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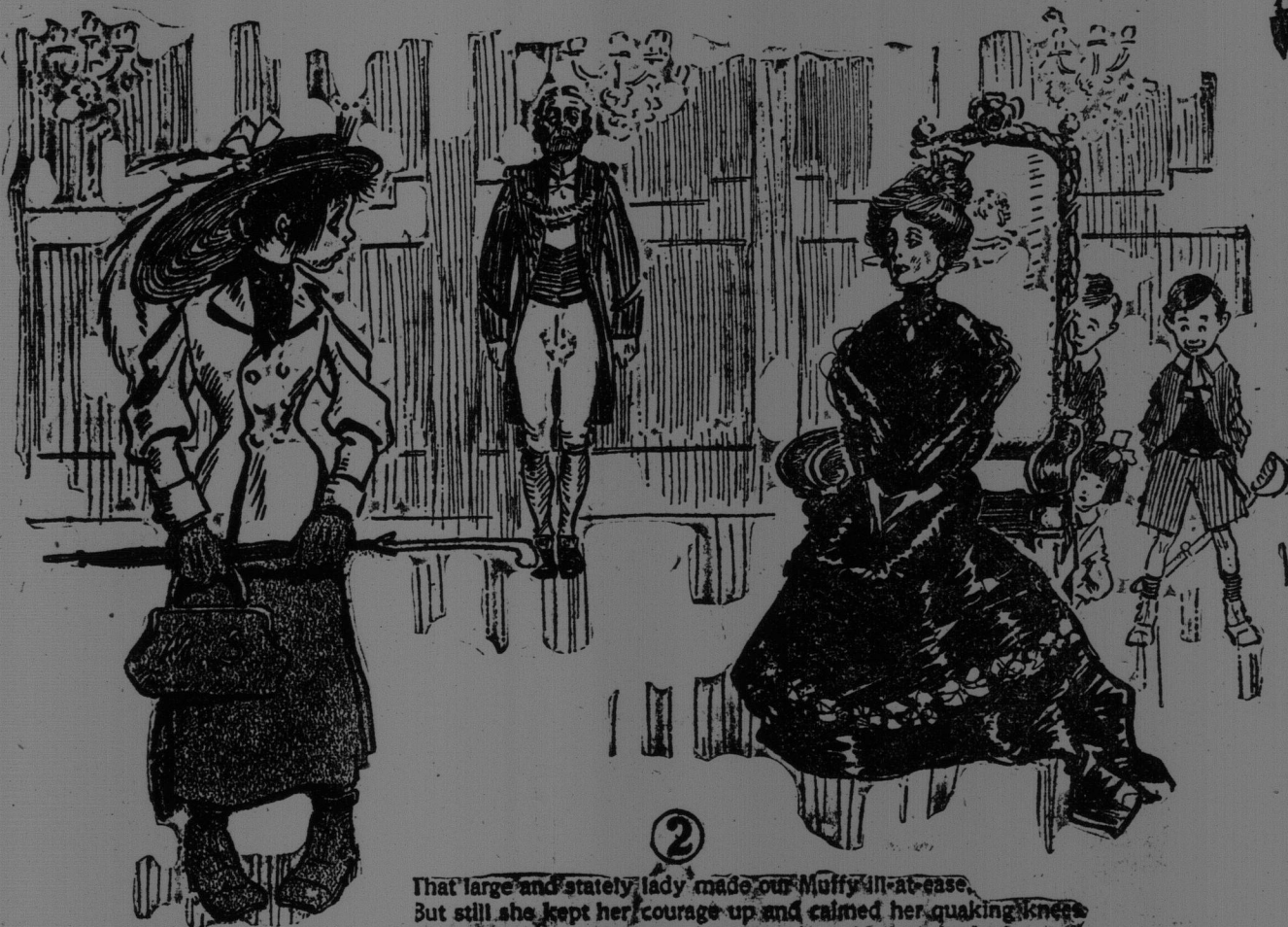
# MUFFY SHUFFLES

by B. CORY KILVERT

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Sweet Muffy Shuffles never let despair possess her heart. She always sought to undertake some new and useful part. So, learning Mrs. Astorblit was seeking fat and wide, a nurse-maid for her little dears, she thereat accepted.



That large and stately lady made poor Muffy all at ease. But still she kept her courage up and calmed her quaking knees. When asked to state her references she said that she had none. But when it came to explain why she always took the bun!



So light of heart she led the youthful Astorblits away. To dance about a ribboned pole, as children do in May. And Muffy was their May-Queen, and they danced with cheer and shout. Quite happy in their innocence, till Reddie found them out.



Now Reddie and his youthful gang might be described as tough. Their costumes were not costly; they were diamonds in the rough. So when they swooped on Muffy's pole they frightened all away. Those tender little Astorblits, in dresses white and gay.



'Twas Mrs. Astorblit herself came in the nick of time. And rescued all her dears from such contaminating grime. "You thought to nurse my darlings," said that lady, stern of brow. "But with such comrades as these, I deem, to nurse your sorrow, now!"

