

Uncle Walt

*Doc
Jonnesco*

“O DOC,” I cried, “I humbly beg, that you will amputate my leg.” The doctor cheerfully complied, and shot some dope into my hide, and made his bucksaw fairly sail, until it struck a rusty nail. “Hoot, mon!” he said, quite undismayed, “I’ll have to finish with a spade.” And as he dug and toiled away, we talked about the price of hay, the recent frightful rise in pork, the sugar grafters in New York, the things we found in Christmas socks, the flurry in Rock Island stocks, the hookworm and the hangman’s noose, the bright career of Captain Loose. I felt no pain or ache or shock; it pleased me much to watch the doc; and when the job was done, I said: “Now that you’re here, cut off my head.” With skillful hands he wrought and wrought, and soon cut off my dome of thought, and when I asked him for his bill: “There is no charge, already, still; I work for Science, not for scads, so keep the dollars of your dads; to banish pain is my desire; to nothing more do I aspire; if I may win that goal, you bet, I’ll be so happy, always, yet!” Is there a more heroic game? Could any man have nobler aim? One poet, old, and bald and fat, to this great man takes off his hat!