

"Girl Anarchist Explodes Bomb"

Derek Owens

My wife went into one of her rare convulsions. Unfortunately every bullet found a victim.

(Her wardrobe is enormous.)

*

It's no wonder, no wonder at all, that the whole town is wary of her.

Naturally we want it to be us.

*

Because he found a beetle in his spinach, Jack J. Benguiat of Brooklyn was awarded \$200 by a Municipal Court jury.

Enclosed is a bug.

*

I put the powder in the milk and put it on a tray with her supper and served it to Mrs. Applegate.

Your druggist has it—liquid or tablets, as you prefer.

*

In brain fever and many forms of insanity sleep is generally impossible because of the large amount of blood which is then forced upon the brain.

(Why is it that it always sounds like firecrackers?)

*

The Poet wore a pair of black trousers, the cut of which, while denoting great independence of character on the part of their proprietor, nevertheless made the legs of the Poet appear weird and fantastic.

Owing to his hare-lip he could not use Miss Martineau's trumpet, and she feared that they would make the conversation a ludicrous business. But she was wrong.

*

The disturbances now among the inhabitants of the earth are, as a matter of fact, only a small depression at present.

(Even if you don't understand Jewish you'll gurgle with merriment.)

*

What must have been the uproar in the big Cretaceous swamps, during the old geologic days, when a million of frogs, each about the size of a calf, all opened their mouths together! The thunder of their croak must have been tremendous enough—to say nothing of their yelling when they got mad.

I never thought I would produce a freak like her.

*

The girls are cheer-leaders and majorettes and are at their best insulting their teachers. The boys major in how to drive a car and beat up teachers.

Persons so injured have been known to live indefinitely without ever recovering usefulness—they become nobodies.

*

His face was oval, with a chin of imperial splendor and an earnestly precious nose.

“I am ready for my medicine,” he said. “I am responsible for my acts.”

*

This is a characteristic greeting of the slightly nervous, fragile chap who, despite his medium height, stands like a reed before his assemblies at state occasions, playing with the glass and silverware in the approved manner of a Rotary toastmaster.

What are we but the fancy dresses for someone’s imagination?

*

The sick girl, having no fear of rodents, threw some crumbs from her table, but for several days the big rat declined, and ventured no further than a head’s length beyond the hole.

“I am busted,” the husky 32-old witness said soberly.

*

But there was a lot of gate-crashing and among the feminine dancers was the orchidaceous daughter of a telephone lineman in the employ of the canal.

The scientists reported: mission accomplished.

*

During the hour and a half preceding the eclipse the monkey house had been unusually noisy.

The pretzelized men staggered to a stainless steam table.

*

All five toes are offered to the gaze of man and woman as freely as is the face, and it goes without saying that these same hitherto concealed parts of a woman’s anatomy are tinted and polished until they shine like jewels before my lady emerges from her boudoir.

But although she is now a young lady and gives real music lessons, she sometimes steals up to the barn-attic and runs her fingers tenderly over the old board piano keys for the sake of old times—the dear old times when it was so easy to make believe and be happy.

*

The meanest man in the Unites States has certainly been found.

Whose work on the evolution of love is making a commotion.

*

A wisp of a little old man in enormous gum boots was baling a motorboat; when he looked up he showed a long, inquisitive nose, which leaked gently at the end, and a restless Adam's apple above a loose, coppery collar button.

There wasn't a dragon to be seen in the ice-covered lanes; there wasn't a Chinese in sight.

*

To my mind, what we sorely need in this life is more of the active participation of the female point of view, since man has made such a sorry mess of things.

In fact, my great desire is to be able to make all those with whom I come in contact believe that I am more or less a supernatural being, and for this purpose I am going to take all sorts of little balloons, electrical devices and other apparently magical contrivances.

*

I guess the boy and the girl are symbols of boys and girls everywhere, because they keep kissing each other and the girl talks a lot about sex.

I think everybody likes spiced oysters.

*

The figurines are 2,000 years old.

The "Dwelling of the Void."

*

All were greedy for the story, but how to put the leaves in place they could not tell. At length one of the nobleman's daughters, by dint of much study and examination, discovered how to fold the sheets; then in the library, sheet by sheet properly folded, this young lady handed the novel to a gentleman, who, cutting open the leaves, read aloud the story for the pleasure of the company.

Downright wistful, isn't it?

*

So, let's get on with our witch hunt.

And let's hunt those witches incessantly.

One can feel the stifling heat.

Ladies, come prepared to sew.