

nobody could
 in superhuman flights
 of submoronic fancy
 be more not

conceivably future than mrs somethingwitz

nay somethingelsestein. Death should take his hat
 off to this dame:he won't be out of work
 while she can swarm. To doubt that in whose form
 less form all goodness truth and beauty lurk,
 simply to her does not occur(alarm
 ing notion for idealists?so what)

all politicians like the sight of vote

and politics,as everyone knows,is
 wut ektyouelly metus. Unbeside
 which limps who might less frenziedly have cried

eev mahmah hadn chuzd nogged id entwhys