

## WHEN JACK'S ASHORE.

Up and down on Charlotte Street, Jimmies and their  
Janes,

Watch the graceful dancers swing to Missouri  
strains,

And to see a vaudeville act, strolling 'round about,  
After church on Sunday night, see the train pull  
out.

In the Spring some real old duffers,  
With their hair all turning gray,

Ourselves as ancient Midas,  
Steady still, and awful gay—

These, of course, are not so fussy,  
If their stock's quite up to par,  
They will either take the daughter  
Or be satisfied with Ma.

Up and down on Charlotte Street, to the movie  
show,

Down along the boulevard, pair and pair they  
go,

When the band's at Wentworth Park, those are gay  
nights,

All the people walk that way, taking in the  
sights.

In the Spring—but now 'tis Autumn,  
Maple leaves are turning red,  
Birds have taken their departure,  
Southward on the journey sped.