



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



FLUFFY AND THE ORPHANS.

As Fluffy Ruffles wondered who could help her to succeed
In really being useful to those who are in need
There flashed across her memory the long familiar name
Of Mrs. Blasius Blasius Blair of philanthropic fame.

Mrs. Blasius promised gladly to see what she could do
To put Fluffy on the proper track so she'd be useful too;
She numbered o'er her charities to see which would be best
And selected orphan infants as a good initial test.



The only thing expected was to teach the tots to play,
And Fluffy was enchanted at a task so sweet and gay;
So day by day she journeyed to the Model Orphan Home
And mounted to the playroom which occupied the dome.

The orphans all were lovely, and very friendly too;
They welcomed Fluffy Ruffles with infant chirp and coo;
They played and romped and sang and slept, and were so dear and sweet
That Fluffy thought success at last had fallen at her feet.

One day as they were playing Mrs. Blasius Blasius Blair
Appeared to see how they got on in Fluffy Ruffles' care.
"My dear," she said, "my own success is very gratifying;
My orphans all adore me, and I'm sure you'll learn by trying."

But not an infant noticed her—they shrieked and roared and plead
For Fluffy Ruffles only 'til they all were hoarse and red,
And Mrs. Blasius grew so cold that Fluffy would not stay
But bade the infants all goodby and quietly went away.

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