



FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



A JUNE WEDDING.

When June, the month of weddings,
Came, poor Traddles heaved a sigh
"If Fluffy'd only answer Yes I'd like to
make a try."

Of pacing down the aisle with her
within a church's arch
"And lis'ning to the organ play the
Wagner wedding march."

His chance soon came (poor luckless
wight), but not the way he wished
(It really seems that, come what will,
his plans are always dished);
For though an aisle they both did pace
and though the organ played,
He paced it as an awkward usher, she
as bridal maid.

'Twas Stuyvesant Van Nostrand Smythe
who wedded Ellen Noyes,
And Traddles had known Stuyvie Smythe
since both of them were boys,
While Ellen Noyes and Fluffy had been
chums at boarding school
And never since that time had they
allowed their love to cool.

Dear Fluffy as a bridesmaid looked quite
sweet enough to eat
And Traddles as an usher would have
passed—through any street.
But aisles are not as wide as streets and,
bravely though he tried,
Poor Traddles wasn't a success while
acting as a guide.

Now, though 'twas not her wedding,
Fluffy Ruffles was the star.
The church was filled with people who
had come from near and far
To see the famous maiden who had
such magnetic charm,
And as she neared the church's porch a
boor put out his arm

And offered it to Fluffy with a very
foolish grin.
She shrank from him in great alarm: then
Traddles waded in;
He caught the fellow round the waist
in spite of drunken lurch
And ran him through the vestibule and
threw him out of church.

Then, coming back, he walked with her
beneath the church's arch
And heard the strains of "Lohengrin"—
the Wagner wedding march.
"Some time," thought Traddles, "if I'm
good perhaps I'll have the pride
"Of marching out of this same church
with Fluffy for my bride."



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