



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*

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SHE VISITS A HOSPITAL.

One day when Fluffy Ruffles was preparing for a drive
She got this message, "I am hurt, but very much alive;
I'm in St. Matthew's Hospital, so bring your aunt along
And cheer me with a story or some gossip or a song."

Joe Traddles' name was signed to this, and Fluffy said, "Poor man,
I'll go and visit him at once; it's lucky that I can.
To-morrow would have been too late, as Aunt is going West,
And calling on a man alone she doesn't think is best."

Through some mistake they'd placed poor Traddles in the general ward,
And when dear Fluffy saw him there it touched a tender cord.
He lay there in a fitful doze; she stroked his burning brow.
He woke, and half-delirious, said, "Dear Fluff, I've got you now."

"I am so happy since you came to be my little wife."
Fair Fluffy blushed, her aunt looked shocked and cried, "Upon my life!
What is the fellow saying? Have you married him, my dear?"
But Fluffy shook her head, and said in accents loud and clear,

"The poor boy's hot with fever and his tongue is in a dream;
He thinks we're married, but his thoughts are not just what they seem.
I'll sing to him and he'll forget." And then sweet Fluffy sang,
And through the ward her mellow voice in tones melodious rang.

It may have been coincidence, but ere she'd sung a bar
Joe Traddles opened wide his eyes and said, "Oh, here you are.
'Twas very good of you to come. I met two beastly tramps,
Who got my my money, throttled me and damaged both my lamps.

"I stopped your singing; sing some more; 'twill do the others good."
"Yes, do," chimed in a passing nurse, so Fluffy said she would.
'Twas magical what happened ere she'd sung a single verse,
Toward her came each orderly, each patient and each nurse;

And surgeons at their operations, hearing Fluffy sing,
Came marching in their aprons white, not caring for a thing
But Fluffy's voice. Their patients being etherized and prone,
Stayed where they were, till coming to, they found themselves alone.

And then the magic of that voice made them forget their pain.
And feebly calling out they said, "Oh, sing that song again."
But when the song was ended Fluffy's aunt said, "Come along,
I never new the power that lay hidden in a song.

"And if I'd keep you single I must take you home from here,
There's not a man who wouldn't like to wed with you, I fear."
Dear Fluffy blushed, shook hands with Traddles, smiled on all in sight,
And loud a little cripple yelled, "Oh, she's all right, all right!"

