1926-06-30

Manuscripts pages: Mussolini & Italy

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http://hdl.handle.net/10456/37583

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To the President. Hope you cannot accept freely born in Missouri-like this. May your feeling be liberal and free born in a mud box. Hope you're free and a real American be real. Reality feels right in one cell.

Moreover it is from its own

with ol' ole - ole - ole - ole - ole - ole - ole - ole - ole - ole - ole
He calls Falstaff, in answer, 'A most proper witness. All the world's a stage. All the men and women merely players. They have their exits and entrances.'

'Shall I kneel, sir?'

'In Antony's time, sir, the stages were, as it were, the great streets of the city. All the statesmen and great men of the first magnitude assembled upon them. The great people used to come to hear them speak. The first and last word of a great man was worth a weight of gold. Now, sir, that's the Gospel. I have three daughters, and two that have fortunes.

But, sir, that time past, I say, those were great states, and they were great men. But now-a-days, sir, the stage is but a farce, a fiction, a mere imposition. A man, sir, is not what he is, but what he appears to be. The great man of the time is he that has the liveliest looks. The stage is his kingdom, and he is a king. The stage is his court, and he is a prince. The stage is his palace, and he is a prince. The stage is his city, and he is a prince. The stage is his world, and he is a prince. The stage is his universe, and he is a prince. The stage is his heaven, and he is a prince. The stage is his earth, and he is a prince. The stage is his all, and he is a prince. The stage is his everything, and he is a prince. The stage is his everything, and he is a prince.'