

Ode to the typographical error

Can you spot the one typographical error?

Paris in the the Spring

*The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly;
You can hunt till you are dizzy, but it somehow will get by.
Till the forms are on the press, it is strange how still it keeps.
It shrinks down in the corner, and it never stirs or peeps—
That typographical error, too small for human eyes—
Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size.
The boss, she stares with horror, then she grabs her hair and groans;
The copyreader drops his head upon his hands and moans.
The remainder of the issue may be clean as clean can be,
But the typographical error is the only thing you see.*

—Anonymous