

Receipts for Laughter by the best Comic Artists in America

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THE HALL-ROOM BOYS.

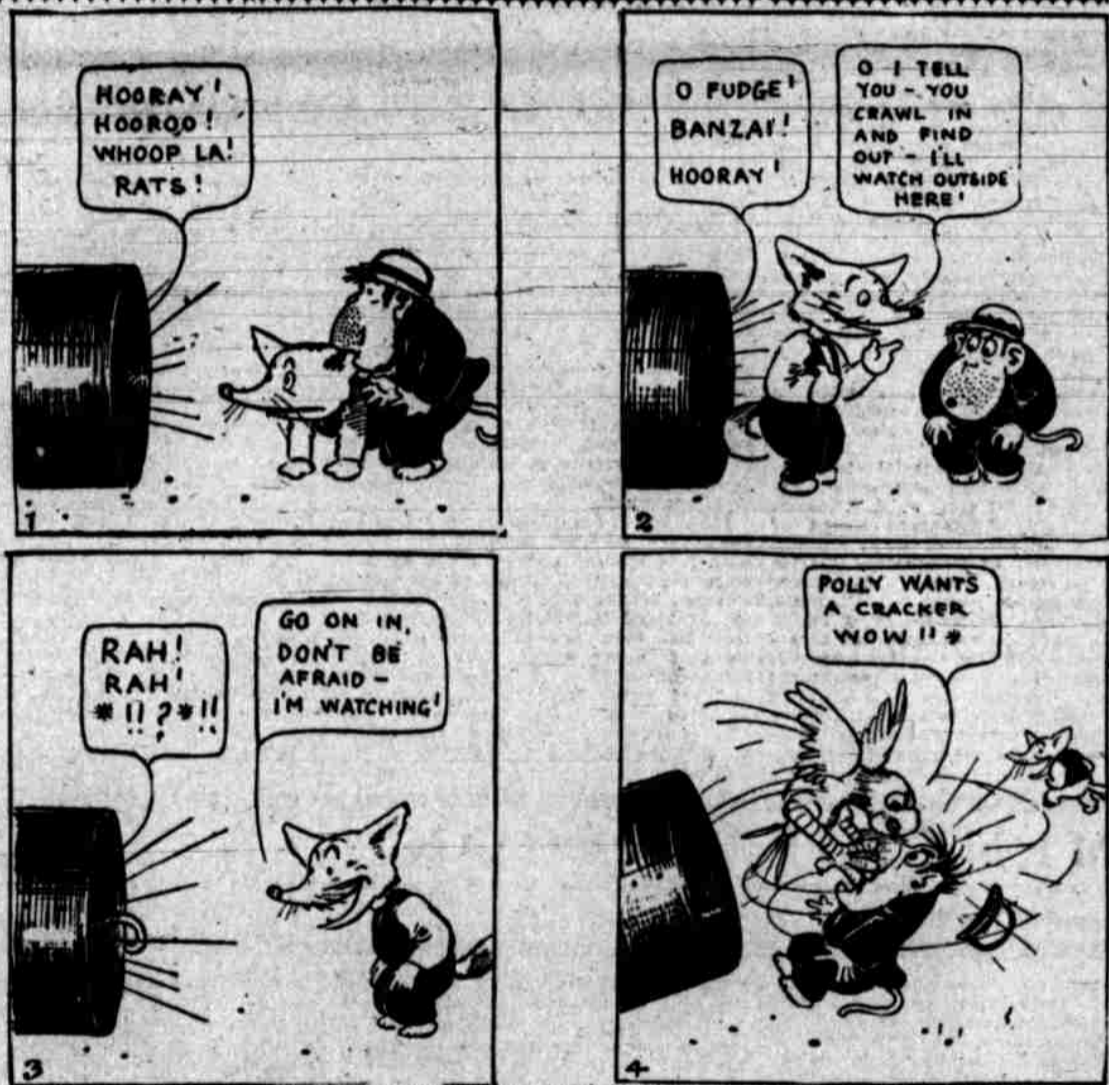
THEY DO IT ON \$7.50 PER.

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Percy Invests in a New Pair of Shoes.

FOXY REYNARD.



He Goes to the Rescue—Assisted by the Monkey.

BALLADS

The Battle of Brooklyn Bridge.

BY JAMES MONTAGUE.



I was on a bench near the City Hall,
As the breaking of day began,
That there lingered on through the
shadowy dawn.

A sorrowing, sad-eyed man,
His clothing was tattered, his shoes were
torn,
His hat was a sight to see,
And he muttered there in the cold, gray
air

This dreary soliloquy:
"Oh, San Juan Hill was a Ping Pong game,
Port Arthur is quite serene,
And Waterloo was a picnic, too,
Compared with the war I've seen.
It was yesterday that I moved away
From Harlem to far Bay Ridge,
And I got lost, night in this terrible plight
In the Battle of Brooklyn Bridge."

"At six o'clock I was smartly clad,
And smoking a fat cigar;
And I left Park Row with intent to go
And embark on a Flatbush car."



NOTHING LIKE LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

PLAYBOY

MR. MARK REPRIMANDS AN INNOCENT.



1.—GREEN-LOOKING PARTY—Oh, yes, sir, I AM in great distress. A man rushed up to me, embraced me as a long-lost friend, and picked my pocket of all my money.

MR. E. Z.—Bah! A man your age should have better sense than to allow a stranger to embrace you.



2.—MR. E. Z.—How did he go about it, Mr. Know-nothing?

GREEN-LOOKING PARTY—Why, he rushed up and said, "Oh, my long-lost friend, Oh, my more than a brother. Oh, how glad I am to see you."



3.—GREEN-LOOKING PARTY—And when I showed him his mistake he sneaked away like this.

MR. E. Z.—Well, keep on sneaking away. Any man who could be cleaned out by such an easy game as that deserves no sympathy.



4.—MR. E. Z.—These countrymen make me weary. The very ideal I wonder what time—MY WATCH? GONE! MY MONEY? GONE! MY DIAMOND PIN? GONE! Ye gods! He has cleaned me out! Succeeded again.

BEWARE OF THE FLATTERY ELEPHANT.



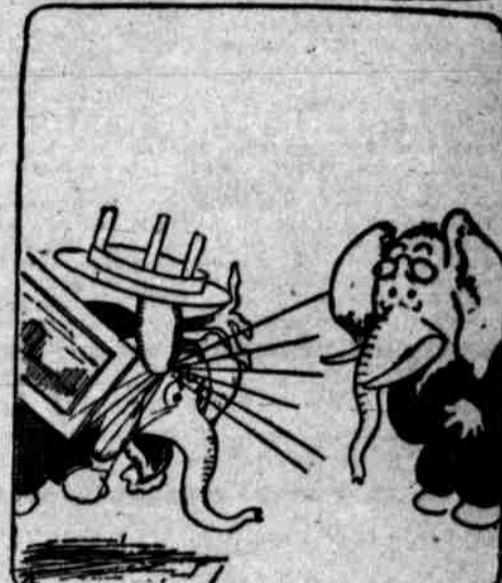
NO USE TALKING, OLD MAN, YOU'RE GREAT!



YOU'RE TOO GOOD TO WASTE YOUR TIME AROUND HERE!



YOU BELONG ON THE STAGE AT 300 PER!



Whereat a crowd of furious men
Laid ruffianly hands on me,
He wants a seat, they cried, and beat
My head with a hideous glee.

"They ripped my clothing from my back,
They tore out my curling hair,
They did a dance on the white expanse
Of my shirt that was once so fair;
They clawed, they tore, they wildly swore
"The scoundrel can't have a seat!"
With a terrible blow they laid me low
Upon the sharp-shod street.

"Two thousand fists were aimed at me,
And a thousand rabid men
When e'er I rose with cruel blows
Straight laid me out again,
And as a pack of hounds pursues
A cringing, quivering hare,
They ground their teeth as they plunged
beneath
The crush to slay me there.

"And then a gap was opened out
In the writhing ranks and dark,
And forth I shot from that fatal spot
And landed out in the Park.

My face is fractured, my nose is flat
And shattered is every bone;
Whenever I try to wink an eye
The movement calls forth a moan.

"A wife and children in far Bay Ridge
Will wait for me long in vain,
For never more would I seek that shore
Though they sent me a special train.
Oh, why did I ever leave Harlem town,
Where they're wearing the Subway smile!
Hereafter I'll give all my chattels to live
Forever on Manhattan Isle.

"For in many a war I've been wounded
and maimed,
And many encounters I've had,
But all of them seem like a glorious
dream,
All joyous and gentle and glad.
To struggle at Shiloh and Gettysburg
Has been my privilege,
But in neither was there anything to
compare
With the Battle of Brooklyn Bridge."

He'll Make You Think You're Better Than You Really Are.

WISE WOMAN.

NOW WHAT D'YE THINK OF THAT?

FEMININE JOLT.



THE HEIRESS—No, my Lord, I cannot marry you, I fear I couldn't support you in the style you are accustomed to.



"My dog is younger far than I,"
Said Willie in distress.



"Yet though I envy him his pants
Nurse makes me wear this dress."



"It's quite too bad!" his sister, Ann,
With sympathy replied.



"But Fido's not to blame. Besides
He wears his pants inside."



"I tell you my
"What a..."