



FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by WALLACE MORGAN,



1.—'Twas New Year's Eve; but far above the horn and battered hat
There lay a sumptuous studio where Art enthroned sat.
And upper class Bohemia had summoned Genius there
To consecrate the glad new year—and praise the lacquered ware.

2.—A shaggy Violinist and an Author grave and glum,
And a chinless, pallid Poet, with a ring upon his thumb,
And an oily Hindu Swami graced this coterie apart—
Not to mention Fluffy Ruffles, who had made a plunge in Art.



3.—In the streets the thoughtless thousands robbed the city of its rest,
In the studio the lionizing hostess did her best
To tap the founts of Culture and to ope the gates of Thought—
While Fluffy tried to hide the horn which brother Dick had brought.



4.—So the Poet bleated wanly—for he had his bread to earn—
And the almost famous author followed when it came his turn,
And the Hindu Swami lectured—for his rent was in arrears—
And the shaggy Violinist had the women all in tears.



5.—And then there fell a silence, as the old year's knell was struck,
Whispered Fluffy to her brother, "Blow that horn just once for luck!"
And with that she seized a banjo—why, she never could divine—
But she opened on those dreamers with "The Days of Auld Lang Syne."

6.—And they gathered round Miss Fluffy, and they dropped their maudlin mask,
And the way they roared the chorus was as fine as you could ask,
For Culture has its uses, but it's red blood where it's found
That keeps the world a-spinning and the new years coming round!