



FLUFFY RUFFLES BY CAROLYN WELLS

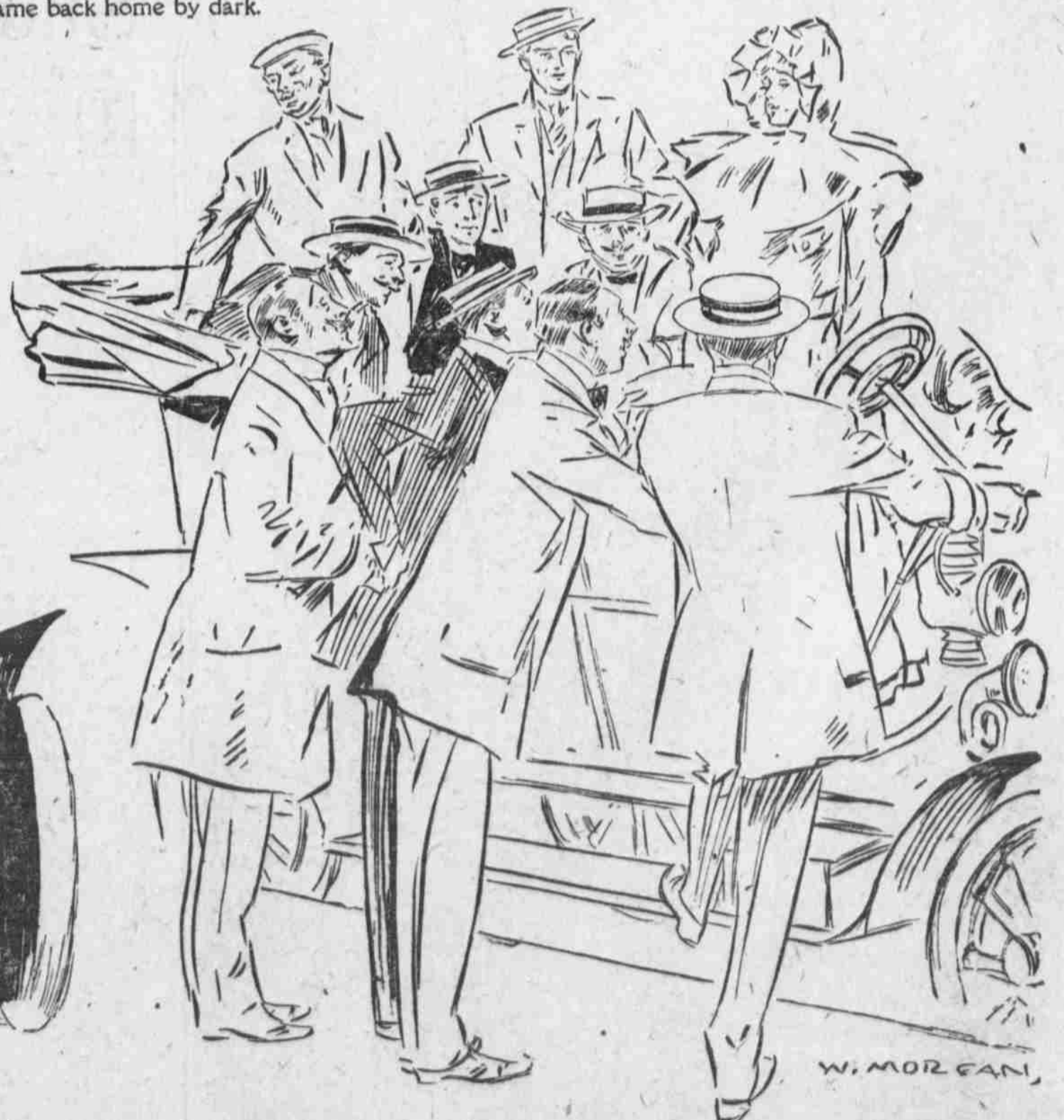
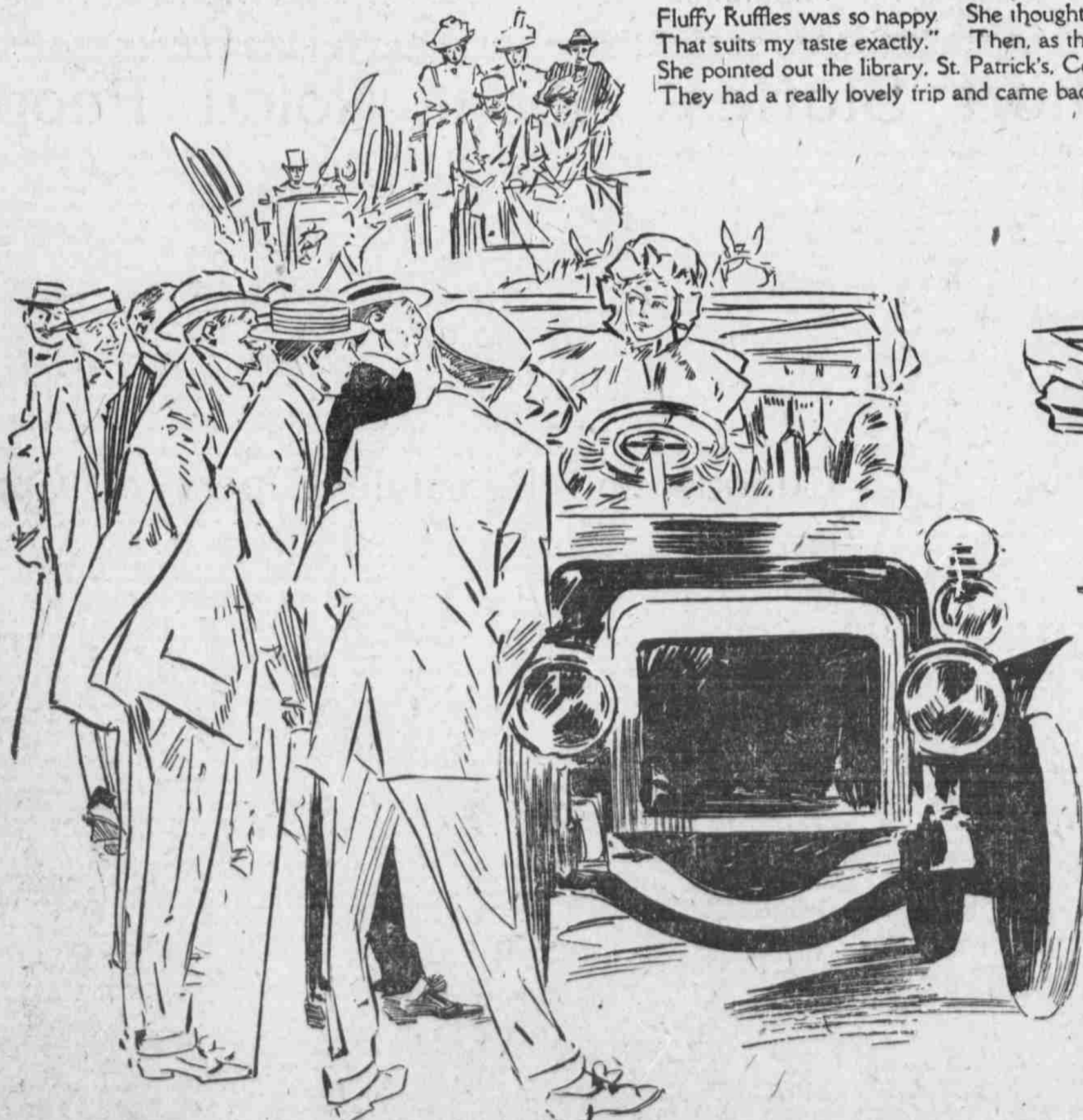
"My motor togs," said Fluffy, "make a really good disguise. This shirred silk hood will shield me from all rude and prying eyes." And so one lovely morning she stopped her car to wait at a certain busy corner where Cook's tourists congregate.



"There's one thing left," said Fluffy, "I'm really quite expert at motoring. I've knowledge, and I'm careful and alert. I still have my big touring car—I think I'll now start out in 'Seeing New York Motor Trips.' 'Twill pay. I have no doubt."

Then Fluffy Ruffles hopefully observed the passing throng. And soon a dear old lady with two nieces came along. They seemed to want to see New York, and pleasantly agreed to take the trip with Fluffy at a cautious rate of speed.

Fluffy Ruffles was so happy. She thought, "here's work at last that suits my taste exactly." Then, as the sights they passed, she pointed out the library, St. Patrick's, Central Park. They had a really lovely trip and came back home by dark.



But when next morning Fluffy came her daily stand to take she found a crowd of men who wished a motor trip to take. And as she paused, dismayed, another party came that way. And everybody seemed possessed to see New York that day!

Poor Fluffy was distracted. They climbed in the tonneau. They even clambered up on top and gayly bade her go. In deep despair she left her car to those relentless men. Convinced that she could never try a motor trip again.

W. MORFAN