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Confession of a Girl Graduate A Story For Commencement By EDITH V. ROSS

When I was a little girl there was a boy in the high school of whom great things in a scholarly way were expected. He not only stood first in his class, but showed an originality that astonished the teachers. Alan Broadwell was his name, and at the time I first heard of him and his remarkable brain he was fifteen years old. His was then prepared to go to college, but his father would not permit him to go until he was two years older. I was then thirteen, the age when a girl throws away her doll and begins to aspire to things less childlike and more womanlike. I had two brothers, Tom and Jim—Tom a year older than Alan, and Jim a year younger. One May morning, when I was sitting on the porch reading a romance, Alan Broadwell came in at the gate and asked if Tom was at home. I told him that Tom was in the house and I would go and find him. That was all that was required of me. Alan wouldn't bestow a thought on me for a companion, and yet.



"I PUT MY HANDBOOK UP TO MY EYES," though I was a child to him, he was a good deal to me—a tall, handsome, intellectual boy—and I would have given a year of my life for a single word or even look indicating his slightest interest in me. When Alan was graduated at college he was made assistant professor of English literature at his alma mater. The university was a co-ed institution, and when I became twenty I entered for a degree. My brother Tom had gone far away, and Professor Broadwell, who was just entering upon his duties as an instructor, was not aware that there was such a person as myself among the students. I did not make myself known to him, and I had so changed that he did not recognize me. When my class reached a point where we were required to write essays we handed them in for inspection and correction to him. If there was a facility for anything in my dull brain it was for scribbling. At school my compositions always received the highest mark. When I wrote my first essay as a college student I took especial pains with it—pains in two ways, the one to treat my subject as well as possible, the other to make a lot of errors in the construction of sentences. In explanation of this I will say that students go to college for different purposes. Usually they go to get an education. Some go to have a good time. I went for the purpose of emulating Professor Broadwell. By making the substance of my essay good I would attract his attention. By putting in a great many errors I was likely to have them pointed out to me by the professor. A few days after handing in my production I was asked to remain after lecture, and when the class had gone out I went up to the professor's desk. He took up my essay and said to me: "Miss Brown, you have a gift for writing, and it is a pity that your education in grammar and construction of sentences should be so deficient." He opened my manuscript, and it was a sight to behold. There were innumerable scratches, pothooks, P's with the tops turned the wrong way—to mark new paragraphs—words inter-

lined here and there with little triangles under them. Indeed, the whole essay looked as if a daddy longlegs had waded through pool of ink, then strolled over the paper. "One of the first rules of rhetoric," the professor went on, "is that the opening paragraph should be pointed and not too long. It should catch the attention of the reader and direct it toward what is to follow. I would divide your first paragraph here." And he put the tip of his pencil on one of his P's with the wrong side foremost. "I also observe," he continued, "that in a number of instances you have ended a sentence with a preposition, which is inadvisable. I would recommend you to learn the difference between 'shall' and 'will.' You have invariably used them incorrectly." "I can't." "Oh, yes, you can. It's very simple when you once catch the idea." He went on to explain it to me, using the familiar illustration of the man in the water who intended to shout "No, one will save me; I shall drown," but said instead "No one shall save me; I will drown." Then he gave me the grammatical rule for it all, and when he had finished, if I were drowning and should act in accordance with my understanding of his explanation, I would certainly forbid any one to help me. But I didn't tell him so. I simply looked as if it were all clear to me. He was certainly very kind to give me all this information, and if I had had any conscience I should have been ashamed of myself that nine-tenths of it was unnecessary, I having made the errors on purpose. I thanked him at the end of his instructions and said that I would profit by them, which was deceptive, for I intended to make other mistakes in my next essay that would bring about a similar interview. And so I did. On the second occasion of my being called upon to remain after lecture for instruction the professor complimented me even more highly on my handling of my subject than before, but he seemed to be much distressed on my deficiency of handling the English language. "You confuse the verbs 'to lie' and 'to lay,'" he said, "the one meaning to recline, the other to place some thing." He gave me the grammatical construction, then asked me to give him an example. I said, "I would have lain the book on the table."

It WILL PREVENT ULCERATED THROAT.—At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflammation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Add a little sugar to it to make it palatable. It will allay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swelling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quinsy have made themselves immune to attack.

LUCKY YOUNGSTERS. Some of Britain's Little Heirs to Vast Tracts of Land.

Who is the luckiest youngster in Britain? Examination of the peerage reveals many interesting cases of boys of tender years who will one day inherit vast riches, estates, and great family honors, the most fortunate, perhaps, being the five-year-old Earl of Arundel and Surrey, the son of the Duke of Norfolk, who is heir to both his father's and mother's estates. The Duke of Norfolk owns 50,000 acres in some of the fairest English counties, his rent roll exceeding a quarter of a million a year, while the Duchess of Norfolk—Baroness Herries in her own right—owns 18,900 acres. The duke is one of London's great landowners, owning a considerable slice of the southeast side of the Strand, and according to a competent authority, the rent roll of this land a couple of decades ago was \$52,000. New buildings in Norfolk and Surrey streets have immeasurably augmented the rent roll, which has probably increased threefold in value. A year previous to the birth of the Earl of Arundel and Surrey a son was born to the Marquis of Bute, "the unheralded king of Cardiff," as he has been called, whose father left the enormous fortune of £6,000,000. His son and heir, the Earl of Dumfries, a bright little youngster of six years of age, will inherit vast estates which cover 117,000 acres, in addition to many titles. Lord Bute is the wealthiest peer in Scotland, although he does not possess quite so many acres as the Earl of Dalhousie, who came into the title, an income of over £50,000 a year, and about 138,000 acres of land, when a boy of nine. His son and heir is Lord Ramsay, who was born in 1904. Two more instances of vast fortunes which will descend to lucky youngsters, not only from their fathers, but also from their mothers, are afforded by the cases of the Marquis of Blandford, son of the Duke of Marlborough, who is now sixteen years of age, and Viscount Mandeville, son of the Duke of Manchester, who was born eleven years ago. The Duke of Manchester owns some 70,000 acres of land, and is also possessor of four country residences, two in England and two in Ireland. His wife, Miss Helena Zimmern, daughter of an American railway magnate, whom he married in 1909, brought much wealth to the Manchester family. With two exceptions the Duke of Marlborough is the smallest of dual landowners. He possesses about 26,500 acres of land, the revenue being given at £35,000. Quite a number of heirs to large estates were born in 1894, the same year as the Prince of Wales, and such names as Lord Whitechapel, grandson and heir, after his father, to the duke-don't, Butechapel, Queensbury, occur to one readily, says The Ladies' Field. The duke is easily the biggest landlord in Britain. He owns 460,000 acres, mostly in Scotland, and much of it is barren land. The Earl of Hillsborough, born in 1894, son of the Marquis of Downshire, will inherit some day 120,000 acres. A great many acres of his future property are in Ireland and some in Berkshire.

I blush now, years after I was slinging at this degree, at the devices, the expedients, to which I resorted. During the period that I was handing in essays to Professor Broadwell I continued a pretended obtuseness at his instructions that they might be repeated over and over again. I put off telling him that I was the sister of his boy chum, that I had acted the part of messenger for him when I was a little girl and that during his visits to Tom had never once looked at or spoken to me except as he would to a child. One day Tom came from his faraway home and visited me at college. He had lost track of Broadwell, but, faking up a college bulletin, saw his name among those of the faculty. "Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "My old friend Alan Broadwell is here as assistant professor of English literature." "Is he?" I said indifferently. He ran away to find his chum, and that evening I was introduced to the professor as Tom's sister. There was real surprise expressed by the professor and shame expressed by me. By this time I had made a different impression upon my victim from that of a child, and from that time I was treated with the additional consideration of Tom's

sister. I became under the professor's instruction proficient in the use of the English language and gave him credit for having infused a knowledge of the subject into my dull brain. When my college career came to an end I told Professor Broadwell that I should rely on him for advice with regard to my commencement oration. It was not that I wished to make a creditable exit from the university on taking my degree, but that I might take that other degree of M. A. L. before leaving him a prey to other women, and I was quite sure that I could bring him to a proposal while consulting with him upon the subject matter of my oration. It required half a dozen consultations to enable me to select a subject, half a dozen more to decide upon its treatment and a couple of dozen more to consider changes in the text after it had been written. The evening before commencement we were sitting side by side, my manuscript before us. There were no interjections, no pothooks, no crased P's, for the production was finished and ready for the next day's use. The professor, instead of making a pothook with his pen on the manuscript, made one with his arm around my waist. Then I was happy, for I knew that in addition to the degree of B. A. that the press would hand me on the morrow I had attained that of M. A. L., so much nearer to my heart.

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