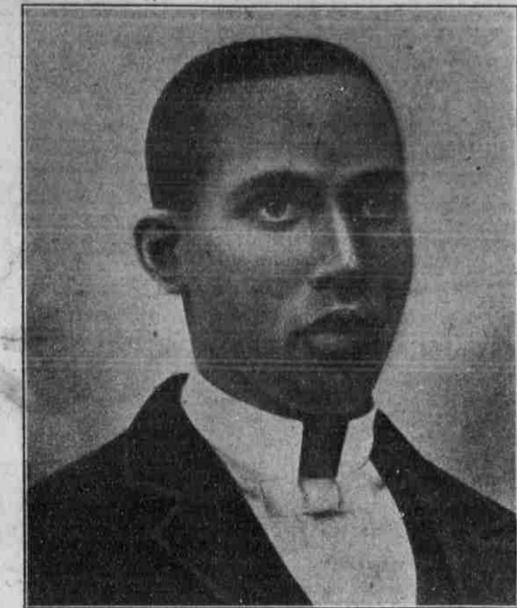


The Sun Congratulates Our Colored Voters Upon Their Loyalty Last Tuesday



MR. E. A. ROBINSON.

The aggressive secretary of the Negro Business League of Greater Kansas City, who will be unanimously elected as one of the delegates to the National Negro Business League at Muskogee, Okla.

"NEGRO ONLY" TOWN HELD NO TERROR FOR C. E. ELLIS.

Railroad Agent at Verdark, Ok., Overcame the Disadvantage of Breaking into a Village Where "White Men Are Not Allowed."

Muskogee, Ok., June 29.—Five years ago there was a sign pasted conspicuously on a tree in the village of Verdark, a negro settlement six miles north of Muskogee, which read: "White man, get not the sun go down on you here!" Time and C. E. Ellis have changed all that and the story of the fanning of a wild and vicious Negro settlement, and getting rich while doing it, is nearly a romance.

Five years ago G. E. Ellis made application to the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad for a job. There were two places open, one at Verdark and one at a small station near Parsons, Kas. Ellis was working in Louisiana and had never heard of either place. He was given his choice and selected Verdark. The railroad sent him a pass to Muskogee and here he first learned what he was to confront.

No One Stopped But Railroad Agent. "No white man stopped at Verdark," the sign read. He passed on through; no man passed through the region surrounding unless he was well armed, unless he was a stranger. The Negroes were the former slaves of aristocratic Indians and, after being freed, they seized the land of their former masters and since the Civil War, had been in practical control of a large area of which the Verdark settlement was the center.

They resented the intrusion of whites in any way and ordinarily ran things with a high hand. The only white man who ever remained in the place longer than a few minutes was the railroad agent. He scarcely ever left the station building, always well armed and numerous bullet holes in the building testified to the situation.

When Ellis arrived in Muskogee, a railroad official came personally and checked him into the new office. The old agent tipped Ellis off to what he might expect and pointed to the six-shooter he always carried. Ellis had neither a gun nor money to buy one, nor did he have money enough to get out of the place, so he remained. He resigned by wire on the day he drew his first pay check, however, and the answer was to stick on the job until relieved. No relief was sent. A few months later he resigned again, with the same result.

The Verdark situation was a knotty problem to the "Katy" railroad and when they got an agent there they kept him as long as he would stay. Ellis Made "Em Be Friendly."

Ellis lived, ate and slept in the station building. His first move was to get a negro of the better element appointed as village postmaster. This was followed by advice on planting and cultivating crops. Ellis was a natural agriculturalist. A new vista opened before the railroad agent. He extended his activities in making friends with the Negroes.

He had no security except faith. However it soon became known that the better Negroes who had received help would make it mighty uncomfortable for any other Negro who did not repay Ellis. They knew their friend and did not propose to have him imposed upon. He had the community sentiment back of him and his debtors had to pay or they had to leave the settlement.

Now He's Married and Happy. Then Ellis began to branch out. He bought a small piece of land and put a Negro tenant on it. He married. Verdark was redeemed. Ellis took his wife there to a cozy little home and she was welcomed almost as an old time Southern mistress among her

ONCE SENTENCED TO BE HANGED NOW A FREE MAN.

"Not Guilty" in the verdict returned by the jury in the Bob Harris case. When Judge Rizer read the words Saturday evening in a clear ringing tone, a silence fell over the crowd in the county court room and even the prisoner was unable to recover himself for a few moments, as he, along with all others, expected at least a verdict of murder in the first degree.

As had been stated in these columns before Bob Harris and Joseph Harris, his father, were arrested for the killing of officers Craig and Kipper in the city of Rocky Ford on the night of July 4th, 1911. In the fall of that year these two men were tried and Bob was convicted of murder in the first degree and was sentenced to be hanged. The father was found guilty of aiding in the murder and was given a sentence of twenty years in the state penitentiary at Canon City. Both cases were taken to the supreme court and were sent back on error.

In the meantime these two men, father and son, were held in the penitentiary and when the time came for retrial they were brought to La Junta. The trial of Bob Harris, who was accused of doing the shooting and who was sentenced to be hanged, was started in the District court in La Junta Monday morning, June 22 with Judge Rizer on the bench. It took two and one-half days to get a jury, after 69 men had been examined. The testimony was commenced on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 24th, and Saturday at 3:30 the case was given to the jury. When the twelve men retired to their deliberating room on the third floor of the court house there was a great deal of speculation as to what their verdict would be.

Soon after five o'clock Saturday evening, a little over one and one-half hours after they retired, the jury announced that they had arrived at a verdict. The court and attorneys were summoned and the twelve men again filed into the court room and took the seats they had occupied during the week while hearing the evidence.

The verdict, duly signed, was then handed to Judge Rizer. Every ear in the room was strained to hear the words which were to decide the fate of the prisoner. The judge read the verdict over to himself to make sure that he was right and then read it aloud as follows: "We your jury find the defendant, Robert Harris, not guilty."

A few moments later he turned and spoke something to his attorney as if to make sure that he understood the judge correctly. Judge Rizer then discharged the jury and at the same time gave Mr. Harris, who for the last two and one-half years had been living in the fear of dying on the gallows, his freedom.

Mr. Harris then arose and thanked and shook hands with each of the jurymen, after which he left the court room and dropped out of sight.

The unexpected verdict in the case of Bob Harris has, in a way, upset the plans for the trial in the case of Joseph Harris. His case was to be heard at once but the judge and prosecuting attorney have not yet decided when they will take it up. On account of being unable to get a jury here without a great expense to the county, the case may be tried in Pueblo, or it may go over until the October term of the District court.

The witnesses examined by the plaintiff were Dr. Barber, Dr. Pollock, Dr. Wilson, Chas. B. Boyd, Mrs. J. A. Kipper, Mrs. J. B. Crang, E. W. Bailey, Ernest Lane, Earl P. Bennett and Tim O'Leary. And the testimony in the former trial given by John Tinsley, H. W. Potter, H. J. Sprinkler and G. M. Coffman, was reproduced, these gentlemen not being able to attend the trial.

For the defense only Bob Harris, the defendant, and his father, Joseph Harris, with Mrs. Harris, together with Limon I. Henry, were put on the stand. Mr. Henry, the attorney for the defense, visited the scene of the murder about a week after it happened, and he gave testimony as to the lay of the house, blood stains here and there, etc.

Probably the most interesting testimony was from the defendant, when he attempted to show his position when he claimed he was attacked by the officers. He gave an illustration by getting on his knees, when he claimed he was struck by the officers, and he gave a dramatic scene with Prosecuting Attorney Davidson by showing the manner in which he twisted the gun from the officers and shot them. Robert Harris testified that while the trouble was going on in his house he got down a bible and read a chapter.

The arguments in the Bob Harris murder case were concluded Saturday afternoon and the case was given to the jury at 3:30 o'clock.—Megaphone.

THE BEST EVIDENCE.

Though men may knock and men may roam,
The narrow skirt that shows a stocking,
From coast to coast, they look the most
And longest at the one most shocking.

Yes, many men who rail and blow
About that skirt, in secret love it;
Most women know that this is so—
They have the figures, too, to prove it.

—Walter G. Doty, in Puck.

NEGRO REAL ESTATE DEALERS MAKE GOOD

The Afro-American Investment Co. is Demonstrating That They are in a Position to Give the Very Best Protection and Get the Lowest Price and Terms For Negro Home Buyers.

A CREDITABLE RACE ENTERPRISE

The Afro-American Investment & Employment Co. has just closed a deal with Mrs. Minerva A. Kirkpatrick for the purchase of the Mansion at 1212 Vine street, formerly owned by Mrs. Kate Jordan. This is the largest and most valuable piece of residence property ever sold to a colored person in Kansas City. Mrs. Kirkpatrick and her two daughters spent ten months in looking at various pieces of property trying to find a home that would meet the requirements. Hardly a day passed during the ten months but that some of the leading real estate firms of Kansas City showed them property or called to see them. During that time the A. A. I. Co. was the only firm that was able to find property that met their approval. Mr. Wm. Hopkins, the Afro-American salesman, found three places that they were willing to buy and put up earnest money as follows: Eleventh street near Euclid—earnest money put up thirty minutes too late. The next property decided on was located on Lydia near Fifteenth street. This property was contracted for and earnest money deposited with the Afro-American Investment Co. as agents. The owner of the property refused to consummate the sale owing to the fact that they found out that they were selling too cheap. After exerting every effort to get the deal closed the Afro-American Investment Co. brought suit against the sellers and the court awarded them their commission and \$500 damages for Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

sale failed to materialize. Next the Jordan mansion was considered. Mrs. Jordan wasn't just sure that she wanted to sell, but after taking the matter under consideration for several weeks and by the advice of her son, Mr. Oliver Jordan, and the ultimatum of her daughter, Mrs. Edwards, who said "Mother is getting too old to have the care of such a large house," she wanted her to sell it and buy a nice little cottage all on one floor, so she could spend her declining years in comfort and without cares. Mrs. Jordan finally consented and instructed the Afro-American Investment Co. to find her a buyer. The proposition was submitted to Mrs. Kirkpatrick and daughters. They turned it down, saying the price was too high. Mrs. Jordan at once cancelled the agency and said she would not sell at all. In a few weeks Mrs. Kirkpatrick made Mrs. Jordan an offer which was \$1,000 less than the original price; after some delay Mrs. Jordan accepted the offer and the sale was made.

This article was not put in the paper to let you know that Mrs. Kirkpatrick has bought this most valuable home in Kansas City owned by Negroes, but it is to let the public know that the Afro-American Investment Co. is the only real estate firm that makes a specialty of handling property for rent or sale to Negroes. We have been doing business in Kansas City for ten years. We have sold more homes to Negroes than all other dealers combined.

THERE IS A REASON.

We have never sold a piece of property with a faulty title. We help our customers over the rough places and see that their mortgages are renewed. In fact, we see that every one gets a fair and square deal and look after the best interests of our people as we feel it is our duty. Scores of satisfied customers are willing and ready to testify to the fair and courteous treatment they have received from this company.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick Shows Her Race Pride and Loyalty.

The next house selected was also near Fifteenth street and Lydia avenue, owned by a colored woman who has a white agent. She informed the owner that she would buy the house if it was sold by the Afro-American Investment Co., as she had explicit confidence in their integrity and ability as real estate agents, but would not buy through a white agent. This

MASS MEETING

In the Interest of the
Federated Colored Charities
ALLEN CHAPEL, SUNDAY, July 12, at 3:30 p. m.
Prominent Speakers of Both Races.
All are Invited.

The Grand United Order of Odd Fellows

will hold their 32nd Anniversary of the District Grand Lodge No. 8 of Missouri and District Grand Household of Ruth No. 15 at Kansas City, Mo., August 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th, 1914, and also the Grand Staff Council of the 11th Patriarchal Regiment who will hold their encampment at Ridge Grove, 20th street and Woodland avenue. This promises to be the greatest meeting ever held by the Order and a week's pleasure for all who attend—there will be more than 500 delegates and visitors attending the occasion. The Grand Lodge will hold their session at Metropolitan A. M. E. Zion Church on Woodland avenue between 18th and 19th street, and the Household of Ruth's sessions will be held at the Vine Street Baptist Church. The entire week will be devoted to Competitive Drills and Dress Parades by the famous drill teams of St. Louis, Mo., Topeka, Kan., Kansas City, Kan., and Kansas City, Mo. Also the Cadets of St. Louis, Mo., Kansas City, Kan., and Kansas City, Mo., will compete for the Grand Lodge prizes. Don't fail to attend this meeting. All kinds of attractions will be at the Grove during the week. Admission, 10 cents.

REV. H. H. HARRIS ARRESTED.

Rev. H. H. Harris, who until last Monday night was pastor of the First Baptist Church, was arrested last Saturday night by Officers Cooper and Wallah. It was stated by the officers that at about 11:45 Saturday night when the arrests were made the Rev. Harris and two women, Mrs. Cornice Reed and Mrs. Edna Rainey, 2815 Lucas, were found undressed and that the women were drunk. Charges of lewdness were dismissed in the police court Tuesday. Rev. Harris denies the charges, stating that he saw the women drunk on the streets and accompanied them to his place that they might sober up.—The St. Louis Argus.

COLORED FARMERS IN MISSOURI.

Out of the 280,000 farms in Missouri a little less than 3,753 are owned by colored men. They range in size from 3 to 260 acres and are estimated to be worth \$27,768,750. The farm of the average Missouri colored farmer, just like that of his white brother, the bulletin says, is well kept and well stocked and is very productive, growing wheat, corn, oats, grasses, watermelons, strawberries, apples, peaches and all other food necessities. Colored farmers raise poultry for the market, sell eggs, milk and butter, have beeshives and plenty of honey, produce sugar cane, which in the fall they boil out for sorghum molasses. Their daily menu is made of the best things they produce, being far superior to that of the average colored family in the city.

Nearly every colored farmer of Missouri has a bank account, and his profits allow him to take a vacation in St. Louis, Kansas City or some other large city once or twice a year.—Correspondence, Philadelphia Ledger.

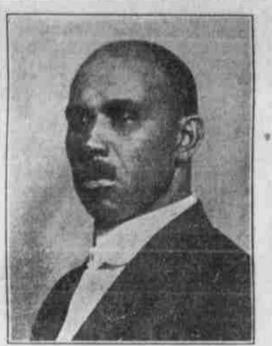
Nicely furnished room for rent at 3906 East 14th street.

Isby's Business Adventure

(A story by Cecil G. Brown.)

An elderly looking man was lazily unloading empty dry goods boxes on the vacant lot between Vine and Flora streets from a dilapidated express wagon, which his skinny little pony could scarcely draw. His (the man's) color was the kind of "velvety" black which everybody admires and which would dispel all doubt as to his racial identity; his feet were set in opposition to each other and enabled him to push the minutest obstruction from his pathway as he "shambled" from one side of his wagon to the other; he was a little better than six feet in height; his face (which disclosed a ten week's growth of beard), his broad shoulders and small beak-like eyes, suggested to anyone who might desire to do or say anything to incur his anger or displeasure, to stand at a perfectly safe distance. The surprising thing about it all was his absolute indifference to passers-by. He would not even speak to his acquaintances when they hailed him. Presently a prominent business man, who knew him better than anybody else or who was a little bolder than any of the others who had passed, accosted him: "Isby, what are you unloading those boxes there for? What are you going to do with them?" Isby, with a frown: "Oh, well, it's none o' yo' business. Now you jes' wait an' see. You never know what ah'm a goin' to do 'till you see me doin' it. Ah rally jes' can't see why so many other folks worry 'bout what ah'm tryin' to do." This seemingly was enough for the inquirer as he left, laughing and shaking his head. Now, Isby had always boasted that he was a member of a family which claimed a reasonable portion of this world's goods, however, it is needless to say that the family fortune was sadly withered and depleted long ere it reached Isby, judging from the fact that the dilapidated wagon and weather beaten pony were his only bequests at the death of his latest ancestor. It had been the ambition of his life to be a business man. Back in Virginia many years before he had stood in the valley beneath the great natural bridge and related to a gang of his playmates that he would some day be a master merchant—able to give employment to many of his future sons and daughters. Now that he was about to come into the fulfillment of his prophecy, he was extremely happy. He considered himself sufficiently prepared to launch out into the business world and break every record of success and prosperity which any one of his kindfolk had ever made—and he did. (?) His location was in an aristocratic neighborhood made famous by his colored residents. Everything and everybody were colored. They were glad that some one had enough race pride and business foresight to open a grocery in their community for it was a very great convenience to them.

Well, he finished his task of unloading boxes, gave the pony a scanty meal of hay and oats (at the same time betraying his appearance, for the horse had all appearance of having been underfed and shamefully neglected). Referring to the poor beast, a bunch of school boys asked him if he was not afraid of his "shadow." He did not even look up for a moment too busily engaged with the thoughts of the great change which was about to come into his life. Within a day or two the boxes were disassembled and the erection of Isby's store house was completed. It was veneered with paper roofing which gave it the appearance of an improvised shelter for tools. He was very proud of his progress so far. He proudly shrugged his shoulders and walked around his little shanty inspecting all the corners and even the heads of the rusty nails with which he put it together. He exclaimed: "Ah believe Ah could make uh good murchant. If uh lot o' these carp'n'uz 'round hyar was to come an' look at this house 'tould make 'm shame." Believing in a systematic way of doing things, he harnessed his horse preparatory to driving to town, but there was just one thing which proved a source of worry to him—he was forced to avoid the busy streets for fear of an encounter with the humane officers. However, he made his way to several wholesale houses in search of a place where he might make the cheapest purchases of inferior foodstuffs. Finally he succeeded and his entire supply of groceries could be loaded on his rickety wagon. As he drove back to his storehouse it appeared that his vehicle groaned under its burden and would fall to pieces at any moment. By getting out and walking and coaxing his wheels as much as he did his pony, he managed to reach his place of business. He unloaded the goods, which consisted of the cheapest qualities of staple and fancy groceries and meats. These he contrived to sell as neatly first class and at the highest prices. His steaks and chops were always tainted; his bottled milk was adulterated to the consistency of water; his canned goods were old and stale and his cheese was "as strong as an ox." The next morning after he purchased his stock he hung out his sign: "Rody Po' Business." That same morning Mrs. Searcy, his first customer, entered with an air of dignity and asked for a nice "loin steak." He promptly told her that he did not handle that grade of meats for it was "too expensive." He informed her that he had



MR. WM. HOPKINS.

The hustling salesman with the Afro-American Investment & Employment Co. who so successfully handled the deal for Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Mr. Hopkins is at the service of his people and can be reached over Bell phone East 3851-W, 2122 Vine Street.

"some might" nice ro' steak tho' (at the same time displaying a quantity which was already cut). It did not look very fresh, but however, Mr. Searcy decided that she and her family would cheat their stomachs just a mite in order to patronize a member of her own race. All the other neighbors followed the example set by Mrs. S. whether Isby had just exactly what they wanted or not, they too, demonstrating their race loyalty.

TRIUMPHANT MEETING.

Business League Volunteers Given Heartiest Reception.

C. M. E. Church Congregation magnificently entertained, commercial, industrial and financial conditions explained by Secretary Robinson.

Hon. C. A. Franklin spoke on "Solution." Hon. Dorsey Green on "Permanence Success and United We Stand," and many prominent men joined the League.

Grand Opportunity.

Rev. T. S. McMorris, D. D., fresh from Muskogee and pastor of the Ninth Street M. E. Church of Kansas City, Kan., who is conducting a camp meeting at Eleven and New Jersey avenues, has given us the text for a volunteer meeting Sunday night. Meeting at 8 p. m. Boys, make good. Come and bring all the family. Emphatically appreciate this grand opportunity. Three thousand dollars and a building in reach on a steam laundry, five thousand on a factory, two hundred dollars to place with a proper sum to open a drug store on North Third street, Kansas City, Kas., and unannounced tangible schemes. As the Secretary is placed in a most responsible position by man and God, duty forces him to do what conscience, consistent, systematic and up-to-date business methods prescribe, to assure permanent business success.

The Kaw Valley Truck Farm is our idea from the President down from start to finish. We love agriculture, we love science, we love art, but principle is first and last. Misrepresentations melt like snow in a June sun before truth, justice and square dealing which is the only sure path to lasting success. Get right, keep right and we must end right. Mr. W. C. Moon, Rev. T. S. McMorris, Rev. A. J. Williams, Mr. G. K. Williams, and Rev. M. I. Warfield united with the League. On Men of Ethiopia, On! Yours for Negro enterprise, E. A. ROBINSON.

BURKE-FRANKLIN WEDDING.

The marriage of Miss Nannie Franklin, the daughter of Mrs. Josephine Duval, and Mr. Spencer Burke took place Friday morning, July 3, at 11 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's mother, 2224 Flora avenue. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Richard Davis, pastor of Centennial S. E. Church. Only members of the immediate family were present. Monday evening, July 6, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Burke were tendered a reception by Mrs. Mary Walker at her residence, 2224 Flora avenue. Lilies of the valley and hyacinths were used in the dining room. The punch bowl was presided over by Miss Jennie Walker. Mr. and Mrs. Burke are at home at 2106 Woodland avenue.

A capable young lady typist wanting a position can find one by calling at the Kansas City Sun, 1803 East Eighteenth street.