

**UNDER
SUSPICION.**

The recalcitrant editor of the Madison Mail will be remembered as the very effective chairman of the populist national convention who cast aside all rules for the government of such bodies, and seemingly by main strength forced the populists to endorse a ticket upon which they had no acknowledged candidate; throwing aside their own patriots, relegating to the rear the initiative and referendum, government ownership of all sorts of things, two per cent money and other principles for which the pioneer populists contended. It is this same Allen who now asserts that there is no affinity between the two parties, and warns the so-called democracy not to "undertake to dissolve and absorb" the party of Jerry Simpson, Bill Dech, Bill McKeighan, Jake Wolfe and the other Bills, Jakes and Jerrys who have fought, sweated and been defeated in the name of all that is populist. Has this versatile statesman, journalist and campaigner experienced a sudden change of heart, or is he the tame steer sent out to ingratiate himself with the mavericks and ultimately lead them by easy stages and sundry devious windings into the Commonocratic corral in time for the fall round-up? Perhaps he is sincere; perhaps he really intends to remove the ring from the nose of populism and leave its former master to hold both ends of the rope, but the past acts of this new champion of middle-of-the-road-ism give rise to a strong suspicion that he is posing for a purpose. Later on the whip will crack and shoulders will be galled, but it will be too late then to do more than bellow and sweat and form resolutions as to what will be done "next time."

GREED AGAIN.

The anti-trust law recently enacted by the Illinois legislature has already been declared invalid by the United States supreme court because it contains an exception clause intended to exempt farm products from the conditions of the act. This is the usual fate of such legislation, the trouble being that those upright and virtuous legislators who frame the laws always conscientiously attend to it that every branch of industry is forbidden to consolidate, excepting those in which a majority of the members of the assembly happen to be engaged. Then it is only a question of time when the matter will reach the courts, and in due course of events down will come a decision that the law is antagonistic to the provision of the constitution which guarantees to all equal rights under the law. So consistently incon-

sistent are the representatives of the people in this respect, that it is well nigh impossible for the citizens of any state to select from their number men who will push through an effective anti-trust law; yet these legislators and their constituents—who no doubt have a voice in the construction of the law—never fail to join in a mighty chorus of invective against the judge who arrives at the only conclusion ever left open to him: that the industry which has the greatest representation in the assembly is seeking to impose restrictions upon less favored industries, which it is by no means willing to have applied to itself, which defect robs the law of its virility, and proves the axiom: "Greediness bursts the bag."

**ANOTHER KAN-
SAS CRAZE.**

Ever since Blue Lodges in the South and Beecher Bible Rifle societies in New England entered the territory of Kansas to struggle for African slavery on the one hand and universal freedom on the other, that part of Uncle Sam's domain has been in a constant succession of tumultuous hysterics. It had bled and indulged in various civil convulsions to attract the attention of the older states up to 1860, when it went wild over a drouth, and it shrieked and begged for food and finances all over the United States. Since then it has indulged in prohibition, populism, Mary Ellen Leaseism, and Carrie Nation Hatchetism; and now it has developed a Boy Orator of five weeks of age, at Harper in that state. This leaves the adolescent Demosthenes of the Platte in the rear by some forty years and easily wins the belt for juvenile declamation. This infant phenomenon began talking when three weeks of age, and now, at five weeks, it continues to reiterate the lugubrious prophecy: "Six years of famine in Kansas!" The prophecies of Bryanarchy made in 1896 and 1900 are as gopher hills to the Rocky Mountains, when compared to the famine forecasts of the Peerless Infant of Kansas. Hundreds have crowded the home of his father, John Shelby, of Harper, who is a laboring man, to hear the eloquent baby make his forecasts. This infant is a rival to Bryan for the nomination to the presidency in 1904 by all of the followers of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms.

LUXURY.

As has been said in this journal the line of division between the classes in Mexico is drawn sharply; one has everything that he wants; the other nothing that he wants. While the poor peon is teach-

ing the world, and incidentally his family, how very little a person may subsist upon, we glance at the hotel bill of a party traveling in Mexico:

Lodging 3 days (2 rooms).....	\$ 96.00
Restaurant and wines.....	120.80
Express.....	9.50
Stove.....	1.25
Tailor.....	2.25
Lost his nose glasses.....	11.00
Mineral water.....	1.00

	\$211.80

Other expenses which we are unable to decipher, and which were probably not intended to be deciphered, bring the grand total up to \$270.96 and adding to this the livery bill of \$190 the total expense of being on earth for three days in the city of Mexico, and seeing the city exactly as an American city would be seen, \$460.96.

Meanwhile the peon, whose sole earthly possessions are about 30 cents worth of clothing and a game rooster or two, surrounds himself with his half-fed family, and alternately roasts at midday and freezes at midnight. But we hear you ask why these high prices do not aid the peon? The answer is perfectly easy to understand; high prices do not aid the peon, simply because he has nothing to sell, and quite probably never will have. The rich bankers, dealing in silver exactly as in this country men deal in wheat, skin the poor man to the bone and scrape the bone. Once down, there is absolutely no chance for him to regain his feet.

**WORRIED
BRITONS.**

The continued failure of British strategy in South Africa is certainly endangering the supremacy of the present ministry, and only the characteristic tenacity of the Briton has enabled him to countenance the continuation of a struggle so expensive in men and means, and so monotonously unsuccessful. The Irish are evidently restless, and there is ground for real apprehension that unless there is a change for the better in South African affairs, within a short time, the peasantry will have to be dealt with. Meanwhile the reports from the front recall the good old Quaker minister who, after marrying a couple, remarked to the proud groom: "Friend, thou art at the end of thy troubles." The newly-wedded man having shortly discovered that his wife was a regular vixen, reminded the minister of the failure of his prophecy only to be told: "Verily, I said not which end." So when the end of the Boer war is said to be in sight, it is always pertinent to enquire, "which end?"