The JOURNAL JUNIOR.

Mae Harris Anson - - - - Editor

The Journal Junior is published by The Minneapolis Journal for the public school children of the Northwest, in and above the fifth grade, and is devoted principally to their own writings. There is no expense attached and all are welcomed as competitors. The editor wishes to encourage correspondence and suggestions from teachers. All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor Journal Junior.

A Queer Circus

A FUNNY circus performance that was not long ago in Peking. To be sure, there has been a diplomatic sort of circus going on there continuously for the past four years, but this is the other kind, accompanied by clowns and tigers and things. It was, moreover, a performance for the court alone and the showman presented the great old empress with a diamond ring set with seven large stones, a cashmere shawl exquisitely embroidered and the pet baby elephant. This is a pretty good inducement to attend a circus, even for an empress.

Like a good many other customs that are turned topsy-turvy in the land of the great yellow dragon, the animals were brought to the empress, instead of the empress having to walk about in the straw and dust to see them as ordinary, every day folk have to do in America, and are perfectly willing to do. First the tiger's cage was dragged before her imperial eyes, carefully inspected and then taken away to be followed by another and another, to the end of the menagerie.

The empress laughed at the clowns and the tumblers and was so amused with one dwarf clown in particular that she had him presented to her and inspected him curiously at close range, asking him all sorts of questions about his work, his life, his age, and of course whether or not he liked Peking.

And all this interest was spent on a little one-ring circus such as we would not think was worth while at all. The United States has been the preferred advisor of the Chinese government ever since the troublous days of 1900, showing that the nation is considered a great power in China. What that estimation might become were a three-ring, truly American circus to burst upon the queer great nation the other side of the world is something that is too stupendous to be worked out.

The story, "A Christmas Ogre," printed in the Christmas number of The Journal Junior, told the story of a little girl who was smuggled into a flat where people with children were not allowed to live, and one of the pathetic features was the fact that for that reason she could have no Christmas tree. It is not an impossible story at all. It is very well known that many an apartment house is closed to children, and this past winter landlords in New York more or less generally forbade the celebration of the holidays with what they call "the deadly Christmas tree." If things like this keep on, children may question the claim that this is "the children's age," and may well think they have returned to the days of ogres and tyrants.

To be old enough to go to school, to be anxious to go to school, and still be considered too big to go to school with ordinary children, such is the fate of a certain very large little boy in a suburb of London. He is really only an infant in years, but in stature and strength he is bigger than an ordinary man. As his temper is quick in proportion, he became a terror to the young children of his age wherever he went. School authorities forbade his presence, and when his family tried to force him in, the law sided with the school people, because very clearly the laws had not expected to deal with young giants.

What a dull life it must be to be an heir to a throne, especially to the German throne, and have to take one's studies and pleasures with due regard for the fact. Not only has the German crown prince had the hardest kind of study put upon him, but just recently his father sentenced him to imprisonment for three days for disobedience in riding in a race. Wilhelm's health is not so good as it might be, and he evidently intends that the eldest of his sons, who has been especially trained in the duties of kingship, shall live to occupy the place. Meanwhile, it is rather hard on the crown prince.

That man of many millions, John D. Rockefeller, who is willing to give a goodly percentage of them away to the man, woman or child who can give him an appetite or a new head of hair, has taken to skating these past cold days as the proverbial duck takes to water. Evidently Mr. Rockefeller has been given a quiet tip, for home makers of cookies and doughnuts, to say nothing of small boy and girl skaters, know that there is nothing like skating for putting a regular razor edge upon one's appetite.

"Work while you work, and play while you play," seems to be the rule by which President Roosevelt orders his life. During the holidays, with congress off his hands, the president has given himself over whole heartedly to the pleasures of the season. And he is none the less the able president of the United States because he is for a time the ideal rather and chum of his children.

Astronomical Chronometers.

The error of an astronomical chronometer is rarely greater than two one-hundredths of a second.

Kensington Palace.

II.—VICTORIA.

KINGS, great and small, may come and go, but of all who have lived within the walls of ugly old Kensington Palace, it remained for a little princess who became one of the very greatest queens in the history of the world, to make it forever historic. And that, too, by the mere accident of being born there and of spending the first eighteen years of her life within its walls and beneath the shade of its trees.

Victoria's little girl days were most lonely ones. There were no other children in the family to play with her; no sisters, no brothers, no cousins and her stepsister was eleven years older than she; moreover, altho several lives stood between her and the throne when she was born her father from the first said and believed that she would become the ruler of Great Britain. When he died, his wife was so convinced of his view that from that day to the one on which Victoria was called to the throne, the little princess was never one hour out of her mother's sight. Her little bed stood beside her mother's at night, and she ate, walked, studied and played under her mother's eyes. Not once in all those first eighteen years of her life did she appear in public except at her mother's side. All this helped to make her character what it was, but the making gave her many lonely hours and a good many heartaches as she saw children romping about together.

Relics of a Lonely Childhood.

None of the furniture used in the time of Princess Victoria is left in the palace. When a palace ceases to be a place of residence they strip it, tho no one seems to know where the faded, wornout furniture goes, and if its historical associations are enough to bring visitors to it, there are left only empty rooms, uncarpeted, unpolished floors, dusty woodwork, time-stained frescoes and such paintings as are not considered of any special value by the deserting royal occupants.

In the nursery, the bedroom of the former Princess Victoria, and in the long King's gallery, opening from the latter rooms, are a few relics of her childhood. Pitiful little relics they are, too. A pair of dumbbells, the tiniest of the tiny, rest upon the mantel in the nursery—even when a grown woman, the queen was but a child in height—and in the bedroom are three small cases containing what remains of some of her toys. In one there is a doll's state coach, a one time bright yellow; tennis rackets tiny enough to fit a doll's hand, and the most delicious "store," where her dollship could buy anything from a pair of pattens to a white satin couch, tufted with silver and trimmed with silver braid. There are laces and ribbons, dress goods in quaint old patterns, and lamps, one bead forming the body and another the shade; a box of tiny towels, some marked "A" and some "P" in red cross stitch; a small tin trunk—for even to this day many English people use tin boxes as trunks in order to avoid the extra weight of the average trunk—a figured white velvet needle case and a very dot of a pin cushion.

In a second case were a marquee tent, a donkey with a headless rider and a castle, with sentry boxes, a fence, gate, Noah's ark, trees, cannon, etc., also a mechanical toy with two Indian pagodas and dancing figures, and bells, bells, bells, hung everywhere possible.

An Old-Fashioned Doll House.

The third case is given up wholly to a sizeable doll's house, which, even tho for a princess, contains only two rooms. Strange enough it must have seemed to the little girl, accustomed only to a palace for a home with a king for an uncle and servants to do her will at the slightest nod, to play that her dolls must eat, sleep and give their parties all in the one room on the second floor. But then, one day when the little princess went to visit her aunt, Queen Adelaide, she was asked what one special thing she wanted particularly to do to make her visit exactly to her mind, and she replied that she wanted to wash the windows! The little kitchen is elaborately fitted out with a truly English spread of tiny pewter plates and platters, an old-fashioned stove, wooden buckets, a case of knives and forks two inches long, and skillets and frying pans enough to delight the heart of the most extravagant cook.

The parlor-dining-room-bedroom above has quaint old-fashioned furniture, a little "whatnot," a grate with little tongs, shovel, and andirons; a center table, an upholstered wooden chair, a dining-room table set round with little tin chairs and loaded with tiny doll dishes. The only sign of sleeping quarters now is a tiny bureau that would hold just about half a handkerchief, divided up between its three drawers. Last of all, a parrot in a cage.

This dollhouse was placed in the former bedroom of the queen unknown to her and when she made her first visit to the rehabilitated palace, her daughters and attendants watched closely to see what she would say, or whether she would remember it at all. When her eyes fell upon it, she exclaimed:

"That old dollhouse! Where in the world did you get that?"

"But aren't you pleased to have it here?"

"Oh, I suppose so. But I did use to hate that dollhouse so!"

"But why?"

"Because they were always after me to keep it clean," was the reply in a tone that left no doubt of the feeling with which she regarded it in her youthful days.

Queen Victoria's Bedroom and Doll's House.

The Books That Princess Victoria Read.

But the most interesting place of all, so far as associations with the queen are concerned, is the great king's gallery opening off from the former bedroom of the princess. In the time of the princess herself, this long, imposing room was divided up into three apartments, in one of which she kept her collection of toys. When the palace was restored to its present respectable condition and opened to the public after the queen's first jubilee, the partitions were taken down and the room given back its oldtime appearance. To-day, thru the center of the gallery are bookcases containing the library of the little princess. An imposing one it is, too, for a child, even tho she be a royal lady, and especially so for that age, when women were not expected to be as well educated as they are now. There are hundreds of volumes in this child's library, books of travel, biography, histories by the dozen, poetry, "goody-goody" books, essays and encyclopedias, not only in English, but in French and German. It is fairly amazing the amount of reading one can do in a comparatively few years.

And then around on one side, on a shelf so low that one has to kneel to read, there is a little account book opened to the first page, and bearing inscriptions in the handwriting of both the princess and her mother, the Duchess of Kent.

On the fly leaf the duchess had written:

The First Account Book.

"24th May, 1827. On this day, dearest Victoria, you begin to receive a regular allowance: Recollect, my dear child, how it is in our power, by order and regularity, to assist others consistently, with what we are required to do for ourselves: This account book will show you, if well kept, how you have used your money.

"May it's use give you many happy feelings is the anxious desire of your affectionate Mother."

And the apostrophe in "it's" was written by the duchess. On the first page opposite, in the painfully careful writing of a child, are the following entries under the date of 1 January, 1832.—"Silver knife, fork and spoon, £4 14s 6. Mr. Ackerman's 2 bills £2 4s. (An acknowledgement of £1 "from mama" evidently helped out the little bookkeeper) and then follow entries of £1 put in purse for poor people; Paid Miss Wabbington for work, 7s 6; Gave to a poor lady at Dover, £1. Balance in hand, 1s 6½."

But not all the time was given to study, or keeping accounts or reading books or drawing or "practicing" or even playing with the strange and wonderful toys which royal relatives had showered upon her. Every day, rain or shine, she went out into the park, sometimes afoot, and sometimes riding on her gentle little white donkey, which was gaily decked with blue ribbons. It was her mother's rule that she must ride and walk alternately, but they do say that the little princess had more than one will of her own and there was many a scene in the beautiful old gardens, when the little royal lady screamed and cried and kicked in just as great a temper as any child of less degree, because she did not want to leave her donkey.

Breakfast Under the Trees.

On pleasant days, her mother used to have the breakfast table

Breakfast Under the Trees.