

VALUES EAST AND WEST.

An advertisement which appeared in The Boston Herald of September 24, 1898, would seem to disprove the statement of the Western calamity howlers that farm lands in the East are valued higher than Western farm lands. Here is a sample of the high-priced, plutocratic farm land of Massachusetts:

"Old age, feeble health and loss of wife forces sale of 110-acre farm, 8 miles to one of the leading cities of central Massachusetts, accessible to Boston, everything included, 2 cows, horse, 2 hogs, vehicles, harnesses, farming tools, crops, hay, 2 years' supply of cut wood, carpets, beds, chairs, tables, crockery, sewing machine, personal property in first-class shape, possession given in 48 hours, 25 acres of mowing and tillage, keeps 8 cows and team, balance pasture and woodland, 200 barrels of apples some seasons, cranberries, 8-room house, painted and blinded, carriage house connected, well shaded, neat as wax, almost new barn, 38x50, clapboarded and painted, cupola, cellar under whole, shop 12x18, henhouse, with yards, milk comes to Boston, 1 mile to churches, station, stores, etc., \$2,000, \$1000 down, balance at 5 per cent.; see photo at office.

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WHY DO WE DO IT?

In the last number of the THE CONSERVATIVE, comment was made on Mr. Kipling's having elected to display the death's-head at Queen Victoria's jubilee feast, and to predict, in the only literary monument of the occasion worthy of being read twice, the downfall of her empire. It would have occurred to the chief speaker of no other people, perhaps, to look on the dark side on so remarkable an occasion; and it is a curious subject of speculation, whether it is not characteristic of us as a race to take just this gloomy view of the end of things, where other men would be rejoicing in the sunshine of today.

We would like to call attention to the manifestations of this spirit in the most conspicuous remains which have come down to us of our forefather's ideas.

The mythology of our Scandinavian ancestors had the usual run of gods and goddesses (only not so disreputable as most), but was unique among all mythologies in this; that it foretold the death of them all, telling how, on the great day of Twilight, that should have no morrow, they were to go out together, knowing that they were to die, to battle with the Fenris-wolf and the Midgard-serpent.

The early Germans had one epic poem, the Lay of the Nibelungs. In it the cheerful element is withdrawn early in the story, upon the death of the youthful hero, Sifrid; but the poem continues, uninterrupted, until the last of its characters sinks in murky and revengeful slaughter after forty years.

In Great Britain proper, there have been three great popular heroes told of from one generation to another; Fin, son of Cumhal, who was Irish; King

Arthur, who was Welsh; and Robin Hood, who from his association with archery would seem to have been a Celtic hero too. Possibly Satan, who had his highest development at Milton's hands, may have been a fourth. At any rate they all came to mournful ends. In the Ossian poems, Fin and the heroes are all long since dead, and the story is told by a blind old bard, who weeps for them all as he sings their deeds. At the end of the Arthur legends the queen and Lancelot are dead, the king conveyed away with his mortal wound, no one knows whither, and all the fellowship of the Round Table are likewise dead or turned hermits, and no one is left on the stage to promise that the curtain will rise again. Tennyson, who changed much of the story, left the close as he found it, only making the gloom if anything more intense. And Robin Hood dies in our sight, with only one man of his powerful band by him, and is buried "with a green sod under his head and another at his feet, and his bent bow by his side."

Another peculiarity, very noticeable in the Celtic heroes, is the disrespect with which they are ordinarily handled. Although the central figures of the poems which treat of them, it is only in great crises that their dignity shows forth; at other times they are continually represented in unbecoming or ridiculous attitudes. Fin is revengeful, but is always browbeaten out of his revenge by the younger heroes; he is always getting into scrapes, from which they have to extricate him. Arthur is systematically deceived, and willingly, it would seem, on very tender points; and seldom appears in action throughout the greater part of the story, only sitting up in the balcony and saying "O mercy, Jesu," as his knights win worship on each other's persons in the tournament. And Robin Hood is constantly getting lambasted with his own weapons by passing strangers, so that John has to come and help him away.

No other people is like that; to ridicule our immortal heroes, and then to kill them, that we may mourn for them; but that is the way we are made. As our fathers thought so we think, and we can't help ourselves.

CHEERING WORDS. The Reverend Jenkin

Lloyd Jones kindly cheers THE CONSERVATIVE onward with the following characteristic language. Mr. Jones is such an italicized individuality that he can be unlike everybody but himself; and he is as earnest and as honest and as altruistic as any toiler for the betterment of mankind:

* * * "Now the last thing I am doing before starting back for my work is to look over again the pages of THE CONSERVATIVE. The last letter I shall dictate is to you to tell you how creditable a venture it is; that such a paper as this should be started in what

was a half century ago marked the Great American Desert is one of the astounding things and if you can secure a sustaining constituency, it will be still more astounding. I who have been an editor for twenty years, know what it means. The only comment that comes to my mind as I turn over these pages, as I have many a time, is that it is too good to live. I doubt if such an effort could be sustained in Chicago. I hope it can be in Nebraska. I do not congratulate you, for your own labors and your own rewards are obvious, but I congratulate the people who are to receive this weekly visitor. The handsome typography of it is manifest, but the balanced wisdom, the breadth of sympathy, the radicalism that handles this CONSERVATIVE challenge my admiration. Above all I admire the 'deliberate patriotism,' to use your own phrase, which insists on the intellectual element in our love of country and the sustaining quality in our patriotism.

"I hope you will put The New Unity on your exchange list. As soon as I return to the city I shall order it sent to you. My work of editing will be lightened with such an exchange upon my table, for although I am suspected of radicalism I find myself in close sympathy with the purpose and spirit of your paper.

"Wishing a long life to THE CONSERVATIVE and health and strength to you who must shape and sustain it, and hoping for a better acquaintance, I am

Very fraternally yours,
JENKIN LLOYD JONES."

COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

The interview between Dr. Geo. L. Miller of Omaha

and Colonel Roosevelt of the Rough Riders, at Oyster Bay, on September 26, wherein the former invited the latter to attend the great exposition at Omaha, was distinguished by a most agreeable interchange of courtesies between Western and Eastern representative men. Doctor Miller exceeded himself in presenting the values of the lands of Nebraska and Colonel Roosevelt was convinced that Nebraska real estate is the best security in the world upon which to loan money, the best soil to till, and that Nebraska skies are the best to live under.

The French newspapers have something of a blue look in discussing the Russian suggestion of international disarmament. The French don't want to disarm until they have got Alsace and Lorraine back, and seem to think that that day would be further off than ever if they were to disband their army. The *Matin* says "satisfied nations may beat their swords into plowshares, but France is not satisfied. What with the Germans in Alsace-Lorraine, the English in Egypt, and the loss of French influence in the East, we would be a second-rate power if we disarmed." But really, after 1898, what position, above the second rate, will there be for any nation that does not speak English? Always allowing for "the Slav who has done nothing yet."