

Twenty Years Hence,

Wednesday, Jan. 12 1918

I have not written anything in my diary since I was a girl of fifteen, twenty years ago. Since I cannot write everything that has occurred since then I will mention only what I have found out during the last few weeks. I had been traveling in foreign countries since my seventeenth year, returning Dec. 22, 1917, three weeks ago. I find many changes in my old home and in my former school mates.

I arrived at Springfield, Christmas Eve, and was accommodated at a splendid hotel called "The Under Cliff House", opposite one of the large, grand depots of Springfield. ~~On~~ Christmas morning I awoke hearing the many bells of Springfield chime. I found more changes in my native town than I had ever dreamed of.

Electric cars were running underground, more comfortable and beautiful cars than I had ever rode in before. I determined to try to find, if I could, the place

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where the little brown school-house used to stand. I inquired, and at last found a man whom I remembered as one of my old school mates who could show me the place. The gentleman's name was Mr. W. C. Liliq, a prominent citizen in the city of Springfield. He took me to the spot where the Wilmot school house used to stand and I saw a large University about twenty times as large as the old school-house. In the place of my old home where I used to live long ago, I found

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accomplished by some machines invented by his uncle, one of my old school-mates, Mr. Henry C. C. He said his uncle had become a millionaire by his inventions, and lived up in Milwaukee. That reminded me that I had intended to learn what had become of my class mates.

Having learned from a news paper that Madame Selig, the noted singer of America (whom I knew used to be my friend Emma Selig), was to sing at an opera house on State Street,

Deerfield, that evening, I
 went to hear her and visit
 her next day. I found her
 living in very luxurious
 and comfortable quarters,
 with her ten cats, five
 parrots and two puppies.
~~She told me where to find~~
 the rest of my classmates.
 Willie Cott, to my aston-
 ishment, ~~she said,~~ is called
 President Cott. Had we
ever imagine, when we
 played at the little
 brown schoolhouse, that
 one of our number would
 ever be President of United
 States? Henry Cott, as I have

said, is a great and famous inventor. Herbie Fry went to Alaska in his seventeenth year, and has never been heard from since. Edwin Strayer is the editor of a ~~journal~~^{paper} that has the largest circulation of any in United States, published in Greater New York, and called "The Globe." I forgot to say that Greater New York has become the largest city in the world, Chicago next, and Springfield ranks third.

Emma told me that our teacher, Miss Hole married

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a millionaire and went
to Paris. Her husband is
now the President of France.
I am the only one who
has not become famous
in some way, and, amid
all these changes, feel
myself a stranger in
my native land.