

FAMOUS OLD EUCLID AVENUE OF CLEVELAND

MOSES KELLY

Some of the Euclid homes were definitely equal to an estate, the house being built at the distance of a city block from the Avenue, with premises running back fractions of a mile.

Such was the home of Moses Kelly, noted lawyer of the days when Cleveland was in formation. Attorney Kelly and Judge Thomas Bolton bought the Giddings farm at the southwest corner of East 71st Street and their holding reached from Euclid Avenue to what is now Central Avenue, each with frontages of 300 to 400 feet.

Moses Kelly came to Cleveland, a graduate of Harvard College about 1830, and first took quarters in a hotel on the west side of the river, as a bachelor. Here he renewed his friendship with his classmate, Thomas Bolton, and the two formed a law partnership, built homes exactly alike, continuing their strong attachment throughout their lives.

On their property line they erected a commodious law office for suburban consideration of their cases and many a complex legal problem of import was untangled within its book-studded walls.

Moses Kelly married Jane Howe of New Haven, Conn., a sister of the famous historian of Ohio, Henry Howe. A son, Frank H. Kelly, as a very young man acting for the mayor of Cleveland, welcomed the first great Saengerfest to the city in a noted address. He afterward was elected president of the City Council, became a leading lawyer and judge.

ELLA GRANT WILSON

My life has been an impressive picture.

On entering a room I was to decorate, all the colors of that room would flash through my mind instantly. Curtains, rugs, furniture, wallpaper and all minor details. That immediate color vision was my secret for the success I attained as a decorative florist.

After the cyclone which destroyed the 80-foot brick chimney, burying my son under its debris and greatly damaging my greenhouse shed, I quit the nursery business—which up to that time had steadily been growing.

I moved to the East Side into the Wise building, near East 65th Street and opened a beautiful store. McNally and Doyle were my neighbors and we worked together in friendly harmony.

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Mrs. Ella Grant Wilson
Photo of an earlier date

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Store of Ella Grant Wilson

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My Store at 6402 Euclid Ave.

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I had leased the store for one year. At the end of that year Mr. Wise, its owner, walked into my store one morning and said, "I've rented this store, you will have to get out! Mr. Harry Lozier wants two stores so I have rented him this one."

"But, Mr. Wise," I protested, "I have paid my rent!"

"Can't help it—you've got to get out!"

I was heart-broken for I was just gaining a foothold in the new location and had intended to sign a three-year lease. Austin Company sent three carpenters to take down my \$3000 icebox—the finest florist refrigerator ever in the city. The men were thus engaged when Mr. Wise walked in. "You're taking down that molding that's attached to the wall!" he shouted.

"Oh! but that is connected with my large full-length mirror," I said.

"You leave that mirror here—it's attached to the wall," he commanded.

He wheeled around, struck me across the mouth—and marched out of the store.

I turned to the carpenters and said, "You saw that?"

They said they had. I commenced suit against Mr. Wise, but by some hocus pocus he went into court when I was not notified and got the case dismissed.

Harry Lozier, the new tenant, failed before a year was over and Wise sent four different real estate men to see me—to beg me to come back into the store—but I had had enough.

One of my friends said to me after the disastrous cyclone, "Mrs. Wilson, you have had more visitations of the Divine Providence than any person I have ever known."

True, I had at various times four hailstorms which wrecked my glass greenhouses, then that cyclone. To top it all off, white termites destroyed my buildings.

After these upsets I went to writing for a tradepaper, and soon was writing editorials. Later I became connected with a syndicate and was writing for four Chicago papers, four Detroit papers, four Buffalo papers, and three Cleveland papers.

My health gave way due to exertion. I discontinued my newspaper work and remained with the Cleveland Plain Dealer as Garden editor, where I wrote for eighteen years until my eyesight gave out and my daughter, Helen, took over the column.

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MYSELF

Many flashlights of memory are floating through my mind. I am standing in front of Charlie Irish's on 105th Street when the first city troop comes clattering down the incline.

In the center is a hearse and in that hearse is the body of Myron T. Herrick. They have received it from the 105th Street Station of the New York Central Railroad. They are now escorting it to the Chamber of Commerce where it will lie in state, and many Clevelanders will view for the last time Myron T. Herrick. I viewed him at the Chamber of Commerce, and dropped a rose into his casket—my tribute to an old-time friend.

A flashlight of memory crosses my mind of some of our old dances—Mr. Humphrey of the Spencerian School told me recently that he was a member of the old Germania Orchestra. Well I remember when they started up the old Blue Danube Waltz. I can see Mr. Herrick now, as a young man, coming across the floor in haste with his arms outstretched, saying, "This is our waltz," and we would float away to the strains of the Blue Danube Waltz.

It is a dreamy, gliding motion. It is not the hop, skip, and jump of the one-step, the two-step that they dance now. I cannot understand how they enjoy it. I have seen them sweat like troopers when dancing ordinary dances, and then being obliged to lay away their coats to get a breath of air.

The old dances—how they remind me of many happy times. The Thursday Evening Social Club which met for four years at Weisgerber's Hall was then a social center. Many young men were members of that club who afterward became prominent business men of Cleveland and had much to do with its business development. They were scattered in all departments of business.

Another flashlight of memory comes across my mind—the many years of association with Theodore Burton. He was connected with our family by marriage, and was president of our Grant Family Association while I was secretary which threw us together often. He was laid in state at the Public Auditorium.

Dreams! Dreams! Dreams!

Everyone has a dream before it is realized. Everyone hopes that the home will be a permanent one. But all the ups and downs that have already been enumerated are encountered and they have gone on, passed away before us. Dreams to make money,

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apartment houses, stores, buildings—all take an income to pay the expenses of that "home."

It is said that there are 68,000 homes, separate buildings, in Cleveland. Just think of the dreams that have already materialized! Many never get to the point of having their dreams realized, but these have been.

Dreams of "Famous Old Euclid Avenue"—like many dreams, they are evanescent.

I cannot go ten feet in either Lake View Cemetery, or Riverside, without seeing the name of some old friend or acquaintance. I had been meandering along the lawns of Lake View when I found an iron chair which some thoughtful person had placed there. I sat down and found that I was crying as the tears rolled down my cheeks for I saw name after name of some old, old friend—and I wondered how soon my time was coming for me to go to the eternal rest.

With this sad thought, I am leaving and saying, "Goodbye."



Mrs. Wilson in her own library with a few of her 600 scrapbooks.

Yours
Ella Grant Wilson

Famous
Old Euclid Avenue
of Cleveland, O.

—
ELLA GRANT WILSON

Volume II

FAMOUS OLD
EUCLID AVENUE

OF CLEVELAND, O.

VOLUME II

ELLA GRANT WILSON'S
RECOLLECTIONS OF
EUCLID AVENUE



ELLA GRANT WILSON, the Author, was born at Jersey City, N. J., of New England parents, who removed to Cleveland in 1860, locating at first in an old home at the northwest corner of what is now Prospect and E. 22nd street. Residing there but a short time, the family moved over to the corner of Franklin Avenue and State Street, on the West Side. Her recollections of those neighborhoods and of the stirring events that transpired during that period are the impressions of a child of the 'teen age. Later we find the home on the South Side, on Old Jennings Avenue (now W. 14th), and here we find her growing into womanhood and starting her career as a commercial florist. Passionately fond of flowers from childhood, what was more logical than for her to take up floriculture as her vocation.

Her association with one of the leading caterers of Cleveland soon brought her into contact with the prominent business men and the famous hosts and hostesses of the '70s, '80s, and '90s. She served them at their weddings, receptions, balls and musicales, and placed about their inanimate forms the last tokens of affection. Having charge of over 300 weddings, and over a thousand funerals, as well as other functions, gave her an intimate knowledge of the distinguished men and women who played a prominent part in that period.

After over forty years of this work, she became Garden Editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, known and loved by thousands of the garden growers and flower lovers of the Western Reserve.

A number of years ago, she started to write a series of stories of Old-Time Cleveland and Euclid Avenue. These stories have attracted considerable attention, especially among the old-timers, who lived in Cleveland during the period of which she writes.

Mrs. Wilson has received hundreds of letters from readers suggesting that these stories be preserved in book form. This is the second collection of Mrs. Wilson's stories selected by herself and her publishers.

In the book, the Author has been able to cover the events more fully than she was able to do in the newspaper articles, so even if you have read the articles, you will find new delights in anecdote, biography, history and geography, in these stories of Cleveland and Euclid Avenue.
