



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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LINCOLN INSTITUTE NOTES.

Dr. B. F. Allen addressed the County Teachers' Association assembled at Webster Grove, St. Louis county, October 26-28, on "The Spirit of the Teacher." The address was received with hearty applause.

The patrons of Mr. W. H. Thomas' class of 1905, principal of the school in Carbondale, Ill., are so well pleased with the character of his work, that notwithstanding the presence of a State Normal School in Illinois to which their children are eligible, they have decided to send them to Lincoln Institute.

"The American Boy," the subject of a well-known and widely advertised lecture, presented by Mr. T. A. Gamel to large audiences in leading churches of the country, was given with stereopticon views in the Institute Auditorium, Tuesday evening, October 24.

This was the initial lecture of the season and President Allen promises several more treats of high order from both the literary and the musical field.

A park for the pursuit of many sports is being fitted up in the southwest sections of the campus under the supervision of the Athletic Association. Professor West, business manager. Several games on the grid-iron are soon to be played here.

The Institute choir, of which there are two, and the orchestra, are all in excellent shape, and in a spirit of friendly and helpful rivalry, are furnishing music for devotionals, Sunday services, etc. Among those who execute well on the violin are John Allen of the College Department, recently from Clark University; Misses Pansy Phelps and Grozia Corneal of the Freshman Normal.

Among the leading sopranos we note Miss Portia Tillmann, daughter of Lieutenant L. A. Tillman of Kansas City, and Miss Margaret Willis of Denver, Colorado. The latter was awarded a gold medal by the church choir in Denver of which she was a member.

Professor John J. Wheeler, the new superintendent of the Industrial Department, comes to Lincoln Institute from Tuskegee, where, for the last eight years, he has been engaged in industrial and academic work. Professor Wheeler comes from a race of educators, as will be seen from the following facts: His father, Lloyd G. W. Wheeler, sr., is business agent for Tuskegee; Lloyd G. W. Wheeler, jr., is assistant director of the Academic Department in the same institutions; Miss Mabel Wheeler, a sister, is instructor in biology and literature in Summer High School, St. Louis; Hiram Wheeler, a brother, passed through Jefferson City, a few days since, en route to St. Joseph, where he has been elected to teach agriculture in Bartlett High School of that city; Robert F. Wheeler, another brother, is freight agent for a railroad in the Hawaiian Islands. And yet there are those who say that education does not elevate the Negro!

Come one! come all! to the Farmers' Convention, Friday, November 3.

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 sowing missionaries.

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 1370, 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 Sotuham 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."—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 employes 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.

INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Daniel Jones, one of our oldest citizens, died October 29th near 80 years of age.

Miss Lillie Chrisman and Hattie Hughes have gone to Jefferson City to attend the Lincoln Institute.

Mr. W. G. Tucker spent the day in Pleasant Hill visiting his daughter, Mrs. Minnie Bryant, Sunday, Oct. 22.

Mrs. Martha Ross has gone to Topeka, Kan., where she will spend the winter with her daughters.

Mrs. Lucy Price and Miss Henrietta Hayden left for the annual conference in Higginsville, Saturday morning, October 21.

Misses Naomi Williams, Flossie Yarnell and Minnie Dehoney, who have been sick, are now able to be out again.

Rev. J. B. Winrow and Mrs. Mollie Rhodes are attending the Baptist National convention in Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Millie Roselle is now visiting friends in this city.

Rev. J. C. Caldwell and wife of St. Joseph were the guest of Mrs. M. I. and Agnes Jenkins last week.

Rev. J. H. Allen and family are visiting friends in Higginsville, Mo.

LEXINGTON NEWS.

Rev. Norris and wife left here on the 26th for Kansas City, Kansas, where they will make their future home in their new residence they have just bought.

Mr. William Booker who has been quite ill is now better.

Mr. Ad Coley is quite ill; also Mr. A. W. Walker is on the sick list.

Rev. John Caves was in the city Saturday.

Mr. Reuben Hill one of our oldest citizens and best colored farmer is very ill. We hope he will recover soon.

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 MasPherson, but I'll no take anither foot off for anybody!"

In Crimean Times.

In Crimean times (says the "Tattler") the Highland regiments were so full of Iberians 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 there two gallant Highlanders?" he asked. "Ooch!" replied the orderly, "sure it's Corporal O'Brien an' Private O'Callaghan, sorr!"

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 pussen" purchased 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 ill is still on straight."—A. U. Mayfield, Denver News.

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 bejar 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'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 Bingville.

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 home 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 retraction 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.

Sary Ann has a quick temper and when she gets mad there seems to be nothing else to do but for Hen to dis 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 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 she 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 Bankwood, 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 ensued followed the guide. To her surprise and gratification, he led her up to the house, and entering, into his guest follow, which she readily did. On searched 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 Glauco."

He who hath lost him ever the dead Eye the first day of Death is fled. The first dark day of Nothingness, The last Danger and Distress. Before Decay's effacing fingers Have swept the lines where Beauty long reigned.

And marked the cold monotony. The rapture of Repose that's there. The first yet tender fruits that streak The margin of the silent sleep. And—but for that sad shrouded eye. That first not what you were not now And but for that still changeless brow Where cold Obstruction's icy hands Approach the quivering mother's heart. As if to him it would impart.

The doom he breeds, yet dwells upon. Yes, but for these, and these alone, Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour.

So still might doubt the Tyrant's power, So fair so calm so softly wiled. The first, but look by death revealed: Such is the secret of this show. 'Tis Greece, but being Greece no more! 'Tis coldly sweet, so deadly fair. 'Tis that for Soul seems waiting there. 'Tis in the brightness of death. That parts not with the parting breath. That beats with that fearful boom. That has such hours, if to the tomb. Expression's last receding ray. A gibed Halo beaming round decay. The faded beam of Feeling not a way! Stark of that flame, preface of heaven. By Meth.

Which glows, but warns no more its cherished earth. —Lord Byron.

WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

The Faculty has adopted the rule that the places on the football and baseball teams are honor places, and any student, regardless of fitness otherwise, in order to make the team or stay upon same must have made creditable records in all other branches of school work.

"Allow me to compliment the institution for great success of 'The Prodigal Son'—Principal G. N. Grisham, Lincoln High School, Kansas City, Mo. 'The entertainment was a grand success, I am elated'—Rev. F. Jesse Peck, of Allen Chapel. 'It was grand, such excellent talent and so grandly rendered.'—Rev. J. W. Hulse, pastor St. Stephen's Baptist church. 'The record-breaker for Kansas City.'—Hon. Nelson Crews.

Never before in the history of two Kansas City's have the colored people witnessed such a splendid inspiring entertainment as was seen in 'The Prodigal Son' given by the Choral Club of Western University, last Friday evening, October 27th, under the direction of Prof. R. G. Jackson, director of Musical Department. For over two hours a high-class intelligent audience of more than three hundred persons were charmed into amazement by the rich melody and beautiful harmony produced by these young students. The quartette work of Misses Katie Guy and Olga Ellison, and Messrs. Clyde Andrews and Chas. Thurman, also the duet of Misses Guy and Jessie Jennings was of professional ability, and was rendered with a soft low effect that was captivating in the extreme. They called forth merited encores. The high degree to which these young voices have been trained by Prof. Jackson in executing the different classics is itself a source of wonder and pride. The perfect staccatos and vivacious modulations of Miss Guy, the high soprano, who is from Sedalia, Mo., was surprisingly good and brought her much applause. This Choral Club easily holds the record of being the best Negro musical organization west of the Mississippi River. In the absence of Bishop Grant, who was suddenly called East to the bedside of Bishop Arnett, Hon. Nelson Crews delivered appropriate remarks. President Wm. T. Vernon followed, giving a few facts concerning the three magnificent modern buildings of Western University, the fourteen specialized teachers and the 165 students with more coming in daily. Miss Nettie Penix at the piano, and Mr. A. J. Phillips at the Pipe-Organ were the accompanists for the chorus. They rendered valuable service in making it a success. The ushers were from the young Men Usher Union of Kansas City, Kan., Refreshments were served in the basement by the Honor Club of Allen Chapel. Prof. Albert Ross, manager of the entertainment, reports a neat little sum as realized from the proceeds of the door receipts. The program ended with the Choral Club and the audience standing and singing with much enthusiasm, softly and sweetly, the University Glee Song, "O, Western U!" (Recently composed by Prof. Albert Ross and set to music by Prof. R. G. Jackson.) This inspiring song scored the "hit" of the evening. It has been dedicated to Educational ay and will be later published in sheet music form for Band, and Piano and Chorus and sent broadcast over the Fifth Episcopal District. The chorus follows thus: O Western U, Old Gold and Blue, We love you true, indeed we do; Our hearts to thee we pledge anew, We honor thee, our Alma Mater, Western U.

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.