

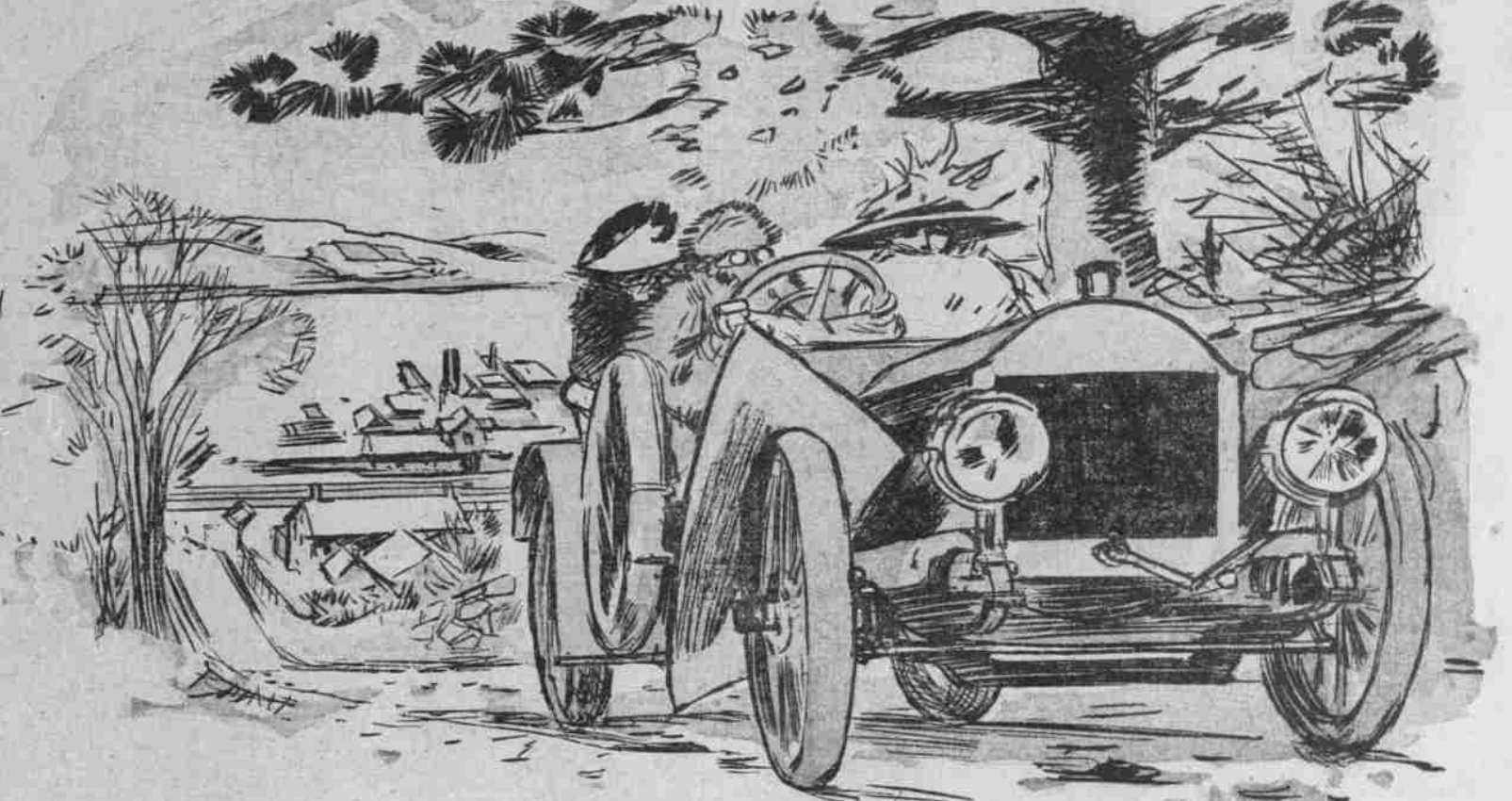
FLUFFY RUFFLES

Drawings by Wallace Morgan
Verses by Charles Battell Loomis



SHE CAPTURES A BURGLAR.

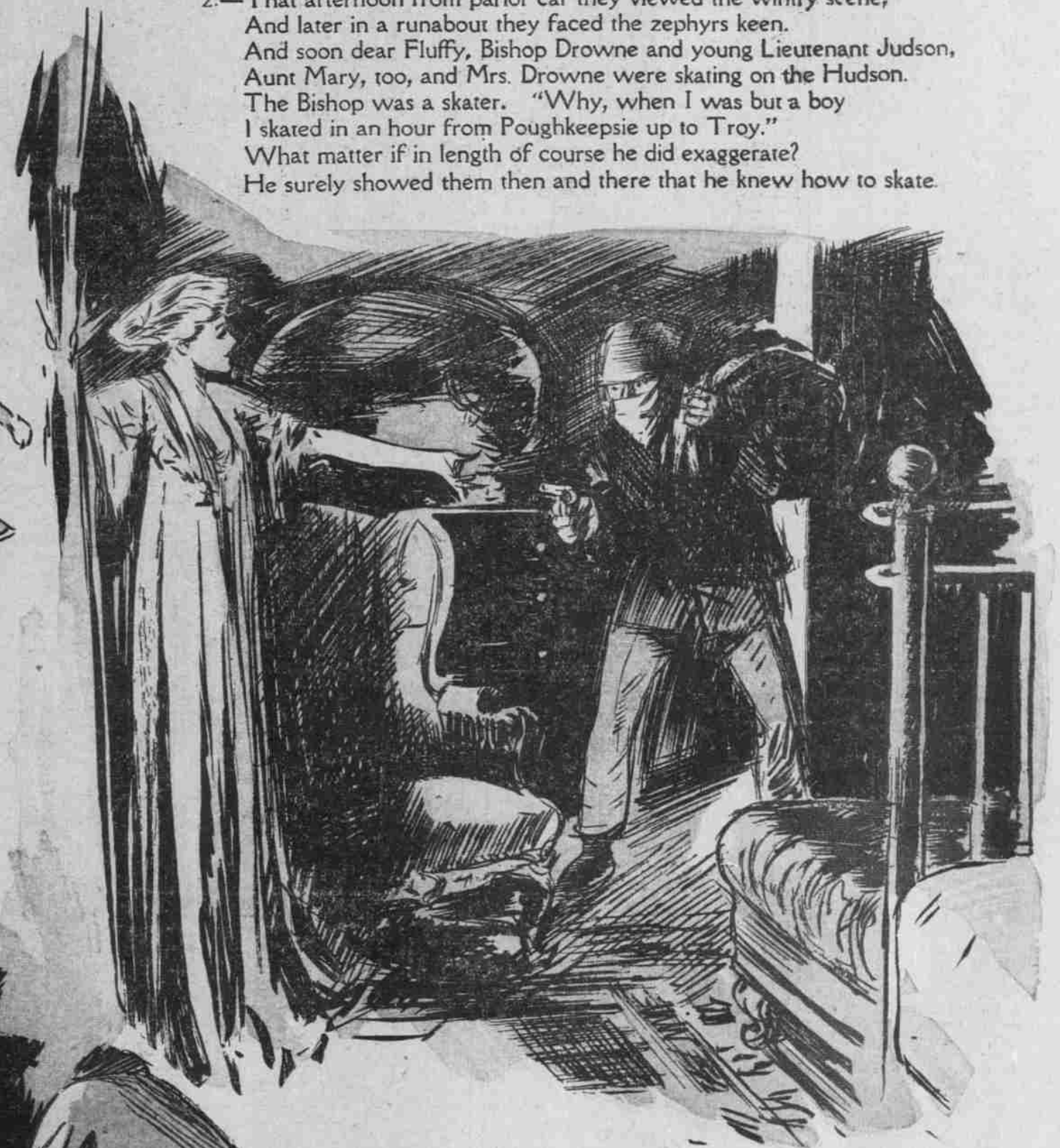
1.—'Twas early in December that there came a touch of cold
That set the blood to coursing fast in veins of young and old.
Now Fluffy and her maiden aunt were wintering in town,
And there she got a letter from the wife of Bishop Drowne
It ran as follows:—"Fluffy, dear, I know you love to skate.
And on the Hudson hereabouts the ice is 'simply great.'
The Bishop joins me in the hope that both your aunt and you
Will join some most congenial ones and us at Riverview."



2.—That afternoon from parlor car they viewed the wintry scene,
And later in a runabout they faced the zephyrs keen.
And soon dear Fluffy, Bishop Drowne and young Lieutenant Judson,
Aunt Mary, too, and Mrs. Drowne were skating on the Hudson.
The Bishop was a skater. "Why, when I was but a boy
I skated in an hour from Poughkeepsie up to Troy."
What matter if in length of course he did exaggerate?
He surely showed them then and there that he knew how to skate.



3.—Though pretty Fluffy skated well and broke poor Judson's hearts,
The outdoor sport was not to her the most exciting part
Of her week end enjoyment (as I hope to tell you soon)
That evening when at midnight she was gazing at the moon
Before retiring to her couch she thought she heard a noise,
And what the dainty lady saw required all her poise
A burglar from the inner room came in with stealthy tread,
A pistol in his hand with which to shoot intruders dead.



4.—Upon his back he bore a bag in which he'd packed away
The pilferings from cabinet and precious jewel tray.
At first he did not notice that another shared the room,
And when his gaze first fell on her she looked to meet her doom.
But "Genteel Dan" was wide awake and knew just "who was who."
So, calmly laying down his bag, he said:—"Why, howdy do?
I think that this is where I leave. Your eyes as good as preach.
I can't be naughty any more. By George, but you're a peach!"



5.—But Fluffy summoned all her nerve, and with a manner bland
She calmly walked right up and took the pistol from his hand.
"Now go downstairs," she said. At once the burglar walked ahead.
"Now if you try to get away I'll have to shoot you dead.
Romantic robbers go in plays, but here you've got to stay.
You cannot leave the house until the Bishop says you may."
The Bishop didn't say he might. Dear Fluffy rested well.
And "Genteel Dan" within one week was sentenced to a cell.