

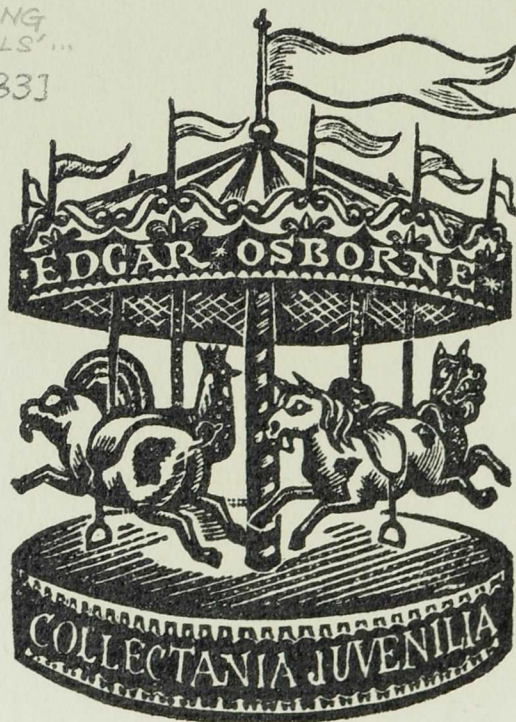
The background of the title page is a detailed illustration of a laundry scene. At the top, various items of clothing are hanging on a line, held by clothespins. From left to right, these include a pair of white socks, a striped shirt, a pair of white pants, a striped skirt, and a small doll. Below the line, a large white sheet or cloth is pinned to the wall, serving as a backdrop for the title. To the right of the sheet, a small doll is hanging from a clothespin. Below the sheet, a pair of white socks is hanging from a clothespin. In the foreground, a doll is lying on a wooden surface, possibly a table or a bench. Next to the doll is a large, ornate ironing board with a wooden handle. To the left of the ironing board, there is a small blue bag and a pair of white socks. To the right of the ironing board, there is a large, ornate metal pot or tub, and a pair of white socks is hanging from a clothespin. The entire scene is set in a room with a wooden floor and a wooden wall.

THE DOLLS WASH:

Written by Juliana Horatia Ewing:
— Depicted by R. André: —

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

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EWING
DOLLS' ...
[1883]



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Dolly Smyth

March 24th / 85-

THE DOLLS' WASH:



Written by
Juliana: Horatia: Ewing:
Depicted by: R. Anqueté:



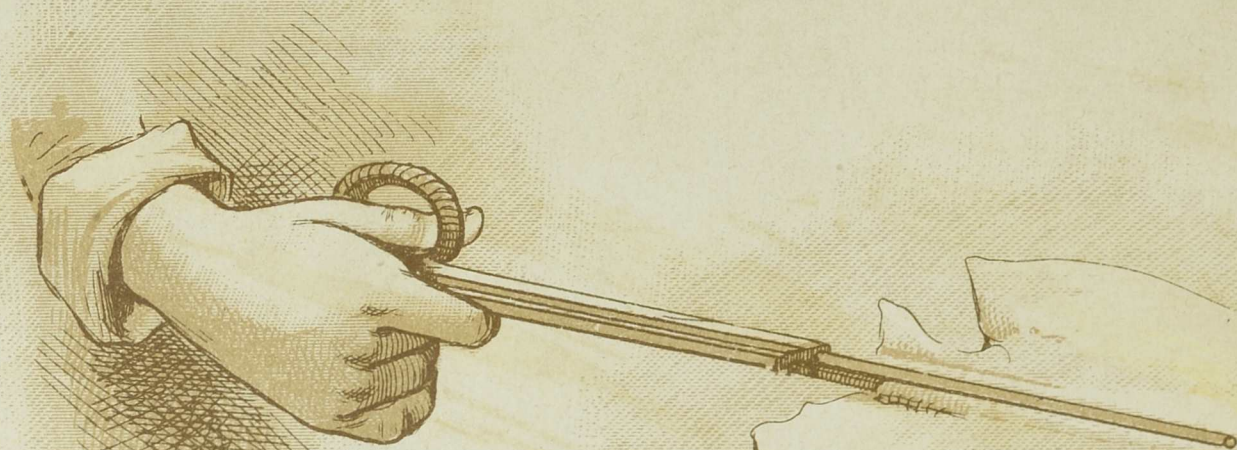




Written by
Juliana Horatia Ewing

Pictured by
R. André:





Chromolitho.
Emrik & Binger
15 Holborn Viaduct
London: E.C.

THE DOLLS' WASH.



Sally is the laundress,
and every Saturday
She sends our clean
clothes up from the wash,
and Nurse puts them away.
Sometimes Sally is very kind, but
sometimes she's as cross as a Turk;
When she's good-humoured we like
to go and watch her at work.
She has tubs and a copper in
the wash-house, and a great
big fire and plenty of soap;
And outside is the drying-ground with
tall posts



and pegs bought from the
gipsies, and long lines
of rope.

The laundry is indoors
with another big fire, and
long tables, and a lot of
irons, and a crimping-
machine;



And horses (not live ones
with tails, but clothes horses)
and the same starch that is
used by the Queen



Sally wears patters in the washhouse, and turns
up her sleeves, and splashes, and rubs,
And makes beautiful white lather which foams
over the tops of the tubs,



Like waves at the seaside dashing
against the rocks, only not so strong.
If I were Sally I should sit and
blow soap-bubbles all the day long.



Sally is angry sometimes because
of the way we dirty our frocks,
Making mud pies, and rolling
down the lawn, and climbing
trees, and scrambling over the
rocks.

She says we do it on purpose,
and never try to take care;



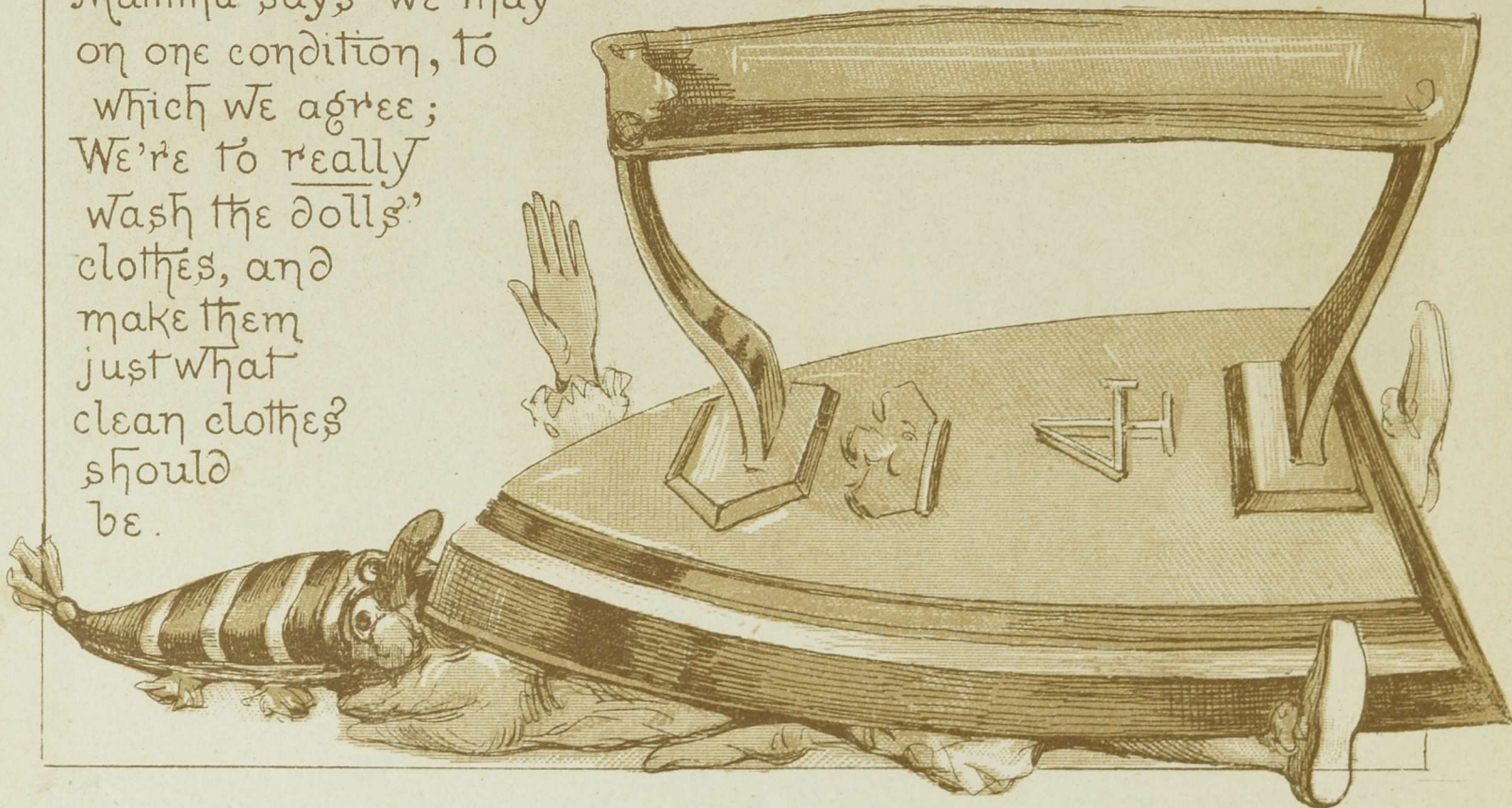
But if things have got to go to the wash what can it matter?
How dirty they are?
Last week Mary and I got a lot of kingcups from the bog
and I carried them home in my skirt,
It was the end of the week, and our frocks were done, so we
didn't mind about the dirt.



But Sally was as cross as two sticks, and won't wash our dolls' clothes any more — so she said — But never mind, for we'll ask Mamma if we may have a real Dolls' Wash of our own instead.

* * * * *

Mamma says we may on one condition, to which we agree; We're to really wash the dolls' clothes, and make them just what clean clothes should be.



She
says we
must wash them
thoroughly, which
of course we intend
to do.

We mean to rub, wring,
dry, mangle, starch, iron
and air them too.

A regular wash must be
splendid fun, and every-
body knows.

That anyone in the world
can wash out a few dirty
clothes





Well, we've had the Dolls' Wash, but it's only pretty good fun.

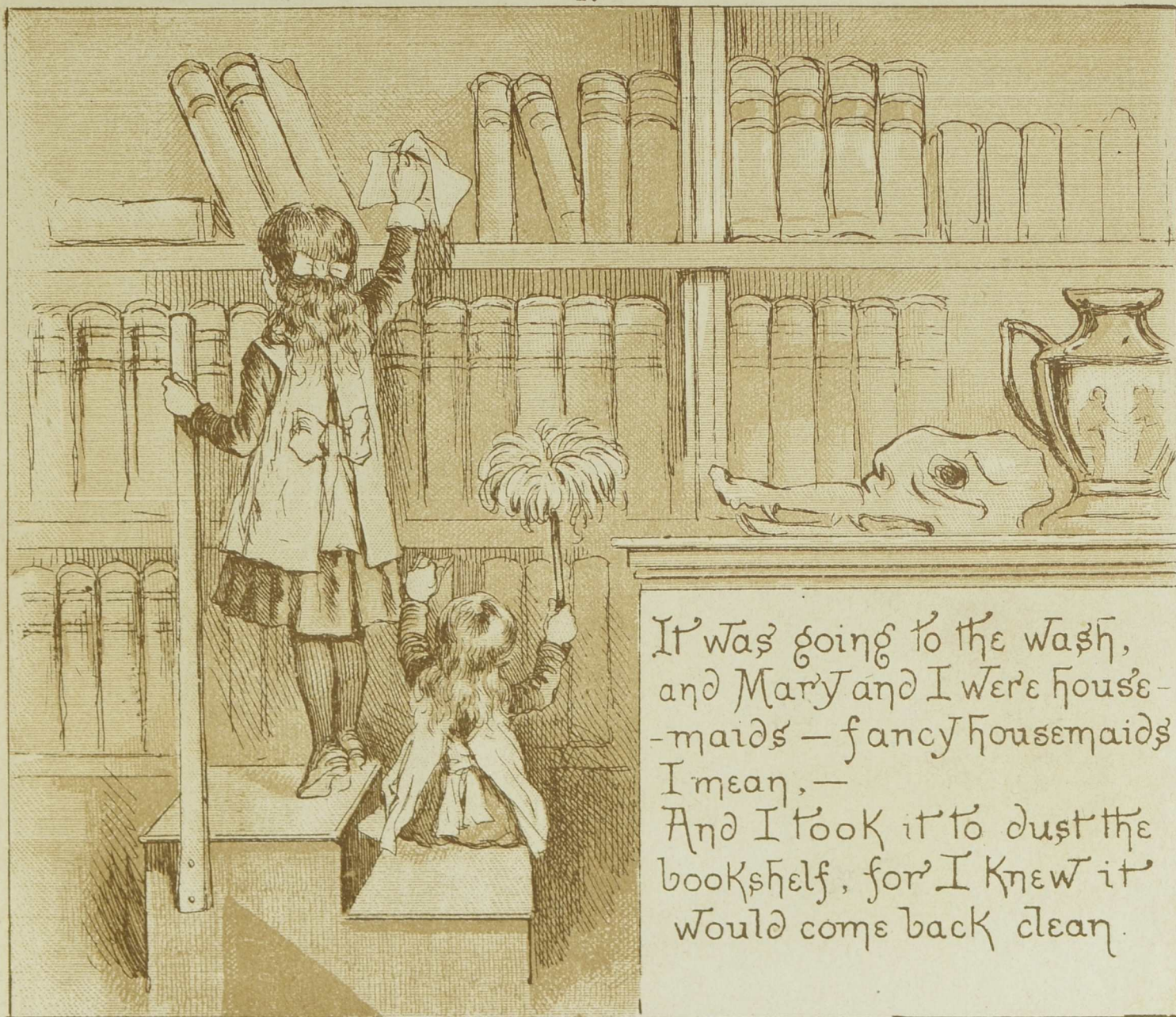


We're glad we've had it, you know, but we're gladder still
that it's done.



As we wanted to have as big a wash as we could, we collected everything we could muster;

From the dolls' bed dimity hangings to Victoria's dress, which I'd used as a duster.



It was going to the wash,
 and Mary and I were house-
 maids — fancy housemaids
 I mean, —
 And I took it to dust the
 bookshelf, for I knew it
 would come back clean.

Well, we washed in the wash-hand-basin, which holds
a good deal, as the things are small;



We made a glorious lather, and splashed half over the floor; but the clothes weren't white after all.





HoweVer we hung
them out in our
drying ground in
the garden, which
we made with
dahlia-sticks
and long strings,

And then Dash went and knocked over one of the posts
and down in the dirt went our things!

So we washed them again and hung them on the towel
horse, and most of them came all right;

But Victoria's muslin dress — though
I rinsed it again and again —



will never dry white!

And the grease spots on Mary's doll's dress don't seem to come out, and we can't think how they got there; Unless it was when we made that Macassar-oil, because she has real hair.



I knew mine was going to the wash, but I'm sorry I used it as a duster before it went;

We think dirty clothes perhaps shouldn't be too dirty before they are sent.

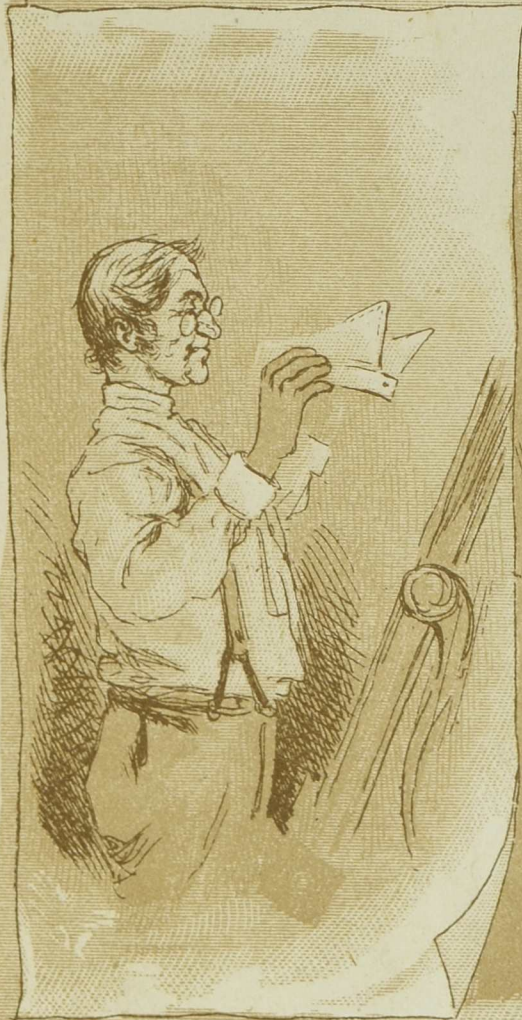
We had sad work in trying to make the starch — I wonder what the Queen does with hers?





I stirred mine up with a candle, like Sally; but it only
made it worse,
So we had to ask Mamma's leave to have ours made
by Nurse

Nurse makes beautiful starch — like
water-arrowroot when you're ill — in a
minute or two.



It's a very odd thing that what looks so easy should be
so difficult to do.

Then Mary put the iron down to heat, but as soon as
 she'd turned her back,
 A jet of gas came
 sputtering
 out of the
 coals and
 smoked it
 black.



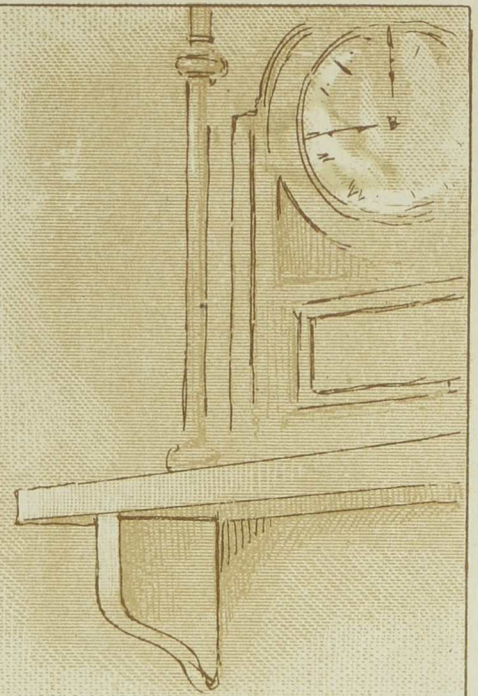
We dared not ask Sally for another, for we knew she'd
refuse it;
So we had to clean this one with sand and brown paper
before we could use it.





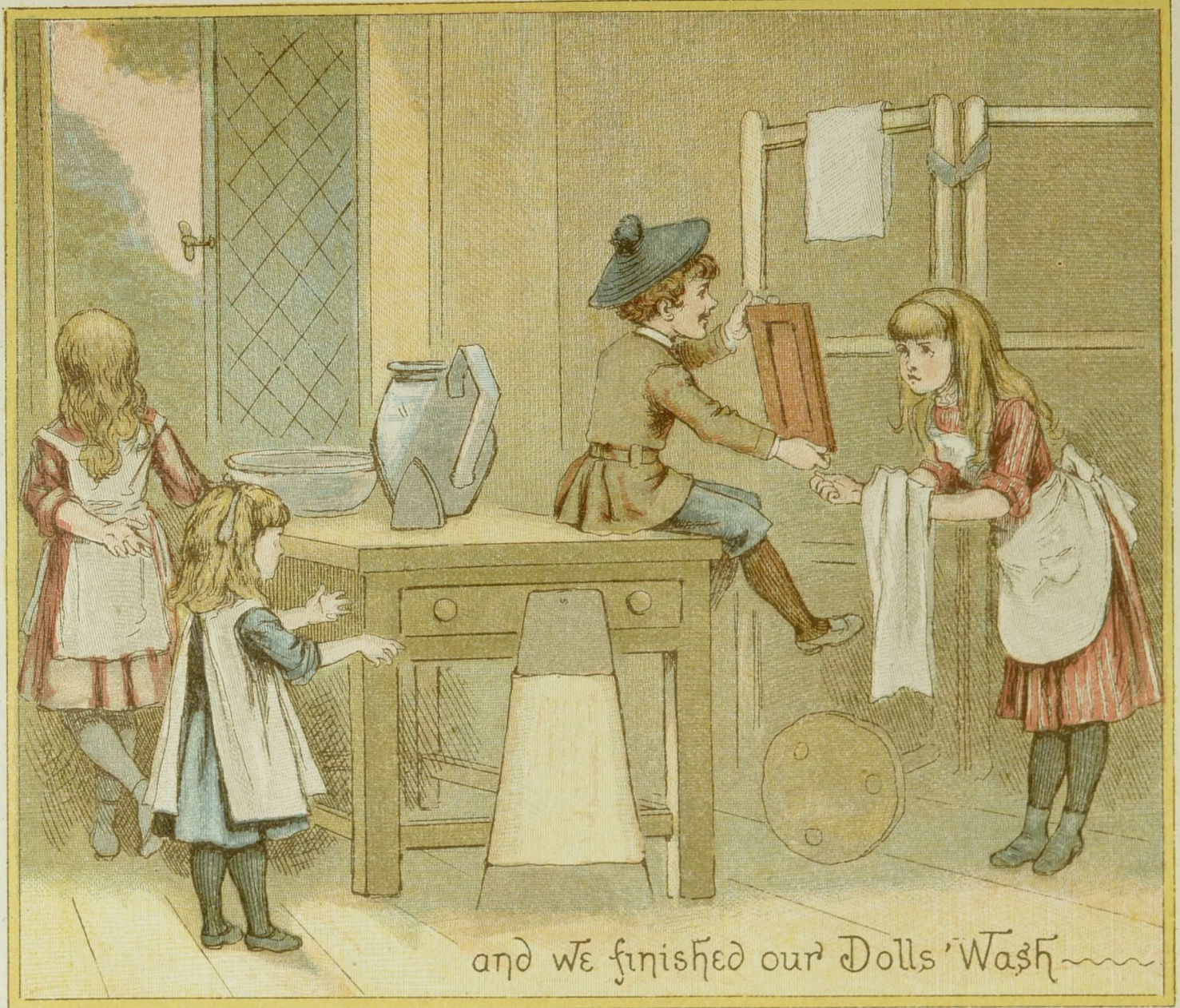
It was very hard
 work, but I rubbed
 till I made it shine;
 Yet as soon as
 it got on a damped
 "fine thing" it left a
 brown line.

I rubbed it for a long, long time
before it would iron without
a mark.



But it did
at last,





and we finished our Dolls' Wash ~~~~~



just before dark.



Sally's very kind, for she praised our Wash, and she has taken away.

Victoria's dress to do it again; and I really must say she was right when she said, "You see, young ladies, a week's wash isn't all play."

Our backs ache, our faces
are red, our hands are all
wrinkled, and we've
rubbed our fingers quite
sore;

We feel very sorry
for Sally every week,
and we don't mean to
dirty our dresses
so much any more.



Verse Books for Children by J. H. Ewing :

: Illustrated in Colours by R. André :



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