



# FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



The ballroom gay was crowded with a throng of dancers light, And Fluffy Ruffles led the dance with Traddles (luckless wight). They played the "Merry Widow Waltz," and like a thistle-down Fair Fluffy floated round the room in a bewitching gown.

"Miss Ruff-Fluff-Fluffy, I would like to do this all my days," And then he trod upon her feet in seven different ways. She bore the pain as best she could, but said, "A single hop 'Will be enough for me, I think." He hopped—he couldn't stop.

"I didn't mean to step on you—your feet were like the floor—  
"No, no—I mean my feet went wrong. They just escaped a door.  
"My feet got tied up in a knot." "A four-in-hand?" asked she.  
"You'd make a dancer if you could?" "Do you think so?" said he.



"I never danced like this before." "Don't do it once again. For people dance for pleasure, and I fear you're giving pain." Then Fluffy Ruffles felt that she had said a word too much. Yet finished with another, "Won't you kindly bring a crutch?"

Poor Traddles felt that every one was looking right at him. "I know I'm awkward," said the youth. "It's easier to swim." "Miss Fluffy, I've a word to say; suppose we stop this waltz." "I think I'd learn to love me well in spite of all your faults."

His tongue was tied, his feet were tied, his brain was tied as well. She knew the thing he meant to say, yet did not care to tell. The lovesick youth she cared for him, but said, "I'd like to stop." So Traddles took her to a seat—which finished up the hop.

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