THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of February, 1913, was 50,823. DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 7th day of March, 1913.
ROBERT HUNTER,
(Seal.) Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

No room in a crowded street car for a long hatpin.

Sure, 'tis St. Patrick's day in the morning and a fine one at that.

Tight skirts and high street car steps attract masculine attention at the corners.

The next big issue to settle is, who cuts the pie in Nebraska, the senator or secretary of state?

Kansas City is preparing to drive out clairvoyants. Better take the fake doctors along, too.

Lower water rates! They're coming eventually if we have to fight it out along this line all summer.

Omaha's first home rule charter convention is under way. Now is the time to make your suggestions.

With a mile of Pennsylvania avenue between them, Bryan and Clark, so the New York World thinks, ought to get along without a clash.

Is it not about time to apply that grand old hoary epithet "A Napoleon of finance" to young Mr. Harriman, who, while pursuing his college course, is elected a director of his late father's railroads?

China complains that its fight for progress is hampered by Britain's promotion of India's opium traffic at Chinese ports, which is a sad commentary by the benighted orient upon the enlightened occident.

Half our law-makers at Lincoln are already incipient congressmen or governors until adjournment bursts the bubble. The professional lobbyists always know what is the cheapest and most seductive bait to offer.

The voices usually loud for "home rule" seem to have become still and quiescent. Is it another case of vociferously demanding something believed unattainable, and then not wanting it when it comes within reach?

Uncle Joe at 77 is planning a tour of the world. Every young man should travel as much as he can afford. Thus far Mr. Cannon has been too busy to give much time for sightseeing, but still in the vigor of youth, he ought to enjoy his trip more than ever.

Our old friend of good old pop days in Nebraska, James A. Edgerton, bobs up from New Jersey as the recipient of one of the first appointments of the new democratic administration. Who says the populists who played the Bryan string are not coming into their own?

A juror in the second Clarence Darrow trial says that but for the remark by Darrow that the McNamaras were not murderers, but "workers for a great cause," Darrow might have been acquitted, instead of delayed by a hung jury. The McNamaras confessed to sending twenty-one innocent victims to the grave and that was atrocious murder, for condoning which no man is likely to get much sympathy from lawabiding people.

Claim is made that several jokers have been discovered in one of the workmen's compensation bills pending in the Nebraska legislature. It would be expected that some hidden meanings would be buried in bills secretly drawn by interested parties. The legislature has before it, however, a compensation bill drawn by a commission appointed by the governor, publicly discussed in open hearings extending over several weeks, for the very purpose of eliminating possible jokers.

Forest Plagues.

"Last summer a Nebraska farmer spent $100 cleaning up his woodlot and believes that this increased the value of his farm at least $1,000," says the Country Gentleman, discussing the tremendous injury of insects to trees. The Nebraska farmer simply took out all damaged, deformed and diseased trees or parts of trees, which removed insects and insect eggs by the millions before they did further damage. Of course, the cost of this clean-up was nominal as compared with $1,000 as a modest estimate of its advantage in value to the farm.

This offers a timely hint, not only to farmers, but city dwellers with trees on their places, for destructive insects are no respecters of trees, whether grown in urban or rural soil. Experts estimate a total annual loss from these tiny plagues to our forests of $100,000,000. This ought to impress the need for drastic and immediate remedies, especially in a country so obsessed of the gospel of conservation. And this is one department of this great movement in which the individual property owner may actively engage, by looking out for his own trees, whether for shade or timber purposes.

Wilson Upholding Taft.

President Wilson endorses many of the larger and smaller Taft policies, convinced he cannot improve upon them. Most notable, perhaps, is his adoption of the policy of noninterference in Mexico and the much-abused dollar diplomacy as applied particularly to Latin-America. He has also decided to follow the precedent of allowing postmasters and other officials to serve out their four-year terms. This, of course, is not distinctively a Taft precedent, for both Cleveland and McKinley followed it. It is more notable, however, in the present case because of pressure produced by the prolonged absence of the democrats from the public crib. President Wilson also finds merit in Mr. Taft's strong aversion for placing "riders" on appropriation bills.

But there is yet another Taft policy which, it begins to appear, President Wilson may preserve at least for some time, if not throughout his four years of administration, and that is the attitude toward the government of the Philippines, with the establishment of which Mr. Taft had so much to do as successively governor general of the island, secretary of war and president. The belief arises out of Secretary of War Garrison's recent remark that the matter of Philippine independence was not now under discussion, that President Wilson is seeking no early changes in the federal policy. He and his party, at last in power, are much less distressed over the bugbear of "imperialism" than dramatic campaigners in years gone by have tried to make out. Possibly the new administration may find that here is one place where it is advisable to "let well enough alone" as long as possible.

Immigration Diversion.

Those exercised about further restricting foreign immigration cannot be actuated by the fear of being overrun by an alien influx, for the figures show that our accretions from abroad are diminishing rather than increasing. While Collier's goes so far as to say that "the period of great immigration to the United States is over," a glance at our immigration figures of the last few years, as compared with former periods, will show that relatively small numbers have come to us of late from Germany and the countries north, including the British Isles. Our largest numbers have been from southern Europe, especially Italy and the Slav states, but even from these we are likely to draw fewer from now on, for a while at least, owing to improving conditions in those countries.

Immigrants come to us, ordinarily, for one reason—to improve their lot in life. As economic advantages rise at home the tide of immigration will fall. The demand for labor in Italy is now said to be such as to attract those who would otherwise migrate to America, and the expulsion of Turkey from Europe promises to open up to southern European nations new outlets. Germany has long been urging its emigrants to go to German colonies; Britain, to British colonies, and the results are reflected in our immigration statistics. In view of the task of development still remaining here in our vast dominions we may feel the need before long of again stimulating immigration instead of repressing it.

Some peculiar things are proposed under the name "progressive." The latest is a legislative prohibition, sponsored by a "progressive" state senator, to prevent our city authorities from in any way restricting the promiscuous distribution of cards, handbills, dodgers and other street litter if the nuisance is committed by a candidate for political office. Next!

Governor Sulzer must be between the devil and the deep blue sea. He is denounced by Hearst, his former friend, as a Tammany tool and blocked by Tammany in his favorite schemes of legislation. Mr. Sulzer may yet be admired for the enemies he makes.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

MARCH 17.

Thirty Years Ago—

In recognition of St. Patrick's day, Rev. Father Caimer, S. J., lectured at St. Philomena's cathedral on "The Life of St. Patrick, the Prototype of the Irish People."

The shoot between Dr. Carver and Captain Bogardus was won by Carver, 94 to 90, at the Union Pacific base ball grounds, before a good crowd. This was the first of a series of twenty-five matches for a fat purse, each match to be pulled off in a different city.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians went to Plattsmouth with their band to celebrate St. Patrick's day.

There is visiting at the residence of Mrs. C. S. Goodrich a woman who was the first white child born in Nebraska. Her maiden name was Allis and she was born forty-one years ago.

The Edward Creighton farm in Union precinct was sold for $3,605, or about $35 per acre, which is regarded by some as an excellent price, and by others as too low.

Hugh McCaffrey and John Furay returned from their hunt with over 100 ducks.

Twenty Years Ago—

Mayor Bemis received a large fine photograph from his friend and relative, Citizen George Francis Train, bearing the inscription: "To Mayor George P. Bemis, Psyche regards to Omaha friends. Citizen George Francis Train."

President S. H. H. Clark of the Union Pacific was confined to his bed at the Millard hotel with a severe cold.

General Freight Agents Munroe and Crosby of the Union Pacific and Burlington, respectively, were on their way home from the west, having attended freight rate meetings in Portland.

F. W. Ober, John Hazleton, Physical Director Henry and C. S. Yauger of the Young Men's Christian association, went to Blair to attend the state convention of the association.

George O'Brien returned from Schuyler, where he had been on business, and said the residents along the Platte river near there were suffering considerably from the high water and ice floes.

E. H. Sothern and company were closing an engagement at the Boyd theater, and Charles B. Hanford and company a Shakespearan repertory at the Farnam Street theater.

It was a great day for St. Patrick and the Sons of Erin the patron saint honors. They had a grand parade and much speaking. The parade was led by a platoon of police under Sergeant Thomas Ormsby. The parade was in charge of Richard O'Keefe, as grand marshal, and Thomas J. Flynn, J. J. Breen, P. M. Mullen and Patrick Ford as assistant marshals. Conspicuous upon the speakers' platform were former Governor Boyd, C. J. Smyth, John M. Thurston, T. J. Mahoney, Rev. John Williams and others.

Ten Years Ago—

Dr. George L. Miller and Miss Francis Briggs of Omaha were married at Arbor Lodge, the Nebraska City home of J. Sterling Morton, Dr. Miller's old friend, by Rt. Rev. Arthur L. Williams, Episcopal bishop of Nebraska. Dr. and Mrs. Miller had arranged apartments at the Normandie as their home. Miss Briggs had been a teacher at Cass school.

With a bit of grim humor in the Sons of Erin celebrating St. Patrick's day in a hall named Schlitz, a large number of loyal Irishmen met there and observed this day, which means so much to Ireland. T. J. Mahoney acted as chairman of the evening and Rev. J. Fitzpatrick was the speaker. In Lowe Avenue Presbyterian church, whose pastor, Rev. A. S. C. Clarke, was an Irishman, and in Immanual Baptist church, with Rev. R. Kerr Eccles, a Scotch-Irishman for pastor, observances were also held.

Chief of Police Donahue received word from the Chicago chief that his man had arrested a fellow, wanted in Omaha, armed with twenty revolvers. They were stolen from the W. G. Clark store in this city.

A daughter made her advent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sunderland, 1522 South Twenty-ninth avenue.

The Omaha Cooperage company's plant at South Omaha was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of $6,000.

People Talked About

Man's hours of peace lengthen as dawn shortens the dark hour. Wifey makes her way to the furnace without an escort.

Why do grown people go wrong? A Chicago preacher explains that his runaway wife, daughter of a preacher, hit the primrose path because she had a surfeit of religion.

A new judge, Page by name, upholds the inalienable right of liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Witnesses in his court are allowed to cross their legs as well as their thumbs while lawyers work the pump.

By a vote of 32 to 5 the New York Board of Education rejected the application of a married woman teacher, about to become a mother, for a year's vacation. Some mighty queer things happen just when live men can't find a club to swing.

Twenty-seven times has Anna Polonski, 19-year-old stenographer, been a party to a wedding. Not as a bride, but as a witness to twenty-seven of the matrimonial ceremonies performed by Justice of the Peace M. J. Penty of Cleveland, O.

In cabinet circles in Washington the whisper is going around that Secretary Redfield must conform to "Jeffersonian simplicity" by shearing his whiskers. Mr. Redfield's burnsides not only provoke unseemly hilarity, but cast suspicion on the progressive spirit of the administration.

Followers of the Cubisto school of art in New York City at a recent impressionistic exhibition enjoyed a succession of ecstatic thrills over clay modelings supposed to carry the very latest Cubisto curves, but which proved to be fragments of mud pies made by school kids. Victims of the shock are expected to recover.

Miss Celia M. Howard, a young woman who lives in Elgin, Ill., was awarded first honors by the state bar examiners of Illinois last week in a class of 137. She says that she may not open a law office, but that her knowledge of law will be of advantage to her in any work that she may undertake. She was one of four women who made a high record.

The Real Shamrock

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, who set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And the tear from his eye oftimes wet it.
It grows through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland;
And they call it the dear little shamrock of Ireland.—Old Song.

Had the writer of the Irish ditty of which the above stanza forms a part been as positive as to the identity of the plant itself as he is of its introducer into the Little Green Isle, and had his assertions been supported by the necessary proof, he would have set the minds of men at rest on a subject which yet remains an open and disputed question. Authorities still differ as to what the true shamrock is, and there is no ground for the belief that it was introduced into Ireland by St. Patrick.

In the ancient literature of Erin the word occurs variously as seamsog, seamrog, seamroge, shamrote, shamrocke, shamroke, shamrogh or shamroote, shamrug, shamroge, seamor-oge and chamroch. The word shamrock is Erse, being derived from seamrog, a compound of seamar, meaning trefoil, and og, little—little clover. Seamar is supposed to be the same as sumar, obtained from the Centic name of the clover—visumarus.

As to the plant itself, it is generally considered that true shamrock is either the Black Nonesuch or the Dutch clover, with a decided preference for the first named, on no less authority than the curator of the Dublin botanic gardens, and other competent persons. There are, however, some who hold that Trifolium repens or Trifolium minus is the true shamrock.

Other writers have adopted the fancy of Bicheno, who advocated the right of the wood sorrel to this honor. This last belief may have arisen from the appearance of the word seamsoge, meaning wood sorrel, in old Irish writings, referring to the shamrock, but by those competent to judge this is thought to be a misprint, the word scamroge, signifying meadow trefoil, having been meant.

The earliest references to the shamrock in Irish literature deal with it as a food plant.

Champion in his "Historic of Ireland," dated 1571, says, in speaking of the food of the common people, "Shamrotes, water cresses and other herbs they feed upon; oatmele and butter they cram together."

Matthias Lobl, the French botanist who published his "Stirpium Adversaria Nova," in 1570, appears to be the first botanical writer to mention the plant. He enumerates the purple and the white trefoil, and says of the latter, "It is stated to be good for fattening cattle," adding that the Irish grind the flowers and leaves into a meal, which they knead with butter, and "thrust into their groaning bellies, when it sometimes happens they are vexed and nigh maddened with a three days' hunger."

The shamrock food of the Irish was supposed to make them strong and swift of foot. T. Mundy refers to this fact in a work written by him in 1680. The nourishing qualities of the food are also gleaned from the statement of the earl of Antrim during the siege of Munster by the earl of Argyle, to the effect that as long as shamrocks were available no apprehension regarding the food supply need exist.

About 1772 the shamrock as an article of food in Ireland was supplanted by the potato.

St. Patrick is believed to have lived about 377 A. D.; yet the legend connecting his name with the national badge of Ireland does not make its appearance in the literature of the country until 1681. An English traveler, Thomas Dinely, wrote during the reign of Charles II:

"The 17th day of March yearly is St. Patrick's, an immovable feast, when ye Irish of all stations and conditions wear crosses in their hats, some of pins, some of green ribbon, and the vulgar superstitiously wear shamroges, three-leaved grass, which they likewise eat (they say) to cause a sweet breath. The common people and servants also demand their Patrick's groat of their masters, which they go expressly to town, though half a dozen miles off, to spend, where sometimes it amounts to a piece of 8 * * *, and very few of the zealous are found sober at night."

The Trinity legend of the shamrock appears first in literature in 1727, in Caleb Threkeld's "Synopsis Stirpium Hibernicarum." Under the heading of "Trifolium Pratense Album" occurs the following passage:

"This plant is worn by the people in their hats on the 17th day of March yearly, which is called St. Patrick's day, it being a current tradition that by this three-leaved grass he emblematically set forth to them the mystery of the Holy Trinity. However, when they wet their Seamar-oge they often commit excess in liquor, which is not a right keeping of a day to the Lord, error generally leading to debauchery."—New York Sun.

Twice Told Tales

He Got His Drink.

"Uncle Tom," a relic of "de days befoh de wah," was an old colored man who was already to "hep out de white folkes" by cutting wood, working in the garden, etc., and who was, also, always ready for a "leedle dram," if any of his white friends saw fit to invite him in and give him a drink. In fact, his appetite for a toddy was something marvelous, and he never lost an opportunity for gratifying it.

Colonel Jones, a wealthy citizen of the little village in which Uncle Tom lived, and who had frequently called the old negro in and given him a drink, after a hard day's work, one afternoon espied Uncle Tom coming down the street in a pouring rain.

"Where have you been, Uncle Tom?" the colonel cried, as the old negro arrived opposite the gate.

"I'se been out huntin' de calves, Massa Gawge," replied Uncle Tom, as he turned in at the gate and came up the walk. His clothes were dripping wet, and he was a very disconsolate-looking old darkey.

"You are rather wet, aren't you?" asked the colonel, as Old Tom came to a standstill, hat in hand, on the edge of the porch.

"Yassuh, I is," answered the old man, as he gazed up into the colonel's face with a pleading look. "I'se as wet as uh dawg, Massa Gawge, an' I nevuh wus es dry in mah life!"

The old man got his drink.—Norman Mack's Monthly.

The Bee's Letter Box

Conservation of Workmen's Wages.

To the Editor of The Bee: Referring to the proposed law regarding creditors right to garnishee 10 per cent of workmen's wages, why not appoint district judge or some other official as "receiver," same as a business man being insolvent? Workman to be declared solvent when he spends his money as he should.

This would prevent money going to saloons, also a great deal of hardship in families due to mismanagement of funds.

M. B. L.

Blessings on Good Work Begun.

DENVER, Colo., March 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: The praises of The Bee in "buzzing out" the fake doctors, are being sounded from coast to coast. In the interest of lecture course work I am all over the country and I want to tell you it's the greatest piece of missionary work that ever struck this United States and everybody is reading it and talking about it.

No church ever did more for the salvation of humanity than the expose of just such fakes as that Hornby—his father practiced the "art" before him and the "recipe" has evidently been handed down and been practiced on humanity all these years. In Benton county, Iowa, lives an old lady who years ago had a cancer of the breast permanently removed and paid the price to the father of this man you exposed. Where the one cancer was "pulled out" three came in its place and she suffers three times more than before she paid the "price of the cure." Her name is Burns and she lives in the vicinity of Vinton.

As for the "hospital cartoon," too much praise can't be given The Bee. It portrayed things as they are. Everybody knows that patients are hurried to the hospitals and ripped open for the merest belly ache and country doctors send their patients by the freight loads to these places for all the money they can get out of them. The first question asked is, "How much are they worth?" This is ascertained by writing to the physician from whence they came.

Following The Bee, other papers are also opening the eyes of the public to this "get rich quick" plan. The impersonators of our lecture course are illustrating it and "everybody's doing it" to the enlightenment of the unsuspecting victims.

May God add his blessings to the good work begun.

S. D. LYMAN.

Yeiser Says He Had Switched.

OMAHA, March 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: I notice you published a statement that Governor Morehead pardoned Ed Morgal over my protest and detailed his awful crime against a little girl, showing no reasons for clemency. It is true that eighteen months ago I did oppose clemency, although Governor Aldrich recommended doing something, but on learning the seriousness of the case, Governor Aldrich thought the objection was good. However, since then, because of the good record and exceptional work done for the state upon the hope of a promise of a governor of Nebraska and because of the tuberculous affliction of the prisoner and the fact that he had only sixty days more to serve, I recommended executive clemency, the other members joining, and Governor Morehead gave him these sixty days, although he will voluntarily remain an employe at the tubercular hospital of the state. In justice to Governor Morehead, will you not publish this correction?

JOHN O. YEISER.

The Beas in Human Form.

OMAHA, March 15.—To the Editor of The Bee: The trend of human thought today is turning with something of wonder toward a solution of one of the hardest problems that has ever fell upon these United States to solve—the white slave traffic.

conditions existing among the underpaid conditions existing among the under paid girls and women will we hope prove a blessing to thousands of innocents fast growing into these places occupied now by mothers and sisters. The war between the north and south with its terrible shedding of blood is no comparison with the blood curdling white slave traffic forcing itself not alone upon the virtue of sweet young girls, just blossoming into womanhood, but unfortunately as well upon the wives and mothers.

One of the saddest cases is just creeping into light, where there were four little children who little dreamed that their father's best and truest friend, one they had learned to love, could turn to be the beast of a man he proved himself to be. Keokuk has a man who has past the three-score mark, a resident of the city for years and a church member and no doubt when he met his friends on a Sunday morning at his place of worship with his long pious face people thought he was a living saint. Unfortunately for him the mask he wore did not entirely cover up his deceit. He stole softly into the hearthstone around which nothing but the glow of affection and love dwelt and robbed the husband and innocent ones gathered there of everything life held dear to them.

As the blood leaped through the husband's every vein, his first impulse was to take the law into his own hands and kill the man who was worse than a beast. But the appealing faces of innocent children stared the husband and father square in the face, the sweet tender voices begged him to not do something that might take him from them and pity for the wife and mother who had become a prey to this heartless wretch.

Turn not your eyes away from the human wreck nor stopping to inquire "why al ithis." Move not along leaving them to their fate, but rather raise up ye women of little faith and, instead of thinking so much of voting, band yourselves together in one great body and crush out the terrible curse that will surely fall upon the heads of our future generation. Raise yourselves up and the man who indulges in such practices will be brought to justice. This is the place we need our loyal mothers, wives and sisters today—in abolishing the white slave traffic.

A CITIZEN.

Women Bear the Burden.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.

This country imported $42,500,000 worth of precious stones last year and imposed on its womankind the task of carrying that burden on social occasions. Thus does the tyrant man keep up the ancient injustice of making the women bear the burdens.

Editorial Snapshots

Washington Post: Merritt Chance, after fifteen years of service under republican rule, blooms out as a lifelong democrat and lands a fat berth in the postoffice. Which end of his name is this due to?

Baltimore American: Owing to the record-breaking drinking and smoking of Americans, the federal deficit of $20,000,000 has been turned into a surplus of $7,000,000, which shows that there is some good in campaign conviviality and free cigars.

Philadelphia Ledger: Mr. Morgan said character and not collateral was the basis of credit. Now President Wilson indicates that character and not political service is the rule of appointment. Old ideals are going to the scrap heap and new ideals are on the throne.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: The anthracite coal companies make no answer to the assertion that they increased the price of coal $13,450,000 for paying $4,000,000 more in wages to the miners. They don't have to answer, since they got the extra $9,450,000. The consumer, as usual, can do the talking.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Aviator Beachey has forsworn aviation because, he says, his performance of dangerous feats leads to the death of persons foolishly thinking they can do the same things. No doubt this is a correct view, and it does credit to Aviator Beachey's conscience and sense of responsibility. His example should be followed by a number of high financiers whose daring flights have led to a number of imitators going dead broke.

New York Tribune: The new postoffice rule which allows articles for the parcel post weighing no more than four ounces to be mailed in street boxes will greatly add to the convenience of the system. It is an earnest of the rapid improvement and extension which may be expected as fast as experience permits. The government was wise in not promising more at the outset than it surely could perform.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.

"And before marriage he promised to do everything possible to make you happy."

"Well, he's keeping his word."

"Why, he spends almost no time with you."

"That's what I mean."—Houston Post.

"He disappeared one day and stayed away five years. Recently he reappeared and his wife took him back."

"Are they happy now?"

"No; he says she's unreasonable about trifles."

"How so?"

"She wants to know where he was during those five years."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Anything new in the spring hats for women?"

"Yes; a hat doesn't have to be absolutely hideous to be fashionable."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

First Girl—Don't you want women to have the right to vote?

Second Girl—No; the right to propose would satisfy me.—Boston Transcript.

"Your wife doesn't play bridge at all, does she?"

"No. She's stopped entirely."

"What was the cure?"

"She lost $7 to her dearest friend."

"Lost both her money and her friend, eh?"

"Exactly."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You're wanted at home, father."

"Who says so?"

"Mother."

"Did she say anything else?"

"She said if you didn't come at once she'd come and fetch you."

"Come on, boy, let's go."—Fliegende Blatter.

"Daughter, you haven't known him long enough."

"Father, I have known him intimately for a week."

"A couple must have similar tastes to take them in harmony through the long journey of life."

"We have them. We both like musical comedy and golf."—Pittsburgh Post.

TH' WEARIN' OF TH' GREEN.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Th' band is shteppin' grandly, wid th' little tiner drum
A-rowlin' out th' futshteps of th' marchers as they come;
Th' chune is brave an' shwingin', an' th' notes is clear an' clean,
An' ivrybody's shtcppin' to 'Th' Wearin' of th' Green.
My fate begins to tingle, but my heart begins to sigh—
I can't help thrippin' lively, but I hov to wipe my eye.

I see th' grass of Ireland—as fresh an' clean an' shweet
As thot clear shade of imerald th't paints th' growin' wheat.
I see th' little shamrocks an' think of phwat they mean,
Wid iv'ry clutchin' measure of 'Th' Wearin' of th' Green.
My legs wud tek to dancin', an' I also want to cry—
I can't help jiggin' gladly, but I hov to wipe my eye.

I know th't there in Galway th' gossoons alch will sing
Th' song th't's in my heart today, an' dance like enny king;
Th' lads will all be dancin', alch wid his own colleen,
An' threadin' to th' coaxin' of 'Th' Wearin' of the' Green.
An' thot's phwy, whin th' marchers goes proudly shteppin' by,
My fate will walk in jigtime, but th' tear comes to my eye!