

# DOWNLOAD PDF JEEVES AND THE UNBIDDEN GUEST P. G. WODEHOUSE

## Chapter 1 : Carry On, Jeeves (Audiobook) by P. G. Wodehouse | calendrierdelascience.com

*"Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest" is a short story by P. G. Wodehouse, and features the young gentleman Bertie Wooster and his valet Jeeves. The story was published in the Saturday Evening Post in the United States in December, and in The Strand Magazine in the United Kingdom in March*

You go up to them and say: Well, Jeeves gives you just the same impression of omniscience. As an instance of what I mean, I remember meeting Monty Byng in Bond Street one morning, looking the last word in a grey check suit, and I felt I should never be happy till I had one like it. I dug the address of the tailors out of him, and had them working on the thing inside the hour. Jeeves was perfectly right. I looked a cross between a music-hall comedian and a cheap bookie. Yet Monty had looked fine in absolutely the same stuff. The man knows everything. There was the matter of that tip on the "Lincolnshire. The animal is not intended to win. Second place is what the stable is after. How the deuce could Jeeves know anything about it? Still, you know what happened. Wonderchild led till he was breathing on the wire, and then Banana Fritter came along and nosed him out. I went straight home and rang for Jeeves. From now on consider yourself the brains of the establishment. I shall endeavour to give satisfaction. I first got to know Corky when I came to New York. He was a pal of my cousin Gussie, who was in with a lot of people down Washington Square way. So I sent Jeeves out to find a decent apartment, and settled down for a bit of exile. Corky was one of the artists. He was sitting on the side-lines with a blanket over his shoulders, waiting for a chance to get into the game. This makes it kind of difficult for a chappie. Corky managed to get along by drawing an occasional picture for the comic papers—he had rather a gift for funny stuff when he got a good idea—and doing bedsteads and chairs and things for the advertisements. His principal source of income, however, was derived from biting the ear of a rich uncle—one Alexander Worple, who was in the jute business. Worple had made quite an indecently large stack out of it. Now, a great many fellows think that having a rich uncle is a pretty soft snap: He was fifty-one, and it seemed as if he might go to par. It was not this, however, that distressed poor old Corky, for he was not bigoted and had no objection to the man going on living. What Corky kicked at was the way the above Worple used to harry him. He was always urging him to chuck Art and go into the jute business and start at the bottom and work his way up. Jute had apparently become a sort of obsession with him. He seemed to attach almost a spiritual importance to it. Corky, moreover, believed in his future as an artist. Some day, he said, he was going to make a hit. Meanwhile, by using the utmost tact and persuasiveness, he was inducing his uncle to cough up very grudgingly a small quarterly allowance. Worple was peculiar in this respect. When he has put the cat out and locked up the office for the night, he just relapses into a state of coma from which he emerges only to start being a captain of industry again. Worple in his spare time was what is known as an ornithologist. He had written a book called American Birds, and was writing another, to be called More American Birds. When he had finished that, the presumption was that he would begin a third, and keep on till the supply of American birds gave out. Corky used to go to him about once every three months and let him talk about American birds. But it was pretty rotten for the poor chap. There was the frightful suspense, you see, and, apart from that, birds, except when broiled and in the society of a cold bottle, bored him stiff. To complete the character-study of Mr. Worple, he was a man of extremely uncertain temper, and his general tendency was to think that Corky was a poor chump and that whatever step he took in any direction on his own account, was just another proof of his innate idiocy. I should imagine Jeeves feels very much the same about me. The very first words I spoke were, "Corky, how about your uncle? Wooster," said the girl. What I mean is, she made me feel alert and dashing, like a jolly old knight-errant or something of that kind. I felt that I was with her in this thing to the limit. It would be a matter of principle with him to kick. All he would consider would be that I had gone and taken an important step without asking his advice, and he would raise Cain automatically. Then you come along—"But how can I work it that way? That was the catch. One of the rummy things about Jeeves is that, unless you watch like a hawk, you very seldom see him come into a

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room. The moment I saw the man standing there, registering respectful attention, a weight seemed to roll off my mind. I felt like a lost child who spots his father in the offing. There was something about him that gave me confidence. Jeeves is a tallish man, with one of those dark, shrewd faces. His eye gleams with the light of pure intelligence. We want you to suggest some way by which Mr. Corcoran already knows her. Corcoran take advantage of Mr. Quite unlike our London houses. The partitions between the rooms are of the flimsiest nature. With no wish to overhear, I have sometimes heard Mr. Corcoran expressing himself with a generous strength on the subject I have mentioned. A limited edition could be published at your expense, sir, and a great deal of the book would, of course, be given over to eulogistic remarks concerning Mr. I should recommend the dispatching of a presentation copy to Mr. Worple, immediately on publication, accompanied by a letter in which the young lady asks to be allowed to make the acquaintance of one to whom she owes so much. This would, I fancy, produce the desired result, but as I say, the expense involved would be considerable. It beats me sometimes why a man with his genius is satisfied to hang around pressing my clothes and what-not. One of your very best efforts. Goodness knows there was fuss enough in our family when I tried to marry into musical comedy a few years ago. But Jeeves had a solution, of course. He writes a novelette, three short stories, and ten thousand words of a serial for one of the all-fiction magazines under different names every month. A little thing like this would be nothing to him. All a publisher has to do is to write cheques at intervals, while a lot of deserving and industrious chappies rally round and do the real work. I simply sat tight in the old apartment with a fountain-pen, and in due season a topping, shiny book came along. Muriel Singer was there, and we were talking of things in general when there was a bang at the door and the parcel was delivered. It was certainly some book. I opened a copy at random. When you are older you must read all about him in Mr. A boost for the uncle right away. And only a few pages later there he was in the limelight again in connection with the yellow-billed cuckoo. It was great stuff. And a day or two later he meandered up the Avenue to my apartment to tell me that all was well. Any time it suited Miss Singer to call, said the uncle, he would be delighted to make her acquaintance. Shortly after this I had to go out of town. Corky, I took it, was out telephoning. I went up and passed the time of day. How do you do? What I mean isâ€”I thought you usually dined with him before you went to the theatre. I had forgotten what a long time I had been away. I wish you all kinds of happiness. Oh Alexander," she said, looking past me, "this is a friend of mineâ€”Mr. A chappie with a lot of stiff grey hair and a red sort of healthy face was standing there. Rather a formidable Johnnie, he looked, though quite peaceful at the moment.

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## Chapter 2 : My Man Jeeves - The Works of P.G. Wodehouse, Erinn Fry, Spring

*P.G. Wodehouse 4, follows Sir Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, KBE, was a comic writer who enjoyed enormous popular success during a career of more than seventy years and continues to be widely read over 40 years after his death.*

Take, for instance, the fairly rummy matter of Lady Malvern and her son Wilmot. A moment before they turned up, I was just thinking how thoroughly all right everything was. It was one of those topping mornings, and I had just climbed out from under the cold shower, feeling like a two-year-old. You see, the way things had been going on I was rapidly becoming a dashed serf. The man had jolly well oppressed me. And when he tried to tread on me like a worm in the matter of a hat, I jolly well put my foot down and showed him who was who. Well, I was in the bathroom, wondering what there was going to be for breakfast while I massaged the good old spine with a rough towel and sang slightly, when there was a tap at the door. I stopped singing and opened the door an inch. She is waiting in the sitting-room. I remembered that when I had arrived in America about a year before, the proceedings had begun at some ghastly hour like six, and that I had been shot out on to a foreign shore considerably before eight. I met her at lunch one Sunday before I left London. A very vicious specimen. She wrote a book on social conditions in India when she came back from the Durbar. Pardon me, sir, but not that tie! I thought I had quelled the fellow. It was rather a solemn moment. What I mean is, if I weakened now, all my good work the night before would be thrown away. Speak out like a man! I could see that the man was wounded. But I was firm. I tied the tie, got into the coat and waistcoat, and went into the sitting-room. How do you do, Mr. You have never met my son, Wilmot, I think? Motty, darling, this is Mr. She fitted into my biggest arm-chair as if it had been built round her by someone who knew they were wearing arm-chairs tight about the hips that season. She had bright, bulging eyes and a lot of yellow hair, and when she spoke she showed about fifty-seven front teeth. Altogether by no means the sort of thing a chappie would wish to find in his sitting-room before breakfast. Motty, the son, was about twenty-three, tall and thin and meek-looking. He had the same yellow hair as his mother, but he wore it plastered down and parted in the middle. They were a dull grey with pink rims. A mild, furtive, sheepish sort of blighter, in short. Making a long stay in America? Your aunt gave me your address and told me to be sure and call on you. There had been some unpleasantness a year before, when she had sent me over to New York to disentangle my Cousin Gussie from the clutches of a girl on the music-hall stage. So I braced on hearing these kind words and smiled genially on the assemblage. I want you to put dear Motty up for a little while. Darling Motty is essentially a home bird. I mean put him up here. Have him to live with you while I am away. I gave Motty the swift east-to-west. He was sitting with his mouth nuzzling the stick, blinking at the wall. The thought of having this planted on me for an indefinite period appalled me. I am extremely interested in prison conditions in America. After that I work my way gradually across to the coast, visiting the points of interest on the journey. Wooster, I am in America principally on business. No doubt you read my book, *India and the Indians*? My publishers are anxious for me to write a companion volume on the United States. I shall not be able to spend more than a month in the country, as I have to get back for the season, but a month should be ample. I was less than a month in India, and my dear friend Sir Roger Cremorne wrote his *America from Within* after a stay of only two weeks. I should love to take dear Motty with me, but the poor boy gets so sick when he travels by train. I shall have to pick him up on my return. I wished I could have had a minute with him alone. I felt certain that he would have been able to think of some way of putting a stop to this woman. I know what the temptations of a great city are. Hitherto dear Motty has been sheltered from them. He has lived quietly with me in the country. I know that you will look after him carefully, Mr. He will give very little trouble. Not that Motty seemed to mind. He had stopped chewing his walking-stick and was sitting there with his mouth open. Give him a nice book and he will be quite contented. We have just time to see a few of the sights before my train goes. But I shall have to rely on you for most of my information about New York, darling. Be sure to keep

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your eyes open and take notes of your impressions! It will be such a help. I will send Motty back early in the afternoon. You were in the dining-room most of the time. That pill is coming to stay here. It was as if he were deliberately trying to give me the pip. The man was really upset about that tie. He was trying to get his own back. Breakfast is ready, sir. I was dashed if I was going to let Jeeves treat me like a bally one-man chain-gang! But, what with brooding on Jeeves and brooding on Motty, I was in a pretty reduced sort of state. The more I examined the situation, the more blighted it became. There was nothing I could do. There was absolutely nothing for it but to put the fellow up and make the best of it. I brightened up a little when I saw it. It was one of those massive parcels and looked as if it had enough in it to keep the chappie busy for a year. I felt a trifle more cheerful, and I got my Country Gentleman hat and stuck it on my head, and gave the pink tie a twist, and reeled out to take a bite of lunch with one or two of the lads at a neighbouring hostelry; and what with excellent browsing and sluicing and cheery conversation and what-not, the afternoon passed quite happily. There were no signs of Motty, and I took it that he had gone to bed. It seemed rummy to me, though, that the parcel of nice books was still there with the string and paper on it. It looked as if Motty, after seeing mother off at the station, had decided to call it a day. Jeeves came in with the nightly whisky-and-soda. His lordship has not yet returned. What do you mean? Then a sort of thud. The man was right. There was Motty huddled up outside on the floor. He was moaning a bit. I took another look. He must have been digging into a steak or something. Call up a doctor! Motty was under the surface. It was the deuce of a shock. I had a kind of foreboding. It seemed to me that I had let myself in for something pretty rocky. I expected to find the fellow a wreck, but there he was, sitting up in bed, quite chirpy, reading Gingery stories.

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### Chapter 3 : My Man Jeeves, by P. G. Wodehouse; Jeeves And The Unbidden Guest Page 7

*Jeeves And The Unbidden Guest, Page 1: Read My Man Jeeves, by Author P. G. Wodehouse Page by Page, now. Free, Online.*

Honorina Glossop Honorina Glossop is a recurring fictional character in the Jeeves stories. She is the athletic and brainy daughter of Sir Roderick Glossop. She is mentioned but does not appear in the stories, and dies before the events of Thank You, Jeeves. Sir Roderick Glossop[ edit ] Main article: He is the father of Oswald and Honorina , as well as the uncle of Tuppy Glossop. Sometimes referred to as "the noted nerve specialist" or "the loony doctor", he is a practitioner of psychiatry. He also appears in a Blandings Castle novel outside the Jeeves canon. Percy Gorringer[ edit ] Percy Gorringer is a fictional character in a Jeeves novel, being a side-whiskered poet and writer, the stepson of newspaper owner Mr Trotter and the son of Mrs Trotter. He becomes engaged to Florence Craye and is intent on producing her novel Spindrifft as a play in Jeeves and the Feudal Spirit , but is dumped by Florence after the play is a flop, as mentioned in Much Obligated, Jeeves. Gregson is a recurring fictional character in the Jeeves stories. The troublesome son of Agatha Gregson and her first husband Spenser Gregson, he first appears in " Jeeves and the Impending Doom ", in which he is being tutored by Bingo Little. His next appearance is in " The Love That Purifies ". In this story, he is stated to be fourteen years old. Bertie mentions reluctantly taking his cousin Thos to the theatre at the request of his Aunt Agatha in several stories. He is the vicar at the village church at Twing. He also has two sons. He is engaged to the mischievous Bobbie Wickham. Jeeves Reginald Jeeves, usually referred to as Jeeves, is a recurring fictional character in the eponymous stories, being the valet of Bertie Wooster. He devotes himself almost entirely to eating and is very fat. He is the uncle of Bingo Little , who is dependent upon him for an allowance. Little to marry his cook, Miss Watson. Bingo Little Richard P. A member of the Drones Club and a close friend of Bertie Wooster , Bingo often falls in love in the early stories. Bingo also appears in Drones Club stories outside the Jeeves canon. She is a young and attractive blonde bestselling novelist. Blue-eyed and curvaceous, she turned the head of Stilton Cheesewright , definitively freeing Stilton from his on-again, off-again engagements to Florence Craye. In the Jeeves and Wooster television series, Morehead herself does not appear. Instead, she is impersonated by Jeeves. He is a police officer at Totleigh-in-the-Wold. He went to Oxford with Bertie Wooster. He boxed and played rugby football at Oxford, and later played rugby for England. A kindly and muscular individual, he is described by Bertie as being "a large, lumbering Newfoundland puppy of a chap". Major Plank Major Plank is a recurring fictional character in the Jeeves stories. He was called "Barmy" Plank at school. Devoted to rugby football , he sometimes has memory trouble due to malaria. Catsmeat also appears in Drones Club stories outside the Jeeves canon. Mrs Scholfield[ edit ] Mrs. Scholfield is a fictional character who is mentioned in the Jeeves short story " Bertie Changes His Mind ". She is sister to Bertie Wooster , and apparently lives or spends some considerable portion of her time in India. Bertie and his sister seem to be on good terms, since Bertie considers buying a house where he can live with his sister and her three young daughters. Bertie may have preferred not to mention his sister since he was trying to convince Chuffy that he had kissed Pauline Stoker in a brotherly manner, [53] Mrs. Scholfield might have passed away somewhere between the short story and the novel, or Bertie simply preferred not to discuss his family with a man who had threatened him with physical harm. A large, imposing stone man with a bald head, Silversmith is the austere butler at Deverill Hall. Sippy is a year-old author who is financially dependent on his Aunt Vera. Aggressive and intimidating, Spode is usually a threat to Bertie Wooster. The only son of one of the biggest bookies in London, Steggle is an amateur bookmaker of dubious reputation. He is variously described as ferret-faced and rat-faced, and uses underhanded tactics to ensure that he profits from bookmaking. In " The Purity of the Turf ", he organizes betting on the events at the Twing village school treat held on the grounds of Twing Hall. Washburn Stoker[ edit ] J. She is mentioned in several stories and appears in the novel Right Ho, Jeeves. When they were children, she used to call herself his little sweetheart. Aside

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from Bertie and Jeeves, Aunt Dahlia makes an appearance in more Jeeves stories than any other character, appearing in seven short stories and seven novels. Travers also suffers from severe digestion problems, which are only allayed by the cooking of his French chef Anatole. Their rivalry forms a major part of the plot of *The Code of the Woosters*, in which they are both seeking to purchase a rare eighteenth-century cow creamer. He is a newspaper owner from Liverpool, husband of the domineering Mrs Trotter, and stepfather of her son, the poet Percy Gorringe.

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### Chapter 4 : List of Jeeves stories | P. G. Wodehouse Wiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

*Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest. I'm not absolutely certain of my facts, but I rather fancy it's Shakespeare--or, if not, it's some equally brainy lad--who says that it's always just when a chappie is feeling particularly top-hole, and more than usually braced with things in general that Fate sneaks up behind him with a bit of lead piping.*

Plot[ edit ] The story takes place in New York. Lady Malvern tells Bertie to let Motty, a meek young man who sucks his walking stick, live with him while she tours American prisons for a book she is writing. She says that Motty is a vegetarian, teetotaler, and quiet reader. Troubled, Bertie seeks sympathy from Jeeves, but Jeeves remains distant. There is a thud on the door, and Jeeves answers it. Motty is lying on the mat outside, moaning and drunk. Bertie and Jeeves carry him to bed. He intends to make the most of his time in New York. He goes out partying. Bertie tries to chaperone once but cannot keep up with Motty. Bertie is concerned that Lady Malvern and Aunt Agatha will blame him. Bertie is bitten by Rollo, a bull-terrier that Motty won in a raffle. Irritated, Bertie leaves to stay with his friend Rocky Todd in the country. However, Bertie is bored there and returns in a week. When Bertie returns home, Jeeves tells him that Motty gave Rollo away after Rollo bit him on the leg. Jeeves also mentions that Motty is in prison after assaulting a constable. Bertie, worried, does not want to explain this to Lady Malvern. Jeeves suggests telling her that Motty is visiting Boston. Bertie says this to Lady Malvern when she returns. She asks him how he accounts, then, for her seeing Motty at a prison. She accuses Bertie of leading Motty astray. Lady Malvern is touched and apologizes to Bertie. Bertie asks if there is anything else Jeeves would like. Jeeves says fifty dollars, which he owes to Motty. Jeeves had wagered fifty dollars that Motty would not punch a passing policeman, and Motty had won the wager. Bertie gives Jeeves a hundred dollars. Wodehouse updated these hat names from the original Saturday Evening Post version of the story, in which Bertie wants a hat called the "Country Gentleman" while Jeeves favours the "Longacre". Names of this kind were often used for items of clothing in Post advertisements in the s. Bertie has to look after Motty during the trip, and Motty is a nuisance to Bertie. In the episode, Jeeves states that Prohibition is in effect, but that, thanks to certain subterfuges, ardent spirits are more readily available than hitherto. Prohibition was not mentioned in the original story. Instead of making a wager, Jeeves calls the police to arrest Motty for disorderly behavior, and Motty punches the officer who tries to arrest him. In the episode, Motty has notes to give his mother from his time in prison; it is implied that these notes were provided by Jeeves. In the episode, Bertie has a wide-brimmed white fedora called the American or Al Capone hat which Jeeves does not like. In the end, Jeeves gives it to the lift attendant, Mr.

### Chapter 5 : My Man Jeeves von P.G. Wodehouse (E-Book) â€“ Lulu DE

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### Chapter 6 : My Man Jeeves (Jeeves, #1) by P.G. Wodehouse

*Jeeves is distant at the moment because Wooster has taken to an unsuitable hat and tie. It turns out that Motty intends to live in a most riotous manner while mum is away creating all manner of complications.*

### Chapter 7 : Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest by P.G. Wodehouse - FictionDB

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### Chapter 8 : Reading For Sanity : A Book Review Blog: My Man Jeeves - P.G. Wodehouse

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*The Jeeves "canon" consists of 35 short stories and 11 novels. With minor exceptions, the short stories were written and published first (between and ); the novels later (between and ).*

### Chapter 9 : Pelham Grenville Wodehouse - Wikisource, the free online library

*"Jeeves and the Unbidden Guest" "Jeeves and the Hard-boiled Eg Who can forget our beloved gentleman's personal gentleman, Jeeves, who ever comes to the rescue when the hapless Bertie Wooster falls into trouble.*