



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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BURNS' CHAPEL NOTES.

The Burns Chapel, corner 19th and Woodland, continues to move on nicely under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. J. M. Harris. Sunday November 19, was quarterly meeting day; the collection was \$44. Collections for the quarter amounted to \$568.40.

Tuesday, December 5, the literary reopens for the winter season. A fine programme will be rendered each Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Sunday, December 17, is Missionary Rally Day. 2:30 annual sermon by Rev. G. G. Logan, A. M., D. D., Holly Springs, Miss.

Annual Conference meeting, March 14, Lexington, Mo.

R. B., Secretary.

A Perfect Substitute.

A young married woman, who was passing the summer alone on account of her husband having been summoned to Europe on a business matter, had a caller one morning, who asked if she were not lonely without her husband. "A little lonely," was the qualified answer.

"But surely," said the visitor, "you miss your husband very much, now he is away?"

"Oh, no," she said. "At breakfast and at dinner I just stand his newspaper up in front of his place, and half the time I forget he isn't there."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

RINGING OUT THE CHIMES.

Each hour has its appointed sound. All life is set in rhythmic times; The notes escape earth's narrow bound.

But God is ringing out the chimes. —Helen Hunt.

A Triumph Over Obstacles.

Her first venture at cooking dinner in her own home had passed successfully, and they sat in silence at the opposite ends of the table, wondering at the novelty of it all, and gazing at each other.

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.

Among Those Missing.

The football player with the bandaged head was limping over the scene of the desperate conflict the next day. "Fighting the battle over again, are you?" some one asked him. "Not at all," he answered, with dignity. "I am looking for my ear."

They Get the Point Too.

Yeast: They say your friend is as good at telling stories as he is at fishing. Crimsonbeak: He is, you see, when he's fishing and commences telling stories, the fish all gather about trying to catch the point.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Pickpocket (to lawyer who has got him free)—Even you believed me guilty. Lawyer—Oh, no, not in the least. "Then why did you leave your watch and pocketbook at home?" —Meggendorf or Blatter.

Nothing Can Be Done.

If the President does not see any action that our government can take to stop the horrors now being enacted in Russia, it is obvious that nothing can be done.—Boston Globe.

Boom.

Football is a game of chance— Zip! boom! sizz! hurrah! and then Broken bones and ambulance— Faces ne'er the same again. Houston Post.

Pertinent Query.

"Let us become one," murmured the young man who was anxious to break into the matrimonial game. "Which one?" queried the fair widow who possessed wisdom begotten of experience.—Columbia Dispatch.

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. Gundy 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. Phinas 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 football game played in St. Louis on Thanksgiving Day between the Lincoln Institute Tigers and Chicago Maroons resulted in a score of 11 to 6 in favor of the Tigers.

Williams and Schweich. All of these young people, members of the class of '05, are engaged in teaching, have excellent positions and express themselves as very much pleased with their work.

Dr. Allen delivered an address on Saturday before the Montgomery County Institute, on "The Best Gifts" that was highly appreciated by the large audience of white and colored citizens present on that occasion.

The work of Misses Geneva Anderson, Mildred Williams, Messrs. Abington and Ross before the Institute assembled was in every sense highly commendable, and as graduates of Lincoln Institute, they are demonstrating in a most satisfactory manner the kind of material which Lincoln Institute is supplying to this state and other sections.

The banquet recently tendered the teachers by the Zion A. M. E. church of Jefferson City was a fine affair and well attended.

Beer in Mugs and Glasses.

Bavarians have long insisted that beer is better and more wholesome if drunk out of stone mugs than out of glass. Dr. W. Schultze has now examined the matter scientifically and has found that beer is made injurious by a chemical process which dissolves the oxide of lead in the glass.

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 all 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 came 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'd 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 Binghamville.

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 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 Ben Wade's wife told it to Mrs. Widow Henderson who told it to Mrs. Wilson.

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 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.—"Binghamville 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 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 reached the stranger into the drawing room; then, placing his back to the fireplace, a familiar attitude, he explained, to the amazement of his companion:

"Now, what do you think of Ruskin?"

From "The Gleaner."

He who hath fasted him over the dead
The first dark day of Nothingness,
The last bright day of Nothingness,
That parts not quite with nothingness,
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers
And mended the mild aesthetic
The patient of Ropes that's there,
The fixed but tender traits that streak
The features of the phylid cheek,
And but for that sad shrouded eye,
That frowns not, whis not, weeps not now
And but for that chill changeless brow
Where cold obstruction's smoky
Approx the gnarling mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart,
The down he dreams, yet dwells upon,
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, Aye, the treacherous
hour,
He still might doubt the Tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed
The first, last look by death revealed
Such is the aspect of this shroud,
This Gleaner, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for Soul seems wanting there
Here is the loveliness in death,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gleam that hovers round decay,
The far-well beam of Feeling past away—
By Birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more
cherished earth.
—Lord Byron.

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

This title parable by an unknown author teaches its own lesson:

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much; but the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the old hen, but as she did so her wings struck an old goose, who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she started for the goose; but as she did so her claw caught in the wool of a sheep.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and she ran at the cat, but as she did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he rushed at the cow.

What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was! And all because the hen accidentally stepped on the ducks' toes.

"Hi! Hi! What's all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "You may stay here," he said to the hen; but he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to her fold, the dog to the house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended.

Famous Russian Poetess.

The poets' corner in the cemetery of the Alexander Newski cloister in St. Petersburg has been augmented by the grave of Myrba Lochwizkaya (Ybert), one of the few Russian women who have attained eminence for their poetry. She was the daughter of a prominent lawyer in St. Petersburg, where she was born in 1869. In 1896 her first volume of poems was issued, three other volumes followed. Her verse is characterized by Oriental touches, and her favorite theme is love.

Don't try to be anybody but yourself.

Few British Whalers.

Dundee is the only port in the British isles that owns whalships. Toward the end of the century before last nearly all the east coast ports had whalers of their own. London had thirty-four ships. The falling off of the industry is due chiefly to the scarcity of "right" whales; but the turning point of the decay was taken when coal gas was discovered, and there was a fall in the importance of oils as illuminants. But each season Dundee sends her whaling fleet to the Arctic. So few are "right" whales within the circle now that the Dundee experts know them all, it is said. Wags aver that the Dundee harpooners have names for each of them.

Poor Little Babylonians.

Eminent Babylonian explorers say that the multiplication table which the Babylonian child had to commit to memory extended to 39 times 39, and that he was easily conversant with two languages besides his own. The school rooms have been discovered and today it is possible to examine the school books, the tables with the arithmetic lessons still legible upon them.—Baltimore American.

A low corsage never seems so immodest to a stout as to a thin woman.