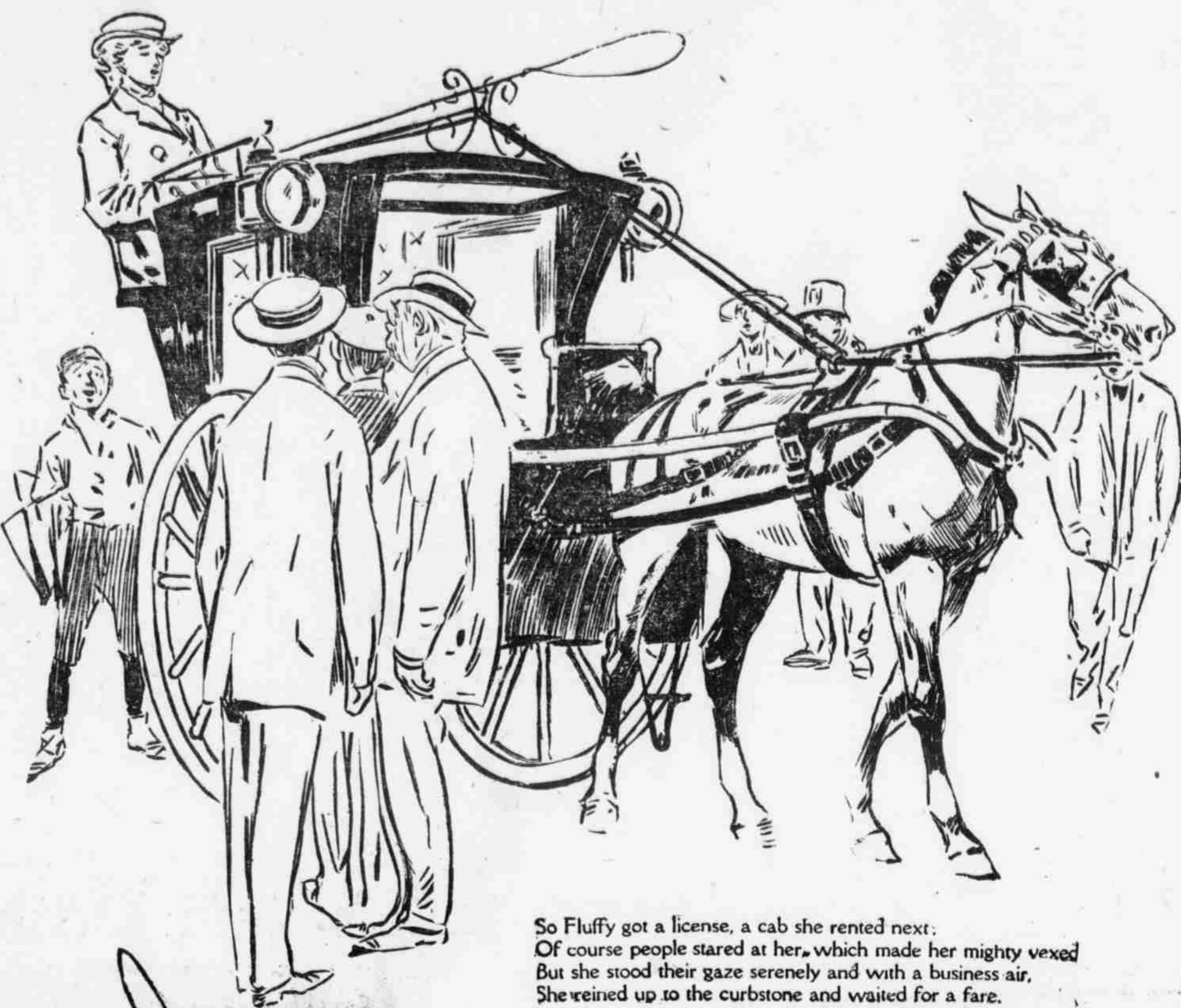


FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by WALLACE MORGAN.
Verses by CAROLYN WELLS.



Miss Fluffy Ruffles giggled—then she nodded her fair head,
"I really think I'll try it, though it does seem queer," she said.
"But in Paris it's the custom, at least, so I have heard.
And they say it's done in London, so it can't be quite absurd."



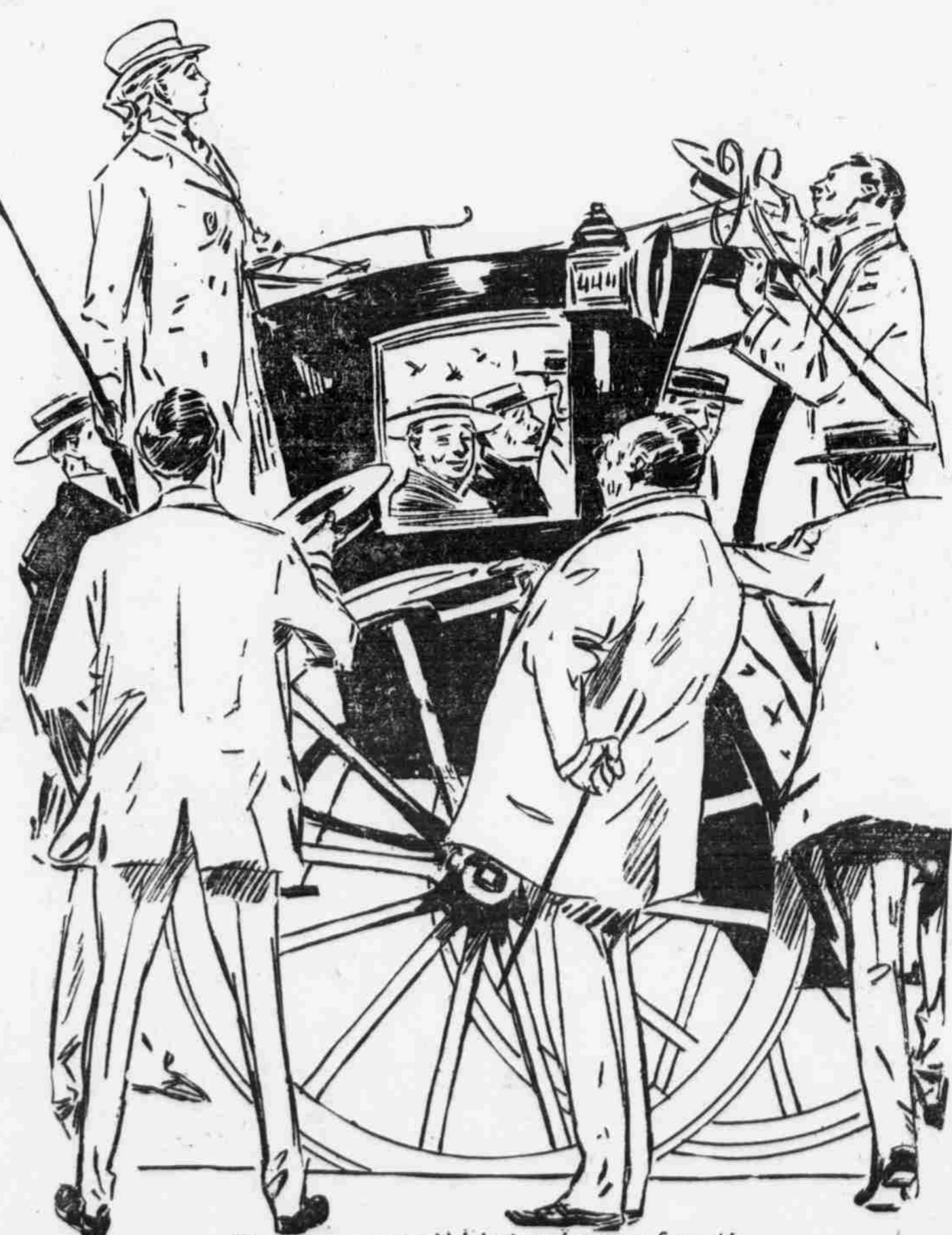
"This coaching costume is all right, 'twas bought last year, 'tis true?
But quite correct, I'm sure, and really just as good as new
With its smart red velvet collar, and the cloth is Coachman's Drab,
I'm well equipped, I think, to drive a hansom cab."

So Fluffy got a license, a cab she rented next:
Of course people stared at her, which made her mighty vexed
But she stood their gaze serenely and with a business air,
She reined up to the curbstone and waited for a fare.



Two smart young ladies came along, they thought it quite a lark
To ride in Fluffy's hansom. They drove around the Park.
And Fluffy looked so charming, up in her lofty seat,
That the Park attendants trailed her and the policemen left their beat.

(COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)
All Rights Reserved.



The novel plan worked fairly well, until the girls got out
When Fluffy found a lot of men were crowding all about!
They begged to ride in Fluffy's cab, they offered extra pay
Till Fluffy grew quite furious, and tried to drive away.

The young men wouldn't let it go, but eager for a ride,
They all swarmed up the wheels and dash and stowed themselves inside.
But Fluffy scrambled down before they knew of her intent,
She hailed another cab, jumped in, and sadly homeward went.