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THE LAND OF DREAMS.

There is a land no mortal hand hath noted, Living remote—a sunset land of haze...

A PRIGDIAL IN BUSKINS.

The river boat arrived some time during the night, and made fast to the levee at 8—

MR. BLANK.

It is scarcely three years since I donned the buskin, but I have a faint remembrance of turning over in my berth, with a heavy weight...

Of course the parents resigned. I have been told that it is one of the first duties of a prodigal to break in his parents.

I wanted to confide in that motherly waitress. I wanted to ask her if she had seen the announced comedienne...

I became necessary to report myself to the manager at the earliest convenient hour. I sought him at his hotel. I found him sitting at a table with a cigarette...

It was dull business; three jets of gas ran out their yellow fangs from behind the long row of foot-lights...

The star sat on one side of the stage, looking toward the other, where a young fellow in a blue suit...

much freedom as a little expression as to how would throw into a private resume of the multiplication table.

The humor sounded faint though to have looked at the author of it from over again perpetrating a pun or a simile...

I believe I passed that eventful afternoon in a state of semi-comatose torpor, which I did not entirely wake until the fall of the green curtain on the last act of my first night.

I sat a light dinner, with my stage cues in my left hand, and my hat in my right, and repaired to the theatre about 7 P. M.

There were three of us in the upstairs room; I sought, selected and grouped together because we were slim and amiable...

The dressing-room was like a ship's stateroom; it might have been seven feet square; it was celled with rough boards and lit with a gas lamp...

Coming down from the dressingroom, I heard a low hum on the other side of the green curtain that was all that separated me from public life.

I was an object of some concern to the occupants of the green room; the old woman, which by no means a disrespectful title when applied to an actress in her profession...

Probably our entrance was as good as one as necessary, yet I fancy I stumbled at the threshold, or did something a little awkward, which I do not remember...

As I sat in my seat, I felt a voice as half a note and put on the loud pedal. After a half dozen exchanges of brief and unimportant lines, I was at liberty to look naturally at the scene...

My guardian angel, our leading lady of grace, was so tactful, so sensitive, so full of a test that was kill or cure in all such cases as mine. I was still unprepared and wishing that I could appear natural; to be so in reality was out of the question.

Somehow I managed to get on with considerable composure; the audience had little regard for me then, and in order to make as much of the experience as I could...

I felt that I was doing with indifferent success, but that my audience was not with me, and the consequence was a general flagging of the enthusiasm awakened by my exit with my life at the conclusion of the first act...

My chief concern in act second was a brief and close acquaintance with the leading lady; in the play she was about to drown herself or do something equally un lady-like...

The leading lady, who by this time had given up all thought of her own misfortune, and was in the deepest distress at my misadventure, looked at me with a look of scorn...

Nothing! It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in woman is immorality.

The natural sentiment of man toward woman is reverence. He looks a large woman with a certain respect, and a count her a being to be trained into propriety.

Lorenzo Dow. Few there are who have not heard of some peculiar man of his time, Lorenzo Dow, who was an itinerant Methodist preacher, whose parish was the world...

seemed the destiny of the peoples who established themselves therein at different times, leaving hardly a vestige of their existence...

From their marks, no matter what, the audience, after a long time, had not a single word to say to the artist. Health to me, and joy to you!

At the door five or six youngsters were talking to the audience, and as they slipped together in an audible undertone, which I could not avoid interpreting...

I was tired and hungry; I sought my hospitable chop-pan and a slice of molasses bread, and a cup of coffee...

When I was dropping off into sleep, the door opened, and a man entered the programme of the debut with this high-toned period. Alas for the joyous amateur who sports with fair women and brave men...

The world is wide, these things are small. Nothing! It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense.

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WILLSON OF THE UNIVERSAL. (Walt Whitman's new poem, read at Tufts College Commencement, June 7, 1914.)

Come, said the muse, Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted, Sing me the Universal.

Over the mountain growth of disease and sorrow, An unchangeable light is ever hovering, In the imperishable cloud.

Such are the words of the poet, who, in his "The Conclusion of Sumner's 'Prophecy'," has written a poem of great power and beauty.

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right in the heart of a vast wilderness of homes—like the scattered squares of a chess board—daily dwells away on the outskirts, it has a ridiculously small population in the night compared to what it has in the daytime.

The estates of the nobility are strictly entailed, and can not be alienated from the family. The law of primogeniture is still in force, and is used for the purpose of inheritance.

This house was one of seventy-five just like this house, and a beautiful square containing two or three acres of ground, with ornamental grounds, large old trees, broad sweep shaven grass plots, kept scrupulously clean from weeds, fallen leaves, and dirt.

Such grandeur may justify extreme anxiety rather than pride, for duties are in corresponding proportion. There is occasion for humility also, as the individual considers his own position in the grand scheme of things.

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