

## THE OCCULT.

Below my conscious self full deep,  
Springs gush forth, streams onwards flow;  
At times so rapid, then so slow;  
Still, a mystic course they keep.

On either side the banks are high,  
Tangled weeds hide much from view,  
The fitful murmurs scarce pass through,  
Mists and clouds obscure the sky.

Though I may strive to catch a sight  
Of the movements and their source,  
Elusive ever is their course;  
Darkness reigns; the need is light.

And when, at last, my active hour  
Feels the impact of these streams,  
My pride is great, to me it seems,  
I, myself, produce the power.

And so, I think that I am free,  
This to take and that refuse,  
Exactly doing what I choose;  
Proof of conscious liberty.

But, Nature rules us; though we share  
With all things her priceless aid,—  
Strict bounds and metes for us are made;  
Occult force is everywhere.

—PROF. E. EMERSON.

The erudite and  
**SILVER AND WHISKEY.** excessively modest  
Constantine J. Smyth

—born Smith—

who formerly exhausted his intellectual energies, as Attorney General of Nebraska, in fighting, smashing, pulverizing and annihilating trusts, is now indulging the public with autobiographic sketches of his luminous legal career. But he never tells why no trusts were assaulted by him, although the law was the same when he entered as when he left office, until the campaign of 1900 was getting under way.

Everybody knows that Oldham, Smyth & Co. began their litigation against the Standard Oil and the Argo-Starch Company of Nebraska City with the hope, expectation and purpose of influencing votes towards the ticket of political mavericks which they supported. Even at Syracuse, in Otoe county, Oldham declared, and his words were stenographed by a CONSERVATIVE reporter, that these suits, if persisted in, would be worth ten thousand votes. His subsequent bets on the election made at Tekama, may have been based on that faith.

However, neither Oldham, Bryan nor Smyth saw fit to proceed against the

Silver Smelter trust, whose principal plant and officials, were, and are yet, located at Omaha. Silver was so sacred in the sixteen-to-one creed that violation of law in its behalf was deemed heroic patriotism. Silver is a stimulant, a nerve-tonic for decadent mental powers and an inspiration to that statesmanship which is altogether vocal and never practical. Without silver and the agitation in favor of its unlimited coinage at 16 to 1, the world would have missed a thousand tons of speeches and several car-loads of pamphlets, first battles and prophecies.

As an excitant to brace-up modest neophytes in statesmanship to the supreme exaltation of Prophecy, Silver has demonstrated itself without an equal.

The distilling company of America, commonly called "the Whiskey Trust,"

is made up of the  
Whiskey. Monarch distillery,

the Great Western, the Atlas, of Peoria, Illinois; the Globe, Pekin, Illinois; the American, Pekin; the Majestic, Terra Haute, Indiana; and the Her, of Omaha. The Smyth-Bryan-Oldham syndicate of smashers knew this, and yet made no effort against this combine whatever. Whiskey and silver, it seems, were the two popular stimulants upon which these great and good patriots depended for mental alertness among the masses. Silver and whiskey administered in right proportions strengthened Bryanarchy and all the vagaries that word implies whenever administered by a hypnotic prophet. Silver, with free coinage, and whiskey, with sugar, animated the campaigners to a frenzied zeal not unlike that which moved the witch burners of New England to do duty, as they saw it—by destroying all who declined their religion or creed. Had J. Ham Lewis & Co. in their missionary discourses at Nebraska City September 26, 1900, declared against the Silver Trust and Whiskey Trust instead of against Standard Oil and Starch, they might have produced other results. The Omaha World-Herald, supreme organ of populism in Nebraska—and inducted to that exalted position by the twice nominated presidential candidate of the National Populist party—recognized silver always as the life-essence of Populism, and for years has prescribed it for all political ailments, comes out in its issue of Saturday, January 4th, quite clearly for whiskey as a twin cure-all. In telling of an Omaha banquet it declares that Hon. De Armond, one of the speakers, has taken the prescription by saying "he attached his fortunes to old Missouri early enough in life to have thoroughly imbibed that pure and unadulterated—for which he is famous." In Colorado silver, in Kentucky and Missouri whiskey saves and stimulates that statesmanship which alone can preserve populism and perpetuate its illusions, delusions, fusions and confusions.

Charles E. Bessey,  
**FORAGE PLANTS.** of the University  
of Nebraska, is well known as an efficient and reliable professor of botany. His name and fame are a pride to the commonwealth. He has just made the fifteenth annual report of the Botanist of the State Board of Agriculture.

In it on page 109, he calls attention to the stock growing interests and con-

trasts them, as to valuable results, with the crop planting interests in the western part of Nebraska. He lucidly shows the wealth concealed in the wild grasses of Nebraska which are being destroyed by unremunerative tillage for crops, and by over-pasturage by cattle.

We quote:

"The wild grasses are disappearing, not only on account of the cultivation of the soil, but also on account of too heavy and injudicious pasturing. It seems to have been taken for granted that because the wild grasses were here from time immemorial without any indication that they might ever 'wear out,' there was no danger of our injuring them by allowing stock to run over them in great numbers during all seasons and under all conditions. We know very well that a field of cultivated grass will not stand such treatment, but apparently we have not thought that it would make any difference with the pastures of Nature's sowing. We have been as profligate in our treatment of the natural pastures, as our fathers were of the great forests of the Atlantic states. Here, as there, man acted as if that which Nature planted was unworthy of being preserved. There our fathers found the ground covered with forests, which if properly cared for would have yielded untold wealth for ages to come, but blind to the future they ruthlessly destroyed what should have been left as a priceless heritage for their children. The wealth, which it took centuries to grow, was burned to give place to the pittance which the farmer now gets from soil robbed of its forests. The old tragedy of Eden has been enacted over again. As man was put into the garden 'to dress it, and to keep it,' so ought he to have interpreted his work in the great garden of forest trees. He was not to destroy it, he was to dress it and keep it. But he destroyed it, and again as in the old tragedy the ground is cursed for his sake, yea, it is cursed by man himself, through his own actions, and today in all that desolated land of former forests, but now of forests destroyed, it is true, as of old, that in sorrow man eats of the produce of the ground, that it brings forth thorns and thistles, and that all his life he is doomed to sweating toil to earn his daily bread.

"We were not placed in an Eden of trees, but in a garden of sweet grasses and brilliant flowers, a garden in which roamed and fed tens of thousands of wild creatures. We ought to have listened to the command, 'to dress, and to keep it.' We ought to have improved these wild pastures so that they might have yielded many fold what they did before we cared for them. But, like our fathers in the great forests, we destroyed what Nature gave us, and now verily we often eat in sorrow of the produce of the ground.

"We upon the plains can see the blind