



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

VOLUME X.

KANSAS CITY MO., THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1907

NUMBER 34



In Self-Defense.
Towne—"The poetry he used to write for the magazines was very bum. I don't see any of it any more."
Browne—"No, he's stopped. He made a lot of money out of it."
Towne—"Nonsense!"
Browne—"Fact. You see, he has a rich uncle whose name is exactly the same as his and this rich fellow got tired of being accused of writing the stuff, so he bought him off."

No Cause for Jealousy.
Mrs. Wickwire—From the happy expression you had when Mrs. Potts was singing, one might imagine that you enjoyed that sort of thing. You don't break out into happy smiles over my singing.
Mr. Wickwire—I wasn't smiling over her singing. I was just thinking how lucky I was that she belonged to Potts instead of myself.—Stray Stories.

The Old Saw Adapted.
Markley—He began by asking for the loan of a V or X and I was foolish enough to give it to him.
Ascum—And he took advantage of you?
Markley—Yes. He wrote to me for fifty to-day.
Ascum—Well, "give a man a cinch and he'll try to take an L."

Maria's Tonic.
"Did you get a spring tonic for that tired feeling?" asked Kiddling.
"Yes," answered Mr. Erpock, "Maria sort of braced me up with one."
"Some home-made remedy?"
"Well—er—yes. That is, she told me she wanted an automobile some time this summer and advised me to get a hump on myself."

A New England Sandwich.
Mr. Blings—How many children has Blink?
Mr. Giggs—He has three. The oldest and the youngest are girls, and the second is a boy.
Mr. Blings—That's the first time I ever heard of a sandwich with the tongue on the outside.

Mean Thing.
"No," said Miss Passay. "I don't like the photos Kamrer made for me. They make me look like a woman of 40."
"Well," replied Miss Peppery, "you should have told him not to touch them up if you didn't want them to look so youthful."

A Deep Plot.
"George wants me to give my last summer's gown to our servant girl," said Mrs. Gayman.
"Is she pretty?" asked Mrs. Wise.
"Yes. Why?"
"Ah! I see his scheme. He wants an excuse to mistake her for you so he can kiss her."

No Fun There.
"Yeh!" said the first office boy, disgustedly. "I had to give up my job on account of the new typewriter girl."
"What was the matter with her?" asked the other.
"Aw! she wuz so homely, it wuzn' no fun flirtin' wid her."

Probably.
Jinker—They have just crossed the orange with the grape fruit tree, and they call the fruit the tangelo. I wonder what they will do next?
Blinker—They will probably cross the vegetable ivory with the rubber tree and call the fruit golf balls.

Really in Bad Shape.
Mrs. McSosh—George, you've been drinking.
Mr. McSosh—Clarinda, m' dear, I can not tell a lie—I—
Mrs. McSosh—Then, George, you're even drunker than I thought. Go to bed.—Cleveland Leader.



After the Honeymoon.
"I didn't see much of you at the club after your wife died. Now you are here regularly."
"Yes. I'm married again."
"And now she still dotes on the hammock. But she weighs 260."
"Yes?"
"And he has to swing her."

A Dissipated Romance.
"When he first saw her she was a sylph in a hammock. The lightest zephyr swayed her."
"And now?"
"And now she still dotes on the hammock. But she weighs 260."
"Yes?"
"And he has to swing her."

A Relieved Autoist.
"I see that Mayor McClallen told the students of Fordham college what the besetting sin of the day is."
"What is it?"
"Avarice."
"Oh, that's all right. I was afraid he had said 'it was speed mania.'"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not the Printable Kind.
Jenks—But did you assure the editor that your poem was original?
Scribbles—Oh, yes, and he didn't doubt it at all.
Jenks—No! What did he say?
Scribbles—He said he felt quite certain that I had never seen it in print anywhere.

Accommodating.
Cobbs—It's strange that you fellows are going to take that cad Wiggins along on your fishing trip.
Dobbs—True. But as we can't get along without his yacht and tackle we talked it over among ourselves and finally decided to let him go.—Detroit Tribune.

Matter Easily Arranged.
"The lady ain't got the money now," said Bridget, "but ye kin have the ice an' she'll pay on Saturday."
"But," protested the new Iceman, "s'posin' she ain't got the money then?"
"Well, if she ain't ye kin take yer ice back."

Pleasant Relief.
Mrs. Spenders—George, I've got lots of things I want to talk to you about—
Mr. Spenders—Glad to hear it, my dear. Usually you want to talk to me about lots of things, you haven't got but must have."

His Baby.
Quiverful—Does your baby say any words yet?
Newpop—Oh, yes—he pronounces several quite distinctly.
Quiverful—What are they.
Newpop—Don't know—never heard any of them before.

A Bustup Certain.
"Griggs and his young wife seem to be traveling at a pretty fast clip. There will be a smash-up some of these days," asserted the society man.
"That's the usual result with these 'speed wars.'"

Quite a Freak.
"I just peeped into the parlor as I passed," said Mr. Phamley, "and I saw quite a freak of nature."
"Why, Bertha is there with her young man."
"Yes, I saw two heads on one pair of shoulders."

Deceptive Appearances.
"It doesn't pay to bank on appearances," remarked the wise guy.
"That's right," agreed the simple mug. "Sometimes a fellow wears a yachting cap who actually owns a yacht."
Doll-Like.
She—"That little Miss Pert is just like a doll, you think?"
He—"Yes; when I squeezed her the other night she cried 'Mamma!'"

Clock Made of Slate.
Perhaps the most unique timepiece in existence is owned by Humphrey O. Pritchard, a slate quarryman of Delta, Pa. The varieties he used include the Peach Bottom blue slate and the red, green and purple slate of Vermont. One hundred and sixty-four separate pieces of this material were used in the construction and are held together by twenty-three dozen small metal screws. Many of the slate sheets are as thin as paper, and scores were broken before the timepiece was finished.
The clock is four feet high, two feet wide and one foot deep. It has a cathedral gong and is lighted by nine incandescent bulbs. The work, which is really artistic, was done by Pritchard during idle moments at the quarry, and eight months' time was required in its completion.

There has been much discussion as to the origin of the term "O. K." It seems that in the Choctaw language there is a word, "okeh," which means "It is correct," or "I agree to approve." It is often used alone to give assent or approval to a suggestion or proposal. "Okeh" was in common use among whites who had dealings with the Choctaws more than thirty years before the Van Buren campaign. It was a convenient expression where parties understood each other's language imperfectly and was used to mean "understand you and approve what you say," or "I understand your statement and vouch for its correctness."

Queer Ceremony.
Residents of Valle Maggio, Lombardy, go through an odd ceremony in September every year. The region is infested with vipers. The celebrants form a procession, every man, woman and child carrying a huge figure of a snake stuffed with cotton. As they pass along they weep and lament, believing that by this explanation they make themselves proof against snake bite during the grape harvest.

Unique Present.
Seven quarts of liquor in a glass bottle three feet high was started from New York recently on its way to Nicaragua as a gift to President Zelaya from a syndicate that has obtained mining and railroad concessions from the Nicaraguan government. The bottle contains claret, bourbon, rye and Scotch whisky and three cordials. It was shipped to Mobile, whence it will finish its journey by steamer.

Painful Reminder.
Ruffon Wratz—No, I didn't git a cent out o' the counsel. He didn't give me no chance. As soon as I'd said "Say, boss," he kicked me down the steps.
Saymond Storey—Sarved ye right, ye darn fool. Ef you'r been readin' the election returns you'd a' knowed he ain't no boss no more.—Chicago Tribune.

LOW AIM IS CRIME.
Greatly begin! Though thou have time
Greatly begin! Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;
Not failure, but low aim is crime.
—James Russell Lowell.

Hurry & Worry attract lots of attention, but Slow & Sure do the bulk of the business.
The devil knew his business when he invented the furnace.
The man who makes nothing but money goes out of the world destitute.
Some people put so much trust in God that they get too lazy to help themselves.
Cheeropathy is a school of medicine that requires no entrance fee or examinations.
Some people are always willing to tell the truth when it is disagreeable to somebody else.
This is the season when the rocking chair on the veranda resigns in favor of the parlor sofa.

Famous Bow Bells.
There are no church bells in England more famed than Bow Bells. They set limits to the boundaries of Cockneydom. Americans regard all Londoners as cockneys. But only those born within hearing of Bow Bells can claim the distinction which is supposed to confer on its possessor peculiar privileges of speech, particularly where aspirates are concerned.

Enough for a Bath.
Should an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman, an Austrian, a German, an Italian and a Russian sit down to a table together and order drinks in a quantity that would show the relative consumption of these beverages by their respective peoples, some would get enough for a bath, while others would obtain only a few mouthfuls.

Natural Lightning Conductors.
The Lombardy poplar tree, it is said, forms a splendid natural lightning conductor, its great height and lack of spreading branches enabling it to conduct a lightning stroke straight downwards. No house near which one of these trees has been reared has as yet been known to suffer from the severest storm.

Samples of Enthusiasm.
Michael Angelo, was so filled with enthusiasm in his art, so afraid that money might taint his brush, that he refused to accept any pay whatever for his masterpieces in the Vatican and St. Peter's. Napoleon's enthusiasm banished the word "impossible" from his dictionary.

Tennyson's Porter.
Tennyson was a lover of porter. When a peerage was offered him didn't he put off deciding whether to accept it or not until he had debated the question with himself over a bottle of what Goldsmith called "parson's black champagne?"

Odd Rents in Britain.
The English delight in odd rents, but the oddest is a tenancy at Brookhouse, in Yorkshire, where the rental is one snowball in June and a red rose in December. The rose is easily arranged and the snowball is now made of shaved ice.

Smoking by Women.
The London Truth quotes the following reasons against smoking by women: "The first is that smoking develops the mustache, and the second, that smoking produces, at any rate in women, 'weak-rimmed eyelids.'"

Logic.
The argumentative man—But, my dear fellow, I tell you it's impossible for the moon to be inhabited. When it is full it is all right, but when it waxes down to a little crescent, where the deuce would all the people go to?"

Alcohol is Brain Poison.
In their annual report, an exhaustive document, the British lunacy commissioners say, as a result of their researches into the relation of drink and insanity: "It cannot be denied that alcohol is a brain poison."

Characteristics of Koreans.
The people of Korea are timid and peaceful, the men tall, with high foreheads, straight noses, and a graceful, indolent carriage, the women short, squat, and as ugly as their lords are handsome.

One Man Pays for Canal.
Toulouse, France, has a canal which was built entirely at the expense of one man. Its name is the Canal du Midi; it was built in 1655-1681, and cost M. Paul Riquet 680,000,000 francs.

Salt Water is Tonic.
One of the best features of a sea bath, says the "Family Doctor," is the salt water inadvertently swallowed by bathers, which is a wonderful tonic for the liver, stomach and kidneys.
Some men have so much book learning that they have no room for common sense.

WHEN IS A MAN WISE?
At forty man is wise, 'tis said, or never;
At forty he must know the ways of men,
And speak in sounding praise or toil with pen
In some broad sphere of humanly endeavor,
To prove himself efficient, bright or clever,
Or own himself a failure. If by then
Success is far, 'tis vain to try again;
Halt, cease to hope, and toil no more forever.

What sophistry! What bogus sage propounded
So devilish a doctrine? Who is wise
At forty—may at fifty? Truth is bounded
Only by the eternal verities.
At sixty only is true wisdom sounded,
And then by few. Old saws are mostly lies.

Three-score is the age of wisdom and discretion;
If then a man display a judgment keen,
Nor fall in line with Folly's sad procession,
He may be called discreet—"of age," I mean—
But not till then. Truth forces this conclusion:
Four-score is nearer to it than four-teen.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Force of Science.
Acetyllith is calcium carbide surrounded with an envelope of sugar. It is claimed to be of advantage in acetylene lighting on a small scale, as, unlike the pure carbide, it stops generating gas when the water is turned off, and begins again when more water is supplied. This avoids the generation of an excess of gas, which is wasted if no gasometer is at hand for storage.
A novel means of propelling boats has been devised in Europe by A. Farcot of the Buchet factory. It consists of a framework of steel tubing, supporting a Buchet vertical motor of 3½ horse-power, with electric ignition, the motor driving two paddle wheels with vertical blades. The paddle wheels and motor are fixed at the stern of the boat. They are mounted on a pivot, making it practicable to steer the boat in any direction, and giving facilities for getting at the machinery for oiling and repairs.

She Had a "Cinch on Him."
A prominent railroad man repeats with great enjoyment a story that he heard from a conductor on one of the limited expresses between New York and the West.
It appears that a dapper chap in the first chair car had managed to become unusually friendly with an attractive young man in an adjoining seat. When the train pulled into Buffalo, the masher, in taking leave of the fair one, remarked:
"Do you know, I must thank you for an awfully, awfully pleasant time, but I'm afraid you wouldn't have been so nice to me had you known that I am a married man."
"Oh, as to that," quickly and pleasantly responded the charming young woman, "you haven't the least advantage of me. I am an escaped lunatic."
—New York Tribune.

Advanced.
A naval officer, according to the Buffalo Commercial, told of the trials of a colleague in marrying off his many daughters. In the same family was a son, an observant lad of ten years. Toward the close of the winter the officer informed his son that he was going to lose his sister Ethel, who was engaged to wed a young lieutenant. "I'm sorry to hear that, dad," said the youngster, "because I'm awfully fond of Ethel. Still, we'll have Alice and Eva and Maud and Susie, won't we?" Then, after a moment's reflection, he added: "By the way, dad, this arrangement will advance Alice a number, won't it?"
It wouldn't be any fun at all to be lazy if there was no work to do.

Famous Russian Poetess.
The poets' corner in the cemetery of the Alexander Newski cloister in St. Petersburg has been augmented by the grave of Myrrha Lechwizkaya (Yvert), 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 whalerships. 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 30 times 30, 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 modest to a stout as to a thin woman.