



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*

Verser & Charles Battell Loomis



SHE BECOMES POPULAR IN PARIS.

The versifier's rhymes this week shall vainly try to tell
How Fluffy in six little days become the reigning belle.
All Paris bowed to innocence and charm and native worth;
All Paris doffed its hat to one American by birth.

She visited the Bon Marché, the Bon Marché was hers.
The "House" presented her at once with lace and costly furs.
"I wish to pay," dear Fluffy said. The partners bowing low,
With head oblique and shoulders shrugged, said, "Non, non, non! No!"

She could not cross a boulevard but escorts, hat in hand,
Saw to it that the way was clear, with gracious smiles and bland.
And when the Comédie Française she visited one day,
The actors bowed as each "came on"—then went on with the play.

Savans and military men and statesmen—authors, too—
All bent on hon'ring Fluffy, dear, did all that they could do
And "Princes of the blood" left cards for Fluffy at her pension
(At which unprecedented act, all Paris was "attention").

Palais de l'Elysee (that is the place where Presidents receive
And where you get champagne and sweets—and then, of course, you leave),
But Fluffy spent an afternoon, told Fallières "all about it,"
And that she charmed the President, can anybody doubt it?

She visited the Louvre and, too, the Luxembourg renowned,
And crowds of "Cooks" forsook their guides to follow her around.
Yes, Paris found her so unspoiled, so stylish and so pretty,
They gave her (on a silver plate) the freedom of the city.



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