

FIGHT TO CONTROL BRIDGEPORT G. O. P.

Defeat of Behrens Said to Sound Death Knell of King Regime.

A. F. CONNOR REPUDIATED

William Bettenmeyer, Meriden G. O. P. Town Chairman, Tenders Resignation.

The Bridgeport Times-Star announces the death knell of the King machine of the republican party in that city when Mayor Behrens retired from office this week and his place as executive of the city was taken by Edward T. Buckingham, the democratic candidate who was recently elected by an overwhelming vote. The paper also announces that there will be a fight for the control of the local republican organization. It adds that the defeat of Mayor Behrens for re-election has been ascribed to the repudiation of the leadership of Arthur F. Connor who took over the leadership of the party during the absence of and continued in the position until Mr. King died. The Bridgeport paper does not make it clear that Mr. Connor will retire from the leadership of the republican forces. "But" it adds, "there are those who say that Mr. Connor must go." It significantly adds, however, that Mr. Connor has said he will go of his own accord and implied that he has no plans for immediate retirement. It may be reasonably inferred from what the Bridgeport paper says that it is quite possible Mr. Connor's private business will not leave him sufficient time to devote to the arduous work of leading the republican party in the second largest city of the state. In connection with the leadership it suggests that possibly the leadership may go to Edward L. Kelly, who is executive secretary to Governor Trumbull and who as tax attorney for the city under the so-called ripper law has admittedly been helpful to Tax Collector Howard Challenger in the collection of taxes under the law. It was Mr. Kelly that brought about the famous meeting in the Allyn house at which the change was made in the republican leadership in Bridgeport in the absence of Mr. King. There is no doubt that Mr. Kelly has shown a fitness for political leadership and that he has the confidence of Mr. Roraback, the republican state leader.

Some of the newspapers in Bridgeport seem to think there was something unusual in the good natured manner in which Mayor Behrens and those who were associated with him in the administration of local affairs of the city took their defeat at the recent election. Special attention was given to ceremonies of the inauguration of the democratic officials who took the place of Mayor Behrens and his political associates and the friendly manner in which the retiring and outgoing officials fraternized at the inaugural ceremonies seemed to be a surprise to some of the spectators. From the reports in some of the papers there did not seem to be anything unusual in the courtesies connected with the affair. Mayor Buckingham was affable and friendly to everyone and accepted the congratulations of political friends and the felicitations of partisan opponents as essential features of the occasion. After all the crowd of people—and it was unusually large—who attended showed the usual American way of accepting the results of an election. When the people pass on the suffrage nothing remains but to accept their decision. The republicans of Bridgeport showed the true sportsmanship which everyone likes when they accepted the decision of the electorate as final.

It was not until Charles A. Gates, of Willimantic, positively announced that he would not be a candidate for the republican nomination for another term in the office of mayor of that city that the republican city caucus decided to nominate Walter R. King for the position. Mr. King has served the state with credit and ability as an official in the office of the state treasurer and his voluntary retirement from his position at the capitol was regretted by the treasury department. Mr. Gates will continue in the office of sheriff.

According to an item printed in local papers in Bridgeport Mayor Buckingham has appointed Frank J. Quinlan, a well known newspaper reporter, to the position of executive secretary at a salary of \$5,000 a year. Mr. Quinlan's special work as a newspaperman has been connected with the city hall and Mayor Buckingham says he is peculiarly well qualified for his new position. The office was created by the board of aldermen at its recent meeting.

Colonel Robert O. Eaton, the collector of internal revenue, was recently the guest of political and personal friends at a dinner in the Hotel Bishop in New Haven. The dinner was informal and was given as an expression of friendship for Collector Eaton.

The Bristol Press says that the city of Waterbury has a deficit of \$326,000, which, it says, according to its contemporary, the Republican, calls for a special tax. The Press in its comment says: "There is abundant room for more economy, for more consideration of taxpayers, in all the cities of the acquaintance."

tion. At the session of 1909 he was the associate of the late Lyman T. Tingler in the representation of the town of Vernon in the house. At a subsequent session Mr. Tingler was lieutenant governor on the democratic ticket headed by the late Governor Simeon E. Baldwin. Mr. Forster also filled the responsible office of sheriff of Tolland county and for a number of terms he was mayor of the city of Rockville. In the many positions which he has filled in the public service, Mr. Forster has had the esteem and confidence of the electors. The republicans of Rockville nominated a particularly strong candidate to run against Mr. Forster when they placed in nomination Alderman A. E. Walte who has rendered efficient service as chairman of the public works committee and who is recognized as a useful and successful public servant. The city of Rockville is one of the small municipalities, its population being only in the neighborhood of nine thousand. It has been a well governed city and it is evident from the fact that both of the leading political parties have nominated candidates of experience and probity that whichever ticket is elected, the affairs of Tolland county's sole city will continue to be satisfactorily administered.

It is evident that the politicians of the two leading parties in Bridgeport have lost confidence in the old system of the check list as an indicator of the way which the electors voted at the recent municipal election.

The republican check list showed more red pencil marks than blue, indicating a large lead over the democrats, all of which, says the Times-Star, "proves again the check list is a thing of the past as an indication of the way in which the electors voted. At the presidential election Bridgeport was checked against the democratic candidate for president, but after that sweeping victory for Smith, the check lists were thrown to the four winds," says the Times-Star. At the local election on the same day in New Haven, the democratic organization was certain of success and their hope was predicated on the democratic check list. It is needless to say now that the list was entirely misleading as an indication of the way people would vote. It has been suggested that for city voting in centers of population it might be well if the political advice of the wisecracks was disregarded or their predictions taken at a substantial discount. After all party checks have no official standing and no one is responsible for their accuracy. Mind reading has not yet become a factor in voting and the vote still continues to be controlled by the voter himself. This statement is, however, made on the supposition that he does not relinquish control of his vote until he records it.

One of the first official acts of Mayor Buckingham of Bridgeport was to request Senator William A. Redden of the Twenty-second district, and who has represented the district at two sessions of the general assembly, to submit to him a report on the revision of the charter of the city which he was authorized to make under an act of the legislature some time since. It is understood that Senator Redden has replied to Mayor Buckingham's request by saying that he will submit a report to the board of aldermen at the latter's meeting on the first Monday in December. The matter has been in the hands of Senator Redden, who had the reputation of being a painstaking senator when he represented his senatorial district at the sessions of 1925 and 1927. There is a great deal of work connected with the revision of a city charter and there is nothing of a fault-finding nature in the request of Mayor Buckingham to indicate the need of urgency in submitting a report. The action of Mayor Buckingham is rather an indication of the policy to have the business of the city attended to without unnecessary delay. The charter of a city is fundamental law on which its entire business, including ordinances, is predicated. It is basic in its effect just as the constitution of the state is the foundation for the enactments of the general assembly. The people of Bridgeport are reasonably interested in the provisions of the charter of their city and Mayor Buckingham shares the interest of the taxpayers and others in the city's fundamental law.

Another Letter From a Bald-Headed Dad to a Flapper Daughter BY ROBERT QUILLEN.

My dear Louise: Your mother tells me you are weeping over your Latin and pleading for permission to drop it.

As I understand the situation and your argument, you can drop it this year and still get an A. B. degree by taking two years of Latin in college. And if that isn't possible, you are willing to accept a B. S. degree—since one diploma looks much like another and a "dip" is all you really care for.

I see through your argument, all right, and I'm very much afraid I see a little yellow streak beneath it. If you must have Latin one more year, you wish to postpone the ordeal as long as possible.

And you don't care how little you really know if you can run a bluff and make people think you are smart.

Well, Honey, your scheme might work if wounds left no scars. But you are acquiring habits now, as well as book learnin', and this plan you suggest indicates that you are beginning to form two of the worst habits ever invented. I can't let you do it, dear. You must not put off taking your medicine, and you must not be content with the appearance of worth.

As sure as gun is iron, these two habits will wreck your character and make you both weak and worthless. In years to come you will put off paying debts and making apologies and

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator. Written to CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work. Copyright, 1929, by The Hartford Times, Inc., Trustee.

NO. VI. A Friend Gently Chided.

Warner, one concludes from reading the letters, was not as good a correspondent as Hawley. Even thus early there was evidence of it. Hawley felt obliged, apparently, to take his friend slightly to task. A letter had come from Hawley's sister in which she relayed a message from Warner in tones which indicated the latter had taken some offense at failure to hear from his friend. "I have neglected to write to you on principle, Charley," Hawley wrote—"unless I am much mistaken you agreed to write first & then if Charley Warner is so anxious to hear from me why the devil can't he write and then he'll get an answer. Besides Charley isn't very busy and Joe is. Charley appears to be wandering about Cazenovia in term time—what does that mean. Don't tell me now that you've been getting into some diminitive fuss & are hung? Is it so? I have really felt very anxious to hear from you & from college. I wanted to know whether the boys had really been so very silly as to get into a row about the elections. . . . I thought perhaps some one would write without being written to. Of course they wouldn't. I have to begin it as I always have had to do. . . . You're a pretty fellow to send such a message to me. I've written now before you have and have always written first. But you haven't forgotten me that's true and in consideration of that fact however inconclusively shown I will write. . . . I don't care Charley if I have filled a page with this stuff. You needn't read it more than once and that won't take you long. Fact is this afternoon is the only one in the slightest degree idle I've allowed myself since I've been here. . . . My old friends have vanished and to finish the business I've come out here. I shall not see them (nor hear from them) . . . and actually I've been singing Miss Brown's beautiful song—

"Let thy voice be heard Through the dark pine grove And tell of the shadowy band."

half the afternoon with a sort of consciousness that somehow it fitted my case. But I don't feel so every day. Mr. Hooker has a splendid library, is a gentleman and has a large practice. There are two fine rooms with accommodations of all sorts of rockers, armchairs, lounge etc., saying nothing of a tremendous old black leather cushioned antiquated armchair made when the Pilgrims were. Every morning I walk in 3 miles or 3 1/2 according to my boarding places, getting here generally between 7 & 7 1/2 & leaving at 6 or 6 1/2 p. m. Of course I bring my dinner—as I don't know anybody. I don't go out of the office except to get water or go to the Post Office. Hooker is rich and gets what new books he wants and as we agree precisely in politics I don't know that I could be better suited. I don't complain at all nor find fault with Providence yet if my situation was to be improved I would barely suggest that the company of one real friend about my age would be a desirable addition to my comforts.

Hawley had much to write about. The Hawleys had settled in Farmington a century before and there were generations of them in its graveyard. Naturally enough the young law student visited the cemetery and searched the epitaphs on its stones. There were plenty of them including a namesake, Captain Joseph, his grandfather's great grandfather and it may be imagined with what pride the naturally high-spirited young man recounted his discovery to his friend.

The Macready Riots.

Hawley had taken advantage of his nearness to New York city to go there and visit the theaters, perhaps with some premonition of what he was to see. At any rate he had a most remarkable experience, witnessing the Macready riots at the Astor Place opera house. Macready was a noted English actor. His second trip to America in 1848 and 1849 attracted great attention. The partisans of Edwin Forrest, celebrated American actor, were jealous of Macready and resented his coming, besides which there was considerable anti-British feeling still existent. Macready was billed to play Macbeth on May 10, 1849. Before that date placards were mysteriously posted accusing the crew of a British steamer of taking a threatening attitude against any unfavorable manifestations directed at Macready

and calling upon New York citizens to stand by their lawful rights. Trouble obviously was brewing. Long before the time scheduled for the performance the streets were crowded with people. The whole of Astor Place and the street from Broadway to the Bowery were jammed by the mob. All available police were on hand. Two troops of cavalry and the Seventh regiment of infantry were held in readiness.

Within the theater itself was bedlam as the performance started. Hooting and cat calls drowned the voices of the actors. Brickbats from the outside bombarded windows which had been boarded against just such contingency. The mob outside stormed the doors and even broke into a room under a portion of the theater. The cavalry charged around the building. The troops were obliged to fire. When the struggle was over twenty-one had been killed and thirty-seven wounded.

Despite the tragedy Hawley revelled in the opportunity to have been a witness to it. He was thrilled by the excitement. His letter went on:

"Probably you never saw a regular wild ravenous mob, did you? You should have been there Charley—I mean at the Opera House Riot. It was a scene worth seeing. If you were here I should like to tell you a hundred things not worth writing. It was magnificent. I've always been wishing to see something of the kind & I made my calculations before leaving home to see it there. The confused deafening roar of the multitude, the crashing windows the witch scene in Macbeth in the darkened house with the stage full of singing witches & only once in a while a wild strain reaching your ears, the continually swelling excitement & finally the bright flashes like lightning & the heavy echoes among the buildings with the redoubled screams & yells, finally dying away & then when the blood cooled the sight of the dead men was worth going to New York to hear & see.

"When we heard the guns & when I stood on the steps & saw the flashes you can't imagine how I felt. Every nerve thrilled as at the blast of a trumpet. In a regular Indian bush dodging fight such as Cooper describes I don't know but I should be a coward but in a regular battle I should be insane. The mob was treated right just precisely right. It was really good—first-rate.

"Charley if you ever come near Burton's Theater when he's playing Donkey and fail to go I'll thrash you—I will by thunder. I cried, I laughed till I was weary. The part of Donkey was excellently played,\* but Capt Cuttle by Burton was above & beyond all praise. The other parts were not much though just well enough played to sustain the Capt. Do you remember where after hearing of Walter's safety Capt. Cuttle undertakes to break the news to Floy & suppose a case like Walters in which the boy is saved and at the end of his story Floy finds Walter at her side? When the Capt. begins—"Drowned, ain't he?" and then smokes a little—"Drowned!" "eh" "poor Walr" Oh Charley you should have seen Burton's face. I could have hugged him when he finished his story and as Floy was in "Walr's" arms undertook a hornpipe dashing his clay pipe to the floor. Read that part over again and imagine it with 500 times the effect upon you.

Finds Ancestral Stones.

"The other day I walked down to the old graveyard long since filled and among 20 or 30 Hawleys I found an old tombstone with this inscription.

Here lyeth ye body of Capt Joseph Hawley — he Dyed Nov 20th 1752 in ye 77th year of his age.

"Two other Joseph Hawleys of a later generation were buried there. The Capt. was my grandfather's great-grandfather. He came from Massachusetts. Hooker is a lineal descendant of the first minister in Conn., who came to Hartford with the first company of settlers. It is very doubtful whether I go to the Convention. You would exceedingly delight me if you should visit me when you come down. You can come by railroad from New York for \$2.50: to within a mile or so of my home or cheaper if you take steamboat. There's a Yale Psi U in our neighborhood an old playmate & second cousin—a good fellow. Will you write now?"

"Yours ever

"JOE HAWLEY."

"And so was Susan Nipper.

(Continued Monday.

NEW YORK LADIES DAY BY DAY BY O. O. M'INTYRE.

New York, Nov. 16.—Chinatown is only a shell of former opulence, but remains the most carefully policed section in New York. Time after time when Chinatown's gong fires seemed extinguished, they were found to be only smouldering.

Hatchet men and their allies with sawed-off shot guns would suddenly swarm from mysterious passageway and the crooked gray streets would run red. Then the carnage would dry up and disappear like a rain drop on a parched desert.

Even the most adroit "stool pigeons" have never been able to tip off an impending battle. One minute Chinatown seemed to nod in a dreamy escape from reality and the next it would ring with crescendo shouts of victors mingled with the groans of vanquished. Before the reserves arrived from the

formers as "hams." It is only a passing term that will wear itself out and is not applied venomously but slangily.

Some of the touchy should open newspaper columns morning mail and see what they are called. Yet they continue merry, bright and full of red ants.

A high kick dancing academy for ladies on Eighth avenue has this sign in a street window: "Gentlemen Will Not Look in Here." And I'll be dogged if I didn't have to climb upon a fire plug to see over the crowd.

Actors are turning to plastic surgery along with ladies of the stage. Before his long illness Raymond Hitchcock had a tuck taken in his face. Harry