

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 |



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 |



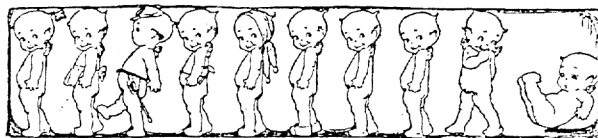
著作物目録 1 の(1)

29



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 gaily singing num-te-tum,
Like puddings they are pleasant sights,
Well rounded at the turn-te-tum.

The chief goes first with noble look,
And then the vaillant Kewpie cook,
An apron hangs before his legs
(He's most expert with ham and eggs).
The Kewpie army next is spied,
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 Kewpie of somewhat less renown
Come hopping up or hopping down,
One wears a woolen 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!)

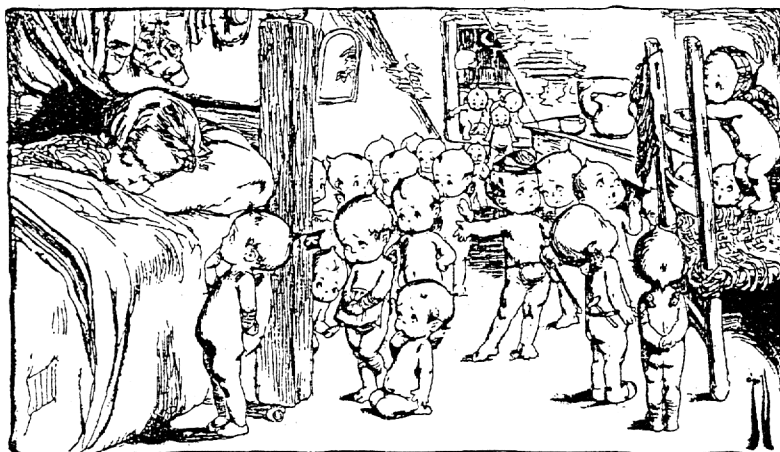
The Kewpie chief whose name was Wag,
And on his topknot wore a flag,
Stood thinking; then, with Kewplash glee,
Said, "Come, all parties, follow me,"
And off they flop and fly and flee.

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,
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 slices and silps.
On, o'er 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 laid,
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?"
(Hooray!)

But even as they cheered, ah, me!
A cloud fell on the company,
Each wept upon his handkerchiefs.
"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 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 glooms
(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!)



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, curly-poly creatures are called Kewpies (pronounced like Q and P together, U-Ps) is because they look like the little Cupids. You can tell that by their ring wings. "Kewpie" means a small Cupid, just as puppy means a small dog. As for their perky topknots, they got the idea for them from some surprises they found in a barn. "And after that, in sales or extras, weaved their little curls in tails." They are the most shy, innocent, amusing little people you ever saw, always poking about and getting surprised at their own doings and discoveries. As you are, their leader wears a flag with a K on it on his topknot, 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.



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 Kewpie for keeps.



(別紙)

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
A Whole 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 explain I'm going to write some.

Life lives where Nature gives
Places for being jolly,
He caves of pump-
kins,
Hole are seldom
anchoy.

ooks by babbling
oks well—and find, I
t know what
re.
are seen (some-
es, I mean)
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never tell, their
was small
unded well and
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re might
described as apple-
ply.

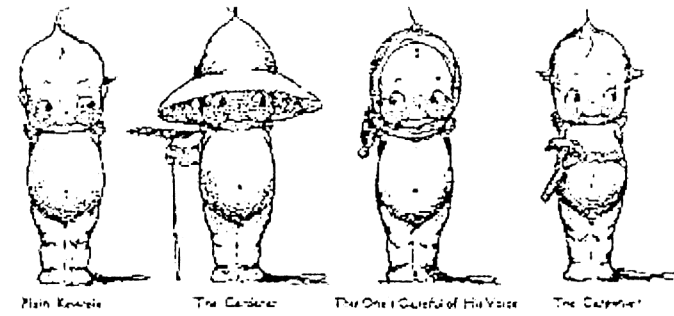
reasons gay have
te a way
g things the most
prising,
is and tricks they
er mix
lements demoralizing

not goops, they are not snoops.
: never grouchy, never grumpish;
ids, replete with fancies neat,
ver dull or in-the-dumppish.

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

ottage on a hill
red, and may be living still,
ling family, who had
de daughters and a lad,
r children, not unkind,
a singleness of mind
arned on leaving Dot behind.

g, the littlest, was but four,
ers, six and eight and more;
ugh they loved her youth and laughter,
it's want her toddling after.



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 charms 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 im-
mature;
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 she listen
to me?" said Nan.
"Go back at once!" cried
brother Dan.

Your mind would go all round and round,
'Twould be unsettled, I'll be bound.
Now wisely stay and nurse your kitty.
To squash 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.

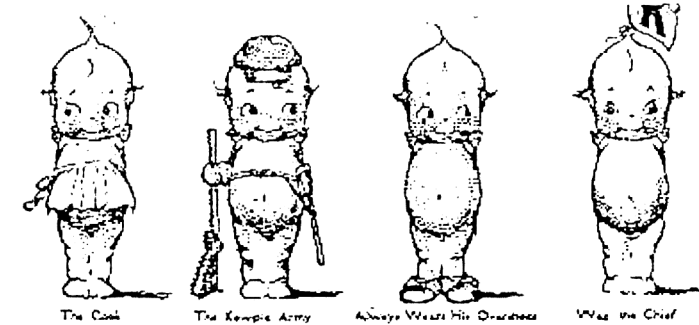
(Against her better judgment.)

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 she listen
to me?" they cried;
But, had their knowledge been more wide,



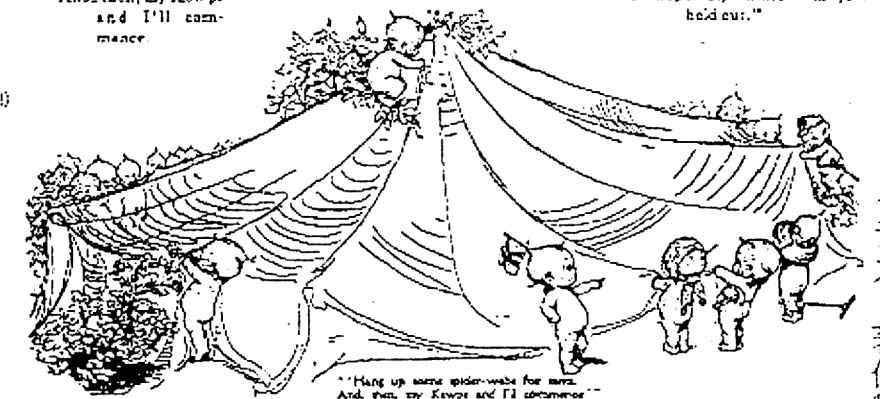
For all the Kewpies happening by,
Looked on with sympathetic eye.

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

They scampered 'round and 'round the Chief,
They hung on branches, hung on twigs,
Turned somersaults and danced some jig.
They raced around the ring on rabbits,
Woo quite forgot their usual habits.
They called some birds to fold their wings
And skip about in highland flings.
Some hop-roads, bugs and other things
Went hopping 'round and 'round in rings.
"Trained animals!" Young Dotty 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."

"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 miserable 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!)

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 com-
mence



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

But never dreamed, the little lass,
Of what came stealing through the grass,
What fluttering 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!
Those Kewpies on the left and right!
Forgotten all her pensive pain,
That daisies laughed with might and main,
She laughed until they thought her jok-
ing.
She laughed until they thought her chok-
ing.

(She "nearly perished!")

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

The Kewpie Army fires his gun,
The animals then faster run.
Upon a signpost made of grass,
Both back and forth, brave Kewpies pass.
And, oh! to see those Kewpie kids
Then pile themselves in pyramids!
(Dear me! I should have been
quite distressed!)

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

Well, you could hardly trust your eyes.
You'd be quite dizzy with surprise,
If you could see the circus here.
Those Kewpie provided for the dear,
The Kewpie Cook stood on his hind,
The Carpenter the others led
In turns and twice past all being.

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



"And still to see those Kewpie kids
Then pile themselves in pyramids!"

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.

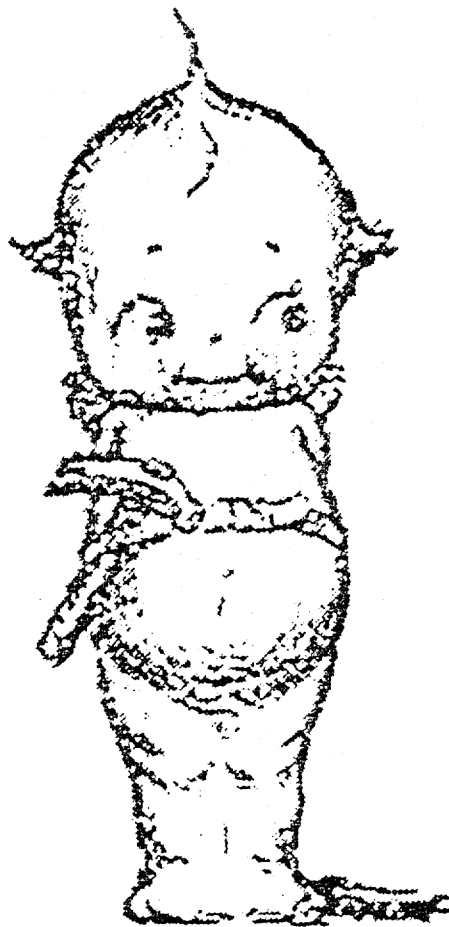
"When you are older, you can
see
These sights, like Nan and Dan and
me."

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 prefer
by it.
To stay at home in calm an-
quies."

(別紙)

著作物目録 2 の(2)



著作物目録 3

Fig. 1.

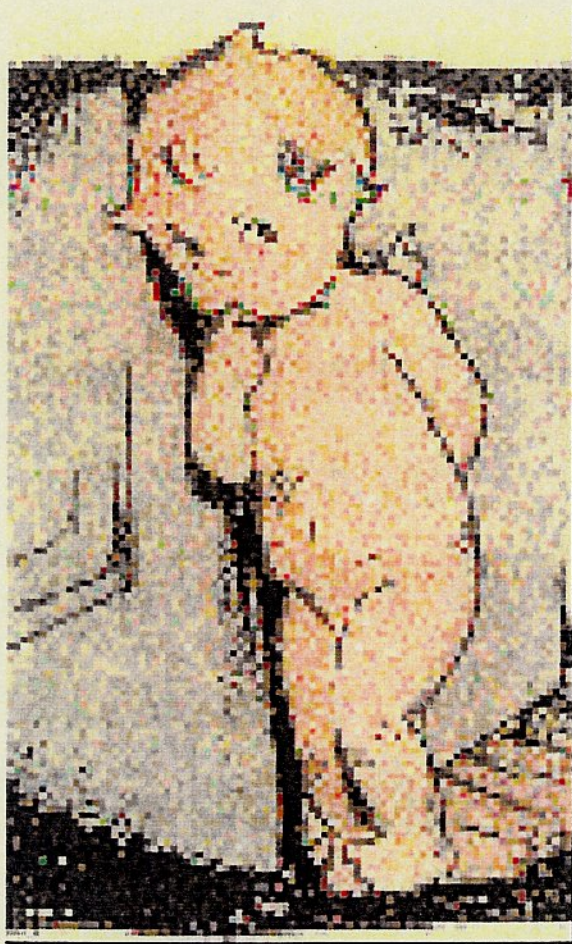


Fig. 2.



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著作物目録 4



(別紙)

著作物目録 5



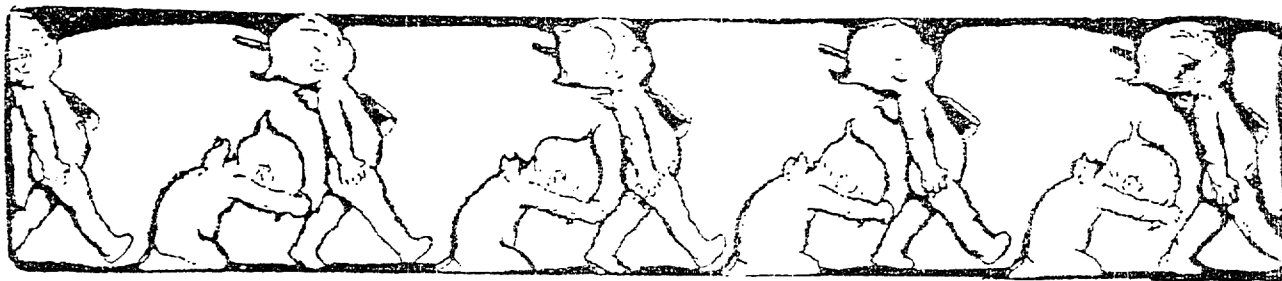
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著作物目録 6



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著作物目録 7



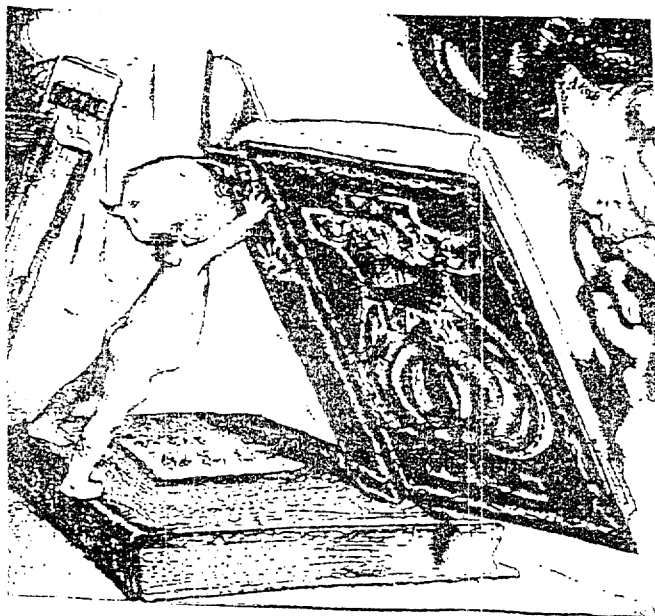
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著作物目録 8



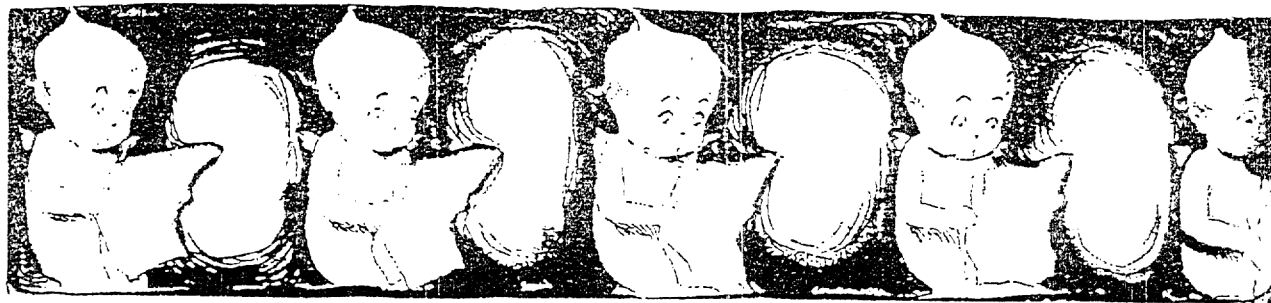
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著作物目録 9



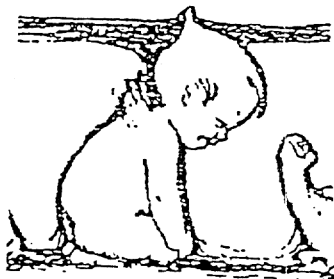
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著作物目録 10



(別紙)

著作物目録 1 1



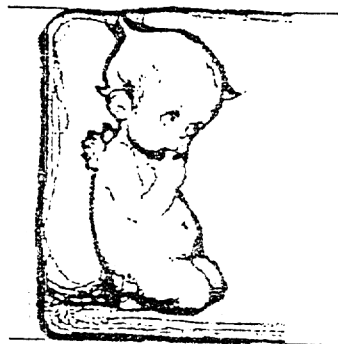
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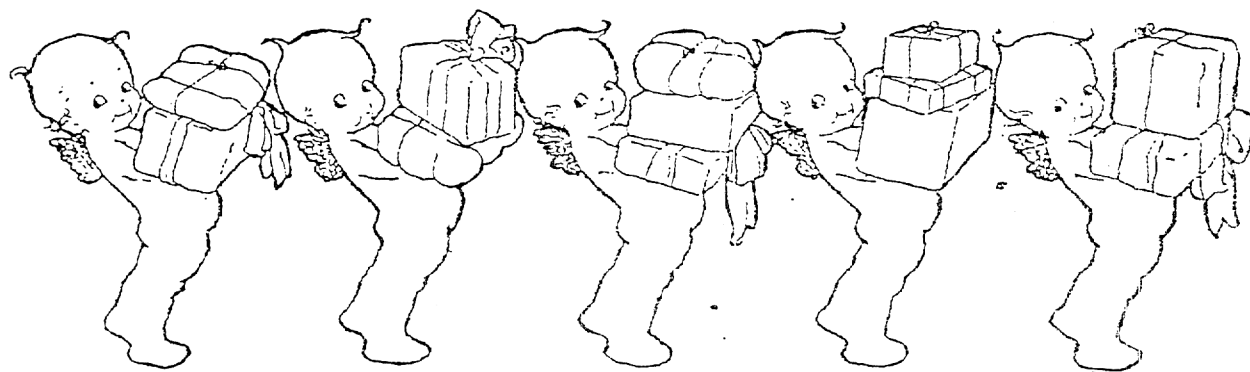


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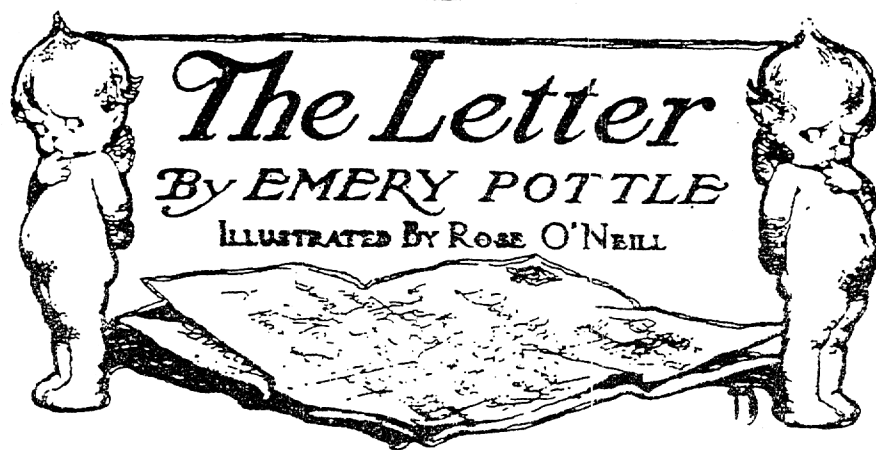


著作物目録 1 4



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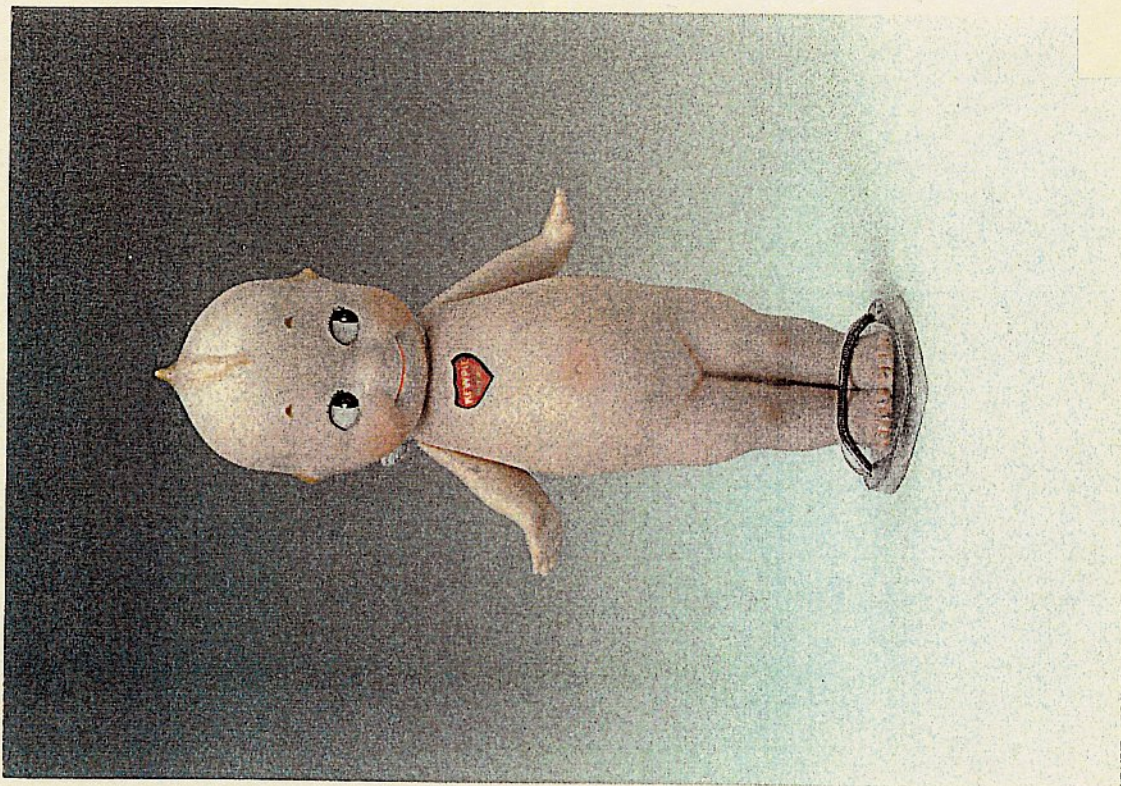


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写真(二)



写真(一)

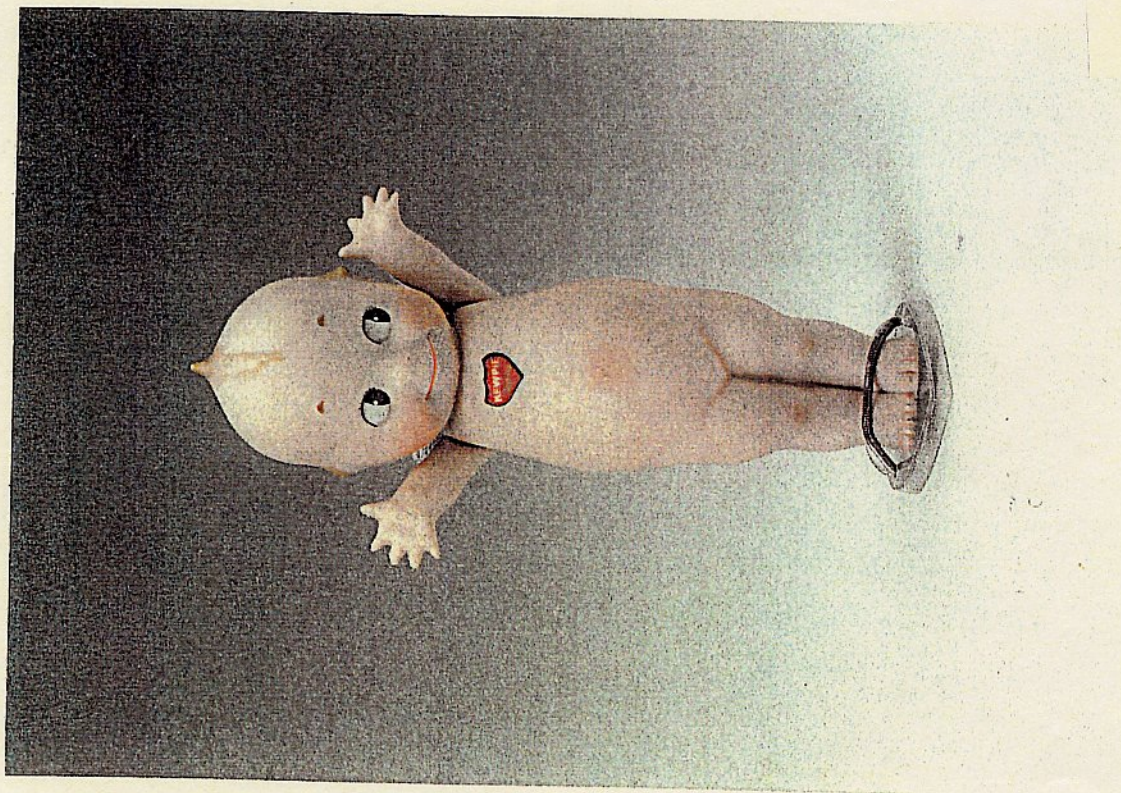


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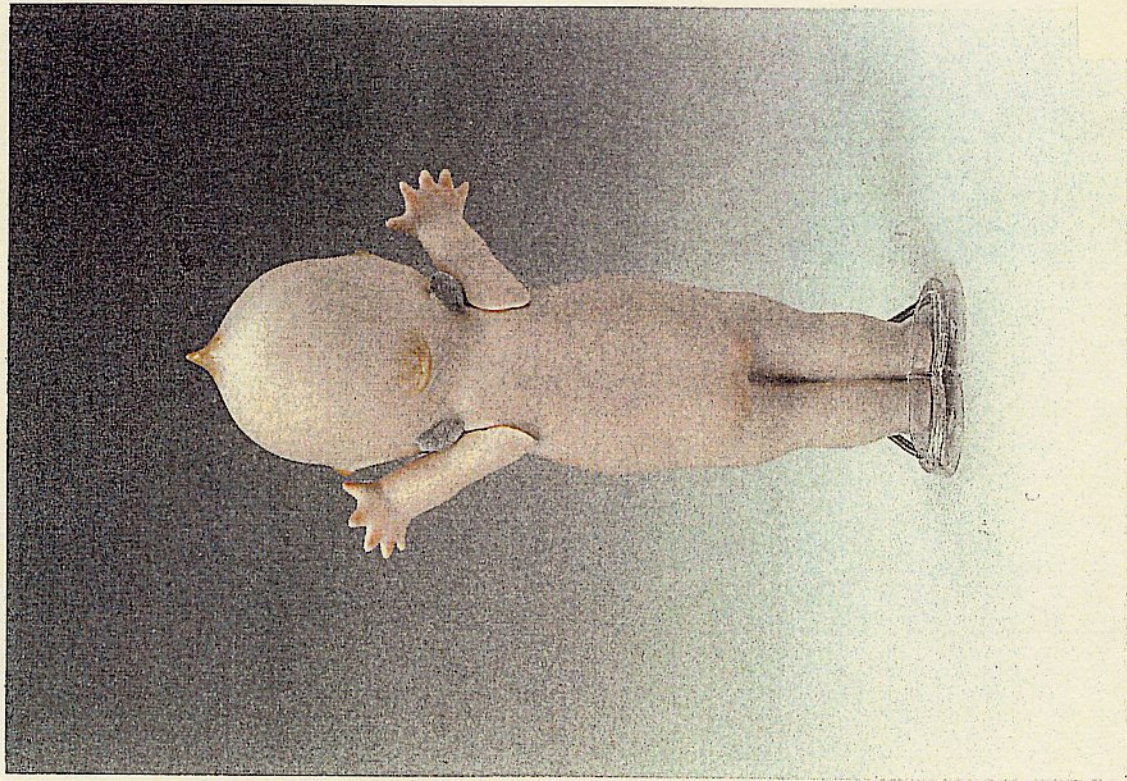


写真 (四)

