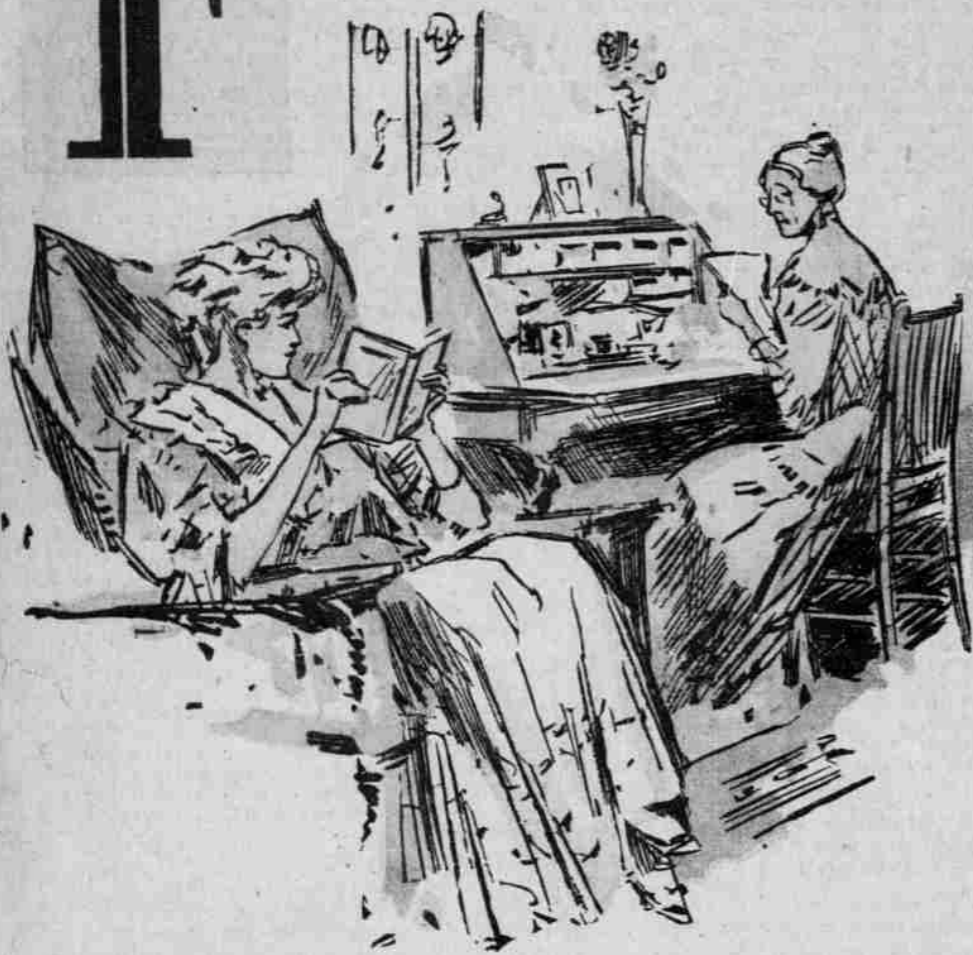




FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



When Decoration Day came nigh Aunt Mary said, "My dear, To-morrow we're invited by Van Cortlandt Vanderveer To spend the week end at his house." Said Fluffy with a pout, "Oh, dear, Aunt Mary, if we go 'twill throw my plans all out."

"What are your plans?" Aunt Mary said. The Vanderveers, you know, Are very rich. "And that is why I do not care to go. They're very rich, and only rich and tiresome and flat; Just write them I've a prior date, and let it go at that."

"Now this is what I want to do on Decoration Day— You know that poor old veteran, old Corporal McVeigh, He's been bedridden for a year, he can't walk at all. And yet he's otherwise quite well—and so I thought we'd call

"And get him in the morning, and in Mr. Traddles' car. We'll take him up to Woodlawn, for it isn't very far." "Why, Fluffy, dear, he isn't dead!" Said Fluffy, with a laugh. "If that was Traddles I would say 'twas meant for ribald chaff

"I know he isn't dead, and hope he isn't going to die; I know he'd like to help to decorate, and that is why I'm going to take him up to where his Post is going to meet." "You dear child!" said Aunt Mary; "now I call that really sweet."

Next day Joe Traddles motored down and bore the veteran out. And when the street boys saw the sight they all began to shout: "Hey, Smitty, pipe der G.A.R.; he's go'n' for a ride!" Here Fluffy pressed Joe Traddles' hand and beamed on him with pride.

The "Comrades" were delighted when they saw old John McVeigh, And Fluffy furnished wreaths to deck the graves of Blue and Gray. Old gray haired John, with dewy eyes, said, "Here's a thing that's true— That country is worth saving that can raise up girls like you."

