

The Story of My Life by "Billie Button"

CHAPTER XI. *Being the Epilogue, this is short and ends happily.*

HERE, patient reader, is my Epilogue, the thing the classy author always tacks on to his story to dispose of his characters after the Wedding Bells and Rice.

When I laid down my pen I was at the factory, neatly carded, expectantly waiting for something to turn up. IT HAS TURNED UP. I'm at work in the world at last—and how I traveled to get there. First to the big home of a jobbing house in Cincinnati, then (happily for my literary ambitions) out to a store in a little Indiana town. On then with the eleven fellow journeyers on my "card" to a pleasant home—off in an hour to the dressmaker, where snip, off the card I went, and skilful fingers sewed me fast to a little girl's frock. There's where I am now, right in the heart and center of James-Whitcomb-Rileydom, and Isabel's mamma says I'm a mighty good Pearl-Button to stand the wear and tear of schooldays and washdays the way I do.



But with becoming modesty I disclaim the credit for the quality she praises, for this rightfully belongs to the way I was brought up and trained—back there in the Wisconsin Pearl Button Company's factory at La Crosse.

