FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by Wallace Morgan
Verses by Charles Battell Loomis

SHE EATS SOME THANKSGIVING DINNERS

1.—Thanksgiving Day comes round each year (a fact I need not state)
And happy is the lucky one who has a heaped up plate.
Some persons buy their own repasts or else they go without
And many eat with thankless hearts, I haven't any doubt.
The more you have the more you get (fact number five to state)
And Fluffy with her well filled purse had invitations eight.
She'd also planned to feed some children, more or less half starved,
And hoped to view their thankful eyes as she the turkey carved.

2.—"Dear Aunt, if I were only eight I'd know just what to do."
"Dear Niece, you're twenty-one at least, so act as pleases you."
The girl o'erlooked the fearful jest and said, "I must refuse
"At least a half a dozen, and I don't know which to choose."
"Why not accept them all, my dear, and stay a course at each?
"The Morrises lead off with soup, a course with Mrs. Leech,
"An entree with the Gandergilts, the turkey with the Brownes—
"The Courcy-Lisles, the Parrakeyts—wind up at Bishop Drowne's."

3.—"The very thing!" said Fluffy, "and at noon I'll give a feast
"To all my little kiddies on the side they call the east."
"The side they call the east! What's that?" At which dear Fluffy cried,
"Delightful, dense old dearie! Shall I plainly say, 'East side'?"
Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear, and in a taxicab
Dear Fluffy and her aunt went forth to see a game of grab.
Such manners at the table I am sure one seldom sees.
The boys and girls were hungry and felt perfectly at ease.

4.—They ate like little beastikins, but Fluffy didn't care.
She wished to make them happy—that's the reason she was there.
And when they'd eaten all they could, each girl and every lad
Stood up on table or on chair and cheered for her like mad.
"I'm sure I'm very glad you came; we'll meet again quite soon.
"We'll have a dinner in this place some pleasant Sunday noon."
Then, feeling tired, Fluffy spent an hour lying down,
And when the afternoon had waned she sought her evening gown.

5.—The Morrises "led off with soup," with Fluffy in her place
Alongside Viscount Verisopht. She led a merry pace
With brilliant talk that made him blink. But soon she had to leave
To take a course with Mrs. Leech, which made the Viscount grieve.
She pulled a turkey wishbone with Sir Reginald Delane,
She "entreed" with the Courcy-Lisles and addled one poor brain.
The Parrakeyts she chattered with (and dazzled Colonel Gay),
And next to good old Bishop Drowne wound up Thanksgiving Day.