



FLUFFY RUFFLES BY CAROLYN WELLS

"It's perfectly ridiculous," said Fluffy, slightly vexed.
"To think I cannot keep a place! Pray, what shall I try next?
Of course I'm not discouraged, but seems as if I might
Secure some situation where I'd do my work just right."



(2)
She visited a friend of hers, an old newspaper man,
Who said "I'd like to help you child; and yes, I think I can.
I'm sure you could write up weddings, balls and social chaff."
So he gave her a position on his reportorial staff.



(3)
Now Fluffy's first assignment was a ball of high degree.
She wore a little evening dress simple as can be.
She took a brand new note book, and her smile was gay and
glad,
As she thought, "I'll write the best report that paper ever had."



(4)
The ballroom was enchanting—music, lights and flowers
about—
So Fluffy found a shelter place and took her note book out.
But some young men espied her, delighted at the view,
They begged for introductions, and somehow got them too.



(5)
Though Fluffy tried to take some notes, she couldn't get a
chance,
For all the men came crowding round, inviting her to dance.
They wouldn't take refusals, and they flattered her till—
well—
—before she knew it, Fluffy Ruffles was the belle!



(6)
Now of course a young reporter can't be belle of any ball.
The leaders of society won't stand for that at all.
And Fluffy realized it, she found it wouldn't do,
So she gave up reporting, and one more scheme fell through.