THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE.

To the gates of Dawn, how gladly
Would the graybeads all go back,
And, among the little children
For a while forget the rack!
How their purblind eyes would brighten,
How their hearts with joy would heave,
Could they once again be dwellers
In the Land of Make Believe!

O, what treasures that a Croesus
Had amassed can equal those
That before the gaze of childhood
As by magic once arose?
All are rich if but they will be
All possess what they perceive
To life's largess there's no limit
In the Land of Make Believe!

What a land it is to live in
Where a palace is a shed
As a hovel where the loftiest
May with giant strides journey
Highest blanket the lowly knows
elee-

How the flying years forsook
The spell of their swift dwellings
In the Land of Make Believe!

Wit vs. Wine.

Papa, alone, the girl found on
children. From [illegible]
[illegible]
good [illegible]

"Let her go, papa. I'm getting in
trouble about [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] I suppose, about the
the state of K [illegible] and
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]