



*Dolly's
Tea at Home.*

Tea at 5.30

*Miss Dolly Daisy Dimple
At Home.*

*Doll's Villa
Cakes and Sugar Plums*

Lowther Arcadia.

R.S.V.P.

Dolly's

at

Home.



A BOOK for you and
a book for me,
With pictures for us
all to see;
But none for the boys
who frown and pout
And tear
the pretty pages out!

A book for me and
a book for you,
With rhymes to read
and stories too;
But none for the girls
with tousled hair,
Who say "I shan't"
and "I don't care!"

The Dollies' Hour.



“DEAR me! Is it time to wake up, Jemima?”
“Yes, Miss Christabel! Do put on your dressing-gown and let me do your hair. Don't you remember it is your 'at home' to-night? Do make haste, Miss, or the company will be here before you are ready!”

It was the Dollies' Hour. All the children were fast asleep in their beds. Then it is that the Dolls get up. Harry's soldiers all awoke and began to drill, the cavalry galloped about, the artillery banged off their guns. The rocking-horse pranced and reared. The trains puffed about, the engines whistled and screamed. The Dolls' House was all alive. Lights in the chandeliers, fires in the grates, the cook busy in the kitchen preparing tea and coffee, the footman putting on his best coat to open the door to the company. And as soon as Jemima had arranged Miss Christabel's hair, and put on her best party frock, that young lady flew down into the drawing-room, opened the piano, arranged the chairs, and glanced over the song she was going to sing. Then the company arrived!

The first to come were the five Miss Wacksitoes. They all brought their workbags and fans, and sat in a row on the sofa, because they felt a little shy. They had arrived in the green tin omnibus with the pair of prancing grey horses from their house along the Terrace, and were escorted by Monsieur Lecomte.

“Such a charming person,” they whispered to Miss Christabel as they introduced him. “He joined our Society last birthday. He is most accomplished, and has had *such* adventures!”

Then Lady Marguerite arrived. But she was not a favourite. A clumsy doll who brought her umbrella into the drawing-room, and sat as stiff as a poker, with her toes sticking up. “No manners has shel” whispered the eldest Miss Wacksitoes.

Rap, rap, rap! Ding, ring, ding! The knocks and rings came so fast that John, the footman, kept the door open, and the guests streamed in. Sir





MISS Dorothy Goldenhair presents
To Lady Belle her compliments,
And hopes that she will
come to tea
To-morrow precisely at five thirtee.



and the first volley was fired. But at that moment my mistress returned, and saved my life. Do you wonder that I am devoted to her?"

"No—no—indeed," cried Miss Christabel. "But hark, they are moving upstairs. Oh, my friends, it must be morning! Hurry, hurry, save yourselves."

They did hurry. The Miss Wacksitoes bundled into the green tin Omnibus and went off at a gallop. The others flew, ran, rushed! The trains puffed into the stations; the carts and horses rattled into their stables. The soldiers returned to barracks at the double. The lights went out—all was safely put away, save one doll's tea-cup forgotten on the floor, and when Mary swept the room she trod on it and broke it.

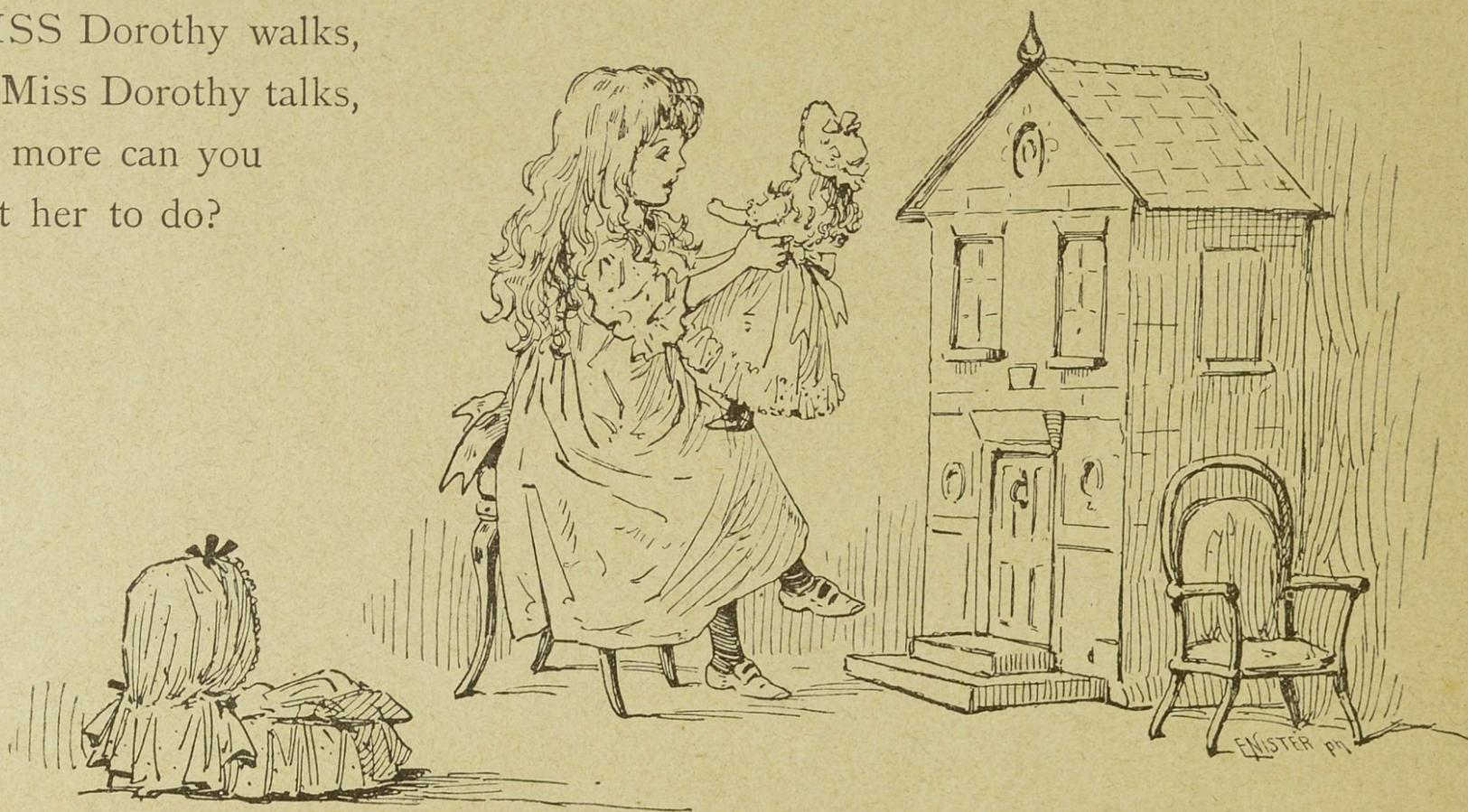
"How careless of Miss Kitty to leave it about!" she said crossly.

But Miss Kitty felt quite sure she had put it away! She was puzzled—but there, she had not heard the Dolly's song!

M. A. Hoyer.



MISS Dorothy walks,
Miss Dorothy talks,
What more can you
Expect her to do?





Lady Mary, the Duchess's grandchild, was delighted with me, and I was pleased to think how expensive I was, and that my hair was real. I drove home in a beautiful carriage with two horses, and a footman held me; whilst Lady Mary got in and tucked herself up in the rug.

Lady Mary was very kind to me, and I was hardly ever out of her arms. She dressed and undressed me a good deal, and I always used to sleep with her in her cot. In fact, I should never have known an unhappy moment but for the boys.

I don't know if you have ever seen a boy, so I will describe one. They are all exactly alike. They are things with two legs, which show all the way up (not a bit like girls). They don't walk or talk—they run and scream. They have bulges all over them—on both sides of their legs and on one side of their sailor tops—and if they touch you with their hands they stick to you. At first I could not think what the bulges were—I thought they were a kind of illness, but they are really string and marbles, and pencils, and things like that. Well, for the whole holidays these two creatures did nothing except try to see how miserable they could make me. They hung me to the tassel of the blind, and then jerked me up by the spring. They cut off my leg where the bran comes out, and sewed it up, and pretended I was in a hospital, when I was really squeezed up between the elephant and the railway-engine in the toy-cup-board. They also sent me out to sea in a leaky ship.

That time they put a ragged old sailor in with me to steer the ship, but it was very rough, and when we got half-way across I felt that we were sinking. I fell against the sailor and he held me very tight, and I heard the creatures on the bank





FOUR little owlets went to school once,
 Three knew their lessons and one was a dunce.



SAID Tray "What can it be—I think
 It surely must be good to drink."
 It gave a little gentle hiss,
 Then went off

THEY could sing "ahoy," they could say "yeo-ho,"
 But there wasn't one knew how to row.

with a bang like this!





screaming, and then Lady Mary's dog walked boldly into the water and pulled me out. But for his brave act, I must have lost my life!

In an autobiography have you got to go on till you are buried, because that was what happened next? I had got very pale, and my hair was all tangled and all my flannels had shrunk, and the boys laid me in a candle-box, and covered me up with muslin, and they said I was to be buried at the cross-roads, because I had upset the ship on purpose, and drowned the sailor, when they knew the ship leaked!

But Mary said "Never mind—anyhow her heart has melted," because I was running down in streaks where they had dried me at the fire.

So they put the box in a wheelbarrow, and wheeled me away, and buried me, and quite late in the evening I heard someone scratching on my grave, and it was Lady Mary digging me up, and crying a little. Lady Mary washed my clothes and put me to bed, and I was really not much the worse. The next day, as a great treat, I was allowed to sit up to tea.

I could tell you of a lot of other adventures—of the dreadful carriage accident, when pussy was harnessed to my pram, and ran away with it, and of the railway collision, when one of the toy carriages was broken. But, on the whole, I spent a very happy life. I was very fond of music; my mistress taught me to play; and we had all the newest picture-books of Nister's in our library.

I am sure I should have lived happily with Lady Mary till a good old age if it had not been for the fire. Nobody ever knew what caused it, but our Doll's House one day caught on fire and I was inside. If I had been at the bottom of the house it would have been all right, but I was in the top room, and I had no time to get away, and it was too high to jump out of the window, besides, the window was too small.

The boys came running in to the Nursery to see what was the matter, and when they saw that I was in-





And Lady Mary said: "Oh, a canary, please, this time—I am sick of dolls."

Well, after all I am still a proud doll, not of clothes, or position, or beauty, but simply of being able to give love and happiness in return for the love lavished on me.

For the milkman's daughter is a cripple, and she loves me. She sleeps with me, and washes and dresses me every day, and she has put a tiny bit of red paint on my cheeks to make me look young again; and sometimes at night, when I cuddle up close to her, she tells me things that no one else knows—not even her mother, and I feel prouder than ever, and as happy as a duchess.

Geraldine R. Glasgow.

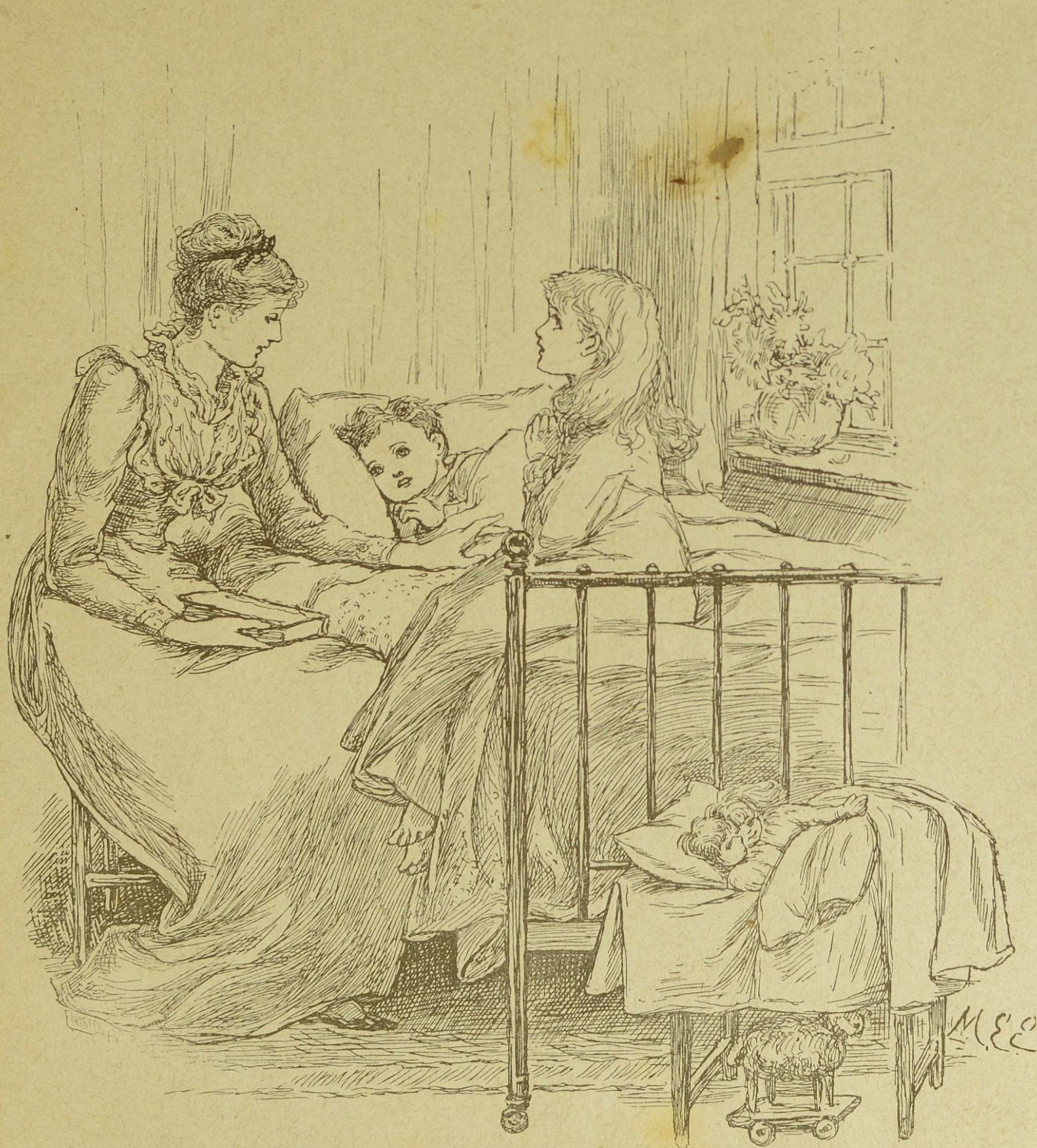
side the burning house they wanted to let me burn, but Nurse came in just in time to stop them.

My hair was burnt very badly and they took me to the barber's and had all my beautiful hair badly cut off. I knew then that I had lost all my beauty, and even Lady Mary seemed to think I was quite worn out, for she took me in to her grandmother, the Duchess, and said:

"Isn't she spoilt, granny, but I have had her half a year now, and the boys hate her so! It is the milkman's girl's birthday to-morrow, so I think she shall have her for a birthday present."

And the Duchess said: "Do just as you like, dear, and for your own birthday shall I give you another doll or a canary?"





NOW, my dear,
just one
more look,
For it's time
to close
the book;
All the stories
have been read,
Now let Dolly
go to bed.

On her pillow
white she lies,
Shutting both
her pretty eyes,
All is still,
put out
the light,
Now then,
Dolly dear,
good night.

~~L. L. L.~~ Notes From Clara & Cora.

~~Jan~~ 1894