

SEEK CITIZENS' AID IN PROBATE QUIZ

Bar Investigators Request
Joint Committee to Sift
Abuse Charges.

The Probate Court committee of the Cleveland Bar Association yesterday unanimously requested the association's officers to appoint a joint committee of citizens and lawyers to sift charges that the delegation of authority to clerks in Cuyahoga County's Probate Court has resulted in abuses and to canvass reforms for the outmoded system.

The meeting was a closed session and the part which Probate Judge Nelson J. Brewer and Clerk Robert Merkle, guests of the committee, played in the proceedings could not be learned.

Sub-Committee Authorized.
Grover C. Hosford, chairman of the committee, was authorized to name a sub-committee of three members to consider the needs of the court and to report back to the committee. This report is to form the basis of recommendations which the committee will make to the association.

The request that the larger committee be named by association executives include citizens outside the legal profession was said to have been dictated by the desire to give wide community representation, because of the court's intimate connection with citizens throughout the county.

Proposals for reform which will be studied, it was understood, include an amendment to the state constitution which would provide for more than one probate judge in counties of large population such as Cuyahoga.

Another proposal is that an additional common pleas judge be provided by statute to assist the probate judge when his services are needed.

County Bar Action Expected.
It has also been recommended that a provision be made in the law for the appointment of master commissioners, who can handle all matters which might be referred to them by the judge, to be paid by the county. The judge now can appoint such commissioners in particular cases, but objections are frequently raised to the present necessity of payment from estates.

Action by the Cuyahoga County Bar Association is expected today when John H. Orgill, president, will meet with trustees "to consider the complaints and to canvass remedies." State Examiner James N. Main made a brief and preliminary study yesterday of some of the cases on which charges have been based, but said he was awaiting orders from his superiors in Columbus before beginning a full-fledged inquiry. Main said that he knew of no similar situation which his bureau, in its 30-year history, had investigated and that he had not yet been advised of the authority under which an investigation could be conducted.

666

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Playing Politics in the '90s



I, FRED KOHLER

Forty Years of Cleveland Politics

BY N. R. HOWARD.

CHAPTER V—"LIEUTENANT, CLEAR THE HALL."

Most important of all political currents of the '90s in their effect on the future of Fred Kohler on the police force, was that which swept "Long John" Farley into the mayor's chair, a victory over Robert E. McKisson in 1899.

The Farley Democratic leadership went on for two years longer, and the Hanna influence came into complete domination of local Republicanism, to die out and pass only when Maurice Maschke, backed by Theodore E. Burton, grew strong enough to grasp the leadership nine or ten years later.

There was no place at all for the McKissonites to go after the 1899 crash, because the Hanna faction despised them and the Democrats distrusted them. Of course, one by one, the McKissonites slipped back into the Hanna ranks. Maschke, Taft, Davis and the rest were back in the fold by 1905 or 1906, but it took several years for this to happen.

Among the political orphans of 1899 was a police officer of dazzling reputation and great ambition. The millionaire newcomer in city politics, the Democrat, Tom Johnson, quietly surveyed and analyzed this officer, and then snapped him up, and thus determined his fate.

That is getting ahead of the story. Probably on recommendation of William S. Rowe, a police officer who liked Kohler, and probably because he felt his organization could always use a tough, raiding policeman, Bob McKisson had moved Kohler up to sergeant and then lieutenant. McKisson was fond of Kohler, and the then Representative Theodore E. Burton, whom Kohler had somewhat admired and for whose election Kohler had done some work, put in a good word for him at the occasion of the promotion to a lieutenant.

Burton, then as always, was a Republican lone wolf, generally interested only in his own fate, but as congressman his endorsement went for something.

Through the Riots.
While he was still a patrolman, in the summer of 1898, Kohler went through the riots of the Brown Hoisting Co. strike, among the worst disorders in the history of the city, and was one of the daily guards for the non-union workmen who were es-

corted up Willson Avenue from the car line to the plant, and back in the evening. He felt the stones and bricks hurled by a mob of 2,000 sympathizers one afternoon in August when that mob broke up a convoy of nearly 200 policemen and turned the corners of Willson and Euclid Avenue into a fighting, bloody battle.

This was not the only assault the policemen took from the strikers' batons (although the scared business element accused the force, to Mayor McKisson, of being sympathetic to the strikers, too, and succeeded in having the national guard called out.) Half a dozen indiscriminate participants were killed that summer; the affair undoubtedly remaining in Kohler's mind to tint his opinion of strikers and "scabs" all in a single color.

But with the promotion to sergeant that fall Kohler's life began to take more smoothness. He was stationed at the Central precinct, and almost from the first his lot was to raid the designated resorts downtown which came under the displeasure of the McKisson administration and its friends. And here first the Kohler independence began to assert itself. He raided a number of resorts without having been told to, as the officer occasionally in charge of the downtown precinct enforcement, and he continued to be rough about it.

Newspaper reporters recorded one night raid on a vice resort where Kohler stood outside the door and with a powerful arm shoved each skulking man and each frightened woman into the police wagons. One girl turned on him and said, "You blankety-blank rowdy, didn't you ever have a sister?" His men were swift and ruthless; on almost every raid furniture splintered and jingled.

That was all right with Mayor McKisson and his brethren. Downtown resorts lined up without a murmur for the 1899 campaign after six months of Kohler. The raids were always unpleasant to some of the smaller political fry, and Kohler got a name among them as a "non-delegate" who executed an independent raid, they shouted shrilly at McKisson that he had a wild man on his hands.

—as well as the prospective promotion. But the crowning usefulness of Kohler in McKisson's campaign compares favorably with the famous proroguing of assemblies. The McKisson-Hanna control fight came winging down to June 18, 1898, the date set for the county convention at which the important business would be to elect and instruct delegates to a red-hot state convention fight. The count-up of county delegates was very close, and at the last minute McKisson and Taft, his chairman, decided not to take a chance on it. They moved for direct action.

Kohler Marches In.
The convention was held in old Army and Navy Hall, which stood on the north side of Superior just east of the present Federal Reserve Building. Taft entered, followed by Lieut. Kohler and 38 uniformed police. The Hannaists must have quailed at the sight; it was manifestly ridiculous that many policemen would be needed to keep order. But the Hanna delegates were there for blood and when Taft rose to organize the meeting yelled for the election of a chairman. They had the votes to choose one of their own, and after a few shouts indicating nomination and election of him by acclamation, pushed Oliver W. Collier up on the platform beside Taft, who assumed then to discover that the Hanna element had "packed" the convention against him.

Collier made a dramatic gesture in the general direction of the policemen, but Lieut. Kohler was already there. "Get off the platform," Kohler ordered Collier. "The chairman is trying to get the convention in order, and you can't stay here."

Collier and other Hanna Republicans climbed up with him were beside themselves with rage, excitement, and the sense of injustice, and refused to leave. Lieut. Kohler pushed two of them off with his good right and left arms, then picked up Collier and tossed him into a roaring knot of Hanna delegates.

There came a rush for the platform by a dozen Hanna men, Kohler and three other policemen met and repulsed them neatly. The anti-McKissonites grabbed the chairman's table and pulled it from the platform at which Kohler jumped from his eminence, yanked the table out of their clutch, brandished it wildly, and restored it.

Chairman Taft waved his arms and cried, "Clear the hall of all these non-delegates at once, lieutenant!" The 38 bluecoats (as they were styled in the indignant Cleveland Leader report next day, nine columns long) then began shoving Hanna Republicans out of the hall and down the stairway. At the door were worthy administration delegates who shouted faithfuls as the "non-delegates" were bounced—all anti-McKissonites, of course, being identified as "non-delegates" whose credentials if they waved any, were "indubitably falsified." When the hall was cleared, the true delegates, all of whom seemed to be for the McKisson fortunes, convened and completed the business with dispatch and grace.

A Smoldering Feud.
The ousted Republicans raced to Ribble's Hall, an assembly place over a lively stable across the street, declared that they were the county convention, and with equal dispatch and much more fervor chose a rival slate for the state convention; and there, for the first time in history, the name of Fred Kohler was mentioned.

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The Fur Shop Second Floor

CITY COUNCIL ASKS HOPPLE BE FIRED

Addresses Resolution to
Gov. White, Charging
Prejudice.

(Continued From First Page)
take no action until Hopple had a chance to make any explanation he might desire to make. The governor said he had not yet received any notification of the Akron Council's action last week in demanding that Hopple resign. He said that as soon as he received notification of the Akron or Cleveland action he would forward it to Hopple with a request for an explanation.

An appeal to the Lakewood City Council to demand the removal of Hopple was made last night by Harry A. Barr, leader of a citizens committee fighting for a drastic gas rate reduction in the suburb. Council President Joy Seth Hurd and Councilman William H. Fahrnenbach contended that the Council should not act on newspaper accounts of Hopple's speech.

A resolution proposed by Barr asking for Hopple's ouster was referred to the Lakewood Council committee on rules and ordinances for a report Feb. 18. Barr argued that Hopple had not denied that he made the statement attributed to him in newspaper stories of his speech, and that the Akron and Cleveland Councils had not acted for more information before acting.

The governing board of the Federation of Women's Clubs of Greater Cleveland at its meeting yesterday also forwarded to White a resolution, introduced by Mrs. N. B. Harris, calling for the ouster of Hopple.

Mrs. Harris is chairman of the federation's telephone committee, which took a leading part in the fight that resulted in a three-year limit on surcharges for cradle telephones. Fifty women, representing 125 clubs with a membership of 25,000 women, attended the meeting.

tioned in what might be styled a political speech. Mrs. Harris, still breathing hard, sounded the rump convention keynote with a blast at McKisson and his policemen and the outrage they had committed against the laws of the state and party, in the course of which he remarked, passionately: "Those yellow dogs of policemen are cowards, every one of them from Kohler down."

In 1908, before a meeting of Republicans disaffected with Maschke's eminence, Holcomb asserted: "When Fred Kohler and his policemen broke up the Republican party in convention assembled we let ourselves be so badly split up that Tom Johnson and the Democrats ruled this town for eight years."

So striking was the Kohler personality by 1898 that Holcomb, ten years later, ascribed the whole business to him instead of McKisson and Taft. It is an interesting note as to the young officer's growing reputation.

Mildly interesting is it also that the only time Holcomb successfully returned to political life was when Kohler, years after that 1908 speech, pulled him back—all as result of an acquaintance somewhat hastily started when the one was hiding the other down a staircase at the general best of still another politician long since gone. Perhaps it enabled each to be forcibly aware of the other, at that. Of such things are the politics of our day mosaicked.

Tomorrow—Vices and Votes.

Says E. Cleveland Board Member Sold Insurance to City

Robert C. Keown, 33404, Garden Road, a crusading taxpayer of East Cleveland who last week charged that City Commissioner K. K. Leet had written insurance for the East Cleveland Board of Education, appeared at the Board of Education meeting last night. He charged that Board Member C. C. Kimmel had written insurance for the city and demanded Kimmel's resignation.

Keown said it was contrary to state laws for an employee of a municipality to sell insurance to that municipality.

Kimmel said he would not resign and Keown "can go as far as he likes."

"I'll take care of that," replied Keown. After this little clash, the board members authorized payment of approximately \$52,000 in back pay to the East Cleveland school teachers. Recently the city granted a \$71,000 tax settlement on 1932 taxes to the Board of Education, and it was from this sum that the salaries were forthcoming.

The house, a two-story frame structure, was built by Nathaniel C. Hains, who came to Cuyahoga County in a covered wagon. The house has been in the family for six generations. It is at 602 Broadway.

The home is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George Saxeby. Mrs. Saxeby is a great-granddaughter of Nathaniel Hains.

ESTATE OF KOHLER EXCEEDS \$100,000

(Continued From First Page)
of Mr. Kohler. Matt Mueller lives at 1824 Wood Road, Cleveland Heights. In naming the executors Mr. Kohler provided that: "If the executors do not agree, then the judgment of my wife, Josephine B. Kohler, shall prevail."

The will continued: "I further desire that the executors shall receive a fee computed on the following basis: 2 per cent. of the first \$100,000 of my estate, plus anything further that my wife, Josephine B. Kohler, thinks they may have earned in the settlement of my very simple estate."

"Any technical, legal or grammatical error shall not be considered grounds to question the validity of this will and the manner in which I wish to dispose of my property."

"I, Fred Kohler" did not sign his name to the document. Paralysis in the right arm made it necessary for him to draw an "X" his mark. Witnesses to the will were Anna Marshasin, 2863 Mayfield Road S. E., and Mrs. Anna F. Mattmueller, sister-in-law.

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DRUMSTICK
Scores a Beat
1.00
LINDNER'S

NEW LINGERIE Excitingly Priced

STEPINS \$3.

Tea Rose Pinks, and Heavenly Blues... heaps and heaps of loveliness in luminous Satins and shimmering Crepes! Nighties, Stepins, and Chemise seductively soft and skillfully molded.

CHEMISE \$3.

GOWNS \$3.

THE NIGHTIES are long and graceful, subtly and smoothly tailored of clinging satin or crepe; or delightfully frivolous and lacy. Sizes are 4 to 17.

Made by manufacturers of our fine merchandise. All of the garments are bias-cut and fit the figure beautifully.

Lingerie—Street Floor

ASSAILS N. Y. C. IN CROSSING DEATHS

Council Rushes Resolution,
Citing Delay in Grade
Elimination.

The City Council last night unanimously adopted a resolution offered by Councilman Herbert R. Cuyler censuring the New York Central Railroad for the long delay in eliminating the grade crossing on Lorain Avenue near W. 1424 Street.

The resolution also extended the condolences of the Council to the families of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Walker, 16501 Elsienna Avenue S. W., both of whom were killed Sunday when their automobile was struck by a passenger train at the crossing.

Cuyler, in asking suspension of the rule and immediate adoption of his resolution, termed the railroad's plea of lack of money an "alibi."

"This constant policy of delay was responsible for the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Walker and the least we can do is go on record as deploring their unnecessary deaths," he said.

Puts Burden on State.
W. N. King, attorney for the New York Central Railroad here, said yesterday that it would be impossible at present for the railroad to contribute any money toward eliminating the hazard and that elimination of that particular grade crossing was the duty of the state.

King called attention to Section 204 of the National Industrial Recovery Act, under which he says the federal government might pay all or part of the cost of eliminating the grade crossing if the state or railroad were unable to meet their shares.

Cleveland voters four years ago voted bonds totaling \$350,000 to pay the city's 35 per cent. of the cost of doing away with the Lorain Avenue hazard. Since then the railroad has maintained it has been unable to put up its share, \$650,000.

John Jaster, Jr., district state highway engineer, said the project might be undertaken by the county, the state, the city or the railroad separately or collectively.

Making Grade Crossing Survey.
J. R. Burke, state highway engineer stationed in Columbus, has been making a survey of grade crossings in Cuyahoga County, but so far only three crossings have been ordered.

A trial jar
FRANCES DENNEY
Herbal Oil Blend
\$2
Herbal Oil Blend is that marvelous rejuvenator for aging, wrinkled and dry skin. We recommend you buy this small size for your first bottle. Then when you learn for yourself just what it can do, you can procure the full-sized jar.

Toiletries Street Floor

LINDNER'S

ONE week from tomorrow is Valentine's Day! And woe is he, Benedict or Bachelor, who forgets! This is just fair warning from the fair sex!

A Nine-foot Scarf...
It's a Scarf that measures nine feet long and with which one may do quite remarkable things, viz.: Loop it about your neck, tie it in another loop at your waist and thence roundabout your waistline!

In Dark Blue with Red Dots, Powder Blue with White Dots, and Brown with Orange Dots—\$2.
The Neckwear Shop—Street Floor

An Ageless Kind of Dress
Are you an older woman who wears a size 16 or 18? Or a young woman who must wear a 38 or a 40? And you've had a perfectly fiendish time finding "something to wear?"

We have a dress that is neither too young for older women nor too old for younger women. It's an ageless kind of dress... due to its simple, smart lines.

In Navy Blue or Brown Sheer Crepe with detachable, washable white. Three-quarter coat. Sizes 16 to 40—\$16.95.
The Pin Money Shop—Third Floor

Sounds far-fetched, but it's true!
A year or so ago, to be exact, a man was sold on the idea of wearing Gold Stripe Silk Hose. He thought \$1.50 a pair was a good deal to pay, but he bought six pairs. He came in a few months ago, and this is what he said:

"Those six pairs of hose wore me so well that, although I'm out of a job, I've come back to get six more pairs because they're the most economical hose I can buy!" Then we told him the good news that Men's Gold Stripe Hose are now only \$1 a pair.

The Men's Shop—Street Floor

LINDNER'S

I, FRED KOHLER

Forty Years of Cleveland Politics

BY N. R. HOWARD.

CHAPTER VI—VICES AND VOTES.

THE most glamorous and effective of Lieut. Kohler's raids came after Mayor Robert E. McKisson had departed from the political scene.

After McKisson had failed to win the Hanna Senate seat, there was one more victory, then defeat. The Hanna Republicans set out in 1893 to beat Mayor McKisson for renomination, aided by the then active public superstition that two terms were enough for any mayor.

In one of the bitterest of all the internecine Republican battles, they put up Common Pleas Judge Carlos Stone as the savior of the Republican fortunes. But the primary election was saved by the City Hall jobholders, battling to hold their posts.

In this fight, Lieut. William S. Rowe and Kohler did all they could for their mayor. McKisson's nomination over Judge Stone induced the disgust and despair of nearly half the Republicans of the city. For the second time, the mayor met "Long John" Farley at election.

McKisson's appeal over the Democrat he had defeated in 1895 was as a fresh, youthful apostle of something new, as a winsome and unpompous disciple of municipal laissez-faire. In 1897 he had been re-elected over Farley, by no very great margin, as a result of having stood presumably on the side of the people against the street car company, contrasted with Farley's reputed subservience to the utilities. But in 1899 McKisson's "youth" appeal had withered under the revelation of his selfishness of ambition; and there was a distinct reaction in favor of a candidate with Farley's dignity and reserve.

Campaign Raids.

A series of ugly squabbles in the McKisson City Councils had betrayed some of his partisans as open to the general suspicion of grafting, and had destroyed, for the mayor's organization, the efficacy of again charging Farley with not having the people's best interests at heart regarding contracts and franchises. Consequently the McKisson-Farley fight raged to election day with the Democrats charging the mayor, and McKisson charging Farley, with intentions of turning the city over to the genial embraces of its underworld (a word which had not yet been coined, however).

There was no reason for either side to feel particularly guilty or innocent on this issue, because there were plenty of resort keepers in both camps.

The police raiding squad, led generally by Kohler, spent its hours harassing those saloons and dives under suspicion of loyalty to the Democrats.

A string of gambling parlors had been allowed to develop along Superior and Vincent Avenues, which in the last McKisson term operated in growing tolerance and candor. The public attitude toward gambling was different from today's. Sunday supplements carried great stories about the luxury of Canfield's New York gambling clubs, and the genteel resorts of the idle rich at Newport and



Baratoga. The wags of the day called "Bet-a-Million" Gates and "Diamond Jim" Brady were known to the commonest citizen; and there was a covert protection given the "millionaires' sport" by the respectability of those who took part in it.

As always, what is operated for the rich man gains some luster of acceptability. Not for fifteen or twenty years would sentiments be ascribed to hard-headed business men against letting a stream of gold flow to the gamblers instead of channeling it into retail stores and more virtuous recreations.

"Back to Babylon."

Where Cleveland had two blocks of gambling saloons, only one or two of which could be called "high-end" without stretching that term. Cincinnati, with its acknowledged Ohio aristocracy, had four or five. Columbus, Toledo and Akron at least three apiece.

But in the last week of the campaign, the desperate McKissonites buried at Farley the shrill challenge of being the harbinger, it elected of a Babylonian scene in which the two blocks of gambling joints would be extended up and down every street running from the Public Square. As in most campaigns, the unconscious irony of such a "charge" was wasted on a credulous and campaign-excited populace. The blast against gambling almost saved McKisson but not quite, the morning after election expected to find the carpenters and decorators already busy on bigger and better dens of iniquity.

Mayor Farley went into office feeling self-conscious on the issue. He had wiped the McKisson chapter off the books, and possibly he appreciated that he was growing old—that he too was the last of an epoch. The Democrats had been split wide open in 1896 by the free silver and Populist rebellions; Farley a Cold Democrat, had been knifed in 1897 by those ordinarily Democratic factions, and a cabinet member and campaign manager of his, Charles P. Salem, deserted him in 1900 and started openly to build a rival Democratic organization.

The "Popocrats" (among whom Tom Fitzsimmons and Peter Witt



which Mayor Farley had decided; and it was a resourceful little band of anti-Farley Democrats who first accused Farley of making a big fuss about "law enforcement" as a smoke screen for quiet franchise deals about which little would be said in advance.

He Clamped the Lid.

At any rate, whatever his motives, Mayor Farley decided to clamp down the lid on the saloons, the gambling houses and the segregated district. He deserves full credit for being one of the few American mayors who for as long as six months did put down the lid and keep it down.

The saloons generally accepted his confidential advice to stop abusing closing hours, and several downtown bars closed completely on Sundays instead of leaving side doors open to the initiates. "Roughhouse" cases from the segregated district "got the works" from police and courts. But the Superior Avenue gamblers gave fight.

The gambling places had protective doors and used these to good advantage. Police squads were temporarily detained there and found on entering that only chairs, tables, and light fixtures seemed to be the equipment of these institutions. Roulette wheels and dice tables were arranged to fold into the walls and floors at the press of a button. For three weeks Farley's police made nocturnal dashes to the various reputed gambling dens along Superior—and got nothing.

Kohler, along with Rowe and the other police officers who had served McKisson well, had been slated for lonely vigils in the East or West Side precincts as soon as the Democrats came into office. That was politics and surprised or disappointed no one. But one afternoon Mayor Farley, gnawing his graying short beard with annoyance, called in the police superintendent, George Corner. An affable, unimaginative servant to whatever mayor happened to be in office, and said:

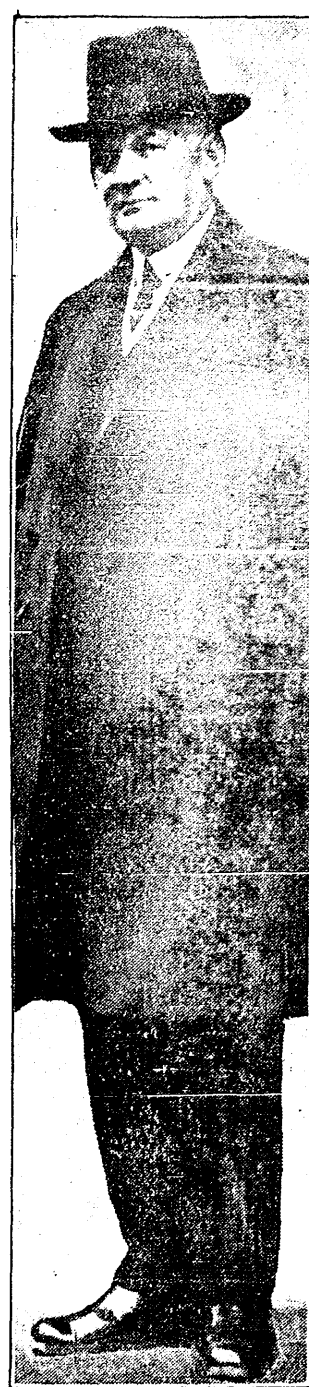
"Damn it. I won't let those cheap gamblers make a monkey of me any longer. Look at this!"

Tomorrow—A Call for Kohler.

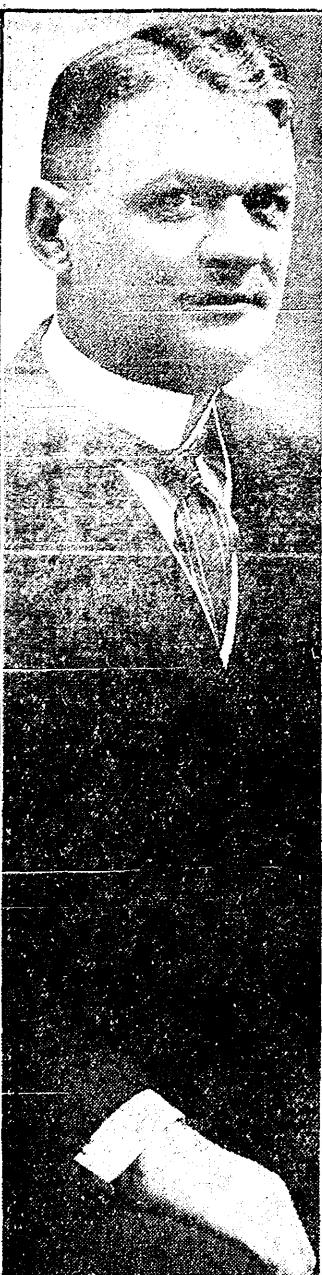
Guess Again.

Answers to these questions will be found in the Want Ad Section.

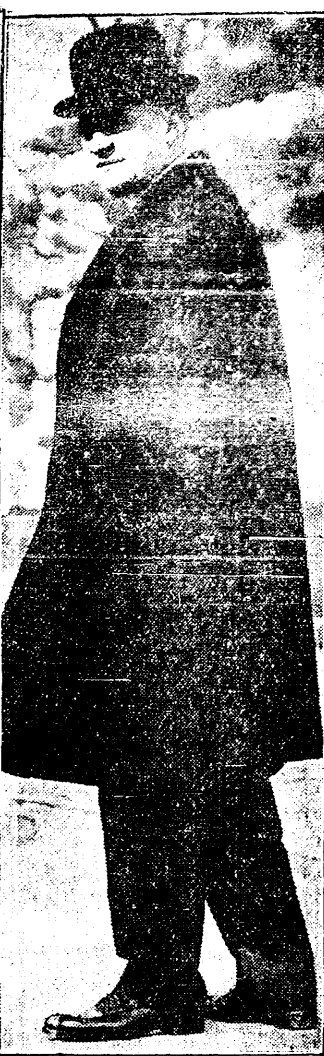
1. In whose cabinet did President Roosevelt serve as assistant secretary of the navy?
2. On what memorial amphitheater is the following quotation inscribed: "When we assumed the soldier we did not lay aside the citizen?"
3. What is the capital of Russia?
4. What is the name of the fund where money is sent by people who have cheated the government?
5. Who wrote "Alice in Wonderland"?
6. Who is the mayor of New York City?
7. Under what cabinet officer's direction are the foreign affairs of the United States?
8. What is the birthstone for February?
9. Who is the vice president of the United States?
10. Where in the Bible do you find the Golden Rule?



KOHLER IN 1923



KOHLER IN 1908



KOHLER IN 1911



Wide World Photo. SAMUEL MCKIM of Philadelphia, Pa., who as the result of a nation-wide appeal has been reunited with his daughter, Ann Dvorak, well-known screen star, after being separated for fourteen years.

Wide World Photo. JEAN CHIAPE, head of the police service in France, whose dismissal by Premier Daladier in the midst of grave unrest has resulted in Royalist riots.



Wide World Photo. CAPTURE TITLE. Joseph W. Brooks (left) and Huntington D. Sheldon, who had never before played in a tournament together, defeated Clarence C. Fell and Stanley G. Mortimer, ten times winner of the title since 1915, in the final round of play for the national amateur rackets double championship in New York City.

Associated Press Photo. NORFOLK JACKET LINES used in a full-length model distinguish this spring coat. It is in herringbone fabric and has an Eton collar, a fabric belt, and big front buttons.



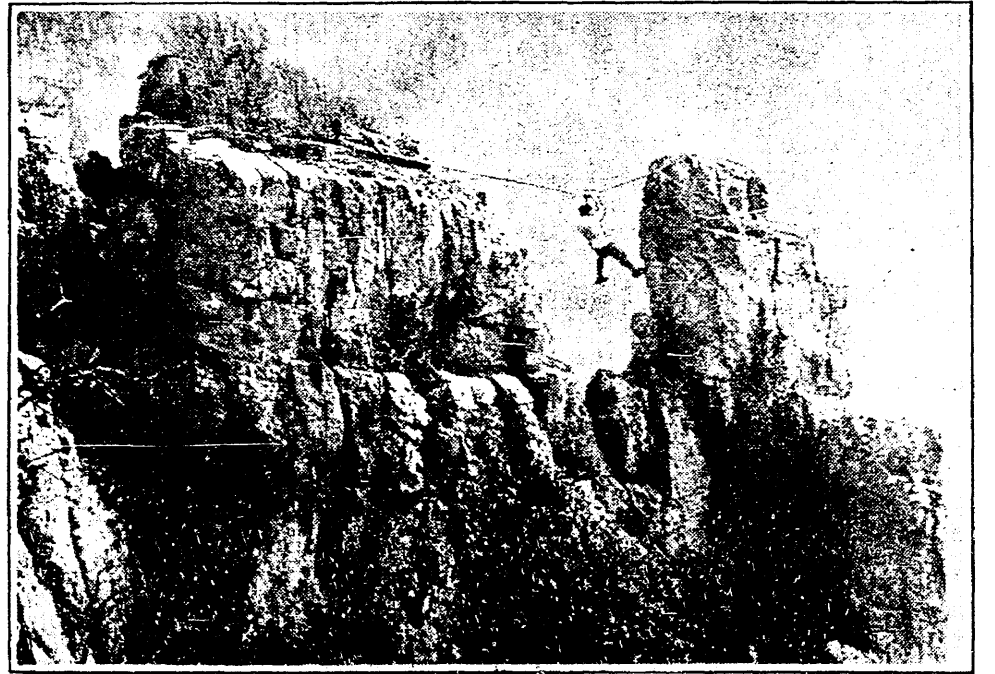
Wide World Photo. ARRESTED WITH BANK LOOT. Three men and a woman were arrested by Camden (N. J.) police as they were leaving a house at 783 Wright Avenue, with a suitcase containing \$35,000 of the \$120,000 said to have been stolen from the Pennagro (N. J.) National Bank. No. 1, John Farley; No. 2, Charles Kent; No. 3, Harry Greenberg and his wife.



ONE KILLED AND TWO INJURED was the toll when a truck of the Blue Ribbon Package Fuel Co. crashed into the J. M. Palmer Cash Market, W. 128th Street and Lorain Avenue, yesterday. The scene of the crash is shown above. Below, left, are Mrs. George Michalske, 3672 W. 129th Street, and her son, Kenneth, 4, who were injured. At the right is John Brickman, Jr., 3745 W. 128th Street, who was killed.



Associated Press Photo. FINDS FATHER. Ann Dvorak, movie actress (above) has found her long-lost father, Samuel McKim (below, left), a Florida orange grower. McKim proved his identity with pictures of Ann in her childhood. Upper left: The actress at the age of 4. Miss Dvorak had sought her father through newspaper appeals and finally discovered him in Philadelphia visiting one of his brothers. They are to meet soon in Hollywood.



THRILLS IN EARNING A LIVING. Joseph Le Moynham, noted rock climber, gives a demonstration to a party of climbers which he leads to an isolated pinnacle 300 feet above the ground during a perilous climb of the famous Cheddar Gorge. (This is another of a series of pictures appearing daily on the Picture Page depicting "Thrills in Earning a Living.")

I, FRED KOHLER Mount Auburn Elementary School Pupils Save Roosevelt Pictures

Forty Years of Cleveland Politics

BY N. R. HOWARD.

CHAPTER VII—A CALL FOR KOHLER.

"LONG JOHN" FARLEY, mayor of Cleveland, waved a summons to court to answer a petition for an injunction brought by an audacious and confident "club" proprietor, to keep policemen from visiting and bothering his perfectly law-abiding social organization.

"You've sent cops up there four or five times," thundered Farley at Superintendent of Police Corner, "and they haven't found a thing. But I know and you know that's a gambling house. What's the matter with your force? Tomorrow I'll have to go into court and some damn blackleg will make me admit we've never found anything wrong with Jones' joint. I don't like that. I said I'd run these gamblers out of town. By God, I'll do it. Haven't you got anybody that can show these fellows up?"

Supt. Corner said that of course there was nothing they could do about it. Not only did Kohler not go to the force was Lieut. Kohler, the well-known McKissonite. He hadn't wanted to give Kohler many missions of trust since Mayor Farley took office. "Tell Kohler," said Farley, "to go after those three gambling houses tonight that we've been getting most of our complaints about. Tell Kohler I don't care if he was for McKisson or Hanna or Farley if he shuts up those gambling places."

The roulette wheels were clicking away in the narrow building on Rockwell Street, back of the city.



Ocean block on Superior Avenue, and possibly the entrepreneurs and guests were getting a good laugh out of their injunction suit when, about 10:30 p. m., there came a crash.

Through the oak door leading into the gambling room came the business end of an ax; and while the petrified occupants of the room stared, the door fell in splinters and in marched Lieut. Kohler and seven policemen.

Zip! went the electric buttons, and roulette tables began to spin and disappear in the walls.

Give Me That Ax.

Kohler paid no attention. To his men he said: "Take your ax and go to work on that long mirror. You fellows, smash up all those gilt chairs. Here, give me that little ax. Go ahead, bust everything. See what you can do to that bar."

Smash! Crash! A \$200 mirror tinkled into ruin. More wheels and a section of mahogany bar shattered and fell on the floor. A policeman pried up a section of velvet carpeting, stuck his ax blade through it and ripped it into long ribbons.

The manager of the club, smacked in fury and fright, Kohler gave him a contemptuous push and he sat down in one of "those gilt chairs." When the wall fixtures and furniture were in wreckage Lieut. Kohler dug up the folding roulette wheels and smashed them beyond repair.

"You can't do that," cried the manager.

Kohler went on methodically chopping the legs off a dice table.

"You can't arrest us!"

"Save these for evidence," the lieutenant told a serpent, handing him pieces of a roulette dial, a handful of chips and two aces of spades. "Pull down these hangings! Punch those windows out!"

"Why, you little monkey-brained squarehead, I'm not going to arrest you. I'm only going to put you out of business!"

Twenty minutes and the Kohler squad had done an estimated \$1000 of damage. The policemen departed abruptly, without molesting anyone. The agonized gambler yelled after the lieutenant: "Well, ax me for this! We'll get even!"

Kohler turned, with the shadow of a mean smile on his lips.

"Sure, you will," he retorted. "Five us. Go down to the Court House tomorrow and tell the judge how we smashed up your nice, pretty gambling room. I'll meet you down there. I'll bring some of these pieces I hacked out of your cute little machine."

Promoted to Captain.

And that was the last of the evening—for how could a gambling club go into court with clean hands? Despair crept into the rage Lieut. Kohler left behind. He had two other missions that evening, and, although the "grapevine" of Kohler's swoop onto the Rockwell Street palace had reached the two other parlors, on Superior between Bond and Erie Streets, for which he was bound, it did not save them.

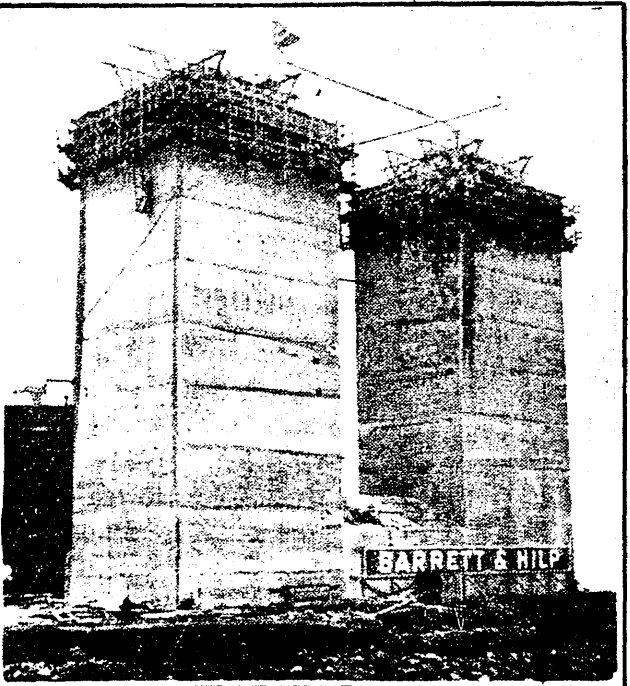
Kohler beat down their doors, uprooted their wheels and tables, and shattered everything. Joyous newspaper reporters and pedestrians joined his march, and loud headlines told the world next morning of "Kohler's Axes." The gambling clubs were more than defeated, they were stunned. They closed for a long time. No establishment could run the risk of wholesale demolition, and



FROM TUB TO FAME? Rachal Rose, washwoman, is writing a play. She hopes it will be a success so that she can give money to orphanages and old ladies' homes. The title of her current play is "The Golden Mother." Eugene O'Neill never wrote one quite like it.



GETTING AWAY FROM THE STRENUOUS LIFE. Dr. Alfred Hertz, symphony orchestra conductor, is vacationing at Palm Springs, Cal. He is shown with a group of film actresses. From left to right: Jeanette Loff, Jane Laurell and Renee Whitney.



BRIDGE PYLON. Towering over old Fort Point at San Francisco, pylon S-1 of the Golden Gate bridge has been concreted to a height of 101 feet, 43 per cent. of the height it will be when completed. The bridge is scheduled for completion in 1937.



TRAINING THE BRITISH FASCIST. Members of the British Union of Fascists, the political body headed by Sir Oswald Moseley, during a saber drill at their headquarters in Chelsea.



PICTURES OF THE PRESIDENT clipped from the series now running in the Plain Dealer are being used by dozens of schools. The 5-A class at Mount Auburn Elementary School, 10110 Mount Auburn Avenue S. E., is making scrapbooks. Left to right: Claire Schuler, Betty Grover, Robert Smith, Ethel Chervenock, Messina Hourmouzis and Elmer Lutz.



MAKES LONGEST JUMP. Carl Holstrom of the Bear Mountain Sports Association, photographed as he made the longest jump of 170 feet in the New York state amateur ski jumping championship at Salisbury Mills, N. Y.



Associated Press Photo.

SPRING IS COMING. It may seem the middle of winter to most of us, but the American university man is feeling the call of spring—and baseball. The Harvard University baseball squad is shown going through its first day of practice.



THRILLS IN EARNING A LIVING. Ugo Zaccchini risks his life every day earning a living. He allows himself to be shot out of a huge cannon. His body hurtles through space and finally lands in a net. (This is another of a series of pictures appearing daily on the Picture Page depicting "Thrills in Earning a Living.")



Wide World Photo.

HOW TO HIT "G" SHARP. Virginia Le Rae, coloratura soprano, clears her throat by eating a lemon. Miss Le Rae's top note is "G" sharp above high "C."

MARITIME TOUCH. A pair of crossed flags and a maritime touch to this beach costume, worn by Mrs. Gerald Brady of New York City at Miami Beach, Fla. The jersey slacks have white stripes down the sides.

Guess Again.

Can you complete the following proverbs and quotations on words and speech? Answers will be found in the Want Ad Section.

- 1—"One good word can warm—"
- 2—"The bond of society consists of—"
- 3—"As the life is, so is—"
- 4—"Make not my ear a stranger—"
- 5—"A wholesome tongue is a—"
- 6—"Nothing is more useful to a man than—"
- 7—"Choose him whose life and manner of speech—"
- 8—"With words—"
- 9—"As a man speaks—"
- 10—"Words are the only things—"

I, FRED KOHLER

Forty Years of Cleveland Politics

BY N. R. HOWARD.

CHAPTER VIII—TOM JOHNSON—NO GRAFT.

ONE of Fred Kohler's notable friendships in his captain days was with Edwin D. Barry, young Republican politician and hail-fellow about town who had come up through the Republican organization, was chief deputy in the sheriff's office in 1900 and 1902.

They were mutually drawn to political interests, the downtown night life, the abatement and pursuit of criminals and the sense of power and domination which comes from control of the city's busiest streets at all hours. They dined together, went to ball games and theaters together, killed time in the evenings with gossip about politics, recreation, social sidings.

Barry had less dash than Kohler, and a cooler head. Sometimes he was able to give Kohler information about the changing insides of Republican politics, sometimes some advice.

The young captain could be seen often with Gus Hartz, manager of the Opera House; at Hannan & McGlade's cafe talking with Jim McGlade, or at Penney's chatting with Frank Penney. Perhaps his most important political friend was Adolph Haas, the ubiquitous, good-natured Republican ward leader, soon to be county elections clerk and rapidly advancing to the general manager-ship of the Hanna city political interests.

The Plain Dealer political writer, an ex-Mansfield youth named W. B. Gongwer, was on good terms with the captain; and there was something about the gleam in Kohler's eyes or the proud way in which he carried himself that made all these friends and many others tell Kohler first whatever "news of the Right" they had picked up—fact or gossip about the street corners, the business houses, the bars over which the politicians hung, the clubs, the "tenderloin," or the homes of the mighty. Probably he also impelled confidences by his discretion.

Destiny Draus Near.

No closer-mouthed soul ever lived than Kohler, and no one who was more constantly on the move looking for information. It is safe to say the city never had a police captain who so steadily acquired information about his daily haunts, the downtown.

The fat man who was Kohler's destiny had returned to Cleveland in 1900 and early in 1901 indicated his readiness to enter the political field. Farley was prepared to step aside, although he held no brief for any successor; Farley's manager, Charles P. Salen, had made up his mind to cast his lot with Johnson; the Republicans were hopelessly divided, and the Republican candidate against Johnson, W. J. Akers, was at no time granted an even chance to win.

Capt. Kohler was philosophical. He had realized what was considered the top of the ladder, and a new and reportedly radical Democratic mayor could hardly take away any of his promotions; in nine years more, and at no very great age, he would be eligible for pension, and in nine years a police captain could make a great many influential friends.

Kohler supported Akers against Johnson, but hardly expected Akers to win. As most of the city did, he believed he recognized in Salen the coming stealer of Johnson and real boss of the administration. He knew Salen disliked him; Salen stood for greater leeway for the saloons because scores of influential saloon-keepers belonged to Salen's election day organization, and many of these publicans echoed Kohler's domineering, smashing tactics.

Johnson started the city by taking office 72 hours after his election on April 1, 1901. He was anxious to get the city business out of the Farley control. Four days later he called a confidential meeting of Police Superintendent Corner in his office in the old City Hall on Superior Avenue east of the postoffice.

"Graft Is Out."

"I have some general instructions for the police department, and I want to talk them over with you so there can be no misunderstanding," the new mayor began. "In the first place, graft is out, and raids are over." There was a chorus of murmurs.

"Don't misunderstand me," added Johnson. "I mean this: That never in my days as mayor will the police courts, the police, or the politicians prey on the houses of ill fame or the saloons for any revenues. There will be no more collections for the party or for individuals."

Johnson added that the gamblers "were to go," and he wanted them closed up and kept closed. As to the saloons, he said he believed that those which could run quietly out of their doors on Sundays with all front entrances tightly closed "ought not to be punished for it," but that saloons about which any complaints were made for violating hours should be closed up, for all hours, at once.

"I do not believe," he continued, "that the mayor or the police can legislate or otherwise induce the tenderloin to go out of business. My feeling is that the social evil, so-called, can be regulated strictly, not by closing its resorts but by laying down exact rules by which they may operate."

Guess Again.

Answers to these questions will be found in the Want Ad section.

- 1—How did Thomas A. Edison define genius?
- 2—What president of the United States was unmarried?
- 3—Which of Shakespeare's plays is the shortest?
- 4—Approximately how long is New York's famous Broadway?
- 5—How many articles are there in the federal Constitution in its original form?
- 6—Approximately, what is the maximum width of Lake Erie?
- 7—Who is mayor of Chicago?
- 8—In what season, winter or summer, does hair grow faster?
- 9—What is the title of the chief executive officer in India?
- 10—How many proper names are there in the Bible beginning with W?

soliciting; that the police can stop. There are to be no more wine rooms or saloons or bars in or adjacent to any vice resorts. A robbery or any other felony in a saloon or vice resort will be sufficient to cause that place to be shut up at once."

The chief and the captains seemed puzzled. Some one asked, "but we're not to raid them any more?" "You are not," said the mayor. "A raid is only one thing; a sign to everybody who knows anything about police work that somebody is being shaken down. No one is going to be shaken down any more."

Kohler Agrees.

"You're absolutely right, Mr. Mayor," said Capt. Kohler. "Well, you ought to know," said Mayor Johnson, with a smile. "Did any of your raids ever close any joint for good?"

"No," said Kohler. "We stopped some of the gamblers for quite a while. I hear some of them are coming back now." "I don't want them back," said Mayor Johnson. "Now, I'll tell you the way to close a place once and for all. No matter whether it's a saloon that's grown too dirty, or a house which won't give up its wine room, or a gambling joint, this will stop them all. Put a uniformed policeman in front of the place who is to stop every person entering the place and ask his name and his business there. Those things—whatever name and business the person chooses to give—the policeman writes in a notebook right then and there, before he lets the person enter. In a very few days, no one will be entering that place."

Johnson said he knew it would work because his father, as police chief of Louisville, had proved it would.

He asked for comment. The captains were silent, still puzzled. Chief Corner pulled bashfully at his gray mustache. Kohler exclaimed:

"I think you're absolutely right, Mr. Mayor. You'll regulate this town as it never has been. And there'll be no favorites?" "Absolutely not," the mayor replied. "You can send them that word if you wish, but they'll find it out to their own satisfaction very rapidly. One thing more: If you men or any other officers are doing any grafting, stop it now, because I'll surely discover it and when I do this city won't be large enough for you and me."

The police leaders trooped out. Capt. Kohler remained to ask two questions over which he had been brooding. The mayor answered them and added: "You seem to see what I am driving at. I don't think the rest quite believe I mean what I say. Good day."

Sent to the "Woods."

Within the week, Kohler had stationed two policemen in front of resorts bold enough to defy the new police edicts about discontinuing their wine rooms, and another in front of a suspected Prospect Avenue gambling joint. Less than two weeks later, tenants of all three places had moved, leaving word they were "starving." The policemen on guard had molested no visitors, but forced all to tell names, addresses and intentions; and though all the names given were obviously false it was apparent that the small ordeal was unpleasant enough to drive such patrons away forever.

Capt. Kohler was very much impressed with the wisdom of this new mayor. He knew what it was all about. One afternoon in the early autumn of 1901, however, came transfer orders for the police department. The very first order was that Capt. Kohler of the Central Precinct be sent to the Doan Street Precinct, farthest east of the city's stations—the "woods."

This somehow surprised Kohler; but perhaps it was inevitable, was all he concluded. Capt. Kohler was also ordered on night duty. Alas, the halcyon days were over.

Had he known it, a certain new and fat mayor was very much regretting this transfer. He revealed this to one of his closest friends.

"I know I'm making a mistake," Johnson said.

"Good Lord, Tom," said the friend. "We'll have enough to worry about saving you from the mistakes you won't know you're making without sympathizing with you about the mistakes you know you're committing."

"Well, I just ordered this Capt. Kohler out to the woods," explained Johnson. "He seems to me the smartest policeman we have. But I suppose I'm wrong. I am told by my very astute friends that he's a wild man, a trouble maker. He is the wickedest of the McKisson gang, and one of the greatest foes of our most valuable political allies. Fact is, I haven't much option—either I take the advice I'm given about Kohler, or I'll have to seem to throw down the men who are most jealous of guarding my political interests. But I rather liked this Kohler. He seemed to understand what I want to do—just sit there like a bump on a log."

Tomorrow: Commander-in-Chief.

Today's Horoscope.

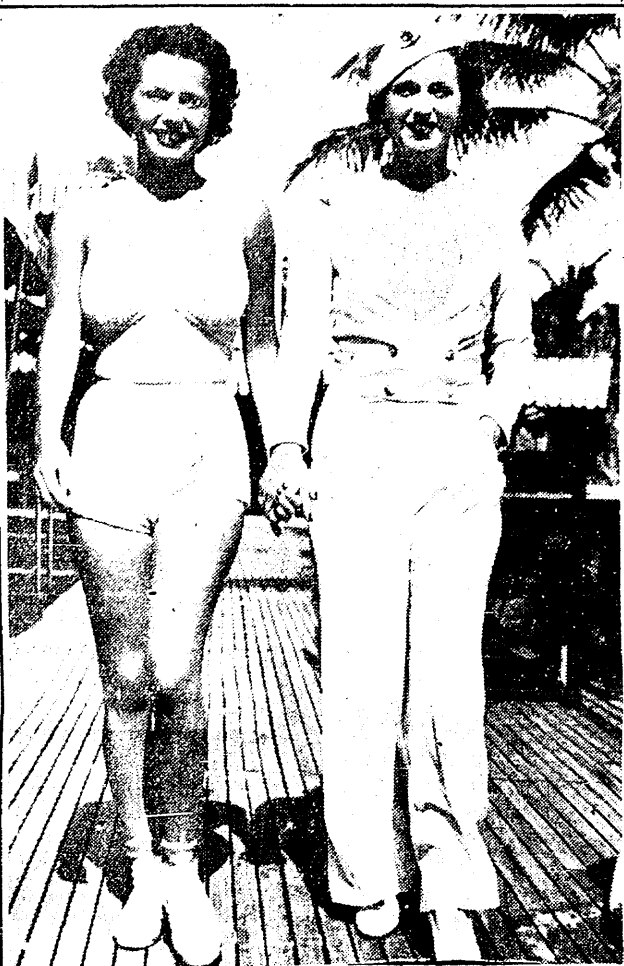
Friday, Feb. 9.

A decided and most gratifying turn of events is forecast by the dominant sway of today's governing planets. There is promise of a most surprising and even radical change, with promise of new environs, associations and interests, all of a most beneficial and far-reaching influence on the future destinies and fortunes. From all sources come help, friendly aid and influence, together with the solid comfort and co-operation that will tend to stabilize the bettered situation. But deal cautiously with mergers, rings, secret bodies and be alert to subtlety and craft.

Those whose birthday it is may look for a year of much constructive achievement, with radical changes of far-reaching effect on the future life and hopes. New environs and contacts, friendly aid of powerful influences in stabilizing the affairs and enhancing personal gratification. But be on guard against subtlety or secret enemies. It is a time for reaching for high goals with confidence. A child born on this day should be intelligent, capable, industrious and responsible, attracting attention and support from those in high places. (Copyright, 1934)



TOM L. JOHNSON PHOTOGRAPHED DURING HIS EARLY POLITICAL CAREER IN CLEVELAND.



MRS. HARRY GRABNER, wife of the Chicago White Sox secretary, and her daughter, June Grabner, photographed at Miami Beach, Fla., where they are enjoying a winter vacation.



BAGS SECOND LARGE BEAR. John Barrymore killed his second Kodiak bear, the weight of which was estimated at 2,500 pounds, on his recent trip to southeastern Alaska. Photo shows the film actor in his Beverly Hills (Cal.) home with his mount.



MAUREEN ORCUTT, noted golfer photographed as she drove off the first tee in the opening round of the women's golf tournament at Coral Gables, Fla. Hundreds of winter visitors watched. Mrs. Opal S. Hill of Kansas City, Mo., is the defending champion. Miss Orcutt won the qualifying round.



FREED. Edward G. Bremer, wealthy St. Paul banker who was kidnaped three weeks ago and held for \$200,000 ransom, was released by his abductors yesterday.



OLD MAN WINTER HERE. Top—Thomas Stevens (left) and Augustus Guenther of the Animal Protective League shown with Ol' Sergeant, which they rescued from the ice on Lake Erie yesterday. Bottom—I. Klein, restaurant proprietor, took this bird in when it fell at his doorstep, near death and covered with ice.



FOUR LEADING APPRENTICE RIDERS in the country who are thrilling the patrons of Hialeah Park at Miami. Left to right, Earl Porter, Allen Tipton, J. Hunter and E. Litzenger. Porter already this year has ridden 48 winners. Litzenger rode two winners yesterday. Kiltamond in the sixth race and Raccoon in the seventh race. Tipton had a winner in Off Duty, a 6 to 1 shot, in the third race.



THRILLS IN EARNING A LIVING. Richard Talmadge thrills spectators by "making a swan dive" from the top of a rapidly moving box car, across a flat car and onto the top of another box car. Picture shows him leaving the top of the first box car. (This is another of a series of pictures appearing daily on the Picture Page depicting "Thrills in Earning a Living.")