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VOL. 1.

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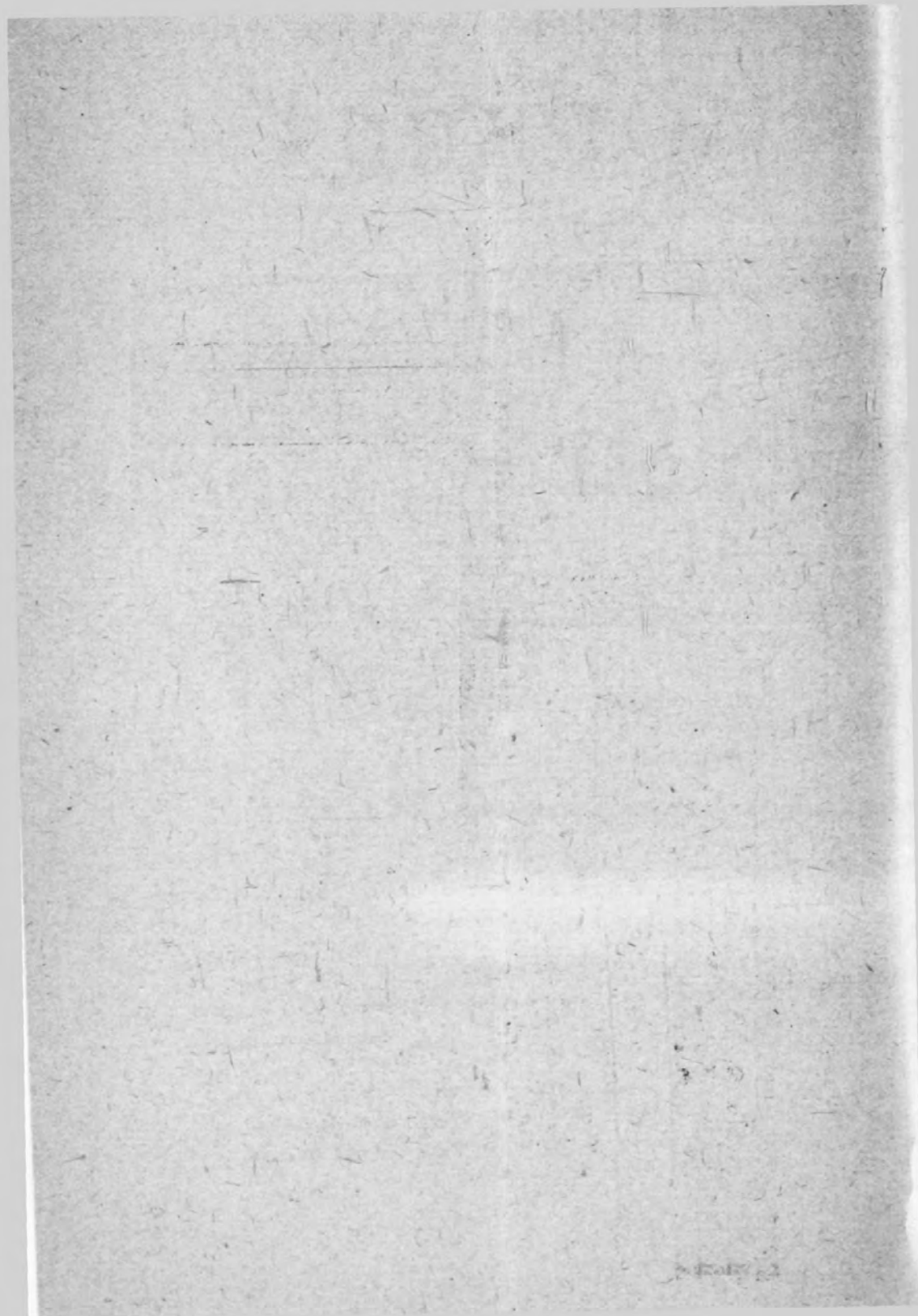
MORSELS



AN AMATEUR
PUBLICATION

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
OCT. 1897.

Edward F. Daas,
Editor and
Publisher—
1717 Cherry Street
Milwaukee, Wis.



MORSELS

OL. I. MILWAUKEE, WIS. OCTOBER, 1897. NO. I.

BUCHSWEILER.

A TOWN OF ALSACE.

BY CHAS. SCHAEFFER.

When, on the road from Labern to Steinberg andutmatt, you reach the last summit Imbsheim, you will see the town Buchsweiler (Alsace, Germany) lying before you, surrounded by well cultivated fields and fertile orchards. From here the town seems to be surrounded by bastions and trenches and by a nearer approach only, will be seen that the ashpiles of the mining company produce this singular aspect of the town, which is her principal source of wealth.

The business of this company has in recent years increased so fast that it is one of the most important, if not the greatest manufactory of its kind in Europe.

The country around Buchsweiler is covered with hills. One of these is the Sebastianberg with its two peaks. One of the peaks is called Gallenberg (Gallows-hill) probably because in former times the gallows



J. J. KULK.

PRESIDENT OF THE MILWAUKEE
AMATEUR PRESS CLUB.

were erected here.

There is a splendid lookout from the Sebastianberg.

The mayor's office was built towards the end of the sixteenth century, but has nothing remarkable. In front of it is the Schlossplatz (court place). The orange trees which in former times covered part of this place were presented to the town by Napoleon at the beginning of this century.

THE NATIONAL HOME.

BY A. JOSH SKETCHER.

One mile west of the City of Milwaukee, in the midst of a beautiful grove of natural forest trees, is located the National Military Home for disabled volunteer soldiers.

The Home is reached by the National Avenue Electric Street Railway which enters the grounds. This company has a neat depot in a central location.

All the buildings are of cream colored brick and are large and commodious.

The reception room, the principal dining rooms and some sleeping wards are in the main building.

The library, a two story structure, which has been erected at a cost of \$15,000, is modeled after the public library at Boston. The reading room is supplied with comfortable easy chairs, tables, newspaper files, librarian's office and issuing room. It is on the main floor while the "gallery" is used for book-cases. The library now contains 9,200 volumes.

The chapel, which has been built at a cost of \$9,000 will seat six hundred persons.

The hospital and convalescent wards consist of four immense two-story buildings. In the hospital

proper there are one hundred and ten patients. A dispensary and drug store are connected with the hospital.

An old men's ward was recently erected at a cost of \$20,000 for the use of old men.

Other buildings on the grounds are the Social Hall, the guard-house, the "Headquarters" building, the Memorial hall and several others.

Every day at sunrise and sunset a gun is fired.

On the largest lake in the Home grounds are three beautiful swans and two tamed sea gulls, while on the island, in two large cages, are two eagles.

In the reception room, main building, visitors can register their names and rest. Guides, who are employed by the Home to show visitors about the Home grounds and buildings can always be found in the reception room. They are well posted and ready and willing to explain everything.

There are 490 acres in the entire reservation. The farm contains about half that amount.

A brass band of twenty-two pieces gives two open air concerts during pleasant weather, in the pavilion, every afternoon (Mondays excepted) from 3:30 to 4:30 and from 6:30 to 7:30 o'clock.

OFFICIAL NEWS.

THE ROUND TABLE

CORRESPONDING CHAPTER.

OFFICERS:

President—Chas. D. Turnbull, 109

Hungerford St., Hartford, Conn.

Vice President—A. H. Kraus, 1721

Chestnut St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Secretary—Edward F. Daas, 1717

Cherry St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Recorder of Votes—Miss Anna J.

Daas, 1717 Cherry St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Official Organ—MORSELS.

Board of Directors:

Robert B. Taylor, 55 Liberty St.,
New York City.

Albert C. Brill, P. O. Box 204. New
York, N. J.

Edward C. Wood, Seventh and
Erie Sts., Camden, N. J.

Secretary's Report.

An election of officers of the Round Table Corresponding Chapter will be held December 10, 1897. Nominations for officers are open until November 5, 1897.

The new list of members (No. 2.) is now ready and will be sent upon receipt of a stamp.

The initiation fee of the chapter is ten cents; there are no dues.

A chapter button will be sent upon receipt of five cents.

NEW MEMBERS.

109—Miss Ina Demens, 3217 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

110—Harry R. Patty, 2533 Michigan Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

111—Miss Mary B. Poupore, Main St., Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada.

112—Miss Pansy Barton, 815 E. Main St., New Albany, Ind.

113—Miss Nellie Barton, 815 E. Main St., New Albany, Ind.

114—Miss Irene M. Ward, 1321 E. Elm St., New Albany, Ind.

115—Jas. H. Hartley, 33 Temple St., Paterson N. J.

116—J. Fred Crosson, 520 South Eighteenth St., Philadelphia Pa.

Members are requested to subscribe for MORSELS as all the official news will be published in this paper.

All correspondence concerning the chapter should be addressed to the secretary.

Edward F. Daas, Sec'y.

M A. P. C.

The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club which was organized last August, have rented Hahn's Hall, and will meet there every Friday evening, at 8:15 P. M.

Programme meetings will be held on the second and fourth Friday's of each month. Those interested are cordially invited to attend.

An election of officers will be held next month.

MORSELS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM.

Edward F. Daas,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,

1717 Cherry St., Milwaukee, Wis.

J. FRED. CROSSON, Associate Editor.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year,.....25 cents.

Six months,.....15 cents.

Three months,.....10 cents.

Single copy,.....5 cents.

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Milwaukee, Wis., October, 1897.

EDITORIALS.

With this issue, "MORSELS" is launched upon the stormy sea of journalism. We will offer our readers the best reading matter obtainable as it is our aim to please them.

The Nabe election is causing much campaign talk; the candidates and their friends are hustling and will be the more as election approaches. The editor is in the field for first vice-president.

If you receive this number as a sample copy, please consider it as an invitation to subscribe.

The Captious One.

(Our Associate Editor.)

The interest manifested by our young people in amateur journalism and clubdom has caused the appearance of several new papers which are far more appreciative to the cause of amateur journalism than the publications of several years back; but not to clubdom. Ewing's *Club News* and the *Club Courier* contained more club news than any of our papers published now.

The illustrated list of Branch 122. G. D. C. A. is causing quite an amount of talk and gossip in Golden Days club circles.

Scriptas in his Talks, during the past month or so, has been treating on his name. Is it possible that his readers are still asking of him his baptized cognomen. It takes them to drop from the Washington monument to take a hint. Do desist.

A letter that is very much "taken care" of and valued, is one which is owned by Harris Reed Jr, Secretary of the U. A. P. A. The letter was shipped from here to a western town. thence to Australia; to Austria; from there to England, back to the United States where it was called for in Chicago by Alf. Bauman, who sent it to O. C. Morgener of St. Louis, then back to Philadelphia.



L. T. BRODSTONE.

T'is said that a few clubites in the Cream City are trying to disband the M. A. P. C. Unfortunately they have to "buck" against aggressoss.

Edith M. Ericson, a western young clubitess, has by her persevering and captivating ways endeared herself in

the hearts of many of our prominent clubites.

The election of the candidate for the Presidency is a sure one, no predictions are being made on this office but many of our clubites are predicting the election of our editor, don't forget him.

Stamp & Camera Notes

BY L. T. BRODSTONE.

Don't be in a hurry to buy a set of Canadian Jubilee stamps. There'll be a drop like on the Columbians yet.

Two national stamp societies met at Atlantic City and Boston, namely the P. S. of A. and the A. P. A. Both societies have chosen New York for their convention in 1898.

H. Gremmel, one of the leading dealers of New York, died last month.

If readers wish to find out about their stamps or camera prints, the writer will be glad to help them all he can, if postage is enclosed.

The London exhibition of stamps closed last month, being the finest ever held. Two New York collectors winning a number of the medals offered. One showing one hundred stamps worth more than thirty thousand dollars. He beating Duke of York's collection.

The camera scene is all the rage now as you can get them at all prices and each does good work if understood.

Velox paper is one of the best used, as can be printed by lamplight and looks like a steel engraving.

Many stamp collectors are trading their stamps for a camera. The writer can give you names of parties who make such trades.

Metal developer is one of the best for all purposes.

You can make your own dark room lamp and use dishes for trays and cut expense down.

It will be well to have your developing and toning solutions made by your druggist as it is much cheaper.

Will have more to tell you next month. Will be pleased to answer all questions.

Terse, Tart and Timely.

BY MANFRED J. BERLINER.

With the return of cold weather this amateur is launched upon the sea of journalism. Read it over and if it offers something not contained in any other, you want it.

The writer is a candidate for official editor of the N. A. B. O. He has supported many, but has never asked to be supported before this. If you give him your support he will, if elected, project a plan whereby the literary end of the N. A. B. O. will have greater prominence than either the U. A. P. A. or N. A. P. A. He does not believe in Nabo members joining the Uapa but believes in making the Nabo so interesting that Uapa members will be forced to join. Therefore it will be to the interests of Nabo members to vote for him.

The Uapa election certainly was fair, whatever may be said to the contrary. Although not a member, the writer knows that every member in good standing voted, either by being present or by proxy. If this is so, the result must be the choice of the majority of the members and it does not remain for non-members to criticise it. Indeed the only ones rebelling against it are non-members.

The many friends of Mr. Stacy E. Baker will be pained to hear that he was unfortunate enough to break a leg. He is rapidly regaining its use however, and will be with us this winter.

In conclusion I beg to remark that whatever your grievance is against anyone, do not try to secure redress by airing it through the columns of an amateur paper. Indeed if I were the editor I would not print it.

LOUIS PASTEUR.

BY EDWARD C. WOOD.

There passed away on September 28, 1895, at his home, near St. Cloud, France, a man, who, through his researches in bacteriology and the study of diseases, will have saved more lives than any other man has destroyed. This man is Louis Pasteur, one of the greatest chemists that ever lived.

M. Pasteur was born at Dole, in the province of Jura, France, on

December 27, 1822. His father was a tanner of rather limited means, yet sent his son to school and college.

Pasteur was received as a pupil at Ecole's Normale and took the degree of a doctor in 1847. His first great work was accomplished in 1855, when he was called upon to investigate the silk-worm plague which was then costing France, \$20,000,000 a year. He claimed that it was a parasite which destroyed the worms and if it was killed the plague would end but was much ridiculed. However to prove his statement he went to a silk-worm establishment and examining several lots of moths he wrote a prophecy concerning the hatching of their eggs. He sealed this and handed it to the mayor. When the eggs were hatched, some producing diseased worms and some healthy, his predictions were found to be true in every particular. Pasteur's plan for the prevention of this pest was tried and the plague ended.

An interesting story is told about him. He was dining at one of his friends. They had cherries for dessert. Telling them that there were thousands of microbes on the fruit, he proceeded to wash each cherry in his glass of water. The truth of his statement not having been verified, they all laughed at him; but very great was the merriment, when, becoming thirsty, in a fit of absent

mindfulness Pasteur drank all the water. The investigations of his later life were more particularly directed toward that dread disease—hydrophobia. At first his belief that it was bacille in the blood, which was introduced more commonly by the bite of a mad dog, was not credited at all, but afterwards it was found to be true and thousands of the victims of the hydrophobic bite flocked to his institute to be treated by him.

There have been magnificent laboratories built through popular subscriptions in Paris and there are institutes in America which give his treatment in hydrophobia and other diseases.

Certainly there could be no better monument to such a benefactor of the human race.

N. F. A. Notes.

The National Flag Association of America will hold its annual election of officers during the month of December.

Branch 1 has been organized at Kingston N. Y.

Nominations to date:

For President. —R. Gerald Ballard.

For First Vice President. —Donald C. Wilson, A. M. Keefer.

For Second Vice President. —Walter V. McCloy, Miss Maude Ballard.

For Secretary. —Edward F. Daas.

For Treasurer. —Eugene Swartout.

For Official Editor. —F. Fahnestock.

For Official Organ. —Morsels, The Storyette, Tid Bits.

For Convention Seat, '98. —Milwaukee, New York City.

Announcement.

Wishing to encourage story writing among the young people we have decided to give a prize of a handsomely cloth bound book for the best contribution received every month. As a special prize we will give a book for the best Christmas story received before November 20, 1897. A book will be also given for the best Christmas poem. Prize winners can have their choice from a list of twentyfive books by popular authors.

CLIPPINGS.

The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club is doing excellent work in the way of bringing in new members in the U. S. Our next convention city is showing great activity already.

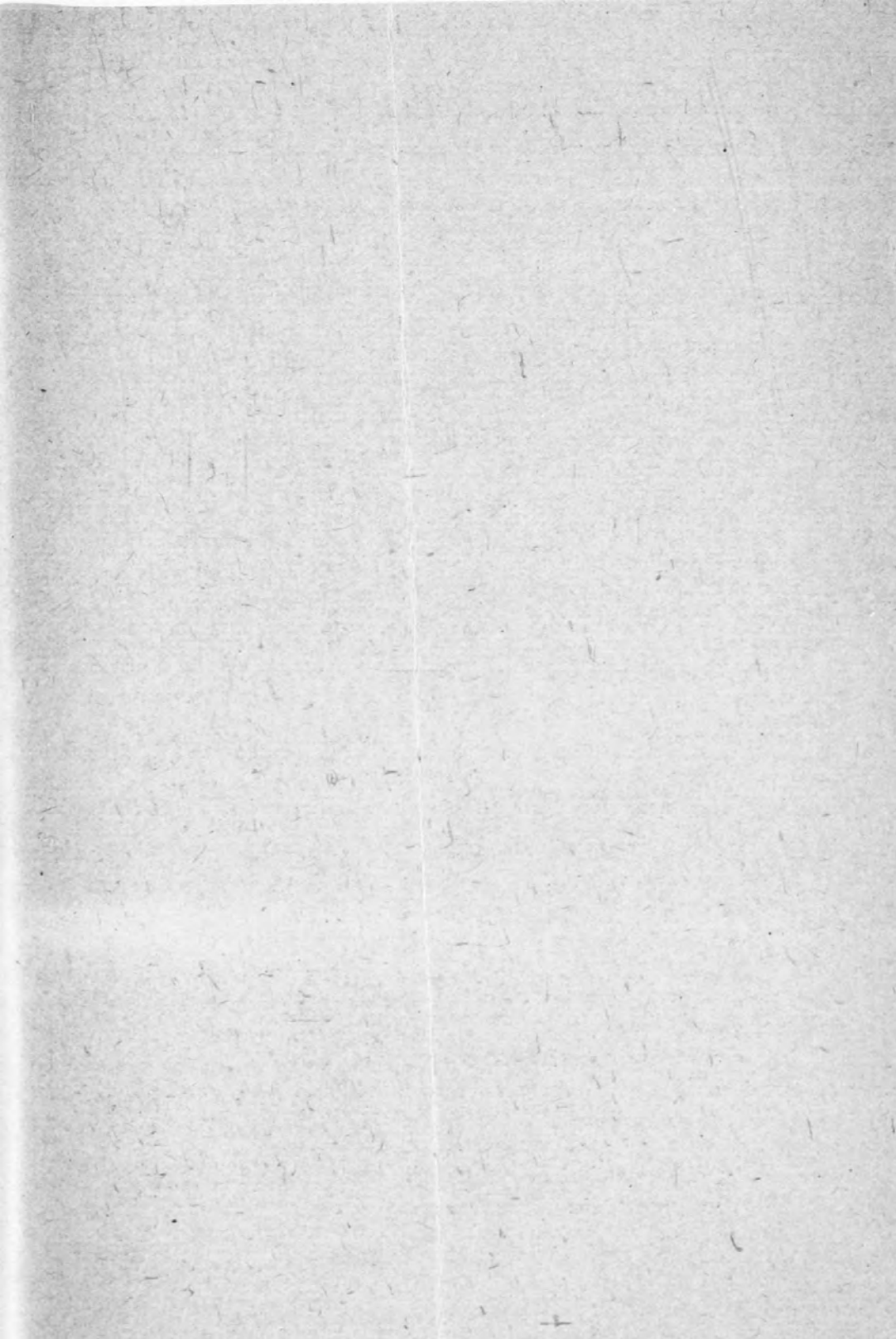
Harris Reed in the *Visitor*.

The M. A. P. C. will now get to work and next year we may expect western officers.

Harry K. Mawyer in the *Storyette*.

The M. A. P. C. which has just been formed is a splendid organization and deserves much praise for its strength and energy.

Xalis in the *Visitor*.



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Great inducements to subscribe and renew for your periodicals through our Agency. If there are any periodicals taken in your home here is a chance for you to earn some valuable premiums. Write to us giving names of papers or magazines you want our offer on enclosing stamp for return postage.

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We personally know Mr. Ericson to be reliable. — Editor.

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MISS E. TYFE.

20 Twentieth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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That the AMATEUR PENMAN AND HOME JOURNAL contains a complete Writing lesson in each issue, and is offering some fine prizes each month for specimens. Send 15 cents for a year's subscription to

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To convince

You that Blots is amateur's best paper we will send sample copy for the asking. Address
**BLOTS, 456 Western Ave.,
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MORSELS.

A MONTHLY AMATEUR.

Official Organ of the Round Table Corresponding Chapter.

Price 25 cents per year.

VOL. I.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., APRIL, 1898.

No. 7.

ONE FOR THE OTHER.

Twilight of a bleak November day finds Carl Crawford sitting by the window of his cell in the dungeon tower of Warwick, England, and he is in a brown study. Tomorrow he must die, he knows it, yet just at this moment life seems very dear. "By tomorrow night I will be where I sent another; God knows it was an accident, as far as intention goes I am innocent, but that won't save me, my sentence will be the gallows, or prison for life, and what would life be worth in a penitentiary! It doesn't seem two weeks since I saw John Freeman die, it must be two years. How plainly I can see it all now—the billiard room, that dear old room with its deep window seats, the polished floor, the red curtains and the red rug, which with the billiard table had been pushed to one side, that while Bob whistled, Marjory and I might dance. How sweet Fanny looked when she and John came in together, and they too danced a little, soon after Marjory and Bob went down stairs and we three were left."

"Then, John asked me to box a little, saying Fanny can be our judge. What fun we had until he made that attack. How angry I got, and struck him with all my might, and sent him sprawling to strike his temple against the sharp point of the window, when he did not move how Fanny looked. I almost thought she was going to faint, but that wouldn't have been like her; how quick she went for water, how deftly she worked with him and when she found him a corpse how her cry rang through and through the room! "You have murdered him" Yes I had

and before nightfall I was arrested and brought here, where I suppose I must stay, but if even now I could see Frances I might have some hope, perhaps she could help me, who knows."

Just then the sound of a voice fell on her ear, surely it could be no other person with just such a voice as that. But what was the keeper saying? "One minute and that not alone." Suddenly the door opened and in came his keeper, followed by a tall girlish figure, who came straight toward him. "Oh! Fanny how did you reach here?" "I plead and I will plead; so be of good cheer, we'll come through in the end." Thus saying she left him to his solitary supper.

As Frances walked wearily homeward, her thoughts were busy. Just two weeks since that dreadful accident had happened to her brother and had also robbed her of his dear companionship; the most awful part of it all was that as the only witness in the affair she must appear in the court the next day and swear against him. "If I could only take his place," she said to herself, "but I don't see how I can help him and he expects me to. I can't let him die! No! even if I loose my life he shall live."

With this resolve she went to bed, and strange as it may seem, slept soundly. At ten o'clock the next morning the courtroom was crowded, for one of the favorites of the town it was thought had killed John Freeman; how it had happened no one knew, and in reality no one cared to know, but yet they felt it their duty to be present at the trial, just to see how he bore it.

The father, mother, brother and two sisters sat in the front row. Poor old Squire Crawford looked ten years older than he did two weeks ago, while Mrs. Crawford, never a strong woman, was unusually pale and feeble, the brother stern, the elder sister frightened, while Frances was bold and defiant.

The prisoner was brought, pale yet hopeful. The witnesses went to the stand, one by one, and again returned to their seats, having said nothing for or against the poor boy; the last called was Frances Creighton Crawford; the bible was handed to her, silently she kissed it, then turned to the lawyers ready for whatever they could say.

The questions were few and brief, merely asking her if she had seen the fall and what she had to say to the other statements, were they true or false? Without even answering them she turned to the judge and asked permission to speak. The judge, who sat stern as ever behind his desk, made a slight motion and she began.

"A short time before this sad accident occurred, Mr. Freeman challenged my brother to fight him, and I was to be umpire. All went well for a time until Mr. Freeman made that unfair attack. I saw the danger my brother was in, so coming up behind Mr. Freeman I struck him on the temple which caused his sudden death, so I must die and not my brother. You are surprised to find me out now, but if I did not love him so, you would remain in ignorance for the rest of your lives and I would go free, but I would not have it so, I struck to save my brother, and I tell to save him. He who was so loved by all, with his whole life

before him—just come of age too, must be more missed than I—only believe me and let him be free,—he can and will repay you for it, only save him—take me, take me now, I am ready, and all I can say won't help me any!"

When the girl stopped for want of breath all eyes were moist, even the judge looked moved.

But what was the sentence. Few believed her, yet all could not help honoring her willingness to lay down her life for her brother—and, many people say justice is never done in this country, "they should both have been hung," but the judge and jury thought otherwise.

They were sentenced to three years imprisonment, after which for the sake of common peace, they were asked to leave the town.

* * *

About a block from the Church of Transfiguration, on one of the quietest streets of Yonkers, New Jersey, is a small stone house, it is very sombre in every way, standing in the midst of locust trees and surrounded by shrub bushes—it is a lonely place, yet inside speaks of luxury in a quiet way, and one room in particular, known as the study is unusually attractive, there one winter evening may be found two people, very unlike in appearance yet very like in their tastes; they are: Carl and Frances Crawford. On the face of each may be seen the lines of sadness, yet they are truly happy now, living for each other.

Strangers passing that way often ask: Who lives in that house? The answer is: Only a brother and sister, and she saved his life once, so we're told. It must be a strange story for no one knows it. I guess it is a case of "What a woman can do." *Sophie F. McQuaide.*

* * * *

AMUSEMENTS OF JAPANESE CHILDREN.

Some time ago I received a letter asking me to write something for the Round Table Corresponding Chapter about Japan, where I have always lived, and I hope it will be of some interest to you to hear how Japanese children amuse themselves.

One of their favorite games is battle-door and shuttle-cock, but this is mostly played at New Year.

Their battle-doors are made of a different shape than ours, and of wood, either painted or ornamented with a raised figure. The shuttle-cocks are much smaller than ours, but the ball at the bottom is heavier.

The Japanese New Year's festivities last about a fortnight, and in this time wherever you go you see the natives playing this game on the street. People of all ages play, even old men and women. They become very skilful and you often see a little mite of six or seven playing with a baby nearly as big as herself strapped to her back. They all stand in a row, while playing, and bat the shuttle-cock to each other in turn.

If anyone should miss it, they either get whipped or a line of paint on their faces. I have often seen children at New Year's time, with their faces covered with streaks of paint.

Another favorite game among the boys is kite flying. In the southern part of Japan the greatest season for it is Spring. The idea of the game is to cut and secure each other's kites. To help them do this, there kite strings are covered with a coating of ground glass.

They try to get the strings tangled so that they can saw off their neighbour's kite. When one is cut loose, the spectators join in the general chase to reach and secure it for their own.

In March the boys have a great festival. Before each house a high pole is erected with large paper fishes hoisted to it, these are painted in natural colors and with the mouths open. When the wind blows, it fills and inflates them like a large paper bag. They vary in size, some being tiny little things others are as many as fifteen feet long. It is commonly said that there are as many fishes on the pole as boys in the house, but this is not true, the relatives sometimes give several fishes to one favorite nephew and they are all put on the pole.

The following story gives the origin of this custom.

A Japanese boy once dreamed that he was standing on the banks of the Yellow River in China, when he saw a lot of carps trying to swim up the rapids. He asked an old man standing near, what that part of the River was called. "The Gate of Dragons" was the answer.

The boy thought there must be some meaning in the name so he wandered further up the river where he saw a number of fishes swimming and leaping onward against the current until they fell back exhausted.

The further ups he walked the fewer were the fishes and at last one solitary fish was seen struggling on, straining every fin, falling back but at every fresh effort gaining a little, till finally the rapids were scaled, he reached the tops and swam into the smooth clear water. Then a white cloud came down the sky and whirled around the fish, after it had cleared away the carp was seen transformed into a white dragon, sailing in the air. Next day the boy told his mother the dream and she gave him the interpretation. The carp swimming against the rapids and succeeding typifies perseverance and ambition rewarded. On the third day of the third month the boy hoisted up a huge paper fish and when the wind blew through and made the fins work, it reminded him of his dream and his mother's words.

The custom is still continued to encourage the boys to be ambitious and energetic.

The girls also have a festival which comes about a month later. It simply consists in a doll's show. A room is set apart in every house where there is a girl and here all the dolls, miniature gardens; and toy houses, collected for years, often inherited from the grandmother are exhibited. Then the girls dress their best, and visit each other's houses to look at the treasures but they never venture to play with them as little girls do with us.

Not only children take part in all these games but also women and men. They seem to find as much pleasure in them as the children do.

Cecile G. Rogers, R. T. L.

Yokohama, Japan.

* * * *

A GREAT CLUBBING OFFER!

You have all heard of *The Storyette*, the warm little illustrated story paper, so an introduction is not needed. Also, you have heard of the model of humor. *The Kentucky Colonel*, and the excellent story paper, *Our Boys*. The price of each **ALONE** is 25c per year, but by sending 40c to *The Storyette* 2025 M. St., Lincoln, Nebraska, you receive **ALL** for one year, postpaid. Send for samples; one cent stamps brings 'em.

The Round Table Corresponding Chapter.

OFFICIAL.

OFFICERS.

President—Robert B. Taylor, 133 Somerset St., Newark, N. J.
 Vice-President—Albert C. Brill, Box 204, Newark, N. J.
 Secretary—Edward F. Daas, 1717 Cherry St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Recorder of Votes—Edward C. Wood, Seventh and Erie Streets, Camden, N. J.
 Official Organ—MORSELS.

SECRETARYS REPORT.

The following is a list of members admitted since last report:

- 135—Harry J. Bonnycastle, Moreno, Cal.
 136—Sam J. Raymond, 144 Hoyt St. Buffalo, N. Y.
 137—Miss Nell S. Stephens, Radnor, Hagley Gap, Jamaica, W. I.
 138—Wm. L. Fitzgerald, 10 Hancock St., Linden, Mass.
 139—Otto Baang, 822 Market St., Sandusky, Ohio.
 140—Miss Lizzie Bailey, Cor. Elm Ave. and Oliver St., Linden, Mass.
 141—Frank T. Strecker, 1313 Newkirk St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 142—Harold Ketchell, 64 Rutland St., Boston, Mass.
 143—Joseph Janecki, 685 Mitchell St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 144—Miss Agnes E. Barker, 371 Main St., West Everett, Mass.
 145—Wm. B. Russell, Box 3, Fiskdale, Mass.
 Resigned—Murray Marble, Worcester, Mass.

The president and vice-president have appointed the following representatives for 1898:

Chas. Turnbull for Connecticut; Geo. Cawthorne for Wisconsin; Charles A. Parker for Massachusetts; R. Gerald Ballard for New York; Miss Louisa Pearce for California; G. J. Hafstroem for New Jersey; L. T. Brodstone for Nebraska; Miss Henrietta Walker for North Carolina; P. Erik Ward for Indiana; Howard Van Cise for Iowa; Miss Elizabeth Bradley for Oregon; Chas. Henshaw for Illinois; Miss Charlotte Bridge for Maine; Miss Esther Silverman for Washington; Sidney Mulhall for Canada; Arthur Flagg for Rhode Island; Miss Emily Mittell for South Carolina and Kendall Banning for Vermont.

EDWARD F. DAAS, *Secretary.*

Members having been appointed Representatives of their states, who have not acknowledged acceptance of said appointment, are kindly requested to do so.

ALBERT C. BRILL,
 Vice President.

Amateur Papers. We have lots of them. 10 cts will bring you a large bundle. Address EDWARD F. DAAS, 1717 Cherry St., Milwaukee, Wis.

THAT MOUSE!

A gay little mouse has crept out of his hole
 With a squeak and a friek, and a gambol,
 And naught careth he though my sleep he disturbs,
 In his reckless desire for a scramble.

He has rushed o'er the carpet and banged his
 small head,
 Against china that seems all pervading;
 And pattered about on the table beside
 Me, my fingers outstretched quite evading.

He has flopped from my chair and ascended my
 trunk,
 And has danced a Scotch reel on the papers,
 He has scurried and squealed, and yet does not seem
 Exhausted at all by his capers.

And I think stronger language than I would dare
 speak
 To Society where-in I mingle,
 When he scratches the pillow under my cheek,
 And causes my fingers to tingle.

I spring for the matches, my candle I light,
 And silence prevails for a minute,
 Then four little feet scamper over my toe,
 And suggest that perhaps I'm not "in it."

As morning is dawning, I send for the cat,
 To relieve me from these my distresses,
 And the mouse's expression is very much changed,
 As he tries to avoid her caresses.

It is all of no use, for the cat puts him where
 He never will hear from his mother,
 And very much pained to discover him gone,
 She straightway looks round for another.

Alas! for the mouse, with friek and his squeak,
 His scurry, his whisk, and his scramble,
 How little he thought that the end would be thus,
 When he started that two o'clock ramble.
 —L. C. Wood.



AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

PART IV.—OLD AGE.

Characters such as King Lear, Virginius, Richelieu, Old Man Echeles etc. require in order to show the advanced age, still *greater* care.

Powder the face and throat well with the Prepared Fuller's Earth.

Put on the wig, which should be a white bald one, and join it according to directions in last month's MORSELS. Proceed also in same manner with the eye-brows. Rouge the face slightly *all over* put a high coloring on the cheeks, and just a faint tinge on the eyelids.

Then with a moderate-sized camels hair brush paint the *under* parts of the eyebrows, and well into the hollows of the eyes, with Burnt Umber; and with a fine brush paint three fine lines leading from the outer corners of the eyes, three *brad* ones from the inner corners of the eyes, and one from the *outer* corners leading down towards the cheeks bones two or three *fine* ones on the eyelids, and one or two *under* the eyes.

Now paint three lines in between the eyebrows, one exactly in the centre, which should be the darkest, and one on each side of it, leading over towards the eyebrows, four or five on the forehead, and

three or four on either temple, curved round to meet those on the forehead.

Then paint a curved line heading from the nostrils towards the corners of the mouth, also one leading *from* the corners of the mouth; darken the hollow under the *lower* lip, about half way between on either temple, curved round to meet those on the forehead.

Then paint a curved line leading from the nostrils towards the corners of the mouth, also one leading *from* the corners of the mouth; darken the hollow in the centre of the *upper* lip, also the hollow under the *lower* lip about half way between the centre of the lip and the corner of the mouth; this gives the lips a "pinched in" appearance.

Next paint about three curved lines on either cheek, leading down the jaw bone, also three around the throat, and one around underneath the chin, and darken the hollow of the throat. If no hair is worn put a slight tinge of Powdered Blue on the chin and over the upper lip, then finish by powdering the whole face with Pearl Powder to tone down any harshness that may appear in the lines etc. In some characters the hollows of the cheeks may be slightly shaded with Powdered Antimony. J. Warren Parker.

THE END.



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APRIL, 1898.

EDITORIALS.

This month MORSELS appears in an enlarged form. Next month we hope to add four more pages and make it the leading paper in amateurdom.

Read our prize contest announcements and then try for one of the prizes. Remember "Everything comes to those who try."

Next month we will publish a character sketch by Alfred Charles entitled "Old Buck Rogers." We will add several new departments which will undoubtedly prove interesting to our readers.

We have received a large number of amateur, philatelic and high-school exchanges for which we wish to acknowledge thanks. We will review some of them next month.

The convention committee has been appointed and work has been commenced to arrange for the reception and entertainment of the United Amateur Press Association which holds its annual convention in this city during the the third week of August.

Try an ad
 in
 our
 next
 number.

HOW WE FEEL.

(Tune Vive l'amour.)

Come every true fellow with brave heart and hand
 Up with the Stars and Stripes,
 And join in the chorus that swells through the land
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.
 For Honor, for Justice, for Peace and the Right
 Our hearts, hands and dollars are ready to fight
 And woe to the Spaniard who scoffs at our might
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.

Remember the Maine and her foully slain crew,
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.
 Let us answer the question of "What can we do?"
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.
 We'll not rest till the last of the treacherous slaves
 Flies fast back to Spain o'er the ocean's blue waves
 And the banner of freedom floats high o'er their
 graves,
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.

We're ready to succor the poor and oppressed,
 Up with the Stars and Stripes,
 And give to them Freedom with which we are blest,
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.
 We'll take them provisions, aye food by the ton
 And we'll see that it gets there or else there'll be fun
 For we'll carry each loaf on the end of a gun,
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.

Uncle Sam has been patient and Patience is right
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.
 But "By Gum" and "By Gosh," now he's ready
 to fight,

Up with the Stars and Stripes.
 He don't care for their blackguard and silly abuse
 But for murder and torture he's no kind of use,
 So get ready to toddle, he's going to break loose,
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.

Then rally by thousands from hill, vale and plain,
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.

There is no doubt about it we're after old Spain
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.

Mr. Blanco and Pando and every galoot
 From Cuba had better most hastily scoot,
 For our hand's on the trigger, we're going to shoot.
 Up with the Stars and Stripes.

—Robert B. Taylor.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Amateur Authors Attention!

To advance the cause of amateur journalism we offer the following prizes of cloth-bound books for the best original manuscript sent us before June 25th, 1898.

- 1st.—For the best original story we will give two books of adventure, Robinson Crusoe and Swiss Family Robinson.
- 2nd.—For the best original poem we will give a copy of Tennyson's poems.
- 3rd.—For the best original essay (any subject) we will give a book entitled "A Tour Round my Library" by B. B. Comegys.
- 4th.—For the best comic sketch we will give a copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield" by Oliver Goldsmith.

All manuscript entered in this contest must reach us not later than June 25th, 1898. The prize articles will be published in the July number of MORSELS.

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"Macaulay's History of England" will be given to the person sending us the next largest number of subscriptions by June 25th.

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Send us the names with the subscription as soon as you get them and they will be credited you.

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The names and addresses of the successful contestants will appear in the July number of MORSELS.

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