

# MRS. BILGER'S VICTORY

By E. JONES and G. TURNER

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No lawyer for Mrs. Bilger! When she has a claim against the railroad for personal injuries to her cow, she does the collecting herself, and her method of procedure doesn't conform to any rules of practice in or out of the law books.

THE railroad had killed her muley cow, and the railroad had got to pay for it—so said Mrs. Bilger.

This muley cow would probably not have taken a prize on fancy points at a cattle show; still she was a patient, industrious animal, and a good provider. But at last, unfortunately, the extreme scarcity of provisions drove her to night work, and she wandered onto the railroad track and unintentionally ran against a freight train in the dark. In the morning Mrs. Bilger discovered little more than a fine line of Hamburg steak stretching towards the western horizon. It was a particularly hard blow to her, because she was on the eve of accepting a flattering offer of thirteen dollars for the animal.

There was no doubt in Mrs. Bilger's mind from the first that the railroad would have to settle for her cow. So she informed the station agent the very day following the accident, and after protracted negotiations, the latter agreed to forward a demand for settlement to headquarters. Mrs. Bilger didn't see why he couldn't settle for her martyred cow on the spot, but she was willing to make reasonable concessions. Her final price was twenty-three dollars.

So, after a while, the station agent forwarded her demand to the division superintendent, and after a while the division superintendent forwarded it to the division claim agent, and after a while the division claim agent decided he would send out a man to look up the case.

It took about three weeks in all for the railroad officials to get around to Mrs. Bilger's case, and Mrs. Bilger, deprived of her chief means of sustenance, was becoming somewhat dangerous.

Finally she decided to give the ultimatum. "Here, you," she said, when the section hands came up one noon for their daily supply. "You don't get no water out of my spring till you pay for my muley cow you killed."

"What muley cow? We ain't killed no muley cow," said the astonished section hands; but it was no use to talk to Mrs. Bilger.

The boss, a fat man, who had somewhat of a determined character himself, was severely sarcastic on their return. "Gimme that pall, I'll show you how to get the water." He waddled off with the pall in a truly ferocious manner.

Mrs. Bilger was in the house at the time. The section boss walked triumphantly up to the spring and stooped down to take up the water in his pall. Just as he was about to accomplish his purpose he suddenly toppled over head foremost into the spring with the graceful, tilting motion of a mud turtle falling off a log. Mrs. Bilger had waylaid him with her broom.

When he finally did get out, spluttering and swearing, he found himself looking into the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun like a pair of opera glasses. He fled precipitately without his water bucket.

Mrs. Bilger threw the bucket scornfully after him. "I won't take less'n thirty dollars now, cash down," was all she said.

After that it was vain for a railroad man to attempt to use that spring. She watched it most of her spare time herself, and when she didn't she had her boy out. Whenever a railroad man came in sight the child's little piping voice sounded the guard mount, and his mother came on duty with her gun. A great many railroad men who had thought they wanted a drink before they saw her, found that they were mistaken and turned away.

By and by, however, the section boss got tired of this sort of thing. There was a good deal of work that year, raising the tracks on that grade, and there wasn't another spring for two miles. Finally he decided to negotiate with Mrs. Bilger.

"That's right," said Mrs. Bilger, "you killed my cow and you've got to pay for her. She's wuth jest forty dollars."

So the section boss sought out the road master and told him about the affair, and the road master told the division superintendent. It had been so long since the division superintendent had heard from the station master about Mrs. Bilger's cow that he had forgotten all about it. Besides, it didn't sound like the same cow, anyway, the valuation being so different. So the division superintendent filed another report with the claim department.

Mrs. Bilger, not hearing anything from her appeal for justice, frequented the station at Grafton a great deal, coming in about train time and talking violently to the station agent. Finally, the station agent agreed to write again to the division superintendent. By this time Mrs. Bilger's price was fifty-two dollars.

It so happened at this time that the division superintendent was off on a short vacation, and his substitute, in an excess of zeal, filed the third cow reported with the claim department. Before it reached there, however, the

division claim agent had visited Mrs. Bilger with a check made out for her first asking price of twenty-three dollars.

"Have you lost two cows, Mrs. Bilger?" said he politely. "No, I hain't," that worthy woman replied, "only one; but I ain't going to take no twenty-three dollars for it. That cow will cost you just sixty-two dollars now."

"But she wasn't worth any sixty-two dollars," he protested.

Mrs. Bilger was obstinate, and the claim agent took back his check, and, acting on Mrs. Bilger's threat to go to law, sent over the first two papers on the case to the general claims attorney, intending to see him about it next day. Next day he was called off suddenly to another part of the road. While he was gone the second report from the station agent came along, with a bill for fifty dollars for Mrs. Bilger's muley cow, and, the department claim agent being away, was sent straight to the claims attorney. The three bills confused him.

In the meantime Mrs. Bilger began to take the bit in her teeth. She now resolved to suspend traffic generally on the road till they paid some attention to her. For this purpose she secured an old red flannel shirt, and hitching it on the end of an axle, began to flag all the trains going up the grade industriously.

"You killed my muley cow, and you've got to pay for her," she said, when the trains came to a standstill. "I won't take less'n sixty-seven dollars for her."

The railroad men finally didn't pay any attention to her red flag at all, so far as stopping went, but as nobody knew just when she might decide to do something serious, like piling up a stone wall on the track, for instance, they watched that flag with considerable curiosity.

And at last she did decide to do something. Filling two buckets from the half barrel of soft soap she always kept on tap, and taking a bucket in each hand, Mrs. Bilger started out into the dark, and walked half a mile up the grade. Then she artistically applied her soft soap to about a quarter of a mile of the track.

The next train was a freight. When she struck that soft soap she slid ahead like a comet rolling through space; the engine rocked from side to side like a steam launch in a storm.

"It's that d—d Bilger woman again!" yelled the engineer to the fireman. "What's she done now?"

"Oh, my God!" said the fireman, thinking of his family; "how do I know?"

Then they both held onto the sides of the reeling cab and hoped hard. The engineer swore apreggios to a sort of running obligato on the whistle. The train went by the station like a demoniac steam callopo escaped from a circus, with a frightened train hand hanging on the brake of every other car.

The worst of it was, they didn't have the least idea what ailed them, because by that time all the soft soap was worn off the wheels. They hadn't the time to look around, anyway, because they had to get down on the next siding for the through ten o'clock passenger train.

The express was extra heavy that night, and the engineer had a horrible rate of speed on her when she reached the grade. Nevertheless, when she struck it she stopped short in two lengths, and the wild dismay of the engineer, the big drivers of his engine just whirled around and around like a top. Finally the engineer stopped her, and he and the fireman got out to investigate.

"By thunder!" exclaimed the fireman, stooping down; "it's soft soap."

"Now will you pay me for my muley cow?" said a voice from the darkness. "If you don't you'll never run your darned road agin'."

It was Mrs. Bilger. Her price had risen to eighty-seven dollars.

It so happened that a very important person was on this train, the president of the road. He was in a hurry, too, and he came out of his special car to see what was going on, just as Mrs. Bilger arrived.

"Well, what's the matter here?" said the president.

"Soft soap, sir," said the excited engineer; "this woman's been daubing up the track with soft soap so we can't run the train, because she had her darned cow killed and they won't pay for it."

"Yes, they will," said Mrs. Bilger; "and it'll cost 'em eighty-seven dollars—not a cent less."

Mrs. Bilger felt she was in a position to dictate, and she proposed to do so. The railroad president appreciated the situation.

"Well, my good woman," said he, "don't you think you'd compromise for a little less—say seventy-five?"

"Who are you?" said Mrs. Bilger haughtily.

"Well, I'm the president of this road," said the great official.

"Well, then, I want eighty-seven dollars for my muley cow," said Mrs. Bilger, "and you don't get her for any less."

This amused the president considerably. He took out his fat pocketbook and counted out a big roll of bills. "There you are," said he, "I'll pay it myself." Then he got Mrs. Bilger's mark on a receipt before witnesses, in front of the headlight; and the muley cow was settled for just five months after its death.

"That muley cow was a good paying property," mused the railroad president, as he seated himself in his special car. "If she'd had a barrel of milk a day, and had a calf every two months since the time of her demise, she wouldn't have yielded such large returns."

# Your Last Name IS IT NOYES?

A RECENT authority on surnames tells us that Noyes is one of the names derived from the Old Testament, and that no less a character than Noah is sponsor of this name. The popular form of the name was Noy, from which it is easy to derive Noyes and Noyce.

Some members of the Noyes family, however, have a different theory as to the origin of their name. They trace it to Noyers, a place in France, saying that old forms of the name were Noyers, de Noyes and de Noyers.

The first of the name in this country were two brothers, Rev. James Noyes, who was born in England in 1602 and his brother Nicholas. They came to this country in 1634 in the Mary and John and the next year settled in Newbury, Mass. Rev. James Noyes was minister there for 20 years.

He enjoyed quite a reputation for learning, being something of a Greek scholar, and he wrote a catechism that was widely used in his days.

He is spoken of in old records as "one of the greatest worthies of his age." The house in which Rev. James Noyes lived has often been spoken of as the oldest house in Massachusetts.

Among the descendants of Rev. James Noyes are a goodly number of clergymen and scholars, but it is for its able bankers that the Noyes family is chiefly distinguished.

Rev. James Noyes and his brother, Nicholas, were sons of Rev. William Noyes, rector in Wiltshire, England. It is said that he traced his descent to Normandy and that his name was originally Noye.

Angel—This is probably one of the numerous surnames derived from a shop sign. In medieval times every shop had its sign by which it and its keeper came to be called. Thus, if a cobbler named Thomas hung out a painted sign representing a lamb, he became known as Tom Lamb. Many of the signs were taken from church imagery and the angel was one of these.

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# The Appleton Family

Mr. Lysander John Appleton  
Mrs. Lysander John Appleton  
Miss Daysey Mayme Appleton  
Master Chauncey Devere Appleton

IT OFTEN happens on a morning when there is extra work at home that Daysey Mayme Appleton is overcome with a desire to Go Forth Into the World, and Do Good, and she usually yields to this noble impulse by hunting up some one who is afflicted



with poverty and sickness. Sometimes she takes a tract, and other times she goes empty-handed to cheer the afflicted with her optimism. She recently visited a woman who had suffered the misfortune to fall and break both her arms. Daysey Mayme gazed at the poor creature with both arms in splints, and the tears came to her eyes. But there is no situation too dark for Daysey Mayme to cheer. "You have much to be thankful for," she said to the woman. "You have two good, strong legs left to run to fires."

When Mrs. Lysander John Appleton cleans house, she does the work so thoroughly that articles are lost which are not found in three months. She claims the proud record of once having cleaned the parlor so thoroughly that a glass case of stuffed birds was not found in ten years.

There is a bond of sympathy between Lysander John and his son, Chauncey Devere, born of a desire to satisfy the women-folks, and the failure to do so, which they hardly know exists. They have never in so many words found fault with the women-folks, being timid in their presence, and loyal in their absence. But Mrs. Appleton and Daysey Mayme don't know of this loyalty. "What," they will ask when they see son and father together, "are they conspiring now?"

Daysey Mayme Appleton was recently bragging that she is an experienced traveler, though the neighbors say she was never in a sleeping car, but once in her life. "I am so used to travel," said Daysey Mayme, "that I can go into a pullman dressing room and hold possession of it with nineteen women pounding on the door."

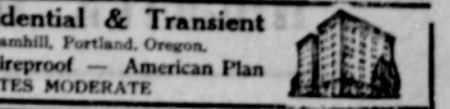
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The garnet is an emblem of constancy. Its virtue was to dispel "poisonous and infectious airs." During the Middle Ages it was considered to possess the same marvelous and medicinal properties as the ruby, though to a less degree. It gave and preserved health, drove away vain thoughts and reconciled differences between friends.

**Record of Lotteries.**  
The earliest lottery of which an authoritative record exists was conducted in Bruges in 1446. In 1530 a lottery with money prizes is recorded in Florence. Long before this time lotteries were held in Rome as a form of amusement, Nero having given such prizes as houses and slaves.

**Proper Care of Palms.**  
Regular watering is essential, but it is better to keep palms a little dry than to overwater them. Browning of the tips of the leaves indicates trouble at the root, probably overwatering; possibly worms or lack of plant food. A palm which grows three new leaves a year is doing very well.

**Masks for the Sleepless.**  
To induce sleep for insomnia sufferers, a Norwegian has invented a metal mask to be worn snugly over the face in order to keep out all light, while the warm breath of the wearer brings a soothing effect.

**London's Big Playground.**  
In Epping forest there are 114 cricket pitches, 244 football grounds and 139 tennis courts for the use of the public. Epping forest is maintained by the city of London.—London Answers.

**Prepare Things at Night.**  
Getting the children off to school is easier on the whole family if their things are in order the night before, says a woman household writer.

**Hot and Cold.**  
Some books are very funny, says the office boy. Although the heroine's eyes flash fire, she can also freeze you with a glance.

**Odd Form of Marriage.**  
Marriage is celebrated in a strange fashion in parts of India. The woman puts a pot of water in her prospective husband's house, and on his lifting it up the marriage is ratified.

**Mail Trains Have Crash.**  
Libby, Mont. — The westbound second section of the Great Northern railway's fast mail train crashed into the first section near Libby, Mont., late Saturday night, demolishing the rear car of the first section and derailing the front trucks of the second section locomotive. No one was injured.

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Weather Prophet Dies.

Hackensack, N. J.—Andrew Jackson de Voe, 80, nationally-known amateur weather prophet, died Sunday at his home of heart disease, disappointed because of failure to realize one of his life's greatest ambitions. For years he had been looking forward to viewing the eclipse of the sun, but when the great solar spectacle came Saturday he was too ill to behold it.

Three stickup men from Ziegler, Ill., had the surprise of their lives late Saturday night when they attempted to hold up the restaurant of Sam Flanico, in the northwest part of the city. In the melee two of the robbers, later identified as Richard L. Smith and Orval McKissick, both 20, were instantly killed and a third who made his escape and has not been definitely identified, was believed to have been badly wounded.

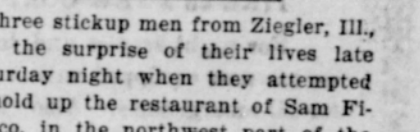
Doesn't Ring True.  
"De man dat brags continuous 'bout hisself," said Uncle Eben, "generally turns out to be like one o' dese intertainments dat gives de best part of de show on de billboards."—Washington Star.

Eskimo Misnamed.  
Eskimo signifies "Eater of raw meat," but these people eat uncooked meat only when the absence of fuel prohibits cooking, or as a side dish.

Odd Ocean Denizen.  
"John Dories," perhaps the ugliest fish known, grow to a length of two feet, and are so thin that they can almost hide behind a blade of seaweed. A curious mark on their sides is, according to legend, the imprint of St. Peter's thumb, when he took a piece of money from the fish's mouth.

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