

GEORGE AIDE FABLE SERIES

Continued from first page

by the stage manager—more applause—bunches of roses for Lila—cries of "Ain't she grand?"—"Who'd 'a' thought it of her?" etc., etc.

Lila's Rep was made. The Morning Breeze and the Evening Gale each gave her a Handsome Sendoff. The Road to Fortune was paved with Gold for her. All she had to do to Collect was to locate it on the Map and pursue its Devious Course.

At the Reception held in K. P. Hall after the Show, all the friends and neighbors told Lila that she was a Knockout and better than Billie Burke. Lila admitted the Fact.

Lila had been keeping company with a Boy who sold Gent's Furnishing Goods. When Albert called he found her away Up-state. She refused to settle down and keep House. She wanted to be a Great Actress—a Maudie Adams at the least.

"My fate has been Preordained," she announced imperiously. "I am to become a Virtuoso Artiste. Take back your ring. I am Now classed in a Bunch that's way over your Undistinguished head."

Albert departed dejectedly from the poultry magnate's Henery and Lila resumed her study of the volume on "The stage—How easy to conquer in ten lessons," written by Professor Spuds of the Inter-Educational correspondence college.

Yes, Lila was getting on. She had the Bacillus Theatricalis gnawing in every part of her System. She went to the Great City and consulted an Ex-tragedian who ran a Dramatic School.

After two hours of real, Old Fashioned impatient waiting in an ante room Lila finally managed to Break In on the manager of the Royal School of Histrionic Art, situated on the top floor of an old loft building in the Metropolis which during the uncivil war had been used as a storehouse for oats for the Army Mules. The Aroma of the Mules has not departed.

The manager who had made his fame by shifting Props for Lester Wallack told her, after she had recited "Curfew Shall not Ring Tonight," and paid him two hundred pieces of Father's Coin, that she was unusually Accomplished, for a Beginner, "all you need is Experience to make Jane Harding at her best look like a Plugged nickel."

The Head Crimp of the Soubrette Factory later called on Lila's Parents and said if they would put up enough money he would make her a Star in theaters that charge Two Dollars a Seat.

Father klicked in with Five Hundred Dollars. In due time Lila received a Certificate proving that she was a sure enough Actress.

It was Graduation Day at the Royal School when Lila was summoned to the manager's office to receive her diploma. She bowed appreciatively at the dulcet words of High Praise that were Swung Over on her, and departed proudly with her treasured Credential of Genius.

She merely needed a Play and a Company, some Scenery and a Manager, a Press Agent and a Theater in order to make a hit on blase Broadway.

As she left the Manager's office that Worthy instructor leaned back in his chair and Chortled in his Glee. "A sucker born every minute," he laughed,

"and the Fishing for them is very good."

The theatrical producer Lila first decided on to favor with an opportunity to purchase her Time, was not so Full of Enthusiasm as she had expected. He examined her certificate and then laid it Tenderly back in her lily white Lunch Hooks. As a climax, a veritable Master Stroke, Lila Countered to his jaw by delivering to him a copy of a local paper from her own Town in which Father was a Principal Advertiser. The story told of the rising young Tragedienne's Emotional Rendition of "The Wreck of the Hesperus," on the occasion of the fourth annual Volunteer Firemen's Benefit at the Opry House.

Gazing at her with Sadness Oozing from every pore, the manager murmured "No, I don't need any great actresses today. I have enough. Good day, Little Sunbeam."

Lila choked indignantly, seized her Diploma and her Clipping and rushed headlong to the elevator. She was Left on Third in the Last Inning with no one to Bring her Home. Life is sometimes Very Sad.

Managers No. 2 and No. 3 and No. 4 all followed suit in giving Lila the icy Mitt. At last, however, she secured an Engagement with a Number Four Company, rehearsing for One Night Stands with long jumps on the Dog circuit.

Lila had a Swell Part. She played the Deaf and Dumb Lady who crosses the stage in the second act and removes the Tea Things from the Table.

The Fly-by-Night Troupe went on the Rocks at Whistling Post in Pennsylvania. At which Catastrophe, Lila



"My Dear Chee-ild"—

began to think fondly, even Humanely of that once dear Albert. When the Constable appeared at the railroad station and Pinched the trunks and scenery of the show Lila Broke Down completely.

She could not join in the Gay Spirits of the Happy Party.

The following telegram Penetrated the Pettijohn home in Maple Grove next morning:

Whistling Post, Pa., Nov. 13, 1914.
To Henry B. Pettijohn, Maple Grove, Pa.:
Wire \$20 quick. I am coming home—
Notify Albert. From your homesick
LILA.

In two days the World's Greatest Actress returned to the scene of her Early Triumphs without the Toot of a Horn.

"My dear chee-ild," sang her parents as she Catapulted herself into their Loving Arms. And it was a Cinch that now the Boy that sold Neckwear at the Three Corners Emporium was sure welcome at the Pettijohn homestead.

A Marriage license beats a Diploma any old time.

It was twilight in the Front Parlor of the chicken seller's Costly residential Edifice.

The scene was one of a Pronounced sentimental description. Albert was holding Lila against his throbbing Bosom and both watched the logs in the fireplace rise and fall. The Whip-poorwill and the Nightingale sang so sweetly in the bushes around the nearby Plg iron mill.

The soothing sound of the gurgling waters of Mud Hollow Creek also reached them.

"I never really meant to desert you for the stage," whispered Lila. "and I am so Gee-loriously happy to be back home, where of course with my Talents, I can now be the Leader of Society in Maple Grove. Yes, Albert, and I will introduce you to all the Best People. And, some day, I am sure you will rise to be Manager of fa-

ther's Chicken Store." Happy Albert! Glorious Fate!

Albert could hardly speak, so impressed was he by the Change in his life's affairs. He snuggled all the closer to Lila. Then he started forward and threw her Diploma into the Blazing Embers.

MORAL.

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IT MAY START SOMETHING.

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