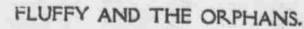


## TIUFFY RUFFLES Drawings & Wallace Morgan





As Fluffy Ruffles wondered who could help her to succeed

In really being useful to those who are 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

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

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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