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O'KISSME SAN,

:: :: A Doll from Japan. :: ::





To Anne  
from  
Martine.

Merry Christmas.



M.E.T.

# O'KISSME SAN



♦ A DOLL ♦ FROM ♦ JAPAN ♦

BY HARVEY GASKELL

♦ ILLUSTRATED ♦ BY ♦ M. E. THOMPSON & H. M. PEMBERTON ♦

NEW YORK :

THE INTERNATIONAL ART PUBLISHING CO.



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# O'KISSME- SAN †

THIS book will tell  
you all about  
The doll, O'Kissme  
San,  
Her mistress, too,

Wee Betty Blue,  
Pup Joe, and Captain Ban,  
And should the story serve to pass  
A pleasant hour or so,  
Believe me, we  
Most pleased shall be,  
So please to let us know.



O'KISSME SAN had

almond eyes,

A parasol and fan :

A doll was she

Of high degree,

From picturesque Japan.

Her hair was black and full of pins,

She'd teeny weeny feet ;

Her clothes were made

Of silk brocade,

Their cut was simply sweet.









O N Miss Betty's  
seventh birth-

Last July, O'Kissme  
San,

In a lacquer box,  
With all her frocks,  
Arrived by parcels van ;  
And Lovi-Dovi too, her  
maid,  
A Jappy little elf  
Just half her size,  
But, otherwise,  
Exactly like herself.





MISS BETTY gave a dollies'  
tea

To all her little friends ;

And cookie bakes

Such lovely cakes !

Such fruit the gard'ner sends !

Each visitor her dolly brings

—Of course, she brings her best—

And, spick-and-span,

O'Kissme San

Welcomes each dolly guest.

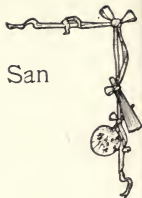


DIRECTLY tea is over, then  
The dollies must be fed ;  
So Nanny brings  
Their own tea-things  
And sets them out, instead.  
And now a curious thing occurred,  
The little Japanese  
Pushed back her seat,  
Then, on her feet,  
She squatted at her ease.



BUT when O'Kissme San  
commenced  
To eat, how they did stare !  
For strawberry ice  
She took, like rice,  
With chop-sticks, I declare !  
Of course, the other dolls with  
spoons

And forks would eat no more ;  
So you may guess  
The awful mess  
They made on Betty's floor.







NET.

NOW when it's time to  
say good-bye,

Ere homeward they depart,

Each dolly man

To 'Kissme San

Offers his hand and heart.

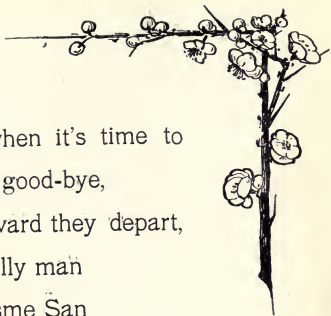
The lady dolls with jealousy

Are mad, as you can see,

“What have I done?”

Cries everyone,

“Neglected thus to be?”





ONE day, a rick-shaw  
came to take  
O'Kissme for a ride,  
With coolie-man  
As in Japan,  
Between the shafts to stride.  
The other dolls—what do you think ?  
They took the coolie out,  
Then harnessed up  
A playful pup  
To pull the cart about.





O'KISSME SAN  
got in, and then  
Her maid got in, as well.

The sun is hot,  
But off they trot,

Now listen what befell :

For, just as Joe, the pup, had got  
Accustomed to his load,

A water rat,  
So sleek and fat,  
Dashed right across the road.



AWAY goes Joe—the dollies  
scream,

Away goes master rat ;

A nice green pond

Lies just beyond,

And off they race for that.

In jumps the rat—in follows

Joe,

Their screams he never

heeds,

The harness snaps,

The wretched Japs

See! struggling in the weeds.

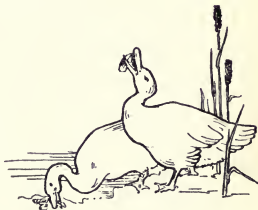


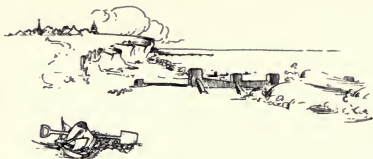






OLD George, the gard'ner,  
fished them out,  
And laid them in the sun ;  
The puddle-ducks  
Had gobbled up  
Their garments—one by one.  
So as poor Lovi-Dovi had  
No other clothes to wear,  
A smart new  
frock  
Out of her  
stock  
Her mistress  
had to spare.





FOR Betty's Summer holidays  
At Sandbeach-on-the-Sea,  
Her Father took  
A cosy nook  
For all the family.  
Of course, the dollies went as well,  
With all the other toys,  
A spade and pail,  
With boats to sail—  
The boats were for the boys.



ONE morning, on the  
yellow sands

The children are at play

When "Rooty-Toot,"

With pipe and flute,

Come Punch-and-Judy gay.

Down go the dolls, the spades, the  
pails,

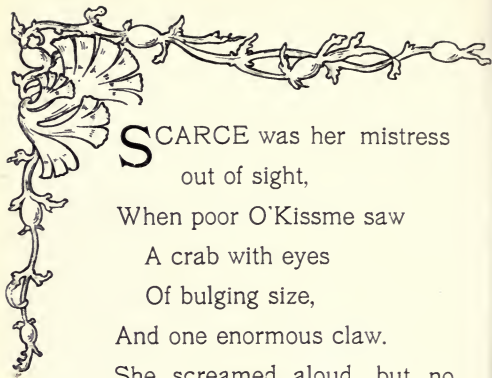
And off the children fly ;

The rooty-toot

Of Punch's flute,

What child can e'er deny ?





**S**CARCE was her mistress  
out of sight,  
When poor O'Kissme saw  
A crab with eyes  
Of bulging size,  
And one enormous claw.  
She screamed aloud, but no  
one heard,  
As, sidling down the shore,  
The awful crab  
Made just one dab,  
And off his victim bore.









JUST then poor Bet comes  
running up,

And with her come the boys,

And Joe, the pup :

The hunt is up !

My word, they make a noise.

Joe quickly spies the robber bold,

They raise the hue and

cry ;

So crabby drops

His prey, and pops

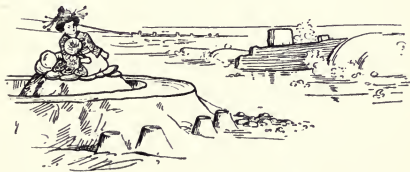
Into a pool hard by.





“**A** CASTLE for O’Kissme San  
Let’s build,” the children cried;  
“And let the wall  
Be thick and tall,  
The moat, both deep and wide.”  
So, when the tide was on the turn,  
They wrought with willing hands  
And pail and spade,  
Until they made  
A castle on the sands.

IT was the biggest castle that  
They possibly could make ;  
Said they, “ No wave,  
However brave,  
Will dare our fort to take.”  
They made a throne of oyster-shells,  
And set it on the top,  
And left O’Kiss  
Me San on this,  
Till their return, to stop.





**B**UT, all too quick the tide comes  
up,

And wavelets soon surround

The rebel fort,

O'Kissme's caught,

And looks like being drowned.

Hurrah ! a welcome bark she hears,

She knows that help's at hand ;

With eager din

Joe dashes in,

And brings her safe to land.











**A**T a dollies' sand-pie party  
That Betty gave one day,  
O'Kissme San  
Met Captain Ban,  
A sailor bold and gay.  
Her fellow-countryman was he,  
An admiral elect ;  
There was no man  
In all Japan,  
With medals so bedecked.



SAID he, "I've long de-  
sired a bride ;  
I'm sick of single life ;  
So, if you can,  
O'Kissme San,  
Please say you'll be my wife."  
O'Kissme blushed and said, "I feel  
Most flattered, don't you know ?  
But O ! I fear  
My mistress dear  
Will never let me go."



“**B**ESIDES, I have a  
faithful maid,  
I could not leave  
behind.”



“Why, let her wed,”  
The Captain said,  
“My man, if she’s a mind.  
He is the handiest tar afloat,  
He cooks, and shaves, and sews ;



A bo’sun he  
Will shortly be.  
I’ll tell him to propose.”

POOR Betty wept—as mothers  
will,  
When they their daughters lose,  
But still, a match  
With such a catch  
She couldn't well refuse.  
And Lovi-Dovi and her tar—  
His name was Yo-Hee-Vo—  
Agreed that they,  
That self-same day,  
Would to the altar go.

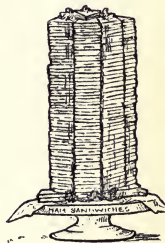








THE wedding was a grand affair:  
They'd breakfast on the shore,  
With speeches fine,  
Green ginger wine,  
And sandwiches galore.  
Then Captain Ban and Yo-Hee-Vo  
Returned aboard their ship,  
For they must go  
To Tokyo,  
Upon their wedding trip.



THE brides  
with all their  
dolly friends,  
Went for a walk  
along  
The cliffs of  
chalk  
For one last talk;  
The wind was  
blowing strong ;



But as the sun was shining  
bright,  
The newly-married dolls,  
To keep his rays  
From their bouquets,  
Put up their parasols.



“**A** DIEU, my friends !” O’Kissme  
cried,

“Wish us a happy trip !

Yon tiny boat  
Waits there afloat  
To take us to our ship.  
I see my husband on the deck,  
With telescope  
in hand,  
He looks at  
me  
Across the  
sea,  
Isn’t he simply  
grand ?”





THE rising gale  
their parasols  
Makes parachutes,  
and high  
—One powerful  
puff

Was quite enough—  
Above the cliff they fly.  
Said Ban, “It seems my wife  
prefers  
Ballooning to a boat,  
So 'neath these aer-  
Onauts so fair,  
My ship shall gently float.”





SAFE in the air the dollies wait,

Until the tempest calms ;

Then down they drop,

And gently flop

Into their husbands' arms.

Good-bye, good-bye, brave bo'sun

Yo !

Adieu ! most gallant Ban !

Stick to your brides

Whate'er betides,

Farewell ! O'Kissme San !!





HM Pemberton. '08

♥FAREWELL♥

PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

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