valuable one. He was born in Germany thirty-four years ago. When twelve years of age his parents emigrated to Minnesota, settling on a farm near Glencoe, Minn. Later on they removed to Henderson and young Bathke remained with them until he was twenty-two. Then he came to St. Paul and drove an ice wagon three years, subsequently engaging in the milk business for himself. After a seven year struggle his comfortable home and dairy was destroyed by fire and he obtained work in a wholesale commission store. On April 27, 1899, he was appointed a patrolman in the central district.



Officer Bathke was married to Miss Annie Smith in 1890 and is the father of two bright boys and lives at 488 University av. W.

EDWIN L. BAUMGARDNER

Hockinpost, Ohio, is the birthplace of Edwin L. Baumgardner, present conductor of the patrol wagon at the Central Station. He is forty-three years of age and has made his home in St. Paul for the past seventeen years. At one time he was street inspector, succeeding by dint of strict attention to all details connected with the work, in holding this position for five years. Mr. Baumgardner was appointed a patrolman Aug. 10, 1892, serving in this capacity until the fall of 1896, when he became conductor of the Central patrol wagon. He is married and lives at No. 906 Burr st.

CHARLES BEATTIE

Among the Scotch recruits to the police service of St. Paul is Charles Beattie, who during forty years of life has had a career of adventure seldom outrivalled by fiction. Coming to New York in 1874, he worked in a meat market for a few months, going from there to Janesville, Wis., and later on to St. Paul. Catching the mining fever, just then at its height, Mr. Beattie went to the Black Hills as a prospector and succeeded in locating a promising claim. Tiring of continual waiting for developments, he abandoned it, but hardly had he done so when it was sold by his successor to an English syndicate for a fabulous sum. He returned to Scotland in the fall of 1882, only to return to St. Paul the following spring. Engaging in a live stock venture he made another voyage across the ocean to Liverpool. Stock raising on our western wilds had, however, far more attraction for Mr. Beattie than life in a quiet European port, and his two next moves were successively to manage large ranches, one near Tongue River, Mont., and the other at White Bear Lake, Minn. At the latter place, a stock farm belonging to A. K. Barnum, he remained four years. Five years in the livery business followed. On July 3, 1893, Mr. Beattie was made a patrolman and assigned to the Rondo St. Sub-station. He is married and lives at No. 9 Arch St. E.



AUGUST BOESEL

Is a German, aged thirty-five. As he himself says, "he was raised on a farm in Germany," and this fact does much toward accounting for the rugged strength and sturdy faithfulness with which he has always performed every duty, however minute, while on the force. He came to St. Paul in 1880 and was at one time a motorman in the employ of the Twin City Transit Co. Oct. 24, 1896, he was appointed a member of the police department, and has since served at the Rondo st. Substation. Mr. Boesel is married and resides at 527 Charles st.

EDMUND BRAAK

One of the most highly esteemed mounted officers on the force is Edmund Braak, who is only thirty-two, but whose career reads like a tale of modern realistic fiction. He is a native of Marne, Germany, and has lived in this country just half his life. On May 7, 1884, he became a U. S. cavalry man, enlisting in Troop G, 4th Cavalry, and serving in New Mexico and Arizona during the time Geronimo, the Apache chief, held sway there. For nearly a year and a half, beginning with May 19, 1885, the little company of which Mr. Braak was a member, remained camped on the sage-brush plains without seeing a human habitation, or catching a glimpse of a "paleface." Geronimo had hardly surrendered and been escorted to headquarters, however, before Apache Kid began to be troublesome. And from that time on until Officer Braak's discharge in 1889 he led Uncle Sam's boys a mad chase. Seven days after leaving the 4th Cavalry, Mr. Braak re-enlisted in Troop G, 1st Cavalry at St. Paul and joined several expeditions against the Cheyenne Indians, receiving promotions to corporal and sergeant in rapid succession. His last campaign was against the Sioux Indians, and its close was marked by his being made regimental color bearer and drillmaster for the troop. Upon receiving his discharge as sergeant in 1892 he returned to St. Paul and went to work for the Twin City Rapid Transit Co. In December of the same year he was appointed a mounted patrolman and assigned to the Midway district. During the summer of 1894 Officer Braak met with an accident which well nigh proved fatal while arresting a negro on the State Fair grounds. With this exception he has never suffered injury. He lives at No. 435 Fairview av. N.



FRANK BRANCA

Is a young Italian, tall and slender, and of a dignified demeanor well calculated to command respect from even the "toughs" who infest his district. He belongs to the Central Station. Mr. Branca came to St. Paul in 1892 when twenty years of age and engaged in railroading. In March, 1897, he became a patrolman, and on Dec. 20, 1898, a benedict. In July, 1898, while arresting several notorious characters he was struck by a rock and severely injured, but has not encountered any difficulty since then.



He lives at No. 315 7th st. E.

THOMAS J. BRENNAN

Irishmen proverbially make good policemen, and Officer Thomas J. Brennan is no exception to the general rule. Born in Ireland thirty-seven years ago, he came to this country when a mere boy, locating in Trenton, N. J. Aside from a trip to his native land, Trenton was his home until 1882. During that year he began work in a St. Paul stone quarry. Five years later, in 1887, Mr. Brennan became a police officer, and was assigned to the Rondo st. Sub-station, where he is still serving. Mr. Brennan has taken part in a great many encounters with desperate criminals, notably the arrest of three notorious characters, White, Dougan and Fisher, sentenced to Stillwater for life on the charge of murder. He is married and lives at 894 Albemarle st.



HERMANN BUNDE

Was born in Germany twenty-eight years ago. Coming to St. Paul in 1886 he worked for some time as a delivery boy before acquiring the trade of a bricklayer. Eight years of arduous toil in his chosen avocation followed. On July 18, 1898, Mr. Bunde became a patrolman, and was detailed to the Rondo st. Sub-station, where he is now serving. He is married and lives at 734 Lafond st.



JAMES H. BURRELL

Although race distinction has not so far penetrated the St. Paul police service, James H. Burrell is at present the only colored man employed on the force. He is thirty-five years of age, and was born in Monroe county, Alabama. Previous to his appointment as a patrolman, Oct. 25, 1892, Mr. Burrell worked for the Pullman Car Co., holding the position of a porter four years. As a police officer he has served continuously at the Rondo st. Sub-station, winning the respect and confidence of his colleagues and the unstinted praise of his superior officers by his faithful and meritorious performance of duty, at all times. Officer Burrell is a single man and lives at 443 Rondo St.



WILLIAM H. BYRNES

The driver of the Ducas st. Sub-station patrol wagon, was born in Byrnesville, Dakota county, Minn. He is thirty-one years of age. Coming to St. Paul in 1890 he worked as a coachman and collector until June, 1896, when he was made a member of the police force. After four months of good service he was removed from his beat and installed in his present position as driver of the patrol wagon. Mr. Byrnes is married and lives at 407 Robert st. S.

JAMES CAREY

There are men so diffident and modest that to recall even a praiseworthy record for publicity is a hardship. Such a man is Officer James Carey, an "Irishman" born in Scotland, who has been on the force sixteen years. He was a stationery engineer in the old country, and coming to St. Paul in 1876 plied the same profession for a number of years. Later he worked in the N. P. freight department four years. During the administration of Mayor O'Brien, in 1883, Mr. Carey was assigned to his present post at headquarters. Though not a man of powerful build, he enjoys extremely rugged health, evidenced by the fact that in the course of sixteen years he has never been seriously ill. He lives at No. 213 Charles st.



PETER CARROLL

Was born in Ireland in 1860. He was appointed to the force May, 1887, and is now doing duty as a patrolman at the Central station.

DANIEL J. CASHMAN

Is one of the younger members of the force, as well as being comparatively a newcomer. He is twenty-eight years of age and was born in St. Paul. His principal occupation previous to his appointment by Mayor Kiefer was that of a switchman on the various lines of railway centering in the Capital City. Officer Cashman donned his buttons Aug. 18, 1898, as a member of the Margaret st. police contingent. He is unmarried and lives at 278 Commercial St.

EDWARD CHRISTIAN

That little Holland has not been remiss in furnishing the department with a representative is evidenced by the genial presence of Officer Edward Christian at the Central Station. He was born in 1860 and came to this country when a child. His residence in St. Paul dates as far back as 1874, when he began to follow his trade as a bricklayer. Mr. Christian was appointed a patrolman at the Margaret st. Sub-station Jan. 27, 1889. In 1892 he resigned, resuming his former occupation. Three years afterward, in Jan., 1895, he was reappointed to the Central Station, where he has since remained. Officer Christian is married and lives at No. 266 Carroll st.



JOHN CASSERLY

Is a native of Morristown, N. J., and forty-two years old. Previous to joining the force he was a railroad and steamboat hand, also a government teamster at Fort Assiniboine, Mont. May, 1887, he became a patrolman and has since answered roll call at the Central Station.

AUGUST CHRISTOPHERSON

Among the younger officers at the Central Station is August Christopherson, a native of Sweden and twenty-nine years of age. Mr. Christopherson did not come to America until he was sixteen years old, and then located in O'Brien county, Iowa, working on a farm in the summer and going to school during the winter months. In 1888 he settled in St. Paul, following his trade as a blacksmith. He became a patrolman July 20, 1896. Mr. Christopherson is a married man, and resides at 232 Charles st.



HARVEY D. CLINE

Officer Harvey D. Cline, of the Central station, was born in Erie Co., Penn., and is thirty-four years of age. Like many other progressive young Americans, he began taking care of himself at an early stage of his career, by driving a bus for a hotel in Bradford, when between fourteen and fifteen years old. Later he worked for a cattle dealer and during his early manhood was a traveling salesman for a New York company. Coming West he engaged in the meat and cattle business at Morris and Paynesville, running shops in these towns for above four years, and after that traveled alternately for biscuit companies in Lincoln, Neb., and Minneapolis, his last move being to establish himself in his early trade as a wholesale meat dealer. He was appointed to the force in January, 1898, and assigned to the Central station, where he has made a good record. He lives at 231 St. Anthony av.



ANDREW COLL

A typical son of Old Erin is Officer Andrew Coll. "big Andy," to all those who know his kindly face and genuine Celtic humor. He has been on the force a long time, ever since June 17, 1883, and all of his early "beats" were confined to "lower town" in so much that his familiar figure, terrific to a wrongdoer, but infinitely attractive to all who appealed to its protecting strength, was missed for months after he was assigned to the Union Depot five years ago. Mr. Coll is still a young man, not quite forty, although his long residence in St. Paul, beginning in 1876, makes him seem a pioneer. At that time he was engaged in river driving and lumbering. He is married and resides at 420 Fuller st.



RICHARD CRONIN

Was born in Ireland forty-six years ago. In 1880 he located in St. Paul and worked seven years in one of the local wholesale houses. In 1887 he was appointed a patrolman, and assigned to the Central Station, where he is at present.

MRS. BRIDGET CUMMINGS

The matron of the Central police station is Mrs. Bridget Cummings, widow of Michael J. Cummings. She is a native of St. Paul and forty-four years of age. Mrs. Cummings was appointed matron May 15, 1892, but resigned during the next year. In 1894 she was reappointed and is still serving.

THOMAS M. CUMMINGS

Was born in Clinton county, N. Y., May 8, 1858. When nine years of age his parents settled on a farm in Rice county, Minn., and four years later he came to St. Paul, joining a party of Northern Pacific engineers there for an extended western trip. During the succeeding four years he caught a glimpse of life as it used to be lived on the plains of Montana and Arizona. Then he went south, but soon returned to the old homestead in Rice county. In 1886 he renewed his travels, going south again and later to the Pacific coast. While in Seattle he worked as a grip man for the street railway company. Going back to St. Paul in April, 1890, he was appointed a patrolman the following June, and assigned to the Rondo Station. Since then Officer Cummings has succeeded in establishing a record second to none in point of faithful adherence to duty. He lives at No. 605 Linden St.

JOHN J. DALY

Among the officers on the force who were boys in St. Paul is John J. Daly, who has been a resident of the city all his life, a period of forty years. As a boy he learned the printing trade, working at it ten years, afterward becoming a locomotive fireman on one of the railroads running into St. Paul. When twenty-five years of age, in 1884, he was made a patrolman and assigned to the Central Station. In 1892 he received a well-deserved promotion to the city detective service. For eight months during 1894 he was jailer at the Central Station, later serving one year as inspector of pawnshops. On July 10, 1896, he was transferred to the Rondo Sub-station in the capacity of detective. Mr. Daly is married and lives at 212 Smith av. N.



EDWARD DELANEY

One of the "trusties" of the police service is Edward Delaney, who has been a patrolman for fifteen years, and during that time won the esteem of all his fellows by the faithful performance of duty. He was born in Ireland, May 12, 1847, and while yet an infant in arms was brought to New York by his parents. When four years old he was left fatherless, and shortly after came west with his mother, remaining in Elgin, Ill., two years and then locating in St. Paul. The family next removed to a farm in Scott county, Minn., young Delaney overseeing it until he was twenty, when he returned to St. Paul and became a carpenter. March 24, 1884, he was appointed a member of the police department and walked a beat in the Central district until 1892, when he was transferred to the Prior Sub-station as a mounted officer. Officer Delaney was married to Miss Mary A. Walsh in 1870, and is the father of eleven children, all living. They live at No. 320 Victoria st. S.

TIMOTHY ENRIGHT

As a man with a splendid record and accounted one of the most efficient policemen in the Rondo district Officer Timothy Enright may well take pride in his uniform and the responsibility entailed by its wearing. He was born in Ireland thirty-nine years ago. When twenty years old he settled in Vermont, coming to St. Paul in 1883 as a railroad employe. Jan. 5, 1888, he became a patrolman at the Margaret st. Sub-station, later on being transferred to the one on Rondo st. He lives at No. 922 Woodbridge st.



THOMAS FRANKLIN EUBANK

is one of the younger generation, a son of St. Paul, just a quarter of a century old. His father James Franklin Eubank, was a soldier of the rebellion, serving with a Wisconsin regiment from start to finish. Young Eubank attended the public schools in the Sainly City and was nearly eighteen when he began to make his own living as a clerk in a grocery store. After seven years of mercantile life Mr. Eubank was appointed a patrolman on June 5, 1899. Though so new to the service he is well liked and bids fair to become a most competent guardian of the peace. His marriage to Miss Jessie May Artis, of Portsmouth, Ohio, occurred June 9, 1896, and he lives at No. 165 Iglehart st.



THOMAS R. FILLINGIM

Is a Canadian, forty-one years of age. He was raised on a farm near Montreal, going to school until the death of his father. This occurred when he was fourteen, and for nine succeeding years he was alternately a private coachman and the driver of a sprinkling cart. His first work on the force was as a special policeman at Grote's Tivoli for four years. March 30, 1887, he became a patrolman and was assigned to the Central Station, where he is still located. Officer Fillingim has rendered remarkably faithful service to the department, and has never lost time because of sickness or injury. He is married and resides at No. 686 Thomas st.



JAMES W. FINN

Mounted Officer James W. Finn was born in New York, state forty-four years ago, but can safely be said to be western by habit and association, for he came to St. Paul when a year old baby, and later was brought up on a Minnesota farm. Subsequent to leaving school he learnt the trade of a carpenter and used it to good advantage out on the frontier during the six years following 1870. For three years he was an expressman in St. Paul. His appointment occurred April 30, 1884, and excepting the first year he was a mounted patrolman on Central duty until the opening of the Prior av. station. He has remained there ever since his transfer and is known as a thoroughly reliable, competent



"guardian of the peace." He is a member of the Territorial Pioneers and enjoys a wide acquaintance throughout the Twin Cities.

He lives at No. 2108 Lincoln av.

JOHN J. FITZGERALD

Was born in Galena, Ill., leaving there with his parents when a mere child. He is forty-two years of age, and a very well preserved man, twenty years of country life in youth having endowed him with a more than average complement of vigorous, health and hardy strength. In 1880 he concluded to leave the farm near Waukon, Iowa, where he was brought up and go west. Reaching first St. Paul, then Little Missouri, N. D., he went to work on a stock ranch. Afterward he secured a position as a locomotive fireman, and in 1885 was employed at shipping beef in Medora, N. D. From 1886 to 1892 he was a foreman in the supply department of the C., B. & N. Railroad.



In July, 1892, Mayor Wright appointed him a patrolman and assigned him to the Margaret st. Sub-station. He is married and lives at No. 891 Minnehaha st. E.

THOMAS H. FLYNN

In the summer of 1898 Mayor Kiefer organized a bicycle police squad and Thomas H. Flynn was one of its first members, the appointment coming as a promotion for good service rendered. Officer Flynn was born and brought up on a farm near Litchfield, Minn., and is thirty-five years of age. He learned the trade of engineer and followed the same for about five years. In Dec., 1897, he was made a member of the police force and assigned to the Central Station. Mr. Flynn is well liked in his district for his many admirable qualities of mind and heart but more especially for the consideration invariably shown the poor animals he has frequent occasion to defend. He lives at No. 327 Somerset st.



WILLIAM C. FORRESTER

In point of splendid physique and manly strength William C. Forrester is every inch of what a good policeman should be and although his time of service has been short, it has fully demonstrated his fitness for the position he holds. He is a native of La Crescent, Minn., and thirty-three years old. In 1892 he took up his residence in St. Paul and was shortly after appointed a guard at the Stillwater penitentiary. He remained there for five and a half years and then became a traveling agent for a surety company. On Aug. 19, 1898, he was appointed a patrolman and assigned to the Central Station. Officer Forrester is married and lives at 19 10th st. E.



FRANK FRASER

Was born and educated in Cornwall, Ontario, Can. He is thirty-six- years old. Previous to his appointment as a patrolman, April 27, 1891, he worked two years as a gripman and three running an elevator. Mr. Fraser has made St. Paul his home for the past fifteen years and has a wide circle of friends in the community. In June, 1895, he was detailed as driver of the Central Station patrol wagon, but is now doing patrol duty. He is married and lives at No. 290 Charles st.



JAMES M. FURLONG

Was born in Dakota county in 1870. Upon completing his education at the age of eighteen he came to St. Paul and for the next ten years worked as a check clerk for the C. M. & St. P. Railway and the Winsconsin Central. Although a comparative newcomer in the department, having received his appointment in 1898, Officer Furlong is highly esteemed in that part of the Ducas st. Station district which he patrols. He lives at No. 217 Winifred st. E.

LOUIS J. GALVIN

One of the handsomest men in the service is Louis J. Galvin, who was a professional base ball player before he became a policeman, leaving the league only because of an injury received while pitching. Mr. Galvin is a native of St. Paul and was born in 1863. Upon leaving school in 1881 he worked as a railroad delivery clerk. While a baseball player he pitched successively for the New England, the Northwestern and the Eastern leagues. He was made a patrolman in 1887, and detailed for duty at the Central Station. After six years of service he resigned only to be reappointed in 1896. In Sept., 1897, he became a special detective and later on the jailer of the Central Station. He is married and lives at No. 331 Ramsey st.



CHARLES H. GATES

Was born in Clinton county, New York, in 1861. From the age of six years to fifteen he attended the public schools in New York City. From the age of fifteen to twenty-one he was employed in his father's store as a clerk. At the age of twenty-one he located at Minneapolis, where he engaged in business for himself, remaining a little over a year, when he went to Chicago, remaining there five years, during which period he was employed as a conductor by the C. C. Railway Co., then he returned to the Northwest, stopping at St. Paul, where he was employed for five years by the St. Paul City Railway Co., as conductor and foreman, and on June 21, 1894, he was appointed patrolman on the St. Paul police force, being assigned to duty at the Margaret st. Sub-station. In 1898 he was detailed as day jailer at the Margaret st. Sub-station, which position he still holds.



Officer Gates is a brother of the well known physician, E. M. Gates, of New York City. Mr. Gates is married, and enjoys a well deserved popularity among his many friends and superiors in office. He resides at No. 402 Hope st.

JOHN GAUL

Was born in Cologne, Germany, in 1857. He was twenty-five years of age when he came to St. Paul. There he learnt the trade of a machinist and worked at it for eleven years in the Great Northern and Northern Pacific shops. In 1893 Mayor Wright made him a policeman in the Central district.

WILLIAM C. GAVIN

A young man of an exceedingly modest demeanor, a straightforward, open countenance and an unvarying cheerfulness is William C. Gavin, one of the mounted officers. He was born on a farm in Rice county twenty-eight years ago, and as a country boy trudged many miles each day to learn life's early lessons in a crude little country school house. Then, when he was nine his parents took him to Faribault and for four years he attended a parochial school there. At thirteen he came to St. Paul and learnt the trade of a machinist. Later he worked five years in the Great Northern shops, leaving them to become the driver of a beer wagon. Oct. 22, 1896, Mayor Doran appointed him to the force and he has been very active since then, making a most creditable record for himself out at Midway. Most of the arrests made there are for petty misdemeanors but once in awhile a real bad man invades the park precincts and has to be arrested. Officer Gavin made one capture of this kind when he arrested Marcus Thompson, a notorious crook, in July, 1898. Thompson was bound over to the grand jury, but fell ill while it was in session, and being confined in the city hospital, made a successful escape. He lives at No. 411 Snelling av. N.

THEODORE GERVING

Was born in St. Louis, Mo., and is forty-three years old. Like many other mounted officers he gained his skill in horsemanship while a cavalryman. Enlisting in Co. 1, 1st U. S. Cavalry, April 12, 1875, he served for five years, and was honorably discharged in San Francisco, Cal. Coming to St. Paul, he worked in Elevator B as a fireman, and on April 1, 1887, was made a policeman. A month later, when a sub-station was given the Rondo district he was put on duty there. In August, 1892, he was promoted to the position of mounted patrolman at the Prior av. Sub-station. He is married and lives at No. 1139 Chatsworth st.



PHILIP R. GIBBONS

Was born in Ireland in 1842. He was appointed to the force in 1875, and is now doing duty as conductor of the workhouse van.

ALFRED GODBOUT

Was born in Canada forty-five years ago, coming to St. Paul in 1887. Previous to his appointment on the force he was in the commission business. June 13, 1896, he was given a beat by Mayor Doran and since that time has served continuously at the Ducas st. station. Mr. Godbout is widely known and highly respected over on the West Side, where he is a property owner. He lives at No. 251 Gates st.



JOHN GOVEN

Is a native of Germany and forty-eight years of age. When a child of eight his parents located in Winona, Minn., and he was educated in the public schools of that city. Shortly after attaining his majority he was appointed deputy sheriff of Winona county, and held the position three years. After that a hotel in Red Wing and a saloon in St. Paul were successive ventures, followed by an appointment as assistant inspector of weights and measures. In 1887 he was made a patrolman and detailed to the Central Station.



Officer Goven is not a tall man and of medium weight, but when it comes to dealing with a St. Paul thug the latter is not in it at all, as evidenced by two desperate encounters in which only a rare presence of mind, displayed in the capture of all firearms, saved his life.

Another very narrow escape from death occurred when the veneered front of a building fell on him, while on duty. As it was he received only a few slight bruises. He lives at No. 707 De Soto st.

STEPHEN J. GRIEMANN

Choice of men according to nationality instead of fitness has never been a dominant policy of the St. Paul police department, as evidenced by the fact that it is an American institution in the largest sense of the word. Austria-Hungary is represented in it by Stephen J. Griemann, a comparatively young patrolman who has lived in St. Paul ever since he emigrated from Europe, eighteen years ago. He was then a boy of fifteen and a carpenter by trade. From 1882 to 1889 he worked at this and as a grocery clerk until he had amassed the means to start into the grocery business for himself. June 12, 1890, he was made a patrolman in the Rondo district. Mr. Griemann is a family man and a property owner, living at No. 630 Lafond St., and is universally esteemed throughout the 8th Ward, which he patrols, as well as by his superior officers.



JAMES J. GRIFFIN

Was born in Pennsylvania in 1852. He was appointed to the force in 1890, and is now doing duty as patrolman, at the Ducas station.

SAMUEL E. GUSTAFSON

Is a native of Sweden and thirty-five years old. He has lived in St. Paul for the past fourteen years, working as a warehouse man out at the Minnesota Transfer the greater part of the time. His appointment to the police force occurred Nov. 16, 1897, and he has served at the Central Station since that date. Officer Gustafson is commended alike by his superior officers and his colleagues for steady, unswerving loyalty to the star which decorates his uniform. He lives at 709 Pelham st.



HENRY GYDESEN

Mayor Kiefer's first appointment to the police force was that of Henry Gydesen, who is only twenty-six years old. When a boy in Denmark Mr. Gydesen showed unseal ability as a scholar, graduating from a Latin school at an early age. Eight years ago he came to St. Paul, and after clerking two years, engaged in a grocery business of his own. Later he made a trip to Europe, remaining about a year. Mr. Gydesen became a patrolman in July, 1898, and was assigned to the Margaret st. Sub-station. When the bicycle squad was organized he was made a member and rendered effectual service in the rounding up of scorchers and sidewalk trespassers throughout the summer. He lives at No. 857 Minnehaha st. E.



CHRISTOPHER J. HAGEN

Norway is the birthplace of Christopher J. Hagen. He is thirty-six years old and before coming to this country served four years on the police force of Christiana. In 1887 he came to St. Paul and worked in the Great Northern railroad shops for seven years. His appointment to the force was made Nov. 6, 1896, and he was then assigned to his present post in the Margaret st. district. Officer Hagen has been unusually successful in warding off attacks and the only real injury received while on duty was a cut on the head with a pick wielded by a local desperado. Within two weeks time he was able to be about again, much to the satisfaction of the residents of his district, by whom he is generally liked. He lives at No. 993 Payne av.



THOMAS E. HAGGERTY

Is thirty-three years of age, and was born in Rice county, Minn., where he received a common school education. Coming to St. Paul in 1885 he pursued his trade as a carpenter. July 20, 1892, he became a member of the force and was given a beat in the Rondo district. In December of the same year he was transferred to the Central Station, and assigned to his present position as driver of the patrol wagon. Officer Haggerty has a splendid record for steady, earnest attention to duty. He has always had the most faithful of dumb assistants in Roxie, a beautiful white horse, and the oldest in the service. Roxie has been on duty fourteen years. Mr. Haggerty lives at No. 158 Dousman st.



MILLARD F. HALLOWELL

It may be that a "nose for news" and Yankee blood are closely related. At any rate Millard F. Hallowell has both and so cannot quite help being the excellent detective he is. He comes of an old New England family and was born at the home of his grandfather in Augusta, Me., thirty-eight years ago. He received his education in Kent's Hill Seminary, and on leaving there settled in Boston, Mass. Later he came to St. Paul and at once entered the E. M. Hallowell Co.'s carriage factory as foreman, he being a nephew of the senior member of the firm. After thirteen years there he stepped into his present position June 6, 1896. Mr. Hallowell's duty is to receive all reports from outside stations and to keep track of stolen property entered in pawnshops. He has shown himself particularly expert in the handling of shop-lifters, in quite a number of cases. In 1898 Mr. Hallowell made a find of \$1,700 worth of goods, and the minor cases of petty larceny ferreted out by him are well-nigh endless. Personally he is very agreeable and decidedly fond of outdoor exercise. He lives at 285 Sherburne av.



FRED W. R. HAMMERGREN

One of the younger patrolmen and a St. Paul boy is Fred W. R. Hammergren. Born in 1872, Officer Hammergren left school to become a printer, working at the trade for five years. After that he was a street car conductor, and in 1892 entered the St. Paul fire department as a truck and pipeman. Two years later he resigned and went to work for the Great Northern Railway. Nov. 9, 1896, he received an appointment as patrolman, and has since been on duty at the Central Station. Of a robust figure and energetic disposition, Mr. Hammergren is well fitted for all the exigencies of duty and during his patrol has never lost time because of sickness or injury.



He lives at No. 727 Fauquier st.

JOHN H. HARRIS

To John H. Harris, jailer at the Central Station, belongs the honor of having served his country when a boy. A Virginian by birth, he spent his early years in Ottawa, Ill., and when in April, 1863, the oft-repeated call for volunteers reached him, he enlisted as a member of Co. I, 138th Illinois Infantry. He was only sixteen then and was mustered out after a year and a half of camp life, serving voluntarily, however, until the close of the civil war in 1865, five months over his term of enlistment. After that he returned to his trade as a plowsmith, becoming manager in several instances before his removal to St. Paul in 1878. Taking charge of the St. Paul Plow Works, he remained nine years. During the boom in North St. Paul he was at the head of the Harris Mfg. Co. there.



Jan. 1, 1889, he was appointed a deputy sheriff and served three years and a half. In 1892 he served six months as a city detective, and in 1894 was awarded the contract for city street sprinkling. He was given his present position in June, 1896. He lives at No. 456 7th st. E.

JAMES P. HEENEY

One of the latest, but by no means the least experienced appointees to the force is James P. Heeney, who was a city detective under the Wright administration, resigning at its close. His birth occurred at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1864. When a lad of five or six his parents removed to Pittsburgh, Pa., where he attended the parochial and public schools until he was sixteen years old. Then he became a cabin boy on a steamer which plied the Ohio river from Cincinnati down to the "Father of Waters." The year 1887 marked his coming to St. Paul, but not his stay, for he worked as a railroad news agent during the next two years. He was in the employ of the Pinkerton Detective Agency at the time of his first appointment. Later on he established himself as a private detective and was usually successful in the matter of shadowing suspicious characters. Although ranked as a patrolman when reappointed on May 6, 1899, he has since been on duty at the Central Station as a detailed detective and it is expected that his services will prove of value to the department.



JOHN A. HELMER

Was born in Sweden thirty-two years ago, emigrating to Minnesota when a boy of fourteen. His education was received in the Swedish public schools and later on at a St. Paul business college. For three years he worked on a farm in Meeker county and in 1886 became a lamplighter for the firm which then held the city lighting contract. After five years of faithful service he was made warehouse foreman for the same firm, continuing in their employ until July 1, 1897, when he resigned to become a patrolman at the Central Station. With the organizing of the bicycle squad he was made a member and transferred to the Ducas st. station. Though comparatively new to the service, Officer Helmer has already won a record for steady attention to duty. He lives at No. 80 Winifred st. W.

DAVID F. HENNESSY

Elgin, Ill., is the birthplace of David F. Hennessy, now a patrolman at the Central Station. Officer Hennessy has been fourteen years in the service of the city, joining the fire department in 1885, when he was twenty-three years old. During the next seven years he received successive promotions, holding the rank of captain at the time of his resignation in December, 1892. While a fireman Mr. Hennessy met with two accidents, necessitating nearly three months' sick leave. Within a few days of leaving engine duty he became a policeman, and a good one at that, winning a reputation for fidelity to trust throughout the district which he patrols. He lives at No. 193 University av. W.

JOHN J. HENNESSY

A notable feature of the St. Paul police department is the aggregate number of strong men in its employ, men who are giants in stature and strength and who have never lost a day through sickness. Officer John J. Hennessy is one of these. A six-footer, and weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, it may be that he owes his rugged health to being born in Minnesota thirty-seven years ago. Early in life, after he had finished school, he became a stationary engineer and for many years worked in that capacity for various firms of St. Paul. During Mayor Smith's administration he was made a patrolman, but resigned to go into the flour and feed business. Nov. 13, 1894, he was appointed a second time and assigned to the Central Station.



He lives at No. 19 Prospect Terrace.

ANDREW S. HERVIN

Is of Norwegian parentage and was born in 1862. In 1882 he left his home across the ocean and settled in St. Paul, pursuing the trade of a carpenter. Ten years later, in August, 1892, he was given a beat and assigned to the Margaret station, a transfer to the Rondo district being made the same year. June 20, 1894, he resigned, but was reappointed in 1896, and detailed to the Central Station. It has been said of Officer Hervin that nothing doubtful can ever escape his untiring vigilance, backed as it is by the pair of gray eyes, clear and keen as the frosts of his own native Norway.



He lives at No. 568 Sherburne av.

FRANKLIN HOEFER

Was born and educated in Galena, Ill. He is forty-four years of age. For the past fifteen years he has lived in St. Paul and with his family is widely known and well liked in the district which he patrols. Previous to joining the force he worked alternately as a night watchman and as a motor grip-men, holding one position in the last named capacity five years. He was made a policeman in 1891 and assigned to the Margaret st. Sub-station.



He lives at No. 1093 4th st. E.

JAMES HOLLAND

Another of the strong men on the force is James Holland, who also claims Minnesota as his native state. Officer Holland was born in 1864, and came to St. Paul from Goodhue county when seventeen years of age. For a year he worked as a car builder in the C., St. P., M. & O. shops and then became a private coachman. Later he was a teamster for the street railway company, leaving his position there to take charge of a hack line for a local livery and after a time for himself. After twelve years of hack driving he became a patrolman in July, 1896, and was detailed to the Central Station. He has never lost time through sickness or accident and has an excellent record. He lives at No. 308 Carroll st.



CHARLES F. HOFFMAN

Was born in Iowa in 1862. He was appointed to the force Nov. 1, 1896, and is now doing duty as patrolman at the Ducas station.

FRANK HORN

Almost within sight of the Fort Snelling reservation there is a picturesque cottage, surrounded by acres of velvety lawn and dense orchard growth. It is the home of Officer Frank Horn, who "holds the fort" at its bridge entrance and answers roll call by telephone. He is a Scotchman, born in Aberdeen, a little over fifty years ago. When a boy of thirteen he went to sea as a cabin boy on the "Jan Mayen," an old time sailing vessel. The whaler cruised between Peterhead, Scotland, and Greenland, and young Horn remained on board two seasons. Then he made several voyages to the Baltic sea and Odessa, Russia. Alexandria, Egypt, was also a regular port and on one trip the young sailor beheld the sights and Eastern magnificence of far away Calcutta. When twenty he came to the United States, and a few years afterwards took up his permanent residence in St. Paul. Previous to entering the police department, in October, 1890, he was employed as a shipping clerk by Auerbach, Finch & Van Slyke, carpet house for over a decade. His first police service was rendered in the municipal court, where he was bailiff. Two years later he was assigned to a patrol in the Central district. In 1893 he became desk sergeant, much to the edification of Sunday newspaper reporters, who accorded him the reputation of being a teller of sea yarns and police tales, second to none. It was only during the past year that Officer Horn was transferred to his post at Fort Snelling. He is a Mason of seventeen years' standing, belonging to Ancient Landmark Lodge No. 5.



JOHN HOSCH

Twenty years ago, when a mere boy of fourteen, John Hosch left his home on a farm near Caledonia, Minn., and reaching St. Paul set bravely to work at winning a livelihood. For twelve years he worked as a sawyer in the employ of a wholesale wood and coal firm, later becoming a yardman for a retail fuel company. During the three years previous to his appointment to the force he kept a restaurant and still continues to run the same. He has



been on duty at the Ducas Station since Aug. 19, 1898. Officer Hosch is married and lives at No. 350 Minnesota st.

JOSEPH HOUSKA

Was born in Le Seuer county, Minn, thirty-three years ago. Coming to St. Paul in 1876 he obtained his education at the Jefferson school. His first work was done in the pressroom of the Pioneer Press, where he was employed over four years. Subsequently he worked eleven years as a mailer for the Globe. In 1896 Mayor Doran appointed him to his present position as a patrolman in the Central district. Mr. Houska is married and lives at No. 161. Congress st. W. He is a man of splendid physique and excellent health, two qualities which have done much toward giving him a very creditable roll call record.

JOHN L. HUGHES

Was born in St. Croix county, Wis., and is in the thirty-third year of his age. He is a carpenter by trade and after coming to St. Paul in 1888 pursued this avocation, as a foreman for the most part. March 19, 1897, he joined the rank and file of the force and since then has rendered faithful service in that part of the Central district which he patrols. He is married and resides at No. 1597 Marshall av.



GEORGE D. HUTCHINS

Was born in Malone, N. Y., thirty-three years ago. For thirteen years after coming to St. Paul in 1886 he was a street car conductor. Then in August, 1898, Mayor Kiefer appointed him to the force and assigned him to the Margaret st. Sub-station, where he was detailed as driver of the patrol wagon, but is now serving as driver at the Central Station.

MARTIN G. IMHOFF

Was born in Ohio in 1852. He was appointed to the force April 5, 1889, and is now doing duty as patrolman at the Ducas station.

LOUIS JOHNSON

Is among the very latest youthful bluecoats appointed by Mayor Kiefer. He was born in Sweden, Aug. 6, 1875, and came to America, to Alden, Minn., when he was nine years old. A year after, in 1885, his parents removed to St. Paul, where he attended the public schools until he was sixteen. Then he became a delivery clerk and with the lapse of two years went to seek his fortune in Hillsboro, N. D. On returning to St. Paul in 1895, he engaged as a street car conductor and held that position until appointed to the force July 24, 1899, and assigned to duty in the Margaret district. He is a member of Minnehaha Camp, M. W. A., and a young man who has hosts of friends in the city. He lives at No. 899 Sims st. Officer Johnson died Oct. 27, 1899, since the above was written.



OTTO JOHNSON

It is hardly surprising to find a large percentage of the St. Paul police force of Scandinavian birth when one reflects that the brawn and muscle requisite to the making of a good policeman are largely a heritage of every Norseman. Officer Otto Johnson is of Swedish birth and thirty-five years old. He was a private coachman in St. Paul fourteen years before being made a patrolman, June 11, 1897. Since then he has served continuously in the Ducan street district. He is married and lives at No. 407 Robert st. S.

AMUND JORGENSEN

Once upon a time, so say the legends, the name of Jorgenson belonged to a viking of so intrepid a mien that his approach spread terror along the shores of his enemies; today he has a worthy namesake, if not a descendant, in Amund Jorgenson, of the St. Paul police force. Though only thirty-five years of age, Mr. Jorgenson has had an eventful career. Upon leaving school he became a sailor, serving successively in the Norwegian, English and American navies for eleven years. In 1887 he came to St. Paul and worked as a mason for two years. Then he became a member of the fire department and was assigned to Engine Co. No. 8. After five years' service he resigned and returned to masonry. Aug. 18, 1898, Mayor Kiefer appointed him a patrolman at the Margaret st. Substation. He lives at No. 991 Payne av.



JOSEPH KEATING

The idea of a history of the Police Department which should embrace the lives of individual members is a new one, and credit for it is due a man who was himself connected with the force in days gone by — Joseph Keating. Ten years ago, when walking a Central Station beat, thoughts often entered his mind of how little the general public really knew of the police system, of the class of men who composed it, their habits, and their hardships. The publication, in 1899, of a book which contemplates acquainting the citizens at large with their protectors, not only against unlawfulness, but also against tire, is the culmination of the one central, long-cherished idea which germinated from these thoughts. As a municipal record it cannot other than prove invaluable. Although there is no department of the public service so highly interesting to every citizen, yet there is none of which so little is known.



Joseph Keating was born in Limerick county, Ireland, forty years ago. He was educated in the local private and public schools. In May, 1874, he came to the United States, and directly to St. Paul. Soon after he paid an extended visit to relatives in Scott county, Minn., and in 1879 engaged in railroading and lumbering in Minneapolis. In 1885 he returned to St. Paul, and during the next four years was employed as a car builder in the Great Northern railway shops. Then he became a patrolman in the Central district, serving two years. At the end of this time he resigned and subsequently worked for the "Soo" Railway as car inspector. In 1893 he entered the service of R. L. Polk & Co. as a solicitor. Three years later he re-entered the Police Department as night desk sergeant at Police Headquarters. When the position was abolished he was detailed on duty

at Fort Snelling, and for some time did his best to guard the interests of "Uncle Sam's finest." He resigned for a second time in 1898, and since then has been actively employed in furthering the efforts of the American Land & Title Register Association to produce a publication which should fill an immediate need.

MICHAEL KIRCHMEIER

Was born in Hungary, 1860. He was appointed to the force June 20, 1894, and is now doing duty as patrolman at the Rondo station.

ANTON KOSTOHRYZ

"Tony," as he is generally known to his many friends, was born in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 24th, 1870. He obtained his education in the public schools and took a course in a business college. He is a Bohemian and speaks the German, Polish and Swedish languages. He came to St. Paul in 1876. He was engaged in the railroad business for thirteen years and has been employed as butcher and painter. Was for some time city salesman for the Spa Bottling Co. Officer Kostohryz joined the police force in 1898 and his record, though short, is a good one and he is very well thought of by the people living or doing business upon the beat he patrols as well as by the people in the neighborhood in which he lives. He now resides at 916 Watson av. He is also a popular musician.



EX-OFFICER JOSEPH KRIVANEK

Is thirty-one years old and came to St. Paul with his parents when a child of nine. Going to school here he afterward learnt the trade of a machine operator, working in one shoe factory seventeen years. Aug. 18, 1898, he was appointed a patrolman in the Central district. He is married and occupies his own property at 900 Armstrong av. He is not a member of the force at present.

GEORGE F. KROEGER

Is one of the many young men appointed to the force by Mayor Kiefer, who evidently believes in giving youth a chance to win its laurels early in life. Mr. Kroeger was born Oct. 28, 1872, and is a St. Paul "boy," living with his parents in the house at No. 420 Eighth st., where he was born. Before being given his present position as conductor of the patrol wagon at the Central Station he worked as a clerk. He was appointed Aug. 19, 1898.



VALENTINE KRUSZEWSKI

Is forty-four years old and of Polish nationality. In 1874 he emigrated from the old country to Ontario, Canada, where he worked at the carpenter trade. Coming to St. Paul in 1880 he followed the same occupation until July 15, 1890, when he was made a patrolman in the Rondo district.

MARTIN KUETTEL

Hails from Switzerland, where he was born thirty-seven years ago. He received a partial education in the public schools of his native land and while yet a boy became a brewer, working thirteen years in one place. In 1883 he came to St. Paul and was employed in a local brewery nine years. Four years with a wholesale coffee house and two in a shoe factory completed his career as a private citizen. March 1, 1896, Mayor Smith appointed him to the Central Station. After a year and a half of faithful service he was transferred to the Ducas st. district. He is married and lives at No. 134 Ethel st.

ANDREW KUKLA

Was born in Poland before its division forty years ago. He has been twenty years a resident of St. Paul, coming to the city in 1879, and working at general railroading for six years. His appointment to the force occurred July 13, 1885. When the Rondo st. Sub-station was opened he was transferred there.

GEORGE W. LAMPE

Is a native New Yorker, but unlike many residents of the extreme East, he has learnt how to appreciate the far West by dint of much travel and varied experience. He is thirty-five years of age and has lived in St. Paul nearly eighteen years. By trade he is a brickmaker, and has been in business as a housemover. He has traveled extensively throughout the Western and Southern states and is a very well informed man. His appointment to the Central Station occurred Oct. 19, 1898. He lives at No. 705 Oakdale av.



J. W. LAUDERDALE

A pioneer of St. Paul, as well as one of the earliest "city fathers" is J. W. Lauderdale, the popular veteran patrolman of the Ducas st. station. Augusta, Iowa, was his birthplace, and he was a slender stripling when he reached St. Paul in 1851. In 1885 he became a member of the common council. Previous to then he had been successively engaged as a steamboat pilot and captain, serving twenty-seven years in all: seventeen years on the upper Mississippi and its tributaries for Commodore Davidson, and ten years on the Red River of the North and the Saskatchewan river, and later became a retail grocer and a real estate dealer. He was appointed to the police force March 29, 1890.



Officer Lauderdale was married to Miss Medora A. Vincent, of Burlington, Iowa, in 1870. They have two sons and live at No. 220 Robie st. E.

PETER LINDGREN

Were all the stories of injury received while on duty told they would make many pages of deeply interesting reading matter. And of this chronicle Officer Peter Lindgren, walking his beat in a dreary, desolate part of the city, could claim a conspicuous share. Of all his encounters while making arrests only two threatened to prove serious. One was a shot in the arm and the other consisted of a badly beaten head. He is thirty-seven years old and of Swedish parentage, emigrating to St. Paul in 1878, when he was sixteen years old. For four years he worked as a farm hand and a lumberman, and was appointed a special policeman by Mayor Rice. In 1887 he became a regular member of the Margaret st. Station force, resigning after seven years of service. June 1, 1896, he was reappointed to the same station. He lives at No. 743 Minnehaha St. E.



SWAN LINDGREN

Was born in Sweden thirty-five years ago. He early attended the public schools of his native town and became an efficient scholar as well as a musician of more than average excellence. A curtainmaker by trade, he worked at it after coming to St. Paul in 1888, remaining in one position three years. For four years he was an employe at the Minnesota Transfer. During this time he was also making many an extra dollar by exercising his musical skill. He became a member of the force in August, 1898, and was detailed to the Rondo district. He is married and lives at 2277 Ellis st.



DANIEL E. LINDLEY

Is a Pennsylvanian and was born in Pittsburg in 1854. He was educated in the public schools of that city and when sixteen had an attack of "western fever" which resulted in his leaving it. In 1878 he came to St. Paul and subsequently spent twelve years on the plains of Utah, Montana and Wyoming. June 20, 1890, he joined the St. Paul police force and was detailed as jailer of the Prior av. Sub-station. Officer Lindley is highly esteemed in the Midway district for faithful service rendered, and has many friends in St. Anthony Park, where he makes his home at No. 2292 Hampden av.

JOHN LINDOU

The policemen of St. Paul have the reputation of being an exceptionally good natured lot of men, and John Lindou is no exception to the rule. One look at his beaming face with its serenely benignant expression, must attest this. He is of Swedish birth and was born in 1865. As a boy he attended the public schools of his native country and when seventeen crossed the ocean to become a farm hand in Goodhue county, Minn. Later he went to work for a Canadian railway company. In 1884 he arrived in St. Paul, only to leave shortly afterward for a coal mine near Des Moines, Ia., where he worked a year. Returning to St. Paul in 1885 he secured a position of private coachman, holding it eight years. Nov. 16, 1892, he



was appointed a patrolman, but resigned two years later. Aug. 16, 1896, Mayor Doran reappointed him and assigned him to the Margaret st. Sub-station. He lives at No. 692 Cook st. E.

LEWIS LIVERPOOL

Is a native of Rappahannock, West Virginia, and was born forty-one years ago. June 6, 1896, he was appointed janitor of the Central Station, where he now serves. He was formerly a hackman.

JOHN LYNCH

Was born in Ireland, forty-six years ago. At the age of fourteen he emigrated to Boston and learnt the trade of a bricklayer. Oct. 4, 1880, he was appointed a patrolman and remained at headquarters until transferred to the Margaret Sub-station in May, 1887.

JAMES F. McCORMICK

Patriotism and a love of duty are a heritage with James F. McCormick, whose father was a soldier of the Third regiment and bravely fighting in the civil war at the time of his birth, in 1862. He was born in Philadelphia, and when a child of two years was brought to Faribault, Minn., by his mother. At her death, five years later, he went to live with an uncle at Richland, Minn., receiving his education in the country schools as opportunity permitted. When thirteen he returned to Faribault, joining the National Guards four years later. Upon coming to Minneapolis in 1882 he was permitted to withdraw from the organization. After two years of work in the Mill City he became an employe in a marble works of Faribault. In August, 1886, he came to St. Paul, engaging in bridgework for a period of three years. Later, as a motor-man, in the employ of the Twin City Rapid Transit Co., he pulled the fifth car into Minneapolis on the first electric line. He was employed in this capacity three years, becoming a patrolman Nov. 1, 1892. He is married and lives at No. 447 Sherburne av.



PATRICK McHALE

Was born in Stillwater, Minn., and is thirty-nine years of age. He attended school there and in 1884 came to St. Paul, where he occupied a position as special policeman for eight years. June 21, 1891, he was given a beat to patrol and appointed a regular at the Rondo st. Sub-station. Officer McHale has a splendid record for time served, never having been absent from his post on account of sickness or accident. He is married and lives at No. 530 Fuller St.



MARTIN L. McINTIRE

The license inspector of St. Paul is Martin L. McIntire, a man who by education and experience is well fitted to perform the duties of that somewhat arduous position. Born in Bloomington, Ill., fifty years ago, he was reared to manhood in the Wesleyan University. Upon leaving school he engaged in the clothing business. At his father's death he took up his occupation, that of a house-mover. Coming to St. Paul in 1885 he became a fuel dealer, three years later resuming the business of house-moving. He was appointed license inspector Aug. 5, 1898. Mr. McIntire is married and a resident of 138 Congress st. E.



JOHN P. McKINLEY

Was born in Iowa in 1863. He was appointed to the force in April, 1889, and is now doing duty as patrolman at the Ducas station.

HENRY MANTEUFFEL

Aged thirty, was born and reared in Benton, Minn. Early in the '80s he came to St. Paul and plied his trade as a carpenter. Subsequently he worked two years as a stationary engineer and was a foreman and inspector of cars for the Chicago, G. W. Ry., for five and a half years. His appointment as patrolman occurred in September, 1896, and in 1898 he was promoted as the West Side member of the Bicycle Police Squad. He is married and lives at 18 Indiana av. E. Mr. Manteuffel is the possessor of a fine police record and has many friends all over the city.

LOUIS L. MARIEN

A pioneer on the force and also of St. Paul is Louis L. Marien, who has been a patrolman eighteen years and a resident of St. Paul since 1856. He was born in Canada and is fifty-one years old. Beginning when a mere boy he worked seventeen years as a river driver of logs, and in June, 1881, became a member of the force. He was then at the Central station, but later on was transferred to the Margaret Sub-station as driver of the patrol wagon. Mr. Marien has always enjoyed remarkable health and after his long service, is still amply able to cope with the rigor of a Minnesota winter. He lives at No. 863 Minnehaha st. E.



JEROME MARTINEAU

Aged thirty-five, was born in Chicago, Ill., and is of French extraction. At the age of four his parents moved to Spring Lake, Michigan, and there he received a good common-school education. When thirteen he came to St. Paul, working in various capacities for five years. He was a member of the St. Paul Fire Department four and a half years, serving as pipeman of Chemical No. 6. Taking a trip to Washington, he returned shortly and re-



enlisted as a fireman. July 21, 1892, he was made a patrolman and given a beat in the Rondo district. He is married and has his home at No. 415 Aurora av.

CHARLES MAYER

In the emigration from Prussia twenty years ago, of Charles Mayer, the Fatherland lost one of her ablest sons. He is thirty-eight and has been in St. Paul since 1882, following the trade of a machinist, which he learnt early in life. In December, 1888, he became a patrolman in the Rondo district, where he has since served, being promoted to the bicycle squad a year ago. He is married and resides at 758 Sherburne av.



WM. B. MILLER

Is a German and thirty-nine years of age and is a painter by trade. He was appointed to the department in 1886. In 1894 he resigned and went South. Returning to St. Paul in 1896 he was reappointed to the force and was lately made jailer at the Central Station.

WM. B. MONTBRIAND

Burlington, Vt., is the birth-place of Wm. B. Montbriand, who is thirty-six years of age and a very popular police officer. As a child he attended the public schools of his native city, receiving a very substantial education early in life. In 1887 he came West, as far as St. Paul and engaged in the grocery business there. In 1897 he donned the uniform of a patrolman and was assigned to the Central Station. With the exception of a severe attack of la grippe which confined him to his home for two months, he has never been ill nor has he suffered injury while on duty. The latter fact is all the more remarkable because of the many arrests made daily by Officer Montbriand, some of them dealing with an exceedingly low and desperate class of men and women.



He is a great lover of good horseflesh and in days gone by has been known to handle bronchos, fresh from Western wilds, with surpassing skill. His private opinion though is, once a broncho, always a broncho. Mr. Montbriand belongs to Minnehaha Camp, Modern Woodmen of America. He lives at No. 537 Broadway.

MICHAEL F. MORAN

Was born in Neillsville, Wis., and is thirty-five years old. When seventeen he became a railroader, working successively as switchman, brakeman, yardmaster, and finally as conductor of one of the transcontinental lines. His railroad experience embraces service in every state west of the Mississippi, and has given Officer Moran the aspect of being a traveled man of much native intelligence. His first halt in St. Paul was made in 1887. June 25, 1894, he joined the force and was assigned to the Central station. After three months service he was transferred to the Margaret



district, and in 1898 promoted to the Bicycle Police Squad. He is married and lives at No. 692 4th st. E.

BENJ. FRANKLIN MORSE

Of commanding presence, and keen, resolute mein, backed by a weight which tips the scale at 230 pounds, Benjamin Franklin Morse is an honor to the name he bears as well as to the body of men in which he has cast his lot. He was born and brought up on a farm in Cuyler, Cortlandt county, N. Y., and is forty years of age. When eighteen he came to St. Paul and for three years worked as a locomotive fireman, receiving promotion to the position of engineer at the end of that time. Two years later he resigned and went into the express business. In 1887 he became an engine-driver in the Fire Department, continuing in that position five years. At the end of this period he handed in his resignation in order to join the rank and file of the Police Department. He has always been attached to the Central Station.



Officer Morse has enjoyed uniform good health during the years of his incumbency, and has met with only one accident worth mention. It was while making the arrest of a notorious crook, that his knee was badly sprained as the result of a most desperate encounter. But two weeks of hospital nursing completely restored him. Officer Morse is married and resides on his own property at No. 757 Tuscarora st.

PATRICK E. MURNANE

Was born in Aurora, Ill., and is thirty-seven years of age. He came to St. Paul in 1870, and worked at the trade of a boiler-maker. July 5, 1892, he became a patrolman and was assigned to the Central Station.

Ex-OFFICER GUSTAV NELSON

There are so few men in average life who tip the scale at two hundred pounds that one cannot help wondering how the St. Paul Police Department managed to secure so many. Gustav Nelson weighs two hundred and twenty-five, is a six-footer. He was born in Sweden and was well educated in the public schools there. Shortly after his arrival in St. Paul, in 1882, when he was a youth of seventeen, he obtained railroad employment, and remained at it four years. Then he worked as a scaler for a wholesale lumber firm thirteen years, and in August, 1898, was given a beat by Mayor Kiefer. He is not a member of the force at present.



He is married and occupies his own property at No. 865 Cook st. E.

EDWARD NEUMAN

With a record of twenty-three lives rescued from a watery grave there is no reason save his own modest dread of notoriety to prevent Officer Edward Neuman from being known as a modern hero. Born April 6, 1865, in Winona, Minn., he is yet a young man and bids fair to devote many years of the same nerve and endurance which characterized him as an expert swimmer, to the service of the department of which he is now a member. When he was ten years of age, his father, an old settler, who had emigrated to Minnesota from Warsaw, Germany, in 1854, removed his family to St. Paul, and engaged in business as a tailor. Young Neuman worked as office-boy for a while and then learned his father's trade, in the meantime going to night school. During his early manhood he worked successively, for a wholesale confectionery firm, a saddlery store and as collector for his brother, Samuel Neuman. All his leisure time was devoted to swimming and he is not only known as the long-distance champion of Minnesota, but also as the amateur long-distance champion of Illinois, holding four medals to that effect. For all his bravery in the saving of life he has received little or no recognition, due chiefly to his extreme reluctance in the matter of acknowledging his own heroism. On Christmas day, 1893, he pulled a man out of the river under the high bridge in St. Paul, and the following September rescued a Montana ranch king out at White Bear lake. He was married to Miss Elizabeth Murray, of Drummond, Wis., in June, 1896, and was appointed a patrolman by Mayor Kiefer March 22, 1899. He lives at 180 Dousman st.



PATRICK E. NEWCOME

What the Central Station would do without genial "Pat" Newcome is hard telling. One can tell his trustiness at sight and his disposition is quite in keeping with his looks. He was born on a farm near Galena, Ill., forty-one years ago. When little over a year old his parents brought him to Fountain, Minn., where he grew up and went to school and settled and married, his wife being Miss Anna Chambers, of Melvina, Wis. In 1889 he came to St. Paul and for awhile was employed in a steam-fitting establishment. He was also a motorman for the street railway company, continuing there until Nov. 10, 1892, when Mayor Wright appointed him a patrolman in the Central district. He has been there ever since.



Officer Newcome's family consists of two sons, Warren and Clarence, aged 9 and 11 years respectively. His residence is located at 156 Pleasant av.

CHARLES NIEMCZYK

Is a German and thirty-six years old. While yet in the Fatherland he learnt the trade of a blacksmith and after coming to St. Paul in 1881 used it to advantage in several long time positions held with the Great Northern, the St. Paul & Duluth Railways and the American Hoist and Derrick Works. He was one of the builders of the large crane used at the World's Fair. July 18, 1895, he became a patrolman and has since walked a beat in the Margaret st. district. He is married and resides at 113½ Acker st. W.



FRANK O. NOREEN

Was born in Sweden on the 13th day of July, 1865. He was a school boy until he was fourteen, but at that age he became a carpenter. The emigration fever early seized him and when twenty-four he installed himself as a farm hand in the neighborhood of St. Peter, Minn. In 1890 he became a car repairer in the N. P. Railway shops of St. Paul, and remained in that position fully eight years. Then he joined the police force with Mayor Kiefer at its head and has since proven himself a thoroughly efficient officer. Mr. Noreen is a member of Arlington Camp, M. W. A., and also belongs to the Swedish Brethren Society. He is a widower and lives with a son and a daughter at No. 618 Whitall st.



EDWARD E. O'BRIEN

Was a child of four when his parents left Ireland and settled in Goodhue county, Minn. That was in 1862 and during the next ten years he lived the free, uneventful existence common to American country boys, gaining his education whenever opportunity would permit. After that he came to St. Paul and drove a team for a livelihood. Returning to Goodhue county he learnt the miller's trade at Wells Creek and worked at it nine years, subsequently engaging in business for himself, both in the latter place and in Red Wing. In 1888 he came back to St. Paul and spent three years as collector for a local livery firm. He was appointed a patrolman April 14, 1891, and detailed to the Rondo Sub-station.



He is married and a property owner at No. 423 Goodrich ay. His police record is excellent.

ALEXANDER F. OLBERG

The oldest Scandinavian officer in point of service on the force is Alexander F. Olberg, who has worn his uniform since November, 1886. He was born in Norway and is forty-one years old. When a boy of fifteen he arrived in St. Paul. The following eight years he worked as a machinist and in 1886 became a "blue-coat" of the Central district. May 1, 1887, he was given detective service at the Margaret st. Sub-station and five years later assumed his present post of patrolman in the same district.



Officer Olberg has made many important arrests. He is considered by all who know him as one of the bravest men on duty and together with his family is a highly esteemed resident of the neighborhood in which he lives, 892 Payne av.

WILLIAM O'NEIL

Is a New Yorker by birth and forty-three years of age. His early home was in Westchester county, and it was there that he went to school. In 1884 he turned his attention westward, locating in St. Paul, where he did general work for a long time. During September, 1892, he was made a policeman and has had a fine roll call record ever since, never having lost time through either sickness or injury. He serves at the Central Station. Officer O'Neil is married and lives at 260 2d st. W.



CHARLES J. PALMER

The poet of the St. Paul Police Department is Charles J. Palmer, whose literary versatility has earned him much distinction. He was born in Sweden, April 15, 1863, obtaining a common school education there. In 1884 he emigrated to Minnesota and was for a time employed in general work in St. Paul and Centre City, devoting part of his time to study in the common schools at Centre City and later in a St. Paul business college. In 1888 he was employed by the Minnesota Packing and Provision Co. at South St. Paul, and between 1888 and 1890 he was business manager of the Swedish-American Mercantile Co.'s grocery store on Payne avenue. In 1890 he was appointed an enumerator of the special census; in 1891 became a street car conductor and in 1892 was appointed a patrolman by Mayor Wright, serving on detached duty as acting poundmaster. Resigning in 1894 he became secretary of the Swedish-American Book Company, located on E. 7th st. Two years later he became editor and publisher of a Swedish temperance monthly and was subsequently interested in the publication of a Swedish weekly called "Folkets Nyheter." July 9, 1897, he was reappointed to the police force and assigned to the Rondo st. Sub-station.



Personally Officer Palmer is unassuming and extremely good natured. He is liked by old and young on his beat and greatly admired because of his prompt action in times of danger. On one of these occasions he proved himself truly a hero by rescuing little three-year-old Herbie Schultz from almost certain death. The child was seated in a laundry delivery wagon with a runaway horse going at full speed. The animal was stopped by Officer Palmer at the risk of his own life, and he has since been a prime favorite with Rice st. residents. He lives at 948 Albemarle st. Mr. Palmer is a constant contributor to the press in both verse and prose, and [an excellent poem on St. Paul and its police, historical and reminiscent, appears in another portion of this volume.](#)

WILLIAM H. PERRO

Fifty years ago Joseph Perro, the father of Officer William H. Perro, was known all over this part of the country as the strongest man of his time. He came to Stillwater, Minn., from Kaskaskia, Ill., in 1844, and from that time until his death, which occurred a few years ago, was never known to find his equal in the matter of physical strength. He was also a man of strong, determined character for whom a whole community mourned at the time of his decease. All these qualities were inherited by his son, so that it is small



wonder officer Perro is so highly esteemed by all those with whom he has to deal. He is also a decidedly handsome man, in uniform or without. He was born on a farm near Stillwater, Aug. 20, 1855, and after attending the public schools of that city worked twelve years on his father's dairy. In 1884 he was marshal of South Stillwater. During the spring of 1887 he came to St. Paul and in September of the same year was appointed to the force by Mayor Smith. He has always occupied a beat in the Central district. He lives at 397 10th st. E.

JOHN PETERS

Is a rugged German-American officer of the Midway district. He was born in Europe forty-four years ago, and when a boy of seventeen came to St. Paul. During the years intervening between his arrival and his appointment to the force he worked as a farm hand and a dairyman. In 1888 he became a member of the Prior av. police contingent and is still there. Officer Peters is well liked, both at the station and throughout Merriam Park. He is married and resides at No. 1878 Carroll st.



FRANK PETERSON

Among the youthful Swedish guardians of the peace is Frank Peterson, who is twenty-nine years of age, and of foreign birth. When nine years old he was brought to St. Paul and sent to the public schools. Later he worked alternately as a laborer and as a railroad hand, being employed in the Great Northern freight department for some time. Mr. Peterson became a policeman in June, 1897, answering roll call at the Central Station. He lives at No. 690 Olive st.



CHARLES B. PICHA

Was appointed a patrolman at the early age of twenty-two years. He, too, is a St. Paul boy, born in 1874, and brought up in the city schools. Prior to joining the force he worked in a wholesale clothing house. His appointment occurred Nov. 7, 1896, and he was detailed to the Central Station. Officer Picha is of an extremely energetic temperament and possesses a cheerful, optimistic turn of mind, which wins him many friends. He lives at 163 Forbes av.



CHRIST PORTER

That brawn and muscle belong almost exclusively to the country boy is amply demonstrated by the fact that two-thirds of the St. Paul police force were at one time country lads. Christ Porter was one from the hour, thirty-six years ago, when he first saw the light of day in a Goodhue county farm house to the time when he decided to leave the little log school and its many associations behind to hunt for pastures new. He was seventeen then and when he came to St. Paul he set in to learn a substantial trade. So it was that for twelve years he



made a good living at bricklaying and plastering. In September, 1892, he received an appointment to the force from Mayor Wright and was assigned to the Margaret st. Sub-station.

During the spring of 1894 Officer Porter had his skull fractured while trying to arrest a lot of "drunk and disorderlies." He was confined to his room two weeks as a result, but had the satisfaction of knowing that the crew he had safely landed in the patrol wagon would be justly dealt with.

He lives at No. 784 Wells st.

PATRICK POWERS

Officer Patrick Powers, aged forty, was born in Allamakee county, Iowa. He came to St. Paul in 1885 and worked as a lumberman until appointed a member of the mounted patrol April 10, 1889. He was then assigned to the Midway district and subsequently held the position of poundmaster there for one year. Officer Powers met with a singular accident not long ago. To be exact, it was on the 20th of last May. Mrs. Powers was brushing his clothes, preparatory to his going on duty when a revolver at his side exploded, injuring his ankle. He is a general favorite out at Midway and has a wide circle of friends in the city. He resides at No. 2019 Grand av.

WALTER RASMUSSEN

Was born in Denmark and is thirty-eight years old. He was appointed to the force Sept. 30, 1883, and assigned to the Ducas st. Sub-station.

MICHAEL J. REILLY

Is a native of Washington, D. C., and forty-one years of age. When a year old child his parents came to St. Paul and he passed his boyhood going to the Christian Brothers' school. His school days over, he learnt the trade of a carriage painter and worked for Quinby & Hallowell. On leaving his position there he became a car painter for the Great Northern, remaining nine-years. In 1889 Mayor Smith appointed him to the force and he has served at the Rondo Sub-station ever since.



Officer Reilly possesses unusually, good health and strength of muscle. He has never been ill or lost any time through injury received while on duty. He owns his home at 392 Thomas st.

GEORGE J. REINHARDT

Ex-Officer George J. Reinhardt was born in St. Paul and is thirty-six years old. He obtained his education in the Baldwin and Jefferson schools of that city and when eighteen set out to learn the trade of a cigar-maker, remaining at it until he was appointed a patrolman by Mayor Kiefer in July, 1897. Officer Reinhardt is well known throughout St. Paul as a thrifty, law-abiding citizen, a property owner and a man of many agreeable qualities. He is not a member of the force at present. He lives at No. 731½ Martin st.

BERNARD F. RYAN

There are four Ryans in the police force and two of them, James and Bernard, are brothers. Bernard F. is the youngest. He is thirty-four years of age and was born in Eagantown, Minn. His childhood was spent on a farm and when fifteen he came to St. Paul. There he drove a team for about six years and during four more was employed by the St. Paul Cable Railway. He was appointed to the force in 1893 and resigned four years later. His reappointment occurred in December, 1897. He has always been enrolled at the Central Station, and though comparatively short his record is nevertheless a very good one. He lives at No. 145 11th st.



JAMES RYAN

Is thirty-five years old and he patrols one of the Rondo districts. He was born on a farm in Dakota county, Minn., and after learning life's first lessons in a district school, came to St. Paul in 1881. He worked as a motorman some seven years and as a teamster three. Then he joined the police force in 1892 and was given a beat in the Rondo district, where he is still serving. He is well known to the citizens of his precinct as an officer of steady habits and unvarying fidelity to duty. He resides at No. 406 Virginia av.



JOHN RYAN

Twenty-six years of service in both the fire and police departments is the record written beneath John Ryan's name at headquarters. Twenty-six years of such service as he may well be proud of, for the record is a splendid one. He was born in Ireland in 1853 and when ten years old was brought to St. Paul. There he was sent to school, and later worked as a teamster. When nearly twenty he became a fireman, serving until the spring of 1886, over thirteen years. That year he became a policeman and received his star as a patrolman of the Central district. In 1887 he was promoted as a driver of the Central patrol wagon, being transferred to the Rondo Station in 1892. He is doing patrol duty there now and is to all appearances just as hale and hearty as he was a dozen years ago. Throughout his long police service he has never lost time by sickness or injury, but once while in the fire department he was injured in a runaway, a fall to the ground splintering his right wrist and laying him up five weeks.



He lives at No. 316 Western av. N.

FRED A. RYDER

Another Sandow of the force is Fred A. Ryder, of the West Side patrol, who measures five feet eleven and carries a weight of 225 pounds with perfect ease. He was born in Milwaukee, Wis., in 1862, and went to school in the parochial schools of that city. After that he became a clerk in a wholesale grocery house and remained there until he was twenty-one years of age. In 1883 he came to join his parents in St. Paul, they having preceded him by several years. Going to work as a teamster for a wholesale wood and coal firm he remained three years and then became a foreman for a wholesale lumber firm, being employed in this capacity until his appointment by Mayor Doran, Feb. 14, 1893, to the Margaret st. Sub-station.



He staid there only about four months, assuming his present position at the end of that time. Late in November of last year Officer Ryder received a serious wound at the hands of a desperate character whom he found prowling around the alleys of the business district included in his beat. Though shot through the leg he did not waver until he had locked the fellow up. A ten months' workhouse sentence was imposed, and the officer had to keep his bed four weeks. He resides at No. 317 Prescott st.

HENRY C. SALVERDA

Was born in Milwaukee, Wis., and is thirty-three years of age. He came to St. Paul in 1883 and for fifteen years worked alternately as a well driller and a tinsmith. In 1898 he was given a beat and assigned to the Central Station. At his own request he was shortly after transferred to the Rondo district. He is now one of the bicycle police and is generally regarded as a very trustworthy, efficient officer. He lives on Langtry av., near South st.



DWIGHT J. SAINTONG

There is one man on the force at whose approach all women who prefer pet poodles to children turn pale and clutch first poodle, then purse. It is none other than the dog license inspector, and his name is Dwight J. Saintong. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., and he is thirty-three years old. Previous to becoming a patrolman he worked nine years as a money delivery clerk for the United States Express Co., and later was with the street railway company of St. Paul three years. His appointment occurred Aug. 9, 1896, and he was a patrolman until Aug. 16, 1898, when he was given his present position. He lives at No. 727 Martin st.

MICHAEL SCANNELL

Aged forty-four, was born in Abbeyfeale, County Limerick, Ireland, and educated in the schools there. In early manhood he left the Emerald Isle and came to this country, reaching St. Paul in 1885. For two years he worked in the freight department of the Great Northern shops and then in 1887 became a patrolman at the Margaret Station. Sept. 18, 1896, he was transferred to the Central district, where he is at present. Officer Scannell is generally liked by all who meet him as well as by his colleagues and superiors in command.



ERNEST L. SCHILLING

Is a native of Washington Co., Minn., and thirty-nine years old. In 1885 he located in St. Paul, and for a time held a position in the state capitol. He was also a street car employe. Nov. 17, 1892 he was appointed a patrolman in the Central district, and two years later transferred to the Rondo St. Sub-station.

MICHAEL Z. SCHORN

The driver of the work-house van, Michael Z. Schorn, is thirty-seven years of age and a St. Paulite by birth. Before entering the police force he was successively a carpenter, a locomotive fireman and a grocer.

OSCAR SKOOG

Officer Oscar Skoog thinks the club is mightier than the pen, and thereby pays the club a handsome compliment for his pen has certainly never been aught but a power in his hands. He was born in Sweden Dec. 14, 1866, but coming to St. Paul as a child of two, has very little recollection of any other home. When he had completed his education in the public schools he learnt the trade of a tailor, but left it to become a designer and illustrator. Some of his pen and ink sketches have been pronounced by critics to be exceedingly well done and he has received favorable mention in a number of art journals. He deserted the pen for the club in 1893 when he was given duty at the Margaret St. substation. In 1896 he resigned and resumed his sketching. A year after, however, he was re-appointed to the Central station. He lives at No. 485 Hopkins st.



GEORGE W. SMITH

Dubuque, Iowa, is the birth-place of George W. Smith and he is forty-one years of age. In 1882 he came to St. Paul and worked at his trade as a horse-shoer. In the spring of 1886 he was made a policeman and assigned to the Central Station. Ten years later he was transferred to his present post in the Rondo district.

PATRICK R. SMITH

Forty years ago, when West 7th St. in St. Paul was acreage, Patrick R. Smith was born in a little house on the corner of W. 7th and Montreal av. With few exceptions he has lived there ever since, the little house having given way to a more substantial structure. When a boy he lived the life of a farmer and later on drove a team for the garrison at Fort Snelling. After three years of the latter work he started a retail liquor business, continuing at it six years. He then became a conductor for the Twin City Rapid Transit Co., holding this position three years. Nov. 13, 1894, he joined the police force and was assigned to the Central Station. Officer Smith has enjoyed remarkable health throughout his period of service, never having lost time through sickness or accident.



WILLIAM W. SMITH

Is a West Virginian, aged forty-five years. He was born and brought up in Wheeling, coming to St. Paul in 1882. For ten years he followed railroading, then in June, 1892, he became a policeman and was given a beat in the Central district. Two years later he resigned, going into the retail liquor business. His re-appointment occurred in June, 1896 and he was for a time a patrolman in West St. Paul but was transferred to the Central Station the same year. Like almost all Southerners Officer Smith is of a hearty disposition; enjoys a good joke in or out of season and is very popular among his fellows. He lives at No. 559 De Soto st.



EX-OFFICER JOHN F. SPEAKMAN

Was born in St. Paul twenty-nine years ago. Like many other bright, capable boys, he completed his education by learning a trade, and at the age of twelve was busily mastering the intricate rules employed by engineers and machinists. He followed the latter occupation sixteen years and then donned the star and buttons of a "copper," over on the West Side. This, was in September, 1898 and two months later he was transferred to the Central Station. He resides at No. 94 Robert st. S. He has resigned from the force since the above was written.



WILLIAM H. SPRINGER

There are comparatively few "yankees" on the force, but the few who do represent New England are decidedly a credit both to themselves and to their native states. Wm. H. Springer was born in Bangor, Me., and is twenty-eight years of age. He came to St. Paul when a child of five and was brought up in the local public schools. Attaining manhood, he worked as a brick-layer, devoting "between times" to the study of music, of which he is very fond; so much so that he has become very proficient in the art.



He was appointed a patrolman in June, 1896, and assigned to the Rondo district. Officer Springer was given a wheel to ride as one of the "squad" in 1898. He lives at No. 760 Rondo st.

JACOB STADFIELD

May rightly be called a pioneer of St. Paul, for he was born there forty-one years ago and has since been identified with many branches of city service. From 1869 to 1876 he worked as general delivery clerk in the St. Paul post-office and for four years was employed in the St. Paul custom house, port of St. Paul. He was appointed a patrolman and detailed as jailer of the Central station, June 14, 1896. In May, 1898 he was delegated to his present post as jailer of the Ducas st. Sub-station. He lives at No. 317 Wabasha st.

AUGUST H. STONE

Is a native of Sweden, and twenty-nine years old. He came to St. Paul when a youth of sixteen and went to a business college in Minneapolis. Later he worked for a St. Paul commission house, and invariably proved himself a careful, capable business man. Oct. 22, 1896, he was given the right to wear a city "blue coat" and has since faithfully walked a beat in the Margaret district. He lives at No. 694 Cook St. E.



ALBERT STOTZ

The interest that always centers in the oldest veteran of any service is not phenomenal; it is a natural tribute to the valor and fidelity of a lifetime. So when it is said that Albert Stott has been a patrolman seventeen years, the fact that this is the longest term of patrol service must be added, together with unstinted praise for the record he has won. He is not a veteran in years; only forty-eight, and a German by birth and education. In 1880 he arrived in St. Paul and forthwith located as a carpenter, working in that capacity until appointed to the force in 1882. At that time there was but one police station in St. Paul, but with the opening of the Rondo Substation, a few years later, he was transferred there. He lives at No. 309 Carroll St.



CARL E. SWANSON

Is the youngest active patrolman on the force. That is to say he walks a beat just like an old-timer, and if need be wields his club with all the valor usually born of long experience. He is twenty-four and a native of Scott Co., Minn. When five years old he came to St. Paul with his parents and went to school in that city. Afterward he worked as a laborer, driving a team for four years. Dec. 14, 1898, he was appointed a patrolman and assigned to the Margaret St. Substation. He lives at No. 1007 Greenbrier av.



MICHAEL F. SWEENEY

Of Detective Michael F. Sweeney it can truly be said that his deeds speak louder than his words. Were it not that a knowledge of his ability is common property it would be impossible to do him the justice he deserves. Shrewd and alert, he has, to say the least, never failed in the performance of duty and his services are valued accordingly by his superiors in office. Mr. Sweeney was born on a farm in Dakota County, October 19, 1858. The first eighteen years of his life were spent alternately in doing chores and going to district school. Coming to St. Paul he was for six years an employe of a produce commission firm. Then he engaged in business for himself as a railroad contractor and real estate dealer. Jan. 7, 1892, he was appointed a patrolman and in May, 1894, a detective. His chief relaxation is hunting, of which he is very fond, going to North Dakota every year during the game season. He lives at No. 344 Martin st.



AUGUST B. SWENSON

Was born in Sweden. He is thirty-five years old. As a child he attended the elementary schools of his native land and when sixteen came to St. Paul. Shortly after he went to work as a coachman and when he had become thoroughly accustomed to the manners and customs of this country, set to work as do almost all the bright young Scandinavians who come here, to better his condition in life. Two years he clerked in a dry-goods store and later engaged in a cigar and confectionery business. He joined the force May 1, 1887 and served eight and one half years at the Margaret St. Sub-station, tendering his resignation at the end of that time. June 4, 1896, he was re-appointed and assigned to the Margaret district, from which he was transferred to the Central Station in March, 1897. He is a member of the bicycle squad. He resides at No. 927 Sims st.



JOHN TALTY

Is aged forty and was born in Wyoming county, N. Y. He came to St. Paul in 1879, and plied his trade as a blacksmith five years, and a little over. Then he worked as a brakeman on one of the transcontinental lines for four years. In September, 1886, he was appointed a patrolman and has since been one of the Central "regulars." Officer Talty is a man of fine physique and great hardiness. Throughout his thirteen years of service he has never lost time because of sickness or injury. He resides at No. 943 Tuscarora st.



JOHN W. THELIN

Alert and energetic, and possessing a strength which will brook no defiance John W. Thelin may well feel that he is admirably fitted for his post. Born in Sweden thirty-two years ago, he came to this country when a lad of fifteen, making St. Paul his home, and driving a team for a living. When he became a man he worked in the freight department out at the Minnesota Transfer. Feb. 28, 1898, he put on the conventional navy blue of office, and was assigned to the Rondo Sub-station. Later he was transferred to his present beat in the Central district. He lives at No. 661 Burr st.



THOMAS W. TOWEY

Is sometimes known as the "plucky little Midway buttons," and in the matter of valor and doughty perseverance he certainly has won an enviable record. He is a native of County Mayo, Ireland, and thirty-eight years of age. In 1880 he emigrated to Rhode Island, and for a short time worked at the trade of a foundry-man, which he had learnt in the old country. The same year he came to St. Paul and for two years was employed as yard man by the C., M. & St. P. Railway, subsequently becoming a check clerk for the Minnesota Transfer Railway. He remained in the latter position three years, then changed it to become a special policeman for the same company. After seven years of service he was appointed a mounted police officer, Oct. 3, 1892, and has been ranging the Midway district ever since.



Officer Towey is very popular at the annual State Fair, to which he has several times been assigned by request of the managers. He has had two accidents while on duty, one in 1892, when his horse slipped and caused him to break his ankle, and the other a year ago when his life was threatened by a collision with a runaway. He resides at No. 2146 University av.

JOSEPH F. TROY

Was born in St. Paul June 29, 1864. He was formerly a steam fitter and a car repairer. Aug. 10, 1896, he was appointed a patrolman by Mayor Doran and assigned to the Rondo st. Substation. Shortly after he was transferred to the Margaret station, where he is at present.

EX-OFFICER MATHIAS J. TSCHIDA

Was at one time a very efficient member of the force. But patrolling a beat seemed hardly compatible with his trade as a worker in tin and he left his post after a year's service to become first cutter for Horne & Danz. Mr. Tschida was born in Illmitz, Hungaria, Sept. 19, 1869, and attended school until twelve years of age. Then he studied at Kapuvar for a year and in 1884 came to America.



During his year of police duty, which began in 1895, and ended June 21. 1896, he made some very important arrests, those of Link Thayer, sent up for twenty years, and Jack Slattery, now at the reformatory, being specially remembered as instances of Officer Tschida's fearlessness and intrepidity.

He was married on July 3, 1893, to Miss Caroline Reiling, of St. Paul, and their neat little home at 976 Matilda st. is quite complete in the possession of four little ones. Mr. Tschida is a member of C. O. F. No. 510 and St. Bernard's Benevolent Society.

MICHAEL TSCHIDA

Is a Hungarian and forty-one years of age. June 3, 1890, Mr. Tschida was given the position of jailer at the Rondo st. Sub-station, and after that was twice transferred; first to the Margaret district, and then to his present beat in the Central district.

WILLIAM F. TWOHY

A genial, hearty patrolman is William F. Twohy, a "hale good fellow well met" in every sense of the word, and liked by young and old. Born in Williamsport, Pa., on the 2d of Feb., 1865, he attended a parochial school until he was twelve years old. On coming to St. Paul in 1877, he was an academy student for three years and then learnt the trade of a boiler-maker in Minneapolis. He pursued this calling for eight subsequent winters, working as a roll-tender in the saw-mills during the summer season. With the exception of six months' stay in Grand Forks, N. D., he continued at boiler making until his appointment to the police department July 1, 1890, spending the last two years in the Great Northern shops in St. Paul. He has always walked a beat in the Central district, and be it given for weal or woe, will never be forgotten by those whose hands he has clasped in his vice-like grip. And being unmarried it stand to reason that ladies are included.



Officer Twohy is a member of St. Paul Court No. 17, I. O. O. F., and of Capital Lodge, No. 51, Knights of Pythias.

MICHAEL URBANSKI

The sturdy Teutonic race has always been a credit and a source of strength to whichever state it has made its own by adoption, and Michael Urbanski is today as devoted to the performance of his mounted patrol duty as he was years ago to the not less exacting routine of "soldaten-leben" in the First regiment, Ulan Cavalry. He was born in Prussia and is thirty-seven years old. Before coming to this country he served five years in the German army, the last two being as a corporal. Soon after locating in St. Paul in 1887 he went to work for the People's Ice Co., remaining six years. After that he was employed in a wheel factory. Sept. 17, 1895, he joined the police department and was assigned to the Margaret district, in which he is a property holder. He lives at No. 990 Jessamine st. E.



CHARLES I. VONTRAT

Of a dignified, though kindly mien, and an erect military carriage, Charles I. Vontrat invariably impresses even casual observers as being one of the most careful, conservative police officers on the force. He is forty-four years of age and of German birth. In 1883 he came to St. Paul and engaged as a packer in a wholesale crockery store, remaining two years. July 13, 1885, he was appointed to the force, and walked a beat in the Central district until the opening of the Margaret Sub-station in 1887, when he was assigned there. Dec. 16, 1898, he was promoted to the position of mounted officer for the same station.



Last November, while engaged in stopping a runaway horse hitched to a cutter, Officer Vontrat received a fractured arm as the result of a kick from the horse. He lives at No. 1026 Reaney st.

GEORGE W. WELLS

Is a native of Detroit, Mich., and thirty-five years of age. As a child he received a very good education in the public schools of Detroit, but did not finish, preferring the out-of-door exercise of railroad life to the hum-drum routine of a school-room. He was for years alternately a locomotive fireman and an engineer. His first visit to St. Paul was in 1884. June 6, 1896, he was appointed a detective at the Central Station and has since then proven himself extremely well adapted to the work.



ALBERT J. WENDT

Was born in Germany and is thirty-six years of age. As a child he attended the public schools of his native land and on attaining manhood entered the German merchant marine service. In 1885 he came to St. Paul and worked at contracting and carpenter work. In October, 1895, he was appointed patrolman for the Salvage Corps, and after holding the position over two years he resigned to enter the police department Feb. 11, 1898. Mr. Wendt has with only a year of service already proven himself a very efficient officer, skilled alike in the handling of a simple "drunk" or a hardened criminal. He lives at No. 221 Norris st.



JAMES WHITE

Was born in bonny Scotland thirty-three years ago, and though he has been in this country a long time he still retains the winning frankness and blunt good nature characteristic of his race. He came to St. Paul in 1888 and for six years prior to joining the force worked as janitor of the Manhattan Building. His appointment as a patrolman occurred March 8, 1898, and he was assigned to the Central Station. Within a year's time Officer White has never missed the daily roll call there. He is married and has one child. He lives at No. 205 University av. E.



HANS S. WILLIAMS

When Hans S. Williams concluded to leave Denmark in 1880 the little kingdom lost one of her bravest citizens and a youth whose strength it could illly afford to spare. He is thirty-nine now, and stronger than ever, weighing two hundred and ten pounds and enjoying perfect health. In 1880 he located in New Jersey, working as fireman in a terra-cotta factory. A year after he reached St. Paul, but left it to become a traveler through Wisconsin, Michigan and Missouri, engaging as a steamboat hand while in the latter state. Upon his return to St. Paul in 1882 he became an employe of the Canadian Pacific Railway and later on a driver for the Hamm Brewing Co. He received his position as a policeman May 1, 1887, and was promoted to the rank of mounted patrolman in 1889. He has always served in the Margaret district. With the exception of an accident in which he was shot through the left leg he has never been off duty on account of illness. He resides at No. 962 Reaney St.



MATHIAS YOUNG

Was born in Germany in 1851 and died April 29, 1899. He was a territorial pioneer, for he came to St. Paul in 1857 when he was a child of six. He was born in Germany, but receiving his education in St. Paul had little recollection of any other home. Early in life he learnt the trade of a cook and worked in that capacity for river steamboats eighteen years. Later he owned an express and baggage line in St. Paul, doing a good business for three years. July 2, 1884, he received his appointment to the Central Station, and with the opening of the Rondo st. Sub-station in 1887, was transferred there. During his fifteen years of service Officer Young had won not only an excellent record, but the esteem of all who knew him. His widow, Mrs. Margaret Young, lives at No. 21 Magnolia st. E.



ALBERT J. ZACHER

Was born in Bohemia in 1864. He was appointed to the force Oct. 18, 1892, and is now doing duty as patrolman at the Central Station.

GUSTAV A. ZIMMERMANN

The last appointment to the force was born in Galena, Ill., July 20, 1868. He was appointed Oct. 9, 1899, and assigned to the Central Station. He was formerly a grocery clerk.

MOSES ZIMMERMAN

Russia's sole representative on the force is Moses Zimmerman, who is thirty-five years old and a man of robust build and marvelous strength of arm. He came to St. Paul in 1882 working for the Western Fence Co. for four years, as a clerk in a clothing store for five years and for four years he was in the wholesale fruit business for himself. In October, 1894, he was appointed to the police force and assigned to the Central Station, soon after being transferred to the one in West St. Paul. Officer Zimmerman has won not only an excellent record, but the good will of all who know him, and for faithful adherence to duty.



He lives at No. 2 Chicago av. W.

JOSEPH KING

One of the most important "sub" departments of the St. Paul Police department is that of the Police Patrol Telegraph, located at the Central Station. Superintendent Joseph King is at its head, and as a skilled electrician of many years experience, is eminently well fitted for the position. He was born in Providence, R. I., forty years ago, and early in life became a stationary engineer. Pursuing this avocation eight years, he worked the succeeding eleven as an expert for the Massachusetts General Electric Co., of Boston, traveling through the New England states the greater part of the time. In 1893 he was superintendent of an electric plant in Oshkosh, Wis. Coming to St. Paul in 1894 he became an electrician at the Wood Harvester Works. On March 10, 1897, he stepped into his present position. He lives at 97 Hoffman av.



ALBERT EKMAN

Is the son of John S. Ekman, once a prominent contractor, but now retired from business. He is also a son of St. Paul, born in the city on Sept. 22, 1879, and until within the last few years a scholar in the city schools. On leaving school he became a drug clerk and on Aug. 1, 1899, received his present position as telephone operator in the office of Supt. King. Mr. Ekman is the fourth of a family of five boys, and both at school and at business has been known as an extremely bright young man, possessed of pluck and energy enough to carry him safely through the world. He lives at No. 826 Iglehart st.



JOSEPH W. MITCHELL

One of the newly installed operators in the Police Patrol Telegraph department is a Yankee by birth, but a Gopher by bringing up. He is only nineteen years of age, having been born in Worcester, Mass., May 13, 1880. Four years later his parents removed to St. Paul, where his father became a member of the old volunteer fire department, and subsequently of the present one, being still in service as the engineer of Engine Company No. 5. Young Mitchell graduated from the Central High School, and his first employment was in his present position, which was given him by Supt. King Aug. 1, 1899. He is an only son, and needless to remark, a very clever young man, destined to attain success in a future which is now opening up so brightly. He lives at No. 531 Selby av.



ORNEY J. KNUTSON

Is a native of Norway and a bright young electrician of whom his many countrymen may well be proud. He is thirty-two years of age, married, and the father of three bouncing boys. Twenty years ago he went to work as a messenger boy for the St. Paul Messenger Co., and with the lapse of time became an operator there. Later he worked eighteen months as electrician for the N. P. Railway, and in 1893 was made night manager of the A. D. T. Co. May 6, 1895 he received his position as operator in the Police Patrol Telegraph Department. He lives at No. 537 Woodward av. Since the above was written he has resigned his position.



ROY L. KEITH

The lineman of the Police Patrol at the Central Station, Roy L. Keith, enjoys the unique distinction of being one of the youngest members of the force. He is only nineteen years of age and Peoria, Ill., is his birthplace. Previous to his appointment by Mayor Kiefer, in Dec. 1898, he worked a year and a half as repairer of telephones for the N. W. Electrical Engineering Co., of St. Paul. He lives at No. 957 Ashland av.



JOHN H. TUBBESING

Only twenty-four and absolutely in love with his work; in love with life, too, as a natural consequence. Such is John H. Tubbesing, who operates the Police Patrol Telegraph up at the Central Station. He was born in St. Paul and went to school until he was seventeen. After that he drifted from one trade to another for a few years and in 1895 took his brother's place as a Central Station electrician. He lives at No. 447 Martin st.



Since the above lines were written Mr. Tubbesing resigned his position to accept a more lucrative one and at the same time a more healthful one for him with the Northwestern Telephone Exchange Co.

SALARIES OF OFFICERS AND EMPLOYES OF THE DEPARTMENT

	Per Year
Chief of police	\$2,412.50
Chief of Detectives	1,930.00
Secretary	965.00
Captains	1,254.50
Lieutenants	1,061.50
Mounted lieutenants	1,321.50
Sergeants	868.50
Mounted sergeants	1,128.50
Detectives	1,158.00
Patrolmen	840.00
Bicycle patrolmen	880.00
Mounted patrolmen	1,100.00
Driver of workhouse van	965.00
License inspector	1,061.50
Matron	600.00
Janitor	600.00
Poundmaster	600 00
Supt. of police patrol and all his help	3,200.00

THE ST. PAUL HUMANE SOCIETY

This society might well be called "an organization for the relief of the helpless," for wherever there is suffering of the kind glossed over by the busy world at large—the wail of neglected childhood and the beseeching agony of bruised and tortured dumb creation—the humane agent, if notified, is sure to be found. But so gradually has the association won its way into public recognition that only a small minority know of its constantly increasing progress and there are many who are not aware of its existence except in name. With general support the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty would soon be able to combat not only the misery but much of the crime which lurks in the shadowy recesses of the "Saintly City."

The first movement in Minnesota to produce a society for the prevention of cruelty was made in 1870, but there was no working organization until 1871 and it was 1874 before an act of

incorporation was entered into by a small number of bravely persistent advocates of human justice in the matter of humane dealing.

Interest in this cause having been awakened in places outside of St. Paul it was deemed best in 1878 to form a state society with which all the smaller organizations could affiliate. The St. Paul society was accordingly reorganized and formed as a branch of the state society on Feb. 19, 1878. Mr. W. L. Wilson, who occupies the same chair today was its first president. Mr. E. W. Chase was secretary and the meetings were held in the Relief Society Rooms on E. 9th st. for many years, leading many to suppose that the organization were identical.

At the annual meeting in 1897 it was resolved to remove the office to a place more centrally located and also to employ an officer who should devote his entire time to the work, the time of Mr. M. L. Hutchins,, of the Relief Society, being too fully occupied to admit of continued division.

John A. Moak was the man chosen to carry on the important work and the records of the past two years go far towards demonstrating the superior wisdom of the selection. Not long after his appointment Mr. Moak received full police powers, thus bringing the society into close relations with the police, who have been made honorary members and who generally evince a strong interest in its work.

JOHN A. MOAK

Is distinctly a cosmopolitan, a citizen of the world, who because he has seen life in every phase, is far better qualified to condone or condemn than the casual observer to whom only surface life is visible. Added to this, he is a man of large sympathies and genial, kindly nature, which can, however, become very stern when occasion demands. He was born in Cherry Valley, N. Y., May 2, 1845. Entering the Albany schools at ten he graduated from the high school six years later. In 1861 he was induced by Ossian E. Dodge, then located in St. Paul, but visiting in New York City, to enter the theatrical profession. It will be remembered that Mr. Dodge was the man who really made Jenny Lind famous in this country. At any rate Mr. Moak followed his advice and during the same year became manager of a concert company of three hundred voices. Going to the war, in which he served with honor, caused a break in his managerial prospects, but in 1872 he was touring the celebrated Peake family and in 1874 had assumed the management of Dan Rice's circus.



In 1875 Mr. Moak was made manager of Hooley's Opera House in Chicago, and later took charge of Gilmore's theatre in Baltimore and the Grand Opera House in Washington. During the summer season of 1878 he exhibited the first phonograph ever manufactured, and the following winter became the head of the Vienna Ladies' Orchestra. In 1879 and 1880 he managed the Kendall Comedy Co. and for the next two years was business manager of Barnum's Maid of Arran.

In the fall of 1884 Mr. Moak located in St. Paul and engaged in a general real estate business up to the time of his appointment as humane agent Jan. 11, 1897. He is married and the father of three bright little girls.

JOHN T. DUFFEY

Among the younger local leaders of the Republican party none is better known or better liked than John T. Duffey, the present market master. He is a native of Bloomington, Illinois, and thirty-six years old. On leaving the public schools of that city he acquired the machinist trade in the shops of the Chicago & Alton Railway and when he accompanied his parents to St. Paul in 1879 he pursued the same vocation as an employe of the St. Paul Foundry Co. During the next few years he alternated between several of the large railway shops, then went into business for himself. In June, 1887, his father, James H., was killed in a boiler explosion, and the son subsequently assumed his interest in the Eagle Iron Works.



In 1892 Mr. Duffey was appointed chief engineer of the City Hall and Court House, but resigned this position after two years in order to resume his old trade in the Great Northern machine shops, remaining thus employed until elected market master by the Common Council June 3, 1896.

He is now serving his third term, having been re-elected twice.

Mrs. Duffey was formerly Miss Maggie Perkins, of Bangor, Me. They were married in September, 1892, and have two children, Grace Margaret, aged six, and Baby Frank James, a sturdy lad of two. Their home is at 251 13th St.

Mr. Duffey belongs to the following organizations: Astoria Council No. 5, Modern Samaritans, Div. No. 1, A. O. H. and Lincoln Lodge, K. of P. He is also a Modern Woodman of America, a member of the local Association of Stationary Engineers, and as one of the three founders of the Lincoln Republican Club still takes a prominent interest in its affairs.

THE MUNICIPAL COURT

JUDGE GRIER M. ORR

An enthusiast once remarked that a true Irish gentleman is the finest in the world, and though such a remark must naturally be criticized as too limited in application, all who have known well born Irishmen must in a measure agree. Of Hon. Grier M. Orr, Judge of the Municipal Court, the least that can be said is that it is a pleasure to know him, for so intimately blended are innate courtesy and a genial presence that an hour's conversation is quite as refreshing as it is instructive. He comes of Revolutionary stock. his great grandfather, Robert Orr, having emigrated to Pennsylvania from County Donegal, Ireland, in



1765. After a great deal of fighting as captain of a company formed to protect the borderland during the Revolutionary and French and Indian wars, Robert Orr settled down as sheriff and associate judge of Clarion county, Pa. In this same county the present judge, Grier M. Orr, was born, May 14, 1856. He was educated at Tiffin College and studied law in Cincinnati. In 1883 he was admitted to the bar and located in Lima, O., as a member of the firm of Richie, Richie & Orr, shortly after coming to St. Paul. Jan. 1, 1885, he became one of the firm of Romans & Orr, and upon the dissolution of this partnership in 1892, practiced alone for two years. His election as one of the judges of the municipal court occurred in May, 1894, since which time he has served on the bench continuously.

Judge Orr was married to one of Rochester's most popular young ladies Aug. 12, 1896, and a dear little two year-old named Helen, the image of her father, now graces the family circle.

Judge Orr possesses not only Irish wit and Irish logic, but an abundance of human sympathy which is too wide to be classed as a national characteristic. And as a natural result he can find among his many friends a goodly proportion of earth's unfortunates for whom he always has a kind word and a ready hand — that is, if they deserve it. Otherwise he is simply — Judge Orr, of the Municipal Court.

His home is on Iris pl., Union Park.

JUDGE ROBERT C. HINE

It needs but a glance at the firm, classic features of the junior judge on the municipal bench, Hon. Robert C. Hine, to determine that he is wholly and--soully--a scholar. A certain well-bred, intellectual ease, a stateliness of manner, albeit tinged with cordiality, all testify to that. He was born in Stamford, Conn., June 6, 1860, of English-Dutch parentage and can claim some of the oldest families in New England as ancestral kindred. He was early given the best schooling to be obtained in Stamford and then sent to a military and preparatory school in New York. After that he went to Yale College, from which he graduated in 1881, finishing his studies at the Columbia Law School in New York. Receiving his diploma there in 1883, he practiced law in New York City until 1887 as a member of the firm of Thompson & Ackley. He was also for a time associated with Hon. Simon Sterne. On coming to St. Paul in July, 1887, he formed a partnership with Edward B. Graves, which lasted until 1892. From that time until his election in May, 1898, as the Republican nominee, he practiced independently. He is a popular favorite in the 4th, 7th and 9th Wards, where he has lived during his residence in St. Paul, and as a brilliant young legal light of undoubted integrity and manly honor is likely to receive continued favor at the hands of his party. As a humane judge who is determined to mete out just punishment to transgressors who prey upon children and dumb animals, he has already endeared himself to the community at large.



June 18, 1891, Judge Hine was married to Miss Mary E. Bidleman, of St. Paul. John A., a bright lad of seven, and Robert V. N., an infant, are the only children.

GEORGE BEALZ

The present municipal court stenographer is George Bealz, a very able young attorney, who was admitted to the St. Paul bar in 1896. Previous to this he had studied law in the office of Young & Lightner. Mr. Bealz was born in 1866 in New York City, where he received his education, coming to St. Paul in 1887. He was appointed court reporter in June, 1898. He lives at No. 186 Smith av. N.



FRANK ARNOLD

The second assistant city attorney, is an Englishman, born in Chester and thirty-two years of age last July. In April, 1890, he crossed the Atlantic and took up his residence in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. A year after he came to St. Paul and entered the employ of the Taylor-Craig Co., as bookkeeper. August, 1893, Mr. Arnold was given a position with J. W. Shepard, rental agent, and remained four years, attending the evening law classes at the University of Minnesota during that time. In June, 1897, he was admitted to the bar, and soon after engaged in active practice with an office in the New York Life Building. During the summer of 1898 he became a clerk in the office of the corporation attorney, on May 2, 1899, was promoted to the position of city prosecutor in the municipal court, and on Oct. 1, 1899, he assumed the position of second assistant city attorney, for which he is admirably fitted. He lives at No. 14 The Newport, St. Peter st.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

Bailiff and Acting Clerk of the Civil Branch of the Municipal Court of St. Paul.

John Quincy Adams is a native of Louisville, Ky., and is 50 years of age. His father, Rev. Henry Adams, was the most prominent Afro-American Baptist preacher of that state. He began public life as a teacher in his father's school, then taught in other parts of the state. In 1870 he went to Arkansas and taught school in the district of which John M. Clayton, the murdered brother of the then governor, Powell Clayton, was superintendent. He took considerable interest in politics and was secretary of two state conventions. He was elected justice of the peace on the same ticket with President Grant, then engrossing clerk of the senate of 1873. Afterwards he was assistant superintendent of public instruction of the state and subsequently deputy commissioner of public works. After the Democrats gained possession of the state he returned to Louisville and with his younger brother, Cyrus Field Adams, began the publication of a weekly paper, the Bulletin, of which he was editor for seven years. In this work he gained a national reputation and was elected as the first president of the National Afro-American Newspaper Association, serving two terms. In his native city he was quite a prominent figure in the councils of the Republican party, serving on the city and state executive committees, and was elected alternate delegate to the Republican National convention of 1880. He also saw something of public life, serving five years in the revenue service as storekeeper in the Fifth Kentucky district. When President Cleveland was



elected he was forced to resign from the revenue service. He also sold the Bulletin and in 1886 came to St. Paul and at once secured a position on The Appeal, of which he has since acquired the proprietorship.

During his residence in this city he has figured prominently in its affairs, and has been an active worker in the ranks of the Republican party.

Mr. Adams has been recognized by his party in this state and had the honor of being the first Afro-American delegate sent to a state convention in Minnesota. He was a member of the delegation which went to Washington to secure the Republican National convention for, and is credited with having secured the votes which gave the convention to Minneapolis. In addition to these honors, Mr. Adams has served on local and congressional committees, and has been president of several Republican clubs. He was appointed bailiff of the municipal court by Mayor F. B. Doran in June, 1896, was retained by Mayor A. R. Keifer, and is now acting as clerk of the civil branch of the court. He married a St. Paul lady in 1892, and is the happy father of three girls and a boy.

HANS N. CLOUSE

Is the deputy clerk of the municipal court. Born in Sweden fifty-three years ago, he came to St. Paul in 1868. From that time until May 1, 1875, when he was appointed a patrolman, he was the proprietor of the Lewiston House, a popular hostelry situated on Jackson st. After walking a beat for six years Officer Clouse received a well deserved promotion to the office of bailiff of the municipal court. In 1887 he was given his present position. He is a widower and lives at 301 Williams st.



EDWIN M. PARISH

For general jollity and good fellowship it would be hard to find an office to equal that of the bailiffs of the municipal court, and Edwin M. Parish is one of the brightest stars of the constellation. He was born in Warsaw, N. Y., and comes of revolutionary stock, his forefathers having located in Vermont long before the first war. When fifteen he came to St. Paul and went to school in both the Madison and the high schools, graduating at the latter. After that he became a commercial traveler, and was in business for himself previous to his appointment as a bailiff in July, 1898. He is married and lives at No. 117 Bates av.



JOHN THILL

In the police force as in the whole of life, a little inquiry will often reveal the fact that there is a great deal more music "in the air," and in the souls of men than people dream of.



John Thill is one of the department's ablest musicians. He is a Luxemburger, in the prime of life, and has lived in St. Paul since 1877, coming to that city direct from Germany, where he was a commercial traveler. Shortly after his arrival in St. Paul he opened a billiard hall, running it two years, and then becoming proprietor of the St. Paul hotel. Eight years of hotel life and nine as the owner of the Germania Buffet followed. Between times he was one of the organizers of the Great Union Band, and played with it two years. He was appointed a bailiff of the municipal court in July, 1898, and is still serving. He resides at No. 676 Edmund st.

THE PARK SYSTEM



View in Como Park

Como Park, which bears the just distinction of being the most beautiful public summer resort of its size and kind in America, embraces 402 acres. It is under the direct control of the Board of Park Commissioners and the immediate supervision of Frederick Nussbaumer, the superintendent of parks. Besides being city property, available for park purposes, Lake Como did not figure largely in the scenic and social annals of St. Paul until 1891, when the park commissioners assumed entire charge of parks. Before this, from 1873, to 1891, the city council had directed all park improvements and little had been done toward enhancing the natural beauty of Como. In 1891, however, with Mr. Nussbaumer in charge, the little lake and its shores experienced a wonderful change. And never since that time has the hand of improvement halted until today Como stands unrivalled, a spot as nearly perfect as an earthly Adam and Eve could wish it.

During 1891 the park was not separately policed, but in 1892, the first two commissioned park policemen were appointed at a salary of \$50 a month. The number gradually increased, six men, the size of the present force, being on duty in 1897. With the season of 1899 the pay of park policemen was raised to \$55 monthly. In addition to the commissioned officers there are usually a few "specials" and watchmen on the grounds.

A park policeman's term of service has always been six months, from May 1 to November 1, of each year, but for the past two years one man, William S. McIntire, has been on duty throughout the year, acting as sergeant or roundsman during the summer season.

FREDERICK NUSSBAUMER

A consummate artist, but withal unassuming and genial in his relation to the countless thousands who have occasion to admire his handiwork, Frederick Nussbaumer, the superintendent of St. Paul Parks, today occupies the position of a man who has built his own monument. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and Como park, the pride of St. Paul, can never other than redound to the credit of the man whose skill saved it from degenerating into a worse than useless mud hole. Mr. Nussbaumer was born in Baden, Germany, Nov. 7, 1850, and received a liberal education in the public and normal schools of his native city. When sixteen he became an assistant in his father's greenhouse and in 1867 went to Moscow, Russia, and to Paris, where he was very successful as a landscape gardener. With the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 he enlisted as a citizen of the "Fatherland," and won many laurels during his two years of service. From 1872 to 1877 he was a florist in the "old country;" then he came to St. Paul and followed market gardening for the next three years. This not being directly in his line he gave it up and became a guard at the workhouse. Before and after that time he had shown great taste and ability in the construction of landscape work given him by the board of park commissioners, and in 1891, when it assumed exclusive control of Como, he was appointed superintendent of parks, with headquarters there. Since then all parks — and St. Paul has a great many — have shown decided improvement, but it is most notable at Como and at Indian Mound Park, perhaps because their rehabilitation was in the nature of a gigantic undertaking.



Mr. Nussbaumer lives in a decidedly pretty frame house within easy walking distance of the main pavilion. He is a member of the A. O. U. W. and the Sons of Hermann.

SERGT. WILLIAM S. MCINTIRE

The sergeant of the park police force is William S. McIntire, a veteran soldier, and a man of no little executive ability. He was born in Bloomington, Ill., Aug. 21, 1843. On leaving the public schools there he followed his father's occupation, that of house moving, until he was eighteen. Then his patriotism rose to the surface and determined his next position. Brimful of enthusiasm and glorying in the cause which called him, perchance to untimely death or indescribable suffering, he joined Company C, 5th Illinois Cavalry, in July, 1861, and remained "a boy in blue" until the end of the civil war.



Then he returned to Bloomington and resumed his old calling, in his father's employ. After three years he branched out for himself and was for over a decade of years one of the best known housemovers of his native place. During the last nine years of his residence there he was on the Bloomington police force.

April 7, 1886, he came to St. Paul and established himself as a house-mover, remaining in business until May 1, 1897, when he received his commission as park policeman from Mayor Doran. A year after he was promoted to his present position.

Sergt. McIntire is married and has one son, Frank. The family residence is at 1121 Churchill av. The sergeant is an active member of Garfield Post, G. A. R.

THOMAS E. BYRNE

A Minnesota veteran who gave three of the best years of his life for his country is Thomas E. Byrne. He was born in New York City on Aug. 13, 1845, and when a boy of thirteen came to St. Paul with his parents. For the next few years he went to school and also learnt the trade of a steam-fitter. Then on his seventeenth birthday, in August, 1862, he enlisted with the "boys in blue," and marched away down south in the ranks of Company H, 8th Minnesota. Three years in the service marked his war experience and on his return home he resumed his trade. In 1874 he was married to Miss Mary E. Williams, a St. Paul lady, at Anoka, Minn., and they have two children, Alfred C. and Miss Edna. Early in the 80's Mr. Byrne took up his residence on a homestead of 160 acres near Grand Forks. After three years he started a restaurant in the latter place. A restaurant in South St. Paul and a steam laundry in St. Paul were successive ventures. In 1894 he was appointed chief engineer of the Court House, but when the contract for heating was let to a private company he lost his position. Last spring Mayor Kiefer commissioned him one of the Como Park force and he has since won not only the regard of all his associates but a record for faithful performance of duty. Officer Byrne is a member of the Union Veteran Protective association. He resides at No. 46 Central av. W.



GUSTAVE EBERDT

Is a son of a veteran of the civil war, his father having served in the Second and Sixth Minnesota's for four years. He was born in Winona, Minn., May 11, 1859, and came to St. Paul with his parents when he was a year old. They subsequently removed to Minneapolis, where his father died, leaving three small children to make their own way in the world. As a consequence, Gustave, who was only seven at the time, had to pick up a schooling as best he could. Eighteen years of his life was spent as a gardener, his widowed mother receiving a goodly share of his income. He was also employed as a carpenter and painter, working in that capacity at the time Mayor Kiefer gave him his present commission on April 15, 1899. He is a member of the Sons of Veterans. Nov. 18, 1889, Officer Eberdt was married to Miss Louisa Ellwenger, and they have two sons, Charlie F., aged 8, and Harry H., aged 6, to brighten their home at No. 348 University av. W.



CHARLES TRUAX

That a military training frequently makes a splendid police officer is evinced by the fact that not a few of the best men on the St. Paul force were at one time engaged in the battles of the civil war, from start to finish. Charles Truax hails from the Green Mountain state, and on the 15th of last September was fifty-two years old. When only sixteen he enlisted in Company H, 3d Vermont Volunteer Infantry, at Brattleboro and served until mustered out in July, 1865, at the close of the war. Not without being severely scarred, however, for on May 6, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness, he came near losing his life because of a ball which just missed his heart. During the following nine years he worked alternately as a carpenter and a passenger brakeman on the Central Vermont Railway. Prescott, Wis., and Crookston, Minn., were subsequent locations and in 1884 he came to St. Paul. He was employed as a carpenter for some time, and while the panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg was on exhibit in St. Paul actively assisted Capt. Castle in the undertaking. In 1891 he joined the police force and served five years, at the end of that time going back to his old home in Vermont. After a year and a half he returned to St. Paul and in June, 1898, was commissioned a park patrolman.



Mr. Truax was married to Miss Leora Kenney, a native of Brattleboro, Vt., at Prescott, Wis., in 1874. He is a member of Acker Post, No. 21, G. A. R., and resides at No. 128 7th st. W.



Boat Landing, Como Park

CHARLES TUNBERG

One of the park policemen who have during the past summer done so much toward making Como the most orderly of pleasure resorts, was born in Sweden May 20, 1857. Before coming to this country in 1882 he learnt the trade of a stationary engineer and also took a wife, bringing his bride, formerly Miss Charlotte Peterson, with him on his voyage across the ocean. They came directly to St. Paul, and he obtained employment at the C., St.



P., M. & O. roundhouse. After that he worked at the carpenter trade for over ten years. May 1, 1897, he was commissioned a park patrolman by Mayor Doran. Officer Tunberg belongs to the Swedish Brethren Society. He has five children and the family residence is at 659 Wells st.

THE WORKHOUSE

When the St. Paul workhouse was established at Como in 1883 the tract of land set aside for its use consisted of forty acres. Since then much of this ground has been confiscated for park purposes and the Park Board is yearly growing more urgent in its demand that the institution be removed to another part of the city suburbs. During the first few years of its existence when Como Park was as yet in a crude state the workhouse habitues rendered more or less service in the transformation of the park environs and during the past year 3,274 days of labor were performed but the Park Commissioners do not on the whole consider them desirable neighbors and may soon succeed in having the workhouse banished to a far less beautiful vicinity.

When erected the building was far from being as complete as it is now, new wings and modern improvements having been added from time to time. It is today one of the largest institutions of its kind in this part of the country, containing room for all of 350 prisoners and 158 cells.

The directors are: R. B. Galusha, Charles J. Monfort, William P. Murray, Peter Bohland and Thos. Fitzpatrick. Following are the officers: R. B. Galusha, president; Charles J. Monfort, vice president; Charles M. Koehler, secretary; John Fitzgerald, superintendent; Arthur B. Ancker, physician.

In 1898 954 prisoners were received, of whom 446 were "ten day" men and women. Three were committed for only two days, and seventeen for five days. Sixty-seven were entered for fifteen days, making the total number of "short timers" 533. Very nearly one-half of the prisoners were laborers, no one trade or profession being otherwise liberally represented. The largest number "sent up" were between the ages of twenty-six and thirty, and drunkenness was the immediate cause of 479 arrests. Indeed, the statement is made that only 55 of a year's prisoners claimed to be temperate, whereas 899 admitted themselves addicted to intemperance.

Aside from labor on surrounding roads and routine work the work accomplished by inmates of the workhouse is largely confined to the knitting and broom shops. The annual yield of both these industries, under the able management of Supt. Fitzgerald has been extremely satisfactory inasmuch as it has demonstrated the possibility of more than nominal self support in the near future.

JOHN F. FITZGERALD

It cannot other than be conceded by all that the position of workhouse superintendent is a hard one to fill. The slightest approach to leniency is apt to be construed as partiality and on the other hand too severe a habitual demeanor is at once denounced as indicative of cruelty. In John F. Fitzgerald, who has been superintendent of the St. Paul workhouse for the past fourteen years, a happy medium is presented. Always the quiet, genial man of affairs, Mr. Fitzgerald is today the same conscientious public official as in the days when he was a newcomer and to his strict attention to the demands of duty his success as a correctionist is largely to be attributed.



He is fifty-nine years of age and was brought up in Detroit, Mich. On leaving school he became a ship carpenter and in this capacity sailed on the Great Lakes for many years, three being with Gen. Meade in the U. S. Navy.

Supt. Fitzgerald's experience in taking care of prisoners began in 1869, when he was a subordinate official in the Wayne county, Mich., jail. His next position was in the Detroit House of Correction, where he served seven years, leaving it in 1885 in response to a call from the St. Paul workhouse board. The workhouse at Como was erected in 1883, and F. A. Renz was the first superintendent. He resigned in October, 1885, and Mr. Fitzgerald became his very able successor. Since its opening the workhouse has accommodated 24,286 prisoners, and 21,758 of these have been in charge of the present superintendent.

Supt. Fitzgerald was married on July 15, 1869, to Miss Helen Hackett, an Ontario lady, but at the time a resident of Detroit. Ten children have blessed their union, four of whom have passed away. Those living are: Miss Mary Gertrude, aged 26; John M., aged 24, and at present employed in the auditor's office of the N. P. Railway general office; Grace E, aged 19; Bessie, aged 14; Edward T., aged 12, and little Gerald, aged 10.

The superintendent is a member of the C. M. B. A., a benevolent organization.

CHARLES M. KOEHLER

Go where you may, you will seldom find a more obliging assistant superintendent or a more kindly gentleman than is Charles M. Koehler, who is also the secretary of the St. Paul workhouse. He was born in the principality of Waldeck, Germany, July 27, 1842. His education was begun in a public and finished in a highschool; then he was apprenticed to a mercantile firm, true to the custom of the Fatherland. At the age of eighteen, in 1860, he landed in New York City, and after a few days of sight-seeing went to Detroit, Mich., where he remained five years. Toledo, Ohio, was his next destination, and during the two years spent there he kept a notion store. On disposing of his stock he removed to St. Joseph, Mo., where he obtained employment as a clerk. Ten years passed in this way and then he returned to Detroit, Mich., where he became a guard in the House of Correction. After a six weeks' stay he became overseer and was subsequently promoted to the position of hall master,



which he held for two years and a half. At the end of that time he resigned in order to accept the post of warden of the state penitentiary located at Sioux Falls, S. D. He remained in office nearly three years, and then owing to a change of administration and of directors, vacated it and came to St. Paul. Here he was soon stationed as hall master at the workhouse under Supt. Fitzgerald and within six months was promoted to his present position as assistant superintendent and secretary.

In 1891 Mr. Koehler was married to Miss Mary Schultz, of Detroit, Mich., who died in 1894, leaving three children, none of whom long survived their mother.

Mr. Koehler is a member of the Order of Chosen Friends.

MISS THERESA WALSH

The efficient matron of the St. Paul workhouse, was born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, in 1836. When fifteen years of age she accompanied her parents to the United States and to St. Paul, where they are now counted as pioneer residents. Of the whole family, consisting of father and mother and six children, Miss Walsh is the only one alive. She received her appointment as matron in April, 1896.

ST. PAUL AND ITS POLICE. (Historical and Reminiscent.)

(Written for the "History of the Police and Fire Departments," by C. J. Palmer, a member of the St. Paul Police Force.)

By the shores of Mississippi and 'neath heaven's smiling blue,
In the State of Minnesota, we behold a charming view
Of St. Paul, the saintly city, fairest jewel of the State,
In its splendor, in its glory, in its progress up to date.
Looking down from Summit Ave. or from "Merriam's Hill" below,
Or from "Indian Mounds" when watching the wide river's placid flow,
From all points of view the picture is magnificent and grand,
A more beauteous panorama is not seen in any land.

Yet its history is brief — 'tis merely half a century old,
Barring prehistoric phantoms which its mounds and caves unfold,
Wrapped in mystery "silent speaking" of an unknown ancient race.
A true record of whose wanderings 'tis no easy task to trace.
Centuries ago, for ages, did the Mound Builders exist,
And inhabited this region, disappearing in the mist
Of the aboriginal period — dim in legendary lore.
Then the red man came and pitched his groups of "teepees" by the shore.

In the twilight of those very ancient eras — long ago,
When and how is unrecorded — (faint tradition fails to show,) Came the "red explorer" — paddled his canoe and made survey,
For a "hunting ground" and found it where St. Paul is built today.
Its advantages attracted the attention at that time
Of those "children of the forest" who declared it most sublime.
Bear and buffalo and beaver, deer and bison, if you please,
Roamed or ruminated freely, 'neath the old primeval trees.

Fond of game, the red man hunted here from dawn till set of sun,
With a spear or bow and arrow — in the absence of a gun.
And the squaw when she came paddling in her odd birch bark canoe,
Found the landing place "just lovely," and anon her tribe of "Sioux"
Pitched their teepees 'neath the shady trees or on the rolling plain.
These abodes with pride and pleasure they were happy to retain
Ages passed — the white explorers came at last and looked around
And discovered that a better trading point could not be found.

The location seemed to satisfy the traders very well,
Furs and hides of all descriptions the red hunters had to sell,
Or to trade for "minne waken," — vile bad whiskey, by the way,
Which was introduced for profit but spread havoc night and day —
When the "Injun brave" had tested the intoxicating stuff,
It aroused his savage passions — made him dangerous and rough;
Firewater made him wild — a beast — demoniacal mad,
And destroyed all noble traits which he originally had.

The results were simply awful — dire ruin had its sway,
History shows a gloomy vision from this picture of dismay,
But the greedy grogg'ry-keepers still supplied the "fluid of hell,"
Which was causing countless evils, as the old traditions tell.
Time flew by and subsequently a land treaty took effect,
Uncle Sam had bought the title from the Indian chiefs direct.
Then at once the "pale-faced settlers" started in to cultivate,
The wild land and stake out homesteads — this was eighteen 'thirty-eight.

Parrant was the first white settler and the records testify,
That he was a lawless fellow — bleary-eyed, ugly, mean and sly,
He staked out a claim convenient for a "Blind pig" where he aimed
To sell whiskey to the Indians and the soldiers, it is claimed.
And in spite of stringent orders from Fort Snelling, served on him
To give up his evil business — he was always "in the swim,"
He put up a rugged hovel near the river's eastern shore
By the mouth of Fountain Cave and smuggled whiskey as before.

It is quite humiliating such unpleasant facts to quote
Of the founder of our city and his wicked deeds to note,
And although we rather fancied him a worthier man than this,
Truth is merciless and stubborn and records it as it is —
He was called "Pig's Eye" — alas! Our pride revolts — the nick-name came
And clung to the infant town which blushed to bear the vulgar name
But it soon was changed however, as the Scriptures tell of Saul.
What was known as prosy Pig's Eye afterwards became St. Paul.

Step by step "the white intruders" took possession of it all,
Thus "Im-in-i-ja-Ska*" vanished and the city of St. Paul,
In the middle of the nineteenth century — without alarm,
Sprung up like "Alladdin's Palace" as if touched by magic charm.
Beautified by art and nature, — its appearance now is grand
While of yore the site was nothing but ravines and marshy land.
Where was once a tangled jungle, dense with bushes, reeds and rocks,
Stand in lower town at present our majestic business blocks.

What enchanting transformation, wonderful in its extreme,
Ah! It seems a fairy story — or a miracle — a dream.
What a change! Oh, what a difference! Say, ye old time pioneers —
Let your thoughts fly backwards only thirty, forty, fifty years.
Say what population figures could St. Paul that time display?
Nothing like two hundred thousand — the great record of to-day.
Watch the scenes, their rapid shifting, see how swift the town has grown
Such phantasmagorial wonders — real — the world has never known.

Eleven years had passed, the village, now in eighteen 'forty-nine,
Rose to dignity of town, and had a "county seat design."
"Minnesota Territory" was created, and St. Paul
Was selected for the capitol, so great and yet so small;
There were only thirty houses, forty families in the spring.
Henceforth, though with ceaseless din, its progress made, a forward swing.
In the rush of emigration, pouring in here more and more
Came with many honest people — also ruffians by the, score.

Crimes alarmingly grew rampant — there were frequent bitter fights,
Twixt the red and pale faced Nimrods — they were quite too common sights
Often was the City Marshall in a "pickle of a fix" —
The Police Force was created first in eighteen 'fifty-six;
But at first the "squad of coppers" was a small affair indeed.
A quartette of men, the council thought was all the town would need,
And they authorized His Honor on the 30th of May
To appoint that number only, which he did without delay.

Not too soon; the sin-infested town was something of a fright,
Thieves and gamblers, highway robbers operated day and night,
The police force, four in number, did its very best and tried,
To get rid of these marauders who rushed in on every side,
But the scoundrels with malignity defied the few police,
And committed depredations that disturbed the village peace,
But then haply, with assistance from a voluntary crew,
Some offenders were arrested, some behaved and others flew.

In the meantime the Police force had been reinforced, and then,
August twelfth, reorganized with chief, three captains and nine men
And Ex-Marshall "Billy" Miller was the first Chief of Police,
People pinned their faith in him and his platoon to guard the peace
But the force had to contend with disadvantages those days,
Lacking all equipments proper, handicapped in many ways,
Without telephones and wagons — it was difficult sometimes,
To bring culprits to the station and commit them for their crimes.

When, for instance, a patrolman found a half-dead drunkard lay
Stiff, exposed to cold and robbers, he must drag him all the way
From the depot, for example, eight blocks to the "calaboose,"
Up to Washington and Fifth street — no alternative to choose —
And perchance the snow was drifting deep, with thirty-five below.
In the whiskey-cursed village thirty, forty years ago,
Boiling hatred, jealous passions were insidiously cast,
'Mong the victims of the reckless liquor traffic in the past!

Vice and crimes were too conspicuous in the young days of St. Paul,
But the causes are transparent in considering it all.
To the lively frontier town a horde of thieves and cut-throats came
And it seems that jurisprudence at that time was lax and lame.
Criminals and bloody murd'ers even were allowed to "do" —
Or defeat the "Bar of Justice" aye! and cheat the gallows, too.
And it happened many times that prisoners broke out of jail,
A contrivance wherein "jailbirds" were "cooped up" to no avail.

And although it was repaired — it was not fit, or safe at all,
Expert criminals escaped — if but imprisoned in St. Paul.
But the force, though few in number, on the whole did very well,
With enormous "beats to cover" and disturbance to dispel,
And they tried their best to smother or prevent recurring crime,
While their wages fluctuated up and down from time to time.
Uniforms were not in fashion previous to the Civil War, —
"The first sixteen years, it seems, the coppers only wore a star."

When emergencies demanded stringent measures to ordain,
A new "vigilance committee" was in evidence again.
Once the force was cut a trifle back in eighteen 'sixty-two,
"For the lack of funds;" but still six men remained to lead the crew
Of a volunteer police force which was kept to set a pace,
And perform the solemn duties of protectors of the place;
But they, tired of the hardships, soon retired; so of course,
Then the Council, the department, was compelled to reinforce.

The old time passed into history with its shadows and its lights,
When the "copper-colored savages" mingled freely 'mong the whites,
When the "squaws" with their "pa-pooses" oft were begging on the street,
And the "bucks" invaded kitchens searching something for to eat.
They became a pesky nuisance — worse than rats on pantry shelves —
Timid ladies trembled when the stealthy "bucks" thus helped themselves.
Grunting, making gestures, pilfering anything that they could see,
Yet they used to leave when sharply told (Be gone!) Eh! "Puck-a-Chee!"

Ten years passed — the "cops" were struggling hard but bravely held their own,
And, of course, the population had increased — the town had grown,
Yet the cops were few in number, just about a score in all
To guard peace in the then "very dead tough city" of St. Paul.
Sundry outfits for the force were first procured in 'seventy-two,
Helmets, whistles, yellow buttons, clubs, belts, tassels — all anew —
And a uniform at once it was required to have made;
Then an aspect metropolitan the "blue-coats" soon displayed.

For the next decade the force had all, and more than it could do,
Yet it was increased but slightly until eighteen 'eighty-two.
Tricky sharpers had assembled in St. Paul to play their games,
And a gang, notorious characters with strange and fictitious names.
June the seventeenth patrolman Dan O'Connell vainly tried
To arrest some desperadoes but was shot by them and died.
Six years later on a rainy night in eighteen 'eighty-eight,
August third, patrolman Hanson met a likewise cruel fate.

In performance of their duties they were fearless, brave and bold,
And attempted to arrest the desperadoes — we are told —
Yet the mysteries remain enwrapt in gloom and no one knows
How it happened, but the "scamps" were likely "cornered" — we suppose.
Instantly the burglars' weapons flashed and in the struggles fell
Both the officers — brave victims of a duty's plighted spell;
We all praise their daring courage, — we deplore their tragic fate —
Among heroes' glorious memories — their's are honored by the state.

The Police Court was established 'seventy-five and a patrol
Wagon came at last in service 'eighty-three in June. The whole
Population of the city thought it was a great device,
And declared it indispensable and very neat and nice.
Since that time the coppers when they found a drunk upon their beats
Were not called upon to push or drag the pris'ner through the streets
Further than where a police box was located, and a call
Brought the wagon in a hurry from the old time city hall.

A bright period commenced of golden years and palmy days,
While the Goddess Fortune shook her "horn of plenty" in her grace
Smiling, scattering prosperity to right, to left, to all,
And brought forth a rosy era of flush "boom-time" in St. Paul.
Like a beehive, now the "Saints" exhibited great enterprise,
And on chilly winter days they built a palace out of ice.
Novel sight! When fireworks around its glittering steeples curled
This grand spectacle attracted great attention in the world.

When the G. A. R. Encampment, 'ninety-six, met in St. Paul.
The police force was admired for its work and praised by all
For a week two hundred thousand guests comprised the multitude,
Which from grandstands, streets and housetops, the processions safely viewed.
And while here the throngs were handled and protected nights and days,
And His Honor sent a message to the Chief of thanks and praise.
Other details or occasions we must pass in this review,
But St. Paul Police Department well deserves its credit due.

At the present time the Force comprise a hundred eighty-one
Active members, gallant men! Who realize what they have done
For the welfare of St. Paul, or what influence they have wrought,
For its good? but lo! their efforts often have been set at naught.
Yet they stand for law and order, aye, they aim to guard the peace,
Are with dauntless courage ready to act promptly and to seize,
Or arrest and bring to justice at all hazards night or day,
Evildoers who will not the state or city laws obey.

As a rule St. Paul policemen use good judgment, common sense,
Strict attending to their duties with due zeal and diligence.
They are watchful, true and loyal; they are stalwart, brave and strong.
They are human, yet they are enduring hardships "right along;" —
Hail the "Brotherhood of Coppers;" — Hail the "Knights of Club and Star! —"
Hail the guardians of the peace and let their fame ring out afar! —
You may roam the country over — you may scrutinize them all
But you'll find no nobler fellows than the coppers of St. Paul.

In a future full of promise brighter far than is your past,
What reflections on time's mirror will your present struggles cast?
Will the coming generations read and ponder as they run,
And complete the noble structure which their ancestors begun?
Yours the weary time of seeding, theirs the golden harvest time,
And the fruitage of your courage and your confidence sublime
In that future when historians shall the roll of honor call
First and foremost among cities they'll announce the name ST. PAUL.

C. J. Palmer

*The towering cliffs, or bluffs, of white sandstone which overhung the river formed a prominent landmark for the Indians as they paddled up or down in their canoes, and this beautiful spot which afterwards became the site of St. Paul, was known to the Indians from time immemorial as "Im-in-i-ja-Ska" (White Rock) and for years it was so called in their tongue; however some red-faces learned to grunt: "Sip-all" — which meant to them the place where "Injuns could get Minne-wakan" (whiskey).

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM FOR IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS

With instructions for taking measurements and descriptions by the means of anthropometric indications. These engravings are from photographs taken at the Joliet, Ill., State Prison by W. G. Thorpe.



Fig. 1. — Length of Head.

Measurement taken by means of the caliper-compasses. The operator places and maintains the end of the left branch in the cavity of the root of the nose; then with eyes fixed on the graduation lie moves the right extremity up and down the middle of the back of the head until he finds the maximum point, and reads the indication.



Fig. 2. — Width of Head.

The greatest width of the head is taken with the same instrument as the length in much the same manner.



Fig. 3.

Measurement of the left middle finger by means of the sliding compasses. This indication is valuable for the reason that it can be taken exactly independent of the subject.



Fig. 4.

Measurement of the left foot by means of sliding compasses. Have the subject take the position indicated by the engraving, on a firm solid bench. This position will force the most stupid or wiley person to place himself in proper position so that the measurement will be accurate.



Fig. 5.

Measurement of the left forearm by means of the sliding compasses. The operator places the subject in the position represented above and presses the stationary branch closely against the point of the elbow, keeping the shank parallel to the axis of the arm.



Fig. 6.

Measurement of the right ear by means of the sliding compasses. Generally this measurement is taken after the length and width of the head, before using the large sliding compasses, at a moment when the subject is standing erect. Operators of small stature, however, prefer to take this measurement while the subject is still seated.



Fig. 7.

Measurement of height by means of the vertical and horizontal graduated measures. The subject should be barefooted, standing in the position shown above.



Fig. 8.

Measurement of the outstretched arms by means of the vertical and horizontal graduated measures. The measurement of the outstretched arms is the maximum length reached as shown in this figure.



Fig. 9.

Measurement of the trunk by means of the vertical and horizontal graduated measures. Seat the subject well back on the bench and closely against the wall, and see that lie holds his body erect against the wall.



Fig. 10.
Examining the eye.



Fig. 11.
Table and sliding compasses fr measuring the left forearm.



Fig. 12.
Position for measuring the head.