



FLUFFY RUFFLES

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FLUFFY RUFFLES. TRADDLES TAKES A CHANCE.

The man who gives up trying if at first he don't succeed
Is not a good American of persevering breed;
And though poor Traddles always had the meanest kind of luck
In asking for Miss Fluffy's hand he'd try again with pluck.
One day to Amacossett Lake, that lovely Berkshire pool,
Where tired city people flock because they know it's cool,
Miss Fluffy bent her dainty steps, Aunt Mary by her side,
While Joseph Traddles in the rear was fully occupied.

The thing that occupied him was a concentrated mind,
And that was why he let them lead and walked himself behind.
"I've brought them over in my car, and now the thing to do
Will be to take them on the lake in one birch bark canoe.
I've always tried to ask her hand when all things promised well—
Perhaps the law of contraries will help me in this shell.
When we have reached the middle I can jolly well propose
And if she only answers Yes, why that will end my woes."



Now when Aunt Mary saw the "shell" and saw the water, too,
She said, "For me to take a bath to-day would never do,
But Fluffy swims just like an eel and so I would propose
That"— Traddles nodded. "I am on. This time it
surely goes."

"Of all the water sports I know canoing is the best,"
Said Fluffy, with alluring smile, and full of youthful zest.
Said Joseph, "If one thing I know canoing is its name,
There's not a chance of tipping." "If we did you'd find me
game."

She nestled back in cushions and her escort took the oar.
"I've got a thing I wish to say when we have left the shore,"
Said Traddles as he paddled off. Miss Fluffy said, "That's good.
I always like to hear you talk." Said he, "I wish you
would"—

The sentence was not finished, for just then the boat upset,
And in a twinkling he and she were sipping sopping wet.
Said Traddles as they both struck out, "Twas crankier than I
thought,
But I don't care for trifles. Fluffy, dear, I long have sought

"A chance to tell you something that concerns both you
and me."

"Go on," said Fluffy, "Isn't this romantic as can be?"
Just then poor Joseph gave a cry. "Oh, dear, I guess it's
cramp"—

And, in a moment he had sunk beneath the water's damp.
On coming to the surface plucky Fluffy seized his chin.
And, bravely swimming toward the shore, she bore poor
Joseph in.

A little brandy brought him to, but when he tried to speak,
"Don't say a word!" dear Fluffy cried. "You're really far
too weak."

