

An illustration of a dollhouse scene. On the left, a doll with a large white ruff collar and a green dress sits on a platform. In the center is a large, dark, rounded vase with a lid. A large, feathery object, resembling a peacock feather, is positioned behind the vase. To the right of the vase stands a smaller doll in a white dress and a dark hat. On the platform in front of the vase are several small items: a pumpkin, a small cup, and two plates. The entire scene is set against a light blue background.

DOLLS HOUSE: KEEPING

Written by
Juliana Horatia Ewing

Depicted by
R. André.

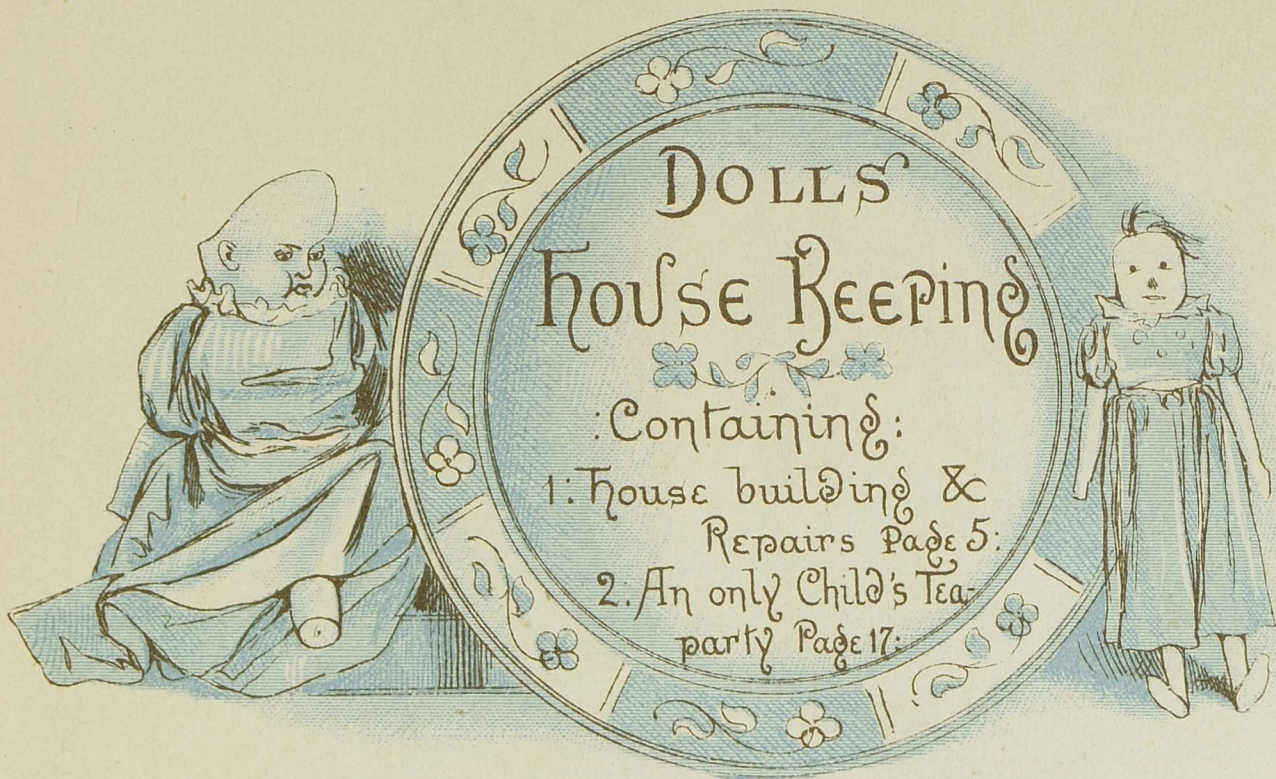
London
Society for Promoting
Christian Knowledge
New York
E. & J. B. Young
& Co

42
105

Mabel Carr.
poor Mother.

1885.

[Faint handwritten scribble]



:Written by Juliana Horatia Ewing:
 :Pictured by R. Andre:



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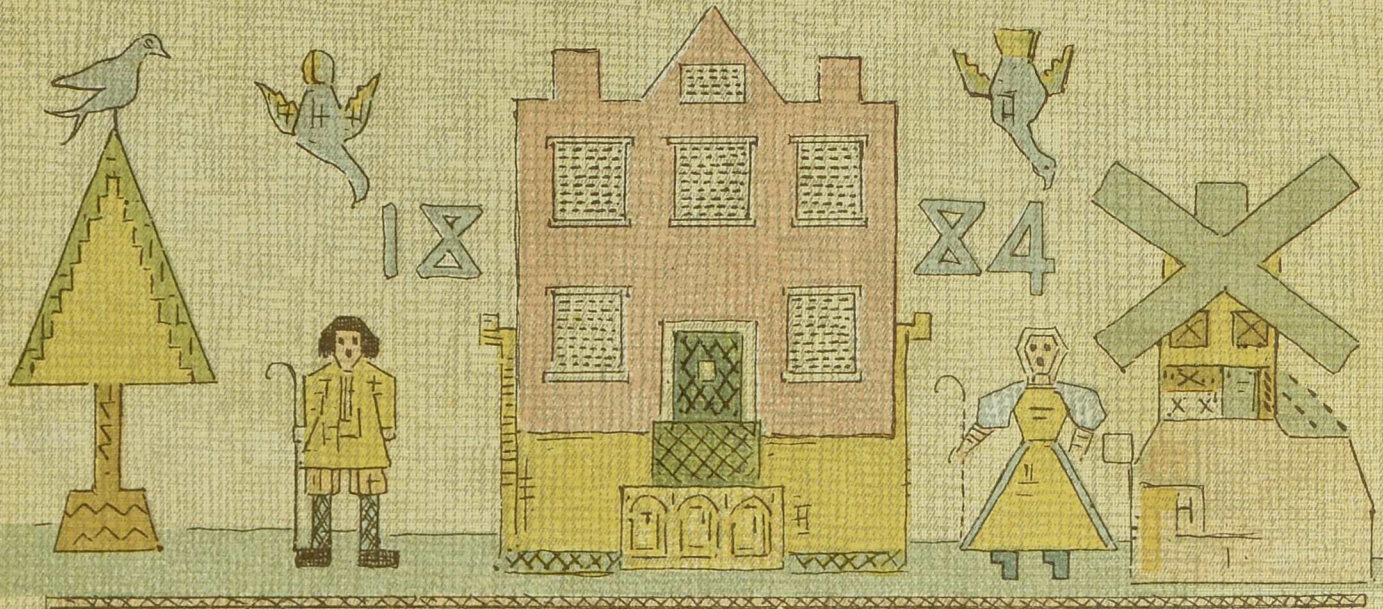
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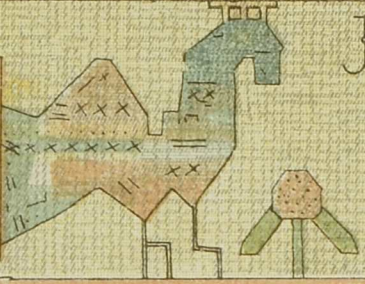
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DOLLS × HOUSEKEEPING

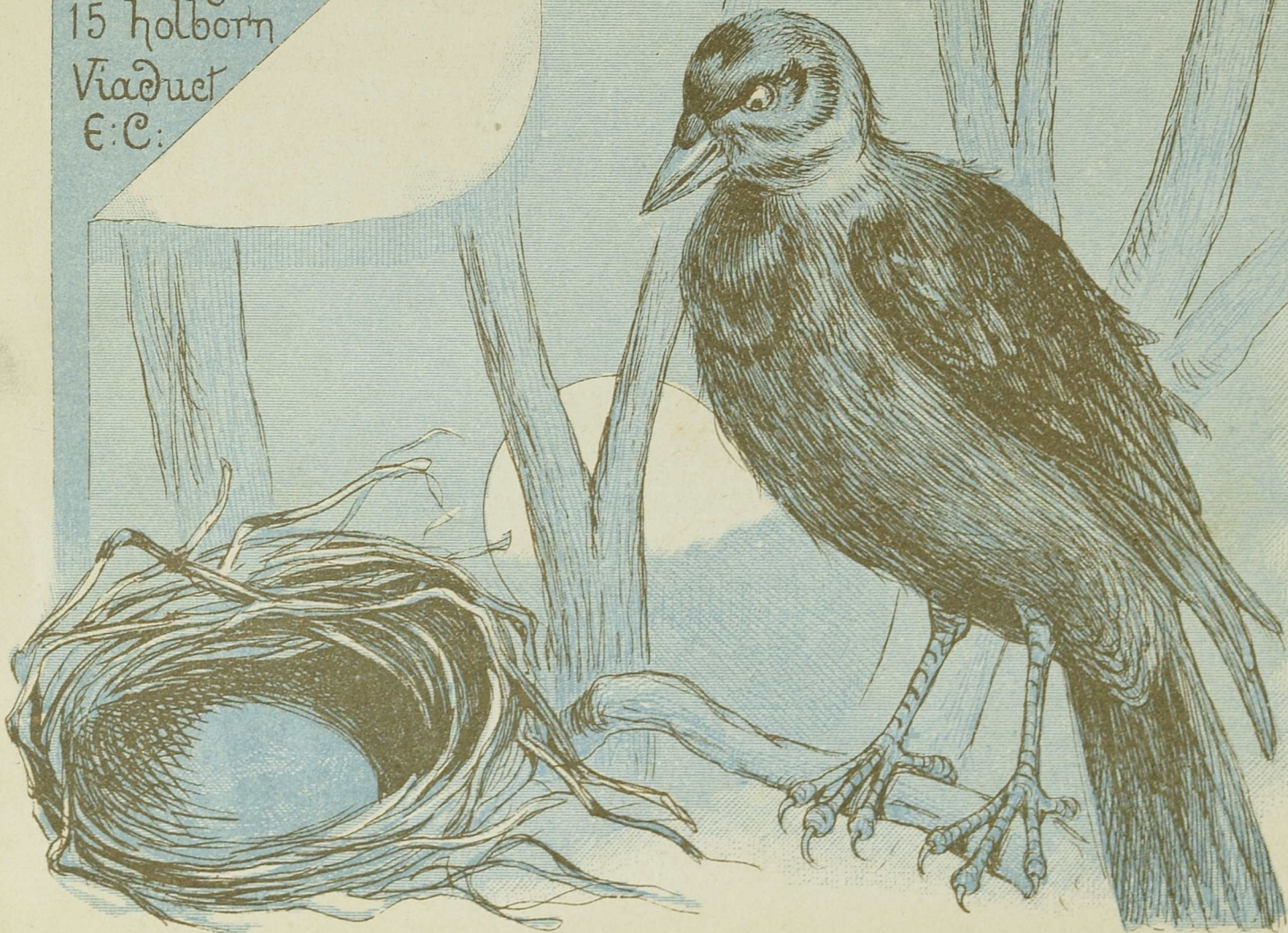


LONDON
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Juliana Horatia Ewing
 her Writing
 Richard Andre
 his Drawings.



Chromolitho:
Emrik
&
Binger
15 holborn
Viaduct
E.C.



House building & Repairs:

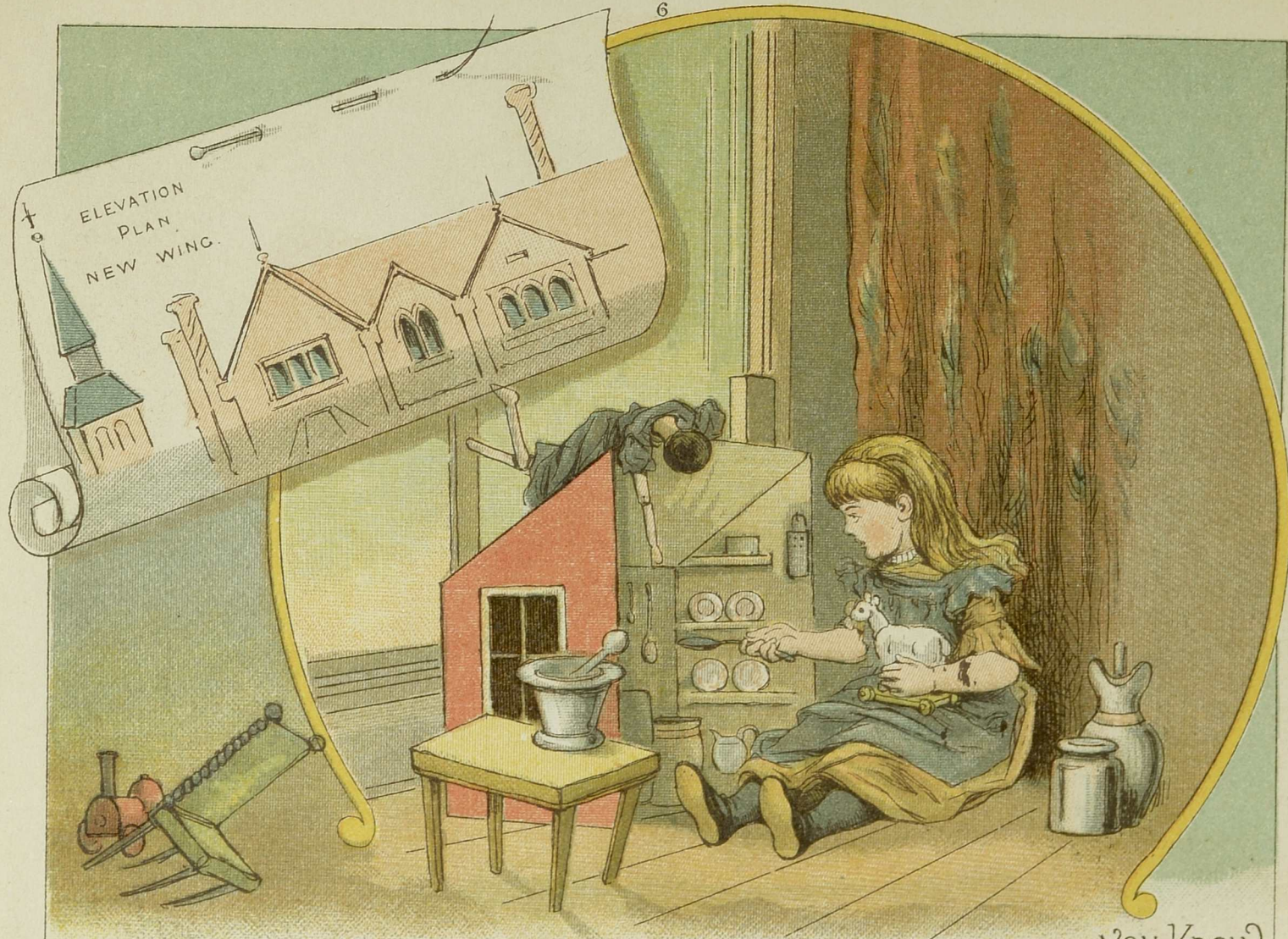
o Mother is building
a new house, but I've had
one given to me for my own.

Brick red, with a white window, and black
where it ought to be glass, and the chimney
yellow, like stone

Brother Bill made me the shelves with his
tool box, and the table I had before, and the
pestle and mortar;

And Mother gave me
the jam-pot when it
was empty; it's rather
big, but it's the only
pot we have that
will really
hold water.





We—that is I and Jemima, my doll. (For it's a Doll's House,
 Though some of the things are real, like the nutmeg-grater,
 but not the wooden plates that stand in a row.

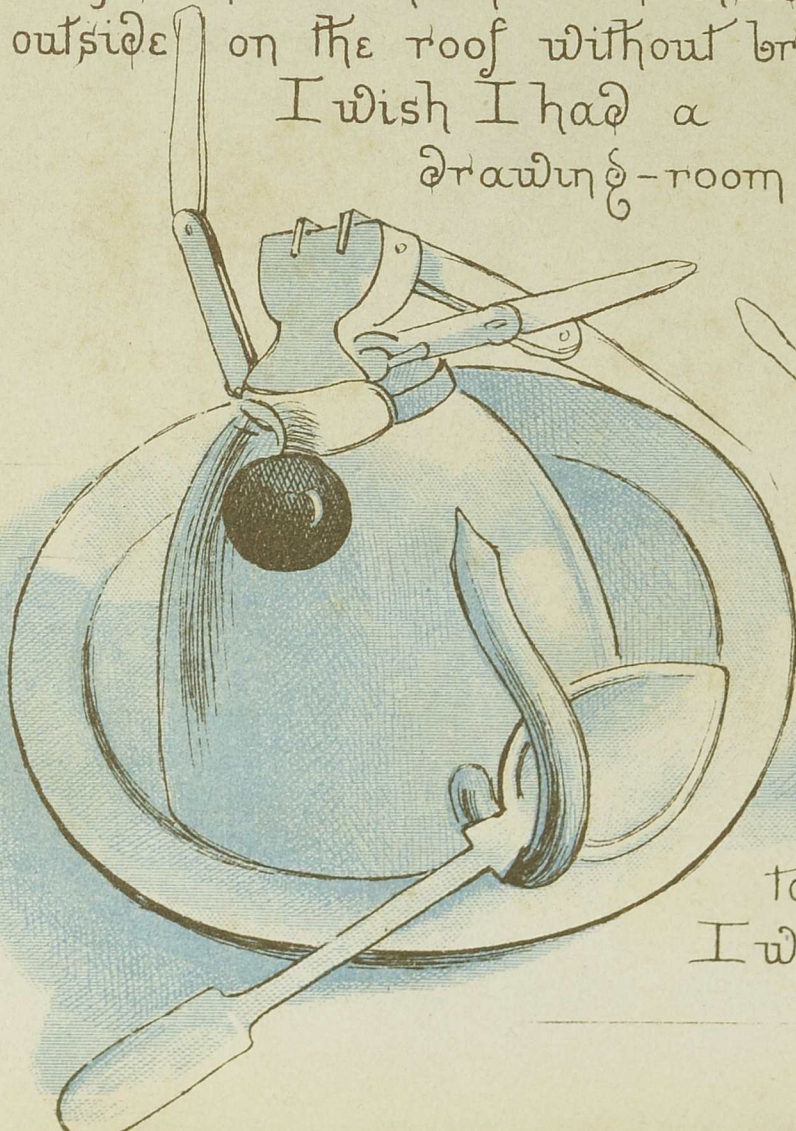
You know,



They came out of a box of toy-tea-things, and I can't think what became of the other's; But one never can tell what becomes of anything when one has brother's.)

Jemima is much smaller than I am, and, being
 made of wood, she is thin.
 She takes up too much room inside,
 but she can lie outside
 on the roof without breaking it in.

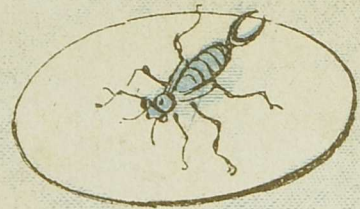
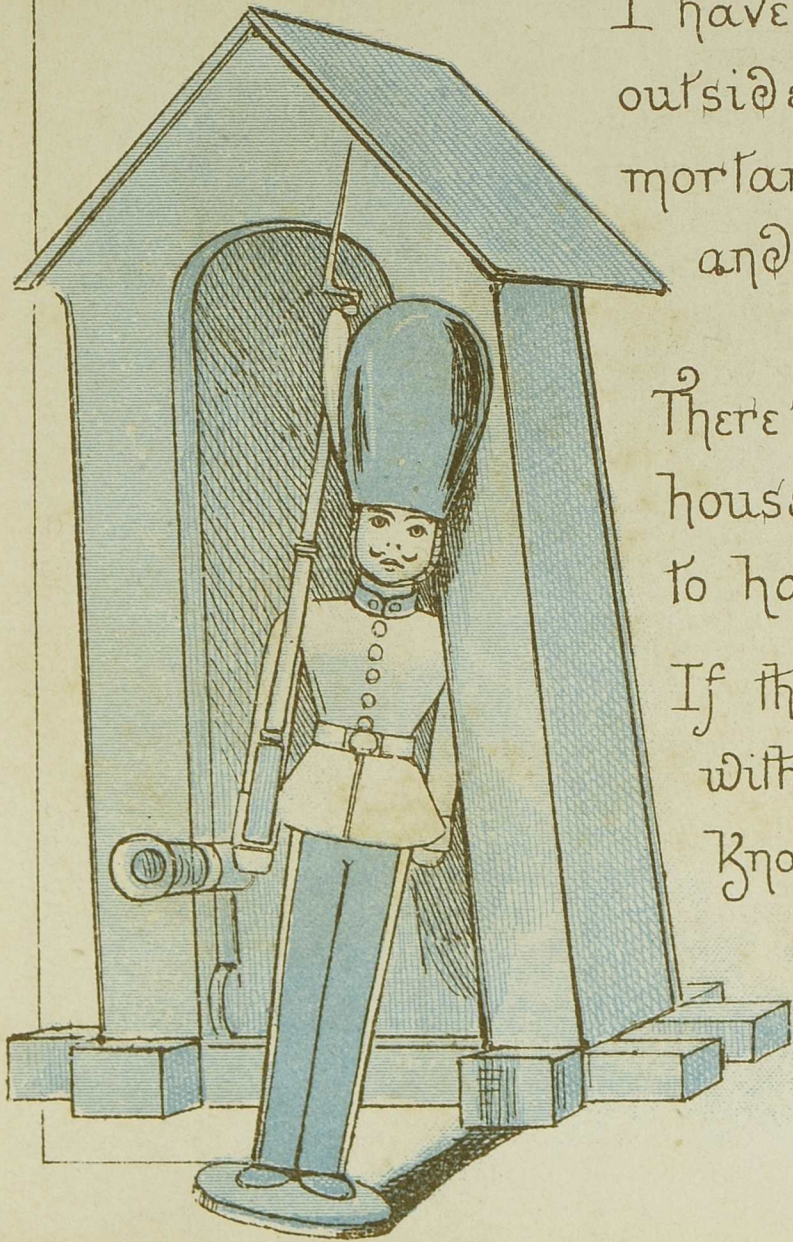
I wish I had a
 drawing-room

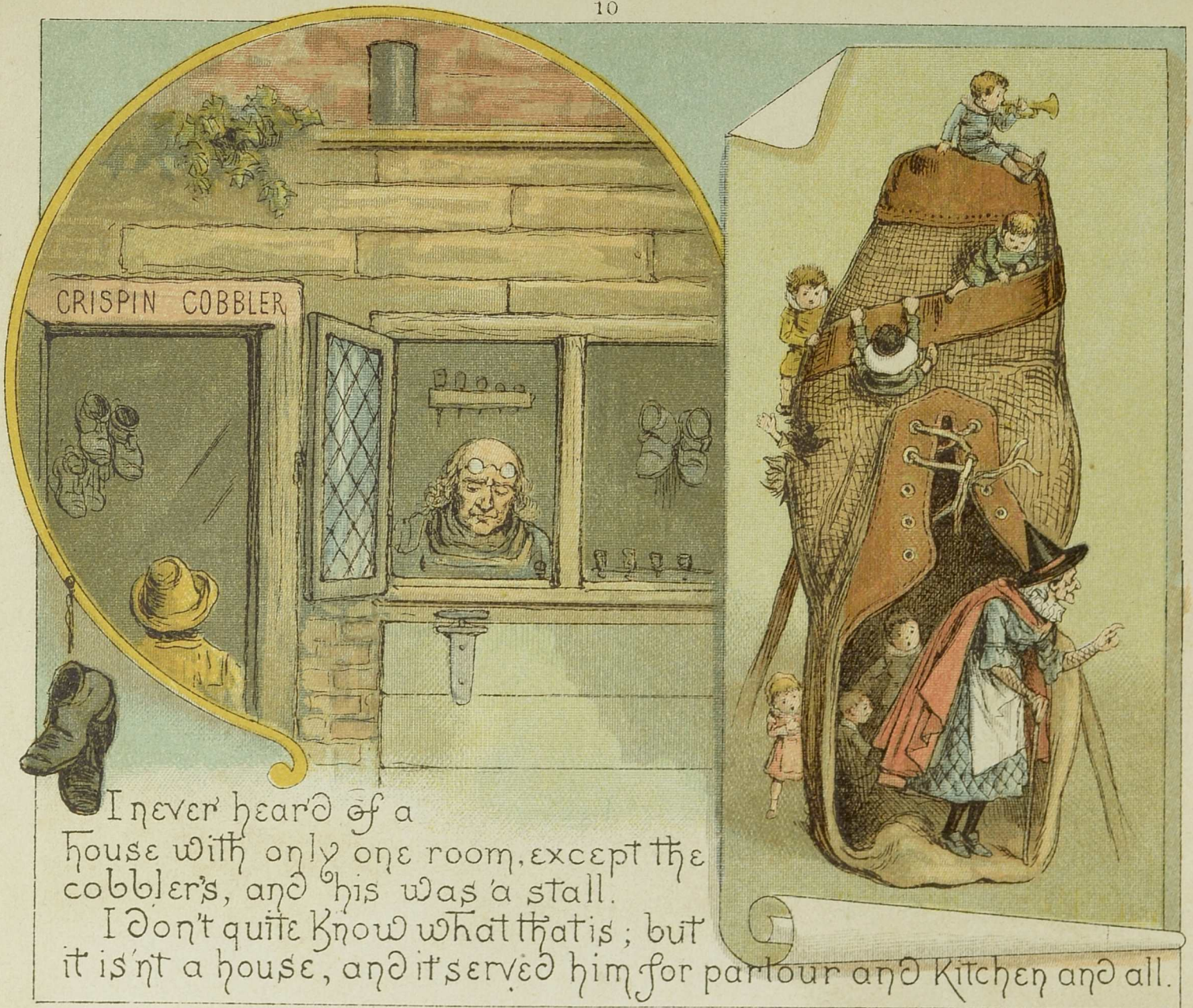


to put her in when
 I want to really cook.

I have to have the kitchen-table outside as it is, and the pestle-and-mortar is rather too heavy for it, and everybody can look.

There's no front door to the house, because there's no front to have a door in, and beside, if there were, I could'nt play with anything, for I should'nt know how to get inside.





I never heard of a house with only one room, except the cobbler's, and his was a stall.

I don't quite know what that is; but it isn't a house, and it served him for parlour and kitchen and all.

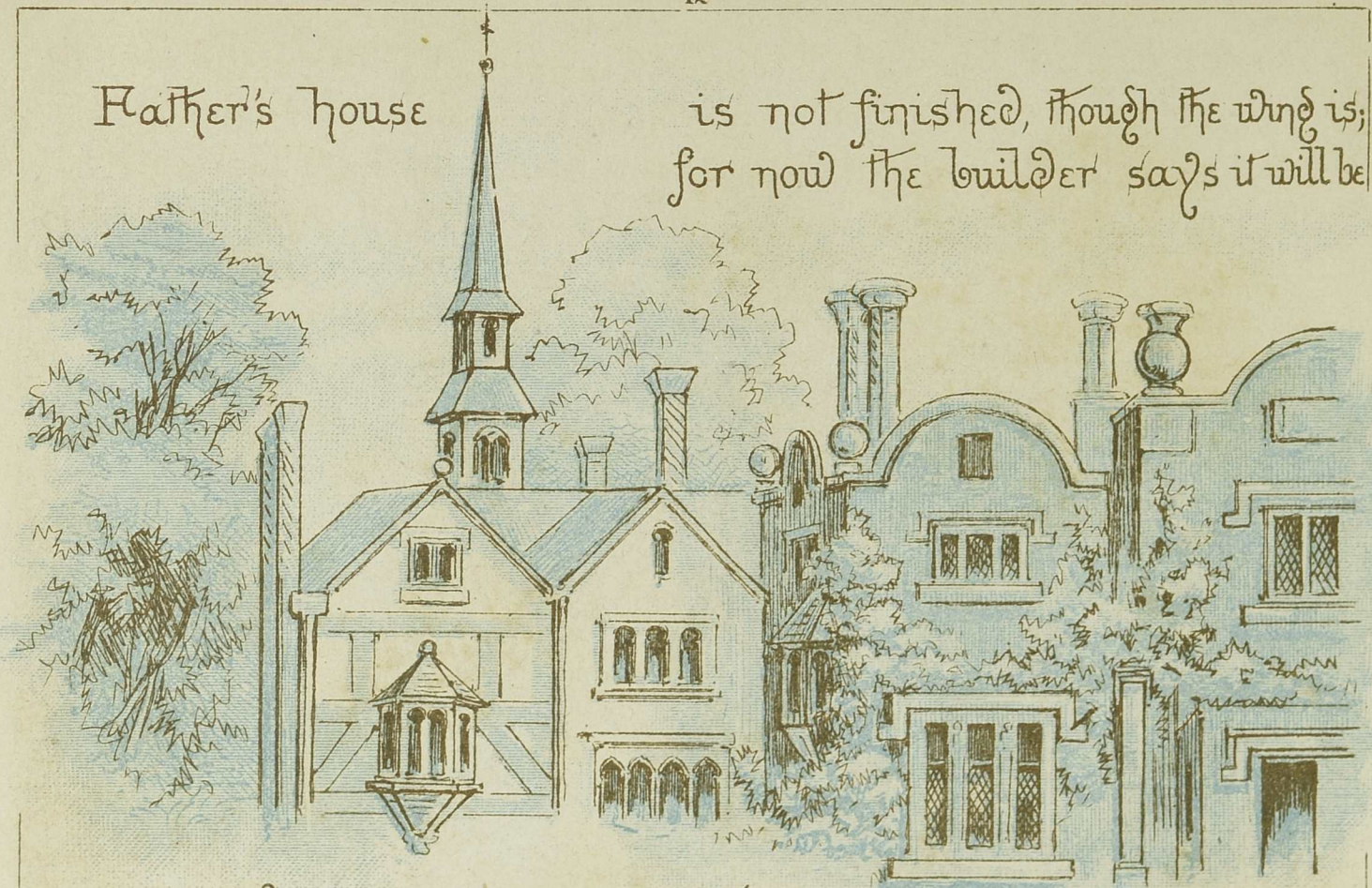
Father says that whilst he is about it, he thinks he shall add on a wing.



And brother Bill says he'll nail my Doll's house on the top of an old tea-chest which will come to the same thing.

Father's house

is not finished, though the wind is;
for now the builder says it will be



all wrong if there is not another wind to match.

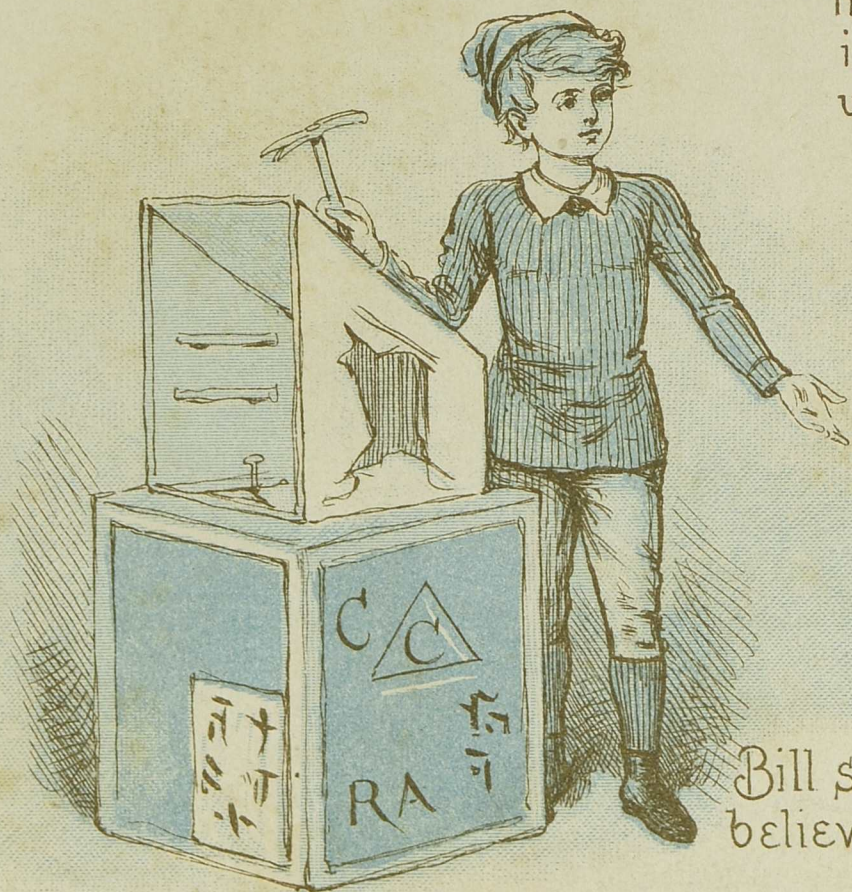
And my house is not done either, though it's nailed on, for Bill took off the roof to make a new one of thatch.

The paint is very much scratched, but he says that's nothing, for it must have had a new coat;

And he means to paint it for me, inside and out, when he paints his own boat.

There's a sad hole in the floor, but Bill says the wood is as rotten as rotten can be:

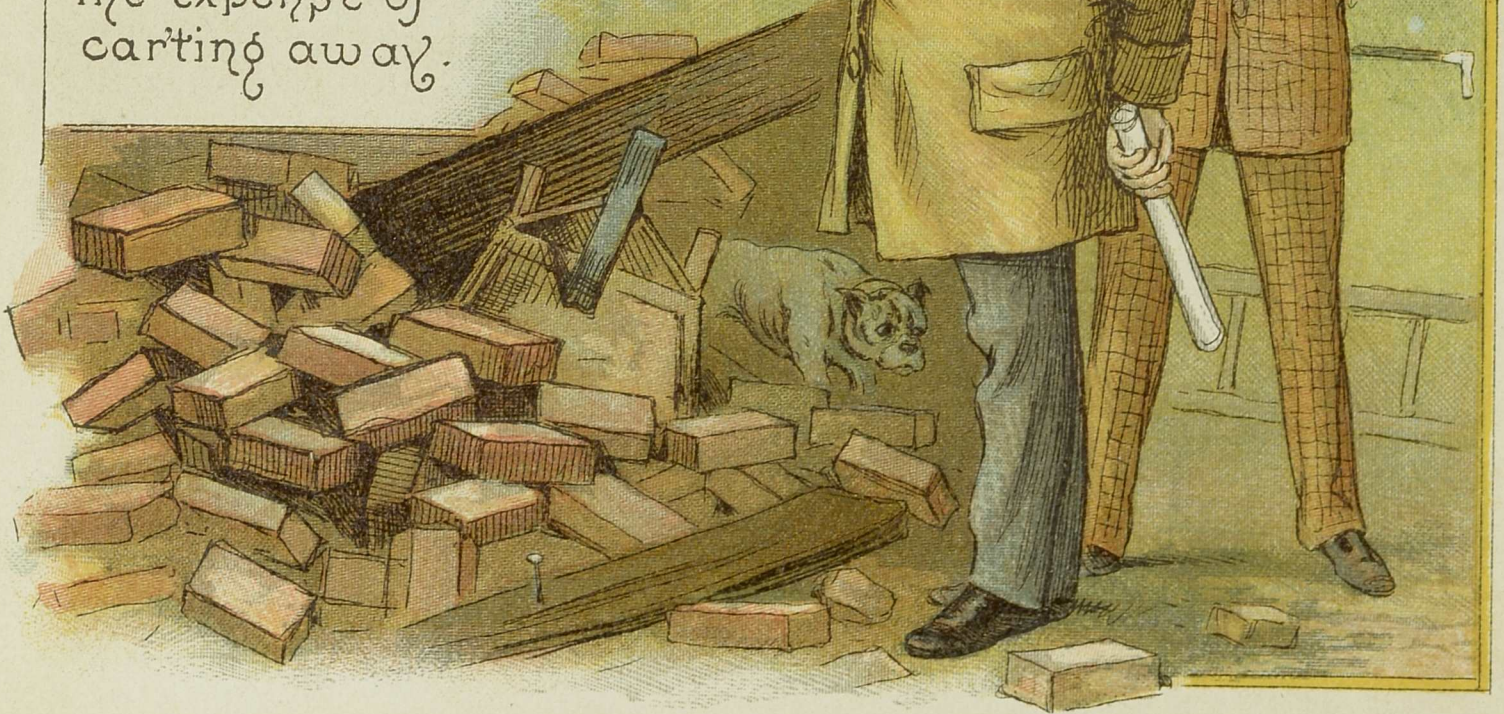
Which was why he made such a mess of the side with trying to put real glass in the window, through which one can see



Bill says he believes that

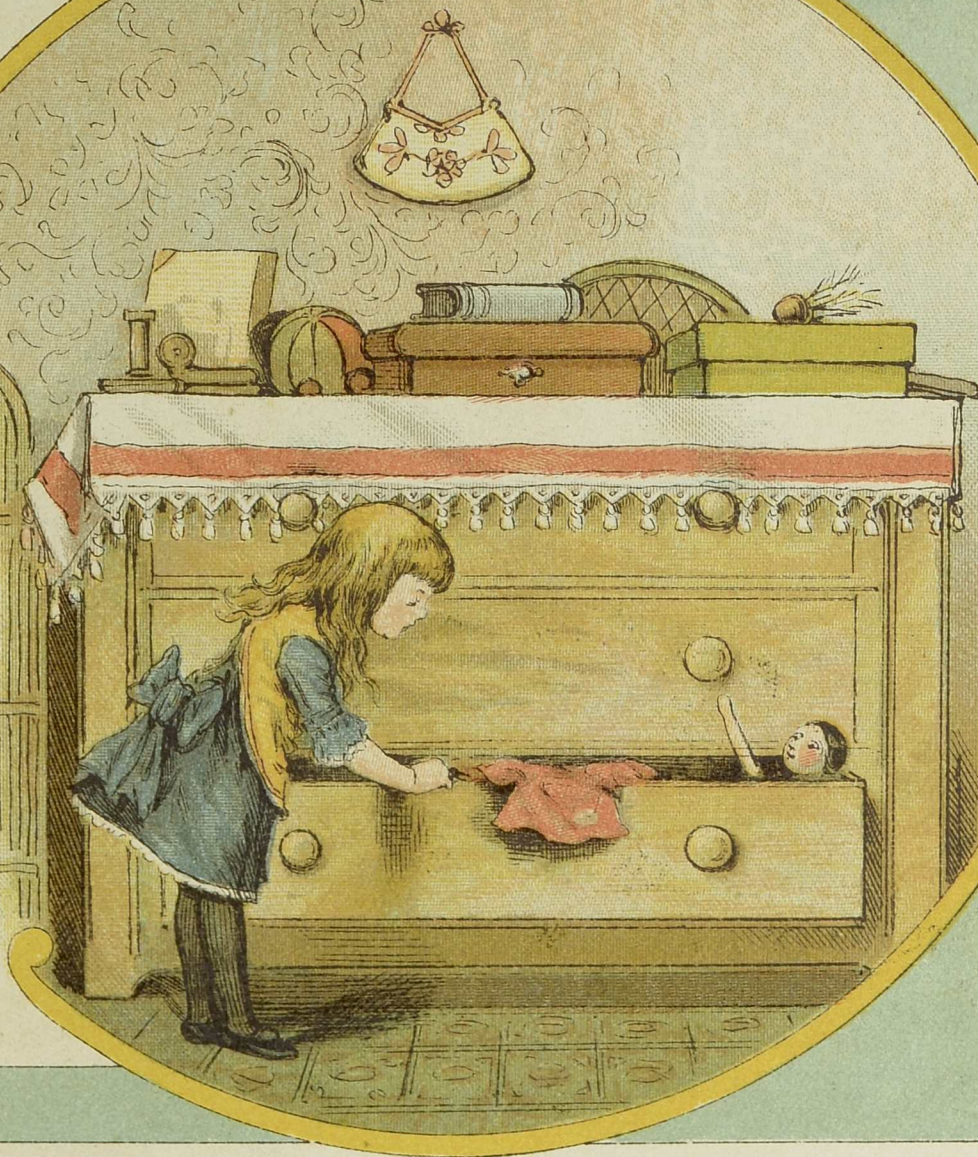
the shortest plan would be to make a new Doll's house with proper rooms, in the regular way.

Which was what the
builder said to Father
when he wanted to build
in the old front; and
today
I heard him tell him
the old materials
were no good to use
and weren't worth
the expense of
carting away.



I don't know
when I
shall be
able to play
at dolls
again, for all
the things are
put away in
a box;

Except
Jemima and
the pestle —
and mortar,
and they're
in the bottom
drawer with
my Sunday
frocks.



An Only Child's Tea party.



When I go to tea with the little Smiths, there are eight of them there, but there's only one of me, which makes it not so easy to have a fancy tea-party as if there were two or three.

I had a tea-party on my birthday, but Joe Smith says it can't have been a regular one because as to a tea-party with only one tea-cup and no teapot, sugar-basin, cream jug, or slop-basin he never heard of such a thing under the sun.

But it was a very big tea-cup, and quite full of
milk and water, and, you see,
There wasn't anybody
there who could
really drink
milk and water
except Towser
and me.

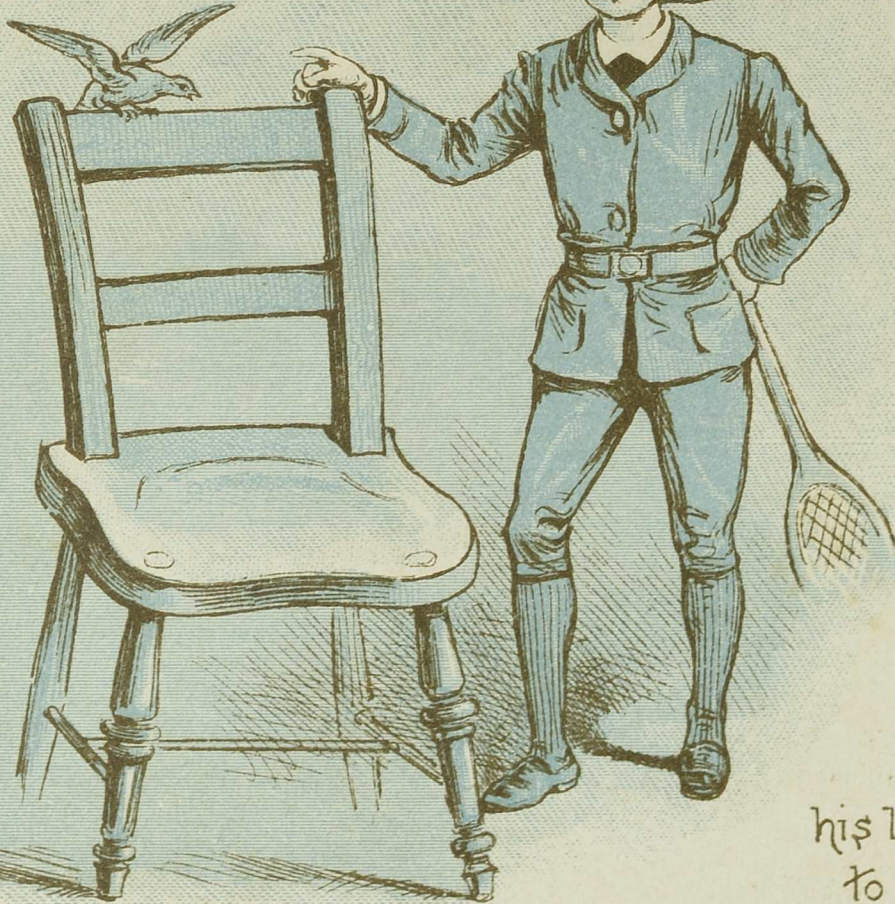




The dolls can only prētend,
and then it washes the paint
off their lips,
And what Charles the
canary drinks isn't worth
speaking of, for he takes
such very small sips.



Joe says a
Kitchen-chair



isn't a table;
but it has
got four legs
and a top,
so it would
be if the back
wasn't there.

And that does
for Charles
to perch on,
and I have to
put the Prince
of Wales to lean
against it, because
his legs have no joints
to sit on a chair.

That's the small Doll.
I call him the Prince
of Wales because he's
the eldest son,
you see;

For I've taken him for
my brother, and he was
mother's Doll before I
was born, so of course
he is older than me.

Towser is my real
live brother but I don't
think he's as old as the
Prince of Wales.



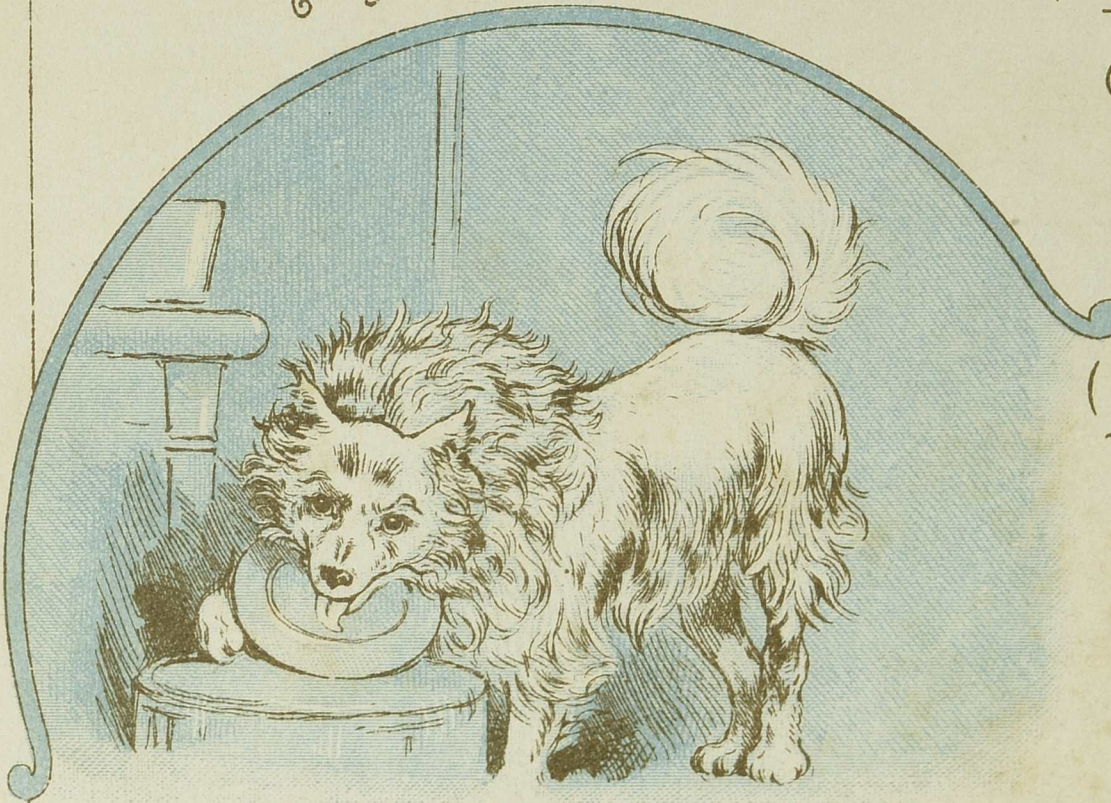


He's a perfect darling, though he whisks everything over he comes near, and I tell him I don't know what we should do if we all had tails.

His hair curls like mine in front,
 and grows short like a lion behind,
 but no one need be frightened,
 for he's as good as good;
 And as to roaring like a real
 menagerie lion, or eating
 people up, I don't believe
 he would
 if he could.



He has his tea out of the saucer' after I've had mine out of
 the cup;
 You see I am sure to leave some for him but if I let
 him begin first he would drink it all up.



The big Doll
 Godmamma
 gave me this
 birthday, and
 the chair she
 gave me the
 year before.

(I haven't many
 toys, but I take
 great care of
 them, and every
 birthday I
 shall have
 more and
 more.)

You've no idea what a beautiful Doll she is, and when
 I pinch her in the middle, she can squeak.
 It quite frightened Towser, for he didn't know that any of
 us but he and I and Charles were able to speak.

I've taken her for my only sister, for of course I may take anybody I choose.

I've called her Cinderella, because I'm so fond of the story, and because she's got real shoes.

I don't feel so only now there are so many of us; for, counting Cinderella there are five,-



She, and I, and Towser, and Charles, and the Prince of Wales - and three of us are really alive;

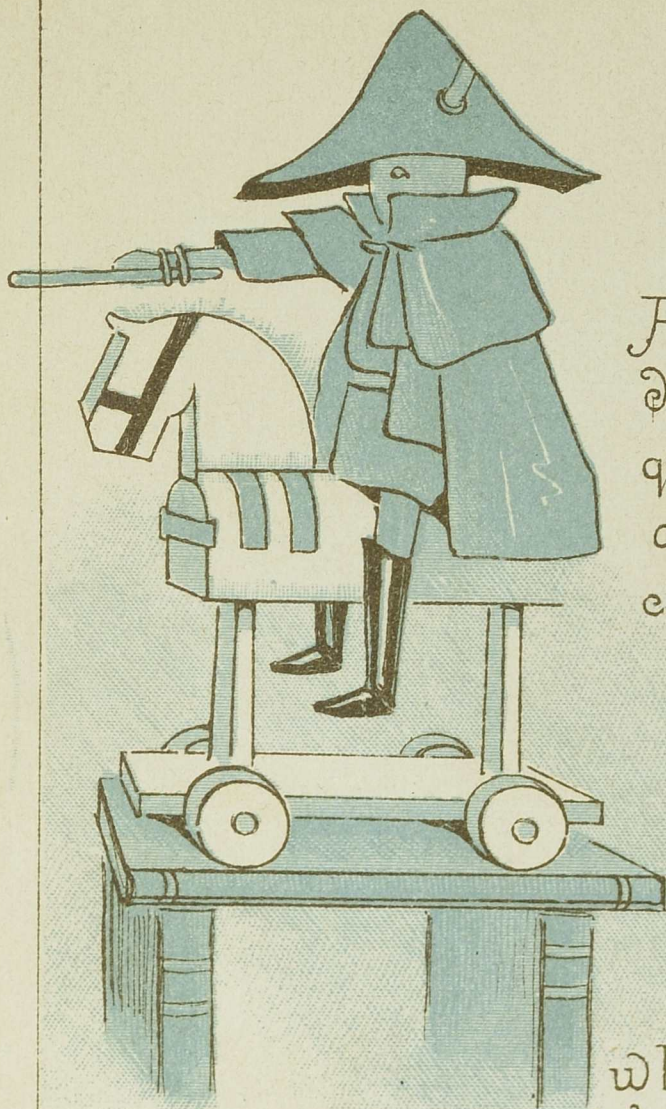
And four of us can speak, and I'm sure the Prince of
Wales is wonderful for his size;
For his things (at least he's only got one thing) take off and on,
and, though he's nothing but wood, he's got real glass eyes.



And perhaps in three birthdays more there may be as many of
us as the Smiths, for five and three make eight;

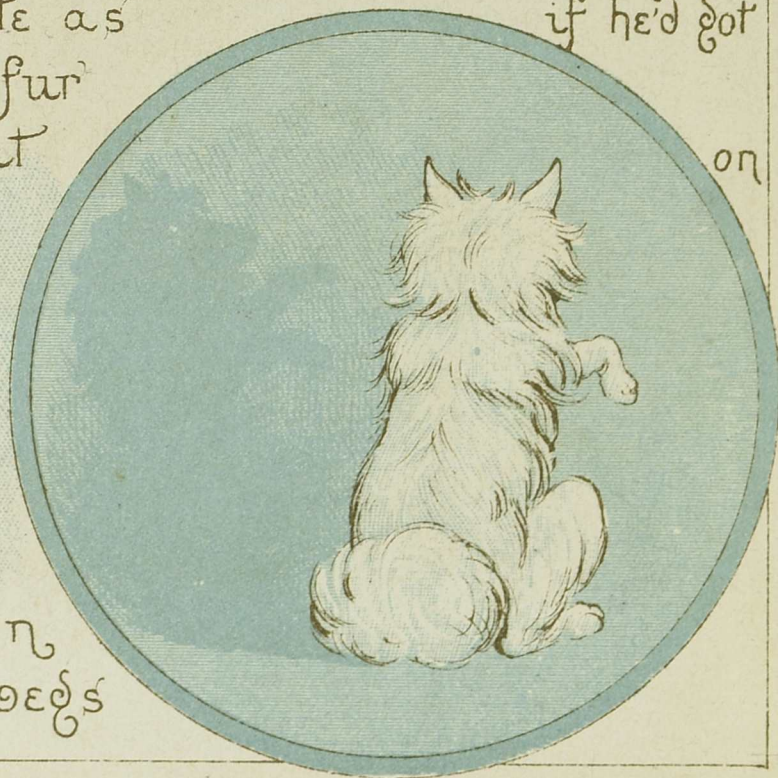


I shall be seven
 years old then
 (as old as Joe),
 but I don't like
 to think too much
 of it, it's so
 long to wait.
 And after all
 I don't know
 that I want
 any more
 of us: I think
 I'd rather
 my sister
 had a chair
 like mine;
 and the next
 year I should
 like a collar
 for Towser if
 it wouldn't rub
 off his hair.



And it would be very nice
if the Prince of Wales could be
dressed like a Field Marshal,
for he's got nothing on his legs;

And Cinderella's beautifully
dressed, and Towser looks
quite as if he'd got
a fur coat



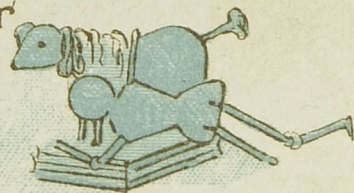
when
he beds



Joe says it's
perfectly
absurd, and
that I can't
take a

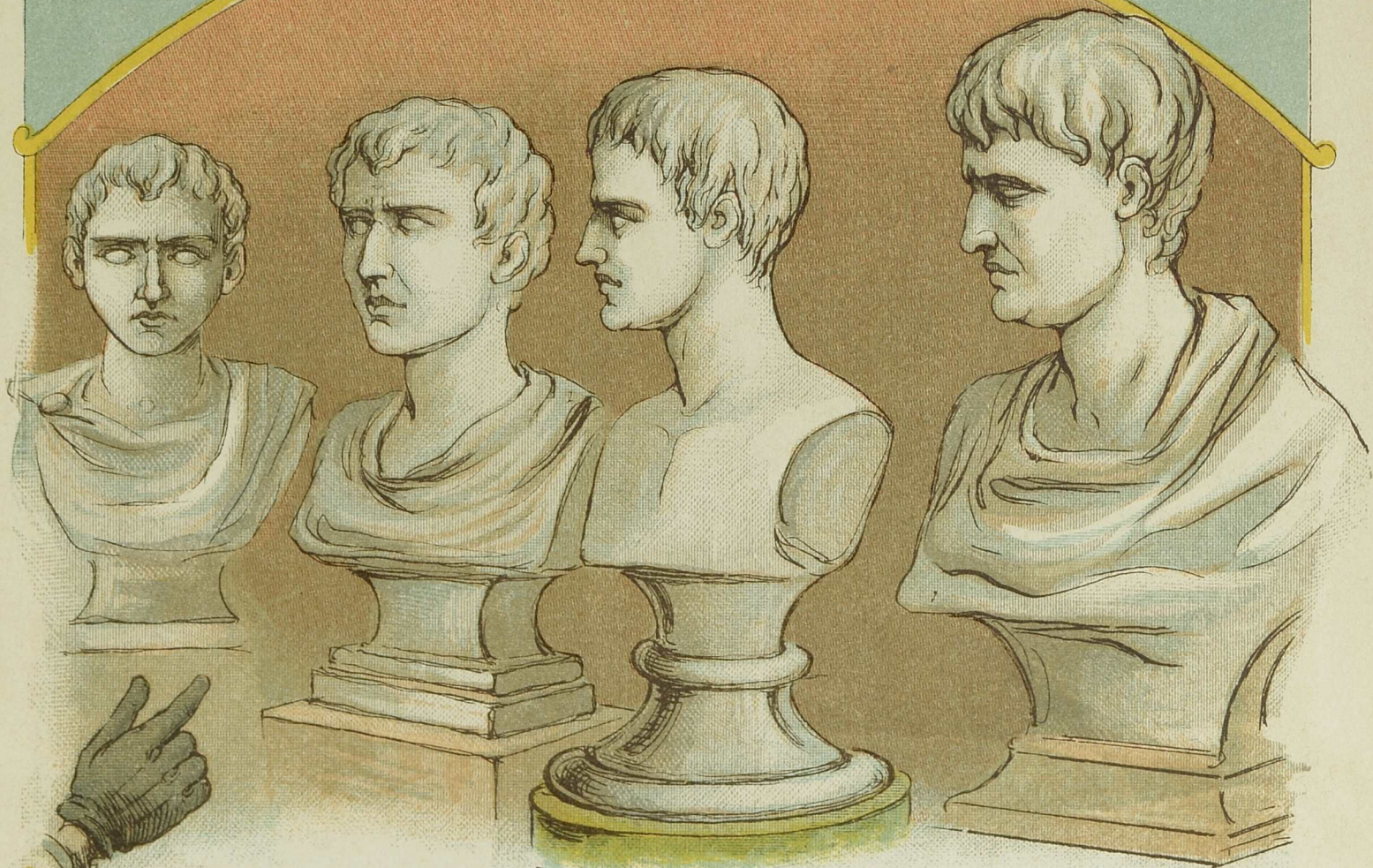
Pomeranian
in earnest for my brother;

But I don't think he really
and truly knows how much Towser
and I love each other.



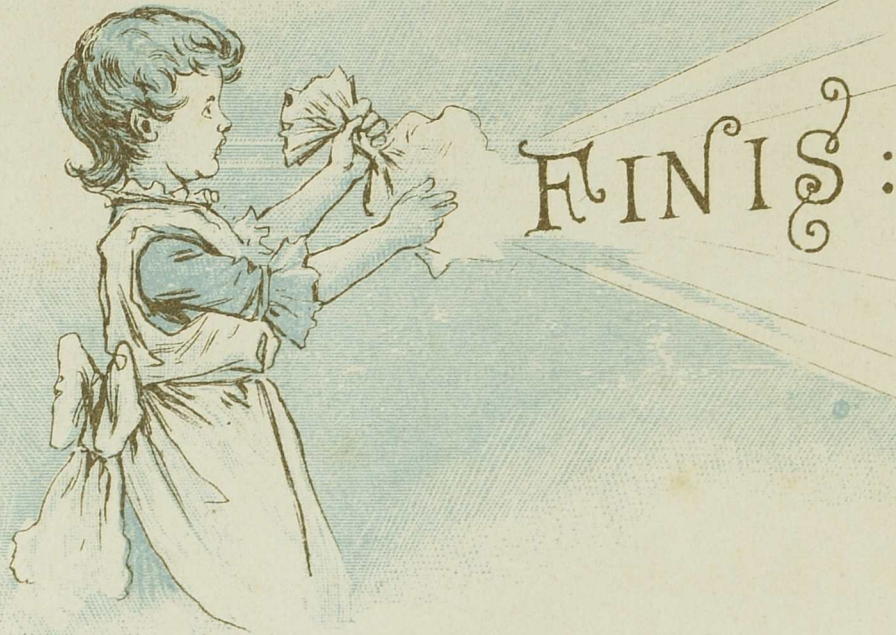


I didn't like his saying, "Well, there's one thing about your lot, - you can always have your own way."

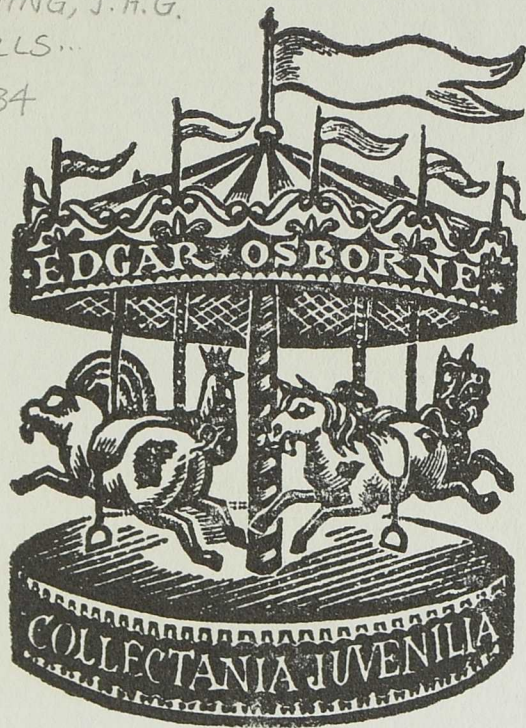


And then he says, "You can't possibly have fun with four people when you have to pretend what they say."

But, whatever he says I don't believe I shall ever enjoy
a tea-party more than the one that we had on that
day. ~~~~~



P
EWING, J. H. G.
DOLLS...
1884

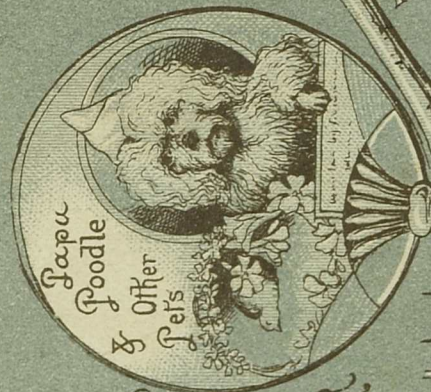
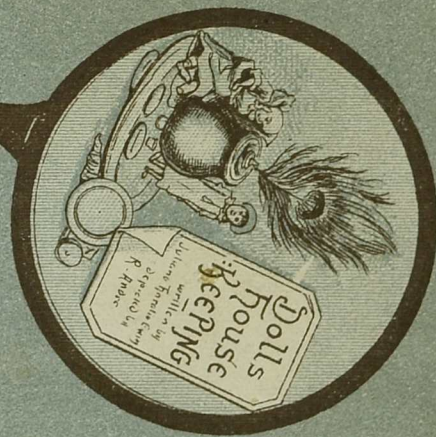
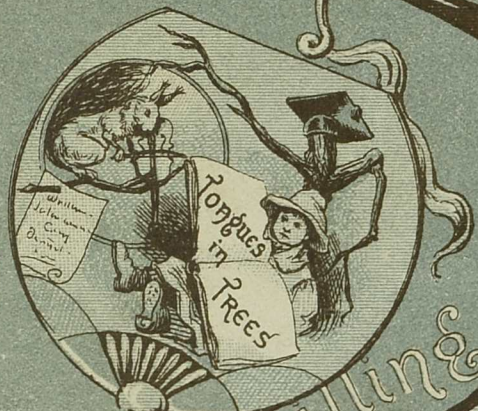


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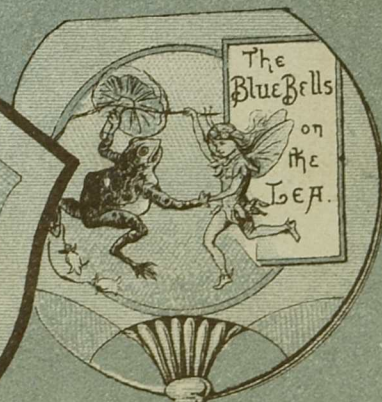
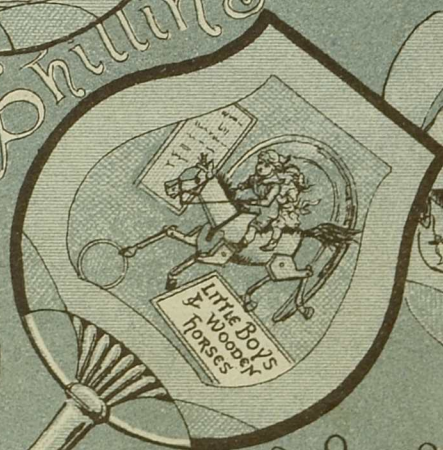
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