INNS AND INNKEEPERS.

Some of the Taverns of the Capital City and Some of the Men Who Run Them.

The New Ryan Palace in Successful and Profitable Operation—Its Proprietors and Patrons.

The Old Reliable Merchants, Known Throughout the Country—The Allens, Father and Son.

The Cheerful Windsor and its Cheery Management--The Clarendon and Other Hotels.

"Front!!" It is called more times in a year in St. Paul than any other city in Minnesota, and everytime it is called there is a hospitable looking man standing behind it ready to shake, and above the echo of the bell boy's slippers on the tile floor as he jumps for the gripsacks, may be heard: "Well, when did you get in? It's been a long time since you've been to see us. Been to dinner? Yes. They do run a dining-car on your train. Go right up. Show the gentleman to—."

It's a warm welcome that a man gets on entering a St. Paul hotel, no matter whether or not he has been inside it before, and no matter at which one he registers, he can't get in sight of the desk before a boy has his gripsack and from one to three clerks or proprietors have a broad smile that seems to say: "We've been expecting you for a long time and have had the fatted calf cooked especially on your account. This evening we'll cut a cheese," and immediately the stranger is at his ease.

In the palatial Ryan the form of the owner of the inn is seldom noticed. Mr. Ryan simply built the magnificent structure and has no object in assuming the duties of landlord. It's enough honor to be known as "Mr. Ryan who owns the hotel." The proprietors of this mammoth institution, Messrs. Brugh & Truman, are in perfect keeping with the rest of the rotunda. They have an air of refined elegance that just matches the elaborate frescoing and marble floors.

C. M. TRUMAN.

Mr. Truman has charge of the supply department, and his general appearance, that would fit a ballroom at any minute, is a satisfactory guarantee of an elaborate table. It is said that his greatest sorrow is that the St. Paul market doesn't give him the chance to throw himself as the Eastern markets used to. There isn't a day that some man, a drummer or somebody else that knew him East doesn't catch sight of him in his private office, and then there's a stay of proceedings until he has exclaimed: "Well, I never expected to see you running a hotel in this country," and has shaken hands and inquired how he likes it as far as he's got. He is getting as popular out here as he was down East. Mr. Brugh is general superintendent behind the desk, and there is not a man in Minnesota that can lay claim to being more of a gentleman. His appearance is faultless, and he dresses in good taste always. He is probably about 38 years old, and nature gave him a high forehead. He knows his business, though sometimes he doesn't have time to stop and tell you about it. He knows a good joke when he sees one and he has seen so many that if the average man tries to give him one the odds are that it will be a chestnut. You can tell that he appreciates a good story, as plain as day, and yet he hasn't laughed so one could hear him beyond the cigar stand since the day the Ryan opened. When he is tickled there is a sort of subdued smile that floats across his face and his eyes squint a little and that is all. A recent number of the Hotel World says it is rumored, both that these proprietors lease the hotel and are at liberty to pocket what they can make, and that they both are content to draw large salaries, while the owner is the real proprietor. John Ford is at least the right bower of the proprietors, and it's almost a question if he isn't the joker and they the bowers. More

J. H. BRUGH.

JOHN FORD.

of the arrivals know him than anybody else in the house, for he got acquainted with the traveling public while the Metropolitan was in its glory. He is to the Ryan about what Mr. Dodge is to the Merchants, and the traveler's first salutation is, "Hello, John Ford; you're putting on more style than you used to when the Metropolitan was going." Mr. Ford is about 38 or 40 by his looks, and he never makes a noise. He writes a Spencerian hand and always fills in the date lines of the register so smoothly that you would think it was printed there, and he never yet made a blot on any of his books. He can apparently get more solid comfort out of ordinary hard work than about any other man in the business. If there was ever a man of dignified politeness to strangers, he is the sample. He has a great fondness for fooling over the register and he is a terror to the young reporter who monopolizes it to copy all the names. His way of doing business is very methodical, and it does not make any difference whether there are fifteen arrivals on any one train, or a thousand, he is always about so busy. He laughs all over when he does laugh, and has a great way of saying "You bet your life."

Before the Ryan was opened Col. Allen of the Merchants was proprietor of the

COL. ALLEN.

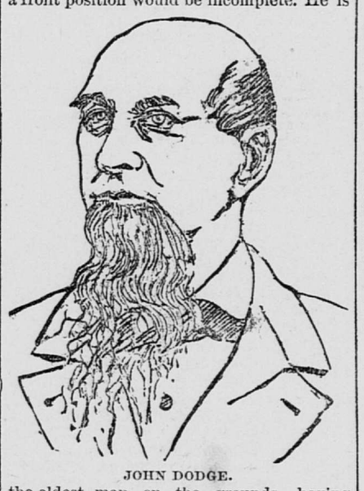
largest hotel in the city, and the traveling public familiar with his face is scattered from Maine to California, and from Winnipeg to the Gulf. It was nearly eleven years ago that Col. Allen first shook hands with visitors to St. Paul in the rotunda of the Merchants, and he has been shaking hands ever since and telling the boys to set up the best in the house for each coming guest. Col. Allen holds his age well and having arrived at that period when a man may take life easy with impunity he does not allow the management of his house to drive the wrinkles any deeper. He is a full-blooded, enthusiastic Western man and his opinions are by no means narrow gauge, as some of his parliamentary efforts that have gone on record show. He says with the poet, "Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?" and acts accordingly. He is up in the morning, attends to business, chats with the old timers that come down to hold down the chairs, plays billiards with some pet boy of five or ten years, and takes a nap at intervals as circumstances dictate. He knows everybody and everybody knows him.

The colonel has registered on the list, as manager of the hotel, his son, whose name, in the statesmanlike language of Attorney Willis, "is to deponent unknown, but who is commonly and familiarly known as Ehle."

KNOWN AS EHLE.

Few men were ever made who could make more motions in a given time than Ehle, and there's no man in St. Paul that can stand behind the hotel counter, assign more rooms, call the boys quicker, shake hands livelier, make out meal tickets faster, answer questions more rapidly, smile more sweetly at the new comers and keep up a general running conversation without getting phased than Ehle can for the first half hour after he goes to the book in the afternoon. Nor is there any man who can wear a higher collar or lend more dignity to the house on every-day occasions. He has the good fortune to be left-handed and he can read any man's name upside down, so that by the time the name is on the book he has a meal ticket filled out, and it is only a slight turn of the wrist it takes to remove the guest's hat, place the ticket inside, and with one of the McCorker waves of his hand, he says, if the guest happens to be an old acquaintance, "You people are all right; what are you going to do this evening?" It is perhaps due the others who are behind the desk to say that Ehle is not on duty absolutely all the time, for, being a son of the old gentlemen, he takes some liberties in the matter of showing up that wouldn't go with strangers. His general appearance and movements have led many to remark a resemblance between himself and the book agent in the "Parlor Match." He must be seen to be appreciated.

But any mention of the Merchants that did not give Mr. John Dodge, the chief clerk, a front position would be incomplete. He is



JOHN DODGE.

the oldest man on the grounds, having been at the Merchants since 1864. Since then every stone in the hotel has been changed and there's nothing left of the old "Merchants" but the name and John Dodge. He has a record such as few men in the West or anywhere else can brag of. He doesn't put on any style, and he no more resembles the hotel clerk that the paragraphers paint than Col. Allen does. You might take him for the president of a railroad corporation. His long term of service has given him an acquaintance with about everybody, and if he is absent when a train comes in, there will be half a dozen men inquire: "Where's John Dodge?" His general appearance is of solidity and he sets his teeth together on a cigar in about the way Gen. Grant is said to have done. There's a sort of bulldog grip about it that gives one the impression that he knows his business. No man now living ever saw him rattled, and he never makes a break. If he were taken out of the office it would be like taking the main mast out of a ship. When he meets an old particular friend who tells him a new joke you can hear him laugh nearly up to Bridge square.

With all their booming and their advertising the big hotels down town don't seem to reduce the popularity of the Windsor at the corner of Fifth and St. Peter streets. It has the assured and constant patronage of a good many hundred people who are constantly traveling, besides being one of the favorite places in the city for a permanent boarding home, and this class of patronage is increasing weekly. The office floor of the building has recently been improved and decorated in a unique manner that makes one of the most attractive offices in the Northwest, while the barroom is quite a marvel of ornament. Next to the magnificent big plate-glass window looking directly down Fifth street, the most attractive features of the office, not of the bar-room, is the clerk,

HOWARD ESTES.

who is so good a fellow and has been called by his first name so commonly, that he is frequently introduced as "Mr. Howard," and large numbers of his friends don't know that he has any other name. Howard's long whiskers have graced the office of the Windsor hotel for many a year, except when he expatriated himself for a short time to be clerk of the Grand Pacific at Moorhead. He's a good billiard player, and many a stranger who has crossed cues with him, relying on the childlike innocence which radiates from every feature, has retired discomfited. Mr. Howard's associates are Will Summers, nephew of the owner of the house and a fancier in diamonds, and Sam Halliday, who is polite to the people that come in at night.

In looking about the hotel for the man who would probably be the owner of it, one of the last men the stranger would pick upon would be that unostentatious and quiet, but pleasant-looking Scotchman,

JOHN SUMMERS.

and yet if planning, designing, building and paying for a house gives a man a claim of ownership on it, he may be said to own it. When Mr. Summers came from Scotland, he brought a brogue, a fair education and a good knowledge of carpentry, all of which he has yet. By assiduous attention to his trade he at length became a contractor and then an architect, and, having amassed considerable money, built this hotel in 1877, putting in as careful workmanship and material as can be found in any public building in the country. Mr. Summers' partner, who has charge of the business, is Mr. C. J. Montfort, whose quick manners and high, not to say boyish spirits, give the lie to the story told by his hoary and somewhat bald head. He hustles about all over the house at once, and the popularity of the hotel with the traveling and St. Paul public is due mainly to his tireless efforts to see that everybody is well treated.

Mine host at the Clarendon, Mr. F. R. Welz, is the picture of the innkeeper, and Mr. Welz would be spotted for the landlord

F. R. WELZ.

in a crowd. Broad-shouldered and solid in build, he has a face that looks an easy one to stand off. Mr. Welz is a solid old German citizen, with plenty of dust, and he likes good living, and doesn't care who knows it. Although he keeps good track of his business, it is very seldom one finds him doing anything that looks much like work, and he puts in a good deal of time entertaining the many countrymen of his that drop in on him. From his broad forehead to his slippers, which he wears much of the time, he looks good natured, and there's no man in the city that comes so near the old-fashioned Boniface as Mr. Welz. Drop in on him any day and the chances are you'll find him with two or three youngsters on his knees, having a general good time with them. He does not put on any style, and one man has as much show as another in his hotel. He delights to do most of his talking in German, though he can handle English like a thoroughbred when he has to. He has a good thing in the Clarendon and he knows it and is happy. His chief clerk is John Langton, a lively young man with clear-cut

J.H. LANGTON.

features. He looks as if he could catch on to any business in three months. He talks very rapidly and slings a pen in a way that would do credit to a professional. There is no clerk in St. Paul that can answer a question quicker than he can, and if he wants his bill stood off and he knows the applicant is good, he says: "That's all right, sir; take your own time; let it run till it comes handy," in a lightning sort of way that is very reassuring to a dead-broke man. He has the desk to himself most of the time and has to hustle to keep square up to date, but in the majority of instances he is squared up when night overtakes him. He has St. Paul down fine, knows all that is going on among the society people, and could furnish a column of social gossip quicker than the professional reporter that didn't make a specialty of such matters. He is one of the youngest men in the business in the city.

A Great Fuss by "Old Bullion."

Boston Budget.

Senator Tom Benton made a great fuss in the winter of 1834, declaring, in his pompous way, that Gales & Seaton had suppressed some remarks of his about the Bank of the United States in their last published volume of the "Register of Debates." In the National Intelligencer of the next day, Mr. Gales published a calculation showing that the proportion of the volume, if divided among the forty-eight senators, would be between twenty-seven and twenty-eight columns to each one. The remarks of Mr. Benton, interspersed through the volume, occupied more than one hundred columns, of which more than fifty related to the Bank of the United States, the subject in regard to which the charge of suppression had been made. "Old Bullion," as Mr. Benton was called about the capital, never repeated his complaints that his speeches were suppressed by reporters.

THE STAB.

On the road; the lonely road,
Under the cold, white moon;
Under the ragged trees he strode;
He whistled and shifted his heavy load—
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step timed with his own.
A figure that stooped and bowed;
A cold, white blade that gleamed and shone
Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good,
The barn-cock woke and crowed;
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood
That a dead man lay on the road.

—Will Wallace Harney.

INIQUITY OF CHICAGO.

Story of the Corrupt and Inhuman Practices of the Police Department in the Garden City.

How Vice Flourishes by a Compact With the Powers Sworn to Preserve Law.

A Bail Shark Who Mulcts Unfortunate Women Out of the Price of Their Shame.

Correspondence of the Globe.

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—The Garden City is again to the front as the wickedest city on the continent. One would infer that the local press take pride in pointing out the iniquity within our municipal borders, so frequently are exposures made. This time an evening paper has unearthed wickedness not far behind the exposures of the recent London scandal, thereby implicating the police force of the West division, and indirectly the mayor and prominent members of the municipal congress. "The finest" has long been synonymous with the "police" in Chicago, Mayor Harrison having frequently boasted of the efficiency and honesty of his appointees in rank and file. If the charges made by the paper referred to are correct, "the worst" is not a misnomer, and should be applied to the officers and patrolmen of the West side force. Interviews with twelve women of the town are published showing that a professional bail shark has access to all the books at the Desplaines street station. At his request arrests are made, and through him

THE UNFORTUNATE GIRLS

are released. Six times a week is not an unusual average of arrest for some of the girls who are good "hustlers" and make plenty of money. A patrol wagon filled with street walkers is drawn up at the station; the inmates of the wagon are hurried to an upper room, not being booked as are ordinary offenders. The bail shark, Brennon by name, who owns a saloon adjoining the station, is permitted to see the women, and he makes arrangement for their liberation next morning in court. They give him say $4, or jewelry worth that amount; in return he appears in court, pays fine and costs amounting to $2, and the woman is allowed to depart. Sometimes the victims have neither money nor jewelry. If she is well known, however, and possesses a clientele that is sure to bring her the necessary amount, she is given credit by Brennan, who, as soon as he is certain his debtor has made a few dollars again, pounces down on her. Some of the women are known to have been in Brennan's debt to the amount of $50 or more. "Brennan owns the patrol wagon," says one of the women. "He's the

WEST SIDE MAYOR,

and the police obey him implicitly," remarked another. Brennan has made a fortune in a very short time, and is reputed to be worth an amount that his saloon would not have brought in gross in ten years. West side saloonkeepers by the score attest the dishonesty of the police force, showing how they have been closed as "disorderly places" when in reality they were the best conducted saloons in the neighborhood, Dago shops, all-night houses, panel houses, that contribute to the police being allowed on the West side, but a decent place that is conducted on a business basis is severely spotted and sooner or later closed. These exposures have created a stench in the public nostril that the administration is finding difficulty in subduing. Mayor Harrison sniffed contemptuously when the first of these exposure articles was published. But the second one, attacking the police, has caused more excitement at the city hall than the administration will admit. When it is known that what is known as the West side is the largest part of the city; that

MOST OF THE MURDERS

and crimes of all kinds reported take place in that district; that with a single possible exception, the worst communities of the city are located within the jurisdiction of the West side police force, then it will be understood why such an exposure creates so much excitement. The chief end and aim of the average policeman seems to be to draw pay for as little work as possible. But the Chicago policeman is not satisfied with doing nothing, he must levy a tax on unfortunates and bulldoze liquor dealers that decline to pay for police privileges. It is not an uncommon sight to see a policeman drinking with a loose woman at her expense. There isn't a "hustler" in Chicago but that expects to be asked for a cigar or drink from some burly blue-coated ruffian that wears a star by virtue of his work in ward elections and carries a club to knock down the enemies of his alderman.

THE WORST ABUSES

are reported from the Ninth ward, and the gentlemen who represent this district in the city parliament are hard at work preparing for an investigation that will surely come sooner or later under pressure of popular demand. The police themselves have grown reticent, and refuse to talk on the subject, while the reporters of the enterprising sheet that has made public this rotten condition of affairs don't dare to venture out of doors after nightfall. Bail-Shark Brennan, the justices who have so long permitted these outrages, and the officers in charge at the public station, are dumfounded at the completeness of the exposure, and secretly tremble for their positions, while inwardly cursing the curiosity that led the newsgatherers to select such a topic for a sensational article. There'll be a chopping off of official heads, and for a short time West Side police affairs will be conducted with some regard to decency. CHENEY.

Had Taken All the Degress.

Philadelphia Press.

"Good gracious, Dusenberry! I didn't know until to-day that you had been married three times."

"Yes, Bromly, I have taken all the degrees. The first wife knocked all the romance out of me, the second taught me humility—"

"And your present wife?"

"Made a philosopher out of me. I can bear other people's troubles with a great deal of self-complacency."

Assessment for Sewer on Nelson Avenue.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 26, 1885.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city at 2 p. m. on the 5th day of October, A. D. 1885, to make an assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the construction of a sewer on Nelson Avenue, from a point 50 feet west of Josette street to Virginia Avenue, in said city, on the property on the line of said sewer and benefited thereby amounting in the aggregate to $2,751.85.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment and will be heard.

JOHN F. HOYT, President pro tem.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.
270-271