

WHEN JACK'S ASHORE.

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

Watch the graceful dancers swing to Missouri
strains,

Go 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,
Their hair all turning gray,

Owners bred as ancient Midas,
Stoody 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 gain
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.