I, FRED KOHLER

Forty Years of Cleveland Politics

BY N. R. HOWARD.

CHAPTER IX—COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

WHILE Capt. Kohler was bringing the East End precinct, to which he had been banished on the advice of friends of Tom L. Johnson, newly elected mayor, to a greater semblance of discipline and smoothness of operation than it had previously known Johnson was growing dissatisfied with his safety department operations.

On the advice of Charles P. Salen, Democratic leader, and others, Johnson had appointed a man from the ranks, Police Lieut. John Dunn, as his first safety director. Dunn was a Democrat and had an informal record of friendliness to Democratic politicians through the McKisson-Farley battles. He was a good officer, but his elevation to the directorship of the department took his breath away and it may be speculated as to whether he ever recovered it.

He lacked (as did others of the first Johnson administration) both the imagination and breadth to appreciate either Johnson or what Johnson proposed to do. He was no hand at displaying, before his ex-brethren of the police department, the skill in handling men or in foresight of the new and radical Johnson policing policies which his rare opportunity in his new berth called for; he remained a policeman, good-natured and happy over his promotion and sometimes giving the impression that he couldn't quite rationalize it.

The superintendent, now styled "chief," Corner, seemed quite baffled that one of his lieutenants should suddenly be seated in judgment and administration over him. Certainly he couldn't rationalize it either. If Chief Corner had been used to having much to say about his department under previous mayors, he could have partly filled the gap which Safety Director Dunn unconsciously opened, but Corner too was a policeman of the old school, probably instinctively suspicious of a new mayor with new-fangled ideas, and held gloomily to his seat by the chimney corner.

Honesty and Humanity.

The mayor found very shortly that his modernist slants on police work were not being understood, let alone carried out. He was having his hands full with other than police matters. He had undertaken the Augean task

of trying to put the city's civil departments on a new basis of honesty and humanity, and he had launched an unprecedented campaign to force the county auditor to appraise corporation properties at what Johnson and his new school termed "fair" values and what the startled corporations declared to be "anarchistically high." About all Johnson was hearing from his police department was a flow of petty stories about bickerings, laxity in the tenderloin, gamblers' invasions, and demoralization.

The longer he put off what seemed to him an imperative change for his police force, the more the positive personality of Capt. Kohler came into his mind. Kohler might have been one of the stalwarts of the unlamented McKisson administration; he might have been a natural tyrant and a bully; he might have been a "wild man" politically and socially; his intentions might be the worst one could conceive; but at least he had intentions of some sort and at least he had enemies.

The heads of the police department had no intentions, apparently no enemies, and no more consciousness of living than so many amebae. The mayor rapidly approached the point where he preferred any King Stork to the incumbent Logs.

Being in "the woods" gave Kohler no cause to let up being a good policeman. For some weeks before he was shifted to 105th Street, Wade Park had been terrorized by a psychopathic individual who preyed on young women and children and became something more than a nuisance. Kohler put enough policemen into the park, and spent enough time there himself, to capture the man, which ended an unpleasant worry for the City Hall. This job pleased Mayor Johnson immensely and further directed his attention to the blond captain.

A Call at Night.

Johnson had adopted as secretary Political Writer W. B. Gongwer, and Gongwer was at once one of the best friends and sharpest critics of Kohler. It is more than probable that Gongwer, seeing Johnson's aims for his police department and the utter lack of the officers' comprehension as things stood, gave the mayor his own analysis of Kohler's strengths and weaknesses.

At any rate Johnson quietly investigated Kohler's attitude out there at the 105th Street precinct. Years later, he was to write: "Being sent to the woods was very inconvenient for Kohler . . . but he went without protest and continued to do good work."

So one night in 1992, several months after having banished the captain, Mayor Johnson sent him a message to call that night at the Johnson home, the massive stone dwelling at the west corner of Euclid and what is now E. 24th Street, in "Millionaires' Row."

"You're wondering why I sent for you," Johnson began. "Well, I have wanted for some time to talk to you and to get a good look at you. The reason you were sent to the woods is that a lot of our fellows dislike and distrust you and told me you were utterly no good. I listened to them. I'm wondering now if I could have made a mistake."

Capt. Kohler was listening but said nothing.

"I think they were wrong about you," Johnson added, abruptly. "I like everything I've seen about you. I liked you the day of the captains' meeting in my office. You look like a natural policeman and a natural boss.

"I'm finding I don't really believe half the stories they told me about your being a bully, a terror, a political blackleg, and a roughneck. Maybe it was a good thing to send you to the woods to find that you could obey orders, do your job, and keep your mouth shut. That has made a hit with me." Still Kohler said nothing.

"I need help in the police department," Johnson continued. "Most of all, I need a man who will shake some life and brains into our force. The day is over when we want an old-fashioned, pot-bellied crew of policemen who know only that they are to be useful in keeping all the friends of the mayor and the politicians out of jail. But I can't run and modernize the police myself. How would you like to be chief?"

"Take Me As I Am."

Kohler stared at Johnson, and the mayor stared at the captain—tall, very blond, fresh of color, an almost arrogant expression on his sharp Teutonic features. "I haven't asked you for it," Kohler said. "I haven't asked you for a thing."

"I know that. That is, of course, in your favor."

"I'm a Republican," Kohler reflected. "I am—was a good McKisson Republican. You take me as I am."

"What do I care what your politics are?" Johnson replied. "I'm looking for a commander-in-chief of the police department, not a politician."

"All right," said Kohler, without hesitancy. "I'll run the force and I'll run it the way you want it run. I know what you want. No one runs it but me."

"Good enough," the mayor said.

There was more but unimportant talk about the best way to introduce Kohler to the chiefship without upsetting or hurting Chief Corner or various policemen who might prepare trouble for the new chief. On Kohler's suggestion, Johnson decided to bring him back to Central Precinct, assign him to recruit a new detective bureau, and thus give him sufficient powers to start bringing in and promoting the particular men whom Kohler needed in key positions around him.

So well had Mayor Johnson disguised his intentions that newspapers, in discussing the mayor's purposes with the police, were speculating how much further degradation might be in store for those two eminent McKissonites, Capt. Rowe and Kohler, when suddenly Rowe was promoted to an inspectorship from which he directed the organization of the uniformed force, and Kohler to foundation of a new detective bureau.

Early in 1902, Safety Director Dunn induced three captains to retire on pension, and it became known that Capt. Kohler had been instrumental in this move. The detective bureau flowered into a plain clothes force which took over a large part of the surveillance and regulation of the downtown, including the "tenderloin." The force was notable for a conspicuous shining of shoes and a conspicuous decrease in Irish personalities.

While captain of detectives, Kohler executed probably his best piece of detective work, in connection with the first of Mayor Johnson's series of councilmanic bribery exposures. In 1902 and 1903 the city, at Johnson's behest, induced the present East Ohio Gas Co. to take up a franchise, an action which infuriated holders of a prior franchise and others hopeful of succeeding them, so that there was tampering with the Council by lobbyists; and one afternoon Councilman Kohl walked into the mayor's office and said in great agitation that he had been offered $2,000 to vote against the East Ohio franchise.

Mayor Johnson induced Kohl to take the money and arrange for an exposure at the Council meeting that night; and it was so carried off, Johnson making a speech in which he suddenly revealed the bribery and Kohl rising at that point and throwing the $2,000 in bills down on his desk.

By prearrangement, Capt. Kohler stood on the outskirts of the crowd, and when a well known politician and character about town rose and started out, Kohler arrested him.

Legally, however, there was no case against him, and when the furor over the expose had calmed down Kohler discovered it was up to him to find a criminal case against the politician. There had been no witnesses to the scene in the politician's offices where the $2,000 was handed over to the councilman. The councilman's testimony alone would not constitute a case to take to court.

So Kohler got from the mayor the number and description of the $2,000 currency and for two days went from bank to bank trying to find some one who could remember this currency. At an obscure bank west of Public Square he struck pay dirt when the teller recalled having paid out the money to the politician only a day before the Kohl transaction. That, under the rules of evidence, put the $2,000 which had turned up in Kohl's possession in the hands of the politician Kohl accused. The politician nevertheless was acquitted after a speedy and sensational trial. His defense was that powerful political foes were trying to "frame" him.

Tomorrow—Feuds.

It Really Was Cold in Cleveland Yesterday—Bankers Found Guilty

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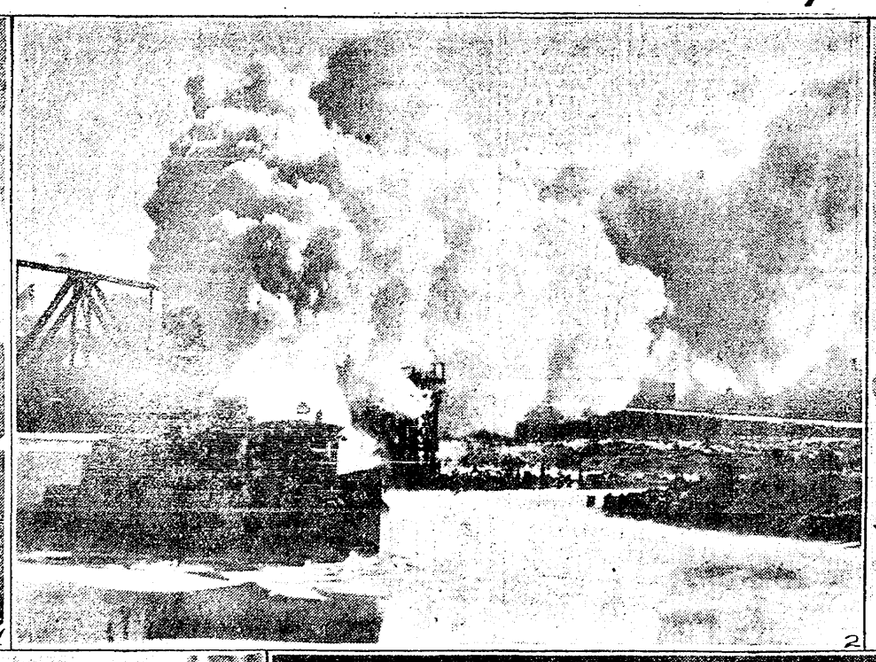

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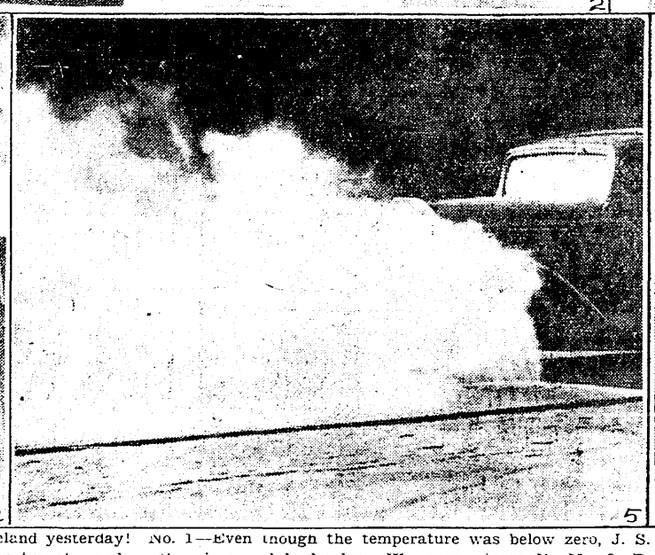

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SOME ONE MAY HAVE TOLD YOU—it was cold in Cleveland yesterday! No. 1—Even though the temperature was below zero, J. S. Eisenhardt of 1312 E. 23d Street was consistent and wore no hat. No. 2—The city fire tug steamed up the river and broke ice. We mean steamed! No. 3—Patrolman Henry Kraffke, at Lorain Avenue and W. 98th Street, was grateful for a cup of hot coffee. No. 4—Iceman George Kucik's shoulder didn't get wet yesterday from melting ice. No. 5—In weather such as we are enjoying automobiles freeze if the alcohol is low. When they freeze they steam. No. 6—Coal Man George J. Misiak is happy. He has been delivering a lot of coal. He will deliver a lot more today, and Monday. He says: "Yep, this is certainly coal weather, and I don't mind it a bit."

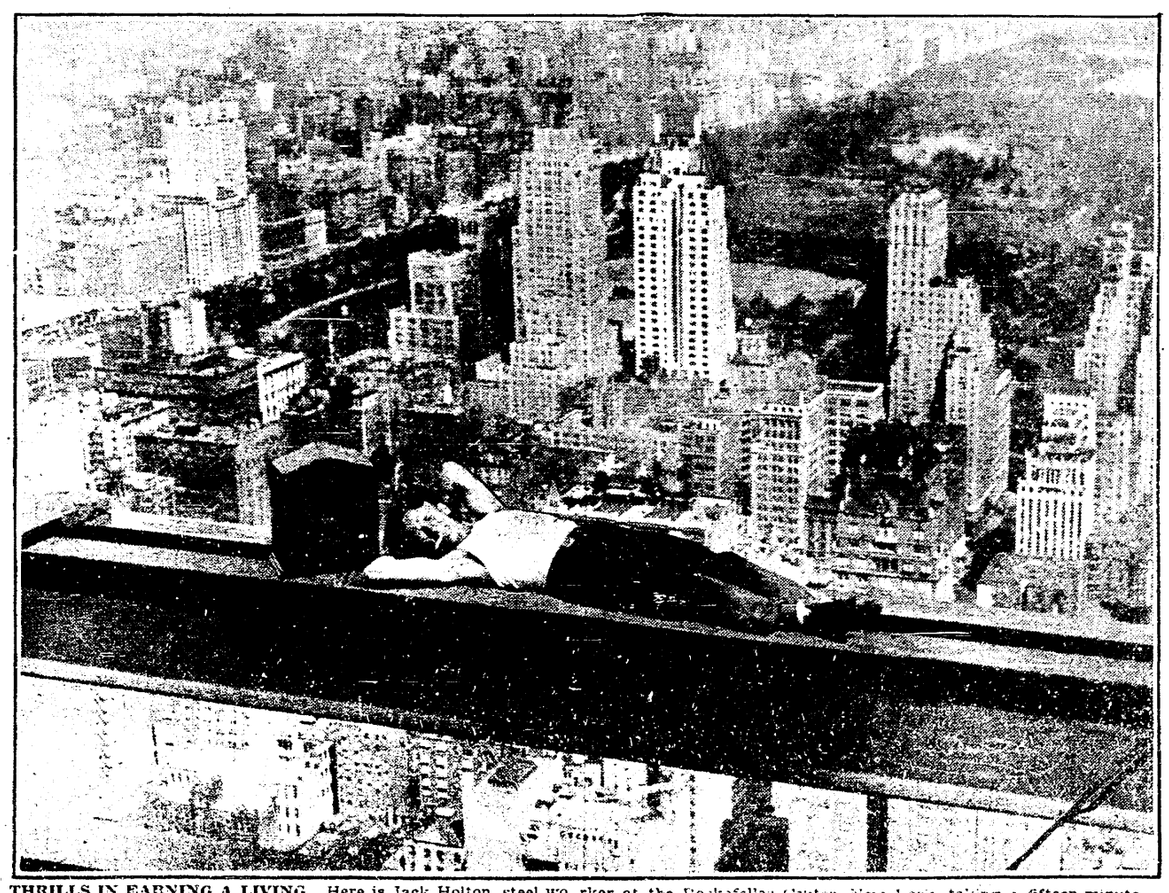
BANKERS GUILTY. Alvanley Johnston (middle), grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and C. Stirling Smith (right), former president of the Standard Trust Bank, yesterday were found guilty on nine accounts charging misapplication of $450,000 of the bank's money and falsification of its records. James H. Cassell (left), secretary-treasurer of the Brotherhood and former bank director, was found not guilty on four counts of false entry. The jury was unable to agree on remaining seven counts against Cassell.

Wide World Photo.

DIES IN AVALANCHE. Countess Charles Orsini, formerly Miss Helen Hawkins of Los Angeles, was found smothered to death in bed after an avalanche swept over their winter sports lodge near Bolognola, Italy. Her husband and baby daughter were also found dead.

Associated Press Photo.

HAPPY AT BREMER'S RELEASE. Mrs. Edward G. Bremer and her daughter, Betty, yesterday were happy for the first time in three weeks. Reason: Edward G. Bremer was freed by kidnapers. Bremer was released by his abductors after $200,000 ransom was paid.



THRILLS IN EARNING A LIVING. Here is Jack Holton, steel worker at the Rockefeller Center, New York, taking a fifteen-minute snooze, with music, on a steel beam 800 feet above the street. For a real thrill, try it, but don't toss about in your sleep.

(This is another of a series of pictures appearing daily on the Plain Dealer Picture Page depicting "Thrills in Earning a Living.")

WALL ST. SEEKING MODIFIED REFORM

Rallies to Keep Regulation Mild; Stocks Drop, Then Rise; Cotton at 13c.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—Temporarily routed and disorganized by the drastic Stock Exchange regulation bill, Wall Street moved today to remarshal its forces for a hard fight for modification of the measure.

Meetings were held throughout the financial district, and will be continued over the two-day holiday. The markets will be closed Monday for Lincoln's birthday, giving an extra day for the preparation of new strategy.

Although taken by surprise by the swift action in Washington to bring the nation's security trading under federal supervision, the brokers are reconciled to regulation. Their fight now, instead of trying to head off the bill pending in Congress, will be to ease some of its restrictions.

While the whole bill is onerous to the financial district, the main attack will center on the margin provisions and the sections devoted to borrowings on stock market collateral.

The bill would jack margins to 60 per cent. of the market price on all accounts. Now, a 50 per cent. margin is called for on the small accounts, those under $5,000, but only 30 per cent. on those over that amount.

Unless this section is modified, Wall Street fears it will drive the big traders out of this market into Canada and to London.

The market choked a little today as it was forced to swallow heavy selling, particularly in aircraft issues, in the early dealings, but it recovered rapidly in the late trading.

Prominent shares generally slid off $1 to $3 or more in the first half hour, but few leading issues finished with losses as large as $1, and many had rallied to show small gains.

The airplane issues were thrown into disorderly retreat at the start by the news of cancelation of air mail contracts, but most of them recovered part of their losses.

United Aircraft, largest holder of the mail contracts, was an exception, closing at $22.50 a share, close to the day's low, and off $6.62.

Trading in the stock exchange aggregated 2,187,310 shares for the two-hour session, the largest Saturday turnover since July. The Bond Market, however, turned dull, and while prices dipped a little here and there, changes were mostly narrow.

Cotton a feature of the day's commodity markets, advancing 55 to 75 cents a bale, which boosted the January delivery above 13 cents a pound, the first time 13 cent cotton has been seen in the New York Cotton Exchange since August, 1930. Wheat closed with negligible changes.

On borrowings, the stock regulation bill would only permit these from members banks of the Federal Reserve System, with restrictions on the amounts. This would automatically shut out loans from individuals, corporations and from brokers' themselves. This section of the bill is aimed to prevent a repetition of 1929, when the flood of money from outside sources took control of the money market out of the Reserve's hands.

The fight on this section will be largely along the line that the restrictions will force a bootlegging of loans.

The section Wall Street would like most to modify or have removed from the bill is that dealing with speculation by officers, directors and large shareholders of a corporation in the stock of that corporation. But this deals with something outside the exchange's ken, and if it is to be attacked, it will have to be done from the outside.

Most corporation executives are in favor of this. Those that are not are the few who make a business of gambling in their own stocks on the "inside" information that they possess.

In Washington commodity exchange regulation proposals followed a leisurely course behind the stock exchange measure, but it is probable that bills will be ready for introduction in Congress within the next few days.

Chairman Jones of the House agriculture committee is drafting two measures—one for regulation of the grain exchanges and one for the cotton exchanges. Bills similar in form probably will be introduced on the Senate side by Chairman Smith of the agriculture committee.

Jones (D.) Texas, said today he was rewriting an old bill drafted by him for exchange regulation and that he would include in it some suggestions made by Department of Agriculture officials and others.

Although the final form and even passage at this session is uncertain, the commodity exchange regulation measures probably will include:

LIMITATION on the amount of speculation by individual traders.

AN INCREASE in margin requirements.

PROVISIONS to prevent commission houses from using customers' money for speculation for extending credit to big speculators.

ELIMINATION of daily and weekly privileges and indemnities, also known as bids and offers and puts and calls.

CLAUSES TO GIVE the department of agriculture broad power to regulate cotton and grain exchange operation.

A BAN ON "WASH" sales and other similar practices blamed for market manipulation and various other provisions designed to curb practices held responsible for sharp market fluctuations.

London Discusses Effect.

LONDON, Feb. 10.—(U.P.)—Proposed regulation of stock market speculation in the United States would end Wall Street's domination of the nation's economic system, leading British bankers and economists agreed today.

The British financial experts, canvassed by the United Press, expressed opinions of the Roosevelt administration's proposal, declaring themselves convinced that the new law would prevent drainage of European money to the United States for speculative purposes.

There would be no repetition, they pointed out, of the torrent of money poured into the United States during the frenzied days of 1929.

Some criticism of the 60 per cent. minimum marginal security provision of the bill was voiced, but one of London's leading bankers said that the measure "is designed to make the stock exchange a place where money may be legitimately invested for sound trading."

Establishes Jewish Schools.

FREE CITY OF DANZIG, Feb. 10.—(AP)—The Senate here today voted to establish a separate school for Jewish children to "enable the Jewish population to train its youth in its own way."

Kohler, New Police Chief

FRED KOHLER SOON AFTER HE BECAME CHIEF OF POLICE

I, FRED KOHLER

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CHAPTER X—FEUDS.

WHILE Mayor Johnson had privately informed Capt. Kohler that he he was to be chief of police, it was a labor of months to reason with Chief Corner that he ought to retire. Finally, in 1903, the newspapers carried a squib that the chief was not in the best of physical condition and that Dr. George O'Malley, the police department surgeon, proposed to examine him thoroughly.

The examination only went 24 hours when Dr. O'Malley discovered that Chief Corner had organic conditions which, the surgeon said, should have caused him to retire years before from his active life.

The newspapers quizzed Chief Corner as to whether he intended to recognize this suddenly discovered physical defect to the formal extent of resigning on pension.

The reply of Chief Corner implicitly tipped off the thematic motif of this face-saving tableau. He said, in a very annoyed and bewildered tone:

"I don't know whether I'm going to resign or not—who says I'm going to quit?"

Next afternoon he had resigned.

Mayor Johnson was out of town for a few days; with suspicious speed, Safety Director Dunn swore in Fred Kohler as chief—it was on the 2d of May, 1903, exactly fourteen years from the day he joined the force and on this 39th birthday.

Two days later the city government, changed by virtue of a new charter having been established for it by the Legislature, and on that afternoon Mayor Johnson returned to Cleveland, sent for Kohler and re-swore him as police chief.

A Career Launched.

"I was greatly pleased," said the mayor to the reporters, "when Director Dunn selected Capt. Kohler as chief, and also that he inducted him so promptly. It would have been very unfortunate to have had this city without a police chief even for a day or two."

So there was launched on a ten-year career as police chief the individual whose administrative story will be remembered longest for its bitter personal and tribal antagonisms. Behind all these rivalries and clashes were rational intentions and feelings—generally on both sides. The consummation of all these intentions could have been attained almost without the feuds that took place. The occurrence of them is almost wholly traceable to the arrogance and tactlessness of the one man around whom they swirled—whose achievements, in fact, were almost as good as the purposes he charted, the luster of which have been somewhat dimmed by the tiresome duelling and bickering at which he was almost what might be called an adept. . . . It will simplify the story to classify these antagonisms.

Under the 1903 charter, the police department was guided by a two-man board of public safety. The mayor named Attorney Matthew B. Excell, who had been the "boy mayor of Alliance" in the early '90s and who by now had risen to the position of one of the most brilliant trial lawyers in Cleveland; and Hugh Buckley, the erstwhile Republican business man who in 1889 had sponsored Kohler for a patrolmanship.

Matt Excell, one of the most sparkling wits and one of the most prejudiced politicians this city has produced, went into office almost on the day Kohler became chief. It is more than possible that each had some constructive ideas for a new order of police operation without realizing that the other also had; and it very soon became apparent that the safety commissioner entered with a strong sense of the board's authority over the chief and that the chief took office with an equally keen resolution that no civilian save Mayor Johnson was going to interfere with his authority over the department.

Each Distrusted.

So for six years Excell and Kohler were among the distinguished feudists of the public life of Cleveland. It resolved finally into a situation in which Board Member Excell distrusted everything Kohler did, tried to fight against the rising autocracy with which the chief treated the force, and convinced himself that Kohler was a grafter and a menace whom it was his duty to expose; in which Kohler convinced himself, not without some reason, that Excell belonged to the tribe of selfish politicians that tried to sway Mayor Johnson's judgments constantly and was forever attempting to sully the police administration.

Kohler never lost Charles P. Salen as an enemy, and possibly the first break between Johnson and Salen (which finally resolved into open rebellion) was over the mayor's putting Kohler in the chiefship.

A third historic feud was waged within the walls of the Champlain Street station between the chief and at first police prosecutor, later Police Judge Manuel Levine, now the veteran of the present Court of Appeals.

Both Kohler and Levine, it is safe to say, came to respect secretly the strong points of each other—some of their altercations sound like theatrical performances—but each must have disliked the other's personality. Levine was a young lawyer whose antecedents led him always to be on the side of the oppressed and poor, and whose distinguished record in the city prosecutor's office is sufficient testimony to his readiness to hunt justice down on his as well as the defendant's side of the trial table.

The blond chief, on the other hand, was a large part bloodhound. He suspected Levine always of trying to foil a carefully prepared police case for the sake of God knew what motives (as Kohler once exasperatedly explained); and Levine with equal confidence imposed on Kohler and his best policemen the imputation of "persecution" and intolerance of law merely in the interests of their record of convictions.

Also should be listed the ten-year strife inside the police force between Kohler and the more daring and intelligent of the Irish-American members, all of whom he treated with disdain, all of whom never accepted him as being either honest or humane.

At Odds With Clergy.

One might almost construct a fifth feud out of Kohler's bickerings with the clergy, particularly the evangelical element which in those days preached and worked against the red-light district, the saloons, and other municipal evils. This feud was born entirely of the rawness of Kohler's personality; he never got full credit from those well-meaning men for his inherent agreement with them on principle.

He resented loudly their interest and what he called their interference; so that before the end of his police career he came to have nearly the entire ministerial profession down on him. A lively quickening for this was added by Roman Catholic priests who became conscious of the chief's unfairness toward several Irish Catholic police officers and to whom the insulting carelessness of Kohler's private life came as fuel to the flames.

On the fringes of these continuous quarrels could be traced still another feud between Kohler and the two Republican newspapers, the Leader and the News. This probably started from the then unusual spectacle of a lifelong Republican policeman enlisting under the flags of a hated Democratic mayor; but the parallel anti-Kohler movements had much to do with keeping this feeling alive.

The Leader, for instance, sowed the seeds of interest in the Irish element of the police department in order to reap an occasional harvest of "breaks" on police news which would help its circulation. Many times Kohler fought back with attempts to keep the Leader reporters from getting news. The difficulty in establishing a complete separate feud is that there were periods when Kohler affected to despise and did handicap all the newspapers, and other times when Kohler courted publicity shamelessly and traded "breaks" for personal mention in all the papers.

Never once did Mayor Johnson lose faith in or fail to support Kohler. So it is true to a great extent that the good that came out of Kohler's long tenure and autocratic administration was due to his responsiveness to Johnson's support and the skill with which Johnson directed his chief's somewhat tigerish values. The mayor had occasion to use his suasion in Kohler's behalf from the start. Kohler had been chief two weeks when he was called in to a meeting of the new safety board for consultation on purchases of equipment. When Excell asked for his opinions, Kohler said with an abrupt vehemence:

"Why should I tell you what I think? You're the board, and its up to you to buy the stuff. You go ahead and do your job and let me do mine."

The board a few weeks later (this was in 1903) had some ideas about moving some police around. It had been customary for years for policemen seeking favors in assignments and command to use what influence they had on the safety director. Kohler tramped on Excell's ideas, and within 24 hours had shaken up the department so that the lobbyists had berths a little worse than what they had had. At this, Excell complained to Johnson. The mayor shook his head.

"Let Kohler run it," he said.

Late in June, 1903, there was born an acquaintanceship of which Kohler grew very proud, and a tribute which was to figure in Kohler's distant future.

Tomorrow—"The Best Police Chief."

Soviets Conquer Illiteracy.

MOSCOW, Feb. 10.—(AP)—Mikhail Kalinin, president of the all-union central executive committee, who heads the drive against illiteracy, has issued a circular saying that the end of illiteracy is to be achieved this year. It orders the last 3,000,000 illiterate adults sent to schools this year.

LEGISLATORS FIGHT 'MA'

Texas Likely to See Battling Fergusons Put On New Show.

AUSTIN, Tex., Feb. 10.—(AP)—Gov. Miriam A. (Ma) Ferguson and the Texas Legislature apparently were definitely at odds tonight, with the legislators accused of "intense partisanship" in delaying enactment of unemployment relief legislation.

The charge was made by Mrs. Ferguson's husband, former Gov. James E. Ferguson, who said the "prolonged discussion" of a state relief bond bill would make it difficult to sell the $2,750,000 lot of securities advertised for Feb. 20.

COLUMBIA RALLY IS SET

Alumni of University Will Hold Program Tomorrow.

Tomorrow is "Round-the-World-Columbia Day," it was announced yesterday, when alumni of Columbia University will get together all over the country. The Cleveland group will meet at the Mid-Day Club at 12:30 p. m.

A radio program will be broadcast over WTAM from Morningside Heights, Columbia University, including the following speakers: Rexford G. Tugwell, assistant secretary of agriculture; Mark Sullivan, author and journalist; William B. Symmes, jr., president of the alumni federation; United States Senator J. C. O'Mahoney of Wyoming; A. H. MacCormick, New York City commissioner of corrections, and Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia.

Pound and Franc Advance.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—(AP)—The American dollar declined moderately in foreign exchange markets today, although trading was quiet.

French francs again advanced, closing at 6.47½ cents for a net gain of .03½ of a cent. The British pound firmed 1 cent at $5.03 and Dutch guilders moved up .35 of a cent to 66.10 cents. Belgian belgas and Swiss francs improved .10 and .15 of a cent, respectively. Canadian dollars were unchanged at 99.12½ cents.

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CHAPTER XI—"THE BEST POLICE CHIEF."

THE wedding of Senator Hanna's daughter, Ruth, and Medill McCormick, later publisher of the Leader and still later senator from Illinois, brought forth a tribute to Chief Kohler, which was to have a bearing on his future. The star guest at the nuptials was President Theodore Roosevelt. Twenty-four mounted police were drawn up at Union Station when the president got off the train, and at their head stood Chief Kohler in full uniform.

The police saluted—Kohler had drilled his squad for nearly a month before—and Kohler doffed his white cap, motioned the president into a waiting carriage. The mounted ranks swept alongside the carriage, Kohler stepped into a second vehicle and this parade moved uptown.

It was a good impressive reception. The tall chief in his new uniform and with his blond hair immaculate in its waves resembled and rivaled an ambassador of royalty.

Wherever Roosevelt went, from the Hanna home on the west shore to St. Paul's Church where the rites were solemnized, to the Chamber of Commerce, to the Union Club, to his hotel, the mounted squad and the chief, now in full uniform, now in morning coat, escorted him. So, at the train that night, Roosevelt said to the reporters: "I believe you have the best chief of police in America in Kohler."

This statement was a feature of the voluminous reports of the wedding in next day's papers.

Whether or not he took Roosevelt's somewhat snap judgment to heart himself, the "best chief in America" very shortly convinced his force that the balmy days of Cornet were gone indeed. He instituted through his captains and inspectors a system of espionage on the policemen on the streets the like of which they had never seen.

Let a policeman appear with unshined shoes at precinct roll call or take a puff of a cigar on [illegible] or a free drink [illegible]

"Teddy" Roosevelt When He Called Kohler "Best Police Chief in America."

his coat come unbuttoned while on duty; or let him be a minute late to his work—that night his captain would drone. "Report tomorrow morning at 10 at the chief's office for a hearing."

"No Days Off."

Four days a week Kohler held a new kind of assizes, before which startled offenders appeared. Kohler would loll back in his chair, his secretary, "Charlie" Smith nervously running through notes and papers by his side, and rasp:

"You were a half hour late reaching your call box at Madison and Euclid last night. Two people saw you go in that saloon a block away and report you stayed there nearly an hour. Got anything to say?"

"Why—uh—"

"I thought so. No days off for two months so you can remember to stay out of bars. You can quit if you don't like it. Next case. . . .

"I saw you at roll call yesterday with grease—soup or something—all over your coat. What do you think this force is, a hangout for bums like you? Take a transfer over on Lorain Avenue and while you're riding the cars back and forth to work get after those grease spots. Next time you'll get a month's suspension."

There was merit in the way Kohler flew to the job of "jacking up" his men, but there was tyranny, too. Late in 1902, after a series of wrangles over his disciplinary measures Commissioners Excell and Buckley passed a departmental rule affording all policemen the right of appeal to them from the chief's sentences.

Kohler was enraged, and this time the mayor took his part too late.

Johnson, quizzed by reporters as to the tempest within the department, said: "I think Kohler is right and the safety board wrong, and I think they made a mistake when they passed the appeal rule. However, it's done now and I will not interfere."

The appeal right did not abate Kohler's private court a whit; the safety board, already annoyed at the chief's lack of respect for them and always conscious of the political favors they could dispense, revoked about half of the penalties he pronounced. One lasting result of the espionage system was to divide the police department sharply into those officers suspected of "rapping for Kohler" and non-rappers. This cemented the factionalism which had its beginning when Kohler took office as chief.

Took Care of Friends.

Kohler took good care of his friends. The reported "specs" got permanently attractive berths, mostly in the detective bureau. He was greatly aided by those of the mayor's political family who supported his rights of police autocracy against the growing curb of the safety board.

Toward some of the Johnson organization he evinced a hatred as great as if they belonged to the opposite political organization but those who seemed to be "in the corner" could get favors department appointments, and occasionally necessary and speedy police results.

One indiscreet or unlucky Democratic officeholder was shot at early one morning in a suite in the Ellington Apartments, and a police squad which answered the outcries arrested a girl with a gun. Somehow Kohler was waked up and told about it. He hurried to the police station, ordered the arrested woman's name erased from the books, and by 4 a. m. had put her on a train with an awful warning of what would happen to her should she ever revisit Cleveland.

The sharp-tongued Peter Witt, who had been made city clerk in 1903, saluted Kohler as a master of his own soul—Witt's lifetime acknowledgment of equality—and had occasion to use Kohler's extra-legal conveniences one day to the great benefit of the municipal light plant.

The city had voted to annex South Brooklyn, which had a municipal electric plant, and South Brooklyn's council had responded, only to be assailed (according to the Johnsonites) by utility interests anxious to keep Cleveland from starting its own light plant.

The annexation was not legal until the village forwarded the necessary documents to Columbus, and the utility crowd proposed to have the suburb council rescind its annexation vote before this could be done. Witt saw a way to beat this purpose and called on Kohler.

"Do you ever use a man to go gran something that you ought to have whether you have any rights or not?" he drawled.

"Sure," said Kohler, "all depends on how fast you move."

Witt explained his idea and Kohler called up a policeman.

"You go with Witt's man to the South Brooklyn Town Hall," said the chief, "and do just what you're told. Take your gun along and if anyone wants to get tough draw your revolver and tell 'em to come ahead."

With the aid of one of his deputies and the policeman, Witt raided the South Brooklyn Town Hall, confiscated the necessary books and papers, and started in to fill out the annexation forms pronto. The raid was entirely successful, and the village light plant was the city's first blow for municipal ownership. The policeman called the chief at sundown for further instructions.

"Anybody ge. tough?" Kohler asked.

"No," said the patrolman. "I heard a lot of talk about their getting their special council meeting tonight in a hurry."

"Stay on the job," said Kohler, "and keep your gun out. If anyone comes, tell 'em there ain't going to be any council meeting tonight. Let me know if you need help, but I don't see why you should."

There was no council meeting.

Mayor's Secretary Gongwer continued to be Kohler's friend and was the most vociferous of those who condemned Excell and Buckley for trying to "hobble the chief." Gossips in the police department soon named Gongwer as the "unofficial chief of police," but it is to Gongwer's credit that he did not abuse such a reputation.

There were few orders from the mayor's political interests that had to be passed on to Kohler, so sharp were the chief's own instincts. And if a saloonkeeper who supported Johnson made himself conspicuous for preying too far on that political asset, Kohler more likely than not would put him in his place, and by forcible means. Not by raids, however; Kohler was too happy over the discovery that Johnson's recipe worked wonderfully—to put an inquisitive policeman in front of a resort.

Little Black Books.

Kohler resumed this practice on the tenderloin, to enforce stricter regulation than ever before, in 1903, and out of his practice came the great tradition of the "little black books." These were the notebooks which the sentry-policeman carried and in which he jotted down the name of every patron.

What became of the notebooks when filled out remains a mystery. For all his days in public life, Kohler's foes swore that he saved the books and blackmailed the owners of the names therein at least for political support. In 1910, as a matter of fact, it was formally alleged against Kohler that he had so abused the nature of these remarkable ledgers. Early in 1904, he was publicly committed to a statement that he preserved them.

At a Council committee hearing to investigate charges by the Anti-Saloon League workers that saloons were violating closing hours with frequency, Kohler testified that 95 per cent of the saloons were law abiding and that the city might as well decide that 5 per cent, would try to violate the closing law. (He could have, but did not, testify that most downtown saloons kept their side doors open out of hours by general consent of Mayor Johnson and the Democratic organization.)

He was then asked about the success of the "sentry" efforts to stop saloon abuses, and said they were "very good," and was asked to state what became of the little black books the policemen kept.

"They become records of the police department," said Kohler.

"In the chief's office?"

"No, but I don't intend to tell any one where they are kept. They are nobody's business."

"That Was the Bunk."

Many years later, in a rare reminiscent mood, Kohler mentioned the notebooks:

"You know, they used to say I saved all those little black books. Well, that was the bunk. I could have saved 'em. I saw practically all of them, but they couldn't have done anybody any good. All you'd get out of the books was that Abraham Lincoln, Alexander Hamilton, George Washington and Julius Caesar were the damndest rounders this town ever saw."

Kohler in 1909 told an interviewer:

"The day after I was sworn in as chief, I had all the gamblers in the city come to my office. They were ordered to close their rooms at once. I gave some of them 24 hours, others a week, to remove their machinery. It would be destroyed, I told them, if my instructions were disobeyed. From that day there has been no gambling except hidden games of poker.

"Next I sent for the keepers of disorderly houses, and told them all names were to be scratched off the doors, all red lights were to go out, and disturbances of any kind meant they would be arrested.

"No one ever successfully challenged in court my sending a policeman to stand guard in front of a house or a saloon. (He was incorrect in one instance here.) I will say this for my supervision of the tenderloin: In 1903, when I became chief, there were about 2,500 denizens of that district, and today there are less than 300."

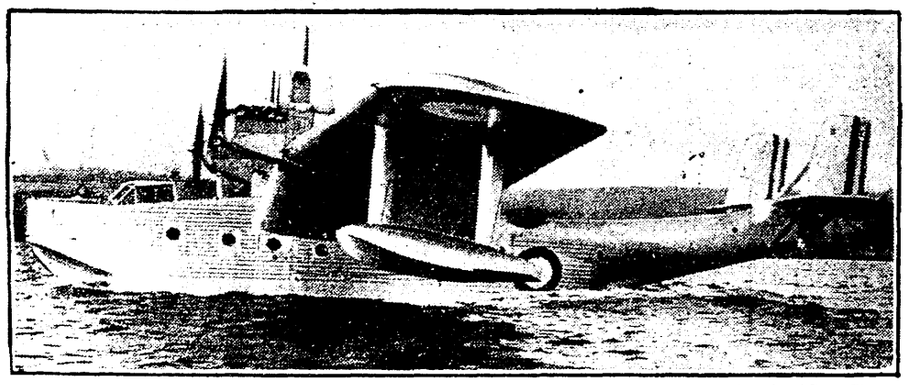
Kohler could also have said he had squeezed the physical size of the tenderloin, in houses and blocks, down to a third what it had been in 1903.

Tomorrow: A Boy Found Dead.

A Few Miles Difference in Weather—Thrills in Earning a Living

Wide World and Associated Press Photos

THE DIFFERENCE a few miles makes in weather is shown in the pictures above. (1) Hervey Allen of New York, author of "Anthony Adverse," with Mrs. Allen on the beach at Miami Beach, Fla. (2) Miss Katrinka Kip, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Kip of New York, on the sands at Palm Beach, Fla. (3) The United States Capitol, seen at night amid snow-covered surroundings. (4) Looking through the arch of a bridge in Central Park, New York, when the snow was at its best. (5) Mrs. Oscar A. Jose, jr., of Detroit and Indianapolis, is vacationing at Palm Beach. (6) Miss Lucille Parsons, Orange, N. J., and George Vanderbilt, enjoy the golf at Palm Beach. (7) Miss Adelbert Moffett, of New York, snapped while playing tennis at Coral Gables, Fla.



Associated Press Photo.

GIANT NEW BRITISH CRAFT. The new military flying boat of the British Royal Air Force photographed after it was launched at Rochester, Kent, England, Jan. 31. The wings have a span of 90 feet, are of unusual design, and the machine is fitted with two Rolls-Royce engines, of all-metal construction. The air giant weighs eight and one-half tons.

THRILLS IN EARNING A LIVING. Showing his disregard for height and the dangers accompanying such a job, Bill Mackney, heaviest of all London, England, steeplejacks is shown inspecting the famous London landmark—the Doulton chimney stack at Lambeth which is 56 years old, and built of brick and terra cotta. Far below can be seen the tops of buildings and a train passing on the railroad tracks.

(This is another of a series of pictures appearing daily on the Picture Page depicting "Thrills in Earning a Living.")

ATTENTION! Part of the semi-annual gymnastic exhibition put on yesterday afternoon by the Slovenian Sokols, gymnastic group of young men and women, at the Slovenian National Home, 6417 St. Clair Avenue N. E. Left to right: Emma Tolfant, Pauline Krajewski, Vera Kushlan, instructor; Theodore Krajewski and Josephine Smole.

SKATING FAULTLESSLY to the cheers of 15,000, including the royal family, Sonja Henie, graceful Norwegian, retained her world figure skating championship at Oslo, Norway, yesterday.

I, FRED KOHLER

Forty Years of Cleveland Politics

BY N. R. HOWARD.

CHAPTER XII—"A BOY FOUND DEAD."

THOSE who remember Kohler in the chiefship have said and heard hundreds of times, "If he was such a great policeman, why was it he never solved a single murder?"

He did solve some, as a matter of fact. The pithiest comment to this is not a defense of Kohler, or of the police force; it is that hardly 1 per cent. of the really sensational murders are solved at any time, and of course it is the sensational murders which are played up in the public consciousness.

As a matter of fact, the two most sensational murders during Kohler's reign as chief were those of Phillips, the coal man-banker, in 1907, and of Lawyer William L. Rice, in 1909. Both crimes were committed outside Kohler's jurisdiction, the former in East Cleveland and the latter in Euclid Heights. Kohler was appealed to by these suburbs to help solve those crimes, and did apply his attention to both, without results—the conclusion being that the public mind accused Kohler of not solving either.

In the Phillips case Chief Stamberger of East Cleveland and later Chief Kohler seized on the proximity of the widow to the crime—the man had been slain late at night in his home on the point of retiring—but their grilling induced her to avow nothing but her innocence.

In the Rice case, the Heights police, the private detectives employed by the family, and Kohler gave a considerable attention to the movements of an East End business man who was believed to have occasion for dislike of the murdered lawyer, and who had been among the first to discover the body.

Two days after the murder this individual called on Kohler and talked with him for two hours in the privacy of the chief's office. He was subsequently examined at the coroner's inquest as to his reported animosity toward Rice, but there was at no time any cause for suspecting him from his activities on the night that the lawyer, returning to his Overlook Road mansion from the Euclid Club, was shot from ambush almost in front of his own shrubbery.

Dance Hall Murder.

If Kohler had disdained the invitation to mix in either investigation, his reputation might be faintly better off as a pursuer of murderers.

The first murder in Cleveland to occupy his professional attention and reputation came in 1904 when a young woman was found stabbed to death outside a South Side dance hall. This happened only a week or so after the newspapers had played up Kohler's first long quarrel with Police Prosecutor Levine and his assistant, Sylvester V. McMahon, over the conduct of police court cases.

The cases were trivial, but the unwillingness or inability of the prosecutors to push charges against certain young thief suspects rounded up in a special drive Kohler was conducting led the chief to make pungent and unfair remarks about the prosecutors.

Levine and McMahon retorted with comments about the injustice and brutality of the police drive, and for more than two months there was the bitterest of feeling between the rival wings of Champlain Street police and court building.

The interference of City Solicitor Newton D. Baker, at Mayor Johnson's suggestion, was necessary to restore even the minimum co-operation; Baker calling in all parties and ordering that their dispute be ended. Baker's advice (and probably a few words from the mayor himself) reached Kohler just as he had ordered his policemen to refuse to testify in any case whatever for fear they would be "insulted" by the prosecutors.

Publicity attending this loggerheads furnished a background for the murder of the dance hall patron, whose assailants forever escaped detection. The sarcasms of the unfriendly newspapers stung Kohler into a reform of dance hall supervision which has had some permanent mark.

It was shown that the dance was conducted with the aid of the usual bar at one end of the hall and that all the patrons drank heavily all evening. After ordering the dance hall and the promoter of the affair permanently suppressed, Kohler went to the safety board and the City Council urging legislation to forbid the sale of liquor at public dances and compelling public dances to pay for their own supervision by a uniformed policeman.

Special Bureau Set Up.

The result was the setting up in the safety department of the bureau of dance hall inspection, whose police work today in the urbanity of dinner coats and whose more modern functioning has been assailed as useless as long as the special policemen are paid by the dance promoters and thereupon made unconsciously to feel that their work depends on their co-operativeness with the fee payers . . . . At any rate, dance hall murders have become rarities.

But the crime (if it was a crime) the investigation of which stirred more criticism of Kohler than all the rest of the investigations he ever conducted was the disappearance and death in 1907 of Alex (Sonny) Hoenig, the three-year-old son of a Scovill Avenue butcher. On the evening of April 30, the little boy failed to come home from his customary afternoon play near the family shop, and a search was instituted which was driven hard by newspaper suggestions of kidnapers.

Late on the afternoon of May 3, the body of the boy was found, apparently abused, in a large sawdust-filled bin for storing meat in an alley or courtyard behind the store. The hue and cry became terrific.

Chief Kohler spent all evening questioning and requestioning friends and neighbors of the Hoenigs, and late that night was quoted as saying: "This is murder, and the work of a degenerate."

The police for the next 48 hours dragged in persons who were suspects because of their nearness to the Hoenigs, or their vague behavior,—no one had seen the child closer to death than two hours—and two days later the coroner ruled that the child had died of strangulation at the hands of persons unknown. That night, Kohler permitted himself to change his mind. He went to the police reporters and said:

"I am convinced the child was not murdered; he undoubtedly died of strangulation from the sawdust after having crawled into the bin out of curiosity."

A City Aroused.

In the cold analysis of a criminal investigation many years ago, this does not seem like an insane or even an evasive thing to say. But for two days the newspapers had been full of the Hoenig mystery, had placarded "Murder" to the eyes of thousands who shivered for their own children. The morbid horror from the hypotheses of degeneracy had aroused the compassion and fright of everybody; and everybody had waited with eagerness to see whether the murderer would be sifted out of the numbers of suspects brought to the police station. It appeared to the citizens as if Kohler, unable to produce a culprit, had decided to brazen the failure of his department by dumping the original hypothesis. The consequent public indignation is well reflected in the daily papers for the month of May, 1907.

The Plain Dealer, for instance, cartooned Kohler as an indifferent, hulking public official saying, "Tisn't a murder after all." Editorials buzzed after the chief like hornets. Kohler reacted with equal violence. He all but threw the police reporters out of their cubbyhole at the Champlain Street station; issued a special order that no policemen should tell the reporters a word about anything; and to protect himself from the onset of gentlemen of the press with the joyous light of battle in their young eyes posted a policemen on the door to his usually open office with instructions to pass no newspaper men.

Of course the newspapers had all the best of an open tussle such as this—they always do—and next day cartooned, lampooned, reported and ridiculed Chief Kohler as a Cossack unable to track down child-killers and unwilling to take the consequences.

The coroner was interviewed as to the impossibility of Kohler's theory of accidental death. Kohler's friends in the prosecutor's office were interviewed for comment bristling with righteous indignation. The bereaved Hoenig parents were depicted as being newly appalled by the heartlessness of the office-holding monster.

"They Tortured Me."

This jolly skirmishing continued for about two weeks, in which the reporters gradually turned their investigation of the Hoenig death into the more lively accounts of the baffled and evil-tempered chief's ineffective efforts to keep what stray additional facts came up from getting into their hands. Two or three lively scrimmages between policemen and reporters outside the Hoenig home possibly helped divert the parent's sadness. When the guerrilla combat had sunk to the level of rather dull news, a fresh incident helped it immensely.

That was the story of a young helper of Butcher Hoenig who had been taken into custody by the policemen for quizzing behind locked doors on the grounds that he had known the child and had no particularly known character anyway. After a week, this youth was released. He went to the rabbi of his synagog with a tale of having been tortured by the detectives to make him confess he had murdered "Sonny," the grisliness of which rivalled the murder, if murder it was. The rabbi went to the mayor and the newspapers with a demand for some sort of justice.

Apparently the detectives (there was no reason to think the boy a liar) had twisted and beaten him, kept him awake for 30 hours at a time, and rehearsed a play they had invented, with the aid of a large doll representing the dead little boy, to demonstrate to the suspect the awfulness of his presumptive murder.

The most damning thing in the young man's story was that all this had taken place after Kohler's pronouncement in favor of accidental death—proving either that Kohler WAS evading when he changed his mind, or that he was so terrified by the public reaction that he proposed to find a scapegoat for the crime of murder.

Kohler and the detectives denied the boy's charges hotly, with many insinuations that the story had been concocted as part of what they called the newspaper campaign of unfairness. A vague attempt at a formal investigation proved nothing.

There the Hoenig mystery died—to be almost reopened in November, 1909, when a bad boy nipped in the toils of juvenile court "confessed" the murder of the Hoenig boy. The newspapers swooped down on Kohler's accident theory for the last time, for once too soon; for the next day the boy confessed to two other unsolved murders, and the day after that was induced to say that he had never murdered any one but had read in the newspapers all details of all the murders he "confessed."

It was shown he could not physically have committed any of these, and the Hoenig death (possibly murder) remains a mystery. It is entirely possible Kohler was right; a subsequent examination of the boy's body and all clews never fully verified the cause of death or whether he had been assaulted.

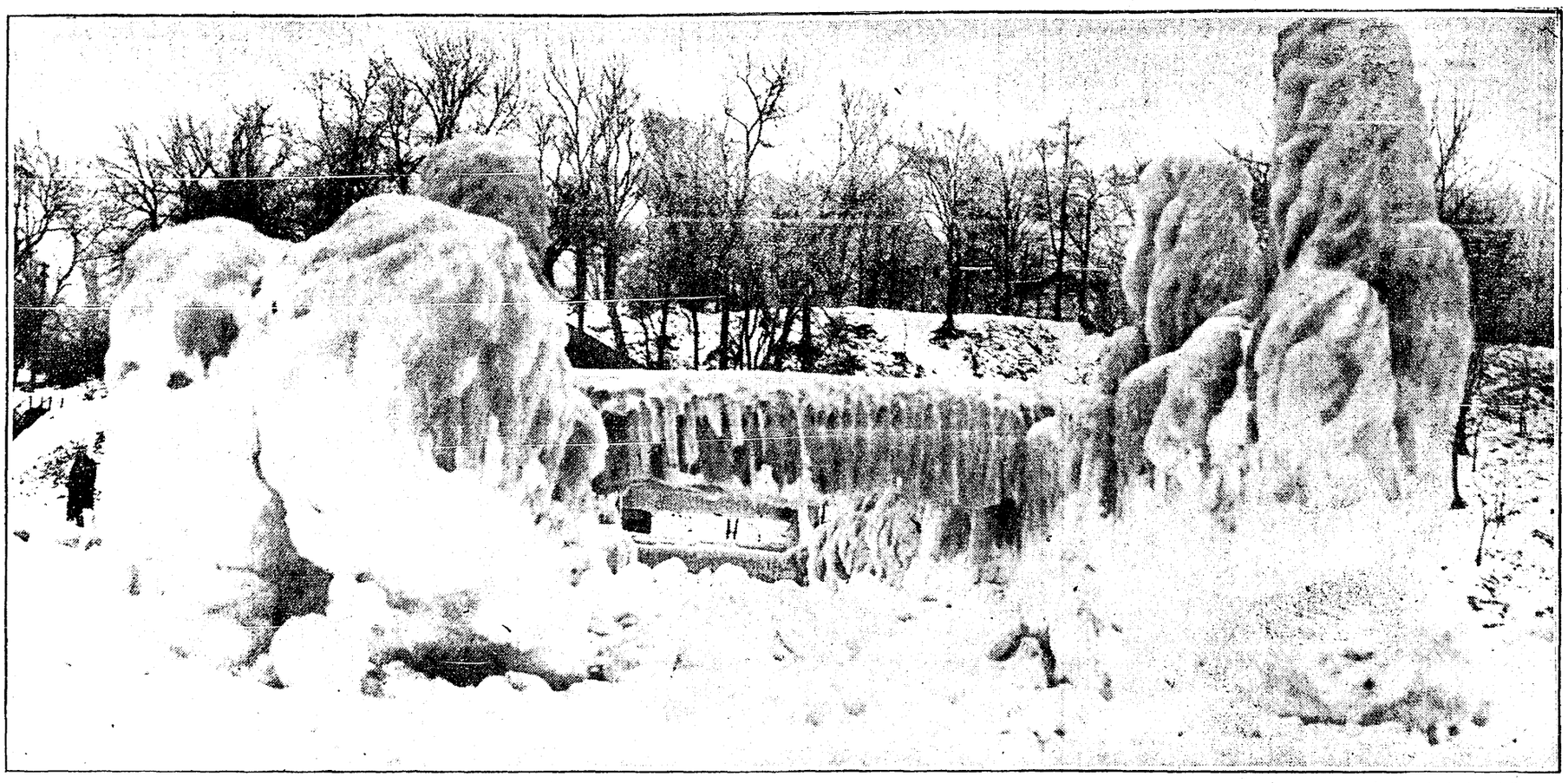
Tomorrow—Clergymen Protest.

Guess Again.

Here are a few geographical comparisons. Which, in each of the following pairs, has the greater area? Answers will be found in the Want Ad section.

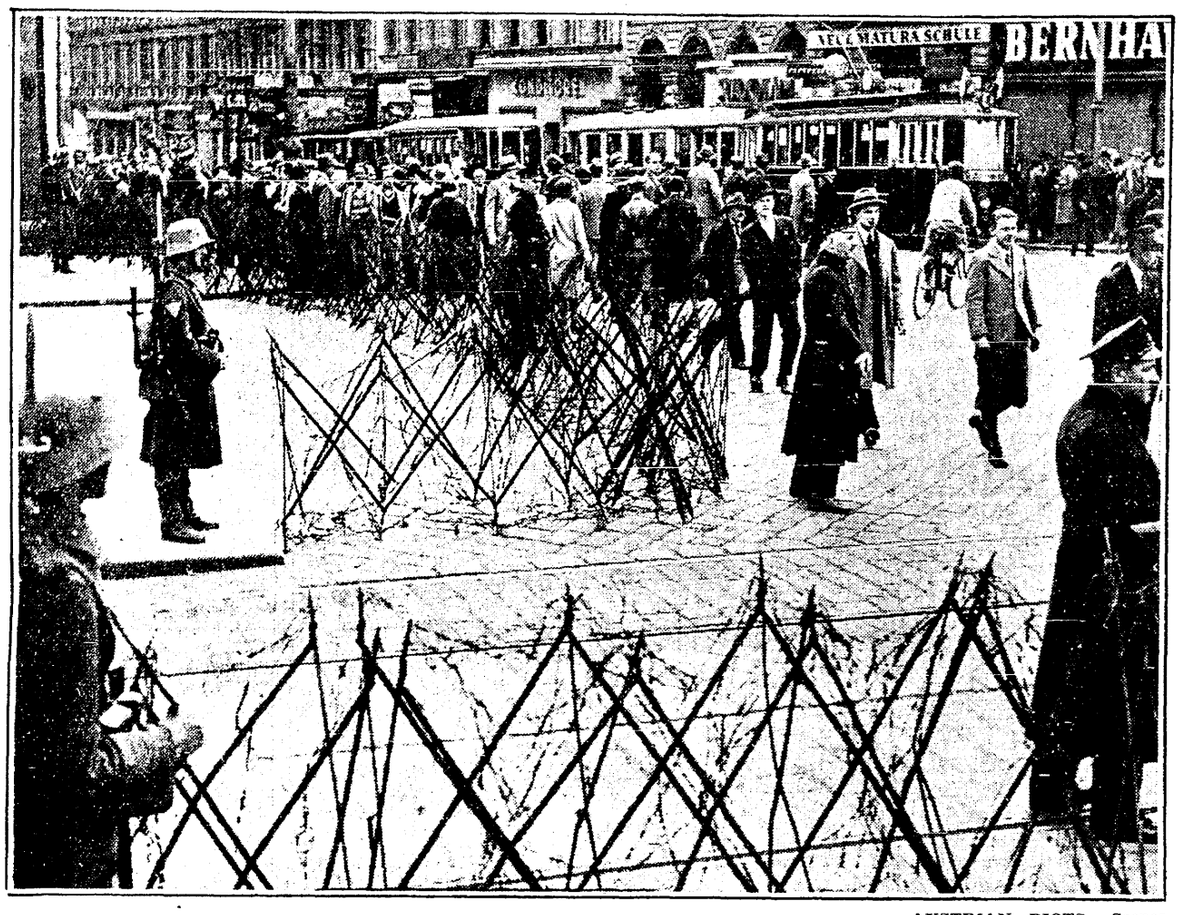
1—China or India.
2—Lake Huron or Lake Michigan?
3—Argentina or Brazil?
4—The British Isles or Italy?
5—Belgium or Holland?
6—Ohio or Pennsylvania?
7—Australia or the continental United States?
8—Norway or Sweden?
9—France or Spain?
10—Russia (without Siberia) or Canada?

Plenty of Ice in Lake Off Edgewater Park—Austria Suffers Riots



Wide World Photo.

ICE. There's a lot of it in Lake Erie these days, but nowhere is it more noticeable than off Edgewater Park. The intrepid camera man walked out on Lake Erie quite a ways, and shot toward the Edgewater boat house.



AUSTRIAN RIOTS. Scenes like this pictured above were re-enacted in Vienna and other Austrian cities yesterday, resulting in reported death of more than 100 persons. Picture shows armed troops standing guard behind barbed wire entanglements set up in one of Vienna's principal streets last May during a Communist outbreak.

Associated Press Photo.

QUEEN OF THE MARDI GRAS is Laura Fenner of New Orleans, where the annual celebration is held. A precedent of many years standing was broken by her selection, since she was a last year's debutante. Usually a current debutante is selected.

MRS. MARY PEJSA, 9913 Broadway S. E., and Arthur E. Crane, 2030 Cornell Road S. E., yesterday viewed with interest objects associated with Abraham Lincoln and collected by A. L. Maresh. Mrs. Pejsa and Crane saw Lincoln when he came through Ohio on his way to the White house.

VACATIONING. Miss Mary Lansing of New York's younger society set, photographed at Miami Beach, Fla., while enjoying a bit of the sunshine.

ETHEL MAY EDWARDS seems to be enjoying the game of beach tennis she is playing at Palm Beach, Fla., where she is spending a short leave from her studies at the Florida State College.

THRILLS IN EARNING A LIVING. Up and over! Harold Barnes, youngest tight rope star in or out of captivity, risks his life every day giving Miami Beach (Fla.) visitors a thrill as he goes into the air for a complete flip, landing back on the wire which is 40 feet above the ground.

(This is another of a series of pictures appearing daily on the Picture Page depicting "Thrills in Earning a Living.")

I, FRED KOHLER

Forty Years of Cleveland Politics

BY N. R. HOWARD.

CHAPTER XIII—CLERGYMEN PROTEST.

KOHLER'S conduct of the investigation into the mysterious death of "Sonny" Hoenig will serve excellently as a pattern for almost every official act of this police chief. To repeat, he may indeed have been right about the child's death—he may have been the first to emerge from the hysteria surrounding the discovery and exploitation of the dead child—and yet in his frontally headstrong manner and his utter lack of knowledge of the ordinary channels of public psychology (which we may call tact) he succeeded in alienating practically all who might agree with him. And this is the motif that runs through his entire history.

His disciplining of the policemen ran into open warfare because of his prime ability to say the acidulous thing and do the apparently raw deed at the height of inopportune time.

An outcropping of the bad feeling between Kohler and the Irish police turned the limelight late in 1905 on Lieut. William O'Laughlin of the Eighth Precinct. O'Laughlin was a hardy and intelligent officer, older than Kohler, suave and urbane; he had been the candidate of numerous factions for chief to succeed Corner (until Johnson came along) and at various times when Kohler's star seemed likely to wane he was mentioned as a successor. Kohler made no secret of his dislike of O'Laughlin; he refused to admit that the lieutenant was a good officer and ran a bang-up precinct.

Out of a clear sky O'Laughlin raided the "Brick" Masterson saloon in his territory for keeping open after hours. The police regarded this as an overt act. All such raids were tacitly left to the judgment of the chief or Inspector Rowe, his right-hand man; but what not all the police understood was that under the Johnson "new deal" there were no favorites and if one well-behaved saloon violated closing hours discreetly the others should.

Kohler sent word of this understanding to Lieut. O'Laughlin. It was ticklish business; the chief had no relish for seeming to protect any saloonkeeper, particularly in the eyes of a hostile subordinate. But there was pressure on Kohler. Mayor Johnson was zealous about his gospel of equal illegality and must have been alarmed that Masterson, who was an anti-Johnsonite, should feel that he was being prosecuted for being a Republican. But the lieutenant controlled a situation in which neither mayor nor chief could afford to come into the open.

He sent word to Masterson that further violations of the statutory closing hours would be further punished; it made no difference to him what the downtown saloons did discreetly, he was commissioned only to enforce the law. Masterson violated the closing hour again one night in December, 1905; was raided again; gave bail and reopened at 2 a. m.; was raided at 3; gave fresh bail and reopened the side doors at 3:45, and was reraided at 4. Naturally this became the sensation of the hour.

Rev. Charles A. Eaton of the Baptist Church and Bishop Horstmann of the Catholic Diocese joined the protest.

Kohler on Defensive.

The law-enforcing lieutenant was a hero to a good many thousand people who were for law enforcement. And when Kohler betrayed his bitterness over the raids it cast a cynical shadow over his apparent attitude toward saloon closures. The Masterson saloon, awed by the pugnacious O'Laughlin, obeyed the exact closing laws for months after. Kohler was left completely on the defensive.

Intimate advisers convinced him what would happen to his reputation if he followed his strong inclination to send Lieut. O'Laughlin to the "woods" for zealous enforcement of the law; and it was three years before he finally moved O'Laughlin out of the eighth to a precinct station a good deal to the westward.

Kohler's own reputation for law enforcement was at a sort of peak at this particular time, from two events. One was a campaign through 1905 by the growing Anti-Saloon League, backed by the churches, to tighten up the enforcement of saloon regulations, the league, under Supt. A. J. Williamson, employing detectives to discover violations.

Because of its many confederacies with the saloon organizations the Johnson administration distrusted the Anti-Saloon League, but Kohler succeeded in convincing Mayor Johnson and the safety commissioners that the police department could not afford to appear to be two as about enforcement, and whenever the police were called on to beat the private operatives they did so, even to the extent of taking over the management of a grossly offending roadhouse with a uniformed police.

On June 23, 1905, after a night's tour of the downtown and "tenderloin" accompanied by gentlemen of the press Rev. Mr. Williamson said he believed the police enforcement to be very good.

Subsequent events tended to reverse this ministerial endorsement of Kohler's work, but also in late 1905 Kohler put on a new gambling crusade which brought him fleeting fame.

50 "Bookies" Arrested.

There had been a reflux of gamblers in a new style during the Boyd-Johnson campaign that fall, the gamblers being of the race track school which needed no equipment but telegraph wires. In two days of chasing the elusive "bookie" about the downtown, Kohler arrested 50, herded 25 over the line into East Cleveland and Euclid, and appealed to the owners of three pieces of downtown property not to lease their buildings any longer to the bookmaking gentry.

But, as if signalized by the O'Laughlin raids, new wraths swept on Kohler which effaced such ephemeral civic nobilities as had been acquired. Without explanation or public notification, Kohler early in 1906 suddenly pushed the "red light" district two blocks south to the alarm and mortification of Rev. Patrick Farrell at St. John's Cathedral and Rev. Charles A. Eaton at the downtown Baptist Church further north on E. 9th Street.

The district had been along Hamilton Avenue between E. 6th and E. 12th; now Chief Kohler proposed to move all these resorts to Chestnut Street (now Chester) east of E. 9th. The first the city heard of this transfer, however, was when Father Farrell protested opening a new district. When Rev. Dr. Eaton and Bishop Horstmann of the Catholic Diocese joined the protest two days later, the newspapers' consequent account of the proposed move was all from the critical side.

The anti-Kohler papers attempted to bludgeon Kohler with what they hoped would be indignant interviews from these principal clergymen, and, be it said to the credit of the spiritual leaders, they declared their belief Kohler was acting in good faith but mistaken judgment. Kohler still said nothing, went ahead with his orders to the resort keepers.

It seemed like a brazen act; and the tension was not decreased when Mayor Johnson politely snubbed a committee of ministers who called on him late in January, 1906, to propose that this occasion be taken to wipe out the segregated district once and for all, or at least that the ministers be permitted to hold a public crusade on the tenderloin in the hopes of effacing it themselves. The resorts were moved, over all the protests, without Kohler having said a word.

Finally, on Jan. 31, the City Hall revealed that the move had been at the instigation of the administration, which had quietly bought up Hamilton Avenue properties which it intended to clear for the rapidly crystallizing group plan of public buildings. Though Johnson never lived to see it, the Public Hall now stands on part of the land thus vacated.

The disappointed pastors that winter formed a standing committee which for his last three years tended to view all further acts of Mayor Johnson with regret or alarm, and in their original resolutions inserted comment on the highhanded methods of Chief Kohler.

His Enemies Increased.

The subtle Cleveland Leader improved this situation by sending forth investigators early in March who found more than 100 saloons running quietly but efficiently all day Sunday, their legal day of rest; and this the pastors found opportunity to deplore. To all of this Kohler said nothing.

A completely diplomatic police chief could have accomplished all he did without ever having harvested so many clerical opponents. Various things he did in behalf of their feelings for propriety were wasted as mitigating circumstances from their viewpoints.

A society of Catholic laymen early in 1906 did vote him a resolution of thanks for having cleaned the bars out of public dance halls; but he suppressed a prizefight exhibition by John L. Sullivan at the Empire Theater (Feb. 6, 1906); forced all vice resorts to abandon their wine rooms (April, 1906); attempted to stamp out all drinking by policemen by terrific punishments (1906-8); closed three saloons by picketing for obnoxious violations of law and decency (1905) and would have closed a fourth save for the interference of a court order based on his lack of evidence; and picketed the Lyric Theater (Dec. 29, 1907) for attempting to show a Passion Play film which was abhorrent to all the sects.

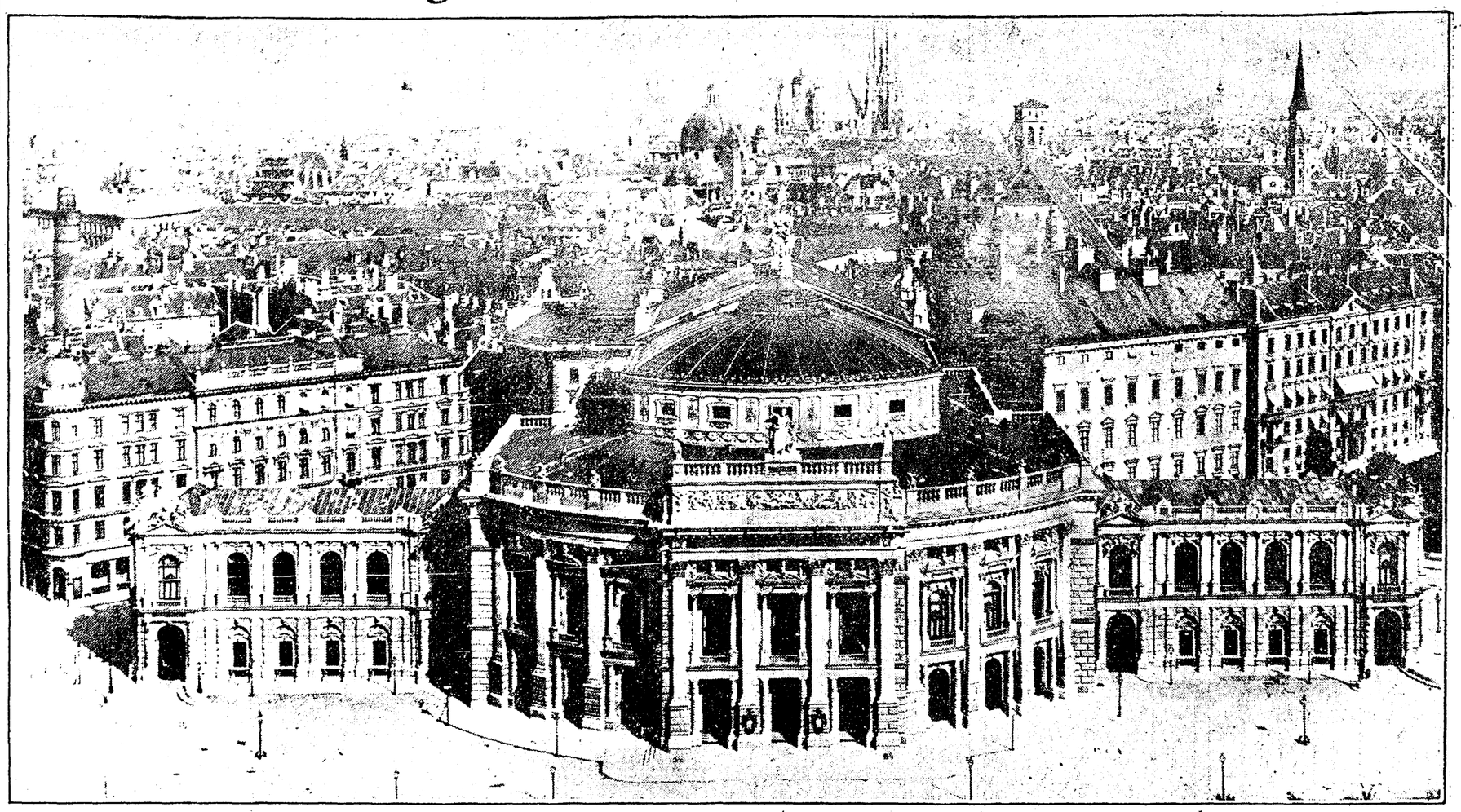
He was urged to do these things by no ministers. Had he waited for their solicitations he might have got more credit from them. The fact remains that from 1906 on, the antagonism of the clergy toward Chief Kohler grew, and was based on his rude manners and not his official record.

On May 1, 1905, Kohler partly led, partly reviewed the first police parade the city had seen, which he had got up. Policemen rode and marched in ranks, and the city got a pretty thrill out of it. A year later, on May 3, 1906, he executed another and more intricate parade and accepted the congratulations of Mayor Johnson, standing under a marquee on Euclid Avenue. On Jan. 5, 1906, the newspapers revealed that he and Rowe had been drilling the uniformed policemen in battalion formations, counter-marching, and perfectly military maneuvering. They had taken a half hour each morning for the practice.

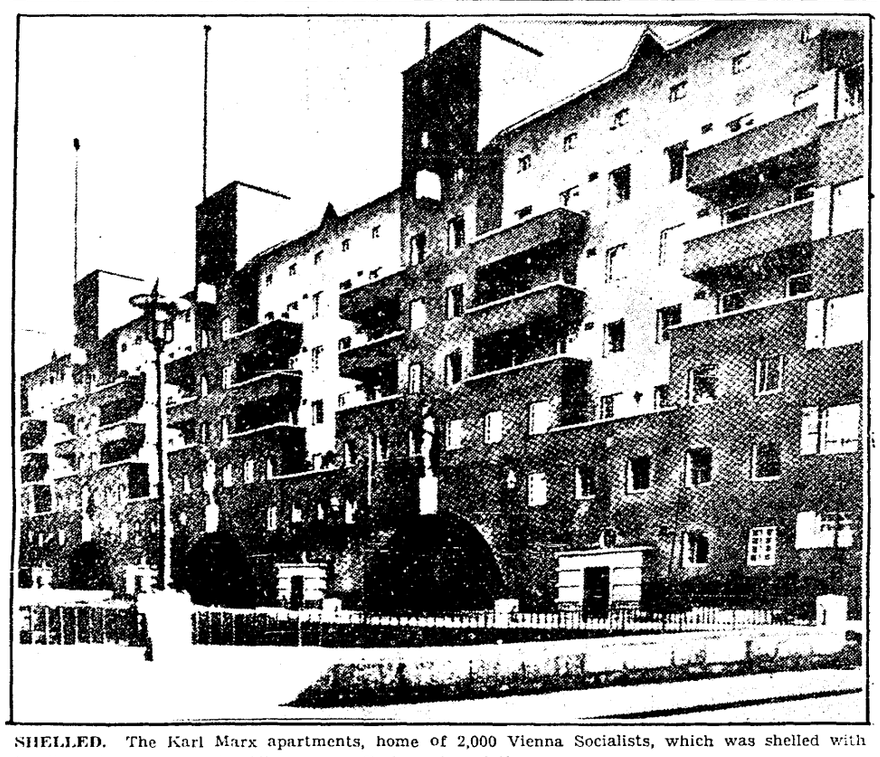
Also the chief experimented with morale improvement by a daily circular which was to be the department's official gazeteer. Notable pursuit details were listed in this mimeographed sheet; advice from the chief for ambitious young policemen and generally a few maxims. (Kohler picked or thought up the maxims himself and was very proud of them.) These are a sample of the commendable thought the chief put on the matter of regimenting and inspiriting the force; no chief since or before has ever gone so far in trouble and imagination. But down under anything such pleasant diversions could reach were restlessness and rebelliousness which came to a head with two incidents in 1906.

Tomorrow—Prussian Discipline.

Howitzers Shell Huge Vienna Tenement, Hundreds Believed Killed



A GENERAL VIEW OF VIENNA where rioting predominates and shelling of the Karl Marx apartment building, housing 2,000 Socialist families, is believed to have caused hundreds of deaths yesterday. In the foreground is the Vienna City Hall. The square in front of the City Hall was littered with dead and wounded after the Socialist rioting in 1927 and again last May Day.



SHELLED. The Karl Marx apartments, home of 2,000 Vienna Socialists, which was shelled with howitzers by government soldiers in an effort to stop rioting.

APPEARING IN AUTHENTIC COSTUMES of the gay '90s, the drama division of the East Cleveland Woman's Club will present a play for the Lakewood Progressive Club today at the Lakewood Young Women's Christian Association. Left to right are Mrs. C. D. Spencer, Mrs. J. R. Walsh, Mrs. Sydney Pratt, Mrs. R. J. Kuzel, Mrs. Fred Iverson, Mrs. Sam Vaisey, Mrs. E. A. Lloyd, Mrs. Frank Lloyd and Mrs. F. H. McCombs.

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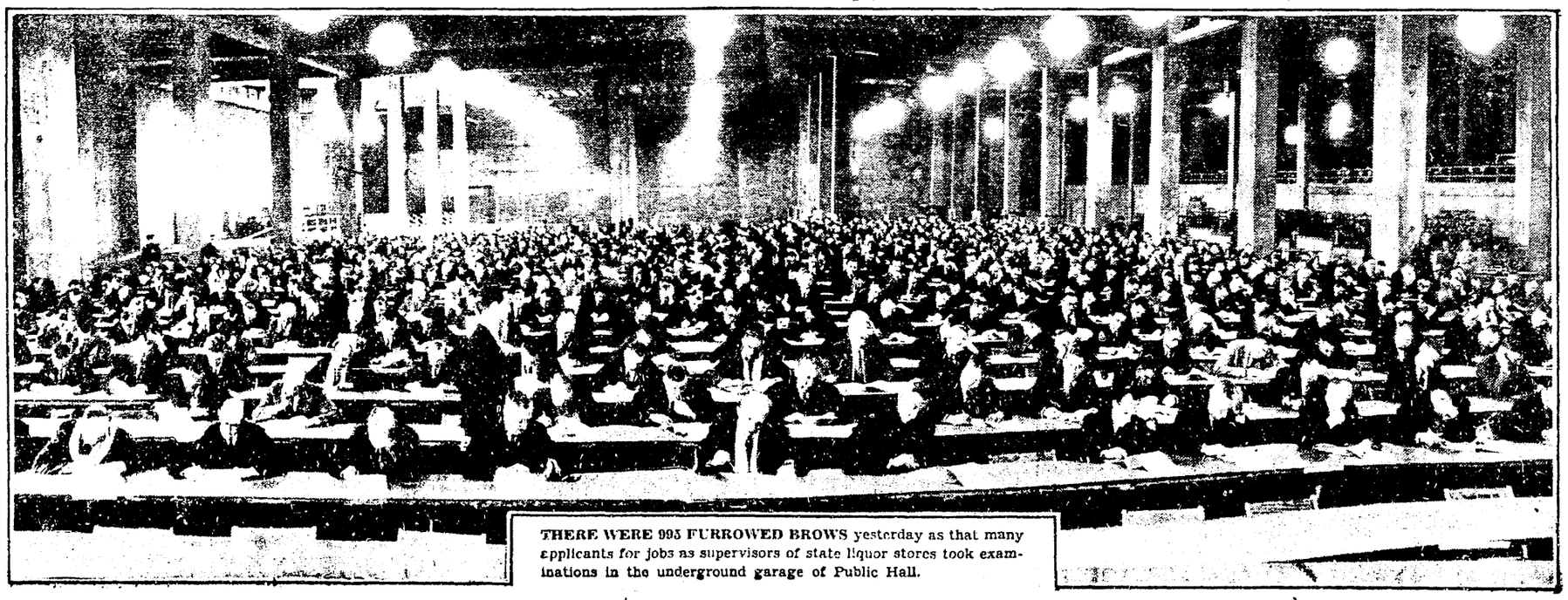
THRILLS IN EARNING A LIVING. These human flies are shown at work on the Thames power transmission tower near London, England. The tower is 487 feet high, the highest in Europe. They are repairing insulator at the top of the tower.

(This is the last of the series of pictures which appeared on the Picture Page depicting "Thrills in Earning a Living.")



THERE WERE 995 FURROWED BROWS yesterday as that many applicants for jobs as supervisors of state liquor stores took examinations in the underground garage of Public Hall.