



FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by Wallace Morgan
Verses by Charles Battell Loomis

SHE MAKES A MILLIONNAIRE WORTH WHILE.



1.—When Fluffy came from Ireland she left poor Joe behind,
"Not anywhere," Aunt Mary said, "a finer man you'll find."
But Fluffy's love for honest Joe had grown a trifle cold,
And though she liked him well enough, yet, if the truth be told,
She was not very sorry to escape his vain essays
And (seemingly) with heart quite whole she passed the autumn days;
Now going to the theatre and laughing at the fun,
Now sitting out a football game to cheer when Crimson won.

2.—'Twas at the Harvard-Dartmouth game she met with Aldrich Knapp;
He was a multimillionaire, a decent sort of chap,
And when he saw Miss Fluffy, why, it was all up with him,
He fell in love with her sweet face and with her grace and vim.
He sought an opportunity to tell her of his love
And how he placed regard for her all other things above.
"There's not a thing I would not do my deep respect to show."
"I'm glad to have your deep respect," she said, her cheeks aglow.



3.—"I do not say I care for you, but let me ask you this—
Would you, a multimillionaire, a million dollars miss?"
"I'd give it quick to any one that you might choose to name.
Yes, make it twenty millions and I'll give it just the same."
She hypnotized him with her glance, although unconscious she
(She might have had the sum herself, for smitten hard was he).
"Assemble all the East Side poor within some city park
And then distribute golden coins from early dawn till dark."

4.—From early dawn till dewy eve the proletarians came
And Aldrich Knapp distributed his money—he was game.
Ten almoners with bags of gold, a cordon of police—
The mob of fighting immigrants did constantly increase.
And Fluffy in a motor car, with Aunty by her side,
Saw all the money passing out with feelings kin to pride;
But when young Aldrich came to ask her what reward he'd won—
"Your action is its own reward; just see the good you've done."