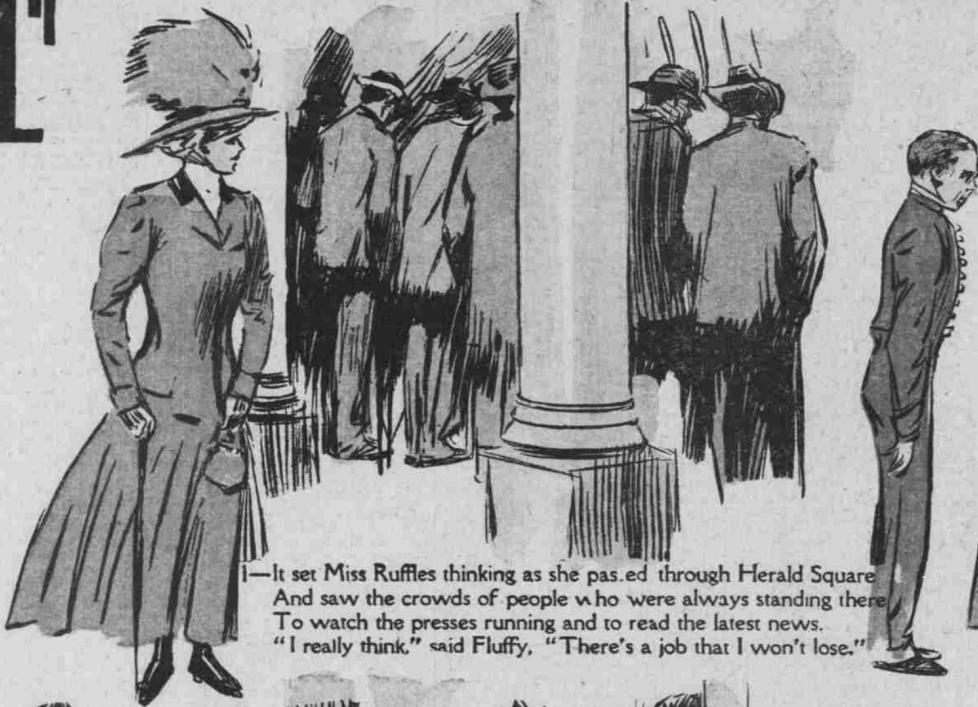




FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by WALLACE MORGAN.



1—It set Miss Ruffles thinking as she passed through Herald Square
And saw the crowds of people who were always standing there
To watch the presses running and to read the latest news.
"I really think," said Fluffy, "There's a job that I won't lose."



2—A boy in buttons left her with the City Editor.
She really was more frightened than she'd ever been before.
He looked her over coldly, and his voice made Fluffy start—
"You'll work with the Department of Society and Art."



3—Society was out of town, so Fluffy wrote reviews
Of "Gainsboroughs" and "Velasquez," of "genre," "wash" and "hues."
The typos liked her "copy," it was all so neat and plain,
And even artists owned her tastes were decent in the main.



4—She had pencils red and yellow, with points two inches long.
A desk and chair, a typewriter she picked up for a song.
And in each morning's paper, it made her flush with pride
To find the things she wrote herself in columns long and wide.



5—But one night just at press time poor Fluffy quite forgot
And rustled through the City Room when work was driving hot.
Then twelve reporters dropped cigars; lost notes piled up the floor
And sentences went tangling off for half an hour or more.

6—The paper the next morning, 'twas in a fearful plight,
With letters missing, "heads" askew, and nothing put in right,
But when half the force stopped smoking and got deathly sick and pale
Miss Ruffles had to write at home and send it in by mail.