

## A MESSAGE FROM BILL JIM.

Last September I told you in these columns about the death of Professor Bill Jim, of Harvard University, and how he was expected to send a message back from the Other Side.

Well, Bill Jim has done it.

Up Boston way they are getting messages from him most every day. Most of the messages, so far, have come through M. S. Ayer, owner and operator of the Ayer Spiritual Temple, of Boston.

The idea struck me all at once that maybe I could get a message from Bill Jim to print in The Fool-Killer, since he seemed to be handing them around pretty freely.

So I set my wireless bird-trap on the key of C, and then hid behind the bureau to see what would happen. It wasn't long till I heard a noise that sounded sorter like frying sow-belly on an oil-stove. I waited till the noise hushed. Then I opened up my wireless bird-trap, and sure enough I had caught it. There was the message all right, with its Sunday clothes on and a bo-kay in its buttonhole. Bill Jim had written the message on a sheet of moonshine with his new spiritual fountain pen and sent it by registered freight. It was written in an unknown tongue, but by standing on my head and looking straight through myself I made out to read it. Here is a true copy of the message, pulled out of the original Dead Language with a pair of tweezers and transmogrified into the Queen's English:

Over There, Apr. 1, 1911.

Mr. Fool-Killer,

Moravian Falls, N. C.

Dear Old Pard:

It seems like old times to be writing you a letter. It recalls the good old days when you used to lecture to my class at Harvard. I'll never forget that time you lectured on "The Paradise of Fools." Did you know Bob Taylor stole that lecture from you and delivered it all over the country?

Since I shed my mortal hull back there in Boston and took up camp over here in the Spirit World I have been sorter mixed up. Didn't find things over here exactly like I expected to find them. In fact, I am not quite sure I got to the place I was aiming to stop at. When I left Boston I told them I wanted to go to heaven, but I think they must have put me on the wrong train. I haven't seen any golden streets yet, nor any angels, and I haven't heard a harp since I got here. I can't say that I am exactly happy. I feel more keenly alive than I did on earth, but I miss my old body a good deal. My eye-sight isn't any too good, and it is an awful bother not to have any nose to hang my spex on. And I miss all those good things I had to eat when I lived in Boston. I haven't any appetite now, and no place to put one if I had it. Sometimes when I try to lecture to the spirits it seems mighty awkward not to have any arms to gesture with. But the people who have been here a long time say they get used to these things.

You people on earth who imagine that I have entered into a state of rest and peace are very far from the truth. I don't know whether my unhappiness is my own fault or the

fault of the country I came to, but anyhow it ain't no picnic, I can tell you. Wish I knew for certain where I am at. I have seen lots of people who expected to go to heaven when they died, but they feel sorter like I do about it. They don't think this is the place. We would all be willing to make a rue bargain with old man Death and get our old hulls back if we could. I would give everything I have seen over here for one square mess of bacon and beans.

But what's the use to grieve over spilt milk? I see no chance to get back on your side of the Dark River, and so I will have to stay over here and tough it out. I am very glad, however, that Science has been able to reach her long, bony arm across the river and make connection with this side. I have organized a company over here to build a great wireless station for the sending and receiving of spirit messages. At present it is rather difficult to get a message through, but when I get my station done it will be easy enough.

But be sure you don't let the Bell Company hear about this, for of course they'd want to get control of it. The only stock-holders I want in this concern are W. T. Stead, Oliver Lodge, J. H. Hyslop, Mrs. Eddy and myself. I was talking to Mrs. Eddy about it last night. She and I are pretty thick since we came over here. We spend a good deal of time together, and we are expecting to organize a Christian Science church next Sunday.

Yours truly,

BILL JIM.

I recently feasted my lookers on a paper in which the wise editor tried to make fun of old Mr. Joshua's ignorance of astronomy. Never mind, Smarty. When that "sun standing still" business was pulled off, old Josh had done forgot more astronomy than you will ever know.

## S. A. J. A.

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## THE IDIOT CLUB.

The Fool-Killer is no society paper, and it very seldom devotes any space to social functions. But whenever it does take a notion to saw a few tunes on the society fiddle it ain't no sardine at the business. Here is just a sample of our society dope (30 cents a yard, retail; special rates on large quantities):

Mrs. William DeWindy Smith entertained the Idiot Club at her home on Lunatic Avenue, Thursday afternoon. The house looked just about as ugly as usual. She had a lot of faded greens and artificial flowers stuck around in corners, and it was all a perfect mess. Mrs. Smith and Rev. Brown's wife received in the hall. The Brown woman had on an old rag of a green frock that made her look like she had been buried and dug up, and Mrs. Smith wore that old red waist she's had ever since before the war. The Jones girls and old man Swellhead's daughter served refreshments in the dining room, only it was Mrs. Smith's bedroom fixed up a little. The lemonade tasted like dishwater, and the icecream was half dirt.

That Swellhead girl is so dead to let folks know her old daddy's got a little money that she was a whole show window. The Jones girls were not much worse than they always are.

I do know if I couldn't fix up something to eat any better than that I'd never have the audacity to ask anybody to eat it. But Mrs. Smith never was any housekeeper, and everybody knows it.

Mrs. DeSwell Hotstuff read an essay on "The Downrightness of Straight Up." Some people can't help being fools, but it does seem like they could help unloading their foolishness on folks that can't help themselves.

They all stayed till Mrs. Smith thought she'd die before she got rid of them, and then they went away telling what a good time they all had, and began talking about what a measley affair it was before they got around the corner.

Oh, deliver us! Here in North Carolina they have already started another campaign for United States Senator. Senator, thunder! Shut your fool mouths and give us a rest.

A female fellow by the name of Ada Patterson has "writ a piece" for the New York American in which she predicts that in the near future the United States will have a woman president. I don't know about that, Ada, but if a woman president would be any improvement over the present incumbent, I wish to goodness we had one now.

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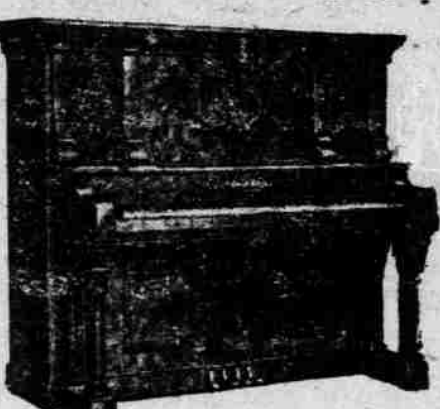
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