



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



Miss Fluffy Ruffles wasn't long in making up her mind—
(See last week's paper, if you please, and there I think you'll find
That Fluffy's uncle left to her a very large estate
The sole proviso being that her aunt should be her mate).

Well, as I said, she wasn't long in making up her mind.
She'd scarcely known her maiden aunt, but found her very kind;
A little queer in speech and dress and anything but gay,
But fond of Fluffy and not bent on having her own way.

The first check Fluffy Ruffles drew on coming to her own
Was used to found a reading room for working girls she'd known.
Her aunt was pleased and Traddles said (He'd called to say 'Hullo'),
Your heart's so large I hardly dare to ask for it, you know" —

He blushed carnation pink and Fluffy said "Now that's enough,"
And Traddles thought her treatment was, to say the least, "quite rough."
But soon with Fluffy and her aunt in amicable chat
He went to help the girl to choose a stylish Easter hat.

"Say, try this on," said Traddles, and to please the awkward youth
She tried it on and, strange to say, she almost looked uncouth.
"Now try on this," the maiden aunt with antique gestures said,
And Fluffy, with good nature, put a bonnet on her head.

The milliner remarked "Eet's not your style. Now here's ze sing
Zat's going to be ze proper mode of hat zees coming spring."
But Fluffy shook her head and said, "Please make me one like this."
She donned an untrimmed hat and looked quite sweet enough to kiss.

"A bow, a feather—something here—" The milliner said "Oui."
The result was a creation (as the picture makes you see).
And very few on Easter morn from villa, manse or flat
Created a sensation like the Fluffy Ruffles

