



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



A JUNE WEDDING.

When June, the month of weddings, came, poor Traddles heaved a sigh
 "If Fluffy'd only answer Yes I'd like to make a try
 Of pacing down the aisle with her within a church's arch
 "And lis'ning to the organ play the Wagner wedding march."
 His chance soon came (poor luckless wight), but not the way he wished
 (It really seems that, come what will, his plans are always dished);
 For though an aisle they both did pace and though the organ played,
 He paced it as an awkward usher, she as bridal maid.



'Twas Stuyvesant Van Nostrand Smythe who wedded Ellen Noyes,
 And Traddles had kn. vn Stuyvie Smythe since both of them were boys,
 While Ellen Noyes and Fluffy had been chums at boarding school
 And never since that time had they allowed their love to cool.

Dear Fluffy as a bridesmaid looked quite sweet enough to eat
 And Traddles as an usher would have passed—through any street.
 But aisles are not as wide as streets and, bravely though he tried,
 Poor Traddles wasn't a success while acting as a guide.



Now, though 'twas not her wedding, Fluffy Ruffles was the star.
 The church was filled with people who had come from near and far
 To see the famous maiden who had such magnetic charm,
 And as she neared the church's porch a boor put out his arm

And offered it to Fluffy with a very foolish grin.
 She shrank from him in great alarm: then Traddles waded in;
 He caught the fellow round the waist in spite of drunken lurch
 And ran him through the vestibule and threw him out of church.

Then, coming back, he walked with her beneath the church's arch
 And heard the strains of "Lohengrin"—the Wagner wedding march.
 "Some time," thought Traddles, "if I'm good perhaps I'll have the pride
 "Of marching out of this same church with Fluffy for my bride."



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