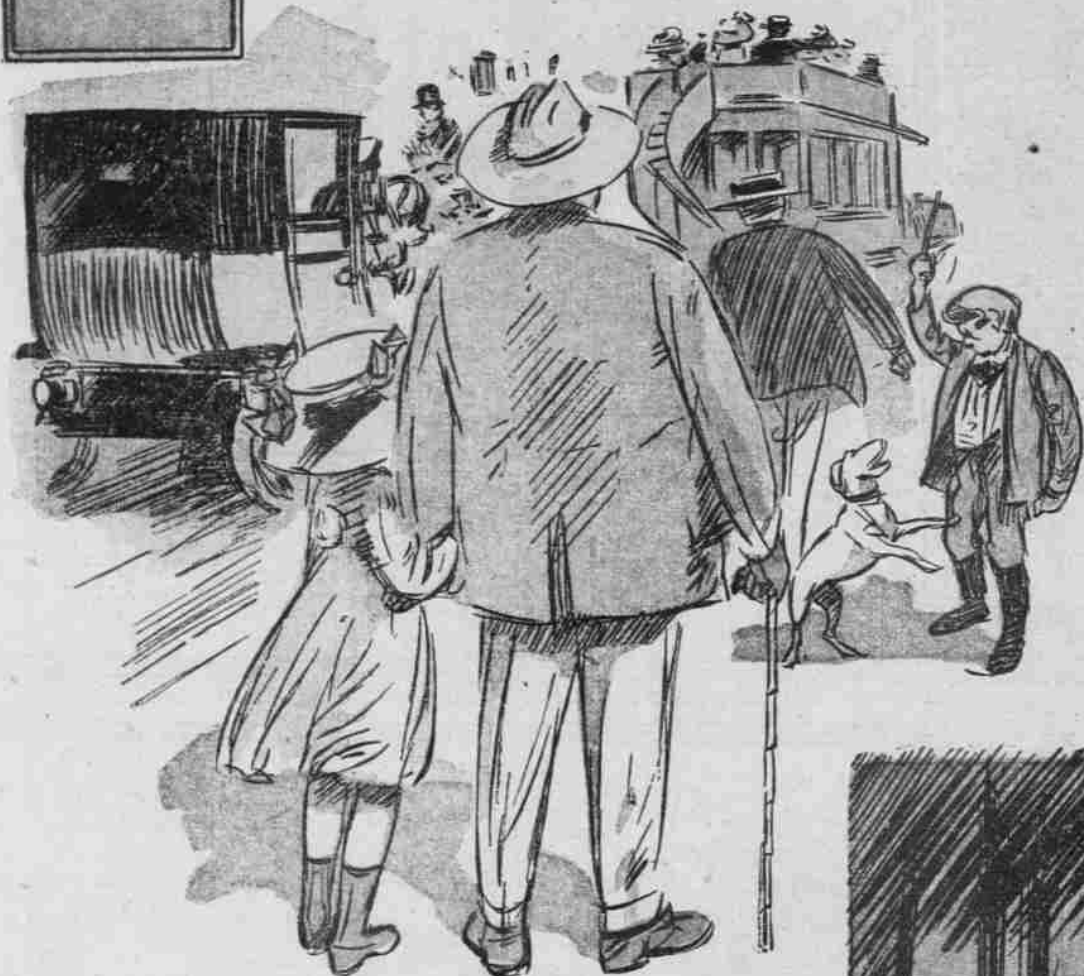


CYNTHIANNA BLYTHE

Drawings by Wallace Morgan ~ Verses by Harry Grant Dart

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- 1.—Cynthianna's Uncle Monte
(A bachelor millionaire)
Worships Cynthia as his idol,
From her toe-tips to her hair.
He delights to make her happy.
And her slightest wish she knows
Will immediately be granted
Should she a hint impose.
- 2.—"O dearest Uncle Monte,"
Said she to him one day,
"I wish I had a doggie
To help me while at play.
Of course I don't expect one,
But I can't make up my mind
Whether I'd prefer a big one.
Or just the little kind."



- 3.—Now, to the door next morning
A burly man led up,
With glittering chain and collar,
A lumbering mastiff pup.
A card read, "Dearest Cynthia:—
My compliments to you;
Accept this little token from
Your Uncle Montague."
- 4.—In Cynthianna's ecstasies
The family took no part.
The nurse in matters infantile
Quite suddenly lost heart.
And mamma said, "Good gracious!
What next will that man do?
I wish he would consult us
When he's plans, like this, in view!"



- 5.—But papa lost his temper;
And to ventilate his mind
Vowed his brother was an idiot
And ought to be confined.
Said he, "I might have known, and
I'm thankful anyhow
That he didn't full extend himself
And send the child a cow."
- 6.—Our doggie in the meantime
Stood bold and unabashed;
But every time his tail was wagged
Some bric-a-brac was smashed.
Cynthia's arms were soon about him,
As she dragged him to the floor.
Said she, "Because you're strenuous
I'll name you 'Theodore.'"



- 7.—You'll soon hear more about him,
And his lot is not so hard
In a domicile built for him
By the chauffeur in the yard.
Papa wakens oft at midnight
And makes a sad avow'l,
Grits his teeth and thinks of brother
While he listens to him howl.

