



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

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KANSAS CITY MO., FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1905.

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LEXINGTON NEWS.

Rev. O. D. Vaughn of Carthage, Mo., preached at the Second Baptist church Sunday night.

Mrs. Laura Lee who has been here for the past few months with her father, Mr. James Taylor, left last week for her home in Omaha, Neb.

Dr. Taylor of Columbia is here visiting friends.

Miss Henrietta Haydew of Independence is here visiting relatives.

Bishop Grant preached a noble sermon at Higginsville Sunday morning. Every soul that ever knew the love of God was enthused. Quite a number from here were there.

Mr. George Worsuff and Miss Flora Dorsey were united into matrimony Wednesday, Oct. 18th, at the bride's home. Rev. Wm Thirkles officiated. We hope them a long and prosperous life.

Miss Hannah Harris departed this life Oct. 19th and was buried on the 21st from the St. John's M. E. church. She leaves a dear mother, one sister and two brothers, to mourn her loss. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family.

Mr. Frank Saunders and Mr. Robt. Johnson of Kansas City were here a few days last week.

Mr. Wm. Booker is very ill.

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."

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 husks 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.

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 sewing 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.

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 Sotubam 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?"

I asked 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.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.
See Fourth Page.

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.

JAS. H. GUY, President,
429 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan.
I. M. HORTON, Chairman Ex. Com.,
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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 "colored puss" 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.

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.

A Redeeming Feature.

There is at least one redeeming feature about a parrot—it only repeats just what it hears.—Denver News.

Skeletons in Trenches.

A curious discovery has been made in the course of some excavations that have been in progress in St. Martin de Re, in France. The excavators unearthed trenches in which lay skeletons which were presumably those of the citizens who fell fighting there in defending the town against the English in 1627. Among the skeletons was found a spherical iron bomb containing a most black powder, which was found to consist of about a third of nitre, a third of carbon, and a fifth of sulphur, the remainder being iron oxide derived from the rusting of the iron shell.

The Bear Dance.

Little Bobbie—Pa, I want to see another bear dance, like the one that come along the street last week.

Papa—I don't know where to find it, son, but you run in and tell mamma that we will go down to the comic opera tonight and see the big ballet.—Kansas City Drivers Telegram.

Detroit Free Press: "Is it true that you have senatorial aspirations?" asked the reporter over the phone. "Yes," remarked the girl whose number had been called by mistake, "but I'm not sure that I can land him."

Puck: Mr. Gotrox—When I was your age, sir, I didn't have a dollar. Cholly Gotrox—Well, dad, when I am your age I probably won't have a dollar!

The man in the brown stone palace may enjoy life after a fashion, but he misses the satisfaction of the humble cottager who can sit in the front yard in his shirt sleeves and talk over the fence with his neighbor.

Not a Doubter.

"I have you know, sir," said the pompous individual, "that I'm a self-made man."

"Ah, indeed," rejoined the meek and lowly person, "I thought there was a home-made air about you."—Chicago News.

The Fad for Restitution.

Another embezzler who escaped to Mexico years ago is sending back the money to cover his defalcations and pay all his creditors. Is it possible this thing is to become a fad?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It's impossible for a man to see the point of a joke and feel it simultaneously.

A man is as old as he looks, but a woman is seldom as young as she thinks she looks.

Bessie, don't you want to stay in the parlor where your papa and Mr. Kawler are?"

HEN WILSON IN TROUBLE.

Scandal Disturbs Serenity of Inhabitants of Bingham.

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 say 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 Ben 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 durn 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—"Bing ville Bugle Items" in the Boston Post.

ARTIST MET 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 narched 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
Ere the first day of Death is fled,
The first dark day of Nothingness,
The last danger and distress,
To face Death's chilling fingers,
Have swept the lines where Beauty hung
And marked the mild smile that
The nature of Repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the closed cheek
And that for that sad shrouded eye,
That parts not quite with nursing breath,
But but for that chill changeless brow
Where cold obstruction's native
Applies the quivering 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 Terror's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly soiled,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore,
The frown, but frown, of Beauty's brow,
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
No start for Soul seems wanting there,
Here is the loveliness in death,
Expression's last revealing ray,
A gilded Halo hovering round decay,
The far-well beam of Feeling just 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 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 Mas'Pherson, but I'll no take another 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 Denning, 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.

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 kept 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.

Love may be blind, but it usually finds a way.