



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



One day in early May, when buds were opening for spring
And in the city parks the birds were tuning up to sing,
Fair Fluffy, faithful Traddles and Aunt Mary took a ride
To Central Park with boys and girls who lived on cramped East Side.

The Park was reached without delay, and soon before a cage
The party clustered, for they saw a tiger in a rage.
A royal Bengal tiger with a fierce and flaming eye,
And teeth that seemed to long to bite the people standing nigh.

Just how it happened no one knew, but suddenly the door
That let the keeper in and out was burst, and with a roar
The angry tiger, leaping thence, his fearful jaws agape,
Seized poor Aunt Mary in his mouth, which closed with dreadful snap.

The children screamed, the lions roared, and Traddles with his cane
Upon the tiger's velvet skin a score of blows did rain.
Although she sensed the peril daring Fluffy was not scared—
She'd save Aunt Mary; more than that she neither knew nor cared.

The tiger (like a hunter cat that dallies with a mouse)
Was toying with Aunt Mary in a corner of the house.
He threw her down, he watched her close and hoped she'd try to run,
And when she lay inert he thought she wasn't any fun.

Close up behind him Fluffy walked, her parasol in hand,
And stepping right in front of him she uttered a command.
"You naughty cat! Let go that mouse!" (her aunt was dressed in gray)
"What do you mean by doing so?" She passed at him in play.

The graceful tiger saw her face. She stooped and stroked his fur,
And to the crowd's astonishment the beast began to purr.
She put her arm around his neck and led him to his cage;
She made them buy him—"tigernip." He quite forgot his rage.

And when with Auntie and the rest she left him all alone,
The tiger was so sad and sorry he began to moan.
"There's no use talking, Fluffy, dear," the ardent Traddles said,
"If you weren't queen of man and beast Aunt Mary would be dead."

