

**THROUGH  
MISSOURI  
ON A MULE**

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Through Missouri on a Mule by Thos. W. Jackson

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**THOS. W. JACKSON**

**THROUGH  
MISSOURI  
ON A MULE**





THE RECEIPT—FOR THE JOKES.

# THROUGH MISSOURI ON A MULE

—  
"WORSE THAN ARKANSAW"  
ALL NEW

BY

THOS. W. JACKSON  
Author of "A SLOW TRAIN THROUGH ARKANSAW"

—  
FUNNY RAILROAD STORIES  
OLD TIME DARKY SAYINGS  
MINSTREL JOKES

ALL THE LATE AND FUNNY SAYINGS  
OF THE DAY

CHICAGO  
THOS. W. JACKSON  
PUBLISHER

—  
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Hell-Hell-Hello. Is that you Bill-iards?  
Yes. What is it?  
Say, do you know that the ladies are wearing  
much finer hosiery nowa-days than they used to?  
Well, I am from Missouri, you'll have to show me.



## THROUGH MISSOURI ON A MULE

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Do you know that Missouri is one of the finest climates in the world?

When I was in South America, I was burning up; when I was in Alaska, I was freezing to death; when I was in St. Louis, it was Fair.

When I arrived in St. Louis, I asked a hackman to drive me to a good hotel.

He said he couldn't do it, for he didn't have any harness that would fit me.

When I got to the hotel I asked the clerk to give me a room and bath.

He said he could give me a room, but he didn't have time to give me a bath.

I walked up the street and saw a sign that said "Big Opening Sale, cork-screw eight cents."

I walked right in the store and asked the clerk, if the proprietor was in.

He said, "No, he has just gone out for dinner."

I asked him if he would be back after dinner.

He said, "No, that's what he went out for."





The Product that made Missouri famous—Well, that's where they come from.

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I asked him if the buyer was in.

He said, "No, but the cellar was down stairs."

I went over to the telephone office and asked the girl what it would cost to telephone to Jefferson City.

She said, "Fifty cents."

I said, "In Chicago, I can telephone to Hell for fifty cents."

She said, "Yes, but that was in the City limits."

I went in a butcher shop and got an awful roast.

I went to the Garbagemen's Ball; it was a swill affair.

I went out for a street-car ride. A drunken man got on the car; an old lady got up and said, "Conductor, do you allow drunken people to ride in this car?"

He said, "Yes, just sit down and keep quiet and no one will notice you."

There was a big fat lady sitting alongside of a little, thin lady. The thin lady said, "Conductor, I think you ought to charge people according to their weight."

He said, "If we did, we wouldn't stop for you."

I went to a chicken fight and bet all my money, and lost—on a fowl.

I went out to the races and wanted to bet. A policeman took me up. I felt sick and went

swallowed an yeast cake and had a swell time for ten days.

While I was in St. Louis, I stopped at the Inside Inn. When I left my pockets were inside out.

I had room 9,745. In order to get to the dining-room in time for breakfast I had to get up at five o'clock in the morning. Before I could get back to my room I would have to turn around and start back for dinner. In order to catch up with my meals I left a call for four in the morning. But the clerk only woke up one. Another fellow stopping there had room 14,921. He got three days behind with his meals. He was a heap closer to Kansas City, so he used to go over there and take his meals.

I met a policeman I knew in St. Louis. I went out with him a time or two, and I was in with him a couple of times.

I met another policeman there. Well, he wasn't a regular policeman yet—he's a burglar now:

I was standing on the street corner listening to a dago playing a hand-organ, with a monkey sitting on top of it, when a little girl walked up and handed me a nickle. I said, "Little girl, why are you giving me this money!" She said,