



FLUFFY RUFFLES Drawings by WALLACE MORGAN.

1.—As Fluffy Ruffles sat perusing a book of magic lore
She thought, "Why, here's a venture I've never tried before!
I'll be an expert palmist,—on my wits I can rely,—
I hardly think it will succeed, but I believe I'll try."



2.—"I'll have a lovely studio, artistic and refined;
I'll have all my surroundings of the most excellent kind.
My clients shall be limited; I'll charge the highest rates;
And only to a favored few divulge their future fates."



3.—So Fluffy decked her studio in Oriental style;
'T was hung with heavy draperies of thick and lustrous pile;
Bejewelled lamps of metal work breathed incense through the room,
And everything was shrouded in a deep, mysterious gloom.

4.—The darlings of society came flocking to the place
And begged the Sibyl eagerly their future life to trace;
They held their pretty, pinky palms to Fluffy's thoughtful gaze,
And she foretold a happy fate in vague and mystic phrase.



5.—The girls were all delighted and their friends they quickly told;
The young men scoffed and said, "Aha, you have been nicely sold!"
"It's all a lot of foolery!" "It doesn't interest me!"
And then, to prove their statements, they started down to see!

6.—Of course that blocked poor Fluffy's game! Each young man, suave and bland,
Would sit in silent rapture there while Fluffy held his hand
And the crowd of waiting clients grew impatient as could be.—
Till Fluffy couldn't stand it, and she gave up palmistry.