



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



SHE CROSSES BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The rush hour crush at Brooklyn Bridge is famed both far and wide,
And it is known that maids (and fellows too) have nearly died
From being squeezed too tight when on their way to Brooklyn homes,
And men have often lost their hats and women their side combs.

Fair Fluffy was invited to a "tea" on Prospect Slope,
And with her aunt the girl set forth with Brooklyn crowds to cope.
They reached the Bridge at half-past five and were a bit dismayed
To see the surging, fighting mass, the manners there displayed.

Frail girls are rudely elbowed back or hurled against the cars,
And veterans, battle scarred and tough, have loudly thanked their stars
That it has been vouchsafed to them to cross the Bridge alive,
So madly swarm the human bees within that awful hive.

Now, Fluffy might have used the tunnel, but she did not think
Of that awe inspiring, rapid firing, new connecting link,
And so she took her skirt in hand, her pretty shoulders squared,
And with her aunt behind her to the Flatbush tracks she fared.

Who says that ancient chivalry has wholly passed away?
That knightly deeds to lovely dames have long since had their day?
A Brooklyn youth espied the maid and knew her at first sight.
"Here's Fluffy Ruffles in this mob. Does she get home all right?"

"Does Fluffy Ruffles cross the Bridge unharmed?" There came a shout,
And Fluffy Ruffles of her fame no longer had a doubt.
The crowds fell back, and Aunt and she they helped upon their way,
And three times three they loudly gave for Fluffy (so they say).

Each man upon that Flatbush car rose up with hat in hand—
"I pray, Miss Fluffy, take my seat, I'd much prefer to stand."
She sat just like a queen enthroned (with suite) to Prospect Slope,
And chivalry received a boost that's permanent, I hope.

Charles Bartell Loomis.



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