



CYNTHIANNA BLYTHE

Drawings by Wallace Morgan ~ Verses by Harry Grant Dart.



2— She soon had donned her mother's furs
And hat of ponderous size,
Then stole out through the basement door
And not a soul was wise.
She spied a big policeman and begged
The man to stop;
She asked him to direct her
To the "biggest jewe'ry shop."

1— Cynthianna's mamma entertained
At bridge one day,
The servants all were busy and
The nurse had gone away.
"I think it's time for me," she said,
"To make a shopping tour;
The folks are all so busy they'll not miss me,
I am sure."



3— Cecil Reginald Van Puyster,
With his sister by his side,
Was picking out some jewels for
His shortly-to-be bride,
When a little voice behind him,
Striving anger to assume,
Said, "Oh, won't you move aside, sir,
And give a lady room?"

4— The clerk leaned o'er the counter
And his countenance was blank
When he sighted Cynthianna, with
Her little penny bank.
Said she, "I'd like some jewelry;
So please my order take.
For, sir, I have so very many
Purchases to make."

5— "I want a ruby necklace for my mamma—
One will do;
My nurse must have a diamond ring—
You'd better make it two;
Then a rope of pearls for Nora
And a sunburst for Marie;
I have the money with me—please, sir,
How much will it be?"



6— The clerk displayed great fortitude
In keeping straight his face
When Cynthia dumped some fifty-seven
Pennies on the case.
"My dear," said he, "you mustn't
With your money be so rash;
It's 'gainst our rule to handle
Such a large amount of cash."

7— He handed her the pennies back.
Said she, "Perhaps you're right;
There must be other stores in town
With clerks much more polite."
She bowed to him majestically,
Strode stiffly toward the door,
With several feet of mamma's furs
Bedraggling on the floor.

8— Cynthia was missed at home,
The police were notified
And Detective Sergeant Sherlockholmes
Was shortly at her side.
In jiffy time he had her home,
And it isn't Cynthia's fault
That the servants don't own diamonds
In a safe deposit vault.