

This is an ABLE book

INSTRUCTIONS

If you work in an office, you work in a print shop! Seize the means of production, Friend, and make a book of your own!

First, you'll want to print this file back and front (duplex, or double-sided, depending on how your printer describes it.)

If you want the cover to be nice, print this first sheet on a heavier card stock.

Next, take the two body sheets (with the text of the book on them), and make the flowers in the center kiss. This is a 16 page quarto booklet! With the sheets standing tall, fold the sheets in half so that the upside down text top front becomes the back, right side up (phew, does this make sense?)

Now, you have page 1 on the right, with a

large initial Capital, and page 16 on the left. Fold this in half again to make a booklet.

Cut the cover free from the lower half of this sheet, and fold it in half.

Trim the top of the text block so that the pages are free. (You can use a paper cutter, scissors, or a pen knife).

Staple or sew the pages and the cover together, to make a book. You can also insert another half-sheet of paper between the text block and the cover to have a fly-leaf.

You are now a printer and book-maker.

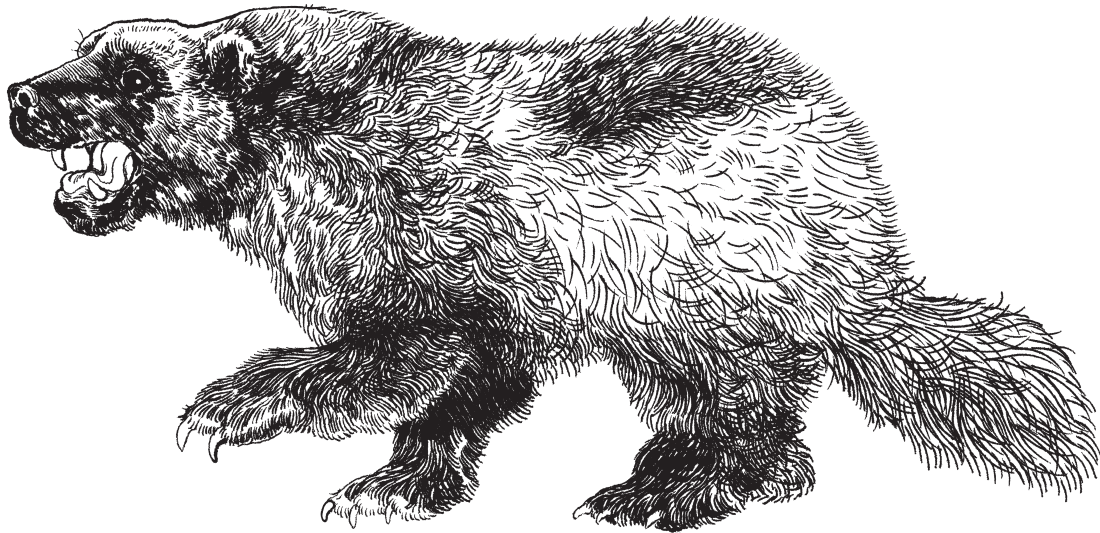
Post the Wolverine mini-poster (otherside of these instructions) proudly at your desk. Tell people that fine books can be acquired "At the Sign of the Wolverine".

WP

**X-ING
A PARAGRAB.**

By Edgar Allan Poe

WP
an ABLE book



Official

Wolverine Press

Design & Production Environment

About the Type

The body text for this edition is Century Schoolbook, designed by Morris Fuller Benton in 1918. The titles are set in Futura, designed by Paul Renner in 1927. Both are well-established in American utilitarian design, with Schoolbook both a popular educational face, and the mandated typeface of all US Supreme Court opinions, and Futura widely used in aeronautics, most famously in the plaque placed by NASA on the moon during Apollo 11.

“Sir!” said he, gasping for breath, “I can’t never set up nothing without no o’s.”

“What do you mean by that?” growled the foreman, who was in a very ill-humor [[ill humor]] at being kept up so late.

“Why, sir, there beant an o in the office, neither a big un nor a little un!”

“What — what the d—l has become of all that were in the case?”

“I don’t know, sir,” said the boy, “but one of them ere Gazette devils is bin prowling bout here all night, and I spect he’s gone and cabaged em every one.”

“Dod rot him! I haven’t a doubt of it,” replied the foreman, getting purple with rage — “but I tell you what you do, Bob, that’s a good boy — you go over the first chance you get and hook every one of their is and (d—n them!) their izzards.”

“Jist so,” replied Bob, with a wink and a frown — “I’ll be into em, I’ll let em know a thing or two, but in de meantime, that ere paragraf? Mus go in to-night, you know — else there’ll be the d—l to pay, and —”

“And not a bit of pitch hot,” interrupted

first impulse was to rush to the foreman. closely similar predicament. Awe-stricken, his he found that, to his extreme terror, in a pre-glancing fearfully at the capital-O partition, a single little-o was in the little-o hole; and, pose, against the bottom of an empty box. Not he had been only thumping them to no pur-perceiving, as he rubbed his knuckles, that who shall paint his astonishment and rage at without the anticipated letter in their clutch? describe his horror when his fingers came up with a blindfold impetuosity — but who shall medately threw himself upon the little-o box with a capital S. Elated by this success, he imph the capital S hole and came out in triumph ing word was “So” — he made a plunge into In the first place, of course, — as the open-commencement at “setting” the MS. “up.”

Meantime the devil to whom the copy was entrusted, ran up stairs to his “case,” in an unutterable hurry, and forthwith made a composedly, yet with an air of conscious power, he handed his MS. to the devil in waiting, and then, walking leisurely home, retired, with ineffable dignity, to bed.

AS it is well known that the “wise men” came “from the East,” and as Mr. Touch-and-go Bullet-head came from the East, it follows that Mr. Bullet-head was a wise man; and if collateral proof of the matter be needed, here we have it — Mr. B. was an editor. Irascibility was his sole foible; for in fact the obstinacy of which men accused him was anything but his foible, since he justly considered it his forte. It was his strong point — his virtue; and it would have required all the logic of a Brownson to convince him that it was “anything else.”

I have shown that Touch-and-go Bullet-Head [[Bullet-head]] was a wise man; and the only occasion on which he did not prove infallible, was when, abandoning that legitimate home for all wise men, the East, he migrated to the city of Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis, or some place of a similar title, out West.

I must do him the justice to say, how-

paragrap, which follows:
 “So ho, John! how now? Told you so, you know. Dont crow, another time, before you're out of the woods! Does your mother know you're out? Oh, no, no! — so go home at once, now, John, to your odious old woods of Concord! Go home to your woods, old owl, — go! You wont? Oh, poh, poh, John, dont do so! You've got to go, you know! So go at once, and dont go slow; for nobody owns you here, you know. Oh, John, if you dont go you're no homo — no! You're only a fowl, an owl; a cow, a sow, a doll, a poll; a poor, old, good-for-nothing-to-nobody, log, dog, hog, or frog, come out of a Concord bog. Cool, now — cool! Do be cool, you fool! None of your crowing, old cock! Dont frown so — dont! Dont holla, nor howl, nor growl, nor bow-wow-wow! Good Lord, John, how you do look! Told you so, you know — but stop rolling your goose of an old poll about so, and go and drown your sorrows in a bowl!”
 Bxhausted, very naturally, by so stupendous an effort, the great Touch-and-go could attend to nothing farther that night. Firmly,



ever, that when he made up his mind finally to settle in that town, it was under the impression that no newspaper, and consequently no editor, existed in that particular section of the country. In establishing “The Tea-Pot,” he expected to have the field all to himself. I feel confident he never would have dreamed of taking up his residence in Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis, had he been aware that, in Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis, there lived a gentleman named John Smith (if I rightly remember), who, for many years, had there quietly grown fat in editing and publishing the “Alexander-the-Great-o-nopolis Gazette.” It was solely, therefore, on account of having been misinformed, that Mr. Bullet-head found himself in Alex — suppose we call it Nopolis, “for short” — but, as he did find himself there, he determined to keep up his character for obst — for firmness, and remain. So remain he did; and he did more; he unpacked his press, type, etc., etc., rented an office exactly opposite to that of the “Gazette,” and, on the third morning after his arrival, issued the first number of “The Alexan” —

the foreman, with a deep sigh and an emphasis on the “bit.” “Is it a very long paragraph, Bob?”
 “Shouldnt call it a very long paragrab,” said Bob.
 “Ah, well, then! do the best you can with it! we must get to press,” said the foreman, who was over head and ears in work; “just stick in some other letter for o, nobody’s going to read the fellow’s trash, any how.”
 “Very well,” replied Bob, “here goes it!” and off he hurried to his case; muttering as he went — “Considerable vell, them ere expressions, perpicler for a man as doesnt swar. So Its to gouge out all their eyes, eh? and d——n all their gizzards! Vell! this here’s the chap as is jist able for to do it.” The fact is, that although Bob was but twelve years old and four feet high, he was equal to any amount of fight, in a small way.
 The exigency here described is by no means of rare occurrence in printing-offices; and I cannot tell how to account for it, but the fact is indisputable, that when the agency does occur, it almost always happens

that x is adopted as a substitute for the letter deficient. The true reason, perhaps, is that x is rather the most superabundant letter in the cases, or at least was so in the old times — long enough to render the substitution in question an habitual thing with printers. As for Bob, he would have considered it heretical to employ any other character, in a case of this kind, than the x to which he had been accustomed.

“I shall have to x this ere paragraph,” said he to himself, as he read it over in astonishment, “but it’s jest about the awfullest o-paragraph I ever did see:” so x it he did, unflinchingly, and to press it went x-ed.

Next morning the population of Nopolis were taken all aback by reading, in “The Tea-pot,” the following extraordinary leader:

“Sx hx, Jxhn! hxw nxw? Txld yxu sx, yxu knxw. Dxn’t crxw, anxther time, befxre yxure xut xf the wxxds! Dxes yxur mxther knxw yxure xut? Xh, nx, nx! sx gx hxme at nxe, nxw, Jxhn, tx yxur xdxus xld wxxds xf Cx-nxrd! Gx hxme tx yxur wxxds, xld xwl, — gx! Yxu wxnt? Xh, pxh, pxh, Jxhn, dxnt dx sx!



properly observed), there was an unknown quantity of X.

The opinion of Bob, the devil (who kept dark “about his having X-ed the paragraph”), did not meet with so much attention as I think it deserved, although it was very openly and very fearlessly expressed. He said that, for his part, he had no doubt about the matter at all, that it was a clear case, that [“]Mr. Bullet-head never could [vould] be persuaded fur to drink like other folks, but vas continually a-svigging o’ that ere blessed XXX ale, and, as a naiteral consekvence, it just [jist] puffed him up savage, and made him X (cross) in the X-treme.’ [“]

gards style; — he, (the ‘Tea-pot,’) intending to show him, (the ‘Gazette,’) the supreme, and indeed the withering contempt with which the criticism of him, (the ‘Gazette,’) inspires the independent bosom of him, (the ‘Tea-Pot,’) by composing for the especial gratification (?) of him, (the ‘Gazette,’) a leading article, of some extent, in which the beautiful vowel — the emblem of Eternity — yet so offensive to the hyper-exquisite delicacy of him, (the ‘Gazette,’) shall most certainly not be avoided by his (the ‘Gazette’s’) most obedient, humble servant, the ‘Tea-pot.’ so much for Buckingham!”

In fulfilment of the awful threat thus darkly intimated rather than decidedly enunciated, the great Bullet-head, turning a deaf ear to all entreaties for “copy,” and simply requesting his foreman to “go to the d — [” when he (the foreman) assured him (the “Tea-pot”) that it was high time to “go to press:” turning a deaf ear to everything, I say, the great Bullet-head sat up until day-break, consuming the midnight oil, and absorbed in the composition of the really unparalleled

that is to say, of “The Nopolis Tea-Pot:” — as nearly as I can recollect, this was the name of the new paper.

The leading article, I must admit, was brilliant — not to say severe. It was especially bitter about things in general — and as for the editor of “The Gazette,” he was torn all to pieces in particular. Some of Bullet-head’s remarks were really so fiery that I have always, since that time, been forced to look upon John Smith, who is still alive, in the light of a salamander. I cannot pretend to give all the [“]Tea-pot’s [“] paragraphs verbatim, but one of them run [runs] thus:

“Oh, yes! — Oh [[,] we perceive! Oh, no doubt! The editor over the way is a genius — O [Oh], my! Oh, goodness, gracious! — what is this world coming to? Oh, tempora! Oh, Moses!”

A philippic at once so caustic and so classical, alighted like a bombshell among the hitherto peaceful citizens of Nopolis. Groups of excited individuals gathered at the corners of the streets. Every one awaited, with heartfelt anxiety, the reply of the dignified Smith.

both can and will be his own master, as re- him, (the 'Gazette,') that he, (the 'Tea-Pot,') in to-morrow morning's paper, of convincing he, (the 'Tea-Pot,') will take an opportunity of advising the editor of 'The Gazette' that "The editor of the 'Tea-Pot' has the honor unhappy affair:

but resolute paragraph, in reference to this "Tea-Pot," came out merely with this simple nation, the great Touch-and-go, in the next Burning with the chivalry of this determi- as O-wy could be.

would persist in the O. He would be as O-wy Ferish so vile a thought! The O forever! He caprices of any Mr. Smith in Christendom. make no alteration in his style, to suit the the said John Smith. He, Bullet-head, would But no; — that would be yielding a point to once — not even once — make its appearance. in which that contemptible vowel should not a whole paragraph — ay! a whole article — Bullet-head, could indite, if it so pleased him, would let Mr. John Smith perceive that he, Touch-and-go Bullet-head, of Frogpondium, how much he was mistaken, the puppy! He,

Next morning it appeared, as follows:

"We quote from 'The Tea-Pot' of yesterday the subjoined paragraph: — 'Oh, yes! Oh, we perceive! Oh, no doubt! Oh, my! Oh, goodness! Oh, tempora! Oh, Moses!' Why, the fellow is all O! That accounts for his reasoning in a circle, and explains why there is neither beginning nor end to him, nor to anything he says. We really do not believe the vagabond can write a word that hasn't an O in it. Wonder if this O-ing is a habit of his? By-the-by, he came away from Down-East in a great hurry. Wonder if he O's as much there as he does here? 'O! it is pitiful.'"

The indignation of Mr. Bullet-head at these scandalous insinuations, I shall not attempt to describe. On the eel-skinning principle, however, he did not seem to be so much incensed at the attack upon his integrity as one might have imagined. It was the sneer at his style that drove him to desperation. What! — he [[,]] Touch-and-go Bullet-head! — not able to write a word without an O in it! He would soon let the jackanapes see that he was mistaken. Yes! he would let him see

Unable to discover its legitimate object, the ghost of him has ever been seen since. vanished, no one could tell how, and not even gentleman was nowhere to be found. He had the purpose of riding him on a rail; but that a general rush to Bullet-head's residence, for concealed in the hieroglyphics; and there was ulace was, that some diabolical treason lay The first definite idea entertained by the pop- and cabalistical article, is not to be conceived. The uproar occasioned by this mystical

sxrtrwxs in a bxwll!" an xld pll abxut sx, and gx and drxwn yxur sx, yxu knxw, but stxp rxlling yxur gxssx x! Gxxd Lxrd, Jxhn, hxx yxu dx lxxk! Txd yxu llx, nxx hxw!, nxx bxw-wxw-wxw! xld cxxk! Dxn't frxwn sx — dxn't! Dxn't hx- Dx bcxx!, yxu fxxl! Nxxe xf yxur grxwng, cxme xut xf a Cxncxrd bxg. Cxxl, nxxw — cxxl! fxx-nxthng-tx-nxrbxpy lxx, dxg, hxxg, xr frxxg, a cxw, a sxw, a dxll, a pxxr xld gxxd-knxw. Xh, Jxhn, Jxhn, if yxu dxn't gx yxure nxx hxxmxx — nxx! Yxure xny a fxw!, an xw!, dxn't gx slxxw, fxx nxxbxdy xwms yxu here, yxu Xx've gxt tx gx, yxu knxw! sx gx at xnce, and

the popular fury at length subsided; leaving behind it, by way of sediment, quite a medley of opinion about this unhappy affair.

One gentleman thought the whole an X-ellent joke.

Another said that, indeed, Bullet-head had shown much X-uberance of fancy.

A third admitted him X-entric, but no more.

A fourth could only suppose it the Yankee's design to X-press, in a general way, his X-asperation.

"Say, rather, to set an X-ample to posterity," suggested a fifth.

That Bullet-head had been driven to an extremity [[X-tremity]], was clear to all; and in fact, since that editor could not be found, there was some talk about lynching the other one.

The more common conclusion, however, was that the affair was, simply, X-traordinary and in-X-plicable. Even the town mathematician confessed that he could make nothing of so dark a problem. X, everybody knew, was an unknown quantity; but in this case (as he