

## BAY STATE FIGHT WAS BEGUN TODAY

Both Parties in Massachusetts  
Held Their Conventions  
in Boston Today.

### AN IMPORTANT CAMPAIGN

AN ENTIRE STATE TICKET WILL  
BE ELECTED AND THE LEGIS-  
LATURE WILL ELECT UNITED  
STATES SENATOR.

(American News Service.)

Boston, Mass., Oct. 6.—With the meetings of the state conventions of both parties in Boston today the political campaign in Massachusetts begins in earnest. An entire state ticket, both branches of the legislature, representatives in congress and numerous county officers are to be elected this fall. The legislature thus chosen will elect a United States senator to succeed Henry Cabot Lodge, whose term expires next March.

The democrats are entering upon the campaign with higher hopes of success than they have entertained in many years. These hopes were reflected in the scramble for the democratic gubernatorial nomination this year, whereas only a year ago difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable candidate who was willing to head the ticket.

Plans for a vigorous campaign have already been perfected by the democrats. They intend to make the fight on both national and state issues. They will charge the dominant party, justly or not, with responsibility through the tariff of the high cost of living. On state issues they will allege extravagance, for which there is claimed to be at least surface foundation.

#### Lodge Not Confident.

The republicans, on the other hand must overcome some serious handicaps if they win at the polls next month. That they realize the gravity of the situation is evidenced by the statements made by Senator Lodge and Governor Draper, who in recent public addresses declared that the republican ticket can win only with hard work.

The first fact that confronts the republican management at the outset of the campaign is that last year they elected their governor by a scant majority of 8,000 votes. Governor Draper received 190,000 votes and the democratic candidate, James H. Vahey, received 182,352. A glance at these figures shows that a very small loss in the republican vote, arising from the discontent of the voters with the tariff legislation or the resentment of the people over the high cost of living, would inevitably result in democratic victory. The personal unpopularity of Governor Draper, whom the republicans today nominated for a third term, is another handicap that must be overcome. Governor Draper, despite the admirable business like administration he has given, is not popular with the masses. He is anything but a "mixer" and is devoid of personal magnetism. Furthermore he has the bitter opposition of the labor unions.

The republican managers, however, can see some traces of a silver lining to the dark and ominous clouds looming upon the horizon. In the first place the party is able to present a united front. There is little or no evidence of organized insurgency in Massachusetts. So far as congress goes the delegation from this state bids fair to be unchanged in political complexion. Nor is Senator Lodge believed to be in any great danger of losing his seat. The contest for the governorship is thought to be the only one in which the result is in doubt and over which the republicans are undeniably much concerned. But by hard work, perfect organization and unremitting effort along practical lines they expect to overcome the untoward situation as regards the governorship, and the best judgment of careful observers in the republican ranks is that victory may yet be snatched from a situation that is far from promising.

#### His Pet.

Harker—Think I'll try to sell old Stuffer some pet dogs. Barker—Useless job. All he thinks about is eating. Harker—Harker—Hasn't any four legged friends, eh? Barker—Only one, and that's the dining room table.—Chicago News.

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## The Black Allotment

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

It was just after sunset one summer evening when first I saw the pit. We were returning home over the moors, Hollick and I, and the winding sheep track on which we walked led us through the Black Allotment—a wild, uncultivated stretch of land, covered with coarse bent, and strewn here and there with rugged boulders of rock. I noticed a strong wooden fence, built in a circle, and enclosing what at first I thought to be the mouth of an old shaft till Hollick told me otherwise.

"We call it the Black Pit," he said. "It's simply a huge hole in the earth, no one knows how deep. It may have been made by water centuries ago, or—who can tell?—it may have been made by some prehistoric mammoth forcing its way to the earth's surface, after having remained buried for thousands of years." Hollick was always a romantic fellow.

We crossed the low wooden fence, and, leaning forward, I peered into the inky blackness of the pit. From somewhere far below, muffled by the distance, came the gurgling swish of water. The mouth of the pit was almost round, and perhaps twenty feet in width. On one side there was a steep, sloping bank of loose stones; on the other the walls dropped perpendicularly from the level ground.

And this was the place Hollick led me to just after sunrise one morning, a year later.

"Well, what do you make of this?" he asked. I saw that the wooden fence that surrounded the hole was broken, and that the turf all around had been trampled down by the hoofs of cattle.

"It's the second night within a week that this has happened," he told me. "Four days ago, at sunrise, when I came this way, I found the fence broken and the grass trodden down all around, just as you see it now. I counted the cattle—there was one beast missing. She had evidently fallen into the pit. So I repaired the fence, and now—" he waved his hand and paused, as if his words would gain their full significance—"and now there is another beast missing!"

We smoked a pipe each in silence, and after that we repaired the fence, and fortified its weak places with heaps of stones.

That night found us both stretched in the long, sun-dried grass, close to the mouth of the pit, but we saw and heard nothing.

We watched during the night following, and during the night following that, but nothing happened. On the fourth night we went home to bed.

I slept with my window open and the sweet summer air fanning in my face. At midnight I awoke, wide awake, and found myself listening. The house was silent as a cave. I lay still, looking out of the window at the stars, and the distant hills bathed in the moonlight. And so, I suppose, I dropped off to sleep again, when the sound which had evidently caused me to waken a few minutes previous brought me back to consciousness with a jerk. It was the low of distant cattle, coming from the direction of the Black Allotment.

Slipping on my clothes I went out of the house, and made a bee-line for the pit.

On reaching the place I pulled up short, and stood staring. There, in the moonlight, closely grouped round the fence, with their necks extended towards the mouth of the hole, stood Hollick's herd of cattle.

The animals were looking dismally, as though the pit had some attraction for them, and they wished to get to it. As I approached, most of them never even looked in my direction.

I thought of Hollick; after all, it was his affair, so I set off at a run towards his house, and half an hour later we stood together at the mouth of the pit.

"They can smell something down there that they want," he remarked. We talked back and forth for a long time, then finally drove the beasts to the other end of the allotment and went home.

All went well till the end of August and it was then that by chance I happened to stumble across the key to the whole mystery.

I was strolling along the bank of the wide stream that flowed by Hollick's house. On one side of the stream was a high hill, to which the Black Allotment formed a tableland. The rocks rose up perpendicularly from the water on the allotment side, overshadowed by trees, and in many places inaccessible.

It was a wild little gully, only passable in summer time when the waters were low, and I doubt if more than three people a year passed that way. Presently I discovered a large cave, which ran off at a right angle towards the center of the Black Allotment. An underground river tumbled and swilled out of it, emptying itself into a still pool.

This set me thinking. Was the cave connected with the pit into which Hollick's cattle had fallen? Selecting a large log of wood from a spinney near by, I carried a cross on it, and making my way to the pit, threw the log down. Also I threw several armfuls of grass, tied up into bundles.

Twenty minutes later found me seated by the mouth of the cave and waiting patiently. But I had not long to wait; first of all the log of wood appeared, then, one after the other, the bundles of grass.

That night I hid myself by the mouth of the underground river down by the stream. Nothing happened, however, and every night for a week found me watching in the same place.

On the eighth night something did happen. The moon was brilliant and there was not a sound in the ravine, save of the steady ripple of the water. I had even ventured to light a pipe, and was trying to smoke it without making a smoke, when suddenly there sounded the sharp cracking of a twig, which, beyond doubt, was caused by a footfall.

For some seconds I heard no more,

then out of the shadows and into a ray of moonlight in front of me passed the dark figure of a man. He was a curious-looking individual. Over his head he wore a cloth; his sleeves were rolled up to his elbows; his baggy trousers were supported by a colored waistband.

Noislessly as a cat he moved, stooping forward in an attitude of stealth and watchfulness. Wading the stream he reached the mouth of the underground river, then sat himself down and waited. One hour, two hours, passed, during which he neither moved nor made a sound. At last he rose to his feet, and peered into the darkness of the cave. Whether his quick ears had caught some sound from within I cannot say, but he placed his fingers to his lips and whistled softly. In two or three minutes another gipsy appeared as though from nowhere, and the two began to converse in low guttural tones.

Then I saw something large and black roll sluggishly out from the mouth of the cave. The two men laid hold of it, and drew it to the side. It was the body of a dead cow.

I had a revolver with me, and I fired a shot into the air, just to let them know how things stood. At first they both showed fight, and it was no pleasant job marching them away, for I expected that other gypsies would be hiding somewhere near.

I believe they spent the remainder of the night in Hollick's cellar, but am not quite sure. On the following day they were taken charge of by the police.

The whole thing had been brought about so simply. When the gypsies were short of meat they had nothing to do but pollute the trough water in the Black Allotment with salt, and a fresh supply of meat was at their hands.

When the unfortunate cattle had drunk enough salt water to temporarily appease their thirst, and to satisfy their liking for salt, they had enough sense not to drink more. But after a few minutes sickness would come on, together with a maddening thirst that burnt their mouths, their throats, and their stomachs. They wanted fresh water, but there was no fresh water to be had, and the grass was burnt dry with the sun.

Down in the pit there was water, and plenty of it. They could hear it anning, they could smell it, but between the pit and them was the cumbersome obstacle men called a fence. Some of them in their madness, broke the fence down, and to them came comfort.

#### Amended It.

When King George was Prince of Wales one of his body servants was once trying to explain to Sir Arthur Biggs some incident that had taken place.

"Me and the prince"—he began, when Sir Arthur pulled him up. "You should say 'the prince and I,'" he observed. The man looked at him for a moment and then said: "I beg pardon, sir, but I did not know you were there at all. However, you and me and the prince."

Sir Arthur was compelled to laugh at this, and after another attempt to explain to the man how the story should be told, was content to let him tell it in his own fashion.—Pearson's Weekly.

#### The Test.

She—I doubt if you really love me. He—Why not, sweetheart? She—You never call me "little girl." Whereupon he got very busy, and she of six feet three inches cuddled down in his arms with a contented sigh.—Lippincott's.

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### THE WHITE WASH.

Its Presence on the Hudson Bay Company's Boat Explained.

It is or was a rule of the Hudson Bay company that no woman be allowed passage on its boats. One day some years ago as a steamer of the company neared one of the northernmost ports a string of white garments was seen stretched across the deck. The watchers were amazed, for to them the wash line suggested only the presence of a woman aboard the boat.

Comment was freely made of the scandal that would ensue and the shipmaster that would follow. When the boat docked the line of washing had disappeared—still another proof of the scandal.

Later one of the landmen said to the captain:

"Why, how did it happen that you carried a woman passenger this trip?"

"There was never a woman along the whole voyage," was the indignant answer. "What do you mean?"

"If there was no woman aboard where did all that white wash come from?" was the triumphant reply.

The captain looked puzzled for a moment, and then he laughed. "Oh," he said, "and didn't we have Lord Strathcona, the governor himself, along with us on this trip? And every day doesn't he insist on having his clean white shirt, no matter how far north we are? That's the white wash you saw strung along deck. And, what's more, doesn't his lordship insist upon having his London paper laid beside his plate every morning, no matter if it is a year old?"—Pearson's.

### A MASTER OF METAPHOR.

It Must Have Relieved Him to Get This Out of His System.

A water consumer in a certain city, whose supply had been turned off because he wouldn't pay, wrote to the department as follows:

"In the matter of shutting off the water on unpaid bills your company is fast becoming a regular crystallized Russian bureaucracy, running in a groove and deaf to the appeals of reform. There is no use of your trying to impugn the verity of this indictment by shaking your official heads in the teeth of your own deeds.

"If you will persist in this kind of thing, widespread conflagration of the populace will be so imminent that it will require only a spark to let loose the dogs of war in our midst. Will you persist in hurling the cornerstone of our personal liberty to your wolfish hounds of collectors thirsting for its blood? If you persist the first thing you know you will have the chariot of a justly indignant revolution rolling along in our midst and gnashing its teeth as it rolls.

"If your rascally collectors are permitted to continue coming to our doors with unblushing footsteps, with cloaks of hypocritical compunction in their mouths, and compel payment from your patrons this policy will result in cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg until you have pumped it dry, and then farewell, a long farewell, to our vaunted prosperity."—Everybody's.

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## WILL BOOST TRADE SHE WEDS NAVY MAN

Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 6.—The annual convention of the National Association of Commercial Executives met in this city today for a two days' session. President Woodworth Cham of Rochester called the gathering to order this morning. Foreign trade will form the leading subject of discussion tomorrow, when addresses will be delivered by visitors from several Canadian cities and from Mexico, Porto Rico and several countries of South America. Applications for next year's convention of the association have been received from Portland, Ore., Lincoln, Neb., Macon, Ga., Atlantic City and Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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