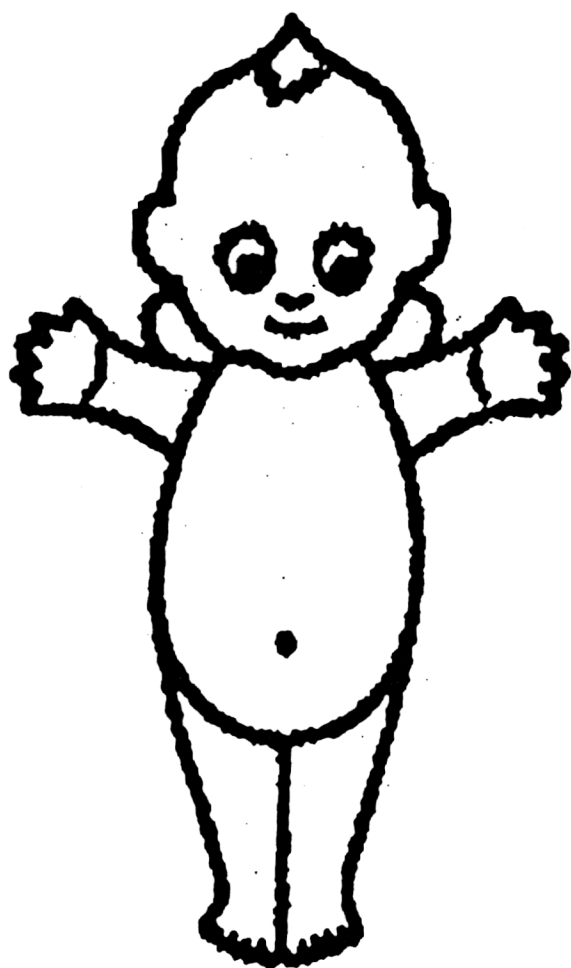
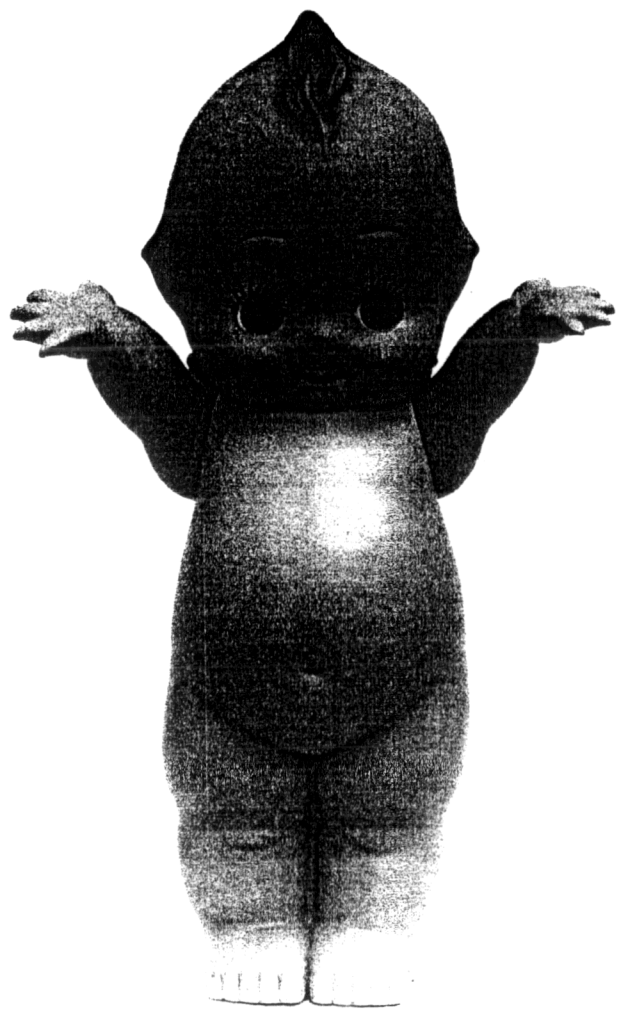


物 件 目 録 一

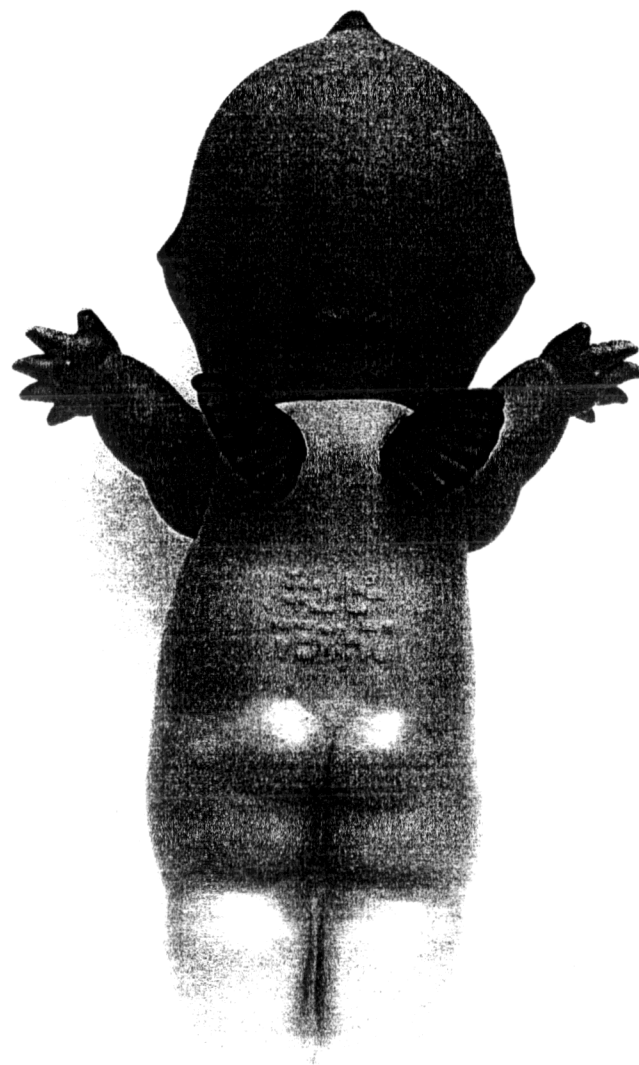
- 1 イラストの形状 左の図面のとおり
- 2 イラストの大きさ 問わない
- 3 イラストの色彩 問わない



(一)



(二)



物件目録 二

- | | | |
|---|--------|---------------------------|
| 1 | 人形の形状 | 添付写真(一)ないし(二)のとおり |
| 2 | 人形の大きさ | 問わない |
| 3 | 人形の色彩 | 問わない |
| 4 | 人形の腕 | 肩を起点として可動なものとしてそうでないものを含む |
| 5 | 人形の頭部 | 首を起点として可動なものとしてそうでないものを含む |

著作物目録

- | | | |
|---|--------|-------------------|
| 1 | 発行年 | 一九一三年 |
| 2 | 人形の形状 | 添付写真（一）ないし（四）のとおり |
| 3 | 人形の大きさ | 体高二二・三センチメートル |
| 4 | 人形の色彩 | 添付写真（一）ないし（四）のとおり |
| 5 | 人形の腕 | 肩を起点として可動 |
| 6 | 人形の頭部 | 首を起点として不可動 |

写真 (一)

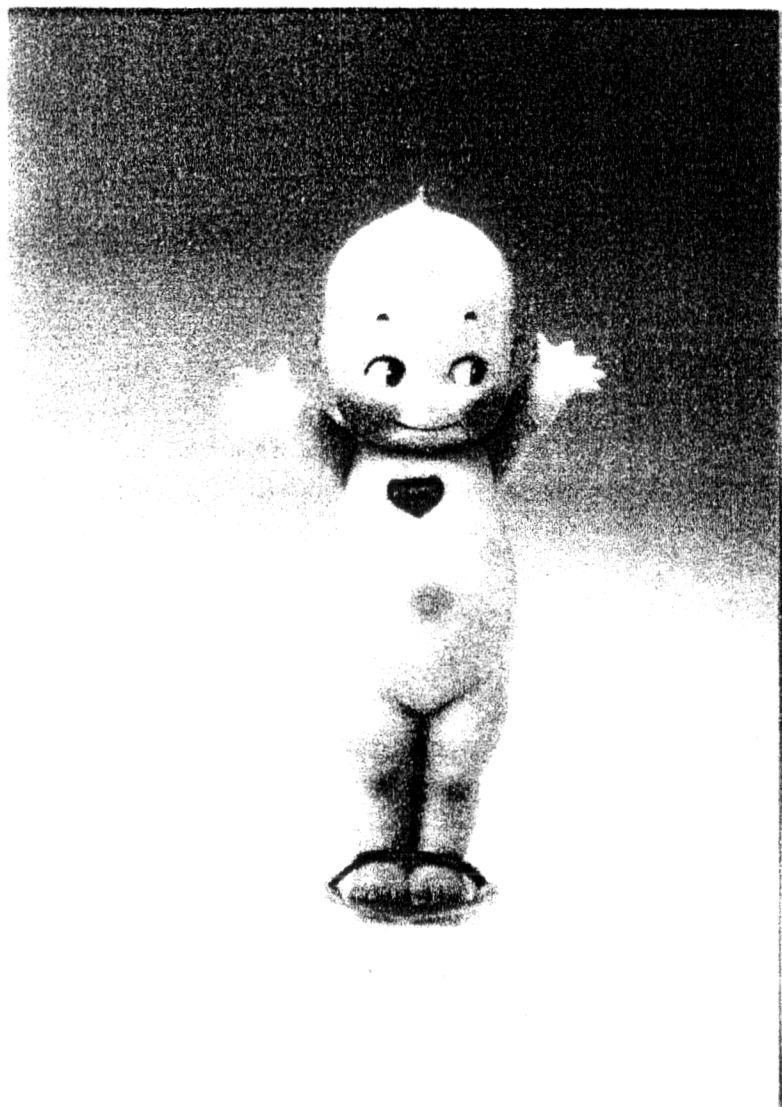


写真 (二)

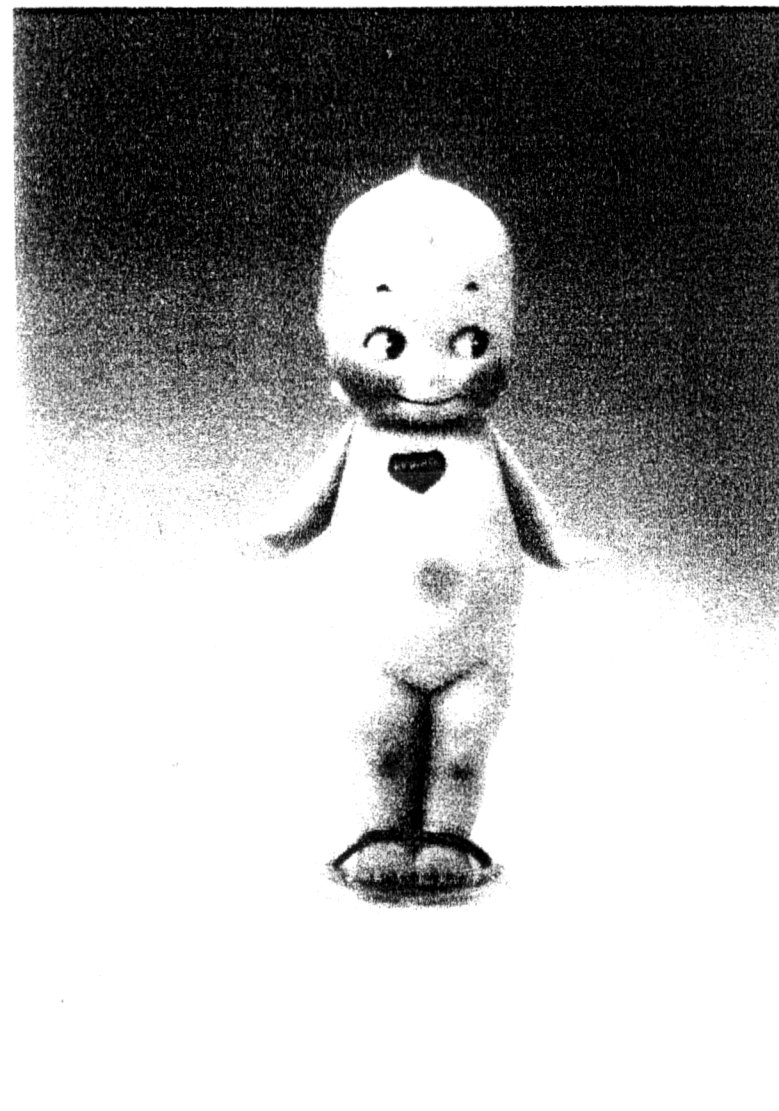


写真 (三)

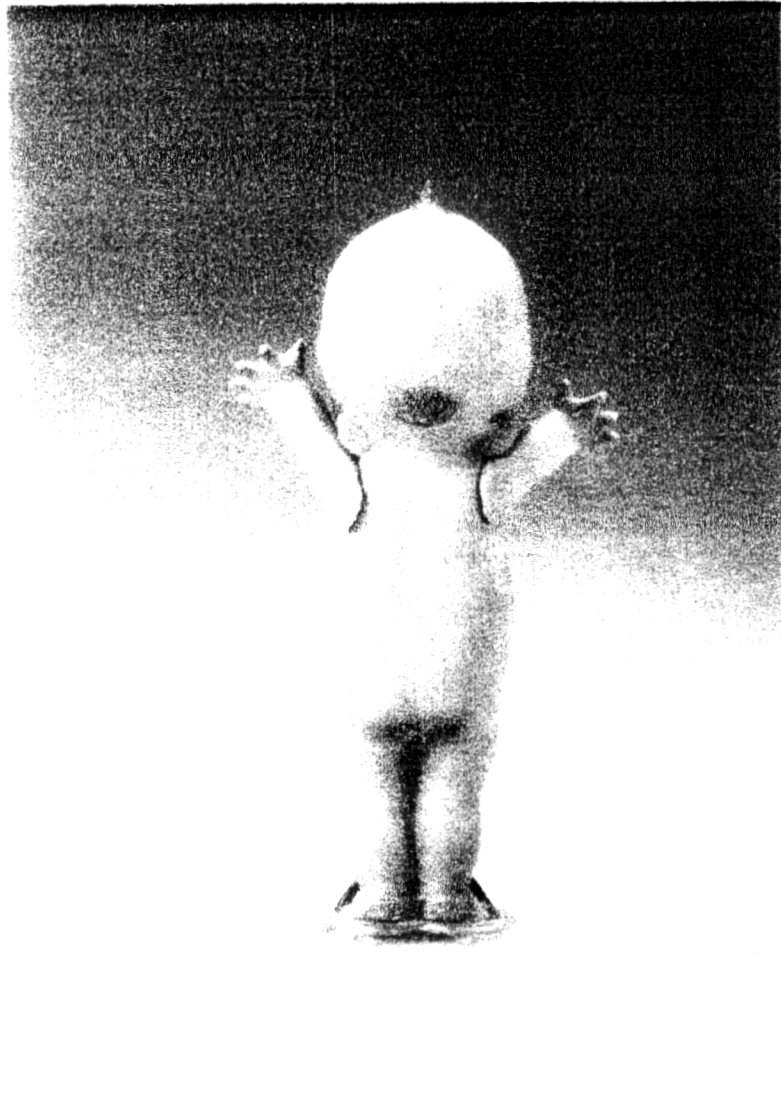


写真 (四)





The KEWPIES' Christmas Frolic

by Rose O'Neill—illustrated by the Author



OH, CHILDREN bland of every land,
And Crown-ups, if inclined that way,
Come, hear about the Kewpie bend
In rhymes (if you don't mind that way).

Sound information, so they say,
Is always well to find, you know;
Historic studies always pay—
They stimulate the mind, you know.

The Kewpie wights stay up at night,
All gayly singing run-to-tum,
Like puddings they are pleasant sight,
Well rounded at the bum-to-tum.

The chief goes first with noble look,
And then the valliant Kewpie cook.
An apron hangs before his legs
(He's most expert with ham and eggs).

The Kewpie army next is epled,
He wears a handsome sword at side,
His gallant strike makes quite a stir.
Then comes the Kewpie carpenter,
And in his belt his hammer awings,
In passing he can hammer things.

Then Kewpie of somewhat less renown
Come hopping up or hopping down.
One wears a frooken scarf by choice,
He's very careful of his voice.

One keeps his feet from snow and ooze,
By wearing healthful overshoes.
(Wise practice!)

Heartrending is the stocking there,
That hangs upon a broken chair,
The Kewpies stand aghast and dumb,
They know that Santa'll never come.
(Oh, dear!)

The Kewpie chief whose name was Wag,
And on his topknot wore a flag,
Stood thinking; then, with Kewpleish glee,
Said, "Come, all parties, follow me,"
And off they flop and fly and flee.

There dwell upon the river's side,
A family of wealth and pride,
The moon beamed on the mansion grand,
And in there popped the Kewpie band,
And they climbed the broad and noble stair
And did some acrobatics there.

The plutocratic baby sleeps,
Miss Owendobyn Van Schuyler Peeps.
(In the picture Great Wealth is
indicated by curly hair and a satin
counterpane. A priceless ring is
observed on Owendobyn's finger.)

A hundred little chuckles sound!
The Kewps are busy, with a bound
Each takes a toy and off he skips
Downstairs and out with slides and slips.
Oh, o'er the snow the Kewpies spin,
Each with a toy of Owendobyn.
Three ride a rocking-horse, and far
One drives a little motor-car.
Then all the toys are safely led,
And placed beside the Poor Child's bed.
(Oh, how can I bear it!)

The Kewpies come again to earth,
All doubled up with joy and mirth.
The Chief, with noble modesty,
Says, "Did you note, my lads, 'twas me
That went and had this bright idee!"
(Hoody!)
But even as they cheered, ah, me!
A cloud fell on the companies,
Each wept upon his hankkerchee.
"How could, how could we go and do
A deed like this so dark to view!"
And every heart was rent within,
For thought of wronged Owendobyn.
(Oh, cruel!)

Then one small Kewpie turned away
And smote his brow in agony,
Then, leaping up both far and high,
Back to her home his leggies fly.



For tight-rope trips and backward flips
They are not built so well, you see.
This leaves them free for pranks and quips
And things where they excel, you see.

The old world droops with serious goops
laughter, they'll have none of it).
Lucky there are little Kewps
Who do things for the fun of it!

'Twas midnight on a Christmas Eve;
The Kewpies had been out since dark,
All bent upon a Kewpie lark,
And many a present did they leave
That no one cared a rap about,
Examples I need not point out—
Such things as jumping-jacks for Aunts,
Or gags for Grandmas (look askance!),
For babies large dictionaries, then
Small tops for aged gentlemen.
(How disconcerting!)



When she awoke, that baby rare,
That pretty plutocratic fair,
No toys she found of all of those
That Santa Claus so kindly chose,
But just one Kewpie in her hose.
But lucky, lucky Owendobyn!
Of all the babes this world within,
Of all the babes beneath the sun—
The only, only, only one
Is Owendobyn Van Schuyler Peeps,
That ever had a Kewpie for keeps.



I said 'twas midnight's hour, when they—
(To be exact, 'twas nearly day,
But does it matter—either way!)—
As through a house the Kewpies creep,
They find a baby fast asleep.

At once, to Kewpie eyes 'tis clear,
It is a Poor Child living here.
The room is bare that comes to view,
The ragged stocking empty, too.

(As I have said, their skill in this
Was just a little hit or miss.)
Then through the great halls made their way
And came to where a baby lay.
Now this fine room, without a doubt,
Told Santa Claus had been about.
A hundred toys awaited there
The waking of that baby fair.

NOTE—The reason why these funny, roly-poly creatures are called Kewpies (pronounced like Q and P together, Q-P) is because they look like little Cupids. You can tell that by their tiny wings. "Kewpie" means a small Cupid, just as puppy means a small dog. As for their pecky topknots, they got the idea for them from some turnips they found in a barn; "and after that, in calm or gales, waved their little turnip-tops." They are the most shy, innocent, amusing little people you ever saw, always poking about and getting surprised at their own daring and discovery. As you see, their leader wears a flag with a K on it on his topknot, and at their own coming year he will lead his band on through a series of the most comical adventures, which will be pictured in The Journal from month to month just as the first one is on this page.

