

CYNTHIANNA BLYTHE

Drawings by Wallace Morgan ~ Verses by Harry Grant Dart.

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1.—Now, Cynthianna's hoople stick
Had down a grating rolled,
And she had beckoned to her nurse
Her trouble to unfold;
When "Spinach" Dubbs, the grocer's boy,
Hove, whistling, into view,
And said, "Don't worry, little miss,
I'll get your stick for you."



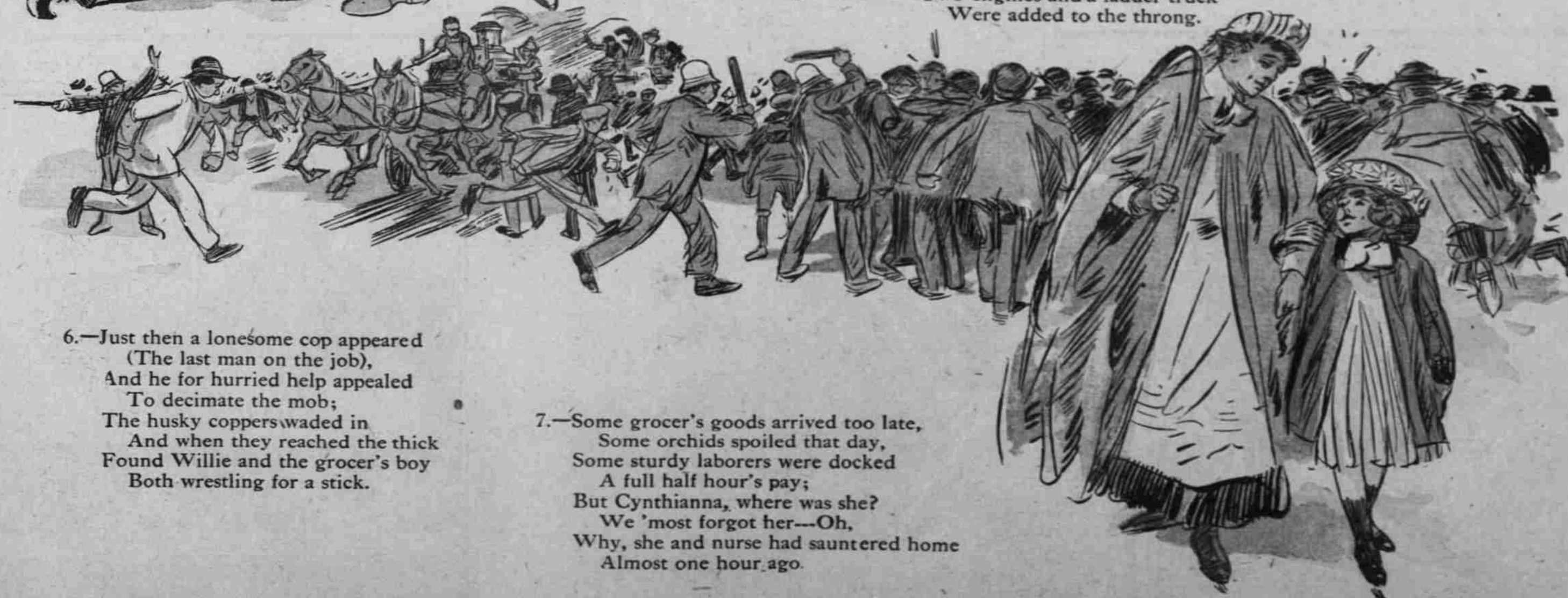
2.—He threw his basket on the pave,
Then "galluses" ungeared,
And with them fished the crevice where
The stick had disappeared;
Then Willie Jones came running up,
And, destitute of hooks,
He angled close by "Spinach" with
The strap from off his books.



3.—Here other boys from Willie's school
Their services present,
And soon a score of them were on
A single mission bent.
Some laboring men across the street,
Absorbing noonday lunch,
Put by their pails of sustenance
And joined the grovelling bunch.

4.—Two plumbers stop to offer help,
A coalman with his cart,
And several pompous business men
Insist on taking part.
Next came a liveried florist's boy,
With orchids rare (in price),
Who put the prized exotics by
And volunteered advice.

5.—The crowd increased like magic 'til
The avenue was filled;
Some said it was an accident
And people had been killed.
Then some one pulled a fire alarm,
And soon with clanging gong
Two engines and a ladder truck
Were added to the throng.



6.—Just then a lonesome cop appeared
(The last man on the job),
And he for hurried help appealed
To decimate the mob;
The husky coppers waded in
And when they reached the thick
Found Willie and the grocer's boy
Both wrestling for a stick.

7.—Some grocer's goods arrived too late,
Some orchids spoiled that day,
Some sturdy laborers were docked
A full half hour's pay;
But Cynthianna, where was she?
We 'most forgot her—Oh,
Why, she and nurse had sauntered home
Almost one hour ago.