



FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by WALLACE MORGAN.

1. Once Miss Fluffy spent her Christmas at a fine old Southern place,
With an attic full of finery of old time style and grace,
And the grandsire of her hostess was an old time Southern beau,
Whose wife was still his sweetheart of the days of long ago.



2. And with meerschaum and decanter, in the parlor old and dim,
He would call up visions of her as she used to look to him
When the dresses in the attic were the envy of the ball
And she had the portrait painted that hung near him on the wall.



3. Now could a Christmas week-end crowd of girls forbear the lark
Of creeping with their candles to the attic after dark
And plundering those haircloth trunks and pulling boxes down,
And dressing Fluffy Ruffles in an ante-bellum gown?



4. That's what they did, at any rate, and Fluffy, on a dare,
Descended—and they followed—down the broad and winding stair;
And she tiptoed through the hallway, and she tripped across the room
Where the "Colonel" slumbered gently and the firelight broke the gloom.

5. Was he asleep, or had the old decanter played him false?
He only knew he'd asked his old-time sweetheart for a waltz;
And 'round the room with Fluffy tripped that gallant man of yore,
While the silver-haired old sweetheart watched his antics from the door.



3. But Fluffy saw that he had simply mixed his dream with fact,
And she cried, "Let's dance the reel!" She had a pretty eye for tact,
And some one played the "Money Musk," and down the line, forsooth,
Miss Fluffy led the "Colonel" to the sweetheart of his youth.