

Jones Walter

**Jiglets: A series of sidesplitting
gyrations reeled off—**



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IMPORTANT

Dear Reader:

While an artist has been engaged at a great expense to illustrate this volume of funniness, I want it distinctly understood that the illustrations are purely ornamental and are not intended to be diagrams of or keys to the jokes.

Between you and me, any one of the jokes – if you like it – is worth eleven times the price asked for the book. But, like the filigree work on a lemon merangue pie, the decoration may not make the pie any more palatable – but, it looks a whole lot better.

Confidentially yours,

Handwritten signature
Alfred P. Cross
1882

JIGLETS

Ha! Ha! Ha! I am astonished. I didn't expect to find more than ten persons in the house to-night, and I see there are eleven.

I want to thank that gentleman in the first row – the man with the vigorous growth of hair. It's such a relief to see a man with some hair, in the front row.

Say, I don't think I ever told you of the time I went with a Shakespearian company to tour the New England States.

Never knew I was an actor? Why, of course.

Wouldn't have thought it? Neither would I, if I didn't know to what extremes a man of my attainments may be driven, when his bread-basket is empty.

Well, I signed for a hundred a week and all expenses.

I got expenses all right, part of the time, and had to employ one of Pinkerton's men to look after the salary.

Up to yesterday, he hadn't found it; but no actor who goes out of New York town ever expects to get any salary, and I didn't.

I played Hamlet, Egglet, Eyelet, Omelet and To Let.

Every time I played Hamlet, I got an Egglet in the Eyelet, and I saved them up and made an Omelet, which caused such a disturbance among the other boarders, that my landlady told me my room was To Let.

I was in hard luck all around.

The worst blow that ever struck yours truly, was when we hit

a little town in Maine called Haystack Mountain.

People there didn't appreciate good acting and the show went busted.

Well, the manager had an urgent engagement with a sick friend in New York, and he left us high and dry.

Some of the girls wept a little and asked how far it was to the railroad station.

I didn't ask how far it was to the station. I knew what to do. I began to walk.

Do you know, I never struck such a confounded lot of ties in all my life.

The railroad must have employed non-union help. You couldn't judge them at all. You'd strike a lot that were three feet apart and think they were all that way. You'd go to sleep until you struck one at a four-foot interval; then you'd wake up pretty quick and murmur gentle nothings about the company.

About the second day out, I landed at the town of Bridgewater. I walked into the only hotel of the place and thought I'd bluff 'em a little.

"What are the rates?" says I.

"Five dollars a day and up," says the clerk.

"Oh, come off," says I, "I'm an actor."

"In that case," says he, "it's five dollars a day, down."

Toward evening, I came to a siding where a lot of box-cars were stalled. I crept on one of the trucks and went to sleep. I woke up to find I was traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Suddenly I became aware that I had a visitor, and I knew my visitor had visitors, too – because I could hear him scratching.

"Say," says I, "who the dickens are you and what do you want?"

"Look here, young feller," says the visitor, "I'm Cornelius Vanderbilt out for a spin in my new automobile, and I won't be disturbed by the likes of you."

"Where do you come from?" says I.

"Maryland," says he. "My father is a great farmer down there. He raised a cabbage last year that weighed four hundred pounds. Now, who are you?"

"Why," says I, "I'm Admiral Dewey on a tour of inspection in my private car. I'm going back to Brooklyn Navy Yard to superintend the manufacture of a boiler, so large that it takes two hundred and fifty men to drive one of the rivets."

"Go slow, there," says he. "What could they do with a boiler so large as that?"

"Why," says I, "they're going to boil that cabbage your father raised."

After a little while he told me his name was Percival Reginald Van Dusenberry. He was an actor, but he had been walking longer than I.

When we struck the town of Grafton, we got off our Pullman, and began looking for the graft.

Percy went up to a cottage and rapped at the door, intending to ask for some cold victuals.

A hand shoved out and gave him a roll of green-backs. Percy was dumfounded, but took to his heels.

When we were about two miles away, Percy looked at me, and said:

"Those lobsters took me for the landlord."

We located a restaurant presently, and sat waiting at a table for an hour and a half.

Finally, Percy said to the fellow behind the desk:

"Are you the proprietor of this hash house?"

"Yes," says he.

"Well, then I want to know if you sent your waiter away, when you saw us coming, so you could charge us for a night's lodging."

Just then the waiter came in.

"Say," says I, "do you know we have been waiting here for an hour and a half?"

"That's nothing," says he, "I've been waiting here for ten years."

He placed a carafe of water on the table.

"Look here," says Percy, "I never drink water unless it's absolutely pure and healthy. Is this all right?"

"Sure," says the waiter.

Percy took a glassful, and most of it was pollywogs.

"Look here," says he, "I thought you said this water was healthy. Look at those bugs."

"That only proves what I said," says the waiter. "If it wasn't healthy the bugs couldn't live in it."

Just then Percy's eye caught a sign that read:

"All the pancakes you can eat for ten cents."

"I'm going to have some pancakes," says he. "What's yours?"

"Chicken," says I.

Percy kept eating pancakes.

When he had eaten twenty plates the boss of the joint began to get interested.

Percy was certainly getting the biggest ten cents' worth I ever saw, when he stepped over and says:

"Don't you think you have had enough?"

"Just one more plate and then – " says Percy.

"Then what?" says the boss.

"Then you can tell the cook to make them a little bit thicker," says Percy.

I tried to chew my chicken, but couldn't get it down. I managed to catch the waiter on his fifteenth lap between the kitchen and Percy's plate, and says:

"Waiter, this chicken is awfully tough."

"Have some pancakes, then," says Percy. "They're good and come cheap."

"Well," says the waiter, "that chicken always was a Jonah. When we tried to kill it, the darned thing flew to the top of the house and we had to shoot it."

"Oh, that accounts for it," says I. "Your aim was bad and you shot the weather cock by mistake."

Percy finally got enough pancakes and paid his ten cents like

a man.

We traveled along the road that leads from the hash house, and met a farmer with a gun.

"Say," says I, "have you seen anything worth shooting around here?"

"Not until you came," says he.

I don't blame him though.

Talking of shooting, I don't think I ever told you of the time I went shooting with Teddy.

Teddy is a great shot, but he can't compare with me. I'm going to sing you a song about it, entitled:

"Snap Shot, Half Shot, All Shot; or, It Costs Money To Get Loaded."

On the farms there's consternation,
And there's wide-spread agitation,
For the hunting season's opened up again.
In the paths and in the by-ways,
In the woods and in the highways,
There are packs of dogs and scores of shooting men.

Now and then a pig is squealing,
Or a hen or rooster keeling
Over suddenly in some sequestered spot.
Upon a close examination,
You may glean the information,
That by some lobster of a gunner it was shot.

Now and then a cow is snorting,
And around a field cavorting,
All because a load of shot has come its way.
Now and then a horse is rearing,
And in greatest pain appearing,
For it stopped another charge that went astray.

'Tis no wonder that the granger
Growls each time he sees a stranger,
Prowling through the woods and fooling with a gun;
For the shooting is alarming,
To the man who does the farming,
And he won't rest easy till the season's done.

That's a very fine song, I'll admit. Percy is just dead in love with it. He makes me sing it about ten times a day.

He says he can sympathize with the horses and cows, for he has "stopped many a charge that went astray" and knows how it feels.

We left the farmer with the gun, and Percy began to get woefully dry.

"Great Scott," says he, "I'd give almost anything for a drink of whiskey."

He spied an old gent with a kind face, tottering along the road.

"Just wait a minute," says Percy, "I'll see if that old gent carries a pocket flask."

So he went over and says:

"Kind sir, can you give a poor man who has heart trouble a drop of whiskey?"

"You should not drink that stuff," says the old man, "why do you do it?"

"Because I'm thirsty," says Percy.

"Then why don't you drink milk?" says he. "Milk, you know, makes blood."

"But," says Percy, "I'm not blood-thirsty."

"The doctors," continued the old man, "say that whiskey ruins the coat of the stomach. What would you do if that happened in your case?"

"I'd mighty soon make the darn thing work in its shirt-sleeves," says Percy.

We walked on and saw a farmhouse through the trees.

Percy went up to ask for some cold victuals and actually got the cold shoulder.

Then we struck the town of Freysburg. There's where poor Percy got fried to a rich, golden brown.

It happened this way.

We saw a large tent in which a revival meeting was going on.

"I'm going to take part," says Percy.

I tried to dissuade him, but it wouldn't go.

The deacon looked him over and says:

"Will the brother relate his experiences?"

I judged that Percy would have a very large contract on his hands, but he went at it like a man.

Everybody was shouting something, so every time Percy said anything, I shouted:

"Thank Heaven for that."

"Ladies and gentlemen," says he, "I've been a villain of the deepest dye."

"Thank Heaven for that," says I.

Percy looked at me and continued:

"Often I have felt tempted to commit suicide."

"Thank Heaven for that," says I.

"I'm heart and soul in the noble cause, but I'm penniless."

"Thank Heaven for that," says I.

Percy went on:

"I know that these noble men and women will raise a subscription to enable me to carry out my aims."

"Thank Heaven for that," says I.

Say, the way Percy got money surprised me.

Finally, we got clear of the tent and just sloped for it.

The next town a constable was waiting for us.

He spotted Percy right away.

"You're wanted for obtaining money under false pretenses," says he.

He took Percy to the court, which was held in the rear of a grocery store.

Going in, I knocked a big cheese off the counter and stooped to pick it up.

"That's all right," says the grocer, "it knows its own way

around the counter by this time."

The judge asked Percy what his profession was.

"I'm an actor," says Percy. "When I'm on the stage I become so absorbed in my part that the theatre vanishes, the audience disappears – "

"Yes," commented the judge, "they go out and ask for their money back. What were you before you became a loafer?" asked the judge.

"I was a gentleman," says Percy.

"That's a good business, but you're not the only one who failed in it," says the judge. "Now what have you to say in your defense?"

"I must wait till my lawyer arrives," says he.

"Why," says the judge, "you were caught red-handed with the goods on. What could your lawyer say that would influence my decision?"

"That's just what I want to find out," says Percy. "But give me a little time and I will explain all."

"All right," says the judge. "Six years at hard labor. I hope you will be able to explain when you get out, or back you'll go for another six."

I was so afraid that the judge would give me time to explain why I was with Percy that I started to run and didn't stop until I got to Boston.

Now I'm going to sing you a little song, entitled: "He Made a Foolish Break And Got The Laugh; or, Wedded Persons'

Compliments."

Said a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife:
"If you would but give up leading
Such a fashionable life,
And devote more time to cooking —
How to mix and when to bake —
Then, perhaps you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make."

And the wife, resenting, answered
(For the worm will turn, you know):
"If you would but give up horses
And a score of clubs or so,
To devote more time to business —
When to buy and what to stake —
Then, perhaps, you might make money,
Such as father used to make."

There! I'm greatly relieved now that I've got that song off my mind. I was afraid I might break down, because it's so touching.

Talking of relief, puts me in mind of a friend of mine who wanted to be relieved, in the worst way, of a barrel of over-ripe sauerkraut. When I heard his tale of woe, I laughed so that I had to go and buy a new pair of suspenders.

You see, he had a German friend who had the kraut and didn't know what to do with it, so he offered to send it home to my

friend Jenkins. Jenkins accepted and stored it in his cellar.

The next day, the fellow upstairs, named McCarthy, came down and raised thunder with his wife. When Jenkins came home he heard all about it. He went upstairs and saw the offender.

"Say," says he, "I understand you object to the smell down in my cellar."

"No," says McCarthy, "I don't object to it down there, but when it opens the cellar door and creeps upstairs I do object. It kept me awake all last night."

"Well," said Jenkins, "I'll put it out in the yard behind the dog house."

And he did.

The next morning he went out to feed the dog and found him – dead.

That day nine families moved out of Jenkins' flat, and the tenth was just going when he donated the kraut to an orphan asylum. The orphans broke loose and took leg bail.

There wasn't any one but the janitor to feed it to and he threatened to quit.

The last Jenkins heard of the kraut, it was about to be shipped to Dick Croker to sod his lawn at Wantage.

I came near being put under the sod myself the other day.

I heard that one of my best and oldest friends, J. Fishpond O'Morgan, was down with rheumatism in his arm, so I went around to see him.

As soon as I showed my face in the door, Fishpond howled:

"I'm saved."

I did not know what he was driving at, so I said:

"Sure."

"I want you to do me a favor," says he. "Go around to Prof. Sockem's and tell him to give you some of the usual medicine."

I went to old Sockem's, and just caught him in.

"Doctor," says I, "my friend O'Morgan sent me around for some of the usual for gout."

"All right," says he. "Arm, I suppose. Just roll up your sleeve."

I thought I had struck a maniac, so I tried to humor him.

He came back with a suspicious-looking black bottle and I thought I was a gone goose sure. You see, I had heard so much about the black bottle.

He grabbed my wrist in a grip of iron, poured some of the black bottle stuff on my arm and began to rub it, gently.

Then he began to rub harder and faster, and I could see my arm swell up like a pillow under the fearful treatment.

I kicked, and finally managed to break loose.

"You confounded scoundrel," I says, "what do you mean by assulting me?"

"Assulting you?" says he; "you wanted some of the usual and you got it good and hard, but let me sell you some of my medicine for swollen arms. It's the best thing in the world for such cases."

Did you ever notice what a lot of trouble a simple, little girl may make? Oh! you girls. You're never happy unless you're making some poor lobster show how much money he has, by

blowing it in on you.

You know, though, girls, I appreciate you, if no one else does.

If it weren't for you, I'll bet a dollar to Rockefeller's oil-can that none of the young fellows I see here to-night would have ever thought of coming here.

Now I'm going to sing you a little warble entitled:

"What a Surprisingly Fresh Man That Jones Is; or, I'd Like to Meet Him Outside."

Many a man has often cussed,
For only an innocent maid;
Many a bank has gone in the dust,
For just an innocent maid;
Many a judge has not been just,
To only an innocent maid;
Many a saint went on a bust,
For just an innocent maid.

Cho. When Johnny goes to his lady's house
She greets him with a smile;
At once she starts the glim to douse
So he can propose in style.
Many a milkman has got the sack,
For only an innocent maid;
Many a dude has been knocked on his back,
For just an innocent maid;
Many a doctor has had to quack,
For only an innocent maid;

Many a dollar is won on the track,
For just an innocent maid.

Cho. When Johnny takes her to the altar,
He may think it's for his good,
In his opinion soon he'll falter,
When she makes him split the wood.
Many a cop has left his beat,
For only an innocent maid;
Many a gambler has had to cheat,
For just an innocent maid;
Many a commuter has given his seat,
To only an innocent maid;
Many a lover has known pa's foot,
For just an innocent maid.

Cho. Johnny thinks he's caught a prize,
When he's only been married a week;
But when she feeds him on apple pies,
He feels like taking a sneak.

Did you hear that peculiar toot the fellow with the big horn
gave when I finished up?

That means "Rotten" in his low vocabulary. He's got a grudge
against me.

Once, when he didn't occupy his present high position, he
came to me and wanted me to stake him the price of the horn
he just insulted me with.

"What!" says I. "Are you going to learn to be a blower? Don't you think you are nuisance enough already?"

You see, I wanted to save the money. He stood firm though, and I had to cough up.

About a week later he came around looking a perfect wreck. His eye was closed, his head bandaged, and his clothes in shreds.

"What's the matter?" says I. "Couldn't you manage the horn."

"Well, you see, Brother Jones," says he, "I could manage the horn all right, but I could not manage the neighbors."

This same fellow is a bird fancier. He breeds all kinds of birds.

I asked him to blow me to a small hot bird and a cold bottle now that he was so wealthy, and the stare he gave me was so cold that it froze the highball I carry in my pocket flask.

I don't care, though, if I didn't have the hot bird I had a cold bottle.

He has a great flock of homing pigeons.

The other day he bet a fellow named Robinson, that he could select two out of the bunch that would come home no matter where they were taken.

Robinson thought a while, and then said he'd bet they couldn't come home from Coney Island. I held the stakes.

When the birds were selected and put in the basket, Robinson slyly clipped their wings.

The next day the fellow came to me and claimed the bet.

"What!" says I. "Did those birds come home?"

"Sure," says he. "But their feet are awfully sore."

Say, the other night I was coming down from Yonkers in a trolley car.

No, I wasn't loaded. Do you think every fellow who goes to Yonkers, has to get loaded to drown his sorrow? No, I was quite sober.

One fellow got up in a hurry to leave and brought up plump against a stunning Fire-Island Cinnamon-Bear blond, on the platform.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't be careful," says she of the red cranium.

"I am," says he, "but I was dazzled by your head-light."

The ruddy complexioned damsel came in and sat beside me.

In the natural course of events we got to talking and swapped childhood memories.

She told me that she was married, but didn't live with her husband.

"In that case," says I, "you must be a grass widow."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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