



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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PROF HEZEKIAH WALDEN.

Professor of Physics, Lincoln High School.

Alongside with the other competent teachers of the New Lincoln High School, Prof Walden stands in a very conspicuous light. Mr. Walden was born in the town of Markham, Virginia and attended the public school of his native town. Then he attended Wayland Seminary and College in Washington D. C., and graduated from the academic course in 1893. He took a Post Graduate course at Coburn Classical Institute at Waterville Maine and finished in 1894. Afterwards entering Colby University at the same place and finishing 1898.

Immediately on leaving college he took charge of the department of Natural Sciences at Roger-Williams University, Nashville, Tenn. Occupying the chair from 1899 to 1905. Leaving Roger-Williams because of the destructive fires to that institution occurring Jan. 24, 1905, and May 22, 1905, he was given the chair in the department of industries and in addition to that teaching some studies in natural science, particularly college physics.

During the years of his teaching service, he has been improving all the time taking two special courses, one in X-ray and Physico-Chemical Radiography and the other in Mineralogy in the University of Chicago. Prof. Walden is a staunch Christian and a follower of the faith, and since giving his valuable service to his special school, he has also begun to take an active part in the Y. M. C. A., and we wish to say in order for such institutions to prosper they need more men like Prof Walden's type. He is at present occupying the chair of Physics at Lincoln High School in which subject he has devoted a number of years, making him peculiarly fitted and doubly valuable in that line. Prof. Walden has a very nice family, composed of a boy and girl, and a wife of very pleasing manner, intellect and refinement.

In Mr. Walden the people and the community at large have a very valuable adjunct to our new High School's corps of teachers and he should be given every consideration.

LINCOLN INSTITUTE NOTES.

The members of the Athletic Association under the able management of Professor West are preparing for the annual contests upon the gridiron. Sounders, otherwise "Big Jim," Young, Richardson, Johnson, and many others well known in former victories, are all here in good shape.

The religious bodies, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. societies are in flourishing conditions and aid materially in elevating the tone of student life. The concert given by the Y. M. C. A., on the 12th inst., under the supervision of Professor Reynolds was financially and otherwise a great success.

Friday, November 9th, the date set for the Annual Farmers' Conventions, draws night, and we hope many are planning to be present. At no previous time in the world's history has that ancient and honorable occupation known as agriculture received the scientific attentions that has been accorded it within the last decade; and yet, even with the present advanced ideas on the subject, farming methods today, as some one has well said, are little more than "a slight scratching of the soil."

To render this same "scratching" more complete, more productive of results, is the aim of the Farmers' Institutes and Conventions that have multiplied within the last few years. By means of the ideas thus disseminated the white farmer has been enabled to make two grains grow where one grew before, and it is just this

JUDGE EDGAR GUINOTTE

For Probate Judge.

It is a pleasure for us to recommend Judge Guinotte to the public as the logical candidate for Probate Judge. He is a man of unquestioned character and high reputation.

Many men, in their private lives, win love and esteem, but few public officials niche themselves in the hearts of the people, inspiring a feeling that takes no account of party or partisanship. Such an one is Judge Edgar Guinotte, Probate Judge. The place is one that calls for more than mere learning, ripe knowledge, judicial dispassion and that sort of thing, for a Probate judge deals with humanity in the raw, and sustains the most sacred fiduciary relations to the widow and the orphan. Passionately just, tender of heart as a child, and generously sympathetic, he has saved many a small estate from despoiling, and safeguarded hundreds of black-gowned women and children. It is the commonest sort of thing—one that no longer occasions comment—for him to refuse the fees due him from the administration of such estates where the bereaved ones have need of every cent. Little surprise, then, that he is loved and honored by all who admire gentleness, nobility and honor.

He was born and reared in Jackson county and his life is an open book to us. He is known by both black and white and is especially known for his charitable deeds.

HON. WILLIAM H. WALLACE.

For Congress.

We heartily endorse Hon. William H. Wallace for Congress from the Fifth District. No better man could be selected for the place. The time has come and now is when the public should turn its eyes to men and not parties. Men who stand for principles and humanity. Such a man is the Hon. William H. Wallace. Wallace stands for fair play, the recognition and education of the Negro. Like the good and lowly Nazarine his charitable acts are sung in praise at Rich Hill, Mo. There is an old Negro woman down there, poor, old and blind, who says that Hon. W. H. Wallace and his family does not let her want for anything.

Now if he is elected there is one thing that is very likely to be, and that is that a little Negro boy might get to carry his grip up to the White House.

EDWARD LYONS.

For Revenue Collector.

We especially recommend Mr. William Edward Lyons for revenue collector. He is against the man who is against the Negro vote, Mr. Fred Adams. Now is the time and chance for the Negro to help his friend. To place his friend where his friend can help him. Loose sight of party and vote for men. This applies also to Charley Baldwin.

The Hon. Tom Pendergast, who is now nominated for county marshal, the Negroes will not be a bit alarmed if he gets the office. We know he will treat them right. And if he makes any promises he will make good.

knowledge that the Negro farmer must have if he is to become part and parcel of American civilization. Therefore let us come together for a practical discussion of farms and farm life; how to secure arms; how to improve farm life and thus render it more attractive to the boy and girl of today.

KANSAS CITY, KANS.

The Sun-rise prayer-meetings are growing rapidly. All are invited to attend at the 1st A. M. E. Church.

BY THE SAD SEA.

Same old summer
As of yore;
Same old breakers
On the shore;
Same old music
By the band;
Same old bathers
On the sand;
Same old mosquitoes,
Same old bites;
Same old people
Out of nights,
Candy, popcorn,
Pressed in slabs;
Lemonade, and
Soft-shelled crabs;
Same old flavors
In the air;
Same old sameness
Everywhere,
—Washington Star.

Strategy.

The drummer was observed to be decorating his sample trunks with white ribbons and old shoes.

"Have you lost your mind?" asked a brother knight of the road in astonishment.
"Oh, no," laughed the other, "this is merely a scheme of mine."
"What kind of a scheme?"
"Why, there is a very romantic baggageman on this route, and when he sees my trunks decorated like this he will think they belong to honey-moon couples and pass them on tenderly without a single smash."—Chicago News.

Suspicious.

Though he burst into boisterous laughter, when asked if he was a draughter, and told the man with the rake he had made some mistake, he shuddered immediately after.
—Puck.

COULDN'T COUNT THEM.



"How many fish have you caught, Jimmy?"
"Oh, I couldn't count 'em."
"Little imp! I don't believe you've caught any."
"That's why I can't count 'em."

Reason Disclosed.

Wedderly (time 11 p. m.)—Yes, sir, I'm right here to tell you that since I married my home is a perfect heaven on earth.
Singleton—Huh! That accounts for it, I suppose.
Wedderly—Accounts for what?
Singleton—Your being downtown so late. I never heard of a man who was in a hurry to enter heaven.—Chicago News.

Of Attitude Merely.

"He is very niggardly about some things."
"How so?"
"He told his wife that her bathing suits come too high."
"I know, but he told her last winter that her ball gowns came too low."
"Oh, then it is merely a question of altitude and not of money."—Houston Post.

A Change of Spirits.

"Do you believe in corners, Mr. Jones?"
"No, indeed; I would die before I would go into a corner or countenance a monopoly. Why?"
"Why, Miss Petrie, whom you admire so much, is all alone in a corner of the conservatory, and—what, going?"—Houston Post.

Accounted For.

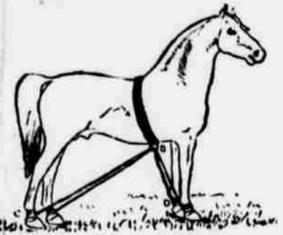
"It's strange," said the piano teacher, "that you can't learn to run the scales correctly."
"That is probably one of the traits I inherit from father," replied the young lady pupil. "He made his money in the grocery business, you know."—Chicago News.

HORSE KICKING IN STALL.

Device by Which He May Be Rendered Harmless.

The kicking horse is not only dangerous but destructive, but the way to control him is a perplexing problem sometimes. A South Dakota correspondent of the Prairie Farmer suggests a device for controlling such animal.

If he kicks with only one foot place a strong surcingle about him and at B put in a strong ring. Fasten a strong foot strap below the fetlock joint C on the foot with which he kicks. Then run a rope from ring C through ring B to a ring fastened to the opposite



Device for Kicking Horse.

front foot at D. When he kicks he will jerk this front foot under him. If he kicks with both hind feet run a rope from one hind foot up through the ring B, down through ring D and back through ring B to C, and fasten on the other hind foot. Then when he kicks with both feet he will jerk this one foot from under him, which leaves him standing on one foot. This will soon get him out of the notion of kicking.

Building a Breed.

The usual method of starting a brood of live stock is to select two or more unusually good animals from a group that has been developed in a certain direction by means of better food, better environment and careful selection from a greater number. No breed is ever started if the animals that can be used are not better than the same breed of animals in another locality. At the beginning this work is carried on by a few men, sometimes by one. In-breeding has to be practiced for generations till certain characteristics are fixed in the animals. The in-breeding is intensified by constantly eliminating those animals not of the desired type.

Feeding the Pig.

It does not follow because a hungry pig will gulp down almost any kind of slop, that any kind is good enough for him. Make the slop strong enough to give the pig a well rounded form that will stay with him all of the time, not the form that is seen just after leaving the trough.

The Profitable Pig.

Under average conditions with the farmer, there is very little profit in feeding pigs after they reach a weight of 250 pounds. The most pork is made with the least feed on young pigs.

Not Likely.

"In Holland we saw talk carts drawn by dogs."
"Do they ever run beer carts the same way?"
"I don't know—why?"
"I thought that might be the origin of the expression 'rushing the growler.'"—Cleveland Leader.

In Vain.

"Why don't you write something original?" asked the editor.
"What's the use?" replied the author. "If I do my friends merely ask me why I don't write something interesting."—Cassell's Journal.

Poor Father.

Family Friend—So they call you Jack, the same as your father. Isn't it awkward when your mother calls to know which of you she wants?
Little Jack—Oh, no; when mother wants me, she always says "please."
Got it Himself.

"That lawyer I employed to get hold of that property for me is the smartest man I know."
"He got it, all right, did he?"
"Yes—he got it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Remarkable Railway.

An up-hill railway, perhaps the most remarkable in the world, is the Orovo, in Peru. It runs from Callao to the gold fields of Cerro de Pasco. From Callao it ascends the narrow valley of the Rimac, rising nearly 5,000 feet in the first 56 miles. Thence it goes through the intricate gorges of the Sierras till it tunnels the Andes at an altitude of 15,645 feet, the highest point in the world where a piston-rod is moved by steam. The wonder is increased by remembering that this elevation is reached in 78 miles.

Moved the World.

Cecil Rhodes was once considered a crank. When Mr. Rhodes made his first appearance in the Cape parliament he could talk of nothing but his great idea of a transcontinental railway and with the aid of a specially prepared map he sought to interest his fellow members in the colossal scheme. Most of them thought him a bore and some openly called him a crank.

Was Dead at the Throttle.

An engineer died at his post on a fast express train running from Boston to Philadelphia recently. It is not known how long the dead hand rested on the throttle, as the track was clear for many miles. Not until they were entering Philadelphia like a whirlwind did the fireman discover that the engineer was dead.

LEARN NEW TRICKS

ENGINEERS TAUGHT HOW TO GUIDE ELECTRIC CARS.

Men on One Great System Being Broken In for the Change to Come—Work Neither Hard Nor Uncongenial.

The metamorphosis of the railroad engineers of the New York Central has begun, says the New York Globe. It is here with the electrification of the system, and it will continue steadily. The school is without text books, and lacks all of the trills and flourishes so dear to the modern educator's heart. The men were taken in batches of six and sent right over the road in the new double ended electric engine that can draw more and draw it faster than any steam engine that ever was built.

The process of change from engineer to motorman is not so long as one might casually suppose. In the first place, the engineer does not need to be taught anything about signals and general rules of the great iron highway. He has learned all that. The engineer who, being far-sighted and anxious to keep abreast of the improvements in the service, decides that he wants to be a motorman, applies to the chief engineer through the superintendent of his division, and he is given preference over all other applicants.

The application of the engineer being favorably passed, he is ordered to report to the "professor of electrical engines" at Kingsbridge. If you were to ask for him under this title, you wouldn't find him, because he has no actual denomination. The engineer, 125 of him, went to Kingsbridge one day and waited around expectantly. Every one was dressed in ordinary garb, as the electric engine is not so oily and grimy a proposition as his former pet, the steam locomotive.

The first class of six pupils climbed up the iron ladder in much the same way that a passenger boards a steamship from a rowboat. The sensation is about the same, except that there is no chance to drop into the water. Inside he found himself in a compartment about the size, perhaps a trifle larger, than the average flat. The main compartment is as big as a bed room.

There are oilcloth covered seats in two of its four corners. Beside the seats are the controller and the brake. Up above is the whistle cord and bell rope. The whistle is productive of a sound that is a cross between the toot of a self-respecting automobile and the din of a fog horn gone amuck. The sound is deep, pervading, and audible for perhaps two miles and a half if the wind is right. First of all the novitiate is taken over

the motors, the condensers, and other sections of the complete mechanism. The explanation of these parts is only superficial, and by the way of introduction.

Then the "professor," and that's just what the new men began to call him within an hour after the start of the class, grasps the controller and brings it back a notch. The notch is one of a series of teeth, like things that have to be touched in turn, as the lever is brought backward to increase the speed. If this is not observed, to drop into the vernacular of the professor, "things burn inside."

The big engine, noiseless, as though its wheels were shod with felt, begins to slip slowly over the track. Then more notches are let out, and the speed increases until it fairly bounds over the rails. This continues for two hours and return. On the return the motorman does not send his engine to the turntable, as he did in his steam days. He merely changes his seat to the other side of the compartment, for the electric engine is double ended and runs just as well one way as another.

After two or three of these trips the pupil is permitted to take a turn at the starting and stopping. Then the minute explanation of the intricacies begins. This same process is gone through with on succeeding days until every part and its use is thoroughly familiar to him.

FEEDING AND SELLING MULES.
How They Should Be Dealt With to Get the Best Results.

The southerner requires fat mules, the latter the better. Flesh catches the planter's eye. Sleek-coated animals are also in demand. In size, the cotton mule ranges from the 14-hand donkey to the 15.2-hand farm mule.

Mare mules are given the preference in the south, but north, east or west this is not so. The wise feeder will keep these facts in view when buying young or work mules. The rough, leggy animal should be avoided. Such are mean feeders and seldom fatten. This is also true of colts. It is possible, says Orange Judd Farmer, to tell with reasonable certainty which colts will feed out well and which will not. The colt that keeps neatly fat on ordinary feed and with ordinary care can be depended on, while the one that is stunted, rough and thin is a doubtful feeder. Some of our feeders raise their own stock mules, buying colts and yearlings, then pasturing or feeding them very much as cattle are fed. Feeding usually begins in early fall and continues until the end of the year. Many carloads of two-year-old mules go south.

The feeding is best done in sheds equipped for that purpose. In most sections, at least five kinds of feed can be had. Corn is the principal fattening element, but bran and shelled oats act as a loosening agent and produce a good coat. Such feeds should be given in the proportion of one part bran or oats to three or four parts corn. Soy beans are a promising mule feed, being the equal of linseed meal in rearing and fattening mules, the shearing should be attended to often. The mane falls over badly when allowed to get too long, and it is practically impossible to make a good trim later. When receiving a mule that has been shod, remove the shoes, especially those on the hind feet, the first thing. Mules will kick each other, but if there are no shoes, no harm is done.

Work as many as possible, if only a time or two. Many consider a mule broken that has had only one or two lessons in the wagon or plow. Mules should be kept, during the fattening period, confined to the shed. Good bedding is very essential to producing a fine finish. The above is written with special reference to cotton mules, but applies equally well to other demands. Most all the cotton mules from Kentucky are sold through the Atlantic gateway. The market opens in the late fall or early winter and closes in early spring.

Useful.

Knicker—Has Subbubs been successful with his garden?
Bocker—Yes; I think he must have raised enough cabbages to smoke.—N. Y. Sun.