



CYNTHIANNA BLYTHE

Drawings by Wallace Morgan Verses by Harry Grant Dart.

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1.—Though Cynthianna loved her dog,
She realized that he
No lofty station occupied
In popularity.
The hotel's management in wrath
Gave Papa Blythe a hint
And made remarks concerning dogs
That are not nice to print'



2.—When she to part with him refused
Dear Uncle Montague
Said, "If you'll let us send him home
I'll tell you what we'll do.
We'll have the finest pony rig
That money can procure
And you'll enjoy it vastly more
Than Theodore, I'm sure."

3.—Reluctantly, in tears, she then
Left Teddy to his fate,
Which meant a trip to town for him,
Enclosed within a crate;
And Uncle Monte's word was kept.
And soon her aching heart
Was soothed by his appearance with
A pony and a cart.



6.—He struck the pony with the whip,
And much to her dismay
The little horse resented this
And promptly ran away.
As down the beach he madly tore
(He didn't run, he flew)
The first to land was Geraldine,
With Cyril number two.

4.—It was the cutest pony, too,
That one could wish to see,
In disposition good as gold
And gentle as could be.
When Cynthia drove it to the beach,
With Monte by its side,
The children all in wild delight
Insisted they should ride.



7.—
Then Archibald, with tumbling stunts,
Some exercise obtains,
And Seymour, paralyzed with fear,
Clings madly to the reins;
But Cynthia, who has kept her head,
Now coolly takes command
And with persuasion quickly brings
The pony to a stand.

5.—As Seymour Dividends was there,
Still unforgiven quite,
To ask the others without him
She knew was impolite;
And he, when once within the cart,
Did artfully contrive
To get the reins away from her
And show how he could drive.

8.—That Montague had fierce designs
On Dividends was feared,
Who, being quite aware of this,
Discreetly disappeared.
"I just despise that awful boy,"
Cried Cynthia, in a rage.
"I wish his folks would chain him up
Or keep him in a cage."

