



Jeeves in the Morning

P.G. Wodehouse

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Joy in the Morning is a novel by P.G. Wodehouse, first published in the United States on August 22, 1946 by Doubleday & Co., New York, and in the United Kingdom on June 2, 1947 by Herbert Jenkins, London. Some later American paperback editions bore the title Jeeves in the Morning.

The story is another adventure of Bertie Wooster and his resourceful valet Jeeves.

The title derives from an English translation of Psalms 30:5:

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

Bertie is persuaded to brave the home of his fearsome Aunt Agatha and her husband Lord Worplesdon, knowing that his former fiancée, the beautiful and formidably intellectual Lady Florence Craye will also be in attendance. What ensues will come to be remembered as The Steeple Bumpleigh Horror, with Bertie under constant threat of engagement to Craye, violence from her oafish suitor Stilton Cheesewright, the unfortunate interventions of her young brother Edwin and unnamed peril from the acid tongue of Aunt Agatha. Only the masterful Jeeves can save the day.

Jeeves in the Morning Details

Date : Published February 5th 1990 by Harper & Row (first published 1947)

ISBN : 9780060972820

Author : P.G. Wodehouse

Format : Paperback 256 pages

Genre : Fiction, Humor, Classics, Comedy, European Literature, British Literature, Funny, Audiobook, Literature, 20th Century, Historical, Historical Fiction

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From Reader Review Jeeves in the Morning for online ebook

Alex says

The first question is whether this is Great Literature. We already know it's pleasant to read, and very funny. But here it is showing up as one of the Guardian's Top 100 Novels, like, *ever*, and can it really survive being taken that seriously?

The second question is Wodehouse, whose reputation has been tarnished by a series of radio broadcasts he made from Berlin during WWII after spending nearly a year as a prisoner of war, having been interned in France while he was working on this very novel. He returned to it after the war, and we're probably safe to assume that its title is a reference to his experience: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here's an excellent piece on exactly what he was so vilified for; the author weighs the evidence and pronounces him more of a "frightful ass" than a "filthy traitor." Here are the actual transcripts from his addresses; I read the first one, which seems harmless in itself but one can see how having this idiot blithely telling jokes when people have been dying by the millions might have stuck in a few craws.

Now that we've dealt with Nazis, back to the first question, and this frankly isn't even the best of the other Wodehouse books I've read, and there's only one of those. Wodehouse at his best is a writer of puzzles, like Agatha Christie or Isaac Asimov. Bertie Wooster gets himself in what appears to be a hopeless predicament; Jeeves gets him out of it. There's the whole show. The predicament is less carefully crafted here and the solution is less clever; it has the feel of a reunion tour with a band who's resigned to playing the old hits.

It's all still pleasant enough. The puzzle is really a skeleton on which to hang Wodehouse's true gift, which is saying preposterous things. Above all else, Wodehouse is a writer of dialogue, and his novels are nearly 100% talking. "Get to the dialogue as soon as possible," is Wodehouse's own advice to writers. Even when an actual conversation isn't happening, the story is still told by Bertie Wooster, who's so chatty that it comes to the same thing.

But no, it is not one of the top 100 novels ever written. And I confess to a certain exhaustion when faced with yet another book about terrible idle rich drunk British people, which make up about 80% of the Western Canon as it was defined back in the olden days by mostly terrible idle rich drunk British people; I tried to keep in mind that Wodehouse is the inventor of a certain kind of terrible rich idle drunk British person, and this must have seemed fresh at the time, or at least somewhat fresh at some time, but really who cares? It's now and this is all a bit tired. I *like* these books, I do, they're fun to read. I don't mind that Wodehouse was a frightful ass; so is Bertie Wooster, and that's funny. But I suggest we quit trying to canonize them. As Bertie says of Shakespeare: "Sounds well, but doesn't mean anything." Right then.

Patty says

Yesterday morning, I was reading this while standing on the subway platform full of sleepy workers waiting for the train. A random passerby with his ipod plugged in walked by and shouted

"Jeeves! Awesome!"

Jason Koivu says

Jeeves in the Morning, aka *Joy in the Morning* is the stuff to give the troops! It's one of my all-time favorites in the Jeeves/Wooster line, as penned by the prolific and long-lived P.G. Wodehouse.

It includes a heap load more tales of woe for Bertie Wooster to get into and his butler Jeeves to get him out of. Also appearing is one of the best non-appearing characters, J. Chichester Clam. The poor fellow is saddled with a ridiculous name and is put through his paces in this story without even getting to say word one. I don't want to give away much more of the story, just know that the usual suspects show up for this precisely-plotted, tightly-wound, hilarious start-to-finish rollick.

Jeeves in the Morning is not completely dissimilar to other books in the series...All right, it's quite similar. You see, Wodehouse developed a winning formula and stuck with it. Reading his books is like watching a rerun of a beloved old sitcom: you can anticipate all the jokes, but you laugh anyway. It's not only the mad-capped, slap-stick shenanigans, but rather the author's wit that has you coming back for more of the same.

I read the books first, then watched the tv series (with Stephen Frye and Hugh Laurie) based on the books.

Though it's good, I didn't enjoy the show as much and wasn't sure why. But now that I've gone back and reread one of the books, it all makes sense. The key is the narration. The Jeeves/Wooster series is written as if Wooster is the narrator and as a narrator he is hilarious. Removing that element, as the tv series did, removed half the hilarity. Read the books and get a full dose of the funny!

Jessica says

This was my first Wodehouse (apparently pronounced "Woodhouse"). Since the guy published over ninety books during his lifetime, I just randomly picked one off of my library's shelves. I must say that I picked pretty well. *Joy in the Morning* is part of the Wooster and Jeeves saga. Jeeves, Wooster's butler, has apparently become the standard for stereotypical butlers. It was nice to meet the original.

Bertie Wooster is manipulated into visiting Steeple Bumbleigh to help out his Uncle Percy, who once chased him around for a mile brandishing a riding crop. Mishaps and setbacks follow upon disasters and misunderstandings. Jeeves is ever clever and ever relied on for solutions to the plethora of problems. While Jeeves is the brains of the outfit, Wooster is definitely the actions. Wooster, the innocent dupe, is called upon to perform unpleasant task after unpleasant task in the service of his relatives and friends. Comedy, of course, ensues and, in the end, all ends well.

I have to say that I thoroughly enjoyed this reading experience. It was don't-drink-milk-whilst-reading-this hilarious. I read it in a restaurant at lunch and laughed out loud. (Great for my public image.) All of the

names in the book were hilarious and perfect: Steeple Bumpleigh, Boko Fiddleworth, Percy Lord Worplesdon. One of the best characters was Edwin, a ten-year-old boy scout who had a “kink in his psychology which made him such a menace to society.” The writing is clearly informed by great artists. Wooster is always incompletely or incorrectly citing great literature and poetry. Jeeves then fills in the correct quote. This added high brow touch as well as opening up opportunities for comedy what with Wooster constantly belittling Shakespeare. There are also a satisfying number of “Tally hos!” The only disappointing thing about this book (which I feel I must point out however slight) was the minimal character development. However, this is easily overlooked. The wit constantly boils over. I’m happy that this was only one of ninety or so of P.G.’s books. I’ll be picking up another one or ten.

Libby says

My first Wodehouse. I’m truly sorry I didn’t pick up this author earlier. This book was just a delight to listen to; a funny and entertaining comedy of manners. I’ll certainly read the rest of these and recommend them to anyone who enjoys solid British humor.

Wodehouse’s chronicling of the daily adventures of Bertie Wooster and his valet Jeeves in pre-war, high society England is sharp, witty and timeless. Bertie’s a well-intentioned but foppish member of the Idle Rich who is always in some type of tangle. Jeeves’ ability to subtly manipulate his social “superiors” and extricate Bertie from his mishaps is priceless.

I very much enjoyed this as an audio book because the British actor really made the vibrant dialogue come to life. There is also a BBC television series adapted from the Jeeves stories with Stephen Fry and Hugh Laurie that is also very well done.

Henry Avila says

Bertie, (Mr.Bertram Wooster, if you please) the victim, is enjoying quiet days in his London flat, a man about town but not for long though, trouble appears above the not far horizons, always does he can smell it, a strong odor too. Informed by his brilliant butler Jeeves, (a quality our friend lacks, sadly) the magnificent that Zenobia the delightful, a charming, sweet girl, just twenty of age, with a horrible nickname ...can you imagine ...and I'm not joking ..is called

Nobby Hopwood , his uncle Percy's ward, she had paid an unexpected visit, with some bad news nevertheless , in the morning while he snoozed...rested. His long time widowed Aunt Agatha's, the fearsome, new husband is Lord Worplesdon, the terrible, an intimidating shipping magnate. She needs help, (I mean Nobby)) a romance is not going smoothly with her fiance, Boko Fittleworth the nitwit, a very successful young English playwright but still a fathead, who is despised by Uncle Percy, Nobby needs her guardian's permission to marry. Uncle Percy wants some advise from Jeeves, a delicate business meeting in secret, has to be arraigned and only Jeeves can accomplish this. After finding out that Aunt Agatha is only passing through to take care of a sick boy, with mumps a relative, Bertie begins to feel better, that too will inevitably evaporates soon. He will not go to Steeple Bumpleigh, where his aunt lives, and his ex -fiancee Florence also, yikes...Lord Worplesdon daughter, her little brother Edwin the demon, a practicing boy scout, that terrorizes the whole neighborhood, simply thinking about the place gives Mr.Wooster the shakes. The clever Jeeves loves fishing in the Steeple Bumpleigh's river and will not give up the idea, poor Bertie hasn't a chance. Bertram is a nice fellow and to soften his butler's disappointment, asks him if he wants a small gift

yes a book, the works of the philosopher Spinoza. Arriving at the bookstore, he encounters Florence Craye, the pushy, an awkward situation, even more, he had picked up an unknown novel, (written by Florence!) waiting to see if they the store, had Spinoza (of course not) Miss Craye, his former fiancée, is flattered and signs the book... not asked. Looks at him in a different way, could he be smarter than he seems ...loves the Dutch philosopher, says Mr. Wooster, not very truthfully. Why? Bertie likes to make people happy. Leaving as fast as good manners allows, he next sees another of his old school friends, P. D'Arcy "Stilton" Cheesewright, the huge, (a noble name) nervously entering a jewelry shop. Later discovering that he is the new fiancée of Florence, there have been many others. Force by circumstances, the very reluctant, Bertie, trembling... travels to the picturesque village in the calm countryside, Aunt Agatha is not home but the deluge commences immediately, Stilton is the local jealous, policeman, the last person on Earth he wants here, is you guessed it...Bertie ... Another very amusing book from the lives of Bertie and Jeeves, two men who will always be friends one gets into complications, the other gets him out of them...

F.R. says

"Most disturbing, sir," he said.

"Most," I responded.

I refrained from wounding him with any word of censure and rebuke, but I could not but feel, as I have so frequently felt before, that a spot of leaping about and eyeball rolling would have been more in keeping with the gravity of the situation. If Jeeves has a fault, as I think I have already mentioned, is that he is too prone to merely tut at times when you would prefer to see his knotted and combined locks do a bit of parting.'

The mid-period Jeeves tales really do deserve to be celebrated with a statue somewhere. There are so many boringly named villages in England, maybe one could be re-christened Steeple Bumleigh and we could put a large gold monument to greatness there. Perhaps a static and in control Jeeves, next to a goggling Wooster.

Joyfully we're off the aforementioned village where we have the fearsome Uncle Percy, Stilton Cheesewright as a country bobby, Edwin the boy-scout from hell, American industrialist Chichester Clam, a Sinbad the sailor suit and the football strip of 'Borstal Rovers'. Like a musical comedy without songs (or a particularly wild Shakespeare comedy) Wodehouse expertly builds farce and disaster on top of misunderstanding and confusion. This is a delight from start to finish.

Interestingly this was the first book Wodehouse published after the events which befell him in The Second World war. And yet what he went through (the imprisonment, the various misjudgements, the accusations of treachery) do not seem to have made it into the text. In the character of the author, Boko Fittleworth we perhaps see an excuse and explanation for Wodehouses's own fuzzy headedness ("*One has, of course, to make allowances for writers, all of them being more or less loony. Look at Shakespeare, for instance. Very unbalanced. Used to go about stealing ducks.*") – but I might be stretching even for that. What P.G. the man went through was undoubtedly awful (and his own behaviour was not above reproach), but we love Wodehouse the author because nothing in these pages is more serious than the imminent arrival of Aunt Agatha.

Mike says

Before I tell you how great these books are, I have a complaint (no not a Monty Python skit).

Several of the Jeeves and Wooster canon were apparently published under "alternate" titles here in the good ol' US of A. Which, is frustrating me as I seek out more volumes to whet the appetite for comic humor and make the old bean happy. Case in point: this little gem was originally titled (and read my m'self) as, "Joy in the Morning".

Now, I can fathom why the American publisher might substitute "Jeeves" for "Joy". Considering that they probably had a strong selling series on their hands and wanted to ensure that the reading public connected the dots and bought the book it make sense. But it is dashed difficult to know beforehand that this book you are just starting is the same as another you read. Takes all the wind out of ones sails you might say.

Enough grouching about that. Good book, funny book, and has most of the elements that we love and cherish in the tales of our bachelor duo. But it leaves out some of the "spark" that had Bertie contesting wills (in a minor way) with Jeeves over matters of sartorial selection. Of course Bertie always capitulates (usually in payment for a deed that Jeeves has done, but just the mechanics of him dragging in his heels over a fabric weave or sock colors is part of the allure.

Yes, it seems that as the tales went on Bertie grew to understand (and even assert it in his commentaries) that Jeeves is infallible in matters of dress and decor. But one wishes for a bit of the Bertie rearing up on hind legs and having to suffer a "cold shoulder" from Jeeves for much of the book. Still, you can't have everything - where would you put it?

Get this book, read it, and have a jolly good time doing so!

Cori says

If you've never read PG Wodehouse, please do yourself a favor and go out and get one of his books. This one in particular would be an excellent place to start. It involves some of my favorite characters in the Jeeves and Wooster universe — Boko Fittleworth, Nobby Hopwood, Edwin the Boy Scout, Stilton Cheesewright . . . not to mention Jeeves and Wooster themselves. Wodehouse is a master of humor, plot, and character (seriously, those names! Brilliant! And I didn't even mention J Chichister Clam!), and I've yet to come across anyone who writes the way he does. And the dialogue — I can honestly say that every sentence is a delight. Wodehouse weaves together a hilarious, ridiculous plot that dips and turns and has each of the characters in different scrapes, out of which they must escape — almost always with Jeeves' expert help. Accidental engagements! Business deals in the potting shed! A pinched policeman's uniform! A fancy costume ball! Wodehouse is a master at writing these little farcical gems, and Jeeves in the Morning is easily in my top three of his works that I've read.

Read my complete review here: <http://c2rcc.wordpress.com/2010/02/07...>

Algernon says

"An unfortunate concatenation of circumstances" puts Bertie Wooster once again "in the soup" re marriage

proposals (with Lady Florence Craye this time) and he requires the sharp mind of the faithful Jeeves to extricate self and to aid a couple of young eggs into the bargain (the accident prone Boko Fiddleworth and the perky Zenobia Nobby Hopgood) . Apparently, the bean functions better on a diet of fish (it's the phosphorus, you know) and the idyllic location of Steeple Bumbleigh provides good fishing ground for Jeeves. The cast of characters is completed by Bertie's choleric uncle: the shipping magnate, Lord Worplesdon, his son Edwin - an eager and accident prone Boy Scout and, of course, the village policeman Stilton Cheesewright... I just love the names and nicknames Wodehouse invents .

While Joy in the Morning is not exactly my favorite Wodehouse book, it was highly entertaining and a really fast read - the best way to spend a rainy Sunday afternoon, knowing the sun will eventually shine both in my neck of the woods and in the Wooster fortunes. So, until we meet again :

tiddly-om-pom-pom. fill your glasses and don't spare the vitriol

Nandakishore Varma says

I think this is considered to be the most "complete" book written by Wodehouse. He wrote it while under detention by Germans during WW 2, and had plenty of time to fine-tune it.

That it is a comic gem is no question. Here, Bertie is on run from the beautiful, bossy and intellectual Florence Craye, who wants to "mould" him: and her fiance Stilton Cheesewright, who wants to "mould" Bertie in quite another fashion for stealing his sweetheart. Add to this the fact that he is forced to stay in the house of his "bad" aunt Agatha (who chews on broken bottles and turns into a werewolf at the time of the full moon) - Bertie's plate of woe is complete.

Only Jeeves can resolve all issues and bring joy in the morning.

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Melissa says

Oh, the excellently perilous Steeple Bumbleigh & its merry cast of dreadful characteres. Young Nobby! The treacherous Florence! Boko Fiddleworth! Stilton, going around "Ho!"ing all over the place! Dear Worplesdon! Edwin the Boy Scout! And last but not least, the illustrious J. Chichester Clam, drinking quarts of coffee & getting nasty shocks from the New Deal. "I mentioned that there was an expression on the tip of my tongue which seemed to me to sum up the nub of the recent proceedings. 'Or, rather, when I say an expression, I mean a saying. A wheeze. A gag. What I believe is called a saw. Something about Joy . . . ' But we went into that all before, didn't we?"

Rasika Mahabal says

Edwin was my favorite character in the book. Wodehouse at his best again

Wendy says

I can't describe to you the soul-warming contentment I'm feeling right now, so suffice to say that I enjoyed it very, very much, as with all of the Jeeves books I've read thus far. I recommend these a lot (which probably goes without saying, but oh, well).

J. says

This is another of Wodehouses' wonderous tales that can be read with ease. When you are feeling down Jeeves and Wooster are the perfect pick me up. I preferred 'Code of the Woosters'. All of the books can be summarised like so, Bertie Wooster is a man of great means but few grey cells. He is well meaning and a good sport but gets himself into all sorts of social entanglements that his shrewd man servant Jeeves ends up rescuing him from.

The title is from Psalms, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning". A title which suits Wodehouses' formulaic aim of all's well that ends well.

Bertie is pushed into holidaying in the village of Steeple Bumbleigh to facilitate a clandestine meeting between his Uncle Percy and a business partner Chichester Clam. Of course it being a Wodehouse there has to be several layers of intrigue so whilst there he gets mixed up in the repeated attempts of his friend to win over Uncle Percy so he can ask for his wards hand. He also has to deal with a former fiancée and her relationship with 'Stilton' Cheesewright. There is a notable fire and a fancy dress party.

It's astonishing that it was written at a time of the Nazi occupation of his house in Le Touquet in France. He was imprisoned for a short period but held some controversial opinions about the Nazi regime. "I doubt," says Bertie, speaking of the writer Boko Fittleworth, "if you can ever trust an author not to make an ass of himself."

Dan Schwent says

The 2012 re-read:

Bertie Wooster, with Jeeves in tow, is dragooned into visiting Steeple Bumbleigh, home of Aunt Agatha and her husband, Lord Worplesdon. Bertie soon walks into a web of broken engagements, arson, and delightfully horrible misunderstandings, including an engagement to Florence Craye. Can Jeeves extricate Wooster from what will be known as The Steeple Bumbleigh Horror?

Of course he can. See how Jeeves' head bulges out in the back? That's where his extra brain power comes from.

This book is a great example of how Wodehouse mines rich veins of comedic gold from the same old formula in almost every book. Nobby Hopwood, Worplesdon's ward, is engaged to Bertie's friend Boko Fiddleworth. Stilton Cheesewright, the local constable and an old classmate of Bertie's, is betrothed to Bertie's former fiancée Florence Craye. Lord Worplesdon is in the process of a merger between his shipping company and that of J. Chichester Clam, an American shipping magnate. Throw in a boy scout named Edwin whose hash everyone is dying to see settled and there you are. All the pieces are in place and Bertie is tossed into the mix. You know everything will turn out okay but it's a lot of fun getting there.

As always, Wodehouse weaves a web of wit along the way to the happy resolution. I'm partial to "When a girl uses six derogatory adjectives in her attempt to paint the portrait of the loved one, it means something. One may indicate a merely temporary tiff. Six is big stuff." and "It is true of course, that I have a will of iron, but it can be switched off if the circumstances seem to demand it."

Any complaints? Only that this was a re-read and I wasn't experiencing this comedic gem for the first time. While I didn't remember every wrinkle of the story, I did remember most of the pivotal ones. Still, you can't go wrong with Jeeves when you want some dry wit.

Kedar says

To summarize the book, "It's a confounding concatenation of comic circumstances."

The unassailable melodic ring of that entire line is rendered ineffective by the fact that someone decided to pronounce circumstances as "sircum" and not "kircum". To summarize my feeling after realizing that, I would gently employ the Puneri word "Shyeah".

Joy in the Morning is one of the best horses from the PGW Turf Club. I strongly suspect that it would win or come second only to the ablest of contenders Right Ho, Jeeves in a royal derby decided by the degrees of concatenating circumstances.

It is also splendid to see all the little digs taken at several authors like Hemingway, Shakespeare, and also that rather humorous chap called Wodehouse.

Truly a joy!

John Jackson says

Ah, the many joys of Wodehouse! One can delight at 'Blandings' or enjoy the company of Psmith, but Bertie and Jeeves offer pleasure often beyond reckoning. The voice anchors the entire thing -- Bertie's mix of grandiloquence and idiocy gussy up every sentence and beautify ever short story -- but over the course of an entire novel, the plot mechanics, the heartless crush of the inevitable comedy and humiliation, these are the

things that make him a master. Whom in the subsequent eighty years of British literature did he not touch? 'Joy in the Morning' alongside 'Code of the Woosters' sets a high water mark.

Trevor says

The other day, as I was walking along the beach in the frightfully early morning - when both man and beast ought quite to be tucking the old blankets under the pointy end of the old bean - there was a rather fit young lady putting quite some stride into her step not a few yards ahead of me.

Unfortunately, I had just gotten up to the part of the story at which Bertie is discoursing with Boko concerning the nature of women and to what extent one can rely on what they say when they are cross with one. I'd have thought I was made of sterner stuff, but in a manner lacking in all control, I began blubbering foolishly, headphones attached to my cabbage-like ears no unlike I was wearing pair of snow muffs. As she turned to look at me rather fiercely, I waved my hands around to assure the young lady I wasn't laughing at anything she was doing. Given she was merely walking along the strand why she should imagine I would be laughing with quite so much vigour at her expense should not have presented itself as a possibility in the least, certainly, it ought not to have been the first impression to form itself, wax-like, in her mind. All the same, my occasional gales and peals remained very much a solo effort and she looked in no hurry to form a duet.

The problem was that Bertie had just inquired as to how Boko was sure Nobby (his fiancé) had decided to end their engagement when Boko said something to the effect that he could not see another construction to be put on her statement that, "She did not want to ever see him again in this world or the next". Bertie's elegant explanation of the workings of the female mind in these moments was a sheer delight and worth reading the entire book purely for this marvellous piece of logic alone.

The only damn thing worse than the embarrassment of listening to Wodehouse whilst on my early morning constitutional and thereby laughing out-loud within earshot of a member of the fair sex, would be to feel constrained to turn the flipping thing off altogether and thereby be forced to walk along in silence. There is nothing for it. The very idea gives me the heebie-jeebies.

The allusions to literature throughout that are just that little off-course – the constant quibbles about Shakespeare being more concerned with something sounding nice to him than it making sense – and the slaps given to 'writers' are one and each a source of much merriment and mirth.

There are few joys in life finer than a good farce and in the hands of Wodehouse, well, what can one say? If there is any truth in the idea that laughter has curative powers and you feel yourself in need of a refreshing tonic of laughter - then this is the book for you.
