



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



One day Miss Fluffy Ruffles had a fit of feeling blue;
A bill for hats and gloves and gowns was long since overdue.
She sat and looked out on the street and watched the falling rain,
While plans for earning money were revolving in her brain.

She saw the postman cross the street, she heard his whistle shrill,
The bell of her apartment rang. "He's brought another bill."
Poor Fluffy to her letter-box with dragging footsteps went
And found within a missive strange. She wondered what it meant.

"Return if not delivered to Delaye & Bond & Wills."
"Now, who are they?" She turned to go. "At least it isn't bills."
Four merry girls upon the steps, with Traddles in the rear,
Cried "Can't we come in from the wet and see you, Fluffy, dear?"

"You darling things! I don't mean you."
Poor Traddles hung his head.
"We've brought ten pounds of cocoa fudge." Upstairs the way she led:
They'd hardly settled in her room when pretty Fluffy screamed,
"Oh, girls, just listen to this note. Oh, dear, I never dreamed!"

She caught her breath. They gathered round to hear the letter read,
Amongst them Traddles, with his eyes like saucers in his head.
"Now, girls, just listen—Dear Miss Ruffles, we would beg to say
That by the terms of Richard Ruffles' will, just filed to-day,

"Your old greatuncle leaves to you, his much beloved niece,
His country seat at Ingleside, at present date on lease;
He also leaves the income from five hundred thousand and
An interest in his copper mine, the 'X and Ampersand.'"

They hugged her tight—that is, the girls. Poor Traddles didn't dare.
And then amid the buzz they heard a loud step on the stair,
A knock upon the door was heard and Fluffy said "Come in!"
And in there came Eliphalet Wills, a lawyer, sharp and thin.

"Here is a clause that was not mailed," he said with visage glum,
"You don't inherit if you won't accept 'one female chum.'
In short, the money is not yours, inherit it you shan't,
Unless you take as chaperone your only maiden aunt."

Fair Fluffy wrinkled up her nose and bent her pretty brows,
And Lawyer Wills said, "Just a week to choose the will allows."
"A week in which to make me choose? Oh, dear, I can't, I can't."
The bell was rung. She turned the knob—there stood the maiden aunt.

