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THE POPULAR ARTS IN AMERICA

CULTURE

MASS

BY LESLIE A. PLEDE

THE MIDDLE AGES: BOTH ENDS
As a matter of fact, this charge is scarcely ever planted with much con-

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The weather at last has broken the gloomy glass. The sun now shines upon the unclouded sky. The world is bright and clear. The trees are green and the flowers bloom. The birds sing sweetly and the children play. The air is fresh and invigorating. The day is perfect.

Oh, how I wish I could see my beloved again. Her sweet face, her kind words, her gentle touch. I long to be with her, to hold her close. But distance and time have separated us. Yet I hold on to the hope that one day we will meet again.

I have been thinking of her often, of all the times we spent together. The memories are bittersweet, a mix of joy and sorrow. Yet they are precious and I treasure them dearly. I know she will always be in my heart.

I wish I could tell her how much I love her, how much I miss her. But words fail me, and I am too afraid to express my feelings. So I keep them hidden, deep inside me.

But I know she feels the same way. I can see it in her eyes, the way she looks at me. And I know that someday, somehow, we will be together again.

The sun sets and the world fades into darkness. But in my heart, I know that love will never die. For love is a force that cannot be extinguished, no matter how far apart we are.
The Middle-Aged Man Ends

The man with the benign expression of youth is seen of war.

I have no words to describe the scene. It is as if the world has come to a standstill, as if time has paused in its tracks. The man is standing in the middle of a field, surrounded by nothing but the vast expanse of the sky. His face is calm, his expression unreadable. It is as if he is in a dream, or perhaps in another world altogether.

The man is dressed in simple clothing, a shirt and trousers, and his hair is gray. He is not young, but he is not old either. He is at that age where life is both a body and a spirit, where time seems to move in slow motion.

The man looks around, as if searching for something. His gaze is directed towards the horizon, as if he is trying to see something that is not there. He is lost in his thoughts, lost in himself.

The world around him is still. There is no wind, no sound, no movement. It is as if the whole universe has stopped to listen to his silent thoughts.

The man takes a deep breath, as if to take in the air of this strange place. He closes his eyes, and for a moment, it seems as if he is in a trance.

When he opens his eyes again, the world is the same. The man is still standing in the middle of the field, lost in his thoughts, lost in the world around him.

The man smiles, and for a moment, it seems as if the world around him is smiling with him. Then he walks away, leaving nothing but his thoughts and the memory of his visit to this strange place.
The Middle Eastern scene ends with a question: had the high-minded and sophisticated Westerners been so blind to the true nature of the conflict? Why did they fail to see what was really happening? Why did they remain so deaf to the cries of the suffering? Why did they remain so blind to the needs of the people? The question remains unanswered...