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# JABBY

them in light and dark shades. Misses' sizes 12 to 20.

SPRINGFIELD, O., March 2.—(AP)—Mere possession of liquor, legal or otherwise, is not a violation of the Ohio liquor control act, Municipal Judge Fred A. Wagner ruled here today in the case of Joseph Westlake. Evidence of sale must be proved, the judge held.

Behind the rear of the column apparently from the air above the warning voice. "Desert the whole again upon the marching column moved on, threatened by the white officers.

mn, and again ap-  
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Forest broke at the edge of a small  
which the trail led through buffalo  
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They were well into this when  
d of them, rifles spoke in a long  
r front!

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**MIX \$5<sup>25</sup>**  
Pittsburgh Lump  
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# I, FRED KOHLER

## Forty Years of Cleveland Politics

BY N. R. HOWARD.

## CHAPTER XXXI—ONE MAN—HIS VICTORY

IT WAS fantastic, unbelievable, wilder than the Jean Valjean romance. On a night in March, 1913, there stood a man reduced publicly, trying to flinch at the gaze of his fellow citizens; and on a night in November, eight years later, the identical fellow citizens elect him mayor.

Here you had something less plausible than the tale of the honest private citizen, who, with an amateur backing, sails in and demolishes the corrupt bosses and the ruling political machines, triumphs on election night out of sheer fearlessness. That sort of thing doesn't happen any more.

But Kohler had demolished a pair of political bosses and their machines; had done it without even amateur campaigners, without any without one voice having once been raised in the campaign in his behalf. Without having committed himself to a single issue or stand; with no more than having said, "Here I am, Kohler. Vote for me or not, you know me."

He owed nothing to any man but himself. No group was going to share in spoils or problems of the City Hall. There was no able lieutenant to go into office with him. Where was he going to find subordinates and advisers? Five thousand political jobs hung on his nod—the sinews of a whole party. Five million dollars worth of normal city business awaited his discretion. Who were his friends? His campaign fund list had revealed a handful, but none that would be interested in casual city spoils.

No one stood in the background waiting to tell him whom to pick and what to do. All the politicians had fought him. Even Tom Johnson in 1901 had had an expectant organization on his hands. The thing simply will not happen again for a hundred years.

## He Slips Away.

Instead of being the usual victorious candidate, reading returns in a joyous headquarters and shaking hands with shouting friends, Kohler cast his vote on election day, accompanied by Mrs. Kohler—both voted for Kohler for mayor—then said goodby to her and slipped quietly down to Green Springs, his favorite resort.

He told her and the manager of the inn where he stopped, "I'm not going to be bothered. I don't want any one to know where I am." He was tired out that night. Around 9 o'clock, someone in Cleveland telephoned to the inn. "Tell the chief he's elected," Kohler nodded at the news, but wouldn't go to the telephone. He yawned and went off to bed. But he slept badly, and was up at 6 to walk down to the junction railroad station where the Nickel Plate trains stop. The early morn-

ing train from Cleveland pulled in, and Kohler cried to the brakeman, "Got any Cleveland morning papers?"

"Hello, there, chief," said the brakeman, excitedly. "Sure. Catch 'em."

There were the streaming headlines, "Kohler Wins," and the pictures of him. He stood alongside the tracks absorbed in them, as the train chugged off toward Fostoria. He must have felt something of the thrill of the morning in 1903 when Tom Johnson swore him into the office of police chief. Only now, he was where Johnson had been; and he was older, and everything was all so changed; life wasn't quite the same breezy affair he had once thought. Life was rugged and bleak; its best prize was the winning of something.

Kohler seemed disappointed when a November blizzard came up in the late afternoon. Possibly he had hoped some one would somehow guess where he was and make a dash for him, but in such weather—! So he was anything but ferocious when the manager of the inn told him it dinner time in apologetic tones, that word had leaked to the newspapers where Kohler was; and that the Plain Dealer had tried all afternoon to find out where he was and had finally said it was sending two reporters down "just on the chance."

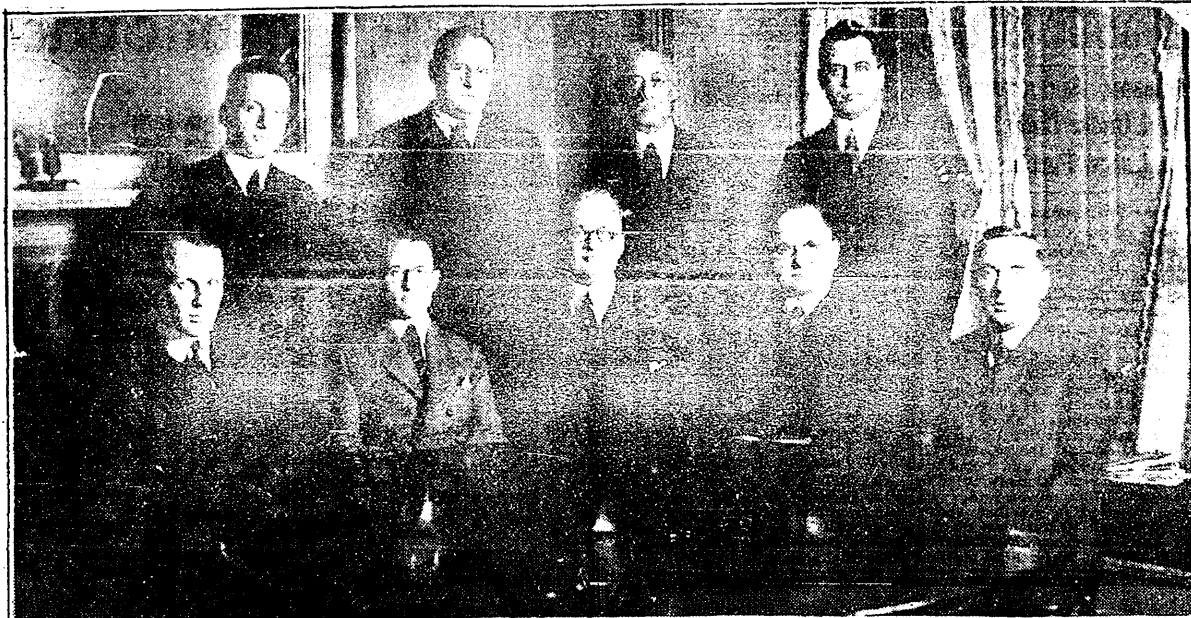
## First Interview.

After dinner Kohler prowled restlessly around the inn. At 8:30 in burst two frozen reporters. He affected to hide around the corner of the front door, but he was glad to see them. In an hour, he was eagerly studying their "copy," over their shoulders, as they scribbled off the "first interview" with the new mayor.

More reporters came next day and for the rest of the week Kohler and the newspaper men were one big family.

He committed himself one afternoon to intentions to get rid of all the old Republican cabinet at the

## Picture That Revealed Kohler's Cabinet



Here is Fred Kohler and the members of his cabinet. Kohler assembled the members of his cabinet on Dec. 31, 1921, and posed for this picture in a room in Hotel Hollenden. Up to the minute this picture was taken, the personnel of Kohler's cabinet was a "deep, dark secret." Standing (left to right): G. A. Gesell, finance director; Paul Lamb, law director; G. A. Ruetenik, park director; and Arthur B. Roberts, utilities director. Seated (left to right): Ralph Perkins, welfare director; J. F. Maline, service director; Fred Kohler, mayor; Thomas Martinec, safety director; and James J. Shea, secretary to mayor.

City Hall. The Plain Dealer reporter whooped it up in his story by dragging in the names of the whole cabinet and adding, "They're all going to walk the plank. Mayor-elect Kohler said today."

"Give me your pencil," said Kohler, and struck out all the galaxy of names high in the Maschke organization.

"What's the idea?" demanded the reporter. "Now, look here," said Kohler, excitedly. "If I'm going on talking to you about things I have in mind, I'm going to have some say about how you write them up. I just don't want to be mentioned in the same story with all those politicians."

"But you said just what that story says!" "No, I didn't. I didn't mention anybody's name, and I'm not going to. I said I was going to have my own cabinet and it would be all new faces. Now don't you go sensationalizing it and making everybody think I've got feuds on my hands. I'm going to settle first of all. I just won't stand for it."

## 2,000 Letters Pile Up.

Kohler went home Saturday night, spent Sunday glancing over nearly 2,000 letters that had come to his home since election day. Fully half asked for jobs, all of which he saved. The rest were congratulations.

The most interesting letter was anonymous. It said: "I read in a Boston paper of your election. If I told you my name, you would remember me. You caught me in a robbery on Orange Avenue one night, and I went to the pen. I got out, came out to New Hampshire, settled down, and now have a fine wife, two children and a good business. I am glad to hear of your good fortune, for I believe I have owed you something for starting me on the right track."

The letters were turned over to James J. Shea, who had been secretary to Kohler during his campaign and who became Kohler's secretary at the City Hall. Shea had been in one of the large industrial offices of the city, and Kohler could have found no more importunate or less communicative assistant.

The mayor-elect asked for the newspapers to print a request from him to all civic organizations to send in names of persons for his cabinet. It was a good stroke, and Kohler got two or three cabinet ideas from the 80 or 100 responses this brought. The only stipulation he made was that they not be politicians and that they have a business sense. Three days before New Year's, he held a meeting of his cabinet and only then disclosed its personnel. All the newspaper guesses had been astray. The cabinet was a good one, and refreshingly non-political. Some members had never met other members. Paul Lamb, who had been a member of a corporation law firm and chief counsel here for the Erie Railroad, was law director. J. F. Maline, officer of a contractors' supplies factory, was service director. One of the chief's most faithful police captains, Tom Martinec, was to be safety director; he had retired

from the department shortly after Kohler and gone into private policing. For utilities director Kohler found Arthur H. Roberts, an engineer of high caliber, and he made Gerhard A. Gesell, who had been the Citizens League secretary, his finance director. Gesell adding a certain political liberality to the family. Gustav A. Ruetenik, widely known high school principal and member of a pioneer West Side family, was named parks director; and the last man to be selected was Ralph Perkins, son of L. B. Perkins, the capitalist, for welfare director.

## His Own Safety Director.

While they stayed, Lamb and Gesell were the most effective of the seven. Roberts, who resigned after a year, would have been equally

good. Maline was an adequate service director and Perkins, who was methodical and conscientious, but it became apparent that he was the least fitting, thoughtful, active chief of the city's welfare institutions who was replaced by his successors. Park director, Kohler was largely his own

safety director. Martinec's complete sympathy with Kohler never could be doubted, and he followed him to the sheriff's office to become his chief deputy there.

Kohler's cabinet was a preliminary success. It is safe to say that the majority was Kohler's best all-around public service. He had an unparalleled opportunity to give Cleveland a non-political and consequently economical two years; and he succeeded in keeping the two years both non-political and economical.

He was faced with more serious problems of their kind than any Cleveland mayor in this century, up to the present one, has had to cope with. These problems were all financial.

For four years the city had been struggling hopelessly in a rising tide of debt. Mounting costs in the war days were part of the reason, politics was a part—the obligation to the paternal political organization to make jobs and spend money for the faithful. In his third term in office, Mayor Davis had had to appeal to the legislature to allow Cleveland funds on its bonded debt in order that his administration might not be forced to shut down; and the Davis and Fitzgerald administrations had both had to juggle into operating funds the money that should have been put into the city sinking fund to cover maturity and interest payments on city bonds.

As Kohler came into office, a lowering of the valuation of property had just stabbed the tax revenues to the heart. The city was broke and in debt, practically to the extent of today's dilemma.

Whether through his own instinct or Finance Director Gesell's, Mayor Kohler plunged right at the fiscal dragon.

Tomorrow—How to Balance a Budget.

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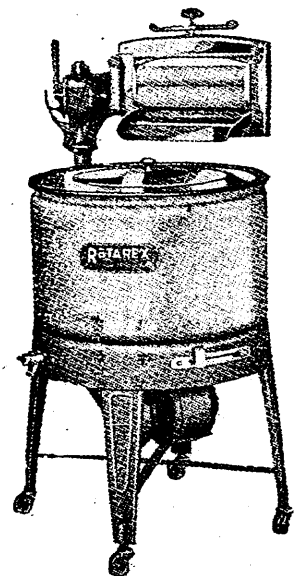
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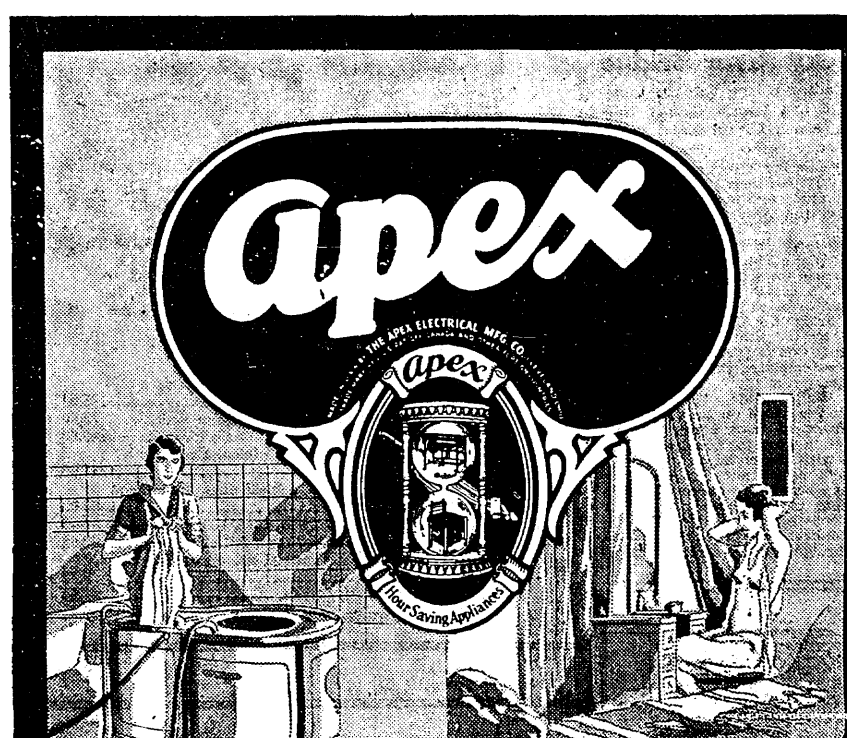
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The Plain Dealer Has the Buyers.



## ROBBER'S BRIDE, 19, NOT FLIPPANT NOW

Norma Millen Sullen in Jail as Police Bring Back Bank Slaying Suspects.

BOSTON, March 4.—(U.S.)—Sullen and Norma, Norma Brighton Millen, 19-year-old preacher's daughter, sat brooding in a jail cell today while state detectives sped to New York to bring back her husband, Murton Millen, and his brother, Irving, who with Abraham Faber will soon be tried for the Needham bank slayings.

Norma was no longer flippant. She sat in studied silence, refusing even to notice jail attendants. Faber, too, was quiet in his cell. He was unimpressed that his sweetheart, Rose Kneller, the girl he was to wed in June, was at the moment telling of his surprise wedding gift—a package of money to be opened on her wedding day. Miss Kneller said:

"My heart almost stopped beating when I opened that package after his arrest and found it contained money. I thought it was a vanity case." Faber placed the package in her hands with tender words on his lips, she said.

"Put this away, Rose, until we are married," he told her. "We will not open it until our wedding day. And then we'll open it together."

Rose Kneller was looking forward to that date in June. She and Faber had been sweethearts for several years. She had his engagement ring. He had had a brilliant career at

## Broods in Jail.



ASSOCIATED PRESS PHOTO  
NORMA MILLEN.

the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"After his arrest and those terrible exposures, which were such a shock to me," she explained, "I thought it best to look at the parcel and see what it contained."

"My heart almost stopped beating when I found the package contained money—more than \$3,000."

"I feared it might be money we had no right to have. So I called Gen. Needham and turned it over. You don't know what a relief it was when my hands were rid of that money. Instead of being a wedding present, it had gotten me into trouble, too."

Still Loyal to Him.

"But I don't think he stole it. Some one else must have. I am not cross with him. I still love him and I will remain loyal."

Authorities believe Rose was an innocent victim of circumstances. But Rose must stand trial. District Attorney Dowling said, and Norma Millen, too. Both will be state witnesses against the accused men.

Norma, 19, daughter of a retired clergyman, and but a few months ago the leading lady of the senior class play of the Natwick High School, is held as an accessory to one of the most brutal crimes in the history of Massachusetts.

On Feb. 2 three bandits armed with a machine gun and revolver held up the Needham Trust Co. at Needham, Mass. They had wounded a clerk and snatched \$14,500 in money when the bank's alarm bell sounded.

Policeman Forbes McLeod, World War veteran decorated for valor, heard the alarm and was running for the bank when the rat-tat-tat of the machine gun echoed. He fell dead.

Half a block down the street the gunmen killed another policeman, Frank Haddock.

Two days later the black sedan, which was found in a lonely road near Norwood, Mass. State police found the battery had marks on it showing when it had been re-charged and where. Irving Millen had had that battery recharged and the faint clues which began from that fact terminated in the arrest of the Millen brothers.

With the arrest of Faber came a complete and fantastic confession.

"We wanted money and we decided to get it," he said. "We made our plans and our plans worked. When any one got in the way during the operations it was just too bad."

Robbed Armories.

"We wanted some guns so we robbed some armories and got a pretty fair lot of them. Then we went around to the Automobile Show at night, held up the watchmen and stole the weapons including the machine gun used as part of the state police exhibit. That's the gun we popped those cops off with."

"We didn't want to buy any guns for could be traced that way. We went out to Fitchburg Dec. 11 to steal some guns from the Iver Johnson store up there. We waited for the manager, Ernest W. Clarke, to come out so we could stick him up and get the keys, but when we stopped him he started to run and we shot him. Irving thought he might not be dead so we turned around and put some more shots into him until he was dead."

"Norma Millen was on that job. She worked as lookout. She was over at Norwood when we burned the sedan, too. She was in on everything. Smart kid!"

Canadian Leader Dies.

MONTREAL, (AP)—Senator Lawrence Alexander Wilson, 70, prominent in Montreal business and social circles for many years, died at his town house.

## I, FRED KOHLER

### Forty Years of Cleveland Politics

BY N. R. HOWARD.

### CHAPTER XXII—HOW TO BALANCE A BUDGET.

TO REDUCE operating costs of the department-burdened city, Mayor Kohler began sweeping job holders out of office—and there never has been anything before or since that rivaled that exodus. Before two months were up 650 Republican organization ward workers were off the city payroll and fewer than 200 had been appointed to replace them.

Kohler knew accurately how many actual workers the city needed, and his stroke was precise and efficient.

He then slashed all city pay 10 per cent, and for the first time in history issued a mandate to all who were left that an eight-hour day, with 45 minutes for lunch, would be the City Hall rule—and let any employee break it! No administration before or since has got such an amount of work out of its subordinates. Most of them were there on merit, not because they could carry their precincts; and, if their merit lapsed, out they went.

Advised by Gesell, the mayor then declared publicly for putting back in the sinking fund the money that had been diverted to operating expenses by the former mayors. This is probably the shining star of the Kohler achievements. It has been rigidly enforced ever since, up to this year; and meant, in the later years of depression and terrible financial conditions in city treasuries all over America, that Cleveland's credit held up, all because the city has been faithful about all precautions to safeguard its bond payments. In New York, Chicago, Detroit, and other cities, the story has been otherwise.

Of course, to the Kohler administration, it meant almost wiping out operating funds. The chief criticism of the Kohler two years was that some city properties and services were allowed to run down. The balancing of the budget was the reason. Kohler's getting the city back on its feet financially should keep his memory green for a long time.

On Jan. 1, 1922, when with Mrs. Kohler, beaming and half-embarrassed, beside him, he stood up in a new blue serge suit (its vest was edged with blue) and took the oath of office, his treasury faced a deficit over all of nearly a million. In 1920 the city had run up a deficit of \$926,000, and by the end of 1921 this had been cut only to \$592,000.

Goodby, Deficit!

At the end of Kohler's first year the deficit was wiped out and the city had a balance of \$538,000; and at the close of his final year this cash balance had increased to \$1,800,000.

Kohler set his total pay roll slashes for his first year at \$1,393,264. He made each department spend less, in both years, than it had had to spend in several previous administrations.

He was especially rough on the police department budget—with the result that by the summer of 1923 the city parks were in noticeably ragged condition. And the tussock moth got at the city trees, and along the East End streets which once were the pride of the Forest City. This lamentable botanical condition furnished the newspapers with one of the most interesting items which they could complain of, when discussing the Kohler administration.

But the mayor wasn't swayed. To him there was no compromise between forcing the city to live within its income and letting God look after the parks and trees for a couple of years. The press took its emotions and the city took its trees, and it was all the harder for the director because he was neither a botanist nor a professional caretaker.

In the matter of the parks, however, the burned-up shrubbery and the tussock moths took a bad second place, in public excitement, to what Mayor Kohler did with a few cans of paint. Edgewood Park, in the spring of 1922 the Edgewater Park pavilion blossomed out in a new coat of shrieking yellow-orange with black trimmings. Other park buildings, and then the miscellaneous buildings owned by the city variously, went under the orange and black brushes.

When pounced on for the reason for this orgy of color the mayor said: "Now everybody can see all the buildings that belong to the city—to the people. They can see 'em a long ways off, too. There'll never be any doubt whether people have got a right to go in the buildings—they'll know they're at a place they help own and maintain. The looks of 'em? You can see 'em, can't you? Well, that's the big idea. I picked out the colors myself because orange and black are the most visible colors there are, day and night."

"He Can Find It Now."

"If a fellow is walking through a park and wants to know in a hurry where a certain park building is he can find it now. Nobody's hiding it from him."

It was awful. Esthetes shrieked in the newspapers, and even Kohler's somewhat amused adherents were a little dubious about orange and black. The parks somehow had lost all their sylvan charm in the glare of those colors. A few dared remonstrate with the "Chief." They were properly snubbed. But proba-

bly more persons, when asked in years to come about Kohler's years as mayor will say, "Well, he painted the town orange and black" than will remember a single other thing he did or failed to do. He had the most unnatural talent for doing things that will be remembered by everybody.

I never asked him whether it was any consolation to him that a year later the Highway Department turned to orange and black for all its signs, as did also the Cuyahoga County commissioners. If I had, he would have made some building or signing comment that would have made me sorry I ever mentioned the subject.

Only one man—an old friend—knew that Kohler himself had not selected the colors. In his program for identifying all the city's constructed property, the mayor had wanted colors of good visibility, and had asked for a secret report from Nels Park, a former reporter.

The experts said that the orange-black combination was the most easily seen from the farthest distance. "All right," said Kohler, "then orange and black it will be." He was too proud ever to have told, when under critical fire, that the selections had been not only some one's else but a professional verdict.

The mayor violated all tradition about good terms with the City Hall reporters, and his publicity was never more favorable than could be helped by the reporters. He wouldn't see them when he could help it and snorted at the point where both pretended to be ignorant of the existence of the other. A great career was wasted when Kohler passed up Tugman's willingness to admire him; had Kohler encouraged him, Tugman would have written the "Chief" into the governor's chair, no less, for he was a reporter who was sickened with the multitude of average politicians, and set a considerable premium on Kohler's recklessness and freedom.

Tomorrow: A Gas Fight.

## HONOR BISHOP AT BIRTHDAY PARTY

Catholic Daughters Observe Anniversary Despite His Enforced Absence.

Although Bishop Joseph Schrembs was unable to be present, the banquet tendered him annually by the Catholic Daughters of America on his approaching birthday was carried on as usual last night with an attendance of 250 old and new members at Hotel Statler.

The banquet has been an annual event since Bishop Schrembs came to the diocese more than twelve years ago. Heretofore he has been the guest of honor.

The bishop had accepted an invitation to attend the banquet to Gen. Joseph Haller at the Alliance of Poles Auditorium and was represented at the Daughters' banquet by his auxiliary, Bishop James A. McFadden.

The Catholic Daughters of America are the largest group of organized Catholic women in the United States, speakers said.

Just before the talks the following telegram was sent to President Roosevelt:

"We, the Catholic Daughters of America, on the occasion of our seven-tyeth annual banquet, congratulate you heartily on the achievement in the first year of your leadership and pray that you will be permitted to accomplish in the coming year all that is necessary to make the New Deal fulfill your aspirations."

Several Speakers.

Mrs. Anna Gunn Poss, grand regent of Court Cleveland, was toastmistress, introducing the following speakers:

Welcome to new members, Mrs. Loretta Spitzig, grand regent, Court Lakewood; greetings from the state court, Mrs. Margaret Henne, state regent, Youngstown; greetings from the national court, Miss Catherine V. Mylett, national regent; "Catholic Women in Organization," Rev. Benedict J. Rodman, S. J., president of John Carroll University, and the final address by Bishop McFadden.

In her address Miss Mylett referred to the recent defeat of the measure to obtain relief for the parochial schools, saying that the defeat "showed an utter lack of appreciation of the sacrifice the Catholic people of the state have made to maintain their parochial schools and an utter lack of appreciation also of the sacrifices the sisterhoods have made in maintaining these schools."

"While the constitution of the order does not permit us to engage in partisan politics," Miss Mylett said, "there is nothing in the order to prevent its members informing themselves as to how the members of the Legislature voted on this measure."

"Christ or Chaos."

"No other single group has done more for education than has the Catholic group, and it is one of our tasks to make this fact better known to our fellow citizens of other faiths."

After praising the work of women in the church throughout the ages, Father Rodman said the Catholic Daughters of America had a great opportunity to espouse the cause of Christ in the present age.

"It is Christ or chaos," he said. Bishop McFadden said formation of a convert league in the diocese was one of the fields for the Catholic Daughters.

A total of 1,868 adults, representing 25 parishes, were present in the church in the Cleveland Diocese in the last fiscal year, he said.

Newspaper Manager Dies.

HOUSTON, Tex., March 4.—(AP)—G. J. Palmer, 63, vice president and business manager of the Houston Chronicle, died today.

## G. O. P. to Give More Jobs at City Hospital

After suspending their political raids on the non-professional staff of City Hospital when the Academy of Medicine started an investigation of the institution, Mayor Harry L. Davis' spoilsmen this week will make 40 to 50 changes in the hospital personnel, it was reported last night.

The administration plans to replace with Republican appointees the remaining orderlies and attendants who were given their jobs by the previous Democratic regime.

The academy has not yet concluded its inquiry into charges that political changes in the hospital staff are undermining its morale and that retrenchment unjustifiable from a medical standpoint have been made by political officials with no knowledge of medical practices.

Budd Employees to Vote.

PHILADELPHIA, March 4.—(AP)—A poll of employees of the Edward

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Employment for 500 Men at Once!

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Houkeryne Institute. The manufacturer wants 500 men and women at once to help him introduce this strange chemical sponge. He offers to send one on trial to the first person in each locality who writes him. Send in your name today. Also ask for full particulars on how you can get the agency and without expense or risk make up to \$50 a week.

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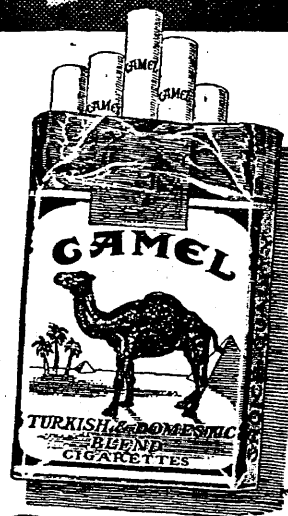
See whether you scribble things on bits of paper, bite your

nails, jump at unexpected noises—they're signs of jangled nerves. So be careful. Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And make Camels your cigarette.

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Here is a series of numbers. Two numbers in this series contain the same digits...but not in the same order. See how fast you can pick out these two. Average time is one minute.

Frank J. Marshall (Camel smoker), chess champion, picked the two numbers in thirty seconds.

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# I, FRED KOHLER

## Forty Years of Cleveland Politics

BY N. R. HOWARD.

## CHAPTER XXXIII—A GAS FIGHT.

A LITTLE late in the 1921 mayoralty campaign for any effective use, both the Republican and Democratic candidates had assailed Kohler for his lack of position on the renewal of the city's monopoly gas franchise with the East Ohio. The renewal was up in 1921. Unwillingness to go into a political fight on the defensive had led Mayor Fitzgerald and the Republican Council majority to reject the gas company's proposal to increase the rate, and the disagreement went into the courts.

The lower courts upheld the company's right to turn off the gas on a certain date, and the city dashed to the Ohio Supreme Court and got this reversed. Fitzgerald made all he could of this qualified legal victory, which settled nothing about the new rates; then, late in October, 1921, when it became known that Frank H. Ginn, whose law firm was counsel for the East Ohio, was one of the Kohler backers, Fitzgerald and Haseguchi both made the walking with cries that Kohler was being put over for mayor by the gas company, with sinister implications. During the campaign and even after taking office, Kohler said nothing about the gas franchise. The Republican-controlled City Council, through its leader in the gas battle, John D. Marshall, gave notice that if Kohler attempted to jam the East Ohio proposal down the Council's throat (or throats) there would be war.

Still Kohler said nothing. "The Council is still having lawsuits, it's not my funeral, let the Council settle the fight it started," was his position.

Then the Council fight took one on the nose. On hearing the full rate case, the Ohio Supreme Court held completely for the East Ohio's rights to reject the ordinance offered by the Council.

The Council met the Monday night following this Waterloo, intent on getting Kohler on record on the gas issue; it had been badly mauled, and it was high time, from a viewpoint of political advantage, that the new independent mayor should start giving or taking some punishment. The mayor was baited, as he lolled at his desk on the sidelines of the Council meeting, by Marshall, Floor Leader Herman H. Finkle and others. Finally Kohler, his face red and his high voice angry, got up. He said:

"Don't come to me with your gas fight. You fellows are licked and you don't know where to go now."

"I Licked Him." "You tried to play politics with this thing from the start. You thought you were fooling the people when you passed that phoney ordinance telling the East Ohio what the new rate was going to be. That was so you could go out and campaign on the story that you'd voted for 35-cent gas."

"You didn't fool anybody. What became of your man who got this 35-cent gas? I licked him, that's what became of him, and he lost because the people didn't believe either him or you."

"But you wanted to settle this franchise your way. Go right ahead and settle it—now. I'm only the mayor; all I have to do is sign or veto anything you finally settle on. You can't load your mess on me; but if I were you I would stop trying to fool the people and get down to business."

This was the last sane word on the matter, but the gas "fight" so-called lasted for another year. In 1922, to show its independence after having tried to reach a compromise settlement, the Council passed a franchise resolution which its members and everybody else knew would never be accepted, but the Council wanted some expression out of the mayor, if only a veto, and that is what it got.

Then followed a long night of hysterical argument and name-calling; councilmen daring Kohler to define "fair" gas rates and Kohler defying the Council to clean up its job. But, like the darkness of the night following the whaling of the skyrocket and its bright glare, reason settled at once on the councilmen and within a few weeks the East Ohio and the Council came to terms approved by Kohler, at a higher rate, but not as high as the company had insisted it would fight for.

The fight between the mayor and the councilmen ended in a draw. They almost but not quite had put Kohler on record, honor was assuaged all around, and the great issue whether Kohler had been sidled into office to help higher gas rates will never be satisfactorily settled.

**For the Council—Contempt.** For the Council generally Kohler had nothing but contempt. Two days before he was to take office, Councilman Damm, Democrat, and Councilman Michell, Republican, called on him to announce that the councilmen generally were ready to co-operate with him. Kohler jeered at them, and they retired insulted and mortified.

This was typical of him; but bear in mind that the Council included some of the old Republican organization which in 1910 had tried unsuccessfully to put him on the spot and which had fought his election as mayor, and remember that public opinion, as always, was never very warm for councilmen. It was Kohler again picking the popular side of a fight.

The opening Council meetings of 1922 centered around possible Council retaliation toward the new mayor, who had abolished among other jobs, the position of commissioner of public information—a post the councilmen had intended to transfer to their end of the City Hall and thereby keep a good party man in office—and his selection of James W. Holcomb, one-time Republican insurgent and an ex-magistrate of Interurbans, to be the city traction commissioner, an appointment which must be ratified by the Council. Holcomb, it will be remembered, was once thrown out of a city convention by the policeman Kohler. He was a particularly offensive choice to the Maschke following, for since McKison's day, Holcomb had led or joined various attempted insurrections against Maschke.

There were speeches on the Council floor against the unholy ax which had felled the information commissioner, but enough councilmen voted with Kohler to keep it abolished; and there were caucuses over whether to hold up the Holcomb appointment, but Maschke himself

pillory them with the people. Kohler sat at the Council meetings at the executive desk beside the rostrum, with Director Lamb at his side, the expression on his face often betraying his opinion of councilmen. If a council member asked a question of him from the floor, Lamb often answered, although at times Kohler would rise and, in tones that always sounded heated, attempt to silence the questioner once and forever. Republican Floor Leader Finkle tried to make the fight over the information commissioner a vibrant affair. One evening he spoke for fifteen minutes directly to the mayor, accusing him of abolishing the office merely because the councilmen were planning to take it out of his hands.

"I'll Answer You." "I would like to ask the mayor," shouted Finkle, as a climax, "if it isn't true that he already had asked an ex-newspaper reporter to take that job—before he found he wasn't going to do the appointing?" Kohler waived a friendly attempt of the chair to rule Finkle out of order and got up languidly.

"Oh, I'll answer you," he said, disdainfully. "There isn't a man living who can say I ever talked to him about such a job. You're all wet." This ended the debate.

In other remarks made to the councilmen themselves or to the reporters, who saw to it that the councilmen read such cracks, Kohler applied such epithets to the council members as "cheap politicians," "tip-off guys," "puppets," "wise guys," "Republiocrats" and "poor little whisperers."

The gaudiest of his councilmanic remarks came one night in 1923 after Councilman Jacob Stael, as part of the attack on Kohler veto of the meaningless gas resolution, had made a speech aimed at putting the mayor in an uncomfortable position. "That's talk like you hear out on Woodland Avenue," jeered Kohler, in anger. It made Stael and his friend Herman H. Finkle speeches with rage. A queer thing for Kohler to say—he had known and been of Woodland Avenue in the old days.

Law Director Lamb was of incalculable value to Kohler as a liaison

man between the mayor's office (rather than the mayor) and the Council leaders, and to Lamb goes much of the credit for the legislation which the mayor had to have to accomplish as much as he did. Public opinion was Lamb's best weapon and his good nature the next best. In the last year of the mayoralty, Kohler and the councilmen were in a static condition of loggerheads, and Council meetings and committee hearings became a record of unsuccessful attempts by the "Republiocrats" to draw Kohler into admissions of mistakes and to set up little hurdles for his administrative program.

Whenever Kohler could be induced to sit in the same room with a councilmanic session, he continued to treat every one present with lazy contempt.

**Tomorrow—Big Hall, No Money.** NEW YORK, March 5.—(AP)—The Board of Transportation advised 786 employees today to apply for indefinite leaves without pay or to waive claims for salaries.

## 60 SAVED BEFORE FREIGHTER SINKS

Crew Taken Aboard Steamer Disabled in Collision; on Way to New York.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 5.—(AP)—The 3,413-ton British freighter Concordia sank today after a collision with the American steamship Black Eagle 40 miles southeast of Sable Island, but all 60 members of the crew were saved. Wireless messages told briefly of the accident, which occurred in a dense fog, and the quick abandon-

ment of the Concordia by the crew. The stricken craft left Halifax last night for Glasgow, headquarters of her owners, Donaldson Bros., her cargo included 400 head of cattle. (Wireless reports picked up in New York indicated the Black Eagle was leaking at the stern, but would be able to continue to New York, where she is bound from Rotterdam.) There were no passengers aboard the Concordia.

NEW YORK, March 5.—(AP)—A fire in her after hold under control, the Savannah liner City of Montgomery proceeded toward New York City tonight after two coast guard cutters which raced to her rescue headed back for Norfolk, Va. Aboard the liner are 30 passengers and a crew of 80, the line said.

CONSTANZA, Roumania, March 5.—(AP)—Eleven sailors of the Italian tanker Santoni perished today when the vessel grounded in the Black

Sea and broke in two. Five reached the shore, and were in a critical condition in a hospital here. The remaining eleven members of the crew were still battling for their lives on a fragment of the ship. A raging storm and heavy fog caused the wreck. The ship went onto the rocks near here and the 27 members of the crew tried to get into the single lifeboat. Sixteen succeeded.

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