



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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One day in the autumn, at recess, when the lines were forming in the yard, Miss Walton stepped up to me, and asked me if I had heard of Miss Maud Olden and the janitor at the Central High school in regard to her passing the examination.

Not caring to enter into gossip I never said a word. She went on to relate the incident and to show my disapproval of her conversation I dropped my head, and refused to even turn around and look at her, but continued to watch my pupils form in line.

Mr. Bowser and Miss Olden were standing in Miss Olden's doorway and noticed the one-sided conversation. Still I said nothing. Because I refused to encourage her in her talk, I have been accused of being impure.

It isn't that I approve the wrongdoing upon the part of anyone, but I never do wrong myself, and I never like to talk, hear, or think evil of anyone else because I think it pulls the whole Negro race down.

When a person tries to attend to their own affairs and keeps out of fusses and won't encourage mean gossip are you impure? I would like to have the question answered.

I have always tried to keep my mind clear of unclean things. For I don't believe we can live above our thoughts. Our thoughts form our actions, from actions, our habits, from our habits our character and from our character, our destiny is formed.

"Not failure, but low aim is crime." This is the first time in my life that I have been severely criticised upon any point. I haven't SAID OR DONE anything NOW to be so severely dealt with. I ask the good thinking people to suspend judgment and bring any charge you may have against me to my face and I can vindicate myself of all impure ideas that have arisen against me through malice, jealousy and prejudice.

I am the same, pure, conscientious Christian girl that I have always been. I passed the examination by diligent study and trust in God. Thanking you for past favors, I remain as ever, an obedient girl.

ADA B. JORDAN.
1705 East Eleventh Street.

LINCOLN INSTITUTE NOTES.

The third and last term of the regular scholastic year is rapidly approaching and we wish to emphasize and reiterate the fact that the present month is an excellent time for teachers and students to enter Lincoln Institute who may desire to attend the summer school, or otherwise; but who find the seven weeks' course of the summer entirely too short a term in which to do the amount of work they have in mind and desire to accomplish.

Several teachers with short terms have already availed themselves of this opportunity and are working away on the required number of points for graduation.

The new system of grading by points rather than by classes, here introduced by President Allen, and already adopted by leading schools and colleges throughout the country is proving entirely satisfactory in Lincoln Institute; and is especially valuable, perhaps to the student who, for whatever cause, finds it impossible to remain in school for the year.

For information relative to summer school, address President B. F. Allen, Lincoln Institute.

We understand that some have said that they did not want any Negro votes, if that is so we hope that no Negro will vote for such a person.

Mr. Walter W. Russell is a candidate for city assessor. He is a young man that was reared here and is fully competent to fill the office with credit to the citizens if elected.

Mr. Jake Fagett is a candidate for treasurer and we know everybody will vote for him because we know his worth in office and he treats everybody right.

Congressman Wilborn was in the city Monday and Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Nancy Booker has returned home after spending several days in Kansas City with her daughter.

Mr. Ad Ray, the restaurant man, paid up his subscription for the Rising Son. Call and see him.

Mr. John Marshall is on the sick list.

We hope our old subscribers will pay up. Our paper will come regular now. It is the only paper that has been coming regular to this town for nearly nine years, handled and controlled by colored men.

Mrs. Woodson Colley who has been visiting her son in Lincoln, Neb., has returned home. She reports having had a very nice time after spending three or four months away.

Mr. Wm A. Gaffin is a candidate for marshal and solicits your support.

Mr. Oscar Winkley is candidate for mayor and will have no opponents, for he is erecting a city hall which is an honor to any city and the people will not try to make any change this year.

Mr. Ash Craft, one of the readers of the Rising Son, spent last week in Richmond, Mo.

The Kansas City Star's version of the "White Man's Burden" is the best thing we have seen lately. It reads:

"While the Indian question is by no means so acute as the Negro question, it is, nevertheless, attended by more or less perplexity. On both hands the serenity of the nation is marred by the irrepressible race problem. But it would really not be quite fair to either the Indians or the Negroes to wholly forget the origin of the trouble.

"In the case of the Indians, the Caucasians dispossessed the red men of their country; if you please, you may say that they stole the 'land of the free and the home of the brave' from its primal owners. As to the Negroes, they certainly cannot be charged with organizing an invasion in Africa to come over to America and possess the land. They were really brought here by compulsion and detained against their will.

"Thus, in bearing his burden, the white man in America ought to try very hard to exercise as much forbearance in dealing with the race problem as befits his responsibility in acquiring that burden."

New York's "Richest" Rich.
New York has the richest baby, the richest boy, the richest bachelor, the richest spinster, the richest married man and the richest widow in the whole wide world. Parts of this big claim might be overthrown on close scrutiny but we continually hear of little John Nicholas Brown, the richest baby in the world; James Henry Smith, the richest bachelor; William Ziegler, jr., the richest boy; Miss Stickney, the richest spinster; Rockefeller, the richest of all, etc.

S. W. King of Excelsior Springs is building a hotel.

Really of More Practical Value.
We find intellect working not so much in literature as in the domain of science, which has brought forth during the last few years many strange and wonderful discoveries. If we have not had the poems of a Keats or a Shelley, we have had wireless telegraphy, radium, X-rays and a number of kindred discoveries.—London Academy.

THE CLANSMAN EXCITES RACE HATRED.
The play known as "The Clansman" written by Thomas Dixon, filled an engagement at the Willis Wood theatre last week. There has been a great deal of criticism on the play by virtue of the fact that its leading feature is productive of rank race prejudice. Says Rev. W. A. Brown of Kansas City, Kan.:

"The effect of such plays has been seen in Springfield, O., where, because two men had committed a crime, a mob went burning and shooting into the houses of colored people. In one of these houses, which was set on fire and riddled with bullets, three children were sleeping. Think of it. Talk about the outrages in China. Talk about atrocities in Africa. Talk about the bushmen

Talk about the crimes of other races when our own is just as bad. Our people are becoming racially blind."

Among other critics is a white lady who lived in the South for thirty years.

She is familiar with the characteristics of the Negro race and declares that the play does an injustice to the race. She cited the many qualities of the Negro during the Civil War who proved himself a protection to the southern families. This lady says that Dixon should be run out of the country for writing a play which is calculated to stir up strife between the two races. The Son holds that Mr. Dixon has received the wrong teachings in the ministry. From the character of his play he does not place confidence in his own people. His portrayal of the Negro supremacy is of course foolish and absurd.

After one witnesses the play his thoughts are conveyed back to the period of reconstruction. When the ballot was placed in the hands of the Negro. The North was perhaps hasty in giving the Negro this privilege but should twenty years have elapsed and then this important privilege granted the Negro there probably would have been another war judging from the growth of prejudice since the freedom of the Negro.

If the people would quit fretting about the Southern Negroes and whites. Secure to themselves greater confidence and let the Negro work out his own salvation it would be better for all concerned.

Be Ready for Opportunity.
"The secret of success in life," said Disraeli, "is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes." Close study of many successful men and projects reveals the fact that most successes are built upon timely recognition of an opportunity, frequently of an opportunity long existent but never before recognized.

Satisfied with Seeing Smoke.
A smoker can do without dining and wining, they say, but he cannot do without smoking. A Swedish captain during the seven years' war, deprived of his beloved tobacco, filled his pipe with straw, avowing that provided only he could see the smoke rising from his pipe beneath his nose he was satisfied.

Nature's Indifference.
Our human conceit is such that we really fancy that we are of paramount importance in the universe. People have got to get the idea into their heads that Nature cares as much for a tuberculosis or an anthrax bacillus as she does for a cash grocer or a popular novelist.—London Magazine.

Author's Invaluable Notebook.
The wellnigh photographic delineations of natural scenery and surroundings in the works of William Black are undoubtedly attributable to the fact that they are painstaking and actual transcriptions penned in his notebook at the moment under all sorts of circumstances.

In the Wrong Place
"Many a man," says Henry Clews, "has his nose to the grindstone throughout life simply because he has chosen, or his friends have chosen for him, some business or profession to which he is not adapted, and which he finds is not congenial to him."

The Mother's Fears.
The young mother gazed upon her firstborn and wept convulsively. They appeared to know why her great grief, "Alas!" she wailed, as with interest agony, "I'm afraid he will wear side whiskers when he grows up!"—Browning's Magazine.

"Recognizing Opportunity."
"Opportunity," says the old proverb, "knocks once at every man's door." The wit who added that when Opportunity called most men were away from home simply meant that few men recognize a success opportunity when it appears.

At a Wedding.
An account in the "Gentlewoman" of a lieutenant's wedding at Didsbury contains the passage: "Two submarines brought up the rear of the bridal procession." This must be the most thorough naval wedding on record.

Cranberries—Their Name.
Cranberries used to be called cranberries, because it was thought that the blossoms before they opened fully resembled the neck, head and bill of a crane. By dropping the "e" we get the berries as we know them.

Fast Butter Machine.
One of the machines exhibited at the dairy show recently held in London was a neat contrivance by which butter could be made out of fresh milk in sixty seconds at the tea table.

Gas Stoves in English Town.
In Norwich, England, 16,000 out of the 22,000 houses are fitted with gas stoves and the number is growing at the rate of eighty or ninety a week.

First "Bike Sulky."
The first reinman to use the "bike sulky" on the grand circuit was Ed Goers during the Detroit meeting of 1892.

Ancient Lord Mayor's Coach.
The coach in which the lord mayor of London rides on state occasions has been in use since the year 1757.

Only English Pope.
The only Englishman who ever became Pope was Adrian IV.

Color of the Deep-Sea Fishes.
The color of deep-sea fishes is commonly black or dark brown. But although it is claimed that light is essential to the formation of colors some deep-sea fishes are scarlet in parts or uniform red or rosy. Others are silvery white, while, according to Alcock, the neocopelus is "one dazzling sheen of purple and silver and burnished gold, amid which is a sparkling constellation of luminous organs."

Price Reduction in Order.
An undertaker was requested to embalm the body of a colored man. The wife of the deceased asked what the cost would be. He named his usual charge, to which she quickly replied: "I think that's too much." "But it is the regular fee," protested the undertaker. "That may be," assented the widow, "but this ain't a regular corpse. My husband had a wooden leg."

Documentary Proof of Idiocy.
"Look here, old chap, I'll give you a valuable tip," said the experienced married man to the prospective bridegroom. "Don't let your wife keep a diary on the honeymoon. My wife did that, and now whenever we quarrel she brings it out and reads some of the idiotic things I said to her then."—London Tit-Bits.

All Around Athlete.
Ald. W. Anker Simmons, of Henley-on-Thames town council, has just accomplished a remarkable feat near the famous reach of the Thames at Henley. He walked, ran, cycled, rowed and then swam 200 yards all under eight minutes. As Mr. Simmons is 48 years of age, the feat is all the more noteworthy.

Find Wealth in Bag
Discovering a bag in the streets of Sydney, Australia, a man took it to the police station, where it was found to contain gold and banknotes to the value of £250, and subsequently a hatless old man, a fanatic, who was wandering aimlessly through the streets, was found to be the owner.

Eighteenth Century Earrings.
The eighteenth century saw the glorification of the earring, fashionable beauties outvying each other with the rarest and most beautiful jewels. There is no doubt that the earring is one of the prettiest feminine adornments and as such well deserves its present popularity.

Worth More Than a Smile.
A generous stork visited a certain home uptown and left a pair of babies. A few days afterward the father and a friend who congratulated him and said: "I hear the Lord has smiled upon you." "Smiled?" exclaimed the proud parent; "He laughed aloud sir!"

A Lost Opportunity.
"Woman just dropped dead in the bargain crush at the ribbon counter!" cried the floorwalker excitedly. "How inopportune!" exclaimed the head of the firm. "Our undertaking department won't be open until next Monday!"—Catholic Standard.

A Language Lesson.
Hans Hansen called to see how his friend Ole Olsen was making out with his fine new job—street sweeping. Says Olsen: "Well, I tank I like the shob all right." At which angrily retorted Hansen: "Shob? Doan say 'shob,' say 'job!'"

Easy to Identify Sisters.
It is an easy matter to pick out sisters in a group of children on the continent, for girls of the same family are dressed just alike. In the Breton provinces, where the gala dress is quaint, the effect is fantastic on fete days.

Benefit of Iron in Water.
Bits of iron will prevent water from becoming putrid. Sheet iron or iron trimmings are the best. The offensive smell of water in vases of flowers would be avoided by putting a few small nails in the bottom of the vases.

A low corsage never seems so in modest to a stout to a thin woman

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ELECTION, APRIL 3

JNO. F. WIENMANN

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR MEMBER OF UPPER HOUSE.

Bell Telephone 2648 Main.

B. F. Cary Feed & Fuel Co.
COAL, HAY AND GRAIN.

8 E. Cor. Third and Grand Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.

"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 her foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he and jumped at the sheep; but as he 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 poet's corner in the cemetery of the Alexander Nevski cloister in St. Petersburg has been augmented by the grave of Myrrha Lorchwizkaya (Yhorst), 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.

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.