

# The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1904.

## UP AND DOWN

Some Hard Climbs That Tried the Courage of Minneapolis Juniors and Caused Them to Puff.

TOPIC—A HARD CLIMB.



HERE are some queer things about a hill, or a roof, or a tree, or in fact about anything climbable, that are evident only to those who have been initiated into the mysteries of climb-ology. The distance up is generally from three to four times the distance down; near the summit or perhaps only three-fourths of the way up, the climber is sensible of a powerful influence radiating from the base which is of such character that frequently he makes haste heels-over-head to reach said base, but curiously enough the summit exerts no such attraction; moreover certain strange phenomena are apparent, such as high color in the face of the climber, moisture on his brow, and a feeling as of weights attached to his limbs. All of which curious circumstances may be duly verified by a long, hard climb.

Steep, sandy, slippery, sliding slopes,—they tell their own story of backslides and stumbles and tumbles, and heroic resolutions to reach the top—or stay at the bottom. Then there were terribly tall, tossing trees with grapes and cherries, and caps and other odd fruit on them, and no low limbs or gnarly places to walk up on. And roofs! They were worse than hills or trees, because the climber had to zigzag about, step here, reach there, hang up, fall down, turn over, twist around, hoist away, heave ho—and there he was! Very likely there was no way of getting down again after all. The incentive has a good deal to do with the success of the climb; if there is "something good" at the top, or if Towser is cultivating his voice at the bottom, ten to one the climber will arrive at his destination. It makes a difference, too, whether the bystanders say, "That's grit!" or whether they just laugh and laugh.

### THE HIGHEST MOW

Hay Makes a Veritable Hill of Difficulty.

(Prize.)  
IT was a delightful old barn and an ideal playhouse, and every morning we spent playing in the low haymow. Suddenly we became dissatisfied and our pleasure was marred. The source of the discontent was that there was a higher mow. We looked up and longed to be there. The hay was supported by cross-beams at regular intervals, but they were too far apart to afford access to the top of the barn.

By prodding his feet into the hay and by twisting himself into every possible position, my cousin reached the top of the mow. In an unlucky moment I ventured to follow him, for I was not going to allow any boy to outdo me. Then I started on my climb. I pushed my feet into the hay and tried to support myself until I could reach the first beam. Down I went to the lower mow unhurt but still determined. Up I went again, more cautiously this time. The first beam and the second were reached and then my dress caught on a peg and I had to descend to release myself. I started again for the third time with my anger high. I wriggled and hoisted myself upward. I caught hold of the third beam and slid along until I reached the vertical supports of the mow. I clutched another wooden peg (not so troublesome as the first one) and pulled myself up to the fourth beam next to the top. I was careful and cautious, for I must not fall now. I rested my feet upon the beam, grasped the last support and hoisted myself to the top. Success and victory were my reward, and standing on the fragrant hay in the highest mow I felt like Napoleon witnessing the final subjugation of Moscow.

—Wanda I. Fraiken,  
B Twelfth Grade, 3034 Sixteenth Avenue S.  
South Side High School.

### TO THE FIRECRACKER MARK

A Dot of a Girl Grew Real Hard and Had All the Fourth of July She Wanted.

(Prize.)  
"Oh, oh, I do wish I was as high as you are," I said to my brother, aged 12, as I stretched my toes and craned my neck to try to reach his shoulders.

"Tell me, please, what will make me grow?" said I, thinking that brothers know everything. "Huh, you're growing plenty fast enough to suit me," was the unlooked-for reply, whereupon he walked off to have a good game of ball with his playmates, probably never thinking of my question again. But not so with me. I decided if no one would help me climb the ladder to height, I should help myself. "I'll just get on this box and see where that mark is that papa measured brother by," I said to myself. "Oh my, my, I have to grow such a lot 'fore I can get my firecrackers." (Papa had said, "You can have real firecrackers when you're as tall as brother.") I stood on my tiptoes hungrily eyeing that big black mark for several minutes each day until my toes grew so tired I at last gave it up with a sigh.

A year or two had passed since I last measured, and one day I happened to think of my old desire to grow big. I immediately left my play and went to search for the mark. Why, was it really true? I could not believe my eyes. As I stood by the mark I really was a half inch taller. "Whee! I can have 'em now!" I exclaimed as I trotted off to papa. And I was highly rewarded for my hard climb.

B Eighth Grade, Madison School. —Bernice I. Pratt,  
812 N. Fifteenth Street.

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

## IN THE SUMMER

Bright Sketches of Things That Happened to Northwestern Juniors During the Sunny Season.

TOPIC—SUMMER.



SUMMER! That means good times innumerable and times not always so good as they might be. It means picnics and parties, circus, and peanuts, boating and bathing, berrying and botanizing, bats and balls, croquet and dolls, and everything else under the sun that belongs exclusively to Juniors in the summer season. But that is not saying all the summery things Juniors take delight in are necessarily of a strenuous character or that they enjoy a humming-bird existence,—by no means. There are times when nothing is so welcome and restful as a quiet contemplation of summer scenes: fields and woods and rolling prairie, waters shimmering in the full glory of a noonday sun or silvering in the moon-

light, the vast reaches of sky, and all that these mean of exquisite coloring or melodious sound. And if one lives in town there is still the sky with marvelous changes of feeling and tint and tone, and "skylines to dream over" with all the imagination can suggest of castle and cathedral and their memories of old-world romance.

Why were the times not all good? Oh, whoever heard of the rain holding off when once it had made up its mind to fall! And who can make the fish bite, and the frogs leap, and the berries grow where they can be gathered most easily, all when they don't want to? And why should not mosquitoes sing and sing, and emphasize their music once in a while in a manner most pleasing to themselves, since it is the nature of mosquitoes to sing? And what are stones for but to tumble over, or briars to scratch or bumble bees to sting? Nine times out of ten Juniors have good times, but the queer thing is the tenth time they always desire the most.

Gladys Jones did not name prize preferred.

### FULL OF GLITTER

Vacation Visions Did Not Pan Out Well.

(Prize.)

SUMMER! Oh, what I expected of the season which I was to spend in the woods! When I found that we were going to live right in the heart of the woods this summer, I began to form plans for spending it in a way to have the most fun. I thought of the fishing which I imagined was done with a hoe or shovel because the fish were so thick; the hunting, going after berries, cherries and other fruit, so abundant one could scrape them into his pails; the wading in the creek, and above all, catching frogs and frying the legs! I had obtained all these ideas from a letter a man wrote us describing the town. Of course, there would be an occasional garter snake, but what of that?

When I reached the woods I found it vastly different. The fish I suppose are in the water but I have not caught one; and I have seen some game, but then my rifle was always at home of course. The strawberries are reposing in the tallest grass there is, so I must reach under the leaves where a bee or hornet is sure to be; and the creek bottom is muddy. Frogs are so scarce, at least while I am around, that I have only seen three or four since I came. And there is a totally unreckoned-with element here—the mosquitoes, which bother us everywhere we go. So my summer is not going to be as pleasant as I thought.

Tenth Grade. —J. Marvin Nickerson,  
Brookston, Minn.

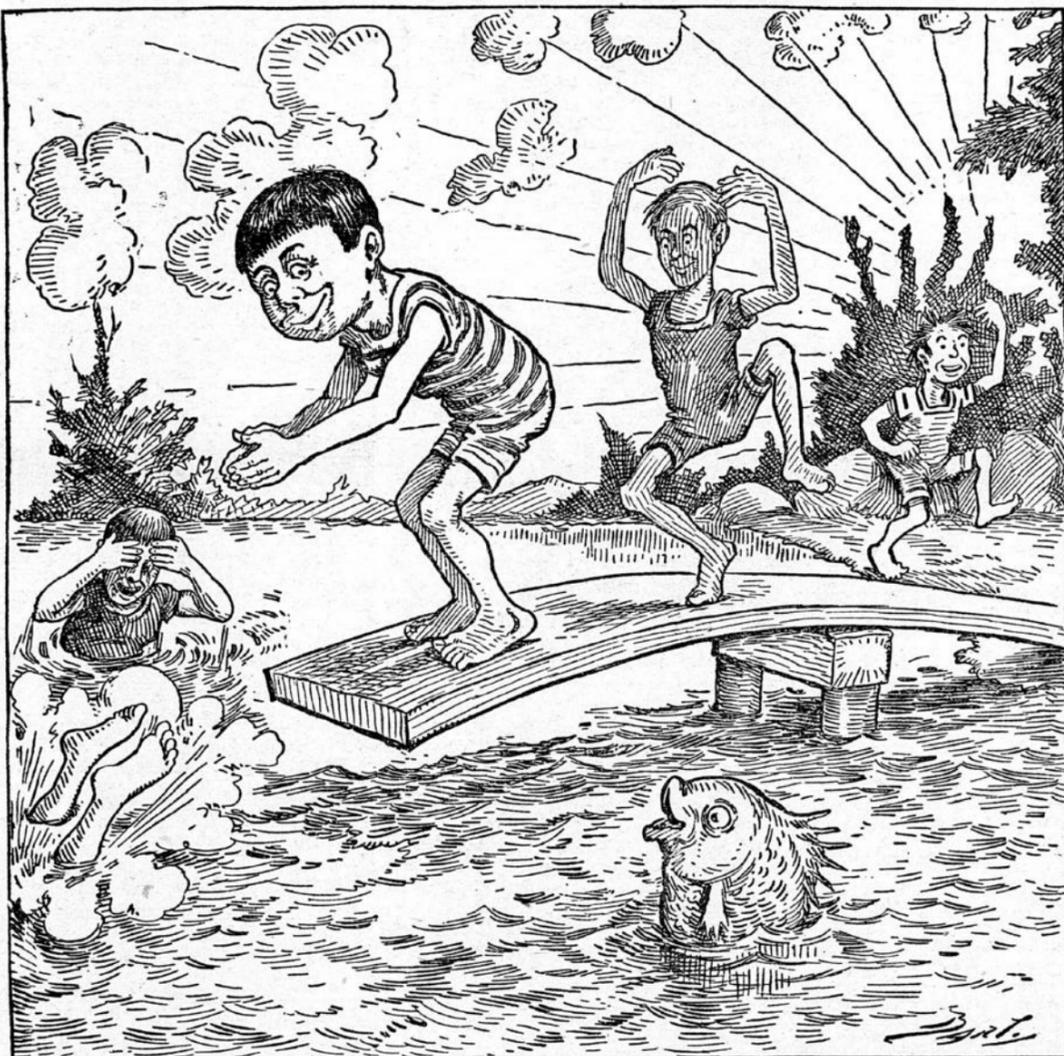
### THE CURE-QUICK TONIC

Mother Twinkled While She Applied Cold Water and the Camphor Bottle.

(Prize.)

"MAMA, I want some lemonade. I'm awful thirsty," I said dolefully one summer day. "Just wait until I finish—" "No, can't wait. I want it right now," I wailed. But mama went right on, in spite of the assertions that I would die if I did not get it right now. She evidently did not believe me. I would show her.

I quietly left my place by the sewing machine and lay on the floor, stretching my arms out tragically and



AN INDORSEMENT FOR PARKER.

Some of the Juniors stand on the same plank with the Judge.

## THE WEEKS ROLL OF HONOR

### MINNEAPOLIS PRIZE WINNERS.

Wanda I. Fraiken, B Twelfth Grade, South Side High School, 3034 Sixteenth Avenue S.  
Bernice I. Pratt, B Eighth Grade, Madison School, 812 N. Fifteenth Street.  
Ruby R. Herlund, A Fifth Grade, Holland School, 1526 Adams Street NE.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

Lenora Brooks, B Eleventh Grade, North Side High School, 2532 Chicago Avenue.  
Hazel Roberts, B Eighth Grade, Horace Mann School, 2911 Columbus Avenue.  
Arthur Wester, B Seventh Grade, Garfield School, 2425 Columbus Avenue.  
Eth Allen, A Sixth Grade, Seward School, 2511 Thirtieth Avenue S.  
Dorothy E. Hall, B Sixth Grade, Emerson School, 1710 First Avenue S.

### NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

J. Marvin Nickerson, Tenth Grade, Brookston, Minn.  
Gladys Jones, Eighth Grade, Central School, Grafton, N. D.  
Laura Smith, Sixth Grade, Auburn School, St. Bonifacius, Minn.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

Jennie M. Simmons, Ninth Grade, 381 Eighth Avenue S., Fargo, N. D.  
Margaret Shelton, High School, Rhinelander, Wis.  
Lucy M. Proudfoot, Ninth Grade, Mandan, N. D.  
Marguerite Lewis, Eighth Grade, South Side School, St. James, Minn.