



Helen Grantly in Zangwill's "The Never, Never Land" at the Orpheum.

SHAMROCK.

By MINNA IRVING.

There's a little green plant that grows over the sea,
And the emerald leaves that it numbers are three,
But though far from old Erin her sons may depart
Each carries that little green plant in his heart.
It comes from the glens where the wild waters meet,
It is sweet with the smoke of the pipe and the peat,
It teaches the lone, longing exile to sing
And breathes to his spirit the promise of spring.

Oh, the lad who was small when he came to New York
May forget his old home in the county of Cork.
The harp of his fathers may be but a name,
And belief in a banshee no more he may claim.
But lo! when the drums of St. Patrick's Day roll,
And the music is thrilling the core of your soul.
He is sure to appear at the very first note
With a little green shamrock displayed on his coat.

For the roses of England may wave o'er the mould,
And the lilies of France in their whiteness unfold,
But the heart of the Irishman ever is true
To the little green shamrock all shining with dew—
The shamrock of Ireland eternally dear,
The shamrock that springs from a patriot's tear,
And immortally green, is entwined with the story
Of Erin-go-bragh and its sorrow and glory.
New York Sun.

A short man with the remains of a "jag" wandered into the Midland and asked for a typewriter's studio. He lives in Kansas, and had been

winning bets on the football games. He wanted to stay another week, but his wife expected him home, so he was in search of a typewriter to send home a letter to serve as an apology for his non-appearance. "Kansas City, this date," he muttered to the typewriter. "I have that." "My dear wife." "Yes." "Very important business will require my presence in Osawatimie for a few days—" "Let's see," interrupted the artist; "how do you spell that Osawatimie?" "Spell it yourself. It's your typewriter." "I can't." "Can't spell Osawatimie?" he asked, in disgust. "No." "Then I'll go to Fort Scott."

Knicker—What is the secret of success?

Bocker—Be the fellow your wife could have married if it hadn't been for you.—New York Sun.

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