

CYNTHIANNA BLYTHE

Drawings by Wallace Morgan ~ Verses by Harry Grant Dart.

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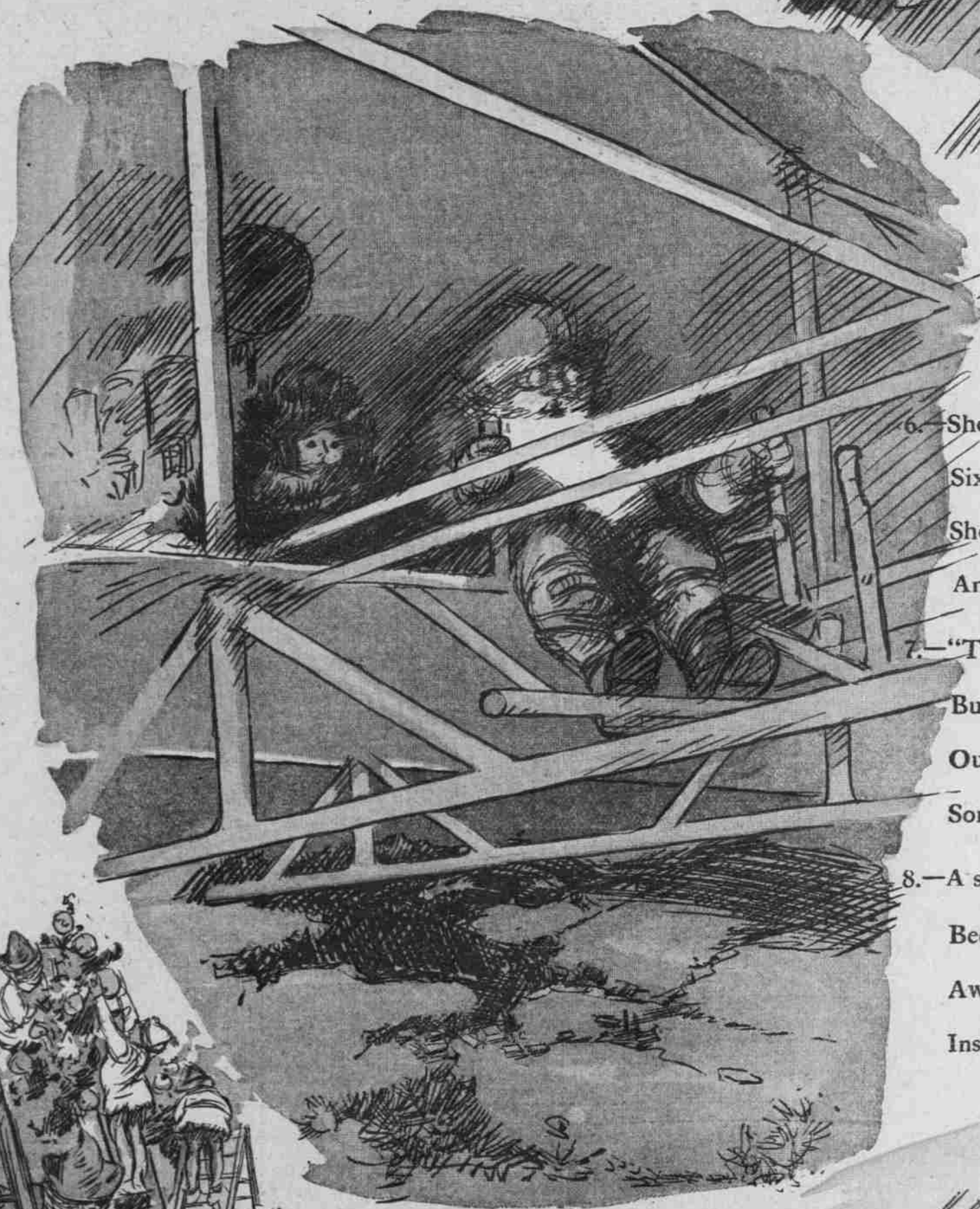
- 1.—Our Cynthia longs to aviate,
And in her bed this night
She cannot sleep; she lies and dreams
Of famous Mr. Wright.
She'd seen him fly the Hudson o'er
And envied him on high.
Oh, what a pleasure it must be
Up in the clouds to fly.
- 2.—What do you think then happens? Well,
A little man appears,
All wrapped in habilaments of fur,
From gaiters to his ears.
"I've heard," said he, "you wish to fly.
My aeroplane's outside,
And if you care to go with me
I'll take you for a ride."



- 3.—"I'm sure it's Santa Claus," says she;
"I recognize his face;
He looks so kind I'll chance a ride
With him in any case."
For flying trips her nightie's not
The proper thing to wear;
But angels seldom have so much,
So Cynthia doesn't care.

- 4.—He tucks her in with bearskin robes
And starts his big machine,
Then says he'll take her to a place
That folks have never seen.
It's Christmasville, where many elfs
He constantly employs
In decorating Christmas trees
And making Christmas toys.

- 5.—O'er mountains, hills and forests white
With snow they quickly soar;
And through a country such as she
Has never seen before;
And now before a garden wall,
With amber gates, they pause,
On which is written "Christmasville—
Sole owner, Santa Claus."



- 6.—She follows Santa through the works
And marvels when she sees
Six hundred never-tiring gnomes,
All trimming Christmas trees.
She sees the place where dolls are made,
And pop corn balls are cast,
And looms where Teddy-bears are knit,
With swiftness unsurpassed.

- 7.—"This may seem fun," old Santa says,
"And easy work to do;
But tell those children down below
We have our troubles too.
Our clocks sometimes go on a strike,
And trumpets on a toot;
Sometimes our drums we have to beat
And guns we have to shoot."

- 8.—A stack of jumping-jacks who hear
Dear Santa's awful joke
Become so gay they split their sticks
And laugh so hard they choke.
Awakening, Cynthia finds her head
Between the bed and wall.
Instead of seeing Christmasville,
She's not been there at all.

