



It Pays to Advertise in the Rising Son for it Reaches More Homes of Colored People than any other Paper in the State.

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LEXINGTON NEWS.

Rev. Gilbert preached his farewell sermon Sunday night. Rev. Clark and his congregation was up, also a number of members from the Second Baptist church. He will leave for an annual conference Tuesday night which will be held at Higginville, Mo., on the 18th.

Mrs. Dr. Taylor of Columbia and her sister of Leavenworth is here visiting their father, Mr. John Bouldridge who has been very ill.

Mrs. Josie Terrill and Mrs. Shields of Kansas City were here Sunday visiting their mother, Mrs. Wm. Booker.

Mr. Irvin Hawkins and Mr. Wm. Coleman of Kansas City were here Sunday.

Mr. A. A. Gilbert returned home Friday evening from Hiawatha, Kan.

Mr. James Hawkins who has been very sick is now better.

Mrs. Lucinda Freeman who has been in Independence for the past two weeks returned home Sunday night.

Rev. Dr. Herd and Rev. J. C. Caldwell and wife who have been attending the North Missouri Conference at Carrollton, Mo., were here Monday and spent a few days on their way to Higginville to attend Conference. Dr. Herd lectured Monday night at the A. M. E. church. His lecture was very interesting. He spoke of Africa, the different tribes her riches and their manner of living. Every one was well pleased that heard him.

Mr. A. W. Lloyd, Grand Chancellor of K. P. of Missouri, visited Green Valley Lodge on the 13th and lectured. The members were well pleased. General Robinson of the Uniform Rank was in company with him. He stated that he would like to organize a company there. He takes great interest in the Uniform Rank and he ought to be encouraged by the K. P. They left Saturday morning for Kansas City where they will spend several days preparing for the next annual meeting.

Mr. William Booker, sr., is quite ill. Mrs. Louisa Henderson of Odessa was in the city Saturday visiting her mother and father in company with her father-in-law.

Rev. McDonald and wife of Kansas City were in the city Monday on business.

Rev. Dr. Gaston of Jefferson City, Rev. Bacote of Kansas City and several other ministers were here Friday holding council at the Second Baptist church.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ritche of Kansas City was here Sunday to see her father, Mr. John Bouldridge who has been very sick, but is now better.

Mrs. A. A. Gilbert left Sunday for Hiawatha, Kansas, to see her sick sister.

A Great Hit.

"My wife made a decided hit at the church social last night."

"I don't doubt it. I bet she was the first looking lady in the room."

"Indeed she was, (but she made another kind of a hit. They were throwing bean bags at a dummy, three throws for a dime, for the benefit of the hospital fund."

"Hit the dummy three times?"

"Oh, no, with the first bag she hit a tray of dishes on the opposite side of the room. Cost me \$4. Great hit."—Kansas City Drivers Telegram.

Bad Accident.

"Had bad luck with my automobile last night. Ran into a buggy and bent both of my axles, punctured a tire and busted the gasoline tank. Terrible expensive!"

"Too bad, too bad! Anybody hurt?"

"Nope, no one but the man and his wife in the buggy. They were killed. Couldn't get out of the way in time, you know."

Did you ever have as good a time on your vacation as you anticipated?

NOTICE!

The Inter-State Literary Association of Kansas and the West will convene in annual session at Kansas City, Mo., December 26, 27, 28.

Each Literary Society is entitled to representation by three delegates, (one of whom may have a place on the program), and three alternates.

New Societies, and those not having been enrolled at the last session of the Association, will be required to pay a membership fee of \$1.50. Societies enrolled at the last session will pay \$1.00 membership fee.

The Executive Committee will convene in November for the purpose of making up the program.

Any Society may become a member of the Association by application to the President or Corresponding Secretary on or before the first day of December, sending therewith the required fee.

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429 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan.
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The Color Line.

If, as is now claimed by an eastern individual, St. Peter is or was a colored man, the "white trash" will have a hard time getting past him, while the mere fact that "culled pussan" purloined a nice juicy hen while living in Denver will not be considered so serious as to bar him from the New Jerusalem.—Denver News.

Arranging His Toilet.

The king of gamblers sat alone
With a mirror in his hand;
One of his Fridays came along
And took his watchful stand.
"Why this mirror, O my king?"
Thus did the Friday prate.
"That I might see," the king replied,
"If my lid is still on straight."—A. U. Mayfield, Denver News.

Warping the Scripture.

A sympathizing friend stood over the little casket. He wanted to say something that might console the mourning ones. He could think of nothing more befitting than a passage from holy writ, but this is the way he delivered it:
"Blessed are they that die at the eleventh hour."

He Might as Well Go Back.

If Hall Caine has come into the land of plenty with a view of taking his "Prodigal Son" home with him, he might just as well go back. Since the lad has been circulating in America he rather likes the taste of hushks and will stay with us.—Denver News.

Taking No Risks.

"I need more money," said the flying-machine inventor.
"But I thought the machine was finished," replied the capitalist.
"It is, but I've got to hire a man to fly it. Do you think I want to get killed?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When All Others Fail.

Dispatches tell us that but for a heavy rain which set in just as the fire department had exhausted all its energy, Butte, Mont., would have been completely wiped from the map. Another evidence of the necessity of being in touch with providence.

The Right Idea.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, who will send a sewing machine to the empress of Japan, has the right idea of spreading civilization in the Orient. She evidently believes there is more to be gained in sewing machines than sowing missionaries.

The Morning After.

Boston preacher has the audacity to say that "Colorado, like hell, needs more water." My, what a thirst he must have had the morning after he made the rounds of Denver.—Denver News.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

Four envoys in a navy yard
With solemn care debated,
And meanwhile on a distant field
The warring forces waited.

One word, and each opposing brave
Would fall upon his brother;
One word, and battle's lust for blood
Would love and pity smother.

The cannon boomed, the bells rang
Peace,
And loud was the rejoicing,
While gray-haired parents laughed
and wept,
Their happy feelings voicing.

Thus precious lives, the flower of youth,
Were saved a thankful nation,
The Yalevard-Princeton foot ball game
Was played by arbitration.
—New York Sun.

The Clerk Whistled.

A Scotch minister instructed his clerk, who sat among the congregation during service, to give a low whistle if anything in her sermon appeared to be exaggerated. On hearing the minister say: "In those days there were snakes fifty feet long," the clerk gave a subdued whistle. "I should have said thirty feet," added the minister. Another whistle from the clerk. On consulting Thompson's Concordance," said the minister, "I see the length is twenty feet." Still another whistle; whereupon the preacher leaned over and said in a stage whisper: "Ye can whistle as much as ye like MasPherson, but I'll no take anither foot off for anybody!"

In Crimean Times.

In Crimean times (says the "Tattler") the Highland regiments were so full of Hibernians that many stories were current exploiting the fact. One gallant Scottish colonel, it was said, resolved to take the sense of the regiment on the vital question of adopting the plaid as an essential part of the uniform. When the orderly came to report the result, the colonel was scandalized to find that only two of his men favored the suggestion. "And who are these two gallant Highlanders?" he asked. "Ooch!" replied the orderly, "sure it's Corporal O'Brien an' Private O'Callaghan, sorr!"

Bulk From the West.

The bulk of the commercial honey crop comes from the West and Southwest, and this year the supply is likely to be short. From Colorado, Utah and Nevada the yield is reported to be poor to fair. California has a moderate crop, and other producing States only a fair crop. Producers are holding their stock at an advance over last year's prices, the advance amounting to about two cents per pound.

How Schiffless.

Jacob H. Schiff, head of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. of New York, says he was powerless to ward off the things Equitable Hyde did to him and his company. How Schiffless of Mr. Schiff and how Hydeous of Mr. Hyde. Denver News.

Ask 'Em.

"Should the Schoolma'am marry?" is the question that is being freely discussed by some of the crusty old bachelor editorial writers of the papers just now. If these fellows really want to know why don't they put on a clean collar and go and ask the schoolma'am about it?—Denver News.

Oh, Joy!

Colonel Demming, a geologist of Pennsylvania, has discovered in Colorado a vast deposit of mineral from which radium is made, and he says the price will now drop from \$3,000,000 an ounce to only \$1,000,000 an ounce. Now that is more like it. Three million dollars was a little high for most of us.—Denver News.

Information Wanted.

"Jane," said the mistress to the new girl, "you must not forget to put the mackerel to soak for breakfast."
"All right, mum," replied Jane.
"What pawnbroker, kin I soak 'em with, mum?"—Detroit Tribune.

Edible Seaweed.

It is not a little astonishing to find what a number of seaweeds are really edible and nourishing, says The Lancet. Perhaps the best-known example in this country is laver, which is a kind of stew made from a weed, an alga. The laver made on the Devonshire coast and to be found in some London shops is excellent.

Hold Farm Since 1300.

Recently the stock was sold on a farm in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, which had been held by a family named Moffat since the year 1300, when King Robert Bruce made a grant of the land to the Moffats. They held it for 300 years as owners, and the rest of the time as tenants of the Dukes of Buccleuch.

Commit Sport by Proxy.

"Vandal," a well known writer on sports, said in a recent issue of the London Express: "The sports of this country are absolutely rotten—unsound to the core. This nation is no longer a nation of sportsmen. It is a nation of odds-taking people who commit sport by proxy."

Self-Winding Alarm Clock.

Joseph Blythe, a resident of Chester, Pa., has recently obtained a patent on a self-winding alarm clock, which is said to have several very novel features. The winding is done by electricity and when once set will ring every day at the same hour if desired.

Kipling as Critic.

Here is Rudyard Kipling's advice to an author who submitted a story for his criticism: "Tear out second chapter and scatter broadcast. Change name of hero and name of story; then get down to business and rewrite the whole thing."—Atlanta Constitution.

Black Rot in Cabbage.

Soaking the seed for fifteen minutes in a 1:1000 corrosive sublimate solution or in a 0.4 per cent formalin solution just before planting is suggested as a cheap and effective means of destroying the germs upon the seed.

Firemen Start a Blaze.

When the volunteer fire department of Tunbridge Wells, England, was on parade a spark from one of the engines set fire to a haystack, and the fire burned itself out, for the volunteers proved unable to extinguish it.

Many Schools in Hong Kong.

For its size Hong Kong has an enormous number of schools. The population of the island is about 330,000 and there are over 100 schools, the great majority of which are under government supervision.

Church in Farmyard.

Few more curious places for a church could be found than one at Sotuham Delabere, Eng., which stands in the middle of a farmyard. The only means of entrance is by passing through the yard.

Ill-Timed Wit.

"Did he leave you anything when he died?"
"Lashed of the fatherless girl, who cried,
"Oh, yes, he did!" And I questioned her."
"What was it?" "He left me an orphan, sir!"
—Cleveland Leader.

Girls' Best Safeguard.

Let us teach our daughters that life is not only tennis and parties. Let us endow them with the best of insurances—a profession at their fingers' ends.—Woman.

Pills Cause Peritonitis.

Death from peritonitis, due to excessive taking of pills, was stated to be the cause of a woman's death at a Bristol (England) inquest.

British Railroads Well Manned.

American railroads have six employees for every mile of track and the British roads have twenty-eight.

Income of Oxford College.

The income of Oxford University is slightly under \$350,000 a year.

HEN WILSON IN TROUBLE.

Scandal Disturbs Serenity of Inhabitants of Bingvile.

It is rumored on reliable authority that Hen Wilson has left his wife again owing to some marital trouble between them. This is not the first time Hen and Sary Ann have had marital trouble. The last time before this Sary Ann struck Hen with a rolling pin above the left eye and he went out of the house and did not return for several weeks. Some says he went to the Co. seat and spent most of his time in a hospital. Finally he returned some a sadder and wiser man and Hen and Sary Ann made up again and started out together to try to live a different life with the dove of peace perched above their hearthstone, as you might say.
But now ruction swift and terrible has broken out in their midst again. We got this straight or we wouldn't say anything about it in print. Mrs. Wilson herself told Mrs. Caroline Hooper that Hen had left home followed by all the cooking utensils in the kitchen. Mrs. Hooper told it to Hen Wade's wife and Hen Wade's wife told it to Mrs. Widow Henderson who told us.
Sary Ann has a quick temper and when she gets mad there seems to be nothing else to do but for Hen to dig out for a while and wait until the clouds roll by. What the trouble was this time was that Hen went right into the house like a dum fool and set himself down on a new sofa pillow which Mrs. Wilson had just finished. Mrs. Wilson stated that Hen might think that sofa pillows were made to sit on, but he was mistaken. Hen's whereabouts is at present unknown.—"Blind bills Bugle Items" in the Boston Post.

ARTIST MEET HER IDOL.

John Ruskin's Self Introduction to His Admirer.

The London Outlook tells a pretty story of the late John Ruskin, artist, author, reformer, which shows that courtly and chivalric gentleman and great writer in a playful mood.

Mr. Ruskin was taking a morning walk down the road just in front of Brantwood, when he saw a lady seated on a campstool making a sketch of the house, and, with a courteous grace which was intensely his own, he addressed her, inquiring her reason for choosing the house in question for her subject.

"It is the house of the famous John Ruskin," she frankly asked.

"Have you met Ruskin?" she was asked.

"No, indeed," she replied. "If I had I would have deemed it one of the greatest privileges of my life."

"Then, madam, if you care to follow me, I will show him to you."

In a twinkling the stool and easel were packed up and the artist eagerly followed the guide. To her surprise and gratification, he led her up to the house, and entering, bade his guest follow, which she readily did. On marched the stranger into the drawing room; then, placing his back to the fireplace, a familiar attitude, he exclaimed, to the amazement of his companion:
"Now, what do you think of Ruskin?"

From "The Glaur."

He who hath bent him over the dead
Fire the first day of death is dead.
The first dark day of Nothingness,
The last Fanges and distress,
Before Deary's effing' fingers
Have swept the lines where Beauty hung
And mocked the wild aquatic air.
The rapture of Repose that's there,
The keen yet tender tears that streak
Such is the aspect of this shore.
And but for that sad surrounded eye
That fires not wins not, weeps not now
And but for that chill, changeless brow
Where cold Obstruction's breathe
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dreads upon,
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, aye, one treacherous
hour
He still might doubt the Tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly scaled
The first, last look by death revealed;
Such is the aspect of this shore.
The Greece, but living Greece no more!
So cruelly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for Sorrow seems warbling there
Here is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb.
Expressions last receding ray,
A gilded Halo hovering round decay,
The far-well beam of Evening past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heaven,
By birth,
Which glows, but warms no more its
cherished earth.
—Lord Byron.

LINCOLN INSTITUTE NOTES.

The first term of the scholastic year, 1905-6, has thus far (three weeks) proved a record-breaker.

The enrollment to date, October 9th, is three hundred and thirty-one, and every day adds to the rapidly increasing number. Already it is necessary to divide classes because of their size and soon it will be necessary to make sub-divisions.

Students are here from the Pacific Coast on the West Gulf of Mexico on the South, and the Great Lakes on the North. The College Department has enrolled a larger number than usual and all of the industries are over crowded.

Summer school students are sending in letters from various points, telling how much was gained in methods of teaching and subject matters; that they have been able to secure better positions with higher salaries because of the work accomplished during the seven weeks' course in Lincoln Institute.

Graduates of the institution are constantly in demand to fill excellent positions both within and without the state; and President Allen, who takes great pleasure in looking after their welfare, and who is always hunting them up, has been able to secure good positions for nearly or quite all of the graduates of the last three years, who have desired to teach.

The football team is getting in shape for its annual triumphs on the grid-iron; meanwhile the young ladies are enjoying exercises through croquet and other games of the campus. The psychology of the new education recognizes the fact that "All work and no play" is, to say the least, injurious.

Mr. W. H. Grimshaw, author of "A History of Freemasonry among the colored people in North America, and to whom an appeal was made in a recent controversy between the Grand Lodges of Iowa and Missouri is the distinguished father of Miss Mary E. Grimshaw, the talented head of the sewing department of Lincoln Institute.

The many friends of the institutions will read with great pleasure, the article in the October number of the Missouri School Journal, "The Missouri School System," in which occurs the following well-merited testimonial:

"Lincoln Institute is a college, normal school and industrial institute all in one. It is not to be surpassed by Tuskegee or Hampton in industrial features, although it is not advertised nearly so much. It is supported by the state and does not have the appeal to the charitably inclined for support."

There is no good reason for exploiting its merits. Too many students from other states seek admission now."

It Did.

"This watch will work like a charm," said the dealer. "And it will cost you but a dollar."

We paid the dollar.
By the way; did you ever see a charm that did not keep time?"

The dealer was correct, and we have no complaint to make.

The watch worked like a charm—exactly like a charm.

"Papa," he said one day, "sailors must be awful small men?"

"Why do you think so?" asked his father.

"Because," answered Harry, "I read in the papers about one who went to sleep on his watch."

When a man declares he is out of politics he doesn't always stop to explain why.

Men often miss opportunity's knock because they are themselves so busy "knocking."

The heaviest collection place doesn't always indicate the most religion.

Very often a dog runs as fast as he can, and the rabbit gets away.