



# FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*

## AT A WINTER RESORT.

It was a marvel that befel Miss Fluffy "In the Pines."

'Tis there Society finds rest and plays and naps and dines.

The hotel where the cabman black deposited her grips

Was high of price and justly called "The Torture House of Tips."

The rustivating Robin Hood's had gained a grim renown

For wily means by which they did their fiendish "shaking down."

For there were tips at every meal and tips at night as well;

And tips especially if you only rang the bedroom bell.

They would expect to get a tip for saying just "Good day!"

And Fluffy, hearing all of this, prepared to tribute pay.

"This tipping is a dreadful bore," her purse she opened wide

To give the smiling bell boy tips; but when she turned he shied!

The maitre d'hote, a lordly man, who never, never smiled,  
She offered him five dollars, but he couldn't be beguiled.

And likewise when the chambermaid, who tidied extra neat,  
Was proffered sundry silver coins she beat a quick retreat.

"'Tis strange," mused Fluffy, as she failed the dozenth time to pay,  
'I guess they're waiting to collect the day I go away."

For no attention did she lack. If she had been a queen  
No better service could be hers 'twas easy to be seen.

But still she pondered o'er and o'er the puzzling, odd intent  
Which gave her all the best there was and wouldn't take a cent.

And consternation filled the house when she packed up to go;

The "help" of every rank and grade was filled with deepest woe.

They begged her just to tarry there, their fortunes to promote—

Clerks, waiters, grooms and bellboys and the lordly maitre d'hote.

The bootblacks and the chambermaids, the laundry maids, and such,

The head French chef, with waxed mustache, but who, alas! was Dutch.

In comic opera chorus style they lined up, all erect,

Before they bent their haughty backs and sang to this effect:

"See how we make obeisance and we bow before you low

And beg you, dear Miss Ruffles, and implore you not to go!

Our lives you made so happy where we might have been so blue.

We all feel much the richer at the simple sight of you.

Oh, linger longer in this place, nor deem us merely knaves,

For willingly we all would be your very bounden slaves!"

And then the miracle was done, a marvel made for rhyme—

The servitorial cormorants rose up to the sublime:

She offered them much money with a smile upon her lips;

They turned away with tearful eyes and scorned the proffered tips.

And if the reason should be asked, it must be frankly told:

She drew more patrons to the house than ever it could hold.

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