



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



ART RECEIVES A LIFT.

Good luck comes to every man, or so the poets say;
 And this is how it came to one whom Fluffy met one day:—
 He was an artist, very poor, and quite unknown to fame,
 And yet he painted portraits well and should have had a "name."
 'Twas Twaddles introduced him and his name was Arthur Lee;
 They met at a reception where the girl was pouring tea.
 "I hear that you paint portraits." Said the artist, "Yes, I do,
 And if you'd give a sitting, I'd be much obliged to you."
 "I'm sure I'd be delighted to," said Fluffy.
 "Mr. Lee,
 How many lumps? And is it cream or lemon in your tea?"
 "One lump. No lemon. Tell me, please, just when you'll let me try."
 "To-morrow with Aunt Mary at eleven."
 "Thanks! Good by."



The next day in his studio, Miss Fluffy Ruffles sat
 In brand new gown and feather boa and most bewitching hat.
 (The artist tried to look as if he fed on sirloin steak.
 Yet all he'd had the day before was tea and fancy cake.)

"I wonder if I studied I could ever learn to paint,"
 Said Fluffy, when her aunt remarked, "The man is going to faint."
 And sure enough, he dropped his brush and fainted dead away,
 And then they learned that he had had no food at all that day.

Of course, dear Fluffy aided him and set him on his feet
 By buying pictures, and he soon had quite enough to eat.
 And when he'd made her portrait it was hung upon the line,
 And every one who went to see pronounced it very fine.

When Fluffy visited the show, she near the picture stood,
 And people flocked to gaze at her, as she'd supposed they would.
 They looked at it, they looked at her, and all declared it great,
 And for success young Arthur Lee no longer had to wait.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

