

# FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



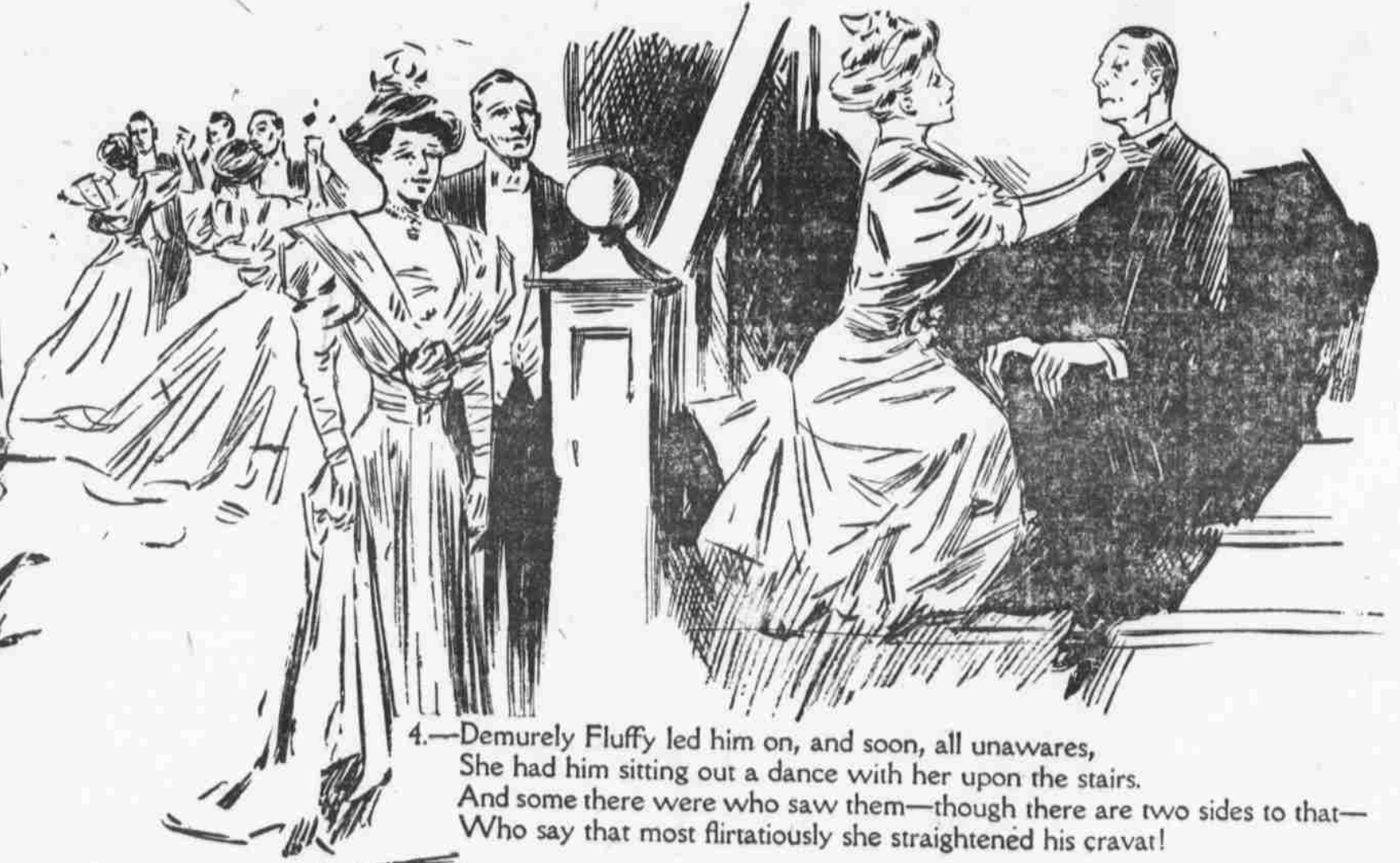
1.—'Twas at a Leap Year dancing party held last Wednesday night;  
We had the new young curate there (his teeth were large and white!)  
And also Fluffy Ruffles, whom he didn't know from you,  
Though he'd voiced his disapproval and had said she wouldn't do



2.—The girls soon had the dancing men for every number booked,  
While the proper little curate thought his evening's goose was cooked.  
For he sat all meek and lonesome in a corner of the hall,  
When who should spy his misery but Fluffy, first of all!



3.—They had not met, but Leap Year lent its privilege, and she  
Soon had that luckless curate chatting unsuspectingly  
Concerning Fluffy Ruffles, the example that she set  
And the hope that when he knew her he might mold her nature yet!



4.—Demurely Fluffy led him on, and soon, all unawares,  
She had him sitting out a dance with her upon the stairs.  
And some there were who saw them—though there are two sides to that—  
Who say that most flirtatiously she straightened his cravat!



5.—Be as it may, the word went round and others chanced that way;  
And then in her most playful mood she wove from her bouquet  
A wreath and placed the same upon the curate's blushing brow:  
"They're coals of fire!" cried Fluffy. "Will you mold my nature now?"



6.—Poor little curate! How his explanations made them grin,  
And how that graceless Leap Year crowd of young folks rubbed it in!  
And how they made him lead the dance with Fluffy hand in hand  
Are matters that self-righteous persons ne'er will understand!

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