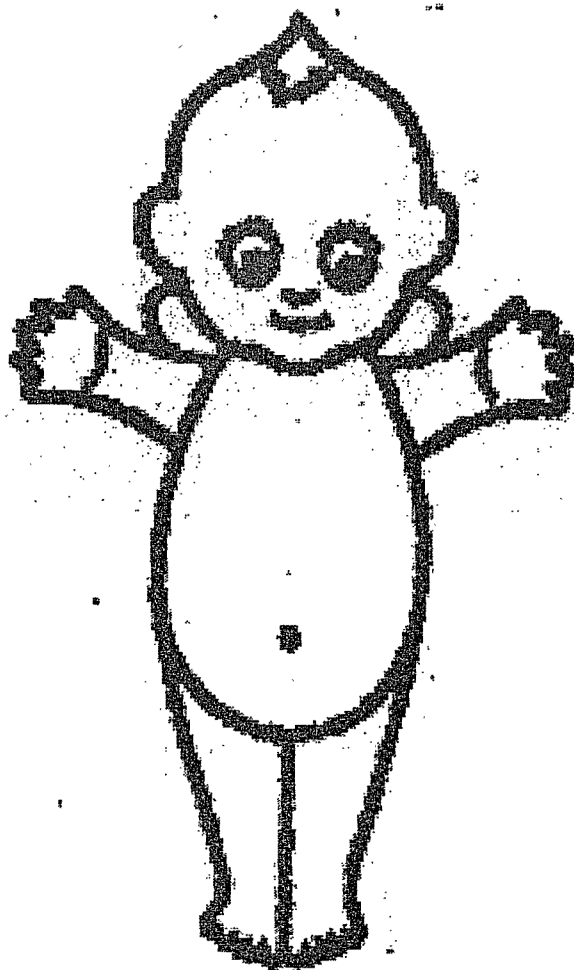
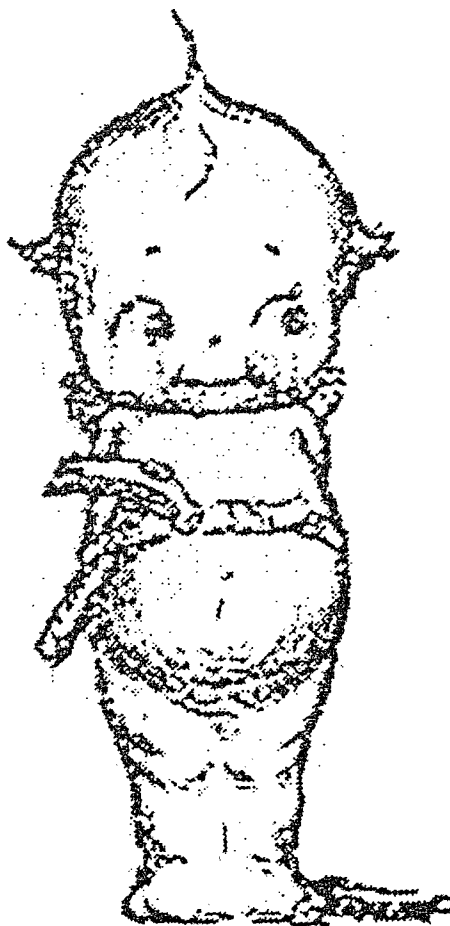


イ 号 目 録

- | | | |
|---|----------|----------|
| 1 | イラストの形状 | 下の図面のとおり |
| 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 |



著作物目録 2 の(2)

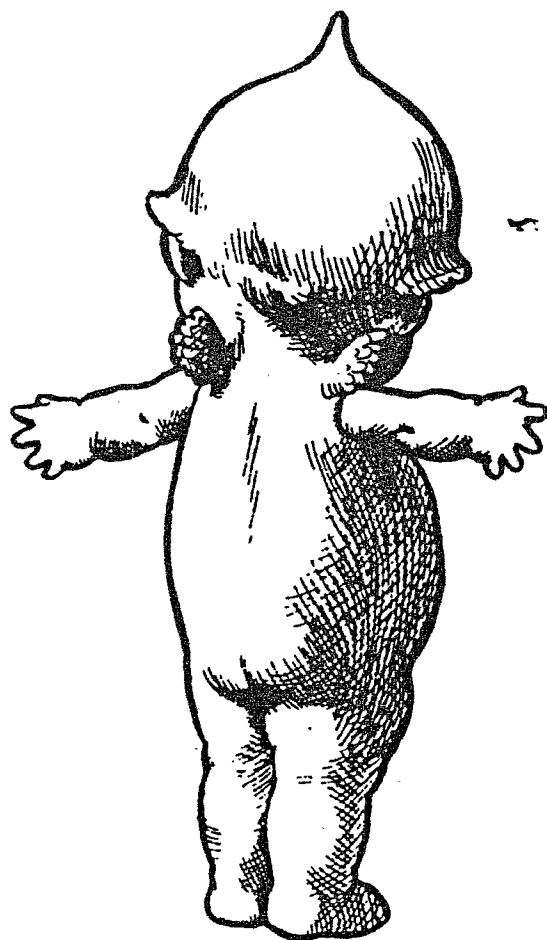


著作物目録 3

Fig. 1



Fig. 2.



(別紙)

著作物目録 4



著作物目録 5

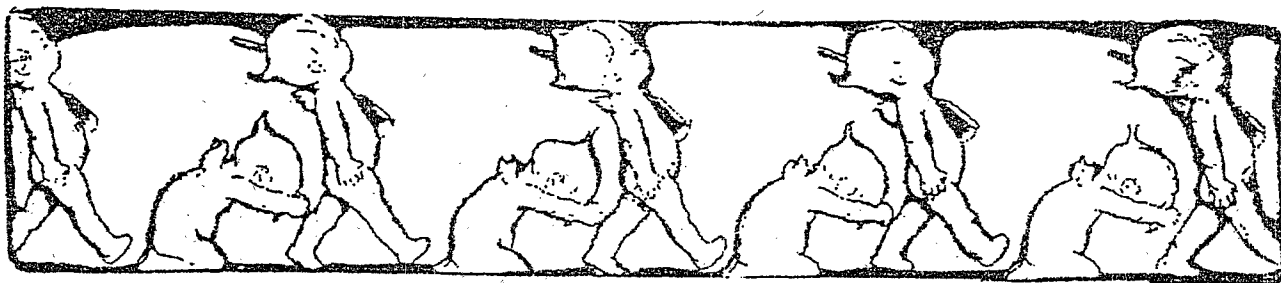


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(別紙)

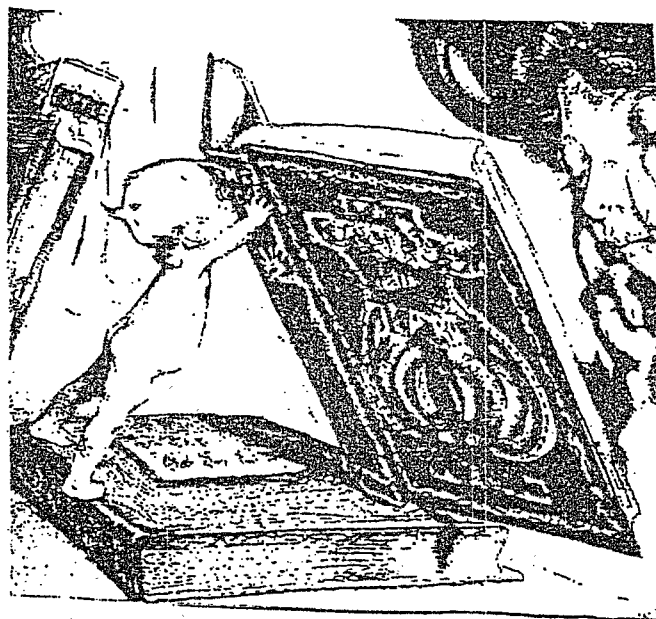
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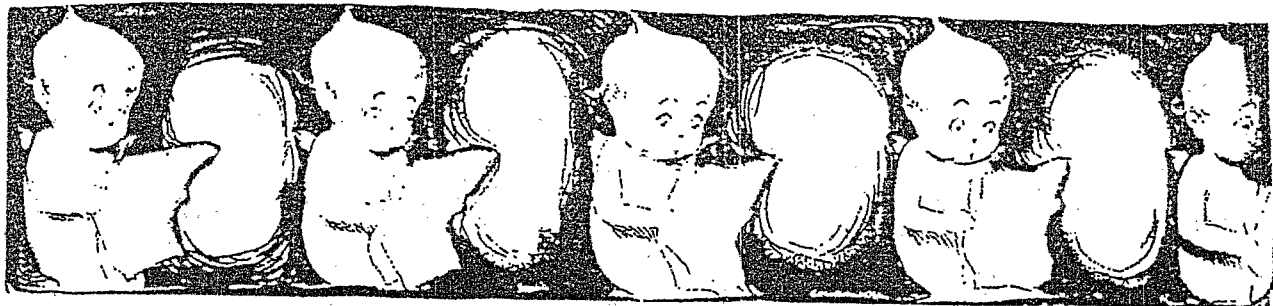
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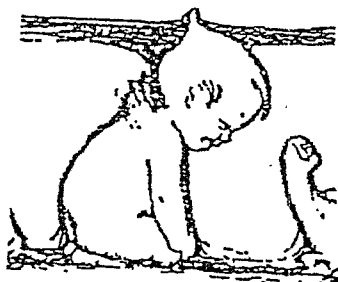
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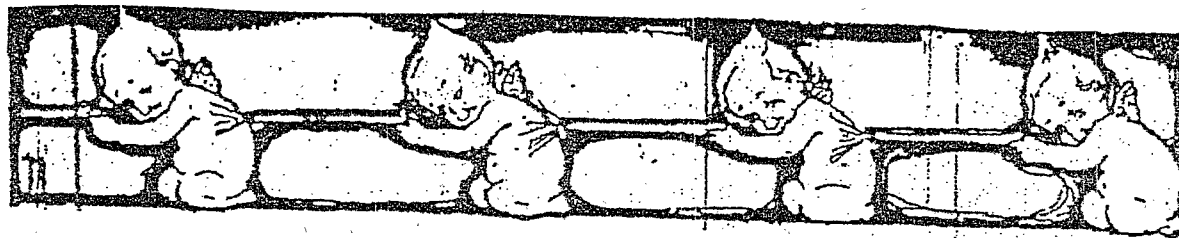
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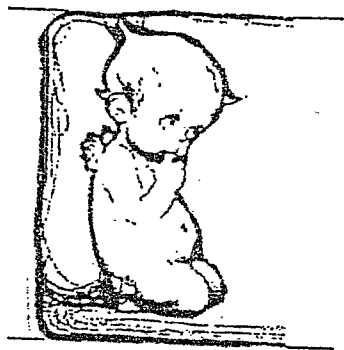
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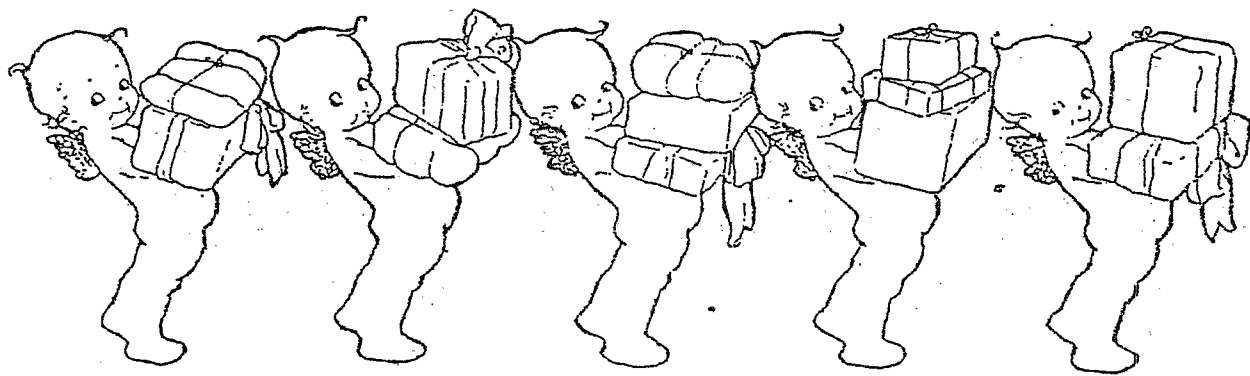
著作物目録 1 2



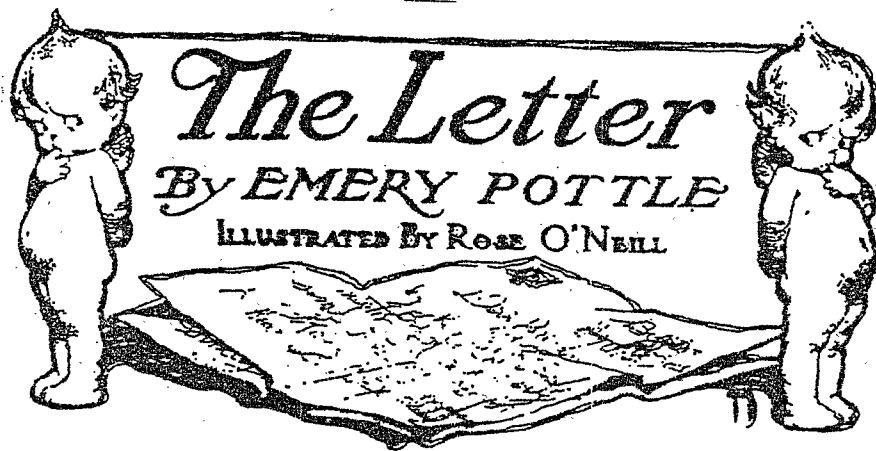
著作物目録 13



著作物目録 1 4



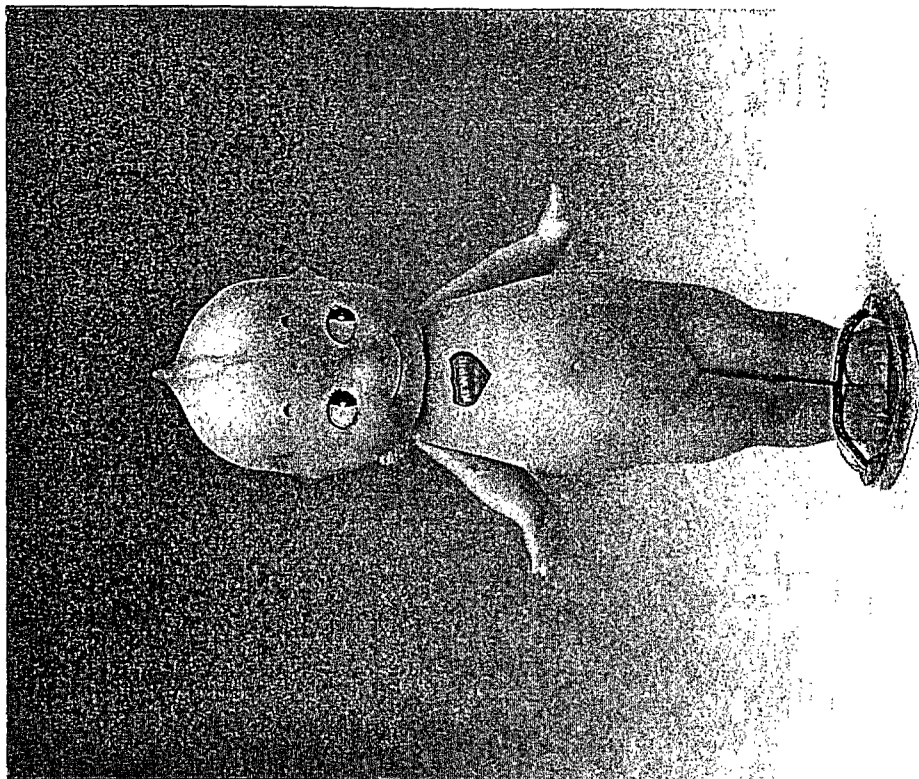
著作物目録 15



著作物目録 16



写真(二)



写真(一)

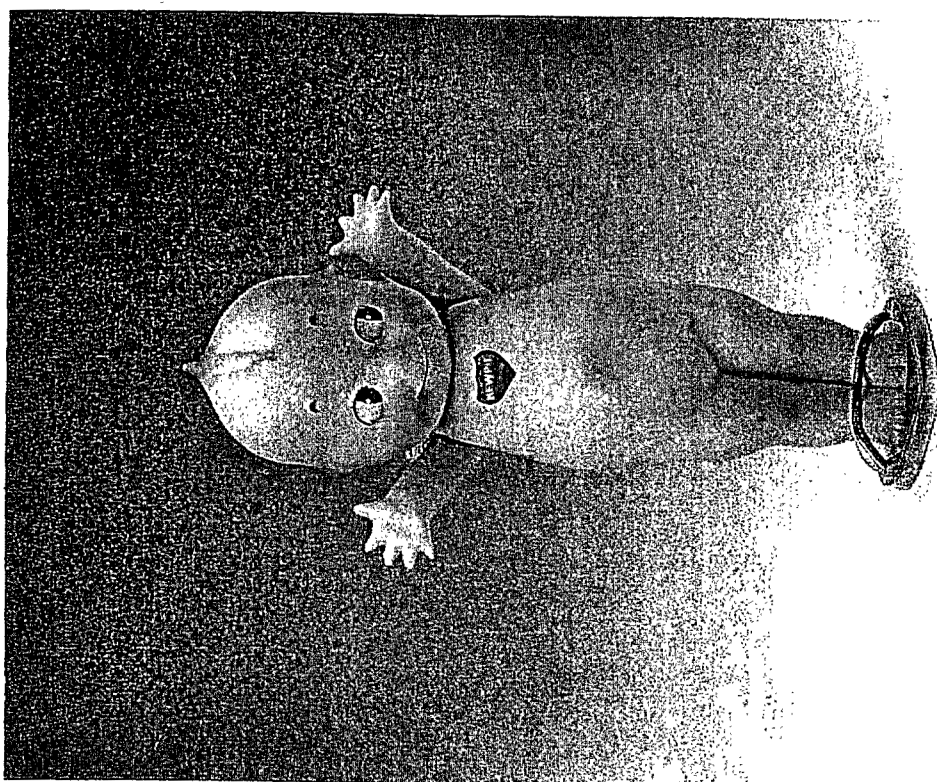


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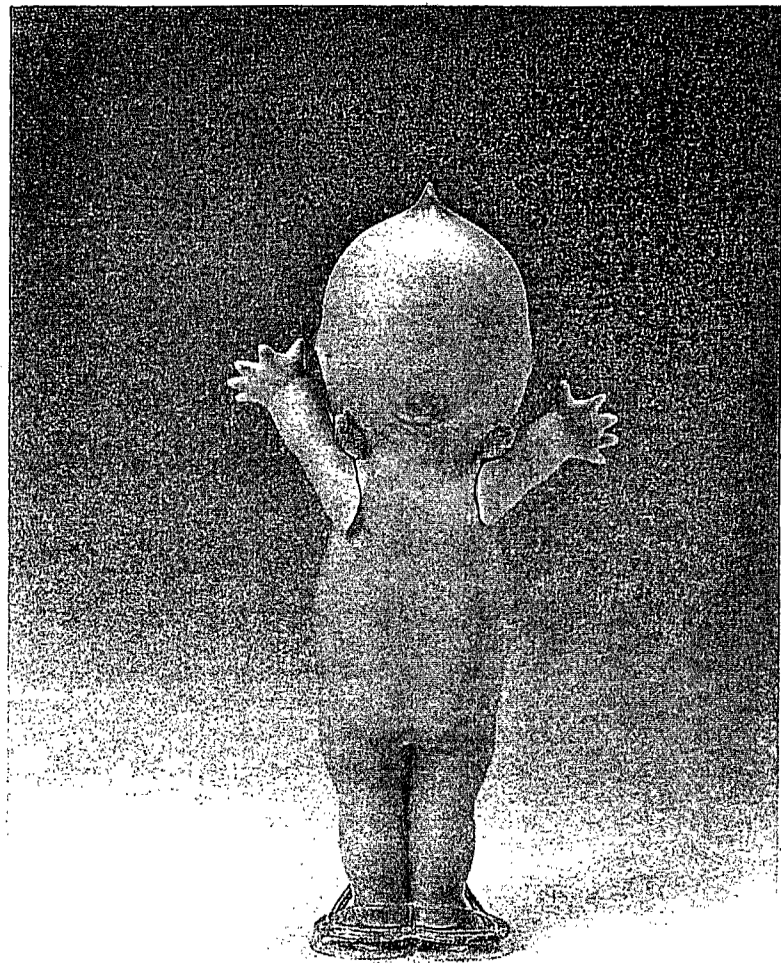
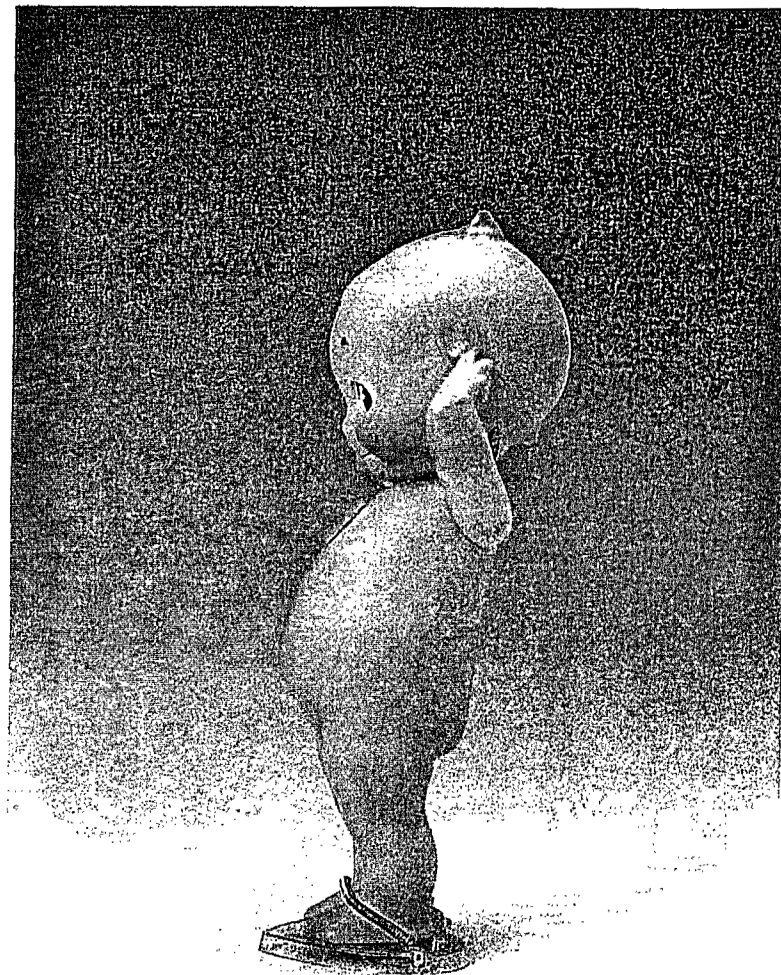
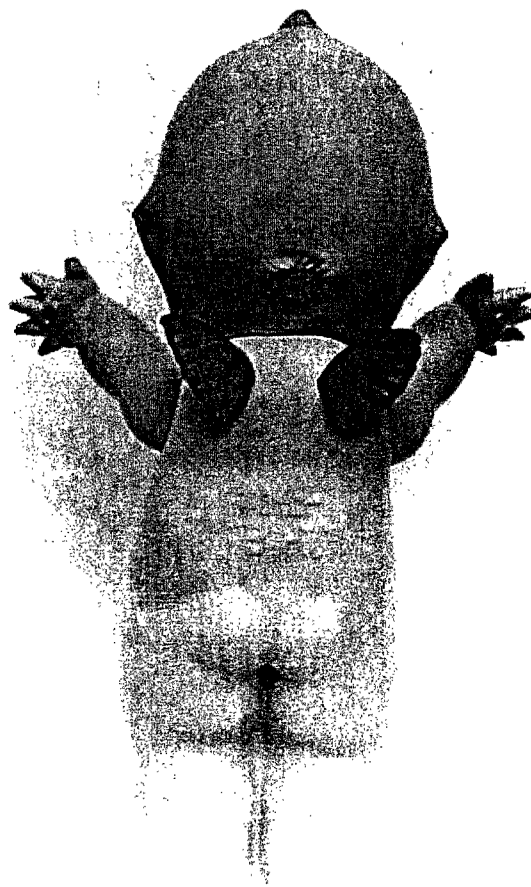
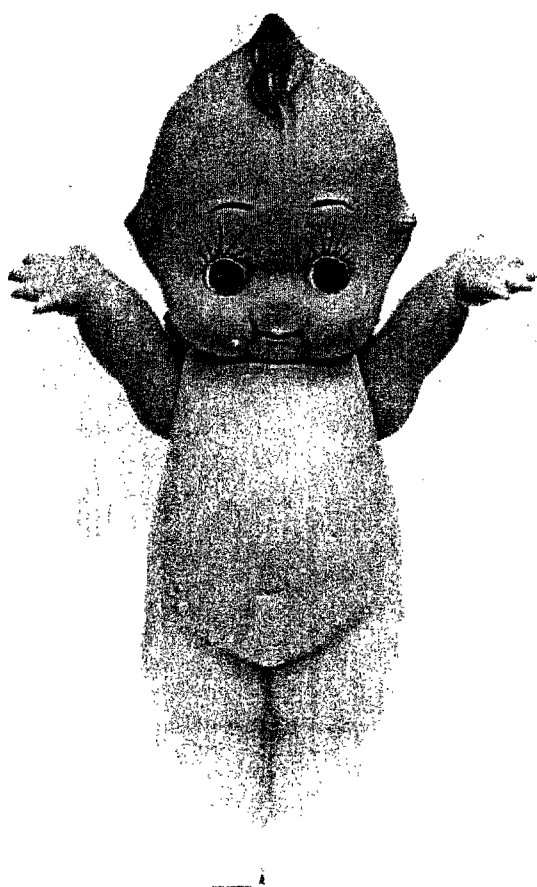


写真 (四)



口 号 目 録

- | | |
|----------|-------------------------|
| 1 人形の形状 | 下の写真のとおり |
| 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そうでないものを含む |

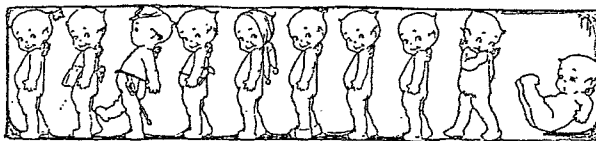


著作物目録 1 の(1)



The KEWPIES' Christmas Frolic

by Rose O'Neill—illustrated by the Author



OH! CHILDREN bland of every land, And Grown-ups, if inclined that way, Come, hear about the Kewpie band 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 nights, All gayly singing rum-le-tum. Like puddings they are pleasant sights, Well rounded at the tum-to-tum.

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

The Kewpie army next is splod, He wears a handsome sword at side, His gallant stride makes quite a stir. Then comes the Kewpie carpenter, And in his belt his hammer swings; In passing he can hammer things. Then Kewps of somewhat less renown Come hopping up or hopping down, One wears a wooten 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 Kewplish glee, Said, "Come, all parties, follow me," And off they flop and fly and flee.

There dwelt 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, They climbed the broad and noble stair And did some acrobatics there.

The plutocratic baby sleeps, Miss Gwendolyn Van Schuyler Peeps. (In the picture Great Wealth is indicated by curly hair and a satin counterpane. A priceless ring is observed on Gwendolyn'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 slaps. On, or the snow the Kewpies spin, Each with a toy of Gwendolyn. 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 morn That went and had this bright idee?" (Hooray!) But even as they cheered, ah, me! A cloud fell on the companee, Each wept upon his hankerchee. "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 Gwendolyn. (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 leggles fly.



For tight-rope trips and backward slips 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 (For laughter, they'll have none of it), How 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 guns for Grandmas (look askance!), For babes 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 Gwendolyn! Of all the babes this world within, Of all the babes beneath the sun— The only, only, only one Is Gwendolyn Van Schuyler Peeps, That ever had a Kewp 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.

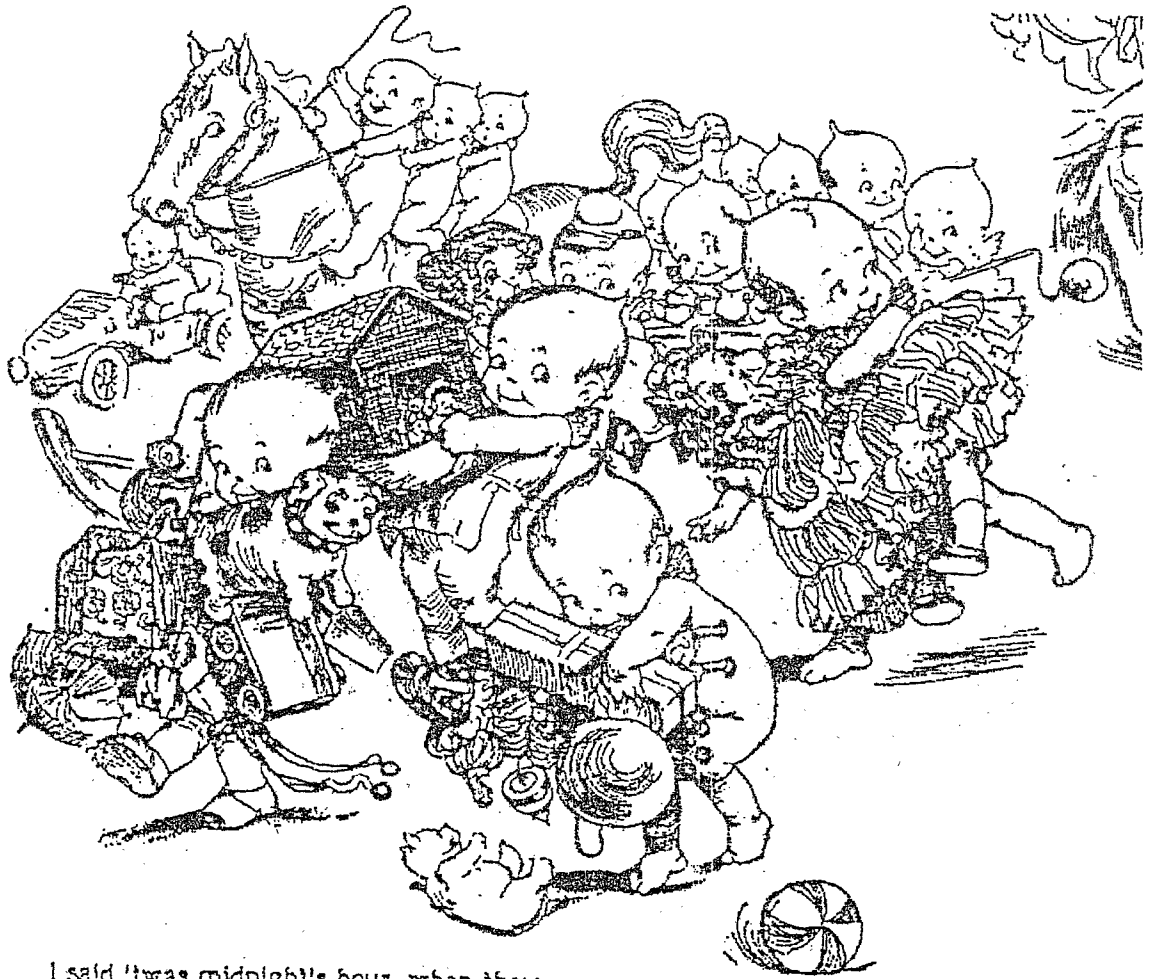
At once, to Kewpie eyes 'tis clear, It is a Poor Child living here. The room is bare that comes to view, The ragged stocking empty, too.

(As I have said, their skill in this 'Twas 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, curly-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 floppy wings. "Kewpie" means a small Cupid, just as puppy means a small dog. As for their perky haircuts, they get the idea for them from some turnips they found in a barn; and after that, in calm or gales, waved their little turnip-tails. They are the most shy, innocent, amusing little people you ever saw, always peeping about and getting suspicious. They are the most shy and discreet. As you see, their leader wears a dog with a K on its big collar, and all through the 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.



著作物目録 1 の(2)



I said 'twas midnight's hour, when they—

著作物目録 2 の(1)

How It Happened That Dotty Darling Was Given 'hole Circus for Her Special Joy and Pleasure

Eden dear who care to hear About the Kewpies gay and lightsome, one take a seat for on this sheet, I explicit I'm going to write some.

epic lives where Nature gives cades for being jolly, he ears of pump leaves, life are seldom anybody.

ooks by babbling oke well—and end, I s't know what to, are seen (somes, I mean) -ness, when the is are not there.

never tell, their tres small unded well and her plumply, g sight, their can- is might described as apple- rly.

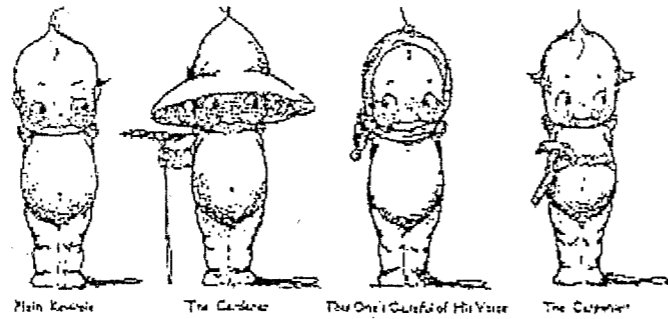
reons gay have to a way up things the most prising, as and tricks they for mix lements democratizing.

not goops, they are not snoops, : never grouchy, never grumpish; ads, teplete with frolics neat, yer dull or in-the-dumpish.

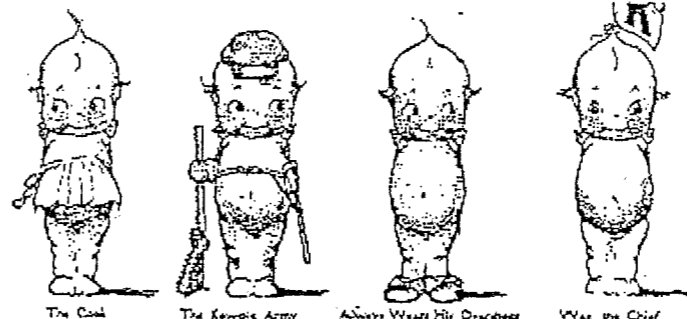
de wings are just the things die trips o'er lands and oceans, a doubt, they carry out or: ridiculous of notions.

cottage on a hill ed, and may be living still, ling family, who had de daughters and a lad, r children, nor unkind, a singleness of mind rned on leaving Dot behind,

4. the littlest, was but four, ers, six and eight and more; ough they loved her youth and laughter, in't want her toddling aiter.



Plain Kewpie The Gardener The One's Gutsful of His Voice The Carpenter



The Cook The Kewpie Army Always Wears His Overcoat Wag the Chief

The First of a Series of Delightful Kewpie Stories With Verses and Pictures BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

They scampered 'round and 'round the Chiel, They hung on branches, hung on twigs, Turned somersets and danced some jig. They raced around the ring on rabbits, Who quite forgot their usual habits. They called some birds to fold their wings And skip about in highland flings. Some hop-roads, hugs and other things Went hopping 'round and 'round in rings. "Trained animals!" Young Dorry cries. With clapping hands and dancing eyes. "This circus is the best, no doubt, In all the country 'round about; I hope my mind will just hold out."

DOTTY DARLING AND THE KEWPIES

Where'er they went, to school or play, To church or grandpa's down the way.

They would have seen 'twere much more fun To take her hand and let her run Beside them, for 'twas very clear She was the dearest little dear.

She was the finest combination Of childish charm in all the nation; She was a constant celebration. (Oh, Dotty Darling!)



One day the circus came to town. The children all were going down, Excepting Dot, you may be sure. For circuses too immature! At least, so all the others said: "You stay and tend your flowerbed. The circus, dear, would turn your head. Your mind is young, your mind's un-sound,

"Why must the littlest come!" said Nan, "Go back at once!" cried brother Dan.

Your mind would go, all 'round and 'round, 'Twould be unscryled, I'll be bound. Now wisely stay and nurse your kitty. To squish your mind would be a pity." Poor Dot, so innocent and kind, Was much disturbed about her mind. But toward the circus so inclined That as they went, she tagged behind. (Against her better judgment.)

Small Dot would toddle in pursuit, She toddled fast, and far to boot; She toddled after, through the gate; She toddled quick, she toddled straight, She toddled with determination; Her toddlings called for admiration.

"Why must the littlest come!" they cried; But, had their knowledge been more wide,

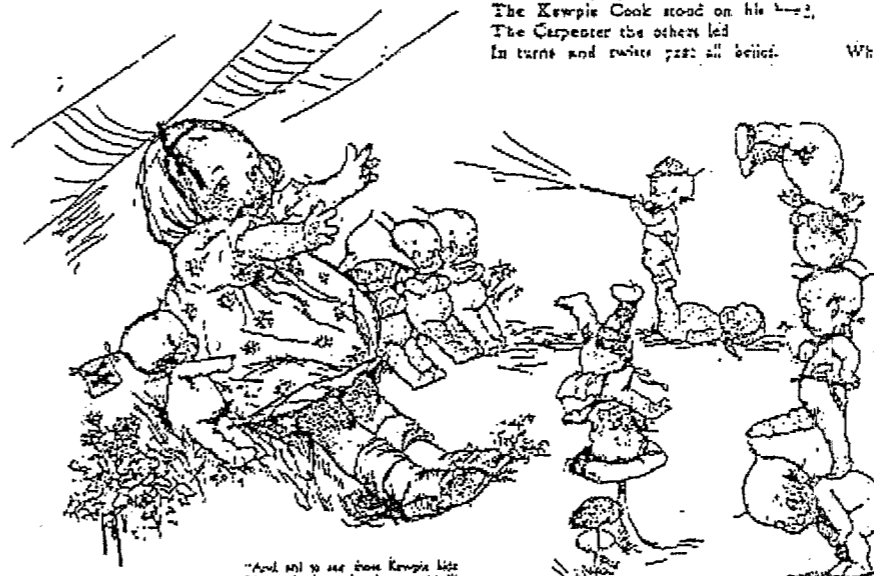


For all the Kewpies happening by, Looked on with sympathetic eye.

"Why must the littlest come?" said Nan, "Go back at once!" cried brother Dan. "I really don't know what you mean," Said stately, calm and firm Irene. Then all the three began to run, And left the mournful little one. She sat her on a wayside stone, And there she wept and wept alone. (This part is almost more than I can bear!)

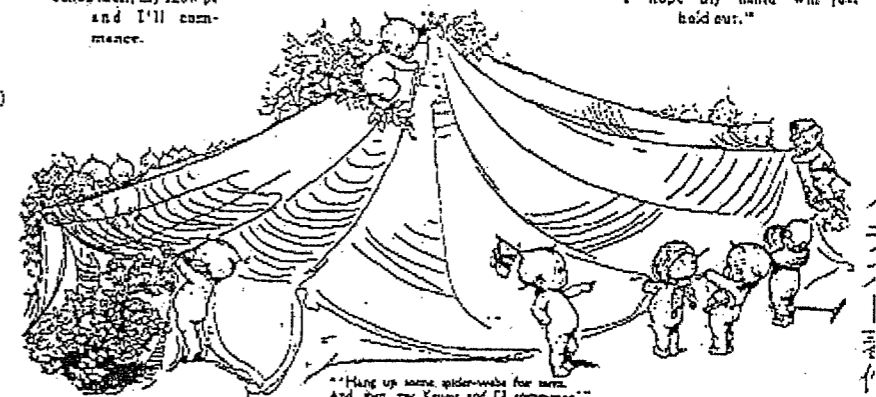
But never dreamed, the little lass, Of what came scolding through the grass, What hurrying of tiny wings, What little nods and whisperings; For all the Kewpies, happening by, Looked on with sympathetic eye. When Dot glanced up, oh, what a sight! These Kewpies on the left and right! Forgotten all her pensive pain, That damsel laughed with might and main. She laughed until they thought her joking; She laughed until they thought her choking. (She "nearly perished!")

"Now, as for circuses," said Wag (He was the chief and wore a flag), "Let's make a circus here for Dot;



"And still to see those Kewpie kids Then she felt better in pyramids!"

We can, you know, as well as not. Come in this meadow, little dot, And you'll see something pretty queer. Hang up some spider-webs for tents, And then, my Kewpie and I'll commence.



"Hang up some spider-webs for tents, And then, my Kewpie and I'll commence!"

You've no idea of our talent," Said Wag, the chieftain, brave and gallant.

Well, you could hardly trust your eyes, You'd be quite dizzy with surprise, If you could see the circus here:

Those Kewpies provided for the dear, The Kewpie Cook stood on his hind, The Carpenter the others led In turn and twice past all being.

The Kewpie Army fires his gun, The animals then (after fun) Upon a sign-ropes made of grass, Both back and forth, brave Kewpie kids And, oh! to see those Kewpie kids Then pile themselves in pyramids! (Dear me! I should have been quite distressed!)

When all was done, the Kewpie band Escort the maiden homeward, and Two lead her gently by the hand.

The other children homeward come With popcorn, peanuts, chewing gum, And tell young Dot of where they've been And things remarkable they've seen.

"When you are older, you can see These sights, like Nan and Dan and me."

So said Irene. "I hope you won't Feel discontented." "No, I don't, And then the happy little Dot Collapsed, in laughter, on the spot."

Said Nan, "When young, you profit by it. To stay at home in calm and quiet."