

THE LYNDEN TRIBUNE

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Tribune Cozy Corner

Senator John L. Wilson was in Lynden Tuesday with the party of Boosters from Bellingham, and I like the way the senator talks. Among other things he said:

"Yes, I am coming up to see you again this summer, but not to talk politics. It is true I want to be senator, but it is in the interests of the state I want the office; it is that I may work in the national capital for those things which are dearest to my heart as a Washingtonian. If I speak will not be a political speech but a speech or lecture in the interests of those improvements and policies that I have so long labored for through my paper, the Seattle P. I. I want to explain to the people personally, my plans for state conservation—state conservation of water power, timber and coal lands.

"If I am elected to the senate I can do more to further these great projects than I can do now but, whether I am elected or not I shall continue to use the influence of the P. I. to bring them about."

Senator Wilson is a well known figure in Washington affairs. His paper, the P. I. more than any other Washington paper is a state paper, working for the uplift of the whole state. The Tribune is not announcing itself as a Wilson advocate, but will cheerfully say that of the candidates now in the field it believes Senator Wilson is the most able and the freest from contaminating influence—and, Mr. Wilson is a Western Washington man.

Really we have not made up our mind yet as to who shall fill Dad Fraser's shoes, but Frank Bixby is the best "middle of the road" timber we know of for County Commissioner. Lynden must be remembered, and only extreme modesty has kept the Tribune from mentioning Bixby's name for Commissioner and Dan Cloud for the Blackstonian grind. It is said Dan knows good politics when the bag is open. They are grooming stalwarts all over the country, except Ferndale, where the people are too busy building a city to dabble in politics.—Ferndale Record.

Now look here Bro. Lowe, as we have intimated elsewhere we are in a fighting humor. You can name Frank Bixby or any other Lynden man for any office you want to and we'll be with you, but if you don't leave our name off we'll, well—we'll come over and tell you all about the inside history of when we were in politics. We have reformed and are trying to lead a better life. Don't talk politics to us. You say we know "good" politics. We don't. We never did.

Sometimes I grow discouraged and feel that boosting is a thankless job, and then something will happen to make me ashamed of myself. Monday I was grouchy. In came a man who the Tribune induced to move from a far off country to this. He arrived last fall and bought a place. I felt certain everybody else must feel as I felt, so I waited for him to commence roasting me for ever having sung the country's praises. This is the way he did it:

"Say, I want to thank you again, for having induced me to move here. Isn't everything lovely now? Do you know it reminds me of Eden. I don't believe Eden could have been more beautiful. I write lots of letters and send lots of literature back to my friends, but I can't tell them all. If I could they wouldn't believe me. I have yet to find a man who has made a failure here unless he was lazy. Any five acres of land in this country will support a family."

And he went on until actually I was smiling and felt almost proud of myself. No sooner had he left until another young man, who came last fall, and who spent most of the winter said: "Say, this country's alright after all, isn't it? I used to growl last winter, but when you come to think of it we didn't have it half as bad as they did back east. This is a great country."

We went out and bought ourselves a cigar, and stuck a pin in our face to see if we couldn't bring a smile

Some of the county papers are getting awfully worried because there are no candidates for county offices announced. Cut it out, boys, cut it out. Before election time the woods will be full of them.

Beautiful Lynden. Not a visitor enters the town at this season of the year that doesn't say it is the most beautiful town they were ever in

and that its view surpasses anything to be found in this country of beautiful views.

How fast is a motorcycle going when it isn't going six miles an hour?

There is no complaint to be made about the treatment accorded the county schools by the town of Blaine, never-the-less the Field Day exercises should not again be held in a town where there are open saloons—not even if they have to be held out in the country, somewhere.

The Blaine Journal says the Tribune's "trolley was crossed" when it said Blaine was claiming 4,500, and would be glad to be counted 2,000 population. Quite likely. Quite likely. We're not going to quarrel with the Blaine Journal. Whatever the town claimed we'll bet a dollar dog she "hain't got," neither she nor any other town.

We don't particularly dislike Judge Burke of Seattle, who would like to be senator, because perhaps, we don't know him, but when a man is aspirant for political honors on the republican ticket and chooses the Seattle Times, the only mugwump paper in the Northwest, as his mouthpiece we don't particularly like him either. We get the Times here regularly. This week we are getting two copies, and along with one of them came a notice that we needn't worry about paying for it, the Burke committee we doing that. Maybe we'd like Burke if we knew him, but then, as we say, we don't know him, and we are always a little suspicious of a republican who is introduced by a democrat.

AND, IT'S TRUE, TOO

For many years we have had an abiding faith in the documents and statistics sent out by the United States government. Never again shall we believe in them. Forestry reports, manufacturing reports, tables of cost of production, and pamphlets on the cost of living can have no weight in this office in the future. An observation of the methods pursued by your Uncle Samuel in taking the census for 1910 in the state of Washington has cured us.

All of our exchanges tell stories of a padded count. Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Wenatchee, North Yakima, Puyallup, Bellingham, Aberdeen—everywhere it is the same. Disappointment at the first and honest count is the cry; then a claim that the count is short; then an extension of time, and a suggestion from the district supervisor to get busy—enthusiasm—count traveling men—count the hoboes and fly-by-nights—count men who have been in Alaska for years—count babies unborn, and patriachs dead many long years.

One community starts it; another follows in self defense. Seattle must make a showing double or more than Tacoma. North Yakima must find an excuse for its extravagant claims; Aberdeen must count 20,000 souls, and Hoquiam must keep up with Aberdeen.

And so we have done it. A carnival was suggested to help us. We threw confetti and counted paper statistics, arguing all the time that Uncle Sam had been remiss in his duty.

And so he had. When his census books—printed at the expense of the people—come lumbering along during the next five years, telling us how many single men there are in the state of Washington; telling us the number of property owners compared to the number owning nothing; informing us as to rates of wages; giving us the proportion of deaf, dumb and blind and lame to each 1000 able bodied wage earners; presenting figures as to the number of illiterate; the number of foreign born; the number of widows and widowers; the number of children, etc., etc. ad nauseum, we will believe none of it. We will know that it is a lot of guff. We will know that John Doe and Richard Roe played havoc with the official figures. We will know that Seattle counted almost every stranger that set foot on its streets for a month; we will know that Tacoma counted 6,000 people in one crazy carnival night; we will know that one Hoquiam printer was assisted in having himself counted 20 times, using the names of Hoquiam citizens for his aliases; we will know that Aberdeen tooted horns and rung cowbells in an effort to write down 20,000 names. And that Hoquiam did its best to more than half as good.

It seems to be the American way. We like to count in millions, we want to be big; we care nothing for facts; we like to make a show, wear good hats, good suits and shabby underwear. We prefer automobiles and pianos to homes and cookstoves, and while we pay 10 per cent for the privilege, we continue to put up the bluff, and no one of us seems better than another.—Grays Harbor Washingtonian.

A TERRIBLE AX

Seattle's P-I for Tuesday had an item from Vancouver, B. C., on the first page, that starts off: "Armed with an ax shouting like a mad man."

For the benefit of eastern readers let it be understood that such terrible axes are not common even in the wild and woolly west.

Carl Nichols, working at the Active Mill, clipped the end from one of his fingers in a shingle saw this week.

Side Lights on Capital Notables

If any one thinks that our national lawmakers take no interest in baseball or are so busy working for Uncle Sam that they cannot find time to attend a game, then they have another guess coming. From the president down most of them are "fans."

Recently Vice President Sherman, whose voice can be heard half a mile



"OH, ISN'T THAT THE LIMIT!"

when the home team wins a victory, had set his heart on witnessing a big intercollegiate baseball game in Washington, but there were important duties to prevent. "Sunny Jim" told his troubles at noon to some senate leaders, and, being fans themselves, they sympathized with him. Why not adjourn the session in time to let him off? There was nothing very pressing on just then anyway.

No sooner suggested than agreed to, and at the agreed moment the senate took an executive session and then adjourned just in time for the vice president to be whisked away in his auto to the ball park.

In the past baseball has made it almost impossible to keep government clerks at their desks, especially when the home team was in the city. This year a new plan to regulate leaves of absence has thrown a bomb into their midst, and there is much wailing and gnashing of teeth.

They are telling a good story in Washington just now which discloses the red tape that frequently binds our officers.

Several years ago Lieutenant Sturtevant, who is still in the service, was stationed at Mobile when one day he received a telegram ordering him to proceed to Sitka, Alaska, forthwith. The officer was willing to obey the order; but, being on a modest salary and the social duties of his station having eaten an enormous hole in his supply of ready cash, he wired the chief of the revenue service as follows:

"Telegram ordering me to Sitka, Alaska, received. Please advance month's pay in order that I may comply therewith."

The next day Sturtevant received a telegram reading as follows:

"Your telegram received. Proceed forthwith to Sitka, Alaska."

Sturtevant was puzzled over his limited finances and the apparent impa-



"COME TO SITKA FORTHWITH."

fluence of his superior officer, but finally had a brilliant thought. He sent the following message to Washington:

"In compliance with orders to proceed forthwith to Sitka, Alaska, am leaving tonight on foot for San Francisco. Upon reaching San Francisco will proceed to swim to Sitka."

Sturtevant waited for results and got them. Early that evening as he sat at his hotel, with no thought of hiking it cross country, a messenger handed him the following message:

"Subtreasurer at Mobile has been instructed to advance you sixty days' pay. Proceed to Sitka, Alaska."

Sturtevant did so, and in comfort.

Value of Proper Feeding. To make dairying profitable the cows must be of the best, and they must be fed properly the whole year through. The "feast and famine" practice is disastrous to profit in a dairy.

FOR BARGAINS IN MEAT

AND THE CHOICEST MEAT IN THE NORTHWEST COME TO

LYNDEN MARKET H. MULDER

ACORNS AND OAKS

Mighty Oaks from little Acorns grow. Your son's a small acorn, and if you will start him depositing HIS earnings with us,---no matter how small, in a few years he will have become a mighty oak. He can start with one DOLLAR.

THE LYNDEN STATE BANK, LYNDEN, WASHINGTON.

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