

# The Lynden Tribune

Consolidation of The Pacific Pilot and The Lynden Sun

pl. 2

LYNDEN, WASH., THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 26, 1910

No. 48

## COMMENCEMENT DAY

### Next Week Ends First Year of the Full Course High School—Graduation Program and Other Closing Days' Events

Vera Robinson.  
Bessie E. Taylor.

The above named young ladies will be the first graduates of the four-year high school course in Lynden. The commencement program which follows will be held in Jamieson's opera house, one week from tonight, at 8 o'clock:

Invocation ..... Rev. J. M. Wilder  
Chorus ..... Lynden Glee Club  
Address ..... Elmer L. Cave  
Music ..... Ladies Chorus  
Presentation of Class to the Board of Education

Presentation of Diplomas  
The class motto is, "Mehr Licht."  
The class colors are, maize and lavender.

The class flower is the white carnation.

Most of next week is to be given up to commencement week programs and doings. On Sunday at 8 P. M. the baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. Wilder. Tuesday the 31st the Junior class gives a reception. Wednesday night June 1, the class day exercises will be held in Jamieson's opera house, and on the next night comes the commencement program. Following is the program for the class day exercises:

Piano Duet ..... Vera Robinson, Mamie Weelhouse  
Music ..... Lynden Glee Club  
What We Have Done, Elizabeth Ryan.  
Jane Addams, Chicago's first Citizen.  
..... Ruth Frasier  
The Hero I Admire ..... Roy Clark.  
Solo ..... Mrs. D. Mulder  
Mother Nature's Protective Devices.  
..... Olive Reid.  
The Farm and the Community  
..... Clarence Vander Griend.  
Class Poem—The Juniors—Weelhouse  
One of the Heroes ..... Eva Mulder.  
Some Rays From Eddium  
America's Panmaker ..... Bessie Taylor.  
Silo ..... Mr. Smallfield.  
Conservation of the Children  
..... Crete Topping  
Twenty Years After, Winifred Ireland.  
Presentation of the Light  
..... Vera Robinson  
Response ..... Gertrude Barnhart.  
Music ..... Lynden Glee Club.

## McCORMICK'S WHISKERS

### WERE OUT OF PLACE

Once several years ago the big republicans of Tacoma decided that the Hon. R. L. McCormick, who has so recently withdrawn from the race for the U. S. Senate, was the most available man to defeat George P. Wright, the democratic mayor who was up for re-election.

The day before it was decided, there had been a woman's convention in the town and our society editor had used the camera—she or one of her many satellites. The morning office was informed about McCormick, Albert Johnson, who was then managing editor of the News brought the camera over to me and said:

"See here, Dan, you go out and get a talk with McCormick, on town affairs, and get a snapshot of him—something out of the ordinary, so we can feature it."

It was a windy day for this country I started for the North End where McCormick lives, and I met him on the way down town. McCormick has long grey-brown whiskers and the wind was whisking them like a streamer off over his left shoulder. Before he knew I was going to do it I had snapped the camera and then stopped him for a talk.

McCormick was always a pleasant man to interview. We chatted for quite a time, and then I hustled back to get my picture made to go with the story. The story was run all right. The picture never was.

When I asked Johnson why it wasn't he spluttered and said things he really ought not to have said, among them: "That was a nice dinky feature," and dear old Roy Knapp, a political reporter who long since accepted his final assignment, "haw, hawed." Roy had saved the proof of the negative and showed it to me. It was all the society reporter's fault.

She, or someone, had taken a snap at some woman, but had not developed the film. It was a side view and a dandy. I had snapped the same film. The only blessed thing that showed was those whiskers, half as long as the woman's body, streaming straight out from her chin.

## BUTTERS A CANDIDATE FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the announcement of George H. Butters that he is a candidate for

county commissioner in the Second district.

Mr. Butters has been a resident of Whatcom county for 20 years, and at present he and his family live on a farm near Ten Mile where he has a herd of Jerseys. Until about two years ago he was engaged in the lumber business. All oldtimers in the county know him, and know that he has always been a republican. He was candidate for sheriff two years ago, but has never held a political office. He is a member of the Ten Mile Grange.

Leo Muyskins of Oak Harbor' Whidbey Island, is in Lynden spending a few days with his parents.

Mrs. H. Stearns and her mother Mrs. Sands were Bellingham visitors Saturday.

## DR. HOWE SELLS OUT

Dr. S. S. Howe has disposed of his location in Lynden to Dr. B. V. Mounter, who will take possession of the offices over the Lynden State Bank June 1.

Dr. Howe has been a resident of Lynden for several years and has enjoyed a large practice here. He has built up for himself an enviable reputation both as a physician and as a gentleman. His friends are numbered by the hundred. The sale of his location does not mean that he will quit the practice of medicine or even that he will leave the county. He wants a short rest from work. Then he expects to go to Chicago, Philadelphia or other big center to do post graduate work. He will then return to this county. As he himself puts it:

"I have not changed my opinion about this being the garden spot of the whole county. I hope to end my days in Whatcom county. But, I want to put in some time studying and advancing in my chosen profession, first."

Dr. Mounter is a newly graduated physician who located in Lynden recently, bringing with him a young wife, and announcing that he had come to make Lynden his home.

## "LYNDEN THE BEAUTIFUL"

We make frequent comment on the beauty of Lynden, and have occasionally called attention to the size of the leaves on these wonderful shade trees. At this season maple leaves have not attained their full size, yet we are almost afraid that some of our eastern readers will doubt the measurement of some of the leaves last week. A conversation with an eastern visitor who was marveling at their size started the measurements. We found several that measured more than one foot across. On Saturday the Tribune foreman picked one on his way to the office at noon that measures 16 inches from point to furthest point. We cannot prove this to many readers but if any eastern reader doubts it we will gladly mail them the leaf. It will doubtless shrink a trifle in the drying, but not so much but he will be convinced we are telling the truth.

## A DINKY FEATURE

### IN THE PAST HISTORY OF THE NEW KING OF ENGLAND—GEORGE V.

This thing of being king never did suit us and if we were George V we wouldn't do it. Why, it's almost as bad to be a king as to have all four teeth pulled. George he has had his trouble—that is, a part of it.

He got stuck on a girl whose name was Mary Seymour and whose pa was nothing but a plain Sir Knight. The young folks run over across the line to Malta and got a justice of the peace or somebody, to marry them, and—were going to say lived happily ever after—but as a matter of fact they didn't.

They had three kids and then the king's grandmas, who was then queen, suspending that there might be something wrong notified George to "cut it out" and get married to Princess Mary of Teck, which he had to do or take a tanning.

Our historian says that the "Lady of Malta," as George's wife was known, was gentle but firmly put aside, which probably means that she was kicked out, deserted, told to leave her happy home, or some such stunt. Anyway after the present king got married she was married again to a captain in the navy.

We believe in family scraps. We sometimes make our wife out kindling wood, walk the floor nights with the babies, and all that sort of thing, but we'd no more think of "putting our wife gently but firmly aside," than we'd think of fondling a horset's nest. Our wife isn't the kind you could put "gently and firmly aside," without the matter becoming quite generally known.



### NOW grandpa tells a story to the child upon his knee About the great big war that helped to make the nation free, And while she dreams of future days (they'll come so soon, so fast!) The veteran of '61 is dreaming of the past.

## Memorial Sermon and Program

Memorial Sermon, Sunday, 11 o'clock, at M. E Church, - - - - - Rev. Wilder  
Assembly at G. A. R. Hall. Memorial day at 9 a. m. - - - - - Everybody  
March to Cemetery, G. A. R. and W. R. C. in automobiles, escorted by marching School Children, 10 a. m. - - - - - Everybody  
Decoration of Soldiers' Graves - - - - - G. A. R. & Children  
Followed by ceremonies at creek bridge in honor of Sailor Heroes - - - - - W. R. C. & G. A. R.

## LYNDEN BOYS WILL RUN RELAY RACE

Lynden boys will run in relay from Bellingham to Lynden Saturday morning, leaving Dock and Holly street, Bellingham at 8 o'clock, and arriving in Lynden as soon thereafter as 29 of Lynden's fastest runners can make it.

Each boy will run half a mile. Some of the runners in practice have made their half mile in 2 minutes, 15 seconds. If all could make such time there would be no question of smashing the Bellingham record of 80 minutes.

John Storrey, who is managing the relay, guarantees it will be run this time, and people of Lynden should be prepared to greet the runners here at about 9:10 o'clock.

"Billy" Sunday, who preached at Jamieson's hall Wednesday morning, was the guest at luncheon of Mrs. B. H. Lohring, an old school mate.

Walter Fulcher received a card this week from H. Van Gelder, dated at Niagara Falls. Mr. Van Gelder expects to leave New York City for Kleino, North Hoorn, Netherlands, about the first of June.

The Lynden ball team will play at Sumas next Sunday. Manager Gale planned for a game on the local grounds with Bellingham but for some reason it fell through.

We presume there is a law in Lynden against expectorating on the sidewalks, but you needn't worry. Spit where you please for a time yet. The chances are 99 to 100 you won't hit a walk.

Sam Palmer has purchased an Overland. Overlands and Fords make up four fifths of the sales reported in Lynden and vicinity.

Elmer C. Harrison and son of Milford, Iowa, who are traveling in the west called upon R. W. Green, of Lynden, an old acquaintance, yesterday.

ed on a hike with a pack train to the Fort George country in Canada that has been advertised so extensively in the Tribune during the past few weeks. From Lynden the party went to Sumas where their pack horses were inspected. From there a portion of the distance they shipped over the Canadian Pacific, and then comes a 200 mile hike. They expect to secure land in the new country.

The following persons were Bellingham visitors Sunday: Crete Topping, May Wilder, Merth Baldwin, Ray Seade, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Rittenberg, Mr. and Mrs. N. Boerhave, Hazel Powell, Mrs. Kelley and son Clyde, Mrs. McVey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Borehave, Mr. and Mrs. Shinn, Neal Shinn, Mr. and Mrs. Seth, Mrs. Sutley, Allie Shinn, Geo. Boswick, Charley Galbraith.

## IS HE A CANDIDATE?

Frank W. Bixby, of Lynden, who, two years ago made the race for Prosecuting Attorney, is being prevailed upon by his many friends throughout the county district to again enter the race for the same office. Bixby is a strong man, an attorney of ripe experience and will have a strong following throughout the entire county. It is also argued that the office of prosecuting attorney should occasionally be given to a capable attorney outside of Bellingham and we are of the opinion that it would be good politics for Bellingham to exchange such courtesies.—Maple Falls Leader.

Is Mr Bixby a candidate for the office? The Tribune asked him this week and he replied:

"I don't know. I have been asked by many to become a candidate, but I don't know what I will do. It is too early to say. I know this much: If I'd had the support offered me two years ago, that I've had offered me for this campaign, I would have been nominated and elected."

## GOOD FOR YOU: YOU'LL BE WELCOMED

Be it distinctly understood, Mr. Cloud, of the Lynden Tribune, that Nooksack is not planning to celebrate the Glorious Fourth. We're going to Lynden.—Nooksack Reporter.

## IT'S SHOCKING

Oh dear! that comet turns things upside down,  
For Sunday comes on Wednesday in our town.

The moon outshined by Halley's hides her face,  
And weeps alone in darkness and disgrace.

While that bold comet flirts across the sky,  
At such late hours I think it should instead

Of promenading, be at home in bed.

Chap Beyes says he is going to have a big crop of strawberries this year. He is getting his boxes ready for business now.

Miss Ruby McKay is serving cream and soft drinks at Blonden's.

## HALLEY'S NO GOOD

### OUR OLD CHUM JUSTIN HAD HIM BEAT A MILE IN DESCRIBING COMETS

A man named Justin who lived about 144 years before Christ and whom we never met, tells the biggest comet story we have yet run across. He says that in the year named a comet appeared in the sky that was one fourth as long as the whole sky, and so big that the moon and sun looked like twinkle twinkle little stars. Those may not be his exact words or anywhere near them, but the description of the comet is his, not ours. We are afraid the Bellingham American would have us arrested for criminal libel if we told it on our own authority.

This man Justin watched the comet for several nights. Presumably other people did too, if it was anywhere nearly as big as he says it was. They probably watched it days to, and did considerable dodging.

About 544 years later a fellow named Fretet—we didn't know him either—says he saw a comet that measured from the zenith to the horizon, and that put the sun in the shade.

In view (though we haven't seen it) of these two comets in the past, gone, days, of long ago, we think we have all been making a lot of fuss over this little streak of cold blue light called Halley's comet. We are not going to do any more crumming on astronomy until something worth while in the comet line comes along. It's only a baby comet at its best.

Ed Edson sold his home and surrounding land, which consists of 6 acres to B. Collins last Tuesday for \$3,000. He and his son Gale will now occupy the two large rooms above the drug store.

## FERGUSON GOES NORTH

W. R. Ferguson, Ernest Gillensplitz, Mr. Shumway, of Everson, Mr. Ivanson, of Bellingham and a young man whose name we do not know, started on a hike on May 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Le Compte, a boy.

## SUNDAY GETS \$44.00

### 1,000 Persons Come to Lynden to Hear the Celebrated Evangelist, but Half of Whom get into the Opera House

Of more than 1000 people who came to Lynden to see and hear Rev. Billy Sunday Wednesday morning not more than 400 got to hear him. When the opera house was crowded full, Mr. Jamieson very wisely refused admittance to the hall and entry.

An overflow meeting had been provided for in the Methodist church but Mr. Sunday positively refused to go there to even say a few words.

Prior to the opening of the meeting J. W. Wilmore who has been sick for some time and who was weak was overcome in the hall and had to be removed to his home.

Words: "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you," and as usual did not stick very closely to his text. He did not say however, that it meant being ready to give the answer before you were ready for the undertaker.

The sermon given was not a new one. Those who had heard Mr. Sunday in Bellingham or had read his sermons remembered parts of it, but he worked in a lot of original expressions that would apply to this locality only. For instance he said that a good many of these farmers around here would never be satisfied—they wouldn't be satisfied if they owned a whole township of this valuable land, not if they owned it all. After they got all on this side they'd go across the line after more; they'd want to go up into the Saaktachiwan or Alberta country."

He told his hearers that it was a good thing he wasn't God for 15 minutes, and he said:

If you don't believe the Bible, you are lost or else God is a liar, and I'd sooner believe God than some of these old infidels."

He said that one of the greatest pains a true preacher had to suffer was to preach from the pulpit and look into the eyes of church members who, he knew, if they should die would be in hell before supper.

He said all Christians were in church but not all churchmen were Christians.

He said he would go to see sick people who wanted to see him but he wouldn't bother himself to run after any sinners, "let them go to hell if they want to, if they don't want to come and hear me tell God's message."

He said that when he got to heaven he had a lot of things chalked down to ask God about.

Lynden made a free will offering that amounted to over \$44 net for Mr. Sunday.

## MR. AND MRS. FRENCH SURPRISED BY TEACHERS

The teachers of the Lynden school met and surprised Mr. and Mrs. French Tuesday night, though they had a mighty hard time doing it. Mr. Wright was sent up to the French home early in the evening to hold the couple at home. He is an interesting talker, and Mr. and Mrs. French are hospitably personified, but he couldn't help seeing that they had planned to go out for the evening and that they were simply waiting for him to go. He talked over the coming year's work, the last year's work, Halley's comet and the dynasty of Howangti, of China. He talked till his lips were dry. The other teachers were to have been there at 8 o'clock. They didn't come. They hadn't come at 8:30, so in common politeness Mr. Wright couldn't do anything else but leave. His hosts started with him, and met their belated guests on the street. Of course there was a pleasant time. The teachers brought with them, as a token of their esteem for the couple, a beautiful cut glass pitcher.

## CLOSE GAME OF BALL

The Lynden base ball team played the Everson base ball team, at that place last Sunday. The game was very interesting, being a twelve inning game. The score proved a victory for Everson being 3-4. A number of Lynden rooters attended the game. In the last inning Billy Meuer got his finger hurt quite badly. He was about to catch a ball, which struck on the end of his finger, tearing the flesh away from the nail and making a painful wound.

Fred Fischer and family, of Amhurst, Neb., arrived in Lynden Tuesday. Mr. Fischer is a brother-in-law of John Storrey's and while preparing for a home here the family is at the Storrey home. Mr. Fischer had Mr. Storrey buy him a 40 acre farm near Lynden last fall.

F. Fisher of Amherst Nebraska, arrived Tuesday evening to visit his sister-in-law Mrs. John Storrey.