

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Descartes Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Wolfram von Eschenbach Dickens Schopenhauer Bebel Proust
Bronner Darwin Melville Grimm Jerome Rilke George
Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Schiller Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Claudius Schilling Kralik Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Raabe Gibbon Tschechow
Gerstäcker Klee Hölty Morgenstem Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstem Gleim Goedicke
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Nietzsche Nansen Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntatz
Marx vom Stein Lawrence Irving
von Ossietzky May Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Liebermann Kock Kafka
Sachs Poe de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin Korolenko



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The New Pun Book

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THE NEW PUN BOOK

COLLECTED, EDITED AND ARRANGED FROM
THE NOTES OF TWO LEARNED PUNDITS

Who thought they never saw the Punjab delighted in
all pungencies of speech. Scholarly men who
rejoice
in punctiliousness in their language, contrive to
improve its flavor and precision by exercise in
these unexpected juxtapositions. Thus, as
with our Pundit's famous countryman Mr.
Jaberjee, though they use the purest
language, they can instantly express
every shade of thought with grace
and completeness without resorting
to slang: — that ready cloak
wherewith puny minds strive
to cover their vulgarity
and lack of culture.

BY T. B. AND T. C.

The New Pun Book

"He's a professional grafter."

"Who?"

"The nurseryman."

"You know Fatty Schultz the butcher. What do you suppose he weighs?"

"I don't know, what does he weigh?"

"Meat."

"I saw a sign in a hardware store to-day 'Cast iron sinks.' As though everyone wasn't wise to that."

"How are you to-day?"

"Oh, I can't kick."

"Thought you were ill."

"I am—I have the gout."

"Let me see," said the minister, who was filling out the marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the fifth, is it not?"

"No, sir!" said the bride, with some indignation, "this is only my third!"

[4] She—I had a \$5 bill in this dictionary yesterday and I can't find it anywhere.

He—Did you look among the Vs, dear?

"Have you ever met my sister, Louisa?"

"Yes. She's rather stout, isn't she?"

"I have another at home—Lena."

"Why do you call that colored man a blackmailer."

"Because he is employed at the post-office. And that ain't the worst of it."

"No?"

"No, sir; his wife takes hush money."

"You don't say so!"

"I do. She's a child nurse."

The street car lurched, she fell ker-flump!
But got up with a happy smile,
And to the young man said: "Please, sir,
How many laps are to the mile?"

I hear they are trying to close up the gambling establishments in New York. Why didn't they close up Adam? He was the first gambler. Didn't he start the races?

[5] "Gee, I just made a bad break," murmured the chef, as he threw away some rotten eggs.

"This is our latest novelty," said the manufacturer, proudly. "Good work, isn't it?"

"Not bad," replied the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we make."

"Oh! are you in this line, too?"

"No. We make gunpowder."

You ought to sleep well, You lie so easily!

"My girl's father is an undertaker. He has invented an automobile hearse. Folks are just dying to ride in it."

"An Irishman comes to this country, remains here ten years, and goes back to Ireland and dies. What is he?"

"Why, an Irishman, of course."

"No, you're wrong; he is a corpse."

He—Why has he put her picture in his watch?

She—Because he thinks she will love him in time.

[6] "I saw some delicious apples growing on a tree this morning. I couldn't reach them, and asked the lady of the house if she would let me take a step-ladder."

"Did she give it to you?"

"No; but she gave me a stare."

"My sister had a fright yesterday. She had a black spider run up her arm."

"That's nothing. I had a sewing machine run up the seam of my trousers."

Attorney for the Defense—Have you ever been cross-examined before?

The Witness—Have I. I'm a married man.—Life.

—I met a deaf and dumb man to-day who had every joint of his fingers broken.

—That is terrible, how did it happen?

—Well, he used to crack jokes on his fingers.

"I'm nearly starved. Just got in from a three-hour trip on the New York Central."

"But couldn't you get anything to eat on the train?"

"Nope! It was a 'fast' train."

[7] "What do you think of the statement that there are three hundred haunted houses in New York?" asked Mr. Knickerbocker.

"Oh," replied Jones, "that only ghost to show how plentiful spirits are here."

"I saw a big rat in my cook-stove and when I went for my revolver he ran out."

"Did you shoot him?"

"No. He was out of my range."

Greene—"These wakes of yours are pretty boisterous affairs sometimes."

Finnegan—"Av coarse! Sure, we hav' t' make a great noise t' wake the dead."

"I see Dorkins has got all of his seven daughters married off."

"Yes, but he took advantage of his official position to effect it."

"How was that?"

"Why, he is chairman of the board of public works and he advertised for proposals."

"Are your folks well to do?"

"No. They're hard to do."

[8] "If you should die, what would you do with your body?"

"I don't know."

"I'd sell mine to a medical student."

"Then you'd be giving yourself dead away."

"I was at the track to-day, Percy, and there was a horse down there with the itch. He came up to the post, and they scratched him."

He—"Yes, she is living under an assumed name."

She—"Horrible! What is it?"

He—"The one she assumed immediately after her husband married her!"

Biggs—"I hear the jail was afire this morning?"

Baggs—"Naw; it was only a sell."

Love they say is blind. Well: if so marriage must be an eye-opener.

"It doesn't do any good to scold the janitor about our cold rooms."

"Yes, it does. I get all warmed up when I talk to him."

[9] "This liver is awful, Maud," said Mr. Newwed.

"I'm very sorry," returned the bride, "I'll tell the cook to speak to the livery-man about it."

"Who was the first one that came from the ark when it landed."

"Noah."

"You are wrong. Don't the good book tell us that Noah came forth? So there must have been three ahead of him."

Railway Clerk—Another accident on the road to-day, sir.

Manager—Indeed; What now?

Clerk—Man dislocated his neck trying to read our new time table.

"I got your fare, didn't I?" asked the conductor.

"I believe not," the facetious passenger replied. "I think I saw you ring it up."

Isaacs—Undt suppose dey did send us a message from Mars, how could dey tell if we got it?

Cohen—Vell, dey mighd send it gollect undt see if ve paid for it.

[10] He—I'll go to-morrow and buy a diamond engagement ring.

She—Now, George, for the first time your talk has the true ring in it.

"I am told," said she, saucily, "that though you are a military man, you are afraid of powder."

"To prove that the assertion is calumnious," replied he, "I have only to do this."

Whereupon he lightly kissed her on the cheek, and his lips showed that he was not.

Mrs. Pendergast (in disgust) — You call these shades alike! Is there anything you can match?

Mr. Pendergast — Yes. Pennies.

Pressed for work — cider.

Never out of print — the calico counter.

"Is this a fire insurance office?"

"Yes, sir; can we write you some insurance?"

"Perhaps you can. You see, my employer threatens to fire me next Saturday, and I'd like some protection."

[11] "We should never complain, whatever may befall us," said the minister. "The moment we grow dissatisfied we become unhappy."

"Do you really think so?" she sighed.

"Yes," returned the good man; "the first woman who complained of her Lot, was turned into a pillar of salt."

"Tommy," said mamma, tearfully, "it gives me as much pain as it does you to punish you."

Tommy (also tearfully)—Mebbe it does, but not in the same place.

"I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live!"

"Refused again?"

"No; accepted."

A wag who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer said, "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?"

"Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this gentleman three pig's feet."

"They say corporations have no soul."

"How about the Shoe Trust."

[12] "Did your sweetheart receive you warmly last night?" asked one Pittsburg young man of another.

"No, but her father did."

"How was that?"

"He fired me."

"Permit me, then, to die at your feet!" he cried desperately.

She shivered.

"I see no objection to that," she answered. "All papa said was that you mustn't hang around here."

Don't doubt the veteran who tells you he was always where the bullets were thickest; perhaps he was hiding under the ammunition wagon.

Mr. Bixby — Have you noticed how much better I rest after a day's fishing?

Mrs. Bixby — No; but I have noticed how much easier you lie after a day's fishing than upon other days.

"Nature never allows anything to run to waist."

"Humph! You've never seen a Vermont girl of forty."

[13] "What's the matter here?"

"Man broke his neck."

"What story did he fall from?"

"Didn't fall — tried to see the top of the building."

According to a florist's magazine "Jacks are becoming cheap." This may be true, but we have known men who would have been willing to pay \$10 for one to put with the two already in their hands.

Johnny — What makes you look so tired?

Tommy — My step-mother is sick end now I'll get licked before every meal. The doctor says she must take exercise on an empty stomach.

Brown—"Peckhen has arrived safe. I just received a cablegram from him."

Smith—"Did he have a rough voyage?"

Brown—"No; his wife didn't go."

"Oh, live and let live, my man."

"Yes, I'd look well, wouldn't I? I'm a butcher."

[14] Smith—I notice that Robinson has an article in the paper this morning.

Jones—Indeed! I didn't see it. What was it?

Smith—His spring overcoat. He was taking it to the tailor to be pressed and cleaned.

When Lot found his wife transformed into a pillar of salt, he was wise enough to let it go at that and not take a fresh one.

Soloman Soloman—Our frent Cohen must pe goin' t' haf a fire.

Isaac Isaacs—Vy?

Soloman Soloman—Vell, he took oud an inshoorance bolicy yes-te'day.

"A telephone girl always reminds me of a pictured saint."

"Why?"

"There is a continual 'hello' around her head."

A husband and wife are considered one, but it is useless to try to work that gag on the landlord when he presents the board bill.

[15] "You haven't a cent, and yet wish to marry Miss Bilyan. Don't you expect her father to kick you out?"

"Oh, no I intend to go before the footlights."

Young M.D. — That jig is up.

Old M.D. — What do you mean?

Young M.D. — That fellow with St. Vitus's dance died this morning.

"Do you think that as a rule people who attend theaters are superstitious?"

"Do I think so? I know it. I have seen people sit for an hour waiting for a ghost to walk."

"For that matter the actors themselves often wait longer than that."

"Here's an account of a hen which layed three eggs at once, and then died," remarked Mrs. Sumway.

"From over-eggseration, probably," commented her husband.

"What is the best way to raise cabbage?"

"With a knife and fork."

[16] "Why is Miss B— — wearing black?"

"She is in mourning for her husband."

"Why, she never had a husband!"

"No, that is why she mourns."

"Dearest," she murmured, "I'm so afraid you'll change."

"Darling," he answered, "you'll never find any change about me."

"What's the matter here?" asked a stranger of a small boy, as he noticed a large wedding party coming out of a church on Fifth avenue.

"Nawthin' but the tied goin' out."

Oh, the sadness of her sadness when she's sad!
Oh, the gladness of her gladness when she's glad!
But the sadness of her sadness,
And the gladness of her gladness,
Are nothing to her madness when she's mad!

"Is it raining, girls?"

"No," broke in Cumso; "only cats and dogs."

[17] Guest—What have you got?

Waiter—I've got liver, calf's brains, pig's feet—

Guest—Hold up there! I don't want a description of your physical peculiarities. What have you got to eat is what I want to know.

Stranger—"Boy, can you direct me to the bank?"

Boy—"I kin for a quarter."

Stranger—"A quarter! Isn't that high pay?"

Boy—"Yes, sir; but it's bank directors what gits high pay, you see, sir!"

"It's very puzzling," said a worried looking woman to one of her neighbors.

"What's that?"

"I can't tell whether Willie is corrupting the parrot or whether the parrot is corrupting Willie."

Playwright—"There is a great climax in the last act. Just as two burglars climb in the kitchen window the clock strikes one; then—
—"

Manager Conn—"Be more explicit. Which one did the clock strike?"

[18] "I sent a dollar last week" said the Good thing, "in answer to that advertisement offering a method of saving one-half my gas bills."