

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT WINS \$4000 SCHOLARSHIP BY TURNING ROAD-BUILDING ESSAY INTO FICTION

Karl G. Pearson, 17-Year-Old Prodigy, Leads in Competition With 250,000 Other Pupils

HOLDS MANY MEDALS EARNED BY TRIUMPHS

Washington Pupil Turned Prosaic Subject Into Colorful and Interesting Story

WHEN a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pearson in the little college town of Hillsburg, Kan., the neighbors said: "Well, if there's anything to be said, he ought to amount to something. He's got a good start."

For E. H. Pearson was professor of English in Hillsburg College, one of the best schools of the smaller educational institutions in the Middle West and a man of high scholastic attainments. Likewise, Mrs. Pearson, who, like her husband, was of Swedish extraction, was a woman of strong character and devoted to her family interests.

Both were artistic and vigorous, physically and intellectually. So Karl G. Pearson, as the son was named, received a good start in life in his physical, mental and spiritual endowments.

As the years passed the family life was a happy one. The boy was strong and vigorous. Environment, that was in his favor, for the home was a home of peace, and in his father's private library were some 1500 volumes, chiefly in the field of English literature. To these the son had access and of them he made full use. He read prodigiously, not as a duty, but because there in the library his boy's head interests centered.

When the neighbors learned that at seven he had read all of Shakespeare's plays, they indeed said: "Just what we thought. It's in the blood!"

The years passed. The boy grew tall, strong, and intelligent. His experiences were varied. He was a member of the National Education Association and had won many medals for his essays.

Wins in Competition With 250,000 Others
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Autobiography Tells Story of His Life
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Karl G. Pearson, whose essay won \$4000 university scholarship

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Government Functions Among His Studies
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Hasn't Yet Decided College He'll Attend
He has been a member of the National Education Association and has won many medals for his essays.

Son of Kansas Professor Had Read All Shakespeare's Plays Before the Age of Seven

SERIOUSNESS BOY'S CHARACTERISTIC

Success Entitles Him to Four-Year Course at Any College of His Selection

It should be said that Pearson is in Washington by virtue of the appointment of his father two years ago as a specialist in foreign education in the Bureau of Education.

And now for the story of the prize-winning essay, which isn't an essay at all, but a narrative into which have been compressed elements of history, economics and that always-welcome quality known as "human interest."

First of all, one of the requirements was that the essay should not exceed 700 words in length. The subject was assigned to all competitors alike.

Pearson's essay was chosen for the scholarship award by a process of elimination. The three best from each high school in the United States and territorial possessions were submitted either to the State university or other State authorities in charge of the contest. There the "winning out" was continued until an agreement was reached on the best essay written by any student in the State. Then the essays of these winners, some of whom received State awards, were sent on to the Highway Education Board in Washington, which assigned to the three national judges the task of deciding and of saying, "This one, of all, is the best."

Made Facts Interesting and Won Scholarship
In commenting on the selection of Pearson's essay, George Horace Lorimer, one of the judges, said:

"I feel that, all factors considered, the essay by Karl G. Pearson is the best of the series. The obvious facts that are stressed in all the essays are, in this one, presented in a more interesting fashion. It shows less outside influence and more originality."

How was it done? Where did Pearson "get the idea"? What led him to tell of the value of good roads in narrative form?

The student smiled. "The essays had to be in by May," he said. "Two months before that I began looking up references in the Congressional Library and assembling material. This took me about a month. By that time I had my material fairly well organized and felt I would start to write the essay."

Uncommon Sense : The Rain and the Plant
BY JOHN BLAKE

MR. EDISON is discouraged because college boys know so little. He asks them questions that they cannot answer.

But if Mr. Edison will go into the great wheat fields in the West in harvest time, he will find in the ripened ears some of the rain that fell on the plants in the spring.

And he will find in the moisture, they will be full rounded grains—the bread of tomorrow for Mr. Edison's hungering countrymen.

AND if he could really look into the brain that has been well trained, either in college or in business, he would find that it has been rounded and developed by the absorption of information, though much of the information may be gone.

It is not the facts that a man carries in his head, but the training that he got in taking in those facts that makes him fit for life, even for life in one of Mr. Edison's manufacturing establishments.

gested beyond words by the "how" and "why" which are the backbone of the matter.

This Seems to Be an Unexplained Anglo-Saxon Peculiarity
Reference was lately made in the Daily Telegraph to Henry James, complaining that he never took a foreign friend with him to a serious play in London without being made to feel ashamed by the unseasonable laughter of the audience.

I have a vivid recollection of his making the same remark one February afternoon in 1912, when I had the honor of taking tea with him in the balcony of the Reform Club. He had been to see Miss Gielgud's new play, "The Blue Bird," and had found the audience's great deal more satisfying than the play.

Such exhibitions are not peculiar to England. I was reading the other day a little violent letter in a New York journal, in which the writer described how he had lately been to see "The Bat" in that city, and had been dis-

An Essay That Won a \$4000 Scholarship

How Good Roads Are Developing My Community

Few people say the title of my essay is "How Good Roads Are Developing My Community." It is a story of the life of a small town in the Blue Valley, where a new road is being built. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and informative. It describes the difficulties of the project and the progress that has been made. The author, Karl G. Pearson, is a young man who has a deep interest in the subject. His essay is a masterpiece of narrative writing, and it is a pleasure to read it. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and informative. It describes the difficulties of the project and the progress that has been made. The author, Karl G. Pearson, is a young man who has a deep interest in the subject. His essay is a masterpiece of narrative writing, and it is a pleasure to read it.

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