



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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MR. T. B. CARTER.

The subject of this sketch is Thompson Browning Carter, born in Boone county, Mo., March, 1856, A. D. Like many thousands of his race was born under the "Iron Hand." When his master at the close of the war told him he was free he took to himself wings and flew away to the city of Columbia and there became a bank employee. He held this position for four years. A better place with wider possibilities was his watchword, therefore, he became an employe at the State university. Filled that place with credit until the First National bank at Gainsville, Texas, demanded his services at a higher salary, but like all true and tried Missourians he was compelled to return to her soil.

He was appointed custodian of the University College of Medicine of Missouri at Kansas City which position he filled with credit for thirteen years. A change in the institution naturally changed his fortune so he cast his lot with the U. S. Customs and three years later was appointed



one of the custodians of the states property located at Jefferson City which position he now holds. There were many applicants for this position but Attorney General H. S. Hadley appointed him and he is filling the place with credit and is giving perfect satisfaction to all concerned. Mr. Carter feels that he owes much to Gen. Hadley. We think a great deal of Dr. Carter and his amiable wife, Mrs. Carter, who was Miss Winnie Crosby. She is a great help to Mr. Carter in his efforts to rise above the tide, the wind and the gale. Mrs. Carter has a very beautiful home in Kansas City at 1210 Highland avenue. May his life be as useful in the future as it has been in the past. Mr. Carter is also a prominent Mason as well as a prominent and tireless worker in Allen chapel A. M. E. church of Kansas City.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS ITEMS.

Thanksgiving at the Springs will be celebrated with the usual church services and in addition the colored Baptist church will give a "possum supper." The affair is looked forward to with much interest. Visitors are expected from the neighboring towns. A grand old time is in anticipation. Good accommodation may be found at the following places: Mrs. Fred Ellett, Mrs. S. W. King, Mrs. H. J. Harris and several others. Visit the town of health and help the church.

Bequeaths Money and Anatomy.

General Isaac J. Wistar, founder and patron of the Wistar Institute of anatomy and biology at the University of Pennsylvania, who died, not only leaves the greater part of his estate of \$2,000,000 to that institution, but also bequeaths to it his right arm and brain to aid the cause of anatomical research.

LEXINGTON NEWS.

Quarterly meeting was held at the A. M. E. church Sunday. The presiding elder, Rev. Barksdale preached at 11 a. m. Rev. Clark of the M. E. church preached at 3 p. m. Rev. Reed preached at 7:30 p. m. Every one seemed to enjoy each service.

There was preaching at the Baptist church Sunday by a minister whom we was unable to find out his name.

Mr. William Brooker is no better. Mr. Al Cooley is improving slowly. Mrs. Gundry Berton is quite sick. Mr. Henry Colley of Independence was in the city Sunday.

Rev. Berry of the Christian church returned home Tuesday. He reports he had a splendid meeting where he was.

Mr. Samuel Berry went to K. C. Sunday on business.

Mrs. Phina's McGill and her sister of Sedalia are in the city visiting his mother, relatives and friends.

Mr. Ad Ray the proprietor of the restaurant paid up his subscription for the Rising Son.

Miss Mary Olden one of our young ladies of this city who has been a reader of the Son for more than a year paid up her subscription and we hope others will do likewise.

Mr. James Epps who has been in Odessa, Mo., building an M. E. church has completed the work and returned home.

HIS EDITORIAL WEAPON.

An editor sweat and fumed and swore As he searched the office o'er and o'er For his trenchant weapon of steel. Some thief had entered his den that night And stole his instrument of might, And mayhap pawned it for a meal.

He cried aloud in sore dismay: "A hundred plunks I'll give today To he who brings my weapon home!"

And every man who heard the bribe Searched himself and kindred tribe, And dug his sleuthy Sherlock dome.

They brought a hundred pens to him, And carried pencils old and grim, But none appeased his gravest fears.

But by and by the office boy, With heart o'erflowed with hope and joy, Brought to light the long lost shears.

—A. U. Mayfield, in Denver News.

Life on the Water.

On all the great lakes of China are found floating islands, which are enormous rafts of bamboo, overlaid with earth, and upholding above the surface of the water pretty houses and gardens. They are, in fact, aquatic farms, bearing crops of rice and vegetables, large sails being attached to the dwelling house as well as to each corner of the island whenever it is desired to move about. After gathering a crop of grain or garden truck from the surface of the lake, the float-farmer casts his net into the water and from their depths brings up a supply of fish for his family.

Odors of the Mountains.

If you notice a strong spicy and "woody" odor about any woman these days, do not imagine that she has adopted a new perfume. It is balsam that you smell, for the lady has just returned from the Adirondacks and brought with her a balsam pillow as a souvenir of her stay in the mountains. Of course she jammed the pillow into a corner of her trunk when she packed up to come home, and equally, of course, the strong smell of balsam permeated everything. It is as much a mark of the returning vacationist as is the coat of tan.—New York Press.

Edward Honors Japanese.

King Edward VII. has made Count Katsura, prime minister of Japan, a member of the Order of the Bath, and Baron Komura a member of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

LINCOLN INSTITUTE NOTES.

The Missouri State Dairy association held its annual meeting in Jefferson City, November 15-17, inclusive. The faculty and students by invitation attended the Wednesday evening session and listened with much pleasure to the address of the occasion on the "American Queen," by Mrs. N. K. Jones of Kalamazoo, Michigan, and formerly of the faculty of Manhattan Agricultural college, Kansas. The lecture was a rare treat. Mrs. Jones emphasized the value of domestic science, home-making or household economics, as a part of the school curriculum; coming so soon after the discussion of "The American Boy," it gave opportunity to compare and otherwise investigate both sides of a great subject—the education of the boy and of the girl for the duties of life.

November 18 at Sportman's Park in Kansas City, Lincoln Institute Tigers defeated the Kansas University team with a score of 11 to 0. The excellent playing of the Lincoln Institute boys, their knowledge of technicalities, their skill, etc., received hearty commendation from all sides.

Dr. Allen and several members of the faculty with a number of the young lady students accompanied the team to Kansas City and the audience on the occasion was made up of representatives citizens, automobiles, carriages, etc., were in evidence, all going to show that the Negro is rapidly adopting himself to Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Her Test.

Her—Do you think this photograph looks like me?
Him—Yes.
Her—Then all is over between us. I know now that you are in love with me for my money alone.

More Steam Needed.

Many a time it is the preacher that ails the congregation. You can pull a heavy train up a hill with a pony engine.—Denver News.

Roosevelt's Classmate.

Louis M. Brown of Glens Falls, N. Y., who was recently nominated for justice of the supreme court by the Fourth judicial district Democrats, was a member with President Roosevelt of the Harvard class of '80.

Absentmindedness.

An absentminded aeronaut in Massachusetts discovered that he had left his moneywrench on the ground, after he had gone into the air 900 feet, and started to walk back for it, when he stepped on a cloud with a hole in it and fell so as to wrench one of his ankles.—Denver News.

Time Would Have Allayed Suspicion.

Madam Gossip compelled a dear young bride of three months, at Greeley, Colo., to show her marriage certificate before the naughty old tongue would cease to wag. The wedding had been kept a secret. Had gossip kept it hands off until the honeymoon wore off the contract might have been kept a secret for years without suspicion of undue attention being paid each other.—Denver News.

A Sheep grower says that he can produce 1,000 lbs of mutton with the wool on as cheaply as he or any other man can produce 1,000 lbs of beef.

The state of Colorado includes nearly double the amount of forest reserve of any other state in the union.

We have never heard of a business man going to a pool hall in search of an office boy.

The man with millions can never understand why men with jobs should go out on a strike.

There are still two things that Glasgow does not do for its citizens: Pick out their neckties and their cigars. The pocketbook nerve of some men is much more sensitive than their domestic nerve.

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., 1608 E. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo. MISS A. F. MOORE, Cor. Sec., 1214 Vine St., Kansas City, Mo.

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 Drovers 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?"

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.

HEN WILSON IN TROUBLE.

Scandal Disturbs Serenity of Inhabitants of Bingley.

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 his kitchen. Mrs. Hooper told it to Ben Wade's wife and Ben Wade's wife told it to Mrs. Widow Henderson who told it to Sary Ann.

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 his self 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.—"Bingville 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 camp stool 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 Ere the first day of Death is fled, The first dark day of Northiness, The last Dancer and Distress, Before Decay's effacing fingers Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers (1892). And marked the wild annals at: The rapture of Repose that's there, The fixed yet tender traits that streak The languor of the placid cheek. And—but for that sad shrouded eye, That fies not, whine not, weeps not now And but for that chill changeless brow Where cold Obstruction's spathy Approbs the gasping mourner's heart, As if to him it could impart The down he dreads, yet dwells upon, Yes, but for these, and these alone, Some moments, aye, one treacherous hour, He still might doubt the Tyrant's power; So fall, so calm, so softly sealed, The first last look by death revealed! Such is the aspect of this shroud! 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more! So coldly sweet, so deadly fair, We start, for Soul seems wanting 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, Expression's last receding ray, A gilded Halo hovering round decay, The farewell beam of Feeling past away! Spark of that flame, perchance of heaven, by birth, Which glows, but warms no more—cherished earth.

—Lord Byron.



The Study of Soils.

There is no study that will prove more profitable to the farmer than the study of soils. Everywhere agriculturists are coming to realize the importance of this study and are giving to it the attention that it deserves. In nearly every state in the Union the state government has taken up the matter as has also the National Government. When the soil survey work of the United States Government was begun on its present large scale there were many who believed that this expenditure of money was in part unnecessary. They could not see how the more knowing about the soils should improve its condition. They could not see why drawing maps of states and representing thereon the various kinds of soils could prove of any financial value to the agriculturists of such states. It was only after a year's work and after the soil survey of some states had been partly completed that the real results began to be seen. The first states in which the work has been partly completed is Illinois. Investigations of the different soil surveys has brought to light the condition of the soils in whole counties, and has shown what is needed in these soils to make them valuable. This could not be foreseen by the critics of the soil survey.

The knowing of the condition of the soils has resulted in the finding out of a way to greatly increase their value. The soil survey in Illinois has demonstrated the fact that there are millions of acres of land only partly productive because of the large amount of acid in the soil. Having learned this fact it was an easy matter for the scientists to find a remedy. They know that it merely requires an application of lime to make these soils double in value. The increased value of Illinois soils alone, due to this discovery, and the application of a remedy, will be greater than the entire expense of all soil surveys and soil studies in the United States.

Weston Sinclair.

Buffalo Co., Wis.

Film Moisture.

Film moisture is the moisture in the soil that just surrounds each particle of sand or soil with a thin coat of water. The film around one particle touches the films of adjacent particles. The attraction of the particle draws the film tight around it and each new particle above that one does the same. When a film of water touches a soil particle above it that dry particle draws the water with great force to cover itself. The film of water is drawn from the soil particle below, but in turn pulls up the next particle film below it, or, rather, the soil particle does that by its attraction. So the water films work up toward the surface of the ground. We call that capillary attraction. When the films covering the particles reach the surface of the soil they become exposed to the air and the moisture on the top of the film is evaporated or turned into gas. The films below push up to supply the need caused by the vacancy in a part of the water film collection. When these films are disturbed by the cultivator the upward movement of the film moisture is stopped till the soil particles have settled back in place and new films have worked around the soil particles once more brought into touch with the film water below. This is why we cultivate ground to prevent the loss of soil water.

Let us hope that heaven is a place where the suburbs are not in the hands of real estate agents.

It is more or less difficult for some people to do their duty—thanks to the vigilance of the customs officials.

Tell me what aman eats, and I will tell you what horsepower is his stomach.