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Brawford 2173

THE SPARTAN

"COME WITH YOUR SHIELD OR ON IT!"

JANUARY



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VOL. ONE

NO. THREE

Five Cents a Copy
Fifty Cents a Year

1907



A CORNER IN OUR READING ROOM

THE SPARTAN

VOL. 1

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., JANUARY 1907

NO. 3

The Willow Swamp Stag

A TRUE INCIDENT

(WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE IN OUR JANUARY CONTEST)

One spring day some years ago I was told by my doctor that unless I gave up my work and got away to some quiet place—the northern woods, or the western prairies, anywhere I could go and recuperate—I would soon become a nervous wreck. On speaking to my firm about the matter, they assured me that my place would be open to me at my return. Thus it was that I took a six-months vacation and enjoyed one of the most pleasant experiences of my life.

I had been knocking about the Michigan woods alone for a few weeks, trying to decide where to spend my vacation, when, in a little town in the upper peninsula, I ran across Baptiste La Bourse, a French trapper who had guided a party of us through the northern Michigan woods on a deer-hunting expedition a few years before. He had a little cabin in Schoolcraft County, and at his request I settled down with him, and enjoyed splendid hunting and fishing all summer. Game was abundant that season, a fact which is becoming less true every year. There were deer, wolves and bears, besides many smaller animals.

I had planned to go west and “rough it” in the Rockies, but Baptiste strenuously exclaimed against this plan, and said that I would have as good sport nearer home as I would farther west, and my expenses would not be nearly as much where I was. I was in an uncertain frame of mind when, one morning about the latter part of October, Baptiste, who had gone to visit some of his traps, came bursting in from the woods as I sat placidly sucking my after-breakfast pipe.

“Oh, m’sieur, such a big buck have I seen! And all white! Quick—the gun! He was

lying down!” And before I could comprehend him, the sturdy Canadian had drawn my Winchester from its case on my trunk and handed it to me with my cartridge-belt. He then grasped me by the shoulder, and without giving me time to ask a question started off toward the northeast. I grasped his meaning at that, for a swamp of considerable size lay about three miles from the cabin in that direction. This swamp could be penetrated only a small distance from its border, for it was full of bog-holes and quicksands, and was covered with willow undergrowth to a height of ten feet, from which it received its name, the “Willow Swamp.” It was the refuge of all wild animals when pressed by dog or man, but several dogs who had been decoyed into the swamp were never seen again. Thus, when Baptiste set out in that direction, I was pretty sure he had seen the buck in or near the swamp.

By the time we had drawn near to the spot, I had become as nervous as Baptiste, and was eagerly looking for a spot of white to appear between the trees. A white deer was quite unusual in those days, and was eagerly sought after. The Indians held them in a sort of reverence, and would shoot them under no circumstances.

Suddenly Baptiste motioned to me to get my gun ready. I pumped a cartridge into the barrel and let down the hammer as noiselessly as I could, but even at that Baptiste frowned with impatience at my clumsiness. Never in all my life had the woods seemed so still. It was cold, but there was no sign of a breeze stirring. I remember distinctly how I wished I could get a photograph of one luxuriant vine whose scarlet-brown leaves and purple berries

showed brightly against the yellow leaves of the maple into which it had grown. As I was thinking thus the Canadian stopped so suddenly that I crashed into him, bringing an angry ejaculation to his lips. Looking along his rigid, pointing arm, I saw at first nothing but a fallen tree and a pile of brush, but a sudden movement transformed the brush into as fine a pair of antlers as I have ever seen. The deer was lying on the opposite side of the tree, which was four or five feet in diameter. It was about seventy-five yards from where we stood, and as both of us were certain to miss at that distance, we tried to creep a little nearer. The old story happened—the snapping of a twig—and up he sprang. I blazed away at him twice, and the crimson stream I drew ran down his pure white coat and turned it pink. We followed the wounded animal until three o'clock that afternoon, but saw nothing more of him.

This incident decided me to stay in the woods until spring, so I had my trunk sent out, and settled down. We hunted that stag all winter, and, though we often caught sight of him, we never got near enough for a shot. One day in March I was beginning to pick up my belongings preparatory to returning home the next month. Baptiste had gone to tend his traps, and as I was just considering whether to take down my rifle and pack it into my trunk or to carry it in the case, I heard a tremendous crashing in the woods near the little clearing. Seizing my gun, I ran to the

door and beheld the big white stag—whiter than ever in his winter coat, thrashing the bushes with his horns and pawing the ground with his feet. Not stopping to find out what the object of his anger was, I hastily leveled my rifle, and aiming for the spot where I thought his heart was, pulled the trigger. The beautiful animal sprang high into the air and started off into the woods. I was about to follow, when I saw a big, black object break out of the bushes and make off into the forest. This was the only bear I had seen that season. I turned my attention to the wounded stag, and had followed him for about three miles when I suddenly came upon him in the same place where I had first seen and shot him—the fallen tree. There he stood, legs wide apart and his superb head held down as if in submission, coughing blood. The blood was running from a wound just behind the shoulder, as sad and pitiful a spectacle as I have ever seen. And the eyes! The unspeakable reproach that they expressed turned me sick with pity, and I turned away my head as I fired the last shot.

The hide and the fine pair of antlers formed subjects of admiration for my friends for a while, but I finally sold both, for the blood had ruined the hide, and I couldn't bear the thought of those eyes when I looked at his head. This is the true story of the largest and last deer I ever shot, and I am sorry to this day that I ever saw him.

—GEORGE G. WIELAND.

IN AUTUMN

I loved thee long and loved thee well,
Too wrapped in love to see
What life before, what life alone,
Life without thee would be.

I saw thy face; I felt thy smile;
And all the world went by.
Thy hair was gold: It blinded me
To sadness in thine eye.

Thy lips were soft; I felt their touch—
Upon thee laid my head;
I dreamed a day—I woke one night,
Alas!—to find thee dead.

—M. E. HENDERSON.



Their First Hunt

(WINNER OF SECOND PRIZE)

George and Sam had decided to go deer-hunting for a week or two. They had never even shot a squirrel before, but of course that didn't make any difference. They had read all about how to do the business in magazines and books, and what they didn't know could be put on a postage stamp in big type—at least so one would have thought, to hear them talk. After getting their license they went downtown to buy their outfit. They had plenty of money, and so after the manner of his kind the clerk made them believe that they could not get along without everything they saw. They bought an outfit that even Peary in his search for the Pole would have found of little use.

The embryo hunters could scarcely wait until their purchases had arrived from the store, so eager were they to begin packing. They could think of hardly anything else but their coming trip. When they began to get the things into shape for starting, they found that it was a bigger job than they had thought to make all their purchases fit into so small a space. The condensed foods and cooking outfit took up one trunk, their tent, blankets and sleeping-bags filled another, and a third was occupied by their extra clothes, ammunition, etc.

At last it was all packed and ready for starting. They had been told that there was good hunting near a small way-station on the P. M. line, not far from Traverse City, so they bought tickets for that place, never doubting for a moment that they would find guides and a team to take them into the woods. They arrived a little before dark, and found to their dismay that the station was nothing but a small platform built in the woods, with nothing in sight around it but trees without end. Everywhere they looked the unbroken forest stretched as far as they could see, which was not very far, owing to the thickness of the trees. A cool north wind was blowing and the sky had begun to look threatening.

Neither of the boys had been out in the woods over night before, and they began to wonder what they should do. Going far with their heavy trunks was out of the question, so they decided to camp where they were.

They got out the tent and spread it on the ground, and then the fact dawned on them that they had left the poles at home. They had also forgotten to bring a hatchet, so they set about cutting some saplings for poles with their new skinning knives. After working hard for some time they finally succeeded in getting three small ones, neither of which was heavy enough for their big tent. Then they started to raise the canvas, and the fun began in earnest.

First they tried to set the poles up and throw the canvas over them, but they soon gave this plan up. Then they laid the tent on the ground and put the poles inside of it. That, of course, was the right way, but it was a long time before they finally got it to stay up long enough for them to put the pegs in. By this time it was growing dark, and so before leaving it for the night and turning in they thought they would just tighten the guy-ropes a little, as it was blowing quite hard and also sprinkling a little. They were just giving them a final pull when *crack!* the center-pole broke and let the tent sink gently to the ground. That was the limit. Thoroughly tired out and disgusted with camping and camp-life, they sat down on their trunks and told that tent what they thought of it in pretty strict terms. The tent didn't seem to mind the tirade of abuse in the least, but it so occupied their attention that they never noticed how hard it was raining. It was not one of those downright heavy rains, but just a gentle drizzle, which soon soaked them to the skin. There they sat all night long, huddled up on the trunks, wet and hungry. The rain kept up all night without slackening, and to add to their misery, a cold breeze was blowing, which seemed bent on finding the openings of their clothes.

In the morning the two soaked and bedraggled hunters (?) flagged the first train home, and vowed emphatically that they would never again leave their happy homes and warm beds to go hunting. It might be all right for those who enjoyed a night's wetting and a trunk for a bed in order to go hunting, but such things were for them no more. This happened some years ago, but it isn't safe to say "deer" or "tent" to them even now.

—HAROLD HOLT.

LITERARY CONTEST

Cash Prizes Next Month!

Only two articles were sent in for the contest this month, but both were so good that it was decided to award them first and second prizes respectively just as if more had been sent in. The first prize, one year's subscription, goes to George G. Wieland for his story, "The Willow Swamp Stag." The second prize was awarded to Harold Holt for "Their First Hunt." Both of these writers seem to have been stricken with the hunting fever when writing these stories, and it was rather hard to decide which one was the better, but it was decided that the prize should go to Mr. Wieland for his easy style and ability to keep up the reader's interest. Mr. Holt has written some very good stories for the high-school papers, and "Their First Hunt" is by no means his best work. We hope to see him capture first prize next month.

For the March contest it has been decided, in order to stimulate a greater interest in these contests, to raise the value of the prizes. Hereafter, the first prize for the story or poem will be one dollar in cash, while the second prize will be one year's subscription to THE SPARTAN. The articles for the March contest may be of any description; the only rule is that they must be sent in by boys and must reach us by February 15th. Honorable mention will be awarded to deserving articles, and all articles which are published but do not win a prize will be paid for by six months' subscription.

GRIN - COAXERS

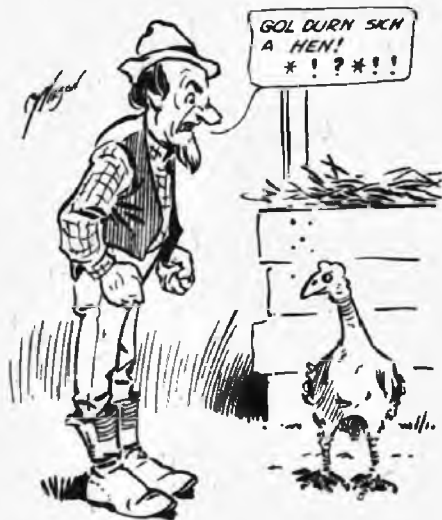
Prosecuting attorney—"Was the prisoner in the habit of singing when he was alone?"

Witness—"Shure, an' Oi can't say, fer Oi was niver wid him whin he was alone."

There was a man in Michigan
Who used to wish and wichigan
That spring would come
So he could bome,
And go away and fichigan.

Teacher—"Now, boys, what animal gives you shoes, and supplies you with meat to eat?"

Small boy (promptly)—"Father!"



Uncle Josh, again and again,
Made efforts to set an old hain.
But each time when set,
Off Biddy would get,
Making Uncle the maddest of main.

—E. M. E.

About this time—

Merry Xmas;
Skates for me;
Glassy ice—
Astronomy.

The only taint to money around these quarters is that 'tain't coming our way very swiftly.

The Amateur Stamp-Collector

A department for everyone interested in stamp-collecting

Edited by Leon Frost

The extent to which stamp collecting has increased in recent years is not generally appreciated. It is one of the hobbies combining pleasure and instruction, and deals with such a variety of subjects as to make it of greater educational value than most other forms of diversion.

Since 1847, when the first series of postage stamps authorized by the U. S. government were issued, the various issues have been adorned with the portraits of distinguished men, and scenes and events commemorative of the nation's growth and progress.

Many people have treasured some of the old letters and papers of the family, and the varieties of stamps that may be secured from this source alone will be found sufficient to make a good beginning for a collection. Several specimens of one kind will naturally come into one's possession, but these can be exchanged with other collectors. It is not the age of a stamp that in all cases determines its value, but rather the quantity issued—many varieties having appeared in recent years which are highly desirable.

Stamp collecting being carried on largely by correspondence, the opportunities afforded those living in small towns are equal to those enjoyed in the cities. It is not necessarily the large collections which make the best showing or give the greatest amount of pleasure. Many of the smaller ones, containing only the issues of the U. S. and perhaps those of a few foreign countries, make a fine appearance. It is the individual ideas used to bring out the effects, that make an album attractive.

—H. L. TOWNSEND.

THE HIRED GIRL'S STAMP.—Every hired girl in Germany, says *Everybody's*, has a little blank book in which is pasted every week a stamp worth about five cents, the gift

of her mistress. The government redeems these stamps at face value. If the hired girl falls ill, her stamp book will help pay her expenses.

STICK TO IT!

Oh, prim little postage stamp, "holding your own"
In a manner so winning and gentle:
That you're "stuck on" your task—(is that slang?)—
You'll own.
And yet you're not two-cent-imental;
I have noted with pride that through thick and
through thin
You will cling to a thing till you do it.
And, whatever your aim, you are certain to win.
Because you seem bound to stick to it.
Sometimes, when I feel just like shirking a task,
Or "chucking" the work I'm pursuing,
I recall your stick-to-it-iveness and I ask,
"Would a postage stamp do as I'm doing?"
Then I turn to whatever my hands are about
And with fortified purpose renew it,
And the end soon encompass, for which I set out,
If only, like you, I stick to it.
The sages declare that true genius, so-called,
Is simply the will to keep at it;
A won't-give-up purpose is never forestalled.
No matter what foes may combat it;
And most of mankind's vaunted progress is made,
Oh, stamp! if the world only knew it,
By noting the wisdom which you have displayed
In sticking adhesively to it.

—Success.

Harry Lindquist, associate editor of *THE SPARTAN*, is on the staff of a new collectors' magazine, the *Chicago Collectors' Monthly*, the first number of which appears this month. It is devoted entirely to collectors of stamps, coins and curios, and is the official organ of the Chicago Philatelic Society. It consists at present of twelve pages filled with articles by many of the leading collectors of the country. If you are a stamp-, coin- or curio-collector, you cannot afford to do without it. The subscription price is but twenty-five cents a year, but for a limited time we will send both the *Chicago Collectors' Monthly* and *THE SPARTAN* for a year for fifty cents. Address all orders to *THE SPARTAN*.

Address letters for this department to Leon Frost, 127 Clancy St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE SPARTAN

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"What we have to learn to do we learn by doing."
—Aristotle.

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Vol. 1 January 1907 No. 3

EDITORIAL

There has been one criticism made on THE SPARTAN which I think is worth answering. It was suggested that we quit saying so much about ourselves and the paper in our editorials, and give our readers editorials that are worthy of the name. This may be a good suggestion; but there are some things each month that we feel ought to be said, and where else can they be said if not in the editorials? It must be remembered that the entire staff of THE SPARTAN are but amateurs—boys, and not experienced writers. We may have given ourselves and the paper too much notice in our previous issues, but everything that was said in them in this connection was necessary

to be said—especially since they were the first numbers of a rather unusual journalistic venture. We are trying to put out a paper that is worth the price paid for it, but we beg of you not to expect too much of us as editorial writers. We will try, however, to speak a little less of ourselves in the future, as we realize that too much of self-praise is disastrous.

There are a few things in connection with this number that we feel ought to be said. We wish to call attention to our various new departments and features. We have begun in this number a department for those of our readers who are students at the High School, as well as other readers, not in order to compete in the smallest degree with our contemporaries, the High School papers, but simply in order to give the large number of High School boys who are members of the Association an opportunity to learn what is going on at the High School from *their own* paper, and to make of *their* paper as complete and attractive a publication as is possible. We hope to make this department permanent, and to secure for it an individual editor, and we hope for the approval of the faculty and the students.

++

HOW ONE BOYS' DEPARTMENT DID IT

Since writing the editorial on "Y. M. C. A. Spirit" in the December number, there has been called to my attention an article in the *Ohio Association News* on the manner in which the boys of Springfield, Ohio, furnished their rooms after the old building had burned down. A few sets of tools and manual training benches left from the fire were all they had to work with, but four rooms were left unfurnished by the contractors, and the boys set to work with a will and had the funds for furnishing them secured, mostly by their own contributions, before the last knock of the contractors' hammers had sounded. They bought a quantity of oak lumber, cut it up, planed and sanded it themselves, and furnished those four rooms in an incredibly short time, even to wainscoting, ceilings, panelings,

seats, fireplace and book-shelves. Now, we don't need furnishings, but we *do* need more room, most emphatically, and what the boys of Springfield *could* do, the boys of Grand Rapids *can* do and *must* do.

++

The cover design on this issue is by Lavant Caukins, president of the board of management of THE SPARTAN. It is in our estimation an excellent design, and worthy of our pride. It certainly adds a large degree of attractiveness to the paper. We will soon have a few head-piece cuts over the different departments, and this feature will also help to make the paper a larger and better one.

++

Next month we will add a new department on "How To Make Things," to be called "The Tinker's Corner." Boys who have ever made anything with their own hands are invited to tell how they did it, for the benefit of other boys.

++

We are making various special and profitable offers in this issue. Please look the paper through carefully and take advantage of them.

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PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!

Beginning with this number, the subscription price of THE SPARTAN from now on will be fifty cents a year. This step is absolutely necessary, as we can not publish a paper such as we intend to make of THE SPARTAN and charge such a low price as twenty-five cents a year. Please take notice of this, and pay up your subscription if you haven't already done so.

Please mention THE SPARTAN
when patronizing our
advertisers

EXCHANGES

One would hardly expect that a high-school paper is published away out in the middle of the Pacific, but there is one, nevertheless—in the Hawaiian Islands. It is a young paper as yet, the *Black and Gold*, published by students of the Honolulu High School. The second number, dated November, can be summed up in one word—"excellent." The number has thirty-two pages, printed on enameled paper, and contains many good half-tones and heading cuts. The paper is evidently already a success financially, as it contains over four solid pages of ads, and the price of the paper is fifteen cents a copy. Americans, Hawaiians and Chinese are included on the staff. We would suggest that it print at least one good story each month.

The *Chum* for December has added an admirable cover design, and contains its usual run of interesting contents. The "anachronism" and "chestnut" departments are good.

Arnold R. Reading, a sixteen-year-old high-school lad of Flat Rock, Mich., is the editor of the Flat Rock *Register*, a full-fledged professional weekly newspaper, which is one of the best of this class of numerous publications I have seen, though the typographical work might be improved. The contents are indeed worthy of one more experienced in journalism. Mr. Reading expects to join the Eastern Michigan Press Club, a very exclusive and well-known journalists' organization, this month, as, though the age limit is twenty-one, his work is considered as worthy of that age.

The *Tech Prep* is a new high-school paper issued by the students of the Thomas Hoyne Manual Training High School, Chicago. We would suggest that it secure a good cover design and a few cuts as soon as possible. The first number is a good starter, but contains no ads at all. Don't try to make your circulation pay expenses, as it is almost impossible.

Kodak and Camera

A permanent department Edited by Herman W. Verseput

THE CAMERA IN WINTER

The camera is nowadays an almost essential adjunct to the camper's outfit, even if he goes on a roughing trip to the north woods in winter, where the thermometer may be twenty below zero. Above all things, keep it and the plates well away from the fire, as the slightest warmth will cause moisture to condense on the lens, both inside and out, and on the working parts of the shutter; moreover, the same thing may happen to the plates, and this moisture will freeze as soon as the object is removed from the influence of the fire.

If glass plates are used, do not dust them with a brush when filling the holders; electricity is generated in the dry air by the friction, and this will cause all neighboring particles of dust to be drawn to the plate. So it is better to gently blow the surface. Keep the plates in a waterproof bag, and bury in the snow. In using a tripod, the length of the ordinary legs will be found quite insufficient in the deep snow. Small light disks, four or five inches in diameter, can be screwed on the ends of the legs. These will act as snow-shoes and prevent the tripod from sinking too deeply.

"FLASHLIGHTS"

The rays of the sun, once an all-important factor in picture taking, are no longer an essential for indoor work. For taking landscape views we still depend upon them, but for interior work, especially at night, man's ingenuity has supplied a substitute, equally effective and more manageable. For many purposes, in fact, the flashlight is more desirable than sunlight. It can always be depended upon to shine when wanted, and with just the proper brilliancy; it can always be so placed as to make the shadows fall in the desired direction, and, photographically speaking, it turns night into day.

To the amateur, "bottled sunlight" is an especial convenience at this season of the year. It is as a means of photographing one's friends at evening gatherings that the flashlight is most commonly used, but the experienced amateur knows of many other ways in which to avail himself of its actinic powers.

Frequently it is desired to take a photograph of an interior, which, by reason of a lack of illumination, or because some window which cannot be covered comes within range of the camera, is impracticable by daylight. In such cases a charge of flash powder solves the problem. Again, it is desired to photograph a very large room which is lighted from only one side by daylight. To get a full time exposure in the darkest corner of the room would cause a decided over exposure near the windows. A flash of powder concealed from direct line with the lens by some article of furniture or by a screen, illuminates the dark corner and gives a properly lighted exposure of the entire room. These are the ordinary uses of the flashlight, and by following the simple rules laid down the amateur can make pictures with as great an assurance of success as when making snapshots out-of-doors.

The same general rules apply whether the lamp, the cartridge or the flash sheet be used.

The flash should always be placed a little behind and to one side of the camera. If placed in front of, or on a line with, the front of the camera, the flash would strike the lens and blur the picture. It should be placed at one side as well as behind, so as to throw a shadow and give a little relief in lighting. The flash should be at the same height or a little higher than the camera. A piece of cardboard a foot square or a tin dustpan placed under the powder will prevent any sparks from the flash doing damage.

Having the camera and the powder in position, set the camera shutter open as for a

time exposure, but using the stop ordinarily used for snapshots. Draw out the slide and ignite the powder. There will be a bright flash, which will instantly impress the picture on the sensitive plate. Then close the shutter and put back the slide.

When more than one flash is to be taken the windows should be opened and time allowed between each flash to free the room thoroughly from smoke, otherwise all of the pictures after the first one are liable to have a foggy effect. Some powders give very little smoke, but the lens is even keener than the eye, and what will seem to be but little smoke in a room will often-times have a decided effect upon the picture.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

"Is there such a thing as toning blue-prints?"

—E. L. G.

Answer—Yes, blue-prints may be given the black tone by plunging them in a solution of 4 parts of potash in 100 parts of water; then, when the blue color has entirely disappeared under the action of the potash, and a yellowish color has taken its place, they are immersed in a solution of 4 parts of tannin in 100 parts of water; then, washing them again, we obtain

prints whose tone may be assimilated to that of pale writing ink.

"What is the difference between 'developing-out' paper and 'printing-out' paper?"

—Harry Kinser.

Answer—"Developing-out" paper is sensitized paper upon which the photographic image is invisible until development has taken place. Applied to "gas-light" papers or those printed by artificial light, such as Cyko, Azo, Velox, Dekko, etc. "Printing-out" paper is sensitized paper upon which the image becomes visible on printing, and is made permanent by toning and fixing, such as Kloro, Solio, etc.

"What is a 'hard' negative?"

—A. F. Harding, Detroit.

Answer—A hard negative is one that is very contrary, and lacking in detail.

"What is a 'burnisher'?"

—E. Ainsworth.

Answer—A burnisher is a device for securing a high gloss or polish on certain photographic papers.

Address all questions for this department to Herman W. Verseput, 11 Baldwin St., Grand Rapids, Mich.



Show your Y. M. C. A. spirit by subscribing for THE SPARTAN, whether Senior or Junior. If you haven't got the spirit, subscribe anyway and make believe you have.

G. R. H. S. NOTES

High School students and others are invited to contribute to this column, as well as to other departments of the paper.

The High School basketball team, which is the first one organized since the loss of the auditorium a few years ago, has won several games this season. Out-of-town games have been arranged with Muskegon, Hope College and Traverse City, while Muskegon, Zeeland and Hope will play here. The line-up is as follows: Forwards—Cryder, Ford, Duthie; Centers—Stander, Caro; Guards—Fitzgibbon, Bettinghouse, Richardson, Alden. A second team has also been formed.

The following brilliant outburst of poetic genius was picked up in the second-floor hall up at the High School some time ago. If the owner will call, his property will be restored to him.

"HIAWATHA"

"And he killed the noble black bear:
With his skin he made him mittens.
Made them with the fur side inside.
Made them with the skin side outside.
And to get the warm side inside.
Put the inside skin side outside:
But to get the cold side outside.
Put the outside fur side inside.
Why he turned the warm side inside:
Why he turned the inside outside—"

It evidently remains a question.

Mr. Bacon—"When you buy a fifty-cent hat, Ralph—"

Anderson (with that stony stare)—"!!!!!!"

Indoor baseball is prospering. Several practice games have been played, and out-of-town games have been secured. Thompson is manager and Lamoreaux captain of the team.

HEARD IN CIVICS—"Which is the longer, the long or the short session of Congress?"

Mr. Greeson is certainly working in the right direction in advocating an athletic field and playground for the High School. Next

to a good gymnasium, the thing most needed for the High School is just the thing he has proposed. It is needless to mention that his efforts and those of the newspapers along this line are greatly appreciated by the students. THE SPARTAN hopes to see the idea carried out.

Miss Yost—"Who is the wife of the German emperor?"

Ruess—"The German empire."

Mr. Bacon—"What is *supreme* power; is it social power, religious power—"

Bright Student—"Horse power!"

Miss Heaton—"The three-headed monster which guards the gates to the infernal regions reminds one of Spenser. Isn't that true, Howard?"

Goodrich (*sotto voce*)—"I don't know. Never been there."

OUR "COLLECTORS' EXCHANGE"

For a limited time we will place in this column free of charge a "want ad" of not over fifteen words, besides name and address, pertaining to stamps, souvenir post cards, coins and curios, photography, exchanges, etc. All we ask in return for this favor is that you send us fifty cents to pay for a year's subscription, either for yourself or for someone else.

Harold L. Townsend, Box 31, Dearborn, Mich., wishes to exchange souvenir post cards with other collectors.

Ten cents buys an eagle cent, common dates. Creston Stamp & Coin Co., A. Vander Velde, Mgr., 262 Clancy St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Souvenir post cards exchanged with anybody; prompt replies. Card returned for each one received. P. W. Oyler, 65 Benson St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Subscribe for *The Chicago Collectors' Monthly*, devoted to collectors of stamps, coins and curios. 25 cents a year. Address: 3820 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

News of the Boys' Department

Our readers, whether members of the local Y. M. C. A. or not, are requested to contribute to this department.

EDUCATIONAL

The minstrel show given in the auditorium Saturday, December 8th, was a tremendous success from every viewpoint. The chorus was good, the solos were well rendered, and the olio was amusing from start to finish. A few of the jokes cracked were rather ancient but were nevertheless good, and the second part of the entertainment might easily have been mistaken for a regular vaudeville performance. The boys deserve much credit for the entertainment as a whole. It will be repeated on Friday evening, January 11th, in the fine new *Evening Press* auditorium. The *Press* stage has all the modern equipments and accessories of a professional stage, and the performance will no doubt eclipse the first one in its production. Some of our readers may wonder why the minstrel show was not put under the heading "social," but the educational feature in the entertainment is far stronger than the social, as it helps to cultivate the boys' voices and makes them self-reliant and somewhat accustomed to appear in public.

The talk on "How Weather Forecasts Are Made," given at the Saturday-nighter December 15th by Director Schneider of the weather bureau, was most interesting and instructive. The talk was illustrated with stereopticon views.

The manual training class, to be taught by Mr. Kingsley, will begin January 5th.

What's the difference between Mr. Honey and an indulgent parent? Usually a boy who raises too much "rough-house."

Several additions have been received to our

"museum" since its instalment. The collection is the property of two or three of the boys, but it is hoped that its being in the boys' rooms will result in our having a fine collection of our own. Earl Clements has also brought down an old miniature ship which was played with by his parents and grandparents. He states that he would not part with it for any sum of money. It is on exhibition in the office.

The few books that were donated some time ago are completely worn out with the constant use they received. Here is an excellent opportunity for some benevolently inclined person or young people's society to do an immense amount of good and help the work greatly by donating a few good books.

Suggestions are invited as to papers and magazines that ought to be subscribed for for our reading table. The *Boys' World* and *Popular Mechanics* have been suggested and will probably be taken this year.

Someone who had been searching a long while for Mr. Honey invented the following parody in despair:

"Ain't it funny, when you look for Honey
You don't even get sympathy."

SOCIAL

The next social for the Bible Study clubs will be held January 15th. The Employed Boys' Class will act as hosts.

There is a treat in store for all the members of the Sunday clubs. A set of slides on the great religious play seen here recently, "Ben Hur," will be shown during the week of January 20th at each of the clubs, one evening in the week.

Who stepped on the tack in the locker room? The main question is, who put it there?

It is vaguely rumored that Mr. Rieker has a "girl." Bring her down, Leroy!

Mr. Folsom claims that he "cleaned up" a few fellows up in the office one day. Mr. Honey thinks differently.

RELIGIOUS

A new Sunday club has been formed in the East Congregational Church. Besides the regular Sunday meetings, they hold one every two weeks devoted to literary and social times.

There are seventy-two members enrolled to date in the Bible Study clubs. The total attendance in the religious meetings in the boys' rooms was over eight hundred last month.

Beginning January 6th, the central Sunday meetings will be held exclusively for younger men from fifteen to nineteen. The younger boys from fifteen down will meet and form a club on Friday afternoons at four o'clock.

Do you wish to get a year's membership absolutely free? See the inside back cover.

The Emanuel Presbyterian Boys' Club has tried the experiment of changing the time of the meetings from Sunday afternoon to Thursday evening. It seems to be successful, and may be followed by other clubs doing the same thing. This club held a pancake banquet recently, at which forty-seven boys sat down. Talks were given by Mr. Folsom and Mr. Honey. Another fine meeting was addressed by Mr. F. P. Geib on "Ideals," and was listened to with rapt attention.

ATHLETICS

The Employed Boys' basketball team was beaten by the Intermediates' second team in the preliminary game to the G. R. - Hope game on December 21st. The boys worked hard on both sides, and the final score was 29-8. Mr. Morgan states that there is excellent material among the Employed Boys, and all they need is developing. The Intermediates have been practicing for years, while this game was practically the Employed Boys' first game outside of their own class. This accounts for their defeat.

We are extremely sorry that, as THE SPARTAN went to press on Thursday, December 27th, we are unable to include in this issue a report of the conference at Kalamazoo, held on December 28th-29th-30th. Our February number, however, will contain a full and complete account of the conference, athletic events, etc.

Mr. Morgan intends soon to get some lively Y. M. C. A. yells, in order to work up the proper spirit amongst the boys, and seniors as well. Keep an eye on the blackboard for them and learn them when they appear.

Get ready for the Sunday-School Athletic League meets. There will be aquatic, track and field sports included this year on the league schedule.

The aquatic meets for the boys will be held, beginning January 4th, every other week following. The seniors will hold their meets on the alternate weeks. All water-rats are invited. The events will be 25, 50, 75 and 100 yard swims, quarter mile races, dive for distance, and probably swimming on the back.

Wanted—Ten good tumblers from the Boys' Department. Anyone who can do a hand-spring, air-somersault or other hair-raising stunts report at once to Mr. Morgan.



A GENTLE HINT TO THOSE OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS WHO ARE NOT PAID UP.

THE SPARTAN

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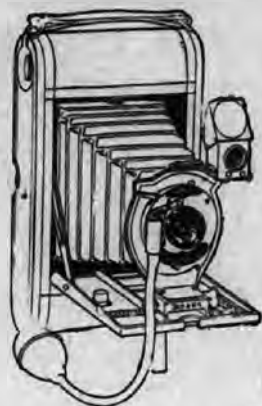
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PAUL H. APPLEBY, "The Chum,"
Newton, Iowa

A MEMBERSHIP IN THE BOYS' DEPARTMENT ABSOLUTELY FREE!

To any boy who secures twenty (20) full-paid yearly subscriptions to *THE SPARTAN* at fifty cents each, Mr. Honey has offered to give a membership of one year in any of the classes of the Boys' Department, absolutely free. This will include all privileges, such as gymnasium, swimming pool, use of boys' rooms, etc., just the same as if the membership was paid for in cash. This is a very liberal offer, and an excellent way to renew your membership if it has expired, without costing you a cent. Remember, you must secure twenty subscribers at fifty cents each, either in the city or outside, to be enrolled free as a member of the Boys' Department. See Mr. Honey before getting subscriptions, in the Y. M. C. A. building.

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FEBRUARY

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VOL. ONE

NO. FOUR

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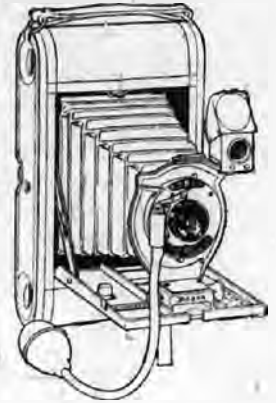
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THE SPARTAN

Vol. I

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, FEBRUARY, 1907

No. 4

An Adventure in the Revenue Service

By RAYMOND KROODSMA

If you had happened to be walking on Main street at about half past four one fine August day, you would have seen a well dressed young man with a happy smile on his face come out of the United States Revenue Office. Ned Heimer, for this was his name, was indeed happy.

"I'm the luckiest duck on the pond," thought he. "Just think, after tramping around all morning looking for work, to at last get a place in the service of Uncle Sam! Won't mother and little Clara be glad!" So musing to himself, Ned walked briskly down the street, and was soon in sight of his home. A pretty little home it was, surrounded by a white picket fence. In the yard were numerous tall shade trees, while just in front of the wide porch a large bed of monthly roses were now blooming. The little red brick house itself covered on one side with climbing ivy, added its beauty to the scene.

When Ned reached home, he found his mother and little sister waiting for him.

"Good luck, mother," he said in answer to her question, "and as I'm going to start work to-morrow, I'll have to have a uniform, so right after supper I'm going to Portland after it."

Mrs. Heimer soon had supper ready, and the little family of three sat down to their evening meal. After eating a light lunch, Ned arose, and putting on his coat and hat, started on his long tramp through the woods to Portland.

"I think I'll take a short cut," said he to himself; so instead of going by way of the road, he plunged into the woods. For a while everything went well; the woods were familiar to him, and he had no difficulty in finding his way. But as it was getting late in the evening it grew darker and darker until Ned could scarcely see. He stumbled over branches, logs, and vines, and collided with trees and stumps, until he at last stood still from sheer exhaustion.

"Where am I, anyway?" said Ned aloud. "Let me see! I started west. That's west, over there. No, that can't be, it must be in that direction. I don't know where it is; I'm all turned around. Anyway, I'll try to go back the way I came;" so retracing his steps, he again began his tramp. He had walked on for probably another mile when he saw a gleam of light which seemed to come out of a large rock, but which, on closer examination, proved to be a huge cave. He came to a standstill very much

astonished. Just as he was on the point of shouting, he heard men talking in an undertone; so going to the place where the light came through, he peered into the cavern.

The first thing that attracted his attention was a group of ruffianly-looking men, with large knives and pistols stuck in their belts. They all wore ragged clothes, and heavy cow-hide boots. Some of the men were sitting around a table playing cards; others were lying around on the floor of the cave, and still others were lying on rude cots in one corner of the cave. Along the sides of the cavern Ned saw pistols, rifles, knives, and in fact nearly every weapon he could think of. His view was now interrupted by one of the men who had risen from the table at which he was sitting, and had crossed the cave so that he stood near Ned.

"Bill," said he to a companion, "What on 'arth do ye suppose is keepin' Tom? He's been gone over three hours already."

"Don't know, Sam; probably he'll stay to Miller's all night, or maybe our new member can't walk so far in one day," said Bill, with a loud laugh.

Just then the leader arose, and exclaimed, "Men, one of us is got ter see wat's keepin' Tom; Jones, I guess you'd better go."

Jones arose and left the cave.

"That man must be going to Portland, also," thought Ned, "and if I follow him I'll get there safe enough."

Jones evidently knew the way, for without hesitation he plunged into the woods, and Ned followed at a distance, walking very carefully. He did not dare to go too fast for fear of alarming Jones, nor too slow, for fear of losing sight of him. Once he nearly betrayed himself by almost running into Jones, who had stopped to listen. After about two hours walk, Ned could see lights ahead, and soon he was walking into the city.

"My, but I'm tired," said Ned to himself, "And this long tramp has given me quite an appetite. Guess I'll stop in at the first place I come to and get something to eat."

He had not far to walk, before he came to a dirty looking little shop with the name "Mike Flanigan, Sailor's Tavern," in large white letters over the door.

"Not a very fine looking place," mused Ned, "but I'm too hungry to wait." So he walked in and seated himself at one of the tables.

While Ned was waiting for his order,

three men came in and seated themselves at the table opposite.

"What kept you so long, Tom?" asked one.

Ned started. "Tom!" Why that was the man the leader in the cave had talked about! The speaker's voice also sounded familiar, and Ned soon recognized him as Jones.

"The new member was so awful slow that I had to wait an hour and a half."

"T'warent my fault," interrupted the man spoken of as the new member.

Just then the waiter came with Ned's order, and at the same time took the three men's orders.

"Three whiskey punches, and mind you make 'em stiff," said Jones.

"Do you intend to join?" asked Jones of the new man.

"Sartinly, if there's any coin in it."

"Lots of it," put in Tom.

"We'd better shut up in here, though," said Jones. "Purty quick we'll go to the stables and talk it over."

As no more was said, Ned arose, and, after paying his bill, went out of the tavern, and into a low barn where the horses were kept. His curiosity had been aroused, so going into an empty stall, he waited patiently for the men to appear. He had not long to wait—five minutes or so, before the door opened and Jones came in, followed by his two companions.

"Think its safe in here?" asked Tom.

"Sure, why not?" asked Jones.

"We can't be too careful in this business," replied Tom.

"Oh, bosh! We're as safe here as in bed," mumbled Jones.

"Here's a good place to talk," said Jake, entering the stable next to Ned's. "Now, let's come to business. First place, does Black Jim want me to join?"

"Yes, he's takin' a likin' to you," answered Tom.

"Next, how much is there in it?"

"Black Jim gets two-twelfths, and the rest each get one-twelfth."

"How often does the 'Coot' come in?"

"Oh, about once a week."

"What does she carry this week?"

"Chinks and dope."

"And next?"

"W's and S's."

"Hist!" exclaimed Tom; "I heard some one."

"Nothin' but a horse," drawled Jones.

"No, 'twasn't, didn't you hear it, Jake?"

"Naw."

"But I did, and I'm goin' to look," replied Tom; and suiting the action to his words, he came towards Ned's stall.

The latter's heart stood still, and then as Tom came still nearer, began rising, till it seemed very near his throat. The barn was so still that Ned thought his breathing would surely betray him. Tom came still nearer and then stopped, gazing intently in

Ned's direction. The darkness proved Ned's friend, for Tom did not see him.

"Oh, come on back," said Jones; "I told ye 'twas a horse."

As Tom again joined the group, Ned heard Jake say, "Guess I'll join."

"All right," replied Jones, "And we'll have another whiskey on that. But just a minute till I give ye the last instructions. Tomorrow at half past seven you're to hail the 'Coot' comin' in from China, and after ye come on board, Captain Pierce 'll say, 'Peck,' then you must say 'in'—Pekin, understand? Then the—

"Why can't I go back with you fellers?" interrupted Jake.

"The captain, although he's takin a likin' to you, first wants to prove that you're true blue. All of us has went through the same performance," went on Jones. "That's one reason. Second, suppose we should take ye back with us, and after ye had seen our cave and everything else, suppose ye should peach? Why, man, where would we be? Ye see, our captain wants to make sure before he takes in another member. Then as I was a goin' ter say, after ye've met the captain of the 'Coot,' he'll take ye to the black rock, where Black Jim will come on board to see you."

The men were now moving away, and Ned could not hear any more of their talk. After they had left the barn, Ned also went out, and immediately started for home because it was now too late to get his uniform. Nothing happened on the way, and at last he could see the little light still burning in the kitchen. Ned found his mother still waiting for him, although it was half past twelve. The minute Mrs. Heimer heard her son's step, she hastened to the door and held it open to him.

"O. Ned, where have you been all this time? I have been so worried!" she exclaimed, almost before he had entered the room.

Ned told his mother all his adventures, and then went to bed, very tired indeed.

The following day he again told his story, this time to Captain Harper, of the United States revenue cutter "Oregon."

"You don't think you can find the cave again, do you?" asked Captain Harper.

"No, indeed, sir," answered Ned. "Why, to go home, I had to leave Portland in the opposite side from which I entered. But, Captain, who were those men in the cave, and what are 'Chinks' and 'dope,' and 'W's' and 'S's,' and who is Black Jim?"

"Why, my boy, don't you know that?" asked Captain Harper in a surprised tone. "The men in the cave were smugglers; 'Chinks' and 'dope' are Chinamen and opium; 'W's' and 'S's' are wines and silks; and Black Jim—why, my boy, he's one of the most notorious smugglers in this country. He and his men are the worst band of opium smugglers on the coast. They've success-

fully eluded us for twenty years, and—what did you say was the name of the vessel?"

"The 'Coot,' sir."

"What! You don't mean to tell me that boat is the smugglers' craft! Why, she's the most innocent-looking ship that ever docked at Portland. Why, we've searched her often, and never a Chink or a smell of opium did we find. But now their game is up, and if we don't have Black Jim and his crew, together with the 'Coot,' within forty-eight hours, my name's not Jonathan Harper."

That evening when the sloop "Coot" came in, Captain Pierce was surprised to see the revenue cutter in the harbor, and still more so to see Captain Harper coming on board to search his vessel. After a long search the Chinamen and opium were found in a false hold, and Captain Pierce with his crew were arrested and sent to shore. As soon as Captain Pierce had been sent away, Captain Harper sailed to the black rock, where he found Black Jim's schooner already waiting. As the "Coot" came to a standstill, Black Jim sprang on board. Captain Harper saw him, and, going for-

ward he extended his hand and said, "Peek" and Black Jim responded with an "in." "Follow me," said Captain Harper.

Black Jim followed, and when he reached the cabin, a pair of handcuffs were clapped on his wrists, and he was a prisoner.

In the meantime, the smuggler's men were captured by the crew of the revenue cutter. Black Jim, with his rowdy crew were sent to the lockup together.

It was a week after the capture, that the trial came off. Ned repeated how he had heard the three men talking together in the stables. The evidence was strong against them, and the smugglers were sent on a long term of imprisonment.

"I told you I heard some one in that stable," said Tom with an oath to Jones, "and if I ever escape I'll kill the young cub."

The cave was afterwards discovered, and the spoils divided between the crew of the "Oregon." Ned obtained a fine position in the service, and was afterwards made a captain, but he always remembers the experience of his first day in the service of Uncle Sam.

"Complications"

I can tell you it is no fun to be in love. And with two girls at that! Even one was enough to keep your mind off the "ologies" and "isms" that the profs try to pound into you.

I had considered the matter from all sides and, to say the least, I became more entangled than ever. It is dreadfully embarrassing to be in love with two girls, and—I may as well be truthful about it—and both of them pleasing to yours truly (you understand)—both liked me and I liked them.

Now if Cupid were a reasonable fellow, he would shoot arrows of wisdom to lead a fellow to choose the right girl, but he doesn't. He only shoots honeved shafts that sting your cardiac regions and leave you with less reasoning power than before. No, there I am wrong! I did more reasoning since that lecture was billed here, than I ever did before. You see, it was this way. I entered the University with the resolve that I would dig and dig until I finished my course, as I was a little conscientious about the way I slipped through high school. I never did make any pretence at beauty, but really, I am not bad to look at. There is something distinguished and patrician in my profile. The girls at the High were wild over me and that is how I happened to know. With my looks and an indefinite amount of scattered knowledge as working capital, I entered the U.

It was all the fault of the fellow across the hall that I met Vita. He took me to

one of those receptions whose function is to acquaint verdant arrivals with their scholastic brothers. It was at one of these that I was first brought in touch with Cupid.

She was cunning and dainty, with great blue eyes and a peach of a smile. Coming to think of it now, she had more beauty than sense, but when I talked about the idiosyncrasies of life, she looked so delightfully surprised and gazed at me with such reverence that I loved her at once. I tell you, it takes a girl to talk with her eyes, and she kept me in hot water until I had permission to call on her.

No record has yet been found of a Freshman without a heart, so that organ seems to be a universal possession, but when I met Rita I thought I had been generously supplied with two.

She was dark and tall, and could converse with feeling and appreciation anything connected with the Arts. She could give you more "ology" and "ism" in one hour than you could remember in two years. With her I delved into the secrets of the mind and heart and learned to carry myself with at least passing gracefulness when conversational waters ran beyond my depth. Both Rita and Vita so nearly approached my ideal that it almost required a Yerkes telescope for me to look up at them, (that is, at first.)

Which was it to be? Rita or Vita? It was deucedly hard for a fellow with only two lecture tickets to decide.

"Two girls! I can take both, (one at a time, of course.) Vita to-night and Rita to a matinee. No, that won't do. Rita appreciates lectures more than she does musical comedies, and yet—coming to think of it, Vita said she would like to go to a lecture just for change of scene. Hang it! If this keeps on, I'll be desperate, for that invitation will have to catch the noon delivery. I'll have to write it now or never." Such were the thoughts that harrassed me.

Taking down my "20th Century Letter-Writer," I penned a dignified note to Rita. Rita is always very particular in her letters, so, of course, I dared do nothing less than send her a masterpiece. Then I penned a sweet little note to Vita, addressed both, and called in Jack, the janitor's boy. I asked him to draw and he took up Vita's.

"Here goes to Vita. Good! Things are doubling up fine and dandy. No more uncertainty—no more doubt. Ah! I said, as I bowed to myself in the mirror, Miss Vita will have—ahem! the honor of—confound you, Jack, I thought you had gone. Take this letter and those on the desk."

Jack departed.

Jack, having deposited two business letters and two daintily scented notes in the mail-box, walked home with the calm assurance of having done his duty, quite unaware of the fact that a few hours later two girls did some lively telephoning to each other.

"Hello, Vita, this is Rita. I feel that I owe you an apology. In the afternoon's mail I found a letter addressed to me, but evidently intended for you, as it was written to 'My dear little Vita,' and signed by our dear college friend."

The girl at the other end giggled, "Well, I, too, have a letter doubtless written to you and I suppose we both have been honored by a joint invitation to a lecture."

Rita at one end was angry. Vita at the other giggled. Then followed a livelier discussion of the relative merits of the "dear college friend," which, after a comparison of notes, was ended with the remark, "Poor conceited fool, he doesn't know Billy and Bert asked us a week ahead."

I was startled from my reverie before the mirror by the sharp clang of the telephone bell. Instinct alone told me it was Vita. My pulse rose instinctively as I hurried to the receiver.

"Hello, Vita," I yelled, "received my note, did you?"

"No, indeed," came sweetly back. "This is Rita. She was simply delighted over the kind invitation, but—the rest I could not catch; I could barely hang up the receiver."

"Rita! Why I thought that note was addressed to Vita. Jack must have taken the wrong letter. Well, it will have to pass as it is." With this I resumed my position before the glass. "That blue tie is extremely becoming to my class of features—quite sets off my complexion—hang it! There is that telephone bell again."

"This is Vita and she wishes to thank you for your kind invitation. That was the dearest, sweetest note I have ever received. I am just crazy to go to the lecture—" My muscles stiffened and I sank weakly into a chair. "Vita and Rita. Both got a note! That confounded Jack!"

For four hours I strode up and down trying to think of a way to extricate myself from the dilemma. "Two girls! Both like me and I like them, but only two lecture tickets and sale of tickets already closed. One hour's time yet."

Suddenly I had an idea. Probably I could buy or borrow a ticket from the fellow across the hall! My image in the mirror brightened. "You are a positive genius. Get that ticket and be so sweet to each of the girls tonight that neither can feel jealous of the other."

As I turned to carry out my idea I almost stumbled over Jack, who had entered with two letters. The one read: "I have your letter of this morning and fear you have made a mistake. You evidently got two names interchanged. In the future, if I were you, I would avoid thinking about the advisability of taking two girls to a lecture or plagiarizing letters from the '20th Century Letter Writer.' There need be no further explanations."

There could be no doubt but that Rita was the author of so crisp a note. I hurriedly opened the other.

"Miss Vita advises that hereafter you send invitations singly. She feels sorry for the mistake you have made, and hopes you will excuse her accepting your kind invitation, but a previous one forbids her to accept it. Billy laughed quite heartily over your mistake."

Billy! That cad! So it is "Billy," is it? Before this it was Mr. Wm. St. Clair. Ah! but this has been a lesson for me. I think I'll steer clear of Cupid this summer and take up football. Girls are all awfully giddy and even Vita and Rita are not to be depended upon."

"Oh, is that you, Jack? Help me take down those two girl's pictures, will you? Yes, you may put them in the fire. Ever had a girl, Jack? You have? Well, you have my sincerest sympathy."

L. L. Voelchert.

(Entered for Story Laureateship. U. A. P. A.)

The Witch o' the Marsh.

Samuel E. Loveman.

Down in de middle of de ma'sh, chile,
Whar de crick shimmers off out o' sight,
An' de branches hang on de face of de moon,
An' all yo' can hear is de cry of de loon,
An' de hoot of de owl troo de long, long
night;

Deah's a hut covered over with brush 'n
vines,

An' deah lives a witch who c'n read de signs,
An' c'n talk with de birds 'n swayin' pines,
This li'l ol' witch in de ma'sh, chile.

KODAK AND CAMERA

EDITED BY
HERMAN W. VERSEPUT.



Photographic Contest.

As we announced in our first number, we will have photo-contests for this department. There will be one each month, a different subject being announced two month's ahead, in order to give contestants plenty of time to prepare for them.

For this month the subject will be "My Favorite Negative." You surely have taken some picture which you prize a little more than any of the others. No matter what it is—snow scene, flashlight, camping scene or landscape—send it in. For the best photograph sent in we will give one year's subscription to The Spartan, free. For the next best, we will send the paper six months. The competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph.

RULES.

These contests are open to all amateur photographers. All photos must be in by March 15th. The prize winner will be published in the April number.

Write name and address on back of mount or proof.

Send also full particulars of date, light, time of day, stop, exposure given, and method of printing. This helps others as well as yourself.

If sent by mail, address entries to Herman W. Verseput, Photograph Editor The Spartan, 11 Baldwin St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

They will be returned if correct postage is sent at time of entry.

If desired prints may be left at the Y. M. C. A. Bldg, marked "The Spartan Photo Contest," care Mr. E. T. Honey, from whom they may be had should they not receive a prize.

Here's a chance to show what you can do, so **get busy.**

Snow Scenes.

This is the time of the year to get your snow scenes. In photographing them use a slow plate and a small stop. Avoid photographing a perfectly smooth surface, as it does not look well. A picturesque roadway would be preferable. If necessary, walk around in the snow in front of the camera. The best time to take a view is in the afternoon or evening, when the shadows are long. Do not attempt to include too much.

In order to produce the soft effects that are most satisfactory, employ a weak developer and carry development further than usual.

Practical Points for Amateur Photographers.

A plate dried in a warm atmosphere will become more intense than when dried in a cool or draughty place.

The face or film side of bromide paper can always be distinguished by its curling inward.

When pouring from a bottle, always hold the label upwards and grasp the bottle from above, and not sideways. Stray drops will then run down the same track, thus preventing the hands or label from becoming stained.

Mr. Walter K. Schmidt, whose advertisement appears on our inside front cover, has offered a valuable prize in contests in this department. Full particulars will appear next month. Watch for it!

Questions Answered.

"Kindly explain how photographs are reproduced on metal for printing purposes."
—Edward G.

Photographs are reproduced by the "halftone process," in which the picture is photographed through a halftone screen which divides it into little dots. The ordinary halftone contains 22,500 black dots and an equal number of white spaces to every square inch of its surface. After the negative is made it is printed on a piece of sensitized copper and etched in a solution of chloride of iron. It then goes to the finishing room where it is outlined, after which it is routed, that is, all surplus metal is cut away. A proof is now taken and the halftone is mounted on a block so as to be type high and ready for the printer.

"My brother says that the dark room should be kept cold, while I say that it should be heated. Who is right?—Harold F.

An even temperature of about seventy degrees is most suitable for chemicals and dark room. All chemicals will act with considerable more vigor when warm than when cold.

THE SPARTAN

Published monthly in the interests of Amateur Journalism, literary talent, and boys in general, but principally the Boys' Department of the Young Men's Christian Association of Grand Rapids, Mich. Affiliated with the United Amateur Press Association.

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Fifty cents a year. Five cents a copy.

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"What we have to learn to do we learn by doing."—Aristotle

Address all communications to

THE SPARTAN,

64 Dwight Ave.,

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Vol. 1

February, 1907

No. 4

EDITORIAL

The Results of the Conference.

The Fourth Annual Boys' Conference is over and some may be inclined to ask "What good did it accomplish? Is a boys' conference worth while?" If these persons had heard Mr. Gay's talk on "Why this Conference," at the opening session, their doubts would have been dispelled. Worth while! Why, I dare say that, had it not been for the four state conferences that have been held in Michigan, the work of the Young Men's Christian Association among the boys of this state would not have been a third as fruitful as it has.

But to come down to the logical part of the statement, what does an annual boys' conference accomplish? In the first place, it promotes the spirit of fellowship that can only be developed on an occasion like this, when fellows from every part of the state get together and become acquainted. As Mr. Gay stated, the conferences have been held not as a means of social enjoyment, but for a purpose, and for a noble one. The underlying spirit of the conference was expressed in the desire to help others. A conference such as this was is of unquestion-

able value in promoting the unselfish spirit, the "help the other fellow" motive, among the boys of our good old state. Then this working for others is centralized in the grand work for Christ that was the best result of the convention and the result that its promoters endeavored to gain. Of the world of good that it has accomplished for the Boys' Departments of the state, the coming year and its results will be the best proof. Here's for a grander and larger conference next year.

A High School Play-Ground.

At last Grand Rapids High School athletes and the student body in general have indeed great cause for rejoicing over the fact that their long-hoped for play-ground and practice field has at last materialized, and will be ready for use by the students in the near future.

The High School has never had anything that could be called even a playground, but the efforts of the newspapers and the business men of the city have been successful and G. R. H. S. will no longer be held at a disadvantage in athletics by the lack of a practice field. This lack has been one of the main causes of the lack of spirit and the failure in athletics of the past few years. There can be no doubt that with the advent of this much needed addition the fellows will all take a great interest in athletics, and the result can but be championship for G. R. H. S. next year.

Why Not "Boys' Club?"

The Spartan would like to make the suggestion that instead of being called by their present name, the Boys' Department of our Y. M. C. A. be called "The Boys' Club." This name is more demonstrative of the purpose for which we are organized. We are not a small department of a big business concern, but a branch of the biggest club for young men and boys in the world. Did you ever realize that fact? Many boys' branches of the Y. M. C. A. in Michigan and other states are called Boys' Clubs, and many of them larger than our branch. The name seems more indicative of fellowship and sociability than the stiff, conventional "Boys' Department." Let us show that we are members of a real club in name as well as in fact, and not merely a department of a large organization. If you would like to see the name "Boys' Department" changed to "Boys' Club," send in your name to The Spartan and if enough names are secured, there is every assurance that the name will be officially changed.

Our Name and its Origin.

We have been asked as to why we decided on the name "The Spartan" for this paper. The name was chosen because we

wished and wish to make of the magazine one that will be typical from cover to cover of the stoic, athletic Spartans of old—in other words, we intend to make the paper representative of all that is strong and noble in young manhood, physically, mentally and morally. As the Spartan youths were strong in mind and body, so we wish to help to make our American youths strong in character and purpose.

Our New Departments.

We have been very fortunate in securing as the editor of our High School page, one who scarcely needs an introduction. Ernest G. Thompson has been for four years prominent in High School athletics and politics. He played for four seasons on the foot ball eleven, and captained the 1906 team. He is manager of the Indoor Baseball team, is a member of the Board of Control, and was but recently elected manager of the team that will represent G. R. H. S. this year in baseball. "Tommie," as he is familiarly known to his friends, is an active Independent in High School politics and stands a fair show of becoming one of the class officers for 1907. With this capable writer at its head, the High School page becomes one of the main features of the paper.

Another new department is the "Tinker's Corner," which we hope will be favorably received by our reader and generously contributed to.

Newell McGuire, better known as "Rastus," has been secured as "staff artist" and cartoonist for The Spartan. Newell, although but fourteen years old, shows rare talent for caricaturing and will contribute a cartoon each month.

Literary Contest

CASH PRIZES EVERY MONTH

We regret exceedingly the fact that we have received no entries for the February contest, to date. It would seem that among such a large crowd of fellows, most of them high school boys, there should be a large degree of literary talent that needs developing. While this fact is true, yet the fellows as a whole are not taking the interest that they should and that we would like to see them take in the contests. It may be that our prizes have not been valuable enough, but since, as was announced last month, the first and second prizes have been raised to respectively one dollar in cash and one year's subscription, there seems to be no reason why a greater interest should not be taken in these contests.

For April a prize of \$1.00 in cash will be given to the person who sends in the best

story, poem, or essay. That means that three first prizes of one dollar each will be given; one for the story, one for the essay, and one for the poem. Then we will give three second prizes of one year's subscription each for the next best articles sent in. We allow contestants as usual, full scope in the selection of subject. The articles must reach us by March 15th, in order to be eligible for the contest. Good articles which do not win prizes will be awarded honorable mention and paid for by six months subscription if published.

The Knockers Say

We invite letters of criticism or suggestions from the boys on any phase of the work of the Boys' Dept. If there's anything you don't like about the Y. M. C. A., or something you think ought to be improved, sit down and write The Spartan a letter telling about it. If you do any personal knocking, however, we must ask you to sign your name or your letter will not be printed.

Editor The Spartan:—

Why is it that the Y. M. C. A. doesn't furnish more games in the boys' rooms for the fellows to play? The parlor croquet table is all right, but there is always a crowd around that and all you can do is to stand around or sit down and read 'till they get through. What has become of the Crokinole board I saw a few months ago? If you could have a few good new games to play, in the boys' rooms to keep everybody interested and busy, it would be easier to get members.

—H. R.

(We have passed this letter on to the boys' social committee for action. We think our correspondent, however, has not been around very much lately, for the Crokinole board has been much in use of late.—Ed.)

SUBSCRIBE NOW

—FOR—

THE SPARTAN

Our numerous clubbing offers announced last month, still hold good. See page 9 for a few more offers.

The editor of The Spartan wishes to announce that that some members of the staff have gone into the printing business and will be enabled to accept orders for job work as soon as present plans can be carried out. Watch for an announcement later.

THE AMATEUR COLLECTOR

A Department for Everyone Interested in Collecting Stamps, Coins; or Curios.—Edited by Leon Frost

It is said that in Japan, each soldier, before going to battle, fastens to his coat a special post card which is furnished by the government, announcing the fact of his death to the person to whom the card is addressed. Should the person be killed, the card is taken to headquarters, where it receives the official seal of the regiment and is then sent away to the address found upon the card.

A fine lot of original covers is on exhibition at the Kent Museum. Every stamp collector should see them.

Some stamp terms defined:

Perforation—The small holes punched around stamps to separate them from each other.

Imperforate—Stamps having no perforation and separated by means of scissors or a sharp knife.

Rouletted—A method of perforation performed by means of small slits instead of punched holes.

Watermark—A design worked into the paper. The best way to detect the watermark is to lay the stamp face down on a black surface and pour benzine over it. The benzine in no way injures the stamp.

Surcharge—Something printed on the face of a stamp after it has already been issued for use. The surcharge generally consists of a new value or name. Thus if a country ran out of two cent stamps they might print or surcharge "two cents" on the face of a three cent stamp, and thus make the three cent stamp do the duty of a two cent one.

Obsolete—An obsolete stamp is one that has gone out of issue, or rather is not printed any longer as a new kind of stamp has taken its place.

Fiscal—Stamps used for revenue purposes only.

Face Value—The value printed on the face of a stamp, the face value being the value for postal or revenue use.

Bi-colored—A stamp printed in two colors.

Cancellation—The postmark on the stamp.

This peculiar ad. was recently placed in a popular stamp paper: "A collector of postage stamps possessing 12,544 specimens desires to contract a marriage with some young lady, also a collector, who has the blue Mauritius penny stamp of 1847. No others need apply."

There is one stamp issued by the United States of which no collector is known to possess a copy. This is the \$5,000 internal revenue issue.

Answers to Queries.

"Are the cancelled postage stamps of North Borneo, which still have the original gum on the backs of them, reprints?"—A.R.

No, the stamps are made, for the most part, to sell to collectors and not for postal use, that being only secondary in consideration. They may be bought at the post-office in a "used" condition. The authorities postmark them and then sell them at a discount from the face value to speculators. Thus the stamps have the original gum on the backs of them when they reach us.

"Was an insect ever depicted on the face of a postage stamp?"—"Bub."

Yes, if you will look at the 1892 issue of Hawaii, you will see a butterfly pin in Queen Lil's hair.

"How much are stamps from Arabia worth?"—T. B. R.

Arabia issues no postage stamps of her own, but uses Turkey's. The prices of stamps from Turkey range from one cent upwards.

OUR "COLLECTORS' EXCHANGE"

For a limited time we will place in this column free of charge a "want ad" of not over fifteen words, besides name and address, pertaining to stamps, souvenir post cards, coins and curios, photography, exchanges, etc. All we ask in return for this favor is that you send us fifty cents to pay for a year's subscription, either for yourself or for someone else.

Subscribe for "The Chicago Collectors' Monthly," devoted to collectors of stamps, coins and curios. 25 cents a year. Address: 3820 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Stamps and coins bought and sold, cheapest prices. Creston Stamp & Coin Co., A. VanderVelde, Mgr., 262 Clancy St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Souvenir post cards exchanged with anybody; prompt replies. Card returned for each one received. P. W. Oyler, 65 Benson St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Would like to exchange post cards with collectors. I print post cards for sale. Write for particulars. Arnold R. Reading, Flat Rock, Mich.

Harold L. Townsend, Box 31, Dearborn, Mich., wishes to exchange post cards with other collectors.

Souvenir post cards exchanged. Is the South represented in your collection? Howard R. Lowery, 1004 W. Howard Avenue, Biloxi, Miss.

GRIN-COAXERS

Pat—"If one of us gets there late, and the other isn't there, how will he know if the other man has been there and gone, or if he didn't come yet?"

Mike—"We'll fix that. If I get there first, I'll make a chalk-mark on the sidewalk an' if you get there first, you rub it out."

Teacher—"Johnnie, use the word debate in a sentence."

Johnnie—"When I goes fishin' I spits on debate."

Mike—"Sure, me bye, I'll buy yez another ball club, an' its the third wan I've bought yez. Begorra, if yez lose this wan, I'll club yez with it."

Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out of it.

"Where's Paw."

"Out to the barn, shinglin'."

"The barn?"

"No, Billie."

A maiden who dwelt in Three Rivers,
Sat down on a board full of slivers;
If rumors are true,
She murmured "Boo-hoo!"
Now wouldn't that give you the shivers?

Pat—"Sure, what are yez paintin' so fast fer, Mike?"

Mike—"Begorra, I want to git through before me paint gives out."

"Paw! A man who writes a poem is a poet, aint he?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then why aint a man who writes an ode an odor."

THE TINKER'S CORNER

If you like to "putter" and have ever made any thing with your own hands, be sure and send a description of it to us for this column. Six month's subscription given for the best article sent in.

Invisible Ink.

This is a handy little novelty that is inexpensive and useful to those who like to pass notes without having them read by persons they are not intended for.

Secure a quantity of chloride of cobalt—five cents worth will do—and add to it about

four times its bulk of water. Write with this solution on smooth paper with a quill pen, as the cobalt is acid and will eat into a steel pen. The writing will be invisible until held to a fire, when it will at once become readable. As it cools the writing will disappear, but may be warmed and re-read any number of times.

To Make Gas From Coal.

This little experiment illustrates the principle on which the common illuminating gas is made. Fill a clay pipe with powdered coal and cover with damp sand to exclude air. Seal the top of the bowl with plaster paris, and after this has sufficiently hardened, place the bowl of the pipe over a clear fire. Gas will soon issue from the stem of the pipe. This can be readily ignited and will burn for some minutes.

Edward Geldhof.

How Do These Offers Strike You?

The American Boy.....	\$1.00 a yr.
The Spartan.....	50 "
	<u>\$1.50</u>

Both for \$1.25

Chicago Collector's Monthly.....	\$.25 a yr.
The Spartan.....	50 "
	<u>\$.75</u>

Both for 50c

The Chum.....	\$.50 a yr.
The Spartan.....	.50 "
	<u>1.00</u>

Both for 75c

The Young American.....	\$.50 a yr.
The Spartan.....	50 "
	<u>\$1.00</u>

Both for 75c

The Oracle.....	\$.50 a yr.
The Spartan.....	50 "
	<u>\$1.00</u>

Both for 75c

The Register (Weekly Newspaper).....	\$1.00 a yr.
The Spartan.....	50 "
	<u>\$1.50</u>

Both for \$1.00

More offers next month. Take advantage of these clubbing offers and subscribe now!

G. R. H. S. NOTES

Edited by ERNEST G. THOMPSON, '08

IN MEMORIAM

ALBERT J. VOLLAND, A. B.

Principal of the Grand Rapids High School

Born, 1854. —Died, Dec. 29, 1906

In Mr. Volland each pupil of the High School feels that he has lost a friend never to be forgotten. Our late principal, had he been granted the privilege of life for a few months longer, would have finished his ninth year as the head of the Grand Rapids High School. His honesty, justice, and integrity have never been excelled in this school where those virtues have come to be accepted as a matter of course. No pupil, teacher, official, or parent ever left his presence without understanding with perfect clearness that, however Mr. Volland disagreed with him, he had not been overborne, deceived or flattered, but had been given a just opportunity to speak for himself. There was never a case so flagrant or so complicated in its details that Mr. Volland did not endeavor to grasp it in all its phases, and deal with it unprejudicedly. There was never a wrong-doer whose case was brought to the office who did not feel that perfect justice had been meted out to him, whatever his sentence may have been. This is high praise, but it is well-merited, and no one who knew Mr. Volland either could or would diminish it.

Though his duties as principal prevented him from forming an intimate acquaintance with most of the pupils, those who never caused trouble of any kind always felt the personal interest that Mr. Volland had in them. From the others come these words: "If the majority of us were careful about the little things, we would not have to suffer the pangs of remorse which come to us after some friend has passed away, and we realize how little we ever did for his happiness."

Of his most active work as principal and teacher, we will forbear to speak. This article we know, is expressive of the feelings that every pupil of the high school has for Mr. Volland, and his influence as a teacher is so wide and well-known that it is needless to refer to it here.

The Spartan wishes to extend its heartfelt sympathy to the family bereaved of so

dear a friend, and to the pupils of the Grand Rapids High School who so keenly feel his loss and appreciate his good work among them.

Sweaters for the Team.

At a recent meeting of The High School Board of Control, sweaters were awarded to the following members of last year's foot-ball team: Wanty, Withey, Hawkins, Swarthout, Monroe, Hayward, Kuyers, Stimson, Kimball, Sullivan, Goetz, Blackford and Thompson, (Captain.) Blackford, though not a member of the foot-ball team, was awarded a sweater as treasurer of the Athletic Association, because of his faithful and persistent work in raising the funds necessary to purchase sweaters for the team. The money raised for this purpose was secured by subscription from the business of the city, to whom the school extends its hearty thanks.

Athletics at the High School.

Why is it that the Grand Rapids High School makes such a poor showing in athletics? This is the question that is being asked all about the state today, and it may be answered in several ways. The few Grand Rapids students who do compete for honors against other schools in this vicinity, are so handicapped for suitable places to train and capable instructors, that their records have for years been the laughing stock of the state. The condition of affairs may best be shown by taking a glance at the manner in which the foot-ball team of the season of 1906 received their training.

The candidates for the team were excused from school at 2:45 and found it necessary to make their change of clothing at the Y. M. C. A. building, the privileges of which institution were granted to the foot-ball team at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents a piece for the season. The only available place for practice was a vacant lot about a mile distant from the Y. M. C. A., known as the Foster grounds, to which the boys had to walk through the main streets of the city. After the night's practice, which was generally interrupted by a crowd of disinterested men and boys, the candidates walked back to the dressing rooms to care for and nurse their lame muscles and bruises as best they knew how. Is it any wonder that we have such poor foot-ball teams?

Then the students as a rule lack School Spirit. Conditions of this nature decrease, rather than increase the small amount of spirit there is and not until the pupils of our school create an athletic spirit and help to

(Continued on page 12)

News of the Boys' Department

Our readers, whether members of the local Y. M. C. A. or not, are requested to contribute to this department.

EDUCATIONAL Interest last month centered naturally in reports and discussions of the fourth annual State Boys' Conference. The convention held Dec. 20th to 30th, was declared a success by everyone who attended it. Over 150 boys were present from all over the state, not one of whom but carried home with him some impressions that will be of benefit to himself and his friends. The Kalamazoo association entertained the delegates in a most magnificent manner.

The Spartan intends to work for the establishment of a literary society in our Y. M. C. A. There are enough members interested already to make it a success, and we hope soon to be able to announce the organization of this society.

The Y. M. C. A. branch of the Museum Scientific Club has a membership of fourteen, with several more on the list as prospective members. An interesting program for the meetings is being prepared and will appear in our next issue.

The Boys' Orchestra at the Immanuel Church Boys' Club plays regularly at the Thursday night meetings of the club.

The lecture on Morocco by the Rev. Howard B. Bard was one of the most pleasurable and instructive we have had the privilege of listening to. We hope to hear more of this gentleman.

We are in need of some new magazine covers, and will be glad of any offers to emboss the leathers for them.

The Boys' Orchestra, which suffered through the departure from the city of two or three members, has reorganized and is holding rehearsals. John Kruiuzenga is the person to see if you can toot a fiddle or play a horn.

There will be a debate between the Immanuel and Plymouth Clubs on Friday, Feb. 22nd, on the subject: "Are Trades Unions Profitable to the Workingman?" An oratorical contest is also being planned for, open to any member of the Boys' Department or affiliated clubs. A silver medal will be awarded.

SOCIAL The minstrel show has been twice repeated during the month, once before the Evening Press newsboys in their splendid new auditorium, and the second time before York Lodge at the Masonic Temple. We consider ourselves highly honored in being permitted to entertain these two audiences, and the efforts of the boys were highly appreciated. After the performance at the Masonic Temple, the youthful minstrels were kindly shown through the rooms.

The monthly Bible club social and Sunday club rally were attended last month with their usual success.

A party of twenty-two enjoyed a sleigh-ride to Grandville on Monday, Jan. 21, with an oyster supper to gladden the inner man following it at the hotel. Everybody snuggled down under the quilts and felt "real happy." It was rumored that Willard's "girl" went to sleep in his arms. Fie! Charlie! Who'da thunk it?

Several social events are planned for this month, among which are several sleigh-rides, (if the weather man is willing), club suppers, outings, socials and stereopticon entertainments. Watch the board.

Irwin and Cox enjoyed a pleasant vacation of two weeks apiece recently.

The old chestnut of breaking the ice in the plunge is seemingly becoming more and more of a fact, and several of the boys have been complaining that the water is too cold for a comfortable swim.

RELIGIOUS A new Sunday club has been formed at the South Memorial Church, with bright prospects. Three requests have come for the formation of clubs, one at the Wallin Memorial (Cong.) another at the Feakin Memorial (M. E.) and a third at the Tenth Avenue M. E. Church. The possibilities of this work in the churches are great, but the difficulty is in getting capable helpers.

We regret the withdrawal of Mr. Will King from our Sunday afternoon meetings, but trust that he will find work more to his liking elsewhere.

Mr. Folsom's Bible class is growing by leaps and bounds. It's a merry bunch that meets every Monday night at 6:15. Any boy over sixteen is invited to join.

The East Congregational Boys' Sunday Club, under the leadership of Ben. Krause, is progressing nicely. The meetings have not been very largely attended, but so far they have been good.

ATHLETIC

The intermediate class has formed a new Basket Ball League of eight teams. The captains of the respective teams are Holt, Richardson, Ford, Alden, Cyrdar, Duthie, DeKruif and Bettinghouse. Four teams will play each class day. Speaking of Basket Ball, how about the Boys' Department "Stras" playing on the first team? Stand-er has already won a reputation for himself and Cryder, who was tried out at Ludington proved himself the equal of the old timers. He frequently brought the Ludington stars to a standstill. Thro' his excellent play he has made himself solid with the senior team. Are there any records to show that players have ever been taken from the Boys' Department to represent the association on its first team? We believe this to be the first time we have honored the seniors by giving them such good men.

Wanted, a few wild animals for the circus—Bears, Monkeys, Lions; also a few contortionists, acrobats and clowns. For particulars see "Ring Master" Morgan.

The standing for the Employed Boys' Basket Ball League is as follows:

Green, 101 points.
Red, 90½ points.
Blue, 74½ points.
White, 55 points.

A swimming contest for the Employed Boys' will be held on Friday, Feb. 15.

Can any one give a reason why the Employed Boys' allowed the Juniors to beat them by a score of 20 to 15 in the recent Basket Ball game?

The standing of the Junior Class Team is as follows:

Orange, 135 points.
Black, 127½ points.
White, 132 points.
Blue, 110½ points.
Red, 88½ points.
Purple, 68 points.
Pink, 43½ points.
Green, 37 points.

A Word as to Acquatics.

On account of the flood the plunge has not been in use. We hope, however, to have clear water very soon and we will then arrange some events. Mr. Morgan says that if a good relay team of four men

can be formed we will be able to have a dual meet either with some of the Church teams or with the Press club.



G. R. H. S. NOTES

(Continued from page 10)

encourage all phases of High School sports will the business men and other parties become interested enough to help us out. Let each and every one of us talk this over with our parents and see if we cannot place the Grand Rapids High School on the top round of the ladder of athletics in the state of Michigan.

Basket Ball.

The High School Basket-ball team has played several games with strong teams out of town, among their victories being those at Traverse City and Grand Haven. The team is making fine headway under Coach Morgan, and will soon play the fast team of the Zeeland High School. A good crowd is anticipated.

For obvious reasons, we have decided to omit jokes and personals from this department in this number.

W. MILLARD

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THE SPARTAN

"COME WITH YOUR SHIELD OR ON IT"

MARCH



VOL. ONE

NO. FIVE

1907



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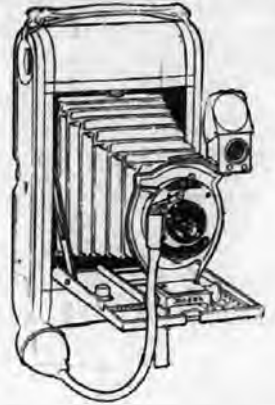
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THE SPARTAN

Vol. 1

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, MARCH, 1907.

No. 5

LOVE'S GARDEN

When the twilight comes with its fairy-like
fall,
When the footsteps of eve come faint to
my ears,
The world is forgotten and voices call
From beyond the dear Past with its heart-
broken years;
And mem'ry goes back like the ebb of the
tide
To times when Love's garden was bloom-
ing of yore,
Where the blossoms of Passion and Hope
abide
And flourish for aye and for evermore.

Though the shadows hang round my sorrow-
ing heart,
Though the shrine of the soul is deep in
its gloom,
There still is a light that will ne'er depart
From the garden of Love long unspoiled
of its bloom;
Love's garden is hid in the somewhere of old,
Its flowers are withered save only those
two,
But the sun when it sets with its rays of
gold,
Illumines the garden where love is true.
S. A. WHITE KISMET.

HIS FIRST SERMON

By RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

The slanting rays of the morning sun were gilding the snow-capped peaks of the mountain range.

Out across the vast prairie, dotted here and there with the lonely cabin of the pioneer, herds of sheep and cattle were nipping the dew-sweetened grass, while the herder galloped across the fields taking in-voice of stock.

The air was pure and wholesome, the day was glorious, one of those rare days when Nature seems to be at her best.

After a hard week of toil, the laborer rejoiced in the return of the Sabbath, for it brought not only rest—i. e., cessation from ordinary toil, but also communion with God and worship in the little sod school-house on the plains.

As the shadows pulled themselves in and the sun mounted higher and higher along his path of light, a young man might have been

seen riding his "buck-board" along the well known "Bald-Eagle" trail.

He pushed forward rapidly, urging his bronco on, for already the hour was approaching when he must appear at the little school-house of logs and mud, and preach his first sermon in this new country—a country of broad plains, tall grasses, and stirring winds. It was an hour of intense anxiety to him, yet withal an hour big with lofty purpose and sweet with perfect consecration.

His face was interesting and attractive—high forehead, penetrating gray eye, prominent chin, he bore the clear-cut features of a scholar, and seemed all out of place in this weird and lonesome land. He had broken in health while pursuing his studies at the Seminary, and came West to "rough it," fondly hoping that while he "roughed it," himself he might smooth the pathway for

the lonely dweller in the prairie cabin.

How many would come to the service? Of what character or degree of intelligence? How would they receive his message? These questions passed through his mind in rapid succession. But the chief solicitude of his thought was: How can I help the people who this day shall wait upon my ministry?

And he breathed a prayer as he journeyed: "Lord bless me and make me a blessing—help me to be true to Thee and to Thy word this day."

As he reached the summit of a well-rounded hill, the little school house "hove in sight," and all around it were saddle-horses, carts, buck-boards, and wagons. It was to be a great day for the settlers, many of whom had attended no religious service since coming West. Their lives had become monotonous as they worked at the irksome round of every-day toil, and anything by way of diversion would be acceptable. But the thought of attending Church Service carried them back to the days long gone, when in the happy innocence of their childhood, they had regularly accompanied their parents to the meeting-house and listened with rapt attention to music and sermon.

Those days would never come back. Father and mother sleep in the church-yard; brothers and sisters are scattered to the four points of the compass. The old home is occupied by strangers and the once familiar haunts are now frequented by a new generation.

The school-house is reached, the hour for service has arrived. The young preacher stands before his new congregation. Expectant faces are lifted as he begins the service. The old hymns bring tears to eyes unaccustomed to weeping, and when he prayed to the God of their fathers, hearts and heads were involuntarily bowed in the humble reverence of worship.

The text was peculiarly appropriate and suggestive: "In my Father's house are many mansions." He spoke to them of the instinct for home. The heart longs for an abiding place, where the tent may be folded up and laid aside to give place to the more pretentious and substantial house.

No matter where we wander, we carry this longing for an abiding habitation.

"We are here in this Great West," he declared, "seeking homes. For this we left Eastern cities and friends and employment, that we might build for ourselves homes of our own. But the houses we build are constructed of perishable materials—lumber, brick and stone will all yield to the gnawing tooth of time. Early foundations will crumble. No structure erected by human hands can stand amid the 'wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.' The heart cries out against this prospect and yearns with an unquenchable longing for a permanent abode. The preacher then told of the Christ—told them of the simple way in which He lived—

how He came to earth to reveal to men the Father's love, show them how to live, and died for their salvation—but before going back to His Father He promised a home, a mansion, 'Where I am,' said He, 'there ye may be also; for I go to prepare a place for you.'

"That's home," said the speaker, his eyes shining; "the home of the soul. There the hurts of time shall all be healed in 'the balm of the eternal morning.' No more sickness, no more sorrow, no more death. There we shall walk through ever green fields, where fragrant flowers are swept by gentle breezes. There we shall walk the streets of gold and in the city of light find the 'loved ones lost a while.'"

The preacher paused—soft sobs broke the stillness. New resolves were forming; new purposes were taking shape. The whole atmosphere was surcharged with spiritual energy.

"Will we be true to this native instinct of the heart?" he asked. "Will we listen to the Master's voice? The feast is spread, the invitations are to you. Will you accept? When the books are opened and the names are called, will you be there to answer to your own?" The speaker turned his burning face toward the sky and gazed intently, as if lost in contemplation of some great, grand vision. Then his voice fell in subdued tones on their attentive ears. "I see the palm-branches waving over the battlements. I catch the vision of glorified faces. I hear the shout of glad voices. They call us. They beckon us."

His sermon was ended and he lifted his hands in blessing and benediction upon the congregation. The people arose quietly and passed out of the house. They had seen a vision, and its realization became the ambition of their lives.

It was a day of destiny for many a soul.

MARCH

By ANASTASIA MAXEY.

Thou dost come with drifting snow,
Loading every branch and bough;
Even in all sheltered places
Thou a sure support will find,
By the help of thy friend Wind,
For he flings thee here and there,
Below, on high, and everywhere;
Sends thee in the travelers' faces,
As they o'er the landscape go,
In their hurry, to and fro.

March, thou seem'st to pity none,
Not a thing beneath the sun;
With the fury and the blast,
Blinding snow and sleeting rain,
Each year thou dost come again,
Covering up the dusty earth,
Chilling flowers, in their birth,
In thy embrace, thou hold'st them fast,
Till the sun his strength doth lend
And thee far hence from here doth send.

AN ISLAND TALE

By HERBERT J. HUGHES.

Five years ago I visited the Hawaiian Islands, and during my sojourn there I heard a tale which describes the character and habits of the native. It is a little tragedy of the kind that often occurs there, for the people are superstitious and believe that death is the only way to cleanse the body from sin.

My journey brought me to the little hut town of Waimauna, situated on the north coast of Puna, a volcanic island. Here I became acquainted with Kilauea Kea, a youth of about twenty years. Very handsome was he, and tall and broad-shouldered; wily and fierce, like all islanders, but smooth and pleasant of countenance. He loved an island maid, one of those bewitching tropical roses, with black, flashing, teasing eyes, an oval chin, and a dainty curve of red-flushed cheeks, which faded gradually into brown. A knot of shining black hair rested on the nape of her shapely neck at the back of her small, delicately rounded head. Gossip, which prevails everywhere, had it that on the day of their betrothal, Mauna Loa fled with another, who died and left her. She returned tired and hungry—hungry in heart as well as in body—for she learned during her absence that she loved Kilauea. But hatred glowed in the breast of this hot-blooded islander, chagrined at the thought that he had been jilted, at the remembrance of the scorn and ignominy that had been heaped upon him. All this could not be atoned for, so he prepared to die. Mauna noticed the despairing look in Kilauea's large black eyes, and she realized that she had deeply sinned against him. Her parents had often told her of the law on the island, which was that an offended or wronged lover

had the right to kill. She wondered if this would be her fate, and trembled convulsively at the thought of it.

One afternoon he came to her with that same hopeless gaze.

"The law," he said, simply.

"O, Kilauea, you won't kill me?" she pleaded.

"No; we both die."

He led the way to the great Ka Lae and she followed. They went to the very tip of the volcano and gazed over its smoking edge—an empty gulf, black as a starless sky, and of depths unknowable. Shrieks pierced through the obscurity of sound and were succeeded by the rumblings of the fiery furnace, which in their turn gave way to a wild road, broken by quakings and flashes, forming altogether a ghastly confusion of terror. Below was the seething mass of molten lava, bubbling and hissing. The white, hot steam rose with a roar, bearing the stifling, sulphurous gases. Every few seconds there was a slight explosion, then masses of the red hot liquid were thrown up, often higher than the walls of the crater.

Kilauea gazed at the wonderful scene as though charmed by its awfulness. Hesitant, he stood on the brink, then with a heart-piercing cry like that of the first lost soul, he plunged headforemost into that hell of fire. Mauna's brown face blanched at the cruel death that awaited her. With what might have been a prayer, she, too, leaped over the brink into the pit, with the cry, "Kilauea, I am coming!"

Far westward the reddening sun threw a broad sheet of splendor across the mouth of the volcano, and all was quiet.

Home Work.

A little fellow in Altoona, Pa., not long ago, hustled into a grocery with a memorandum in his hand.

"Mr. Jones," said he, "I want fourteen pounds of tea at twenty-five cents."

"All right," said the grocer, noting down the sale and instructing a clerk to put up the purchase. "Anything else, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir. I want thirty pounds of sugar at nine cents."

"Loaf sugar? All right. What else?"

"Seven and a half pounds of bacon at twenty cents."

"Anything more?"

"Five pounds of coffee at thirty-two cents; eleven and a half quarts of molasses at eight cents a pint; two nine-pound hams at twenty-one and a quarter cents, and five dozen jars of pickled walnuts at twenty-four

cents a jar."

"That's a big order," observed the grocer, as he made out the bill. "Your mother wants it charged, or do you pay for it now?"

The boy pocketed the bill. "Mother hasn't a thing to do with this transaction," said he. "It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."—Success.

It was a "good donkey." It was also a "beautiful donkey." In fact, the child went completely through her small store of adjectives. And, when her father came home at night, he heard the adjectives all over again. "And so you liked the donkey, darling, did you?" he asked, taking the tiny lass on his knee. "Oh, yes, papa, I liked him. That is, I liked him pretty well; but I didn't like to hear him donk."—Home Herald.



VIEWS IN AND AROUND GRAND RAPIDS

KODAK AND CAMERA



EDITED BY
HERMAN W. VERSEPUT.



Taken with a 4x5 Korona, April 16, 1904.
Hammer Plate.

Exposure.....2 seconds
Stop F-64
Time of day.....5 P. M.

Monthly Photographic Competitions.

For this month the subject will be, "Snow-scenes." No matter when or where you took it, send it in. For the best photograph sent in we will give one year's subscription to The Spartan free. For the next best we will send the paper six months.

Remember the Rules.

These contests are open to ALL amateur photographers. All photos must reach us by April 15th. The prize winner will be published in the April number.

Write name and address on back of mount.

Send also full particulars of date, stop, exposure given, etc.

If sent by mail, address entries to H. W. Verseput, 11 Baldwin St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Questions Answered.

Is it possible to take pictures by moonlight?—Edw. G.

Certainly. Use the largest stop and expose for about three hours and you will get a fine negative.

Are these little \$2 Brownies any good for a beginner?—N. C. O.

They are. Very good pictures can be taken with the little instrument if you are only careful enough to follow the directions. I know of no better way for a boy to start in than with one of these.

Is it much of a trick to take "flashlights"?—H. R.

No. It's very easy. See the January Spartan for full directions. Send for a copy if you haven't one.

THE SPARTAN

Published monthly in the interests of Amateur Journalism, literary talent, and boys in general, but principally the Boys' Department of the Young Men's Christian Association of Grand Rapids, Mich. Affiliated with the United Amateur Press Association.

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BURTON F. POST.

"What we have to learn to do we learn by doing."—Aristotle.

Address all communications to

THE SPARTAN,

64 Dwight Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Vol. I March, 1907 No. 5

EDITORIAL

The Crying Need of Our Y. M. C. A.

With the advent of the year 1907, the Y. M. C. A. of Grand Rapids looked back with satisfaction on a year of work and success, and no one could deny that the year just past was the most fruitful in the history of the association. But the triumphs of the preceding year only emphasized more strongly the lack of certain accessories for want of which the association is suffering. Foremost among these is the pressing need for larger and more suitable quarters for the younger members of the association—the Boys' Department.

It is well known that about a year and a half ago the younger members were mixed in with the older and all were regarded as simply "members." But the need of separate quarters for the boys was strong then and the loyal mothers of the city united in the effort to secure for their sons separate rooms. The effort was successful, the money being furnished by subscription, and the old banquet rooms were refitted and turned into what are now known as the "Boys' Rooms," though they are really but one large room divided into three—and one

of those used for the office and entrance way.

These rooms, as they are now, are well furnished and cozy, and were excellent quarters for the Boys' Department as it was then. But the membership has increased so amazingly during the last two years that on occasions like the Sunday meetings, Bible classes, or socials, the rooms are so small that they are too crowded for a good time or for effectual study. The Bible classes have been compelled to go upstairs into the Seniors' study rooms.

The newspapers have been working of late for the establishment of a play-ground and athletic field for the High School boys—a very noble aim and one that The Spartan heartily approves of and coincides in—but if a separate building and gymnasium, or even a floor in some down town building were devoted entirely to the boys' membership of the Y. M. C. A., there would be a most perceptible increase in the membership among High School boys and others, and the need for the playground would be reduced almost to nothing, as the boys could enjoy the gymnasium for healthful sport and recreation at all hours of the day and every evening, without breaking in upon the privileges of the seniors.

Then the advantage of separate quarters to the Seniors is also apparent. These latter are supposed to have the full use of the gymnasium whenever they please, but two evenings and three afternoons a week are devoted to the gymnasium work of the Boys' Department, and where does the Senior who has only those hours to devote to physical training come in?

The fact is undisputed that we are in sore need of larger and better quarters, and the need is being aggravated every day. And why is it impossible for larger and more suitable rooms to be secured? Many cities, some of them not as large as Grand Rapids, have separate buildings for the work of the Boys' Department, and others have an entire floor in some business block. There is no reason why the citizens of our city who have the welfare of the future generation at heart could not unite in some way and purchase some large residence located somewhat near centrally, as was done in the case of the Kent Museum, and turn it over to the residents of the city—and the boys—to furnish it. Other cities have done this very thing—why not Grand Rapids?

The editor of The Spartan will within a few weeks issue the first number of "The Furniture City Amateur," a small 4½ x 6, printed for Amateur Journalism, on his own press. It will probably be made a quarterly, as time will not permit of its being issued monthly. Manuscript solicited.

We are patting ourselves on the back somewhat for having secured so talented an

array of writers as staff contributors to The Spartan. All but Mr. Row and are young local writers. The latter will conduct an A. J. department in next month's issue. He is an editor of an amateur paper and is well posted in amateur affairs. Hughes, Geldhof and Post are capable writers who will write for The Spartan. "Ed" Geldhof is known among the boys as a "shark" with tools and chemicals, and will conduct the Tinker's Corner.

Literary Contest

CASH PRIZES EVERY MONTH

"His First Sermon" Wins First Prize.

Three stories were entered for our March literary contest, all of an exceptionally good character, although no entries were received for the poem and essay classes. We take pleasure in awarding the prizes for the stories as follows:

First Prize, \$1.00—"His First Sermon," by Richard Braunstein.

Second Prize, one year's subscription—"An Island Tale," by Herbert J. Hughes,

Honorable Mention—"A Joke Returned," by Charles Manwaring.

The prize-winning stories are published in this issue, and we leave it to our readers to decide whether they are worthy of the prizes or not. Mr. Braunstein is a well known amateur writer and editor of great talent, and has written one story for The Spartan, which appeared in our December number. We hope he will continue to contribute articles of such great merit as he is capable of producing.

"An Island Tale" shows good descriptive ability in its author. The beautifully told tale is from the personal experience of the author. Mr. Hughes has consented to be on the regular contributing staff of The Spartan. "A Joke Returned" is a story of a practical joke in college life by another young local writer. It will appear in an early number.

It is evident that our contests are arousing the interest of our readers, and it is our hope that the interest will keep on increasing and so help us to further in our small way the grand cause of Amateur Journalism among the young people of our city and country. Spring is at last at hand, the cheery grate no more warms us with its home-like comfort, and the proverbial "spring poet" will have ample opportunity to display his skill, as Milton so beautifully puts it, in

"Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream."

For the month of May—the month in which the Muses roam the leafy groves and bring blissful inspiration to many an aspiring young poet—we announce the following prizes:

Poems—One dollar in cash will be given for the best poem on "Spring" sent in. Poems may be of any length. One year's subscription for the second prize.

Stories—One dollar in cash for the best story received before April 15th. One year's subscription for the second prize.

Essays—Two similar prizes will be given for the two best essays sent in. Honorable mention will be given for all three class

EXCHANGES

Will our exchanges please take notice that after this no copies of The Spartan will be sent to editors not sending us their papers regularly? We are anxious to exchange with other papers, without regard to size or frequency of publication, and will send The Spartan regularly to all papers of which we receive a copy, but we do not feel justified in exchanging with papers who are not appreciative enough to send in return a copy of their paper as often as issued. So please don't forget to remember us on your mailing days. If this paragraph is marked, we desire to exchange with you.

This column was omitted last month for lack of space, but will be permanent from now on.

The boys of the Toledo Y. M. C. A. are to be congratulated on the strong little weekly issued by them—**The Toledo Boys**. Recent numbers contain illustrations, adding much to the appearance of the paper.

The Sprite for February is an admirable little magazine. It is well printed and contains a few illustrations. "The Tragedy of Gnadenhutzen" a historical essay, is good.

Grand Rapids' latest venture in the amateur journalistic sphere is **The Oracle**, the bright C. C. H. S. monthly. Welcome, Oracle!

The Literary School in the **National Amateur** is the most helpful article that can possibly be read by amateurs. It is concise, practical, and intensely instructive, and is no doubt of great benefit to all its readers.

We are extremely sorry to see that **The Young American** has suspended. This paper was one of the most enjoyable among our exchanges. We hope to see it again in the near future.

Trinity is an excellently printed, well illustrated bi-monthly published by the Boys' Brigade of Trinity Reformed Church, Amsterdam, N. Y. The January-February number contains principally articles on Washington, Lincoln, and McKinley, with an interesting article on "Petering," which combines humor, good sense and practical advice. The paper is well worth the subscription price of 25 cents.



The Amateur Collector

Edited by Leon W. Frost

A Department For Everyone Interested In Collecting Stamps, Curios, Shells, Fossils, Post-Cards, Etc.

Some Points on Stamp-Collecting.

A great many people think that if a stamp is old it is valuable, so they take great pains to preserve all the old stamps they can find. This is entirely a mistake. It is true that in the course of time fire, water, loss, etc., help to lessen the number, but it would take a great many fires to destroy the millions of old German stamps now existing and thus make the survivors valuable. When the common Continental stamps can be bought for twelve cents per thousand it hardly pays to take the time to clip them from envelopes.

Some people carefully cut off all the common United States stamps and save them, thinking they will bring the owner a fortune in a few years. This is another foolish mistake often made, as the United States government requires 100,000,000 one-cent and twice that number of two-cent stamps to be constantly kept in reserve, so they will not become valuable very soon.

Great care should be taken by stamp-collectors to get perfect copies, as the value of a collection is based largely on its condition. Quality, not quantity, is the rule in philately as in many other pursuits. A damaged stamp or one heavily cancelled is hardly worth the paper on which it is printed, and but a fraction of the worth of a good specimen of the same stamp can be gotten for it.

Seebeck stamps are those from Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador, and Ecuador, which were printed by the Hamilton Bank Note company in the early nineties. A new set of stamps was issued each year and the set of the preceding year was of no value for postal service after the new issue was printed. The Hamilton Bank Note company agreed to print the stamps of the above countries free of charge providing they should have all stamps left from the preceding year. The company, of course, always managed to print a large enough surplus of stamps so that they would have plenty to sell to collectors. It has been said that they have the plates of the stamps now and still print the old issues of "Seebecks" to sell to unwary collectors.

The stamps were called "Seebecks" from Mr. F. N. Seebeck, the president of the company. To buy these stamps is purely a waste of money, as they can never become valuable and are no better than common reprints. If the stamps can be obtained cancelled, especially on the original cover

(envelope), they are very desirable stamps and will bring a good price on the market.

The First Postage Stamps.

Postage stamps in the form of stamped envelopes were used by M. de Velay, who owned a private post in Paris during the reign of Louis XIV. In Spain and Italy in 1716 stamped covers for mail matter were tried, but it was not until 1840 that stamps as we know them now were put into use. This was in England, the government adopting the system devised by Rowland Hill. Brazil was the next country to take up the new invention. Russia adopted postage stamps next, in 1845. Then Switzerland followed in 1846, and March 3, 1847, Congress authorized the issue of stamps for the United States postal service.

Souvenir Post-Card Notes.

Souvenir post-card collecting has become very popular during the last year or two. The consular report of England states that 12,000 men are engaged in making cards in England alone, and the annual output of the country is more than 84,000,000 cards.

Send no tinselled cards to Holland, as it is against the Dutch postal laws to allow tinselled post-cards to pass through the mails.

Cards may be sent to foreign countries for one cent providing the sender's address only is written on the view side of the card.

The best way to acquire a collection of post-cards is to join some exchange society, as they send to members the addresses of collectors anxious to exchange who reside in every part of the world.

Miss Frances Walton, an actress, residing in Wilmington, Del., has in her collection over 300,000 cards from all parts of the world.

Answers to Queries.

"Are Japanese stamps reprinted or counterfeited very much?"—A. M. L.

Yes, widely. It has been stated in a stamp paper that the chrysanthemum, which is the national flower of Japan and appears on all official stamps, is sixteen leaved on all the stamps; and counterfeiters who reprint any stamps with the sixteen-leaved chrysanthemum on it are beheaded. Therefore all Japanese reprints have either fifteen or seventeen leaves in the chrysanthemum, in order to evade the wulf penalty of the law. Thus they can be easily detected.

The Tinker's Corner

A department for the fellow who likes to "putter" with tools or chemicals. Six months' subscription given for the best article from the writer's practical experience sent in.

Writing Acid for Metal.

The following formula can be used by any one who wishes his name placed on tools, bicycles, or anything of metal: To an ounce of muriatic acid add a large tablespoonful of vinegar and as much blue vitriol as it will absorb. Shake thoroughly and apply with a fine pointed quill pen. Be careful not to get blots of the solution on anything, as it will immediately eat into it. This acid may also be used for cleaning metals it applied with a little water and wiped off at once.

A Joker's "Tick-Tack."

This is a valuable novelty for the practical joker on April Fool's night. Secure a small, round piece of hard rubber the size of a quarter and one-quarter of an inch thick; cut a hole through the center so that a small screw will conveniently pass through but will stop at the head of the screw. Tie a long string to the screw and rub it well its entire length with a piece of rosin. Then for the application of the joke. Proceed stealthily up to your neighbor's window, wet the rubber slightly and stick it on the window. The suction will hold the ticktack in place. Then steal off and hide yourself in the bushes next door and scrape about a foot of the string at a time with two finger nails. Then await results, and when the irate neighbor comes to the window keep on yanking the string. The ticking of the screw against the window makes an annoying racket in the house, and the joke can be kept up for some time without discovery—until the man of the house comes out and gets tangled up in the string.

Grin-Coaxers

The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust feller,
But the more upon the just because
The unjust takes the just's umbrella.

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard,
To feed her dog after his labors;
The dog saw the can
And straightway he ran
To eat something else at his neighbor's.

Fractions Again.

"Now boys," said the teacher, "suppose I should chop a beef-steak in two pieces, what would the pieces be called?"

"Halves," answered the class.

"And if I cut each half in two parts?"

"Quarters."

"Correct; and suppose I chopped these in two?"

"Eighths."

"And chopped them again?"

"Sixteenths."

"Now if I divide them again what is the result?"

The class was winded, and only a single voice answered, "Thirty-seconds."

"Quite right; and if we chopped these in half what would we have?" No one answered and teacher looked disappointed.

"I'm sure someone can tell me," she said.

"Come, Wally, you said 'thirty-seconds' just now. Can't you remember what the next division would be?"

The waggish boy behind Wally whispered something, and Wally's face brightened.

"Yes'm," he said, "it would be hamburger steak."

Our Collectors' Exchange

For a limited time we will place in this column free of charge a "want ad" of not over fifteen words, besides name and address, pertaining to stamps, souvenir post-cards, coins and curios, photography, exchanges, etc. All we ask in return for this favor is that you send us fifty cents to pay for a year's subscription, either for yourself or for someone else.

Would like to exchange post cards (no comics) with collectors in foreign countries. Percy W. Oyler, 65 Benson St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Stamps of all kinds bought and sold or exchanged. Henry D. Wilson, 142 S. College Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SPECIAL! Reproductions of the photograph on the cover on best quality post-cards, 2 for 5c. Other views also. Furniture City Post-Card & Photographic Co., 11 Baldwin St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Would like to correspond and exchange with collectors of stamps and post-cards. Roy Bryant, 590 E. Fulton St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Post-cards exchanged with collectors. Prompt returns. Erwin A. Piepenbrink, 373 Crescent Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Wildcat Money For Sale—\$1, \$2, \$3 denominations. Five cents for each bill. Unused U. S. stamps accepted in payment. Address "Wildcat Money," care of The Spartan, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Boys! See Geldhof for best approval sheets 50 per cent discount. DO IT NOW!

G. R. H. S. NOTES

Edited by ERNEST G. THOMPSON.

Basket Ball.

January 26th the High School basket-ball team added another game to its string of victories by defeating the Zeeland five by the score of 44 to 22. Stander and Caro played a fast game for the locals, while DePree and Den Herder played well for the visitors. The team lined up as follows: Forward, Cryder, Carsten; Stander, DePree. Center—Caro, Larkins. Guard—Bettinghouse, Den Herder; Richardson, De Pree. The High School Mandolin club entertained between the halves.

Muskegon vs. G. R. H. S.

In an exciting game Saturday, March 2, the strong Muskegon basket ball team took the G. R. H. S. five into camp to the tune of 42 to 10. This overwhelming defeat came as a hard blow, especially from Muskegon. The game was fast and furious throughout, and though the locals fought gamely until the last minute of play, they were no match for their heavier and more experienced opponents. A large crowd witnessed the game and kept things moving with their yells and cheers. The Mandolin club furnished music before the game.

Heard in Civics.

"Who is mayor of Chicago?"

Class—"Dunne."

"Well, what has he 'dunne' for Chicago?"

Mr. Doane—"Someone else has a recitation on the board, have they not?"

Lamoreaux—"Yes, my picture!"

Indoor Base Ball.

On February 10 the Indoor Base Ball team journeyed to Holland, where they were defeated in a fast game by the Holland Interurbans by a score of 10 to 2. Scouten and Peterson starred for the Hollanders, and Taylor and Dawson played well for Grand Rapids. The local team evidently needs more practice, but with no suitable place yet in sight the usual string of defeats will probably follow.

Senior-Soph-Junior-Fresh Dual Meet.

An indoor athletic contest took place February 9 at the Y. M. C. A. between the senior-sophomore and the junior-freshmen teams, in which the former team won from the younger opponents by the score of 59 to 0.

Darling and Sullivan proved the strongest in all-around track work and great things are expected from McDonald, the High School track man. Captain Horner expressed himself as greatly pleased with the outcome of the meet and looks forward to a great team to represent G. R. H. S. at the

Michigan interscholastic meet in May.

THE SUMMARIES.

20-yard dash—Won by Caro, senior; Page, second. Time, :02 15.

220-yard run—Won by Darling, senior; Bedford, second. Time, :30 25.

440-yard run—Won by Sullivan. Time, 1:06 25.

Shot Put—McDonald, first; Darling, second. Distance, 32 ft. 4½ in.

880-yard Run—Won by Sullivan; Squires, second. Time, 2:29 25.

One Mile Run—Won by Greene; McDonald, second. Time, 5:59.

High Jump—Won by Darling; Cryder, second. Height, 5 ft. 2 in.

Pole Vault—Won by Page; Cryder, second. Height, 9 ft. 2 in.

Heard in Chemistry.

"Water is sometimes found in lakes and ponds."

"Oxygen is what the fish live on in water."

Mr. Doane—"Why don't you know your lesson?"

Sproat—"I was smelling."

Guy Dawson was recently chosen to succeed Chas. Blackford as treasurer of the Athletic Association.

Miss Rogers—"When two angles are the same in a triangle, what is said of them?"

Hutchings—"Equinoctial."

Base Ball.

As the spring season draws near, the base ball fever seems to have taken hold of every one, and with the prospects of a championship team the subscription lists recently circulated through the school have brought returns such as have never before been equalled in this school. Business men and students have responded loyally, and with Captain Weiss, Menhennick, Lamoreaux, Callif, Brink, Sproot and Weston still in the game, great things are expected.

Games have already been arranged for with Ferris Institute, Hope College, Grand Haven, Battle Creek and Ludington, and it is hoped that Lansing and a strong team from Detroit will be seen on the local diamonds. To make the team a greater success let every ball player in the school turn out for practice the first day and help G. R. H. S. to win the state championship.

"Which is proper, 'I cannot eat bread,' or 'I may not eat bread?'"

"Why, 'I cannot eat bread.'"

"Well, then eat hay like other mules."

News of the Boys Department

I has been suggested that The Spartan have a representative or correspondent in every Boys' Department of the Y. M. C. A. in Michigan, and thus instead of its being the organ of the Grand Rapids association, the paper become a state Boys' Department magazine, publishing news and notes from every boys' branch in the state. Under this plan the paper would of course remain the publication of the Grand Rapids Boys' Department. This is, in our opinion, a good idea, and we stand ready to do our part in carrying out the scheme, but we must have the help of other associations in doing it. The plan would no doubt aid greatly in making Michigan pre-eminent in boys' work, and we should like to receive a letter from every association in the state telling us what you think of the plan and giving suggestions as to how it could be carried out. If this paragraph is marked, please comply with this request.

EDUCATIONAL A number of boys employed at the Oriel Cabinet Company's factory met in the boys' rooms, Wednesday, Feb. 21, to organize for educational purposes, and a factory boys' club was established. The noon shop meetings now being held are arranged for some time ahead. It has been decided to hold regular meetings each alternate Wednesday evening from 8 to 9. Practical and educational subjects only will be discussed. As several of the boys are interested in photography, two talks on the camera will be given.

The Boys' Department Bazaar.

The long-heralded bazaar which was announced for February 28 to 30 has for many very sound reasons been postponed until March 28, 29 and 30. The promoters of the bazaar, however, are so pressed by other business matters that they have stated that it is possible the bazaar may have to be postponed a second time. When it does come off, however, there is much joy in store for the members of the Boys' Department and their friends. As was announced in the daily papers, the bazaar will be given under the auspices of The Spartan for the purpose of securing funds for the installing of a printing press and complete outfit in the Boys' Department. The press will no doubt be the means of many a boy's learning the printing trade.

As planned now, among the many good things at the bazaar, there will be a shooting gallery, probably in the locker room, furniture, art, refreshment, and many other booths such as are found at any bazaar, besides the bran tub, fish pond, contests, games, etc., the use of the bowling alleys, aquatic contests and sports, entertainments

in the auditorium, where the minstrel show will probably also be repeated, and the great event of the bazaar—the great indoor circus—for which Mr. Morgan, the "ring-master," has been so long planning. The latter will have nearly all the humorous and acrobatic features of the indoor circuses seen here this year. Music for the bazaar and during the various banquets and "feasts" planned for will be furnished by the Y. M. C. A. orchestra. Mr. West has given his consent to our using any of the rooms upstairs, if necessary, but it will be attempted to confine the good times to the boys' rooms, gymnasium, banquet room and locker rooms. Admission will be by ticket only. The entire building will be thrown open to visitors for the three days and evenings of the bazaar. Remember the date—March 28, 29 and 30. Bring your girl and lots of money!

All the members of the Boys' Department or affiliated clubs who are interested in the formation of a literary society are requested to meet at the boys' rooms Monday evening, March 25, at 7 o'clock, to organize and elect officers. We will try to have a representative of one of the daily papers or some other prominent person present to speak to the society, and as there is plenty of time before March 25, kindly spread this notice so that a large number of boys will be present.

The Toledo, Ohio, Employed Boys' Club have a regularly elected corps of officers, including a treasurer and sergeant-at-arms. The employed boys of Grand Rapids would do well to follow their example. The business training acquired from simply holding office and voting in a club such as this can not be over-estimated.

One hundred and forty-four dollars was raised by the boys of the Boys' Club of the Toledo Y. M. C. A. in four Sunday afternoon meetings recently for the Newsboys' building fund.—Toledo Boys. The boys of Toledo seem to have the right spirit. We have some of this spirit. Why not more of it?

At a banquet of the East Congregational Church Boys' Club the first Saturday of the month the trustees of the church granted permission to the club to furnish a room in the church tower for the exclusive use of the members. Congratulations!

Have you seen the design for the new Boys' Club button? It's a beauty! The design is a shield and sword in blue and white enamel, with gold lettering. Price, 50c. Ask at the office.

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VOL. ONE

NO. SIX

1907

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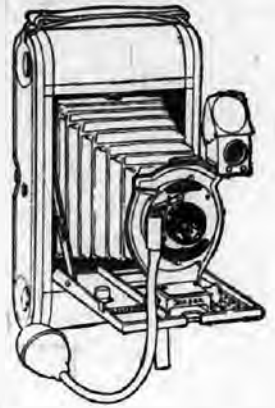
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THE SPARTAN

VOL. I

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., APRIL, 1907

NO. 6

The White Envelope

By LITTA VOELCHERT

The Wabash Avenue cars at six o'clock in the evening are always overcrowded. The capitalist and factory-man, society woman and school-girl, newshov, bootblack, German and American—men and women of every nationality, description, and walk in life, crowd and jostle each other in the mad rush to get a car.

To Latham, who was a keen observer of human nature, the rush was an interesting one. He was a quiet sort of fellow, with a deep penetration into the characters of individuals. The sour-faced woman opposite him, as well as the bright-eyed Jewish newsboy, led his imagination on until he had a well-defined sketch of their characters. He traced a pathetic history in the worry-lined face of an old lady, and intuitively guessed the thoughts of the bald-headed financier who gnawed his moustache savagely while scanning the stock reports.

Thus it was every evening; the procession of people never ended, only varied into more characteristic individuals and groups, and Latham still studied them, for he was a professor at a university, and this was how he came across original characters for his stories.

One evening his glance rested on a young girl who had entered. There was something in the composure, the quiet mien and self-possession of the girl, that turned his thoughts to a serial he was planning. "Not exceptionally pretty, but a good face, one marked by personality and a great amount of independence," he thought. He liked her refined manner and the clear glance of her blue eyes. This was a girl who in feature and manner tallied with the heroine of his coming story, and he studied her with more than ordinary interest.

But further reverie was cut short as the object of his observations took her place beside him. The car whizzed past street after street, and Latham wondered what her thoughts were to cause that gloomy frown on her forehead. He thought of her as the charming heroine of his next serial, and wished he could make her acquaintance.

For a time the girl stared vacantly at the

never-ending procession of electric lights. The frown on her forehead deepened when later she drew a small envelope from her pocket and scanned it with interest. Latham feigned interest in his paper, although his thoughts were far from the printed page, and he knew when the girl carefully put the note back. The car gave a lurch just then, and he felt the girl's hand move to her coat pocket to replace the paper. She left the car at the next corner, and Latham watched her go with a feeling of regret, thinking, "She was just what my heroine should be in 'The Messenger.' A character taken from real life is more forceful in a novel than one existing in imagination only. I wish I knew her."

That evening he wrote two chapters of "The Messenger," and the calm blue eyes seemed to peer from his manuscript at every page. That any girl could so torment him did not seem reasonable at all, for he was almost thirty and had declared himself a bachelor long ago. His interest in young ladies began only in his novels, and ended with them, so why should this girl—a girl whom he had never seen before—keep his thoughts from his plots? At midnight he discovered he had written several thousand words of rubbish. In disgust he consigned his work to the waste-basket, and retired.

In the morning the author to be of "The Messenger" carelessly put a few pamphlets in his pockets and made for the college library. Imagine his surprise on removing the pamphlets from his coat pockets to have a white envelope fall therefrom.

It was the same envelope as that in the possession of the girl of the night before!

"What in the world—" began the learned professor. "How in the world could that have gotten into my pocket?" He stared at the unassuming bit of paper as though it were a goblin from another world, come to mock his incredulity. The white envelope lay at his feet, and its probable contents had not interested him as yet. The only thought was how could this envelope have been transferred from the girl's to his own pocket. Suddenly a possible explanation flashed upon his mind.

"When the car stopped so suddenly last night, the girl was thrown in my direction, and thus it was that her hand missed her own pocket and put the envelope into mine unknowingly." He had once before heard of a similar embarrassing situation, where a young man by mistake tied his shoestring to that of the young lady next him.

"Oh yes," he reflected, "such things can happen," and, as the jarring of the car was the only reasonable explanation he could think of, he thoughtfully examined it. It was a small envelope, and unsealed.

Latham debated a long while whether it would be right for him to examine the contents.

"Probably it is a letter from her to some friend. Or perhaps it is a letter from some young man to his lady-love. If she is this lady-love, the contents are too sacred for my gaze." A hundred other explanations danced through his mind with ever-changing aspects. "Maybe it contains a check or other valuable commercial paper, and it may then be in my power to return it. I shall examine it as a means of identification."

Opening the envelope, he found a tiny bit of pasteboard, and with a gasp of surprise and incredulity Latham gazed on his own portrait, taken while a Senior at college. The same firm chin, the lips that had once before been likened to those of a Grecian statue—cold and expressionless—the same features, and even the growth of football locks. Yes, there could be no doubt about it—it was he.

He racked his brain trying to remember to whom he had ever given his portrait. "I never met that young lady at college, for, if I had, I would have remembered her. Hers is a face that one does not soon forget. Was never strong for having my picture taken, and I remember this particular picture was not given a wide distribution." Latham stared at the tiny bit of pasteboard hard and long, but not a ray of light could be thrown on the matter. The college librarian spoke to him once or twice, but received no answer, and thinking that his thoughts were busy on the plot of his new novel, left him. The chapel bell aroused him at nine from his fit of abstraction, and turned his thoughts to his duties as a professor, but at night, as he lay on his pillow, the mysterious picture again came before him.

To an ordinary individual, the incident would soon have passed, but with Latham, who was a weaver of plots and who analyzed other people's plots, this problem aroused his interest. No problem in a short story or novel had ever before so baffled him.

The evening before, the image of the blue-eyed girl danced before his imagination. Tonight it was something more substantial. It was the white envelope.

A week passed, and although Latham scanned every "Lost and Found" column, in the hope that she would advertise for the picture, he was disappointed. He scanned new faces on the street car, yet the girl's was not among them. His novel was now making rapid strides toward completion. It was a tale of an ideal woman, full of power, independence and sentiment. The plot blossomed into a pure and tender love story. Latham threw his whole soul into his work. He himself was the hero, and the heroine was the girl of the car.

The threads of the plot approached the climax; the climax led to the conclusion, where he told the girl the story of his love. Latham revised his work and sent it to the publishers. It was accepted, and the newspapers and periodicals went mad over it in their book reviews. Reporters interviewed him daily, his portraits were flung broadly through the magazines, society opened its doors to him, literary circles courted his acquaintance, reception invitations read, "To meet Mr. Latham,"—but all this tired him. The adulation of admiring femininity disgusted him, and he mentally drew a comparison between the calm, sensible attitude of the girl of his dreams and the frenzied attitude of these women. Lyceum bureaus clamored for him, and Latham went on a lecture tour. His discourse was powerful and eloquent, but he always scanned his audience with a hope that the heroine of his story might be among them. He remembered the words, "Somehow, somewhere, meet we must." With his powerful personality he held his audience.

On one particular evening Latham came on the platform with that quiet assurance of a man confident of his power, and glanced at the sea of faces all expectantly bowed toward him.

His watch night after night was at last rewarded, for the girl of the car was there. Her eyes gazed on him with a magnetic steadfastness. Here was the moment that Latham had wished for and reviewed in his mind time and again.

Stepping boldly forward, he related the story of his novel, only omitting the "ego."

He spoke with emphasis of the influence of characters in the development of plot, discussed prose fiction warmly, eloquently, broadly, and the fire of his eloquence awoke an answering light in the eyes of the girl. He knew that she remembered, when he saw her



start with surprise, as the car incident was related. But he went boldly on.

The audience, realizing that this was an impromptu speech, was the more interested, never dreaming that Latham was relating his own experience. Then followed a delivery on the relative merits of realism and idealism, with which he ended his discourse.

The crowd dispersed, but the girl remained. She came forward to him with that quiet manner which he had found so charming.

"I wish to ask a favor of you," Latham smiled at her. "I wish to ask if the incident you related was true. Is 'The Messenger' really a story founded on fact?"

He motioned her to a chair and replied: "The story is founded on fact in so far as the white envelope and the influence of the heroine is concerned. The conclusion," here Latham blushed, "was the result of my own imagination."

"Why—why, I am the girl—that is, that same incident once happened to me." Latham smiled encouragingly, for now he was surely to hear the romance of the white envelope. The girl thought he was laughing at her, and changed the subject.

"I am a reporter—that is, I am a reporter for our college magazine, and I wanted to interview you. Will you please grant me this favor?"

"Before I grant that favor, I shall ask a favor of you. Will you allow me to ask you a few questions? I want to know the history of the envelope and its contents. If you remember, it contained the author's portrait. Now, how did it come into your possession, and what was your object in wanting it?"

"Well, the picture was handed me by one of the college professors. The envelope also contained a letter of introduction to you, with the request that you grant me an interview. I entered the Wabash Avenue car, but when I arrived home the envelope and picture were missing. All I had was the letter. I never acknowledged its loss to the gentleman who gave it to me, for shortly afterward I was sent home. This year, when I found you were to lecture, I resolved to see you, and, if possible, determine whether your novel was founded on fact. I scolded myself, and said it was folly for me ever to imagine its reality, but the strange coincidence bothered me."

"I hope you will not think me rude for placing you in my novel, but—"

"On the contrary, I am flattered."

"The conclusion, I confess, was rather presumptuous of me, but this was the only logical conclusion I could arrive at."

"Had I written the story, my conclusions

would have been similar. My brother John and I are two adherers of romanticism rather than realism."

Then followed a long conversation of how they both had hoped and longed to meet. The book had influenced both, and turned their thoughts into the same channels. It was only natural that it should be so, for Latham had loved the girl unknowingly since he met and made a study of her in his novel. The girl had admired his works, and although half doubting that she was his heroine, the spirit of romance ran riot until it reached adoration.

Their little confessions soon placed them at a perfect understanding with each other.

"We have lived over the first part of 'The Messenger'; the conclusion is yet to come."

The girl blushed, and reviewing in her mind some of his previous remarks, said, "We will begin a new serial together, but this one will last for life."

From a distant room a voice was raised in song:—

"There is nothing half so fine,
There is nothing so divine.
As the madness of your gladness,
When you love, love, love."

(Entered for the U. A. P. A. and N. A. P. A. Laureateships)

"SHE'S NOT MINE"

BY HENRY G. WEHKING

Through the trees the wind is moaning
With a melancholy sound.
From afar a dismal groaning
Echoes hollow and profound;
Soft and sadd'ning in the distance
Sounds the howling of the kine;
With these words the whole world mocks me:
"She's not Mine."

As I wander in the shadows
At the close of some bright day,
Strolling through the woods or meadows,—
'Mongst the trees or 'midst the hay,—
Then my mind is sure to wander,
And my heart begins to pine,
While the bitter thought assails me:
"She's not Mine."

All this life is void of pleasure
Since the time that she has gone.
While of bitterness, my measure
Has been full from dawn to dawn;
For where'er my footsteps lead me,
Gleaming visions seem to shine,
And the dreary thought e'er haunts me:
"She's not Mine."

In the Winter, in the Summer,
In the Spring or in the Fall,
All my waking hours, and slumber,
Are disturbed by memory's call;
When I grope in darkened misery,
Praying for some gladd'ning sign,
Then the cold remembrance taunts me:
"She's not Mine."

Will the world e'er be as pleasant
As it was long years ago?
Will the shadows of the present
Pass away, and sunshine glow?
Will sweet gladness e'er be with me?
Shall I e'er cease to repine?
Can I banish that one memory?
"She's not Mine."

The Heroism of a Coward

Written for The Spartan by HERBERT J. HUGHES

Billy Randolph had first gained the name "Coward" when for a misunderstanding of the slightest nature he was challenged to a duel, but ignored it. And for many months after that he had been called that most despicable of all names to a soldier; though never to his face, but when his back was turned so that he could not tell who his accuser was. The last time, however, that Billy was called "Coward" was to his face. The man had not the slightest provocation for such an act, and Billy had been stung to the heart. He knew that he was not a hero, but *coward*!—never!

The chance had never arrived wherein he could display that manly quality men called "sand" and "grit." He saw no reason for recklessly jeopardizing his life for some trivial thing that was of no consequence to the cause—the grand cause of his country! He would have demanded satisfaction of the man who had last called him by the hated name, had not his regiment at that moment been called to the front. He went eagerly, not to display that in which he had been found wanting, but to fight those blue-coated soldiers.

The forward advance started during a drizzling rain, and during the morning things happened that had an ominous effect upon the troopers. Mercedes, Billy's horse, balked at the flag, which to a soldier is an omen of some impending calamity; a few steps further and she injured her foot, causing Billy to fall to the rear amid the stinging jeers of his fellow-troopers. He bore it all, like one used to much persecution, though his heart was undergoing a terrific battle. Still his face bore a smile which displayed his undaunted spirit.

Mercedes was Billy's pride, his comforter, his friend. If disappointed, he turned to her for sympathy; if jubilant, he turned to her for joy. The Southerner of those days did not regard his horse merely as a useful and convenient motor, but as a sharer and partaker of his joys and sorrows. Something seemed to whisper to Billy that today would be the end of everything for him—his country, his life, the heart-burning insults—all. And he in turn breathed it chokingly into the ear of his magnificent animal, "Together, old girl, we shall fall; no one then will say we are cowards."

At a curve in the road, at that time called the Mounds, the Confederates were unexpectedly attacked. At the first onslaught the front was literally mowed down, and the regiment was without a captain. The troopers wavered.

No one wanted to be leader; no one dared volunteer. After an unrecognizable few moments, a cry was heard in the rear. Mercedes, with the smell of battle in her nostrils and the blood of noble ancestors in her veins, had forgotten her injured foot and dashed forward, bearing Billy to the front of the wavering line. Blood was flowing down his cheek from a ragged cut near his temple, his wavy black hair was blowing unheeded about his brow, and his eyes blazed like those of a trapped tiger. He raised himself in his stirrups, and, in a voice like thunder, shouted, "Men of the Confederacy, the eyes of the South are upon you; let every man that loves his state—follow me."

With a cry of hope the battle was renewed, and bloodily the contending armies fought for ground. Step by step the blue-coats were forced back, and after a brilliant charge were driven from the field. The day was won—and by Billy—Billy, the Coward! How harsh the word seemed when applied to a man who had so bravely led them to victory, and how cruel it must have been to him! Men who had had the word ever ready to give to him, now bitterly regretted having ever thought of it.

Where was Billy? A few steps back over the well-fought field, and there he lay. A shot had dropped Mercedes, and the sound of it had gone through her master like a physical pain. He sank to the ground and crawled towards her head. He knew what it meant. He looked into her brown eyes, already staring with death. His heart was rapidly beating, as after a mighty physical exertion; he knew that one calamity had befallen him; and vaguely he imagined the next—the sharp pain, and then blackness. He had barely framed the thought when the expected happened. He fell with his head alongside that of Mercedes. "Good-bye," was all he said. But the pain was so great as to obliterate, to neutralize, every emotion. He became very cold; he felt that he was being hurried along with terrible speed through darkness and cold air. There was the continuous roar of rapid motion in his ears, a faint, dizzy bewilderment in his head. He felt that he was trying to catch hold of things. To stop his progress, he grasped the mane of Mercedes; a smile lit up the ghastly features; he tried to speak, but no sound issued from the white lips. On—on, he was being hurled through some limitless abyss of night. A slight twitch convulsed his body, and he lay still, by the side of the dead Mercedes. They who had been forever together in life were comrades in death.

The moon, as though satisfied with the closing scene, sank slowly in the west, leaving their sleep peaceful and undisturbed. Far away could be heard the sound of the lonely trumpet sounding "Taps"—that sorrowful but mystically beautiful call, which marks the close of a soldier's day, and the close of a soldier's death—a hero's death.

KODAK AND CAMERA



EDITED BY
HERMAN W. VERSEPUT.

GRAND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—PRIZES TO THE VALUE OF \$8.50 GIVEN!

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that through the co-operation and aid of Mr. Walter K. Schmidt, proprietor of Schmidt's Drug Store, we are enabled to give a grand photographic contest on a much larger scale than our previous ones. The prizes for this great contest are as follows:

First Prize—A \$5.00 camera.

Second Prize—\$2.50 in photographic supplies at Schmidt's Drug Store.

Third Prize—A \$1.00 tripod.

Rules

NOTE CAREFULLY!

This contest will be open to all amateur photographers, whether subscribers to THE SPARTAN or not. Positively no entries will be accepted from professional photographers.

Each contestant must submit three photos, mounted together neatly. No restriction is placed on the subject or on the size of photos. The awards will be based on the merits of the photo only.

The contest will be open for three months. The date for the close of the contest will be announced in the June number of THE SPARTAN. This will give you plenty of time to get some fine negatives.

In order to assure all contestants of perfect fairness, the judges will be chosen by the contestants themselves. With your entry enclose the names and addresses of three persons whom you wish to act as judges. The judges will be chosen from those receiving the highest number of votes.

Photos entered in the contest must be sent to or left at the Photo Department of Schmidt's Drug Store, 84-88 Canal St., Grand Rapids, marked "THE SPARTAN Photo Contest."

Be sure to write your name and address plainly on the back of the mount.

All pictures received will be placed on exhibition at Schmidt's Drug Store.

Watch for further announcements of the contest in next month's SPARTAN. Here is an excellent opportunity to see what you can do, and perhaps win a valuable prize.

THE KODAK EXHIBITION

"The finest exhibition of photographs ever shown in Grand Rapids, and lectures that were interesting and instructive." This is the verdict of everyone who attended the recent Kodak Show in the Auditorium.

Dr. Dixon, the lecturer, knows how to hold the attention of his audience. He carries them around the world, into strange and interesting places, and illustrates the value of the camera in perpetuating events of history and the doings of loved ones.

The exhibition embraced a wide variety of subjects. War, science, art, sports, love, passion, travel and adventure are subjects here well illustrated, and one left the hall with the feeling that the time had been well spent.

APRIL CONTEST

The first prize in our April contest, "My Favorite Negative," was awarded to Martin Kruizenga, 418 W. Leonard Street. His photo, "Scene on the Grand," appears on our front cover. The second prize was awarded to Roy Bryant, 590 E. Fulton Street.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

"What causes 'blisters' on Velox prints?"—John W.

"Blisters" are caused by prints having been creased or broken while washing; water from the top falling directly on the prints; too great difference between temperature of solution and wash-water; or you fixing bath lacked sufficient hardener.

"How much does it cost the Eastman Kodak Company to maintain their 'Kodak Exhibition'?"—Peter B.

About \$2500 a week.

"Effie," said Margie, who was laboriously spelling words from a first reader, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b'?"

"Why," replied Effie, wisely, "the 'd' has its tummy on its back."—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE SPARTAN

Published monthly in the interests of Amateur Journalism, literary talent, and boys everywhere, principally Grand Rapids. Affiliated with the United Amateur Press Association and the National Amateur Press Association.

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Advertising rates sent on request. We guarantee to advertisers a circulation of 1000 copies.

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THE SPARTAN,
64 Dwight Ave., - Grand Rapids, Mich.

VOL. 1 APRIL 1907 NO. 6

EDITORIAL

With this number, THE SPARTAN closes its sixth month as an amateur magazine. We are half a year old! Who can say whether those six months have been profitable, whether in that time a ray of sunshine has been brought to any darkened heart by reading our columns, or whether we have helped in the smallest degree to make the world happier for one sad soul? If we have effected any of these results, we shall consider ourselves as having progressed towards the accomplishment of our purpose, and as having gone a step towards the accomplishing of the publication of what we consider the ideal amateur magazine.

We sincerely hope that you have enjoyed the reading of THE SPARTAN during the six months of its publication as heartily as we have enjoyed getting it out. It has been a pleasure—a pleasure that can be caused only by the unseen, unnamed attractiveness, the subtle charm, the intensely *individual* fascina-

tion, of Amateur Journalism—"The Prince of Hobbies." And it has not been without sacrifices and hard work that we have published our six issues. There have been times when the outlook was discouraging and we felt almost like disrupting, but by personal sacrifice and the individual effort of everyone connected with the magazine, we put forth our best efforts, and the result is that we are now standing solidly on our feet, and THE SPARTAN can be considered as a success.

But by the word "success" we do not wish to convey the meaning that our magazine is what may be called a financial success. On the contrary, there is not one member of the editorial staff or of the board of management who has received one cent of profit from the paper. Every cent turned in from advertising or subscriptions goes toward improving the magazine and making it better and more interesting for our readers.

We wish it fully understood that THE SPARTAN is not and never has been, and probably never will be, a money-making proposition. It is our opinion that no distinctly amateur magazine can be run for very long for profit and at the same time give its readers the value of their subscription money. We started out with an entirely different scheme, on the principle that whatever our readers paid us should be expended for their interests and in giving them what they paid for—and more, if possible. We think we have improved from month to month. You may think we are throwing bouquets at ourselves, but if you could glance at our books and could see that as our receipts increased, the value and appearance of the magazine grew better accordingly, we are of the opinion that you would say we were right.

And right here comes in the fact that our subscribers are not paying us money the value of which they never will see again; the dividends you are receiving are as sure and as perceptible—and more so in a great many cases—as if you invested your money in mining stock or the savings bank. And, if our present aims are carried out, your dividends will keep on increasing, for we have excellent plans in mind for the improvement of the magazine. The first one will probably be an increase in size next month from twelve to sixteen pages.

We have been liberally patronized with advertising and subscriptions, in fact more so than it was our expectation a few months ago, and we can assure you of our appreciation of the same.

And so we hope to go on during the next six months, improving the magazine as often

and in as many ways as funds will allow. We hope for your interest and co-operation in our plans, for without the help of our readers, who in reality make THE SPARTAN, our efforts will be fruitless.

++

The editor of THE SPARTAN is now a member of the National as well as the United Amateur Press Association, and sincerely hopes that the paper will be generously patronized by members of the National both in the way of exchanges and manuscript. Kindly review our pages in your paper, if you publish one. All suggestions gratefully received.

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WHAT THEY SAY OF US

"All that its name implies."—*Trinity*.

"A very attractive paper."—*Young American*.

"Once more we read its interesting contents and eagerly await the next."—*Chips*.

"A credit to Amateur Journalism."—*The Register*.

"A bright little magazine."—*Evening Press*.

"I read every page of your last issue."—Bertram Adler.

"Interesting paper."—W. R. Murphy.

++

Among the good things in store for the readers of THE SPARTAN next month are: "Exaggeration," an essay by Henry G. Welking; "A Joke Returned," a college story by Charles Manwaring; "I Know," one of Andrew F. Lockhart's poems; and an essay on Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott" by Samuel E. Loveiman, besides articles by other well-known amateurs, and our regular departments. We are endeavoring to secure for our readers the highest possible class of reading matter by amateur writers, and several well-known and capable writers have promised to write for us. Please bear in mind that no articles you see in THE SPARTAN were copied from professional papers or written by professional writers. The entire contents are positively amateur, excepting, of course, the "Grin-Coaxers" and anecdotes.

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Do you realize that no magazine, amateur or professional, can be run for a very long time without the aid of advertising, simply on the strength of subscriptions? And do you realize that unless advertisers see that they are getting results from their advertising, they will no longer advertise in papers that do not bring results? Kindly do us the favor to bear in mind that this is *your* paper, and that you are benefiting yourselves by helping us to

carry on the publication of it. And the simplest way you can help us is by buying your goods from our advertisers and mentioning THE SPARTAN when you do so. It will help us more than you think, and will secure you better service and the best class of goods, as we allow none but the best firms to advertise in our pages.

NOTES ON AMATEUR JOURNALISM

It gives me great pleasure to have been asked to conduct an Amateur Journalism department in such a fine paper as THE SPARTAN has proved itself to be. I shall not attempt to do much criticising of amateurs or amateur affairs, but will merely give each month a few notes, reviews and news of A. J. affairs.

It is deplorable that the institution of Amateur Journalism should be blemished by the unprincipled work of one person. It seems preposterous that anyone should dare to do the work that Thomas B. Kline has been doing, according to Earle A. Rowell's exposure of his "crimes" against amateur journalists in the March issue of *The East*. He is accused of deliberately copying poems—some of them by noted writers, such as Ella Wheeler Wilcox—altering them slightly and entering them for the laureateships. This thing should be carefully investigated, and, if true, Kline should be suspended from every association, and every editor should denounce him, in order to uphold the standards of A. J. and protect amateurs who aim for the best and truest ideals.

The Irishman, green as it is, is a very welcome visitor to my "cabin." Reid is decidedly strong on the negro question, and is not at all backward in expressing his opinions in an extremely forceful manner. I cannot entirely agree with him, but will not take the space to argue the question.

Randall's Magazine is a fine little journal. It represents many hours of hard labor, and should be appreciated by every amateur.

Trotter, of Pittsburgh, sends out a neat little magazine. It would be of greater interest if he would make it a little larger and write more on Amateur Journalism.

Braunstein's *Red Taper* certainly makes a bright light in the firmament of A. J. Braunstein is one of the few who publish papers that are really worth paying the price to read. The contents are entirely by himself, and of

the better class of amateur productions. It is a pleasure to read a magazine of this sort after listening to the continual "knocking" that some editors insist on keeping up.

Creighton W. Phillips issues a very creditable monthly, and he seems to be quite a hustler, as his subscription list increases every month.

Amateur publishers should join the Amateur Publishers' Union. This association would be of great help to every amateur, and deserves your support. I will cheerfully furnish application blanks and information to anyone. The membership dues are but twenty-five cents a year.

I now have a press, and I intend to "get in the game" and work hard for A. J. I have joined the United, and will be pleased to receive and exchange with U. A. P. A. papers.

Edited by LESLIE W. ROWLAND,
812 Arch St., Allagheny, Pa.

LITERARY CONTEST

THIS MONTH'S PRIZE-WINNERS:

Story—First prize, \$1.00, "The Heroism of a Coward," by Herbert J. Hughes.

Second prize, one year's subscription, "How He Won Her," by Archie Fisher.

Poem—First prize, \$1.00, "She's Not Mine," by Henry G. Wehking.

Second prize, one year's subscription, "I Know," by Andrew F. Lockhart.

Two local writers again carry off the prizes for the stories this month. Mr. Hughes, who after this month will contribute to our columns regularly, wins the first prize honors for "The Heroism of a Coward." "How He Won Her," by Archie Fisher, is good in plot and execution, but was very badly written.

"She's Not Mine" and "I Know" are by two well-known amateur writers.

It has been decided to discontinue our literary contests in order to give space to other features being planned for, and for other reasons. Accordingly there will be no contest for June. The May contest will be held as announced last month. The contests will probably be resumed again after a few months. We are extremely pleased at the interest and results accomplished by our literary contests, and sincerely hope that the young writers will not forget us in the way of manuscript now that the contests have been discontinued.

Patronize SPARTAN advertisers.

THE TINKER'S CORNER

TO MAKE A SIMPLE FIRE-ALARM

Take a small block of soft wood one inch square and fasten to it, with brads, two pieces of thin brass on opposite sides about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Bend the brass pieces so that the ends will touch. Now take a piece of wax crayon and place it lengthwise between the brass strips so as to leave a space of about an eighth of an inch between the brass. This makes an automatic switch.

Now take a couple of batteries and a bell, and rig them up just as you would for a door-bell, only with the above apparatus in place of a push-button. Place the automatic switch above the furnace or stove, or wherever it is possible a fire might originate, and the bell where it may be promptly heard. When there is danger of the stove or furnace overheating, or heat is applied in some other way, the wax crayon will melt, allowing the brass strips to come together and form a complete circuit, ringing the bell.

GRIN-COAXERS

IT STOPPED

A.—"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"

B.—"Of course it did. Did you think it would go through?"

Speaking of a slangy friend, a girl said, "My! If I twirled my talker the way she does, my blooming old dad would tan my duds till the dust was thicker than flies in fly time."

"You betcher, and serve you right," replied another young lady. "My parents are sunflowers of the same hue, and if I should make a raw crack in my conversation they'd thrash the rosy cussedness out of my angelic anatomy quicker than chain lightning."

A ROUND TRIP

A teacher was telling one of the old favorite stories of the Roman gentleman who every morning swam the Tiber three times. Little Willie Jones nudged his neighbor and snickered audibly. The teacher transfixed him with a severe glance and in austere tones said: "Willie, you seem to find something funny in this story. Do you doubt that an athlete could swim the Tiber?" "No sir, it ain't that," gasped Willie, getting red. "I was only wondering why the 'chump' didn't make it four times, so he would be back on the side where his clothes were."—*Star Monthly*.



THE AMATEUR COLLECTOR

A Department for Everyone Interested in Collecting Stamps, Coins, Curios, Shells, Post-Cards, Etc.

Edited by LEON W. FROST

STAMP NOTES

Pre-cancelled stamps are those which are cancelled in sheet with type by the printer, under the supervision of the authorities. Firms which send out large quantities of mail have their stamps pre-cancelled with the name of the city in which they are located before their use, thus saving the postal clerks much work. The government has issued many regulations governing the use of these "cancelled-to-order" stamps. There is now a society composed of collectors of pre-cancelled stamps.

Because a stamp is pen-cancelled is not a positive sign that the stamp has performed fiscal duty, or in other words, been used for revenue purposes. Before the year 1883 Colombian Republic stamps were all pen-cancelled. The United States used to cancel stamps by that method, as did many other countries in early years.

A non-collector once asked, "What do stamp collectors enjoy most in the stamp line?" The things the majority of them enjoy most are:

To be the owner of a fine collection.

To find rare stamps among their common varieties.

To talk about their stamps.

Collectors are anxiously awaiting the issue of the Jamestown commemorative issue, which will be printed this year. The one-cent and two-cent stamps will contain the heads of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. An excellent painting of Smith has been obtained for the purpose, but the designers will of course have to rely on imagination for a likeness of the Indian maid.

TAX ON POST-CARDS

Driven to their wits' end for new sources of revenue, says the *Daily Chronicle*, the committee of the German Reichstag appointed to discuss the government tax proposals, have decided to levy a tax of two pfennigs on

picture post-cards. As 500,000,000 post-cards are annually sent through the German postoffices, this means a revenue of 10,000,000 marks. If the law passes, it will be a terrible blow to tourists who send post-cards to their friends from every place they visit.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

"What does 'G. F. B.' on the Tonga stamps signify?"—J. Porter.

The *American Journal of Philately* says the letters stand for "Gave Faka Buleaga," which means "Business of the Government," corresponding to our "Official Business" surcharge.

"Is the man whose face appears on the 1887 issue of Hayti a negro?"—E. A. P.

Yes, according to *Mekeel's* he is of full African descent and was born in Hayti. An interesting story is told as to how his head came to appear on the stamp. General Louis Etienne Felicite Saloman, which is his name, had refused to allow his picture to be placed on the Haytian stamps, but consented to have the head of Liberty placed on them in place of the coat-of-arms which he desired. A queer thing then happened. Someone discovered that the head of Liberty looked exactly like the General's wife, and one journal went so far as to state that he would not have his own portrait on the stamps, but put his wife's on instead. He was at last compelled to admit the likeness, and so finally agreed to allow the portrayal of his own features on the 1887 issue.

STAMPS In order to give readers of THE SPARTAN an opportunity to take up this fascinating hobby, and to enable others, already collectors, to increase their collections, I have decided to sell some stamps at exceptionally low prices. Send me any amount from 10 cents up, tell me about what you want, and I will surprise you. To those who already have a good start, I will send approval selections upon request.

H. LINDQUIST, 3820 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—To exchange job printing for stamps. What have you to exchange? A. E. Geldhof, 64 Dwight Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

G. R. H. S. Notes

Edited by Ernest G. Thompson

THE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS ELECTIONS

The class elections of the Junior and Senior Classes were held Friday, March 15th, with the result that the Independents were again victorious in both classes, none of the fraternities being represented in the class offices. The results of the elections were as follows:

JUNIORS

President—William Swan.
Vice-President—Louis Hartman (Union School).

Secretary—Mary L. Powers.
Treasurer—William Welsh.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Archie Fisher.

SENIORS

President—Merrill Wells.
Vice-President—Bernice Peck.
Secretary—Mattie Jones.
Treasurer—Boyd Champlin.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Edmund Wandel.

THE HOUSEMAN ATHLETIC FIELD

The dream of every High School student, from the tiny freshman to the brawny, athletic senior, has at last been realized in Mrs. D. M. Amberg's most generous gift of the splendid field situated on Fountain Street, near Diamond, to be used for athletics and sports of all kinds, and to be called "The Julius Houseman Field," in memory of Mrs. Amberg's father. Mrs. Amberg had long contemplated the presentation of a memorial of some kind to the city in memory of Mr. Houseman, and the choice she made was certainly one that will be of lasting benefit and great educational value to the students at the High School of present and future years, and will fill a want of many years' standing.

We say educational value—for is not the acquiring of a sound, healthy body and the development of the muscles and a strong constitution in itself a part of the education of a young man? It must be confessed that the Grand Rapids Board of Education until recently paid very little attention to the physical side of the education of young men, but Mrs. Amberg in her magnificent gift has prepared the way for the training of bodies as well as minds, and it now lies with the Board of Education and the students to make good use of the field. The thanks of every High School student are due Mrs. Amberg for her wise and far-sighted gift.

HEARD IN LATIN—"Caesar, after pitching camp, began to throw up sheds."

Billy Welsh, treasurer of the Junior Class, is on pins and needles for fear he will be deprived of his brilliant capillary appendage since Swan was treated to his impromptu tonsorial act. Seniors, spare that hair!

The committees of the two classes have been appointed, and though there are not many among the Seniors, the list on the Junior committees comprises about half of the class. The board of editors and managers of the 1907 annual has also been chosen, and subscription lists for the same have been circulated.

At a recent election of the Senior Class the following were chosen to fill their respective offices:

Class Musician—G. Risedorph.
Class Poet—Isabelle Hunt.
Class Historian—Augusta Stiles.
Class Prophet—Clara Cocher.

Mr. Griffin—"What should a man do if he is charged with murder, but found guilty of manslaughter?"

Grover—"Kill another man!"

BASEBALL

The High School baseball team promises to have a very successful season this year, and though a few dates remain open, the following schedule of games has been arranged:

April 13—Alumni at Grand Rapids.
April 20—Hope College at Holland.
April 27—Grand Haven at Grand Haven.
May 4—Battle Creek at Battle Creek.
May 11—Open.
May 18—Ludington at Ludington.
May 25—Open.
May 30—Saginaw at Saginaw.
June 1—Lansing at Grand Rapids.
June 8—Ferris Institute at Big Rapids.
June 15—Lansing at Lansing.
June 22—Open.

Many new and promising candidates have shown up at practice, among whom are Falkel, McDonald, Collins, Taylor, Fox, Stander, Dawson, Anderson, Hatch, Monroe and Goetz. Practice is held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights on the Foster Grounds. Harry Martin has been secured to coach the team.

News of the Boys' Department

The annual report of the Y. M. C. A. of North America recently issued states that the Boys' Departments of North America increased in membership during the year 1906 from 23,405 to 65,000, and the qualified Boys' Secretaries from 31 to 175. Such a large increase is certainly encouraging, and the prospects of the work for 1907 give evidences of even larger increases in membership. Let us hope that Michigan will take a prominent part in the work.

THE WINONA BOYS' TOWN

An exclusively Boys' Town, populated by 5,000 boys, policed, officered and managed entirely by boys for their own pleasure and profit, is to be an attraction at the Winona Assembly at Richmond, Ind., this summer. The boys will have a section of the grounds set apart for them and will live in tents. The city will be the first of its kind in the country. It will contain a school for Y. M. C. A. officers, Sunday-schools, public schools, juvenile court judges and other features for boys and students of the boy problem. A large number of men versed in boys' work will be present in the town to speak at the various meetings. What's the matter with our starting something of this kind for this summer's camp?

As most of the boys are probably aware, the need of an assistant to Mr. Honey, being brought forcibly to the Board of Directors recently, it was decided to create the office of Assistant Boys' Work Secretary, and the position was given to Mr. Walter Leatherbury. THE SPARTAN, as representative of the Boys' Department, wishes to cordially welcome Mr. Leatherbury and to extend to him its hearty congratulations. Although known to very few of the boys, he has already won a place in the hearts of all the fellows who have met him. Don't be bashful, fellows, but walk up and introduce yourselves, and we are sure you will like Mr. Leatherbury.

Monday, March 25th, a bunch of about fifteen boys took a hike to Mill Creek and the fish hatcheries for the day, under the watchful eyes of "Assistants" Leatherbury and Rieker. The latter were as much "kids" as the rest of the fellows, and everybody enjoyed themselves heartily. A picture was taken of the "spring blossoms" roosting in a tree. A more tired and bedraggled bunch never fell into the plunge than those fellows were after that long tramp.

Boys! Come to the meetings of the Stamp and Coin Club! If you are interested in stamps, coins, curios, or scientific subjects, join this club and you'll find a lot of congenial fellows who come together to benefit each other and have a good time. The club is at present a branch of the Museum Club, and if you join the Y. M. C. A. club you will be considered a member of the former. The club meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30. Pleasurable and profitable talks and papers are given at every meeting. You don't have to be a member of the Y. M. C. A. to join, so come down, learn something, and have a good time at the same time.

THE LAKE GENEVA BOYS' CONFERENCE

This summer, from August 1st to 6th, on beautiful Lake Geneva in Wisconsin, will be held the third annual Boys' Conference and camp for the boys of the West and Middle West. It is expected that over three hundred boys from the different states will be present for the six days of the Conference. Besides the conference on ways and means for best work with and for boys, there will be sports of all kinds daily on land and water. Lake Geneva is an ideal place for a camp, and the boys who attend the Conference will get untold good from a six days' residence on the lake. The board for the six days will cost \$6, and the registration fee will be \$2, the delegates to pay their own railroad fare. It is hoped that at least half a dozen boys will represent our Boys' Department at the Lake Geneva Conference.

The Toledo Blade recently contained an article, with photographs, relative to the Y. M. C. A. Boys' Club of Toledo, telling how they secured the furnishings for their elegant new Boys' Club rooms. A "Cupid's Carnival" was held last month, and the proceeds went towards furnishing the rooms. The Toledo boys must be more popular with the girls than our G. R. boys, as most of the various booths were presided over by girls, and they even had a squad of policemen consisting entirely of members of the fair sex, who roped in offenders for such heinous offenses as failure to keep smiling, etc. Some such stunt as this would go far towards making our coming bazaar a success.

Three or more "hikes" and rambles are

slated for the Intermediates and Juniors. Mr. Sargent or some other prominent naturalist of the city will accompany the boys on their trips. Those that have been taken have been much enjoyed, and the fellows are eager to go again if they have once gone on a "hike." The bunch has been christened "The Ancient Order of Hoboes and Hikers." If you wish to accompany the hikers some Saturday, hand your name to Grand Chief Grub-Carrier Leatherbury.

WHEN—

Will Willard get over his bashfulness?
 Will the plunge be warm enough to melt the ice from between your toes?
 Will the Boys' Department Bazaar materialize?
 Will Mr. Wright get fat?
 Will Ed stop growing?
 Will Honey take unto himself a wife?
 Will "Turk" know how to play croquet?

Monday, April 1st, the Employed Boys' Class concluded the season's work with a social and banquet. The class has been very successful this year.

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A prize of \$1.00 will be given to the boy who brings in the best outline of a program for ten days in camp. Make your essay of any length and embrace in it what you consider the best program for each day of the camp. Hand it to Mr. Honey within a month from the time you read this notice.

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For a limited time we will place in this column free of charge a "want ad" of not over fifteen words, besides name and address, pertaining to stamps, souvenir post-cards, coins and curios, photography, exchanges, etc. All we ask in return for this favor is that you send us fifty cents to pay for a year's subscription, either for yourself or for someone else.

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Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE SPARTAN

"COME WITH YOUR SHIELD OR ON IT"

MAY



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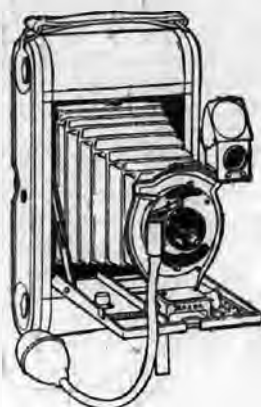
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THE SPARTAN

VOL. 1

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., MAY 1907

NO. 7

A JOKE RETURNED

"Say, fellows! Slim Jim is going to represent the G. D. P. Society at the oratorical contest," shouted "Books" Palmer, coming in without knocking, as we were loitering in Dutchy's room and gossiping about college affairs.

"Well, say! I hope we're not such fools as you take us to be!" replied Dutchy, for it was hard to believe that Slim Jim Howards, the worst speaker in the society, should be called upon to occupy that position.

"I think that the G. O. P.'s are more foolish than you fellows are, to elect Slimmy as a representative of their society," answered Books, good naturedly.

Of course, we four, to whom Books had told the news first, began to spread it as fast as possible; and by the time that the gong sounded for supper, I believe that every member of the college, professors included, had heard the wonderful tidings.

After supper, "Books" Palmer, "Shorty" Braynard, "Dutchy" Lee, and myself again assembled in Dutchy's room to discuss Slim Jim. Slimmy was a good student, but he prided himself a little too much on being an eloquent orator. Later, one of the society's member said that their object in unanimously electing Slimmy was to have some fun with him. Well, we had the fun and plenty of it.

"I wish we could do something to take down his pride a notch," said Dutchy.

At once Books was all attention. As he was thoughtfully tapping his nose, we saw that he was thinking very intently.

"Spit it out, Books," said Shorty impatiently.

"You just wait until I get the wheels of my brain working, and then it will come out naturally," replied Books.

And so we had to let him take his time, knowing that what he would propose would be entirely satisfactory. The plan, entirely perfected, was this: We knew where Slimmy boarded, as he did not have a room in the college. And so taking his landlady into our confidence we asked her if we could place a ladder against the house and climb into the attic through the window. Now part of the attic was directly over Slimmy's room. In which he intended to rehearse his speech every night. And so, receiving the consent of the good-natured landlady, the same night that we had heard

the news, we climbed up the ladder, through the window and into the attic.

The floor creaked so loudly that we were half tempted to go back down the ladder lest we should be heard. But literally trembling in our stocking feet, for we had taken off our shoes, we took up our positions with each an eye to a hole in the floor. Presently we heard a hollow, weird moan that nearly made my hair stand on end. But I soon regained my presence of mind and realized what had occurred. Shorty Braynard, who was an amateur ventriloquist, had emitted a noise that was most unearthly. Previously to this, Slim, in his room below, was preparing for practice. He even went to the pains of practicing the rising from his chair, and the "hems" and "haws" before beginning. He had chosen for his speech Patrick Henry's famous address to the Convention or Virginia.

We closely watched the effect of the moan.

"What's that, I wonder!" he exclaimed to himself. He looked around the room, but of course discovered nothing. "Oh, I guess the wind must be rising," he said, and resumed his practice.

We let him recite a few sentences, which were accompanied by many superfluous gestures, until he came to the question—"Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?" And Shorty answered in a loud, sepulchral voice, "No!"

"Good Lord!" said Slimmy, and the poor fellow sank into a chair. "Am I going crazy?"

"Not yet, but soon!" rapidly replied Shorty, in a high, shrill voice, that to Slim came directly from under his chair. I could distinctly hear his teeth chatter. We waited a few minutes, and soon Slim resumed his private rehearsal with a trembling voice. In the meantime, we, who were behind the scenes, had great difficulty in restraining our laughter.

When Slim said, "I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it," the mysterious voice again answered, "You shall know it.—you have the swelled head." And Slim Jim with one dash went headlong through the door.

We just lay on our backs and shouted with laughter. But we suddenly stopped

when Dutchy hoarsely whispered, "Look there!" and we looked. My hair then did rise on end, and I lost all control over my senses. For there, slowly approaching us, and swaying from side to side, was a human skull, in mid-air, and apparently without any support.

Dutchy lay where he was and prayed, the others groaned; and as for myself, I couldn't even think. The horrible thing shone brightly with a strange light, and its dark, cavernous eyes and grinning mouth were enough to frighten the most dignified of all college professors. The skull came to within a few feet of us and then gradually disappeared into nothingness.

I believe that it must have been half an hour before we could collect our scattered wits and get out of the building. And foolish kids that we were, we took hold of each other's hands without saying a word, and ran to the college where we sneaked in by a back door, purposely left unlocked by our friend Johnson, the janitor.

A month after, I found that somehow someone had overheard our plans, and to return the joke on us had fixed the skull to a long, light pole. Also confiding in the landlady, he had noiselessly entered the attic by our own ladder, and was at the other end of the room—from which place he had extended the pole, with the skull attached to the end of it, towards us. The skull, which had probably been sneaked from the laboratory, was covered with phosphorus, which accounted for the death-like light it had given off. You may rest assured this was the last practical joke I was mixed up in while at college.

CHARLES MANWARING.

I KNOW

I know of shadowy, sheltered glades,
Of clear, crystal pools and mossy bowers,
I know of the valleys of myriad shades;
Of balmy breezes, and sweet scented flowers.

I know of a calm, reflecting sea,
Of a fleecy cloud like a drifting sail—
Drifting, drifting, far, far from me
To the grayish border where it fast grows pale.

Oh, I know of an isle, where peace is all,
Where sorrow's storm ne'er breaks the bounds of air;
I know of an isle, beyond my tongue's weak call—

The Isle of Eternity—that lies over there!
ANDREW FRANCIS LOCKHART.

"Your wife has fallen downstairs and is seriously hurt!" screamed an excited neighbor over the telephone.

"What's her address?" asked the absent-minded editor. "I'll send a reporter up to see if he can get her picture."

TENNYSON'S

"THE LADY OF SHALOTT"

"There she weaves by night and day
A magic web of colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot."

Among our many poets, both ancient and modern, Tennyson alone exceeds in word-painting; and the misty glamour that characterizes all of his poetry, renders it uncommonplace—weirdly idyllic and beautiful.

There is something undefinable about Tennyson's poetry; all is not clear and tangible, but for the most part, is obscured by a haze, and as I have said, a glamour. Being naturally of an aesthetic nature, Tennyson's thoughts are only for the sublime and beautiful—the strenuous, outside world has no place in his mystical realm of poesy.

One of his most beautiful creations is "The Lady of Shalott." The Lady of Shalott dwells in the shadow world; flesh and blood are not for her eyes, and if she but glance from her wonderful mirror, which enables her to see the reflection of the outside world,

"A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot."

But the Lady of Shalott grows weary of shadows. She wishes to see the real world, grasp at something, not at reflection and vagueness. Returning from a journey, Sir Launcelot, in all his armored splendor, rides past, on the road that runs below the tower of the Lady of Shalott. Startled at so handsome a knight, the Lady forgets the curse, and—

"She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott."

And then, knowing that her end has come, the Lady of Shalott prepares to die. Placing herself in a boat, she floats down to Camelot—to Sir Launcelot, who, innocent of all, has been the cause of her doom. As she nears Camelot, the knights, including Sir Launcelot, come out to see the dream-maiden, and Launcelot says, musing,

"She has a lovely face:
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

SAMUEL E. LOVEMAN.

Entered for U. A. P. A. Essay Laureateship.

There was a young lady from Lynne,
Who was so exceedingly thinne

That when she essayed
To drink lemonade
She slipped through the straw and fell inne.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Written for The Spartan by W. R. Murphy, President National Amateur Press Association.

Last month marked the anniversary of the natal day of one of America's greatest statesmen, lawgivers and patriots—one of those splendid men whose efforts in the days that tried men's souls founded our great country and whose constructive statesmanship later builded it into a noble nation. Thomas Jefferson, who penned the immortal Declaration of Independence, declared by Gladstone to be the greatest single national document ever produced, was born at Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia, on April 2, 1743, and died at his celebrated mansion, Monticello, on July 4, 1826, by a remarkable coincidence the fiftieth anniversary of the passage of the great Declaration. He was the third President of the United States, serving two terms (1801-1809). Prior to this he held many important public offices. He was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses and of the Continental Congress, where he drafted the Declaration of Independence. He was Governor of Virginia, member of Congress, Minister to France, Secretary of State, founder of the Democratic-Republican party, Vice-President and President. The most important events of his administration were the War with Tripoli, the Louisiana Purchase, the reduction of the national debt, the embargo, and the exploration of the great West.

Thomas Jefferson is a notable figure in American history as the great champion of the people and of the conservation of their rights. The cardinal doctrine of his political creed was a strict, literal reading of the Federal Constitution, on which, to his mind, depended the permanency of republican institutions in the Union. He represented the freedom of the individual, and considered the strengthening of the central government a step toward tyrannical rule. Though born an aristocrat and educated in aristocratic ideas, Jefferson was sincere in his trust in the common people and in their capacity for self-government. He believed that man should not be overgoverned, and in order to prevent such a contingency, advocated the placing of considerable power in the hands of the State governments, which are under the direct oversight of the people.

Nowhere can we get a better idea of the principles of Jefferson than in his first inaugural address, which is a model of its kind. It is temperate in tone and distinguished by the simple, lucid and truly literary style which characterized the political writings of "the fathers." He expressed his

delight in the growth of "the rising nation," which was advancing in production and commerce, and averred his strong belief in the stability of a government which he thought "the strongest on earth." He did not indulge in vituperation or invective, but bespoke toleration for those of different political faith. "We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists," he says in one place; in another: "We have called by different names brethren of the same principle." In this document Jefferson sets forth his ideas of State and Federal government, the former as the proper agent of domestic administration and an inherent protection against a relapse from republican tenets, the latter as the strongest guardian of the integrity of the Constitution. He showed that he had outgrown his early love for the French Republic, no doubt disgusted by its excesses and its overbearing treatment of America, by counselling friendship and trade with all nations, entangling alliances with none. He believed in a suitable administrative force and a sufficient army and navy, but was opposed to excess or overgrowth in either, in this exercising his favorite fad of an economical government—a fad due perhaps to the underlying simplicity of his nature. His dominant principle, liberty of the individual, was expressed in his guarantee of freedom of person under the habeas corpus, of the press, of public discussion, and of jury trial, some of which had been violated by the Alien and Sedition Acts of the preceding administration.

(To be continued.)

HIS IMPRESSION.

Lloyd Griscom, the new ambassador to Italy, tells of a baseball game he saw in Brazil. An Englishman was catcher for his nine and did fairly well until a new pitcher was put in. The twirler sent in a hot one.

The Englishman failed to hold the ball, which hit him on the nose and knocked him senseless.

When he recovered he asked feebly, "What was it?"

The umpire answered, "It was a foul."

"A foul!" groaned the poor catcher, mistaking the word. "I thought it was a mule."

Willie—"Paw, if I tell a lie, will I go to the bad place?"

Paw—"Certainly, my son. Why?"

Willie—"I was thinking how far away you and I would be from mother."

EXAGGERATION

The world is filled with more or less exaggeration, principally more. If we exaggerate that which is pleasant we are called optimists; if we exaggerate the unpleasant, we are termed pessimists, while if we are just frankly truthful we are uninteresting. The world loves a story; it abhors just plain facts. The truth must be embellished to make it palatable, and it is remarkable the amount of trouble some people will take to make it so.

Truth is supposed to be stranger than fiction, and it is true that truth is a stranger to some people, while fiction is their stock in trade. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction, but exaggeration makes it so. The newspapers most often reiterate the old saw, but anyone knows that the newspapers scarcely ever tell the truth without exaggeration. It is their business to embellish their facts so as to give their readers the proper sensation.

Truth is frequently used as a ground basis for fiction and, of a fact, this class of fiction is often the strongest. A ground basis of truth is a spur to the imagination. Just as all things have a starting point, so does all imaginative work need some tangible foundation. While in fiction we can create without substance, we cannot create without subject. The basis is there and it is always co-existent with some fact. Of course it is a rather long cry from the foundation to the finished product, but it is only by this means that we can reconcile the statement that truth is stranger than fiction.

Fact is usually so commonplace that we ever seek the realm of fancy for entertainment. People who read the newspapers to the exclusion of fiction often pride themselves on their sagacity, and gaze with contempt on the reader of novels, yet do not know that they are probably greater lovers of sensationalism than the habitual fiction devourer.

Exaggeration makes for romance. The romances of real life always lack essential quality to make them complete and thoroughly interesting, and where will you find the person who when recounting such a romance will not supply the necessary quality?

The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is, oh, so seldom spoken. To be sure the truth is often told, and at times the whole truth is voiced by mortal man, but nothing but the truth! ah, you ask too much. The inventive faculties of the human mind are too far developed to remain dormant when a good chance for their exercise is presented.

Lying is an art. Exaggeration, to be convincing, must be artistically done. A graphic word picture is frequently more vivid if less enduring than the actual event itself. Anyone can witness a struggle, but it takes a genius to describe it with proper intensity. And clinging to facts when the field of fiction is so broad and alluring is not an easy matter. Besides who shall dare mark the dividing line where fact leaves off and fiction begins?

HENRY G. WEHKING.

Entered for Essay Laureateship J. A. P. A.

GRIN COAXERS

"This is a grave mistake," sobbed the man as he found he had been weeping over the wrong tombstone.

"I'm afraid you'r an idle fellow, Sam."

"No, sah; I'se not idle, sah; why, I gits mah wife more work dan she can do, sah."

Butcher—"John, put Mrs. Smith's ribs in a basket and do up Mrs. Brown's pigs' feet."

John (briskly)—"All right, as soon as I cut off Mrs. Jones' leg, tie up Mrs. Miller's tongue and weigh Mrs. Wilson's liver."

The second day drew to its close, with the twelfth juryman still unconvinced. "Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual, order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

"Deduction is the thing," declared the law student. "For instance, yonder is a pile of ashes in our yard. That is evidence that we have had fires this winter."

"And, by the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sit. that evidence."

Rear Admiral Boehler once told a story of a soldier with an extremely strong sense of humor—stronger than most people would care to have. "This man," said he, "was ordered to be flogged. During the flogging he laughed continually. The lash was laid on all the harder, but under the rain of blows the soldier laughed like a man at a comic opera.

"What are you laughing at?" the sergeant finally asked.

"Why," the soldier chuckled, "I'm the wrong man."

KODAK AND CAMERA



EDITED BY
HERMAN W. VERSEPUT.

It is time for all the cameras which have been tucked away on shelves and in corners (and which should have been in constant use) to come forth for their annual cleaning and overhauling. At the same time the mental equipment should get a brushing up, so the two will work well together. Now is the time when a record of exposures will come in handy so that you can profit by past experiences.

THE BEST FIELD IS NEAR HOME.

The amateur in the lowlands seeks the hills and mountains when his vacation comes. The inland dweller visits the sea. The resident of the North must go to Florida with his camera in order to give his artistic and acute perception of the beautiful in nature full sway. The results are disappointing. The reason is not far to seek. To the one who has never seen the sea nor heard its roar, any suggestion of wave or breaker, sands or beach is satisfying. To the man who has become familiar with old Ocean's varying moods through long acquaintance, much more specific treatment is necessary.

The person who has always had his vision hemmed in by hills finds charm in the most ordinary aspect of the low and level stretch of landscape that is so new to him. He little dreams of the language that the morning mist, the heat of noonday and the quiet calm of evening use to tell their story to the more observant and older acquaintance.

Portray the homely scenes about you. Help them to tell their story to an increased audience by means of your camera. You are the better fitted for the work. The best interpreter is the one who is "to the manner born." The varying inflections, as it were, are too subtle for the stranger, be he ever so appreciative. Not only are your own capabilities greater, but the opportunities more varied. See that they are taken advantage of to the full, leaving other fields for those to whom their varying aspects are more familiar.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MACHINERY.

We are living in a mechanical age. Everywhere machinery is taking the place of hard labor. On the farms we have sewing ma-

chines that sew anything from a calico dress to a field of oats.

Even in photography we have developing machines, and now a new process of making photographic prints has been perfected.

Heretofore photo prints have been made by hand, but by the new process prints are not only made from the negative by mechanical means, but developed, fixed and washed in the same way.

A few years more and we will simply have to press the button, turn a crank and out drops the finished picture.

OUR GREAT PHOTO CONTEST.

As announced last month the grand photo contest is still open. We have added to the list of prizes, which is now as follows:

First prize—A \$5.00 camera.

Second prize—\$2.50 in photo supplies.

Third prize—A \$1.00 tripod.

Fourth prize—Two years' subscription to The Spartan.

Fifth prize—One year's subscription to The Spartan.

RULES.

NOTE CAREFULLY.

This contest will be open to all amateur photographers, whether subscribers to The Spartan or not. Positively no entries will be accepted from professional photographers.

Each contestant must submit three photos, mounted together neatly. No restriction is placed on the subject or on the size of photos. The awards will be based on the merits of the photo only.

The contest will be open for three months. The date for the close of the contest will be announced in the June number of The Spartan. This will give you plenty of time to get some fine negatives.

In order to assure all contestants of perfect fairness, the judges will be chosen by the contestants themselves. With your entry enclose the names and addresses of three persons whom you wish to act as judges. The judges will be chosen from those receiving the highest number of votes.

Photos entered in the contest must be sent to or left at the Photo Department of Schmidt's Drug Store, 84-88 Canal St., Grand

(Continued on Page 12)

THE SPARTAN

Published monthly in the interests of Amateur Journalism, literary talent, and boys everywhere, principally Grand Rapids. Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association and the United Amateur Press Association.

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Address all communications to

THE SPARTAN

GRAND RAPIDS, - - - MICHIGAN

VOL. 3 MAY 1907 NO. 7

EDITORIAL

We feel it necessary to speak this month about a few things in a business way in connection with the paper and its publication. First of all we wish to bring before our readers the fact that in order to get the magazine in the hands of our readers properly and promptly each month, and to save a large degree of the expense and work that is entailed each issue in the mailing of the paper, it is necessary that the magazine be entered at the postoffice as second-class mail matter.

In order to have it entered thus it is necessary to swear in the presence of witnesses that the magazine has a certain number of paid up, bona fide subscribers. When this has been done and second-class postage rates have been granted us we are allowed to send out as many copies as we wish at the rate of one cent per pound. At present we send out through the mails every month about 500 copies of the paper, with a one-cent stamp on each. Taking as an average ten copies to the pound, the cost of mailing 500 copies under second-class rates totals fifty cents—a saving of \$4.50 every month!

And in the publication of a young and struggling paper like The Spartan that saving means a great deal.

Now we wish to ask every one of our subscribers individually to do all they can to help us swell that subscription list and have the paper entered as second-class matter very soon. For a paper like The Spartan it ought to be very easy to get a few subscriptions from your friends, and remember that every cent you turn in goes toward giving you better value for your subscription money. We are allowing liberal commission on subscriptions and call attention to the special reduction in subscription price found on another page of this number. We earnestly request that you do all in your power to help us in securing the coveted second-class postage rates.

Another little matter we wish to speak of is that of contributions. The Spartan is always glad to receive contributions from its readers, and will publish them whenever they show real merit and render you thanks for the favor, but please bear in mind that we are essentially a boys' paper and therefore are anxious to get material that will be interesting to this particular class of readers—a class that most editors even of professional magazines will admit is a very exacting one. So when sending articles for our consideration please bear that fact in mind and remember that we want real, live, articles that a boy will glance at and cease whatever is occupying him to sit down and read. Fiction of all kinds we are eager for—lively, interesting stories that will set a boy's interest to the critical point and hold it there. As for poetry—everyone knows that a boy seldom reads a poem, but we wish to include in our pages poems that will set his interest agog and get him to see that the real beauty of literature lies in poetry.

We are always on the lookout for humorous articles and if you should run across a piece in some paper that strikes you as especially funny—an anecdote, a good joke or a jingling rhyme, send it in and we will be grateful to you. You may be sure that every article you send us will receive most careful consideration and will be published if it is anywhere near possible. Our pages are for the benefit of our readers and are open to you at all times. If you should see an article that meets with your disapproval or you see some way of improving any part of the paper, your criticisms and suggestions will be most welcome.

IF THIS COPY is sent you marked "Sample Copy," send in your quarter before you forget about it, and also the name of any friend who has not seen a copy—we will do the rest.

SECOND-CLASS POSTAL LAWS REMAIN THE SAME.

It is with pleasure that we note that the bill for the inauguration of many changes in second-class postage laws has been defeated in Congress. It is already hard enough for an amateur paper with little or no advertising and small circulation to secure entry at the postoffices as second-class matter, and the radical changes proposed would have made it still more difficult to obtain second-class rates. There is no doubt that the "privilege" is often abused by catalog-publishers and cheap advertising journals, but it is our belief that if the present laws were adhered to more strictly and additions made for the exclusion of these objectionable publications, instead of changes being made that affect only the papers that already are entered as second-class matter, the troubles that are now complained of would be lessened to a great extent. Meanwhile amateur publishers are anxiously awaiting a law that will secure second-class rates for their publications.

The government claims that second-class mail matter is carried so cheaply on the ground of its educational value. The majority of the amateur productions are published and disseminated free for educational purposes and no other. It seems strange that such sheets as the many indecent and harmful publications are admitted as second-class matter freely while at the insignificant but instructive and educating love-labor for amateur journalism the postoffice officials vigorously shake their heads. It is nothing short of injustice and one of the flagrant defects in the present postal laws.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Owing to the fact that The Spartan is now on a firm business basis, and feeling that, as we are not publishing the paper for profit, our subscribers ought to receive the benefit of our success—for these and other reasons we have after some deliberation decided to reduce the subscription price of the paper permanently to twenty-five cents a year. When we began publication six months ago it was our opinion that a magazine was not worth reading unless it was worth paying for, and as the standard rate for papers of our size was fifty cents a year, we accordingly fixed our subscription rate at that price. But we think we can demonstrate that, with the addition of the securing of second-class postage rates, which we hope soon to accomplish, a very creditable paper can be issued at the price of twenty-five cents a year. Accordingly we have decided upon the reduction and hereafter the

subscription price of The Spartan will be 25 cents a year.

We will continue to allow subscribers and agents 20 per cent commission on subscriptions, and in sums of \$2 or over we will allow 25 per cent. This means that for every subscriber you secure at twenty-five cents you are to keep five cents and send us twenty cents, and if you secure eight subscribers send us \$1.50 and keep fifty cents as your profit. No half-yearly subscriptions accepted at this reduced rate.

EXCHANGES

"The Tragedy of the Stone," in the "Dryad" seems rather far-fetched and sounds as though its author was at a loss for a plot. To say the least, however, it is original and unique.

The "High School Review," Lowell, Mass., contains an unusually large number of personals and locals. Departments and cuts are good.

The "Philatelic West" for April contains as usual more valuable philatelic news and information than one could read in a month. Too bad the typographical appearance doesn't come up to the contents in excellence.

We would suggest that the "Tech Prep" of Chicago get a few cuts and a cover-design. You are probably not aware that half-tones cannot be used as such paper as you use.

The April "Chicago Collector's Monthly" contains an article, with illustrations, on "The Arrangement of a Blank Album" that is excellent. The C. C. M. is improving rapidly and with its numerous illustrations and cuts makes a fine paper for collectors.

Other papers received—"Semi-Occasional Cedar-Pointer," "Owl," "Germ," "Yellow Peril," "Echo," "Toledo Boys," "Midnight Owl," "Trinity," "Mekeel's Weekly," "Columbus Philatelist," "American Flag," "Occident," "Coyote," "Crowbar," "Register," and "The State." If your name is not in this list, please see that it is next month!

BOYS WANTED

to act as agents for

THE SPARTAN

We offer liberal commissions on subscriptions and want boys everywhere to secure subscribers for this magazine at 20 and 25 per cent commission. Send for a few sample copies now and get out among your friends and work. Address simply, THE SPARTAN, Grand Rapids, Mich.



The Amateur Collector

Edited by Leon W. Frost

A Department for Everyone Interested in Collecting Stamps, Cards, Shells, Post-Cards, Etc.

A GENERAL TALK ON STAMPS.

Philately may be roughly divided into three classes or branches, viz: 1—adhesive postage stamps, 2—postal stationery, and 3—fiscals.

Branch one covers ordinary postage, postal packet, special delivery, official, unpaid, provisional issues, newspaper stamps, etc., also fiscal stamps which have performed postal duty. The second division, postal stationery, includes postal cards, stamped envelopes, wrappers, registration envelopes, etc., while the third branch covers telegraph stamps and revenues of all kinds from wall paper to beer-tax stamps.

The first branch has the largest number of devotees, and catalogues, albums and text-books without number have been issued for their use in nearly every modern language. Fiscal collecting is just coming into popularity. A collection of fiscals forms one of the prettiest collections in the stamp line imaginable as they are of every shape, size, color and design. When well mounted they make an elegant collection. The only trouble in assembling these stamps is the lack of information regarding them. We have no comprehensive catalogues or albums printed in English relating to fiscals. The French are the most enthusiastic collectors of these stamps. They have many revenue albums and one firm has issued a very fine catalog of revenues which is the most complete ever issued. It is a valuable book and all English-speaking people who make this branch of Philately their hobby should own a copy of the book, as it can be used to great advantage by anyone even though printed in French.

In collecting revenues they should be kept apart from the first two branches and not massed in the same book with adhesives, etc. The United States revenues are collected by nearly all U. S. collectors and a fine book for match and medicine stamps and other revenues has been issued in this country.

There are many fiscal societies in England and France. Revenue stamps can be bought very cheaply at present and now is the time to buy them while the demand is

low, for they are slowly but surely coming into popularity and the prices will raise as the demand for them increases.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

"What are the best papers published for stamp-collectors?"—E. R.

There are many papers published for collectors in general and all are good. In America the largest and most important are "The Philatelic West," published monthly at Superior, Neb.; "Mekeel's Weekly," Boston, Mass.; "The Chicago Collector's Monthly," Chicago; "The Columbus Philatelist," Columbus, Ohio; "The Stamp and Post Card Collector," Milwaukee, etc. All will gladly send you a sample copy.

"What country's stamps do you think will raise in value quickly?"—W. B.

The Australian Commonwealth stamps were in use only a few months and at the present time they bring more than catalogue value, therefore they are very desirable stamps.

"Why did the Dominican Republic withdraw the 1900 issue so soon after they had been issued?"—Edgar H. Paine.

The central design of the stamps was a map of the island and on this map the boundary line of Hayti was incorrectly placed, allowing Hayti less land than it really owned. This made the Haytian government so angry that they sent a strongly worded complaint to the Dominican Republic authorities, and had the issue not been withdrawn at once there would have been war between the two nations. Hence the withdrawal of the map stamps.

Teacher—"Jimmy, when I have finished you may repeat what I read in your own words. 'See the cow. Isn't she a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can she run as fast as the horse? No, she cannot run as fast as the horse.'"

Future mayor of Boston—"Gla on to de cow. Ain't she a beaut? Kin de ole codger git a gait on her? Betcher life. Kin de cow hump it wid de horse? Nit, de cow ain't in it wid de horse."

G. R. H. S. NOTES

Edited by ERNEST G. THOMPSON

ATHLETICS.

THE NORTHWESTERN INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET.

The Grand Rapids High School track team plainly showed its class Saturday, May 11th, when it captured first honors at the great Western high school Interscholastic meet held at Evanston, Ill. All the leading and most important High Schools, Institutes and Academies of the Northwest entered athletes in this meet and Grand Rapids, considered insignificant by its opponents, won the championship of the Northwest by a total of 17 points—5 points more than its closest opponent.

Captain Horner, considered one of the best high school athletes in the country, took first honors in the shot-put and pole-vault, winning 12 of the 17 points. Page went second in the pole-vault, while Horner secured second place in the high hurdles and Sullivan finished fourth in the half-mile. The triumph of the local aggregation was not a surprise here, as it was known that this year possessed a very strong team, and it is very probable that Grand Rapids will take first place in the Michigan Interscholastic meet to be held soon at Ann Arbor.

FIELD DAY.

Saturday, May 4th, the High School held its annual field day at Comstock Park, where good time was made in all the running events in spite of a heavy track, and good marks were set in the field events. Joe Horner broke the high school hammer-throw and shot-put records and bids fair to take these events at the coming state meet at Ann Arbor. Sullivan and Goetz showed up well in the sprints and distance runs, while Page and Horner easily captured the field events. A good crowd was out and the Field Day was a great success.

A dual meet with Muskegon has been arranged for May 18th and it is hoped the track team will make as good records as they have been making.

THE ATHLETIC ELECTIONS.

Friday, May 10th, the Athletic Association held its annual election of officers for the new year. This proved to be the largest meeting of the association ever held, something like one hundred and forty joining the association. This large increase puts the finances on a good sound basis.

BASE BALL.

G. R. H. S. vs. ALUMNI.

April 13th the High School base ball team opened its season by defeating the Alumni by a score of 8 to 7. A heavy snow and cold weather interfered with the game, but another game will be arranged later in the season which we hope will prove a better exhibition of base ball.

G. R. H. S. vs. HOPE COLLEGE.

The High School team received its first defeat of the season at the hands of the fast Hope College team April 20th by a 3 to 1 score. Collins pitched good ball for the High School, as did Regand for the Hollanders. This is the first defeat G. R. H. S. has suffered from Hope College for three years. The score by innings:

	R. H. E.									
Hope College.....	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3 4 2
G. R. H. S.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—1 4 2
Batteries—Regand and Vruwink; Collins and Weiss.										

G. R. H. S. vs. GRAND HAVEN.

April 27th the team took its first step toward the state championship by defeating the Grand Haven High School by a score of 16 to 2. The game proved slow and uninteresting. The feature of the game was the base-stealing of the Furniture City team. Every man showed good form along this line, which accounts for the twenty-seven stolen bases. Score:

	R. H. E.									
Grand Haven..	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2 4 3
Grand Rapids..	2	1	2	3	3	2	1	2	0	—16 16 1
Batteries—Walsh and Verplunke; Weston and Weiss.										

G. R. H. S. vs. BATTLE CREEK.

The base ball championship was lifted from the central part of the state Saturday, May 4th, when the local team defeated the Battle Creek High School team by the score of 7 to 5. A dose of over-confidence seemed to hinder the team of the pure food city and resulted in victory for G. R. H. S. The game was in doubt, however, until the last man was out. Score:

	R. H. E.									
Battle Creek....	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	—5 4 5
Grand Rapids....	0	2	0	0	0	3	0	0	2	—7 8 4

(Continued on Page 12)

TWO WATER VIEWS IN GRAND RAPIDS



(Courtesy The Fruit Belt.)

EAST SHORE REED'S LAKE



(Courtesy The Fruit Belt.)

FISHING ON THE GRAND

News of the Boys' Department

Hayo—Went—Ha, 1907!

For the fourth time, boys from all over the state will gather on the shores of Torch Lake this summer at Camp Hayo-Went-Ha, the state camp for boys from 12 to 16 years of age. This camp has been commended by parents and boys alike as the most delightful outing and under the safest management of any camp yet devised.

The camp this year will be held in two sections, the first section camping July 17 to 31 and the second from August 1 to 15. Parents or boys desiring further information should address L. E. Buell, State Secretary, 2012 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich. Grand Rapids has always been well represented at Hayo-Went-Ha and it is hoped that a large number of boys will go from this city again this summer.

The Intermediates and Juniors have for some time given up the gymnasium classes on Saturday mornings and instead have gone on "hikes" to the various beauty-spots and places of interest round about the city. Cameras and rifles are usually taken by the Intermediates while the Juniors are frequently armed with frog-spears or base ball clubs. The latter have visited the Plaster mines and Indian mounds and incidentally the swamps in their vicinity, and once they took frying pans along and camped in true camp style under the camp-fire east of Reed's Lake.

THE BOYS' SUMMER SCHOOL.

Beginning July 8th there will be a summer school for boys of the sixth, seventh and eighth grades this year held at the Y. M. C. A. under the direction of the Boys' Department committee. The instructors will be the best in the city and the subjects taught will be arithmetic, algebra, U. S. history, spelling, penmanship, and perhaps drawing. A bright boy will have every chance of making at least half a grade by attending this school. The sessions will be from 8:30 to 11:30 daily and every other day the students will be allowed a romp in the gymnasium or a dip in the plunge. There will also be a camp for the members of the school some time during the term.

The term will last seven weeks. Supt. Greeson of the public schools has promised his help and every fellow who attends this school will receive personal attention and instruction from the instructors. Any boy can enroll in this summer school, so tell your friends and parents about it and help the school to do all the good possible. For further particulars see Mr. Nigh.

Boys! Here's a chance to win a prize. Mr. Wright has promised to give a prize to the boy who sends in before June 15th the best essay on "How I expect to spend my Vacation." He will not tell what the prize will be, but any prize Mr. Wright offers you will know is worth working for. Essays may be of any length. Send them in before June 15th.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

(Revised by Pluto and Jupiter.)

"My Honey is over the ocean,
My Honey is over the sea—
My Honey is over the ocean;
Oh, bring back my Honey to me!

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Honey to me, dead broke,
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring him back busted to me!

Last night as I pounded my pillow,
Last night as I pounded the slats,
I dreamt that my Honey was married,
I dreamt that my Honey—OH, RATS!"

The oratorical contest held in the Auditorium May 2nd was a great success, all the orations being exceptionally good. Mr. Korstange, whose address was "The Successful Man of Today," won the gold medal, and Mr. Fred Clark, who spoke on "A Modern Juggernaut," carried off the silver medal. An orchestra furnished music and the U. C. T. quartette rendered several selections.

It is with great regret this month that we record the removal of Religious Director Folsom from Y. M. C. A. and church work in this city to other fields in distant Oregon. Mr. Folsom left Saturday, May 11th, for Oregon to take up his new duties as Superintendent of the Congregational church work in that state. He was well-known and one of the most popular officers of the association among the boys, and his removal is much regretted by his friends, old and young. Mr. Folsom led the older boys' Bible class the past season and did a great deal toward making the religious work of the Boys' Department the success that it was. The Spartan wishes him all success in his new location and hopes to hear from him often.

EXCHANGE AND SALE COLUMN

One notice of 15 words will be given free to any subscriber who sends copy with his subscription. Advertisements inserted in this column at the rate of two words for one cent, including name and address. Three insertions of the same ad. for the price of two.

POST-CARD COLLECTORS—If you want to receive Post Cards from all parts of the world, send stamp for full particulars to Crescent Exchange, 711 Camp St., New Orleans, La.

Send me a stamp catalogued at 15 cents and receive four fine Souvenir Post Cards. D. W. Franks, 211 Randolph St., Peoria, Ill.

Send 25 cents for 12 handsome view-cards of Boston. C. W. Sawtelle, 80 Water St., Boston.

A bargain—40 fine all different U. S. stamps, 10 cents. Furniture City Stamp Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

An ad. in this column will pay you. Only a half a cent a word. Try a few lines in the June number.

Wanted—Names of stamp-collectors. Will give good stamps in exchange for same. E. Murphy, 422 Ross St., Wilkesburg, Pa.

Good U. S. stamps at one-fourth catalogue. Send at once for list Postage, Dept. and Revenues. L. V. Lindsey, Greene, N. Y.

Don't be selfish—mention "The Spartan" when answering these ads.

Autographs of Pres. Roosevelt, Booker T. Washington, etc., to exchange for printers' supplies or stamps. A. E. Geldhof, Grand Rapids, Mich.

For sale or exchange for typewriter, good 6x9 printing press, 18 fonts of type and complete outfit. Just the thing for amateur journalists. Cheap to dispose of it. A. E. Geldhof, Grand Rapids, Mich.

$\frac{1}{2}$ d. Orange River Stamp Free!

To anyone asking for approval sheets at 50 per cent, this month. Henry D. Wilson, 142 S. College Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Stamps and coins of all kinds for sale. Creston Stamp and Coin Co., 262 Clancy St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Try our approval sheets. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ottawa Stamp Co., 65 Benson St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Five unused stamps free to applicants for our approval sheets. Wolverine Stamp Co., 77 Merritt Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

G. R. H. S. NOTES

(Continued from Page 9)

G. R. H. S. vs. HOPE COLLEGE.

Saturday, May 11th, the High School team took revenge on the Hope College team by defeating them by the score of 7 to 2. Collins pitched in fine form, allowing but four hits. The Hollanders played poor ball, making error after error and using poor head work.

At a meeting of the Junior class Thursday, April 25th, the combination of Blue and Gold were chosen as the class colors, and the class pin consists of the interwoven figures "08" in gold and blue with "G. R. H. S." engraved upon it. The class yell chosen is as follows:

"With a laca and a taca

And a laca—taca—tate!

Grand Rapids High School,
Nineteen Eight!"

KODAK AND CAMERA

(Continued from Page 5)

Rapids, marked "The Spartan Photo Contest."

Be sure to write your name and address plainly on the back of the mount.

All pictures received will be placed on exhibition at Schmidt's Drug Store.

Get busy!

A WORD ABOUT LENSES.

A Lens is a transparent piece of glass with two convex surfaces, or one convex and one flat. There are many different forms of lenses; such as rapid, rectilinear, symmetrical, portrait, anastigmat, wide angle, universal focus, etc.

A Rectilinear Lens is one which will give images of parallel lines in all parts of the picture without distortion.

An Anastigmat Lens is the most perfect of modern lenses, which can be used with full aperture, the image being as sharp at the edge as it is in the center.

A Universal Focus Lens, or fixed focus is one that will work sharp to the corners of the plate at all distances from ten feet out, no focussing being necessary. It is always ready for instant use.

A Wide Angle Lens is one made to cover plates larger in proportion to its focal length, and include an angle of 80 to 115 degrees.

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