



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



'Twas at Palm Beach in Florida, away from ice and snow,
That Fluffy met a timid youth, quite wealthy, somewhat slow
Yet Traddles was a nice young chap. In love with her he fell,
And as for Fluffy, why, she liked the fellow very well.

He never said the thing he meant, and yet he tried to pay
Fine compliments in fitting words. "Miss Fluffy—Oh—I say,
Miss Fluff—Ruff—Ruffles, you're a plum—no, no, I mean a peach,
You're quite the sourest—no the sweetest, thing upon the beach."

Now, Fluffy knew the boy meant well and so she let him talk,
And to the envy of all men she went with him to walk.
They walked beside the sad sea waves and Traddles felt that he
Was twice as happy as a man had any right to be.

"Miss Fluff—Ruff—Ruffles, may I say I like your face? It's plain"—
Then Fluffy drew away and said, "Please don't say that again."
"Oh, pardon, 'twas my faithless tongue—I meant it's plain to me
That you've the very sweetest face that ever I did see."

"Suppose we sit upon the sand and watch the waves a while?"
Said Fluffy to the luckless youth. He answered with a smile:—
"I'd rather sit and look at you; your face, it seems to me,
Is like a sun"—"Look out," said Fluffy, "or you'll go to sea."

And then the luckless youth swam out, but Fluffy only ran,
And soon regained the higher beach; then said, "You poor, dear man,
I saw the wave was coming and it was so good a chance!
When you've changed to something dryer you may lead me in the dance."

