



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



When Fluffy Ruffles with her wealth
(but never with parade)
Had helped a lot of worthy ones she
gave a masquerade,
And Traddles was invited and a lot of
other men.
The guests came late: why some of them
had not arrived at ten.

When Traddles as a prince came on he
saw to his delight
That Fluffy merely wore a mask. He
knew the dear on sight.
Now if you wish to be let in to one of
Fluffy's jests
I pray you note the damsel tall among the
many guests.

She wears a Cinderella garb and Traddles
heeds her not,
And yet that maid is Fluffy—and not the
one he's got.
He danced attendance on her, murmured
pretty nothings, soft—
The masker said but little, although now
and then she coughed.

"My, what a cold you have, my dear—I
mean Miss Ruffy Fluff—
(As usual he got tied up) "Your voice
sounds very gruff.
Now shall we dance?" "I cannot dance
I hurt my foot to-day.
Let's watch that Cinderella there." She
is so brisk and gay."

The Cinderella that they watched was
also watching them.
"Poor Traddles thinks he's captured me
while really it's—ahem!"—
She whispered gaily to the monk who led
her through the dance,
"Why Traddles ought to see," said he,
"with merely half a glance."

"Miss Fluffy," said poor Traddles (rest
assured he'll make a botch)
Of all the girls on this broad earth there's
only one I'd watch.
I've waited long to say it but I'm going
to say it now,
In all the world I love but one and if you
will allow"—

The clock struck twelve and Cinderella
came to where they sat.
"Come Prince, unmask" she briskly cried.
That voice made him feel flat.
"Poor Traddles!" said the pseudo maid,
"Prorose to me you shan't,"
And there behind the silken mask was
Fluffy's maiden aunt.

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