

THAT GENIUS AGAIN.

The present weep of the *Star* about the bad gang and its lachrymose attitude over the "corrupt" city government—fee grabbers and such—which it helped to elect, is a spectacle to make a fish smile. When the JOURNAL was doing all it could to beat the combine that now reigns supreme over city, county and *Star*, as well, this was the tune the evening twinkler played:

"THE BOGIE MAN—As the stranded smuggler in the burlesque conjures up the bogie man to terrify the ignorant cannibals of the island, and as the patient maid in the nursery invokes the same august and mysterious being to frighten the restless child into silence, so the organ of the Davenport Republicans summons an intangible bug-a-boo which it calls the 'combine' to scare the people into voting against Cowherd, and the Davenport organ seems to be of the opinion that the voters of Kansas City can be frightened as easily as superstitious savages or children in the cradle."

Now people who see the *Star* making an eye-wiper of its coat-sleeve over the wickedness of this combine would hardly think it possible that the above are its words. But they were less than a year ago—or, to be definite, March 31, 1892, but here is more richness from the same article:

"Is there a combine? If it is the work of a combine which has brought about the present popular movement for improved city government and progressive methods, then in the language of one of the speakers at the Cowherd meeting 'God bless the combine.'"

Now the combine did just what the JOURNAL said it would do, that the *Star* knew it would do, and only failed in what the *Star* expected it to do. There are no parks opened on Brush creek, Warwick avenue sleeps with other dead in Union cemetery, and the *Star* wants the combine changed—so it can put more bonuses, royalties and boodle in its pocket. The only good service we ever knew the combine to do was to go back on the expectations of the *Star*. Now that the conspirators against the taxpayers have parted company, it is only one step in retribution to see the chief hoodler of the gang get the first dose. The combine never pretended to be anything but what it is—a conspiracy to support a political ring from the taxation of Kansas City property, and fees. The *Star* pretended to be a friend of the people, and stood in with them—

the worst, morally, of the two. And so in the order of retribution it comes first. The other will follow just as soon as the people and the JOURNAL can again get at them. Will the *Star* be good enough to point out where the question of circulation fits into this case? It is only crying because the "God bless it" combine didn't divide as it ought to have done after such help as we have quoted above. The farce always comes after the tragedy, and these tears of the *Star* are the very salt of the humorous.