

THE JAZZ AGE

LET US go back to the old-fashioned days
With hoop skirts and side burns in style.
Where the old "Jinny Reel" and "Old-fashioned Jigg"
Could beat the new "Flea Hop" a mile.

The dear little maid of long ago days,
With her old fashioned hoop skirts and little sun shade
Was happy, and merry, and filled with bliss.
And could truthfully say, "Sweet sixteen, and never
been kissed.

But the age of to-day is a new one for sure,
And has taken a few steps in life.
The old fashioned days are indeed in a haze
For to-day is the modern jazz age.

Where grandma's white hair has been bobbed and
And mother is sixteen again, (marcelled)
Where the flapper has copied the gent's boyish bob
Oh! What do the men say then?

Dad's ties, it is true, disappear just as fast
As ever he brings them home.
And brothers are losing their shirts in pairs
And all other duds that they own.

Frat' dances to-day, are objects of fun
With youth and pleasure combined
Where once the "Square-dance" would have gone into
The "Flea Hop" now sets the pace. (place,

And what is it Science has brought into
Making radio fans galore.
Causing grandpa to sit up late o' nights
To hear the old-timers once more?

Oh—it's fun in the jazz age; just fun that we want.
So pitch in and do your best.
Help us along with a smile and a song
And make our jazz age a success.