

Passing of the Bruders.

"Big Four" pulled into Beaver Meadows on the Rome-Watertown division, and Joseph Bruder and his wife got down from the passenger coach that was trailing behind six "flats" of rails. Bruder was six feet four and broad, and his wife was five feet and narrow. Bruder carried a huge valise that cost a dollar and had done service, also an axe. Mrs. Bruder wore mitts and a plaintive, piquant smile. In her eyes there was a standing apology for the disparity in their sizes. This seemed to be a sore point with the little woman for she was ever on the alert for the quizzing glances of strangers, and if one should stand apart and glance at the odd couple he was sure to have his gaze arrested by a plaintive glance from the woman which said as plainly as speech, "Please don't make fun of us."

But the man never bothered his head about what other folks thought. He was a woodchopper, and that's all he knew or cared. Next to his wife he loved his ax, and it used to be his pride that he could put a keen enough edge on it to shave with. He used to lay his cheek fondly against the purple blade and pat it and call it his darling. And the ax seemed to understand him, for it would bark with quick delight when his giant arms swung it aloft and bite the maple and bury its nose to the point where the tempered steel joined the softer stuff.

When Bruder got off the train, he looked around in a sort of inquisitive, defiant way and put his hand clumsily around his wife and drew her shoulder over against his thigh. There was no one at the depot but the agent, a veteran in the business, the tenure of whose position was due to five toes that he had years before contributed to the annual list of accidents on the road. Smith had heard that Bruder was coming to take the place of one of the striking woodchoppers, and it filled him with grave concern. Almost all of his relatives belonged to the strikers and his sympathies were deeply with them. On the other hand, it fell to his lot to show ostentatious loyalty to the company. Beaver Meadows was the chief "woodin' up" point of the road. For miles the contiguous country yielded nothing from its stubborn soil save stunted beech and knotted maple.

The president of the company that supplied the railroad with wood was Smith's backer. A nod from him would have dislodged that worthy from the comfortable niche that afforded him a comfortable living. So Smith was, between the devil and the deep sea. His heart was with the strikers, his interests with the company. That's why his usually placid mind was filled with perturbation when he beheld the lumbering form of Joseph Bruder and the diminutive wife alight from the caboose of Big Four.

Bruder had an arm as long as his wife's tongue and could fell at a blow either kind of jackass, human or brute. Mrs. Bruder was the brains of the outfit. She took charge of the money, when there was any, allowing Joseph only enough for tobacco. Otherwise he was a teetotaler. On the whole, this strange couple was deemed a combination to be avoided. No one ever knew where they came from. On that score Bruder himself was silent, with a persistency that defied all the subtle influences of bucolic diplomacy. Surmise said he was an ex-convict, and as chapter and verse of his past were not forthcoming this comfortable theory crystallized into a very good counterfeit of fact.

When the woodchoppers learned that Joe Bruder was coming to take Cy Selden's job, they knew there would be trouble, for they were a determined lot. There was an understanding, however, a sort of feeling, although no word had been spoken, that somehow Smith would settle matters, and so it was determined that no one from among the strikers should meet Bruder at the depot and attempt by moral or muscular force to turn him back.

Smith knew what was expected of him by his friends and relatives; he also knew that the suspicious eyes of the president were upon him, and hence the delicacy of his position. He hated being "double faced," but he had a very comfortable niche indeed, and times were exceedingly hard in those parts. He reflected with considerable disgust that it was quite unjust that he, who had no personal interest in the matter, should be the one upon whose shoulders the task of adjusting the affair should be thrust.

That explains why Smith was perturbed upon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bruder. It also explains why he alone was at the depot to meet the distinguished pair. It is an axiom that good luck always comes to the lazy. Smith was a lazy man, which accounts for the piece of good luck which came to him on the morn-

ing of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Bruder.

Bob Armstrong's two-year-old baby boy had died of cholera morbus a few days before, and the sorrowing parents, who were farmers, had put the little creature in a simple pine box and were sending him down the road to be buried in the Armstrong family burying ground at West Camden. The tiny morsel of humanity was at that moment resting in the freightroom of the Beaver Meadows depot.

As Smith limped down the platform toward Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bruder he looked through the open door of the freightroom and got his inspiration. Then he accosted Bruder.

"Waitin' for Harris' team, ain't yer?"

Bruder looked at his wife, and she said "Yes."

"Goin' ter work on the job, ain't yer?"

Again Bruder looked at his wife, and again she said "Yes."

"Well, I'm right glad ter see yer," said the unconscionable diplomat effusively. "I tell yer, we've been havin' great goin's on aroun' here."

Again Bruder looked at his wife, and again she said "Yes" softly and pressed a little closer under the shelter of his mighty thigh.

"Between you and me," continued the wily Smith, "these woodchoppers—I mean the Beaver Meadow fellers—he fastened to explain as a slight contraction of Bruder's forehead warned him that any slur upon the craft would not be welcome—"don't know when they're well off."

He paused, and Bruder looked at his wife, but she remained silent.

"Of course I ain't got nuthin' against these men here, and it may not sound well comin' from me, me bein' in the employ of this corporation, as ain't supposed ter show no partiality, but seems ter me these men is a little unreasonable—Yer see," he went on, neither Bruder nor his wife spoke, "times have been pretty hard around here with crops failin' and a good deal of sickness in the neighborhood, and I think these men ought to be glad to get steady employment. Of course they're really in the power of the company, and they hain't got no money, and the officers knows it, and so they cuts down their wages. Now, some of 'em finds out that the big fellers is makin' dead loads of money, and so they makes a big kick and goes on strike. So the company jest shuts down and I heard the superintendent say as that they was goin' to start a process of starvation. Of course I don't want that to go no further."

"Did the company treat the men fair?" asked Mrs. Bruder.

"Of course it did," said Smith quickly. "Ain't they got a right to pay their money out any way they like? Couldn't these men pick up and leave if they didn't like it?"

"Most of these men has their own homes, hasn't they?" asked Mrs. Bruder.

"Yes, they has," said Smith, "but if they keeps on this way they won't have no one left in their homes." Then he added as he walked toward the office: "Ye'd better come in and sit down. Harris' team may not be here for an hour yet. They generally comes ter meet the down train. 'Big Four' is waitin' here fer it ter pass."

He adroitly halted the couple in front of the open door of the freightroom, and instantly the maternal eye of Mrs. Bruder caught the little coffin.

"Whose is that?" she asked.

"That's Cy Selden's baby," said Smith, lying heroically.

Mrs. Bruder looked at her husband, then back to Smith. "What ailed it?" she asked. "Cholera morbus?"

Smith drew closer and lowered his voice a bit. "That's what they give out," he said, "but between you and me it didn't have enough ter eat."

Just then Smith found sudden business in the ticket office, where he remained until he heard the booming of the down train, when he went out on to the platform to pass up the mails. He lingered for a moment and watched "Big Four" pull out from the siding, then he looked all around. There was no one in sight.

"How'd yer do it, Bill?" asked Jack Lundy that night, while a half dozen strikers smoked and listened.

"I didn't do nothin', and I don't know nothin'," snapped Smith.

"They come, and they've gone, ain't they?" And then to modify the rebuke the good soul continued in a tone that smacked suspiciously of tenderness as he puffed his pipe reflectively in the darkness: "Strange, I used to know those folks years ago—didn't know it till terday—they was a good deal younger then—just married, I guess—they were pretty poor—had a little baby that died—I don't know, but folks aroun' there said the little thing died—cos it didn't—get—enough—ter eat."

CANADIANS REBUKED

Charged With Sullyng King's English

Mrs. Geo. Drummond Gives Some Hints to Teachers in Public Schools.

In a booklet entitled "Women Workers of Canada," which gives a full account of the proceedings at the last meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada, says the London Morning Post, is to be found an admirable paper on the desirability of preserving the King's English from corruption in the most prosperous of the King's dominions beyond the seas. The author of this paper, Mrs. George Drummond, has observed with feelings of regret that there is a marked tendency among the members of the younger generation in Canada to clip and deface the coinage with which so many famous writers and orators have purchased fame, and that even those who have had the advantage of a liberal education make use of spurious currency from the United States. Not only are many English words mispronounced or falsely intoned by young Canadians, but Yankee slang phrases and catchwords are becoming more and more popular. In order to preserve the Canadian mother-tongue—an imperial language in every sense of the epithet—from degenerating into a mere dialect of "the American language," she believes that the necessity of imitating only good models should be impressed on all teachers in Canadian schools, that all Canadian men of letters—especially journalists, who ought to be literary men every day of their lives—should avoid the hideous colloquialisms of their brethren on the other side of the international boundary line, and that all Canadian mothers should take pains to train their children in the art of speaking English deftly and decorously. We wish Mrs. Drummond and her associates all success in their efforts to prevent the mispronunciation and misuse of English words in the Dominion, and to exclude the manufactured vulgarisms which are exported from the United States; also we hope that those French-speaking Canadians who resent the substitution of disguised Americanisms for French idioms—"quitter" for "s'en aller" is a case in point—may be successful in preserving the form and color of their ancestral speech. At the same time, we believe that even now the ordinary Canadian, whether he speaks English or French, speaks it a little better than the ordinary Englishman or the average Frenchman. The Canadian working man, for example, never by any chance drops the aspirate—doubtless this choice immunity is due to the Scottish blood in his veins—and his vocabulary is always much more extensive than that of an Englishman on the same social plane. Certainly neither the English of Toronto nor the French of Quebec is ever likely to degenerate into a dialect comparable with the "Taal" of South Africa. But since language is a living creature, and must adapt itself to its environment, we cannot expect Canadians to speak so as to be mistaken for home-keeping Englishmen or Frenchmen. In the first place, climatic conditions modify the speaking voice, and hitting intonation so noticeable in North America and Australia is a result, no doubt, of the change from the moist airs of these islands to the dry atmosphere of continental countries. Certainly this peculiarity renders Canadian or Australian applause, however well organized, somewhat ineffective; the deep underlying roar of the English crowd, cheering the king or jeering the king's enemies, is lacking. But to shout or even to speak in a low note is fatiguing in the dry atmosphere of Canada or Australia, and, as long as we know that it is an expression of heartfelt loyalty, why should we criticize the quality of the lip service? Secondly, new words

and phrases from their marching rivers and their much-murmuring seas of grain and their camps in the many columned forests must needs from time to time be added to the speech of Greater Britain. Such new words and phrases add virility to our language and bring to us a pleasant odor of the plantations of our race, and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Drummond and her friends will never be so "gentle" as to attempt to banish them. But they will do well if they succeed in excluding the street slang and music hall catch words which come from the intellectual slums of New York and Chicago from the conversation of young Canadians, and when their task is done we can find them a little work of the same kind in London, if they care to take it.

Pa's Ignorance
Most every day when I'm at school The teacher tells us things About the birds and animals And the presidents and kings, And then at night, when I ask pa If what she says is so, He reads his paper right along And says, "Oh, I dunno!"

One day she told us that the world Is round, just like a ball, And that there's nothing down below It's standing on at all. I ast pa if she told the truth, He reads his paper through, And put his feet upon a chair, And said—"Oh, I dunno!"

And once the teacher said the sky Ain't heaven's floor, and tried To make us think no angels walk Along the other side, And so that night I ast my pa, And all he said was—"Oh, Don't bother me about such things, I'm busy—I dunno!"

I used to kind of think somehow That my pa knew a lot— But that was wrong, or if he did I guess that he's forgot. Since I've got started into school, Most ever day or so I heard about a hundred things. Pa doesn't seem to know. —Simcoe Reformer.

Drunken Minister Expelled.
The Rev. Mr. J. N. Sundquist came to Douglas about a year ago to take charge of the Swedish Lutheran mission. He was well liked by the

people, and many came to hear him preach. But in January of this year it became noticeable that he had begun to drink. He was warned by his friends, but still he continued. He was also seen at playing cards. Some one wrote the president of the Lutheran Augustana Synod, Dr. E. Norelius, of Vasa, Minn., about the matter. The president wrote to Rev. Martin L. Larson, of Seattle, Wash., and told him to go to Douglas and investigate, and if reports were found true to expel Mr. Sundquist from the office of pastor in the Synod. Rev. Larson came here last Sunday afternoon and preached in the Finn Hall on the evenings of Sunday and Monday. He has found that Mr. Sundquist is a fallen man, and has therefore, in behalf of the president, expelled him from his office until he repents. Mr. Sundquist is therefore hereafter not entitled to do any pastoral work anywhere in the Augustana Synod before he repents and is again officially received as pastor of the Synod. Mr. Larson thinks he owes it to his people and to the cause of the Swedish Lutheran mission here to let the English speaking people of Douglas know about the above sad fact. The Lutheran Augustana Synod of North America does not tolerate drunkenness and vice among its pastors nor its members.

The above facts were learned from

the Rev. Martin L. Larson, of Seattle, and are published at his request.—Douglas News.

Was Not Insane
Newport, R.I., Aug. 19.—Edward D. Remington, brother of Robert D. Remington, who killed himself at the Newport reading rooms, arrived from Pittsburg tonight, and two hours later left for the former home of the family at Williamsport, Pa., where his brother's body will be buried.

Mr. Remington said he was extremely surprised at what he had read in the papers, ascribing the suicide of his brother to mental derangement. The last time he saw his brother, he said, was in April, just before the announcement of his engagement to Miss Van Alen, and there was then no evidence of any mental change whatever. On passing through New York today, he said, he stopped at his brother's office and closely questioned his business associates, who all declared that it was impossible that Remington's mind was unbalanced.

The body remained at the undertaker's all day and the casket was covered with roses sent by friends.

Clothing cleaned, pressed, repaired and made to fit.—R. I. GOLDBERG, at Hersberg's.

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