

Written for *The Conservative*:

ANCESTRAL HOMES.

(On the Home Centennial of Hon. W. W. Grout, of Vermont.)

Men greet you on your century-tilled soil
With old good will, as even now I greet.
Hallowed to you be all the care and toil
Which sanctify the sod beneath your feet.
With honest hands, clean hearts, and useful
lives
Your sires through years of this long cen-
tury
Have tilled this ground. Still mated to their
wives
They "rest in peace." How better could it
be?

But ah, the ancient vista for your eyes,
As through the long-drawn century you gaze
From consummations of toil's prophecies
To toil's prophetic morning! In the haze
Of that far time your blood was pioneer;
Some vim in your hand smote the forest
low,
And smoothed the plain, till year by sunny
year
Home grew into and out of your blood's
flow—

The blood of your race homing in this earth,
And grafting Freedom upon Law for root,
And founding in the wilderness a hearth
And roof-tree sheltering immortal fruit.
An Age, and Opportunity, produce
Thus the prepartico to templed fame,
That slowly thus is heralded the use
To men, from deeds that grow around a
name.

Your acres broad—what memories they hold,
Unseen to eyes not of the spirit born,
Till all their sands gleam with affection's gold.
And there is halo on the tasseling corn.
And sounds subdued, heard in the twilight
dim,
That from some unseen Where unbidden
come,
Are they the ghosts of evening prayer or
hymn?
For nothing nearer Heaven may be than
Home.

And nearest, that for which our fathers toiled,
Wherein our mothers crooned us to our rest;
Which we returning seek, world-battle-solled,
As the sure shelter of a nurturing breast.
Our feet in footprints press freshly removed,
Of our own lineage and cherished race.
To live, to die, homed so with those we loved
Is still to hold in time our dwelling place.

Who loves not well the earth, earth loves him
not.
Who loves her, she will nourish that he grow.
Man still is Nature's child, to earth begot,
And life is vainest to the herd that know
Not this their mother. This the lesson is,
Taught by home-rooted generations long;
And history guards the names and memories
Of toil-nursed sons of statecraft and of song.

—ALMONT BARNES.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 10, 1901.

THE GOVERNMENT AT THE EXPOSITIONS.

Ex-Secretary J. Sterling Morton, who holds old-fashioned views regarding the functions of government, protests strongly in his paper, the *Conservative*, against the activity of the federal government in the show, or exposition, business. As "a Mrs. Jarley, with wax-works on exhibition," the government has become well-nigh a continuous performer, for the expositions multiply, the local demand for the presence of Mrs. Jarley is insistent, and congress-

men are led to support the appropriation, which, as in the case of the coming St. Louis exposition, serves also to employ several of them passing to the retired list with salaries of \$5000 for quite a term of years.

That the business is becoming an extravagance and abuse will admit of little question. Most of the states have already been tired out and retired from the game. At first they responded quite generally to the calls from this and that exposition for a state building investment. But at Buffalo the six New England states joined in a common building, and few of the other commonwealths are represented—Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota and Maryland being the exceptions. It constitutes a drain upon the public purse which is becoming too continuous for pleasure, particularly in view of the growing recognition of the fact that the exposition is largely a local boom project.

But the United States government must keep on, evidently, and there is something to say in favor of its participation in these demonstrations, provided some reasonable limitation is drawn as to frequency and the size and character of the performance. The government's exhibit, setting forth the nature of its functions and the extent of its activities, is interesting to everybody and acquaints the people with what their government is doing. That they are entitled to this knowledge is, of course, true, though it by no means follows that the government must go to them with the information in embodied form, instead of their going to the government at its established seat. But when the call is for \$500,000 of the public money this year, thus to inform the people, and for \$1,000,000 next year, and \$5,000,000 the next, the "waxworks" business is plainly being overdone.

Those who have followed the government's exhibit through a round of expositions from Chicago to Atlanta, to Nashville, to Omaha and now to Buffalo—cannot but have noticed the relative growth in importance of the military and naval features of the demonstration. From the beginning these were apt to overshadow such peacefully interesting and instructive settings-forth, as in the ethnological, geological and other sections of this character, along with the exposition of the government's work in the fisheries and the postal, life-saving, river and harbor and other civil services. But at Buffalo the war feature is more conspicuous by far than ever before—and private manufacturers of arms and war equipment and supplies of all kinds have added largely to this display in adjoining buildings. In point of space taken up the war exhibit forms more than one-half of the government's whole exhibit, and in point of manifested popular interest it consti-

tutes nearly the whole show. More models of war ships are here displayed than have been seen together before outside of Washington. More than one-half the new navy is thus represented, and in duplicate nearly all. The display of weapons, both army and navy, is profuse and extends out into the surrounding yard where the heavier ordnance, mounted around sample sections of fortifications and on carriages in the open field, entertain the people. Mrs. Jarley has here provided an extra display, for, passing by the traditional military figures setting forth changes in uniforms by periods of time, the crowd is able to turn from a sight of the new navy with true models of its 13-inch and smaller guns, to a scenic representation of the deck of a man-of-war where, in most impressive grandeur, stands the admiral of the navy, surrounded by rear-admirals, captains, commanders, lieutenants, ensigns, gunners, etc., each in his proper uniform.

The pomp and glory of war is certainly set forth most attractively and abundantly, and war also as a chief function and activity of government. The military spirit of the nation will suffer nothing by all this. That the government is true to the life of things in making war a greater feature than ever of its later exposition displays will have to be admitted. It is well that the people should know what their government is and what it is doing; but the reasonableness of expending large sums from the public treasury to keep in pretty constant motion among the people, in response to local boom demands, a wax and wood embodiment of informing facts about the government, is decidedly open to question.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

REMINISCENT.

We remember when J. Sterling Morton and Dr. Miller were the Democratic party of Nebraska. One wrote Democracy upon the tripod and the other preached democracy at the hustings. When the state was hopelessly republican, J. Sterling Morton accepted the nominations for Congress and Governor with alacrity. He knew he was leading a forlorn hope, but he smilingly faced the music and lustily spouted for "free trade and sailors' rights."

Recognized.

His ability and faithfulness were recognized and rewarded with a cabinet position, which he filled with credit to himself and the entire nation. But the new democracy—the fusion spoils hunters, "who would rather be president than be right," have no place in their smoky wigwags for Miller and Morton.

Antique Equines.

These worthies have been discarded and have been turned out, like broken down canal horses, to browse upon the