

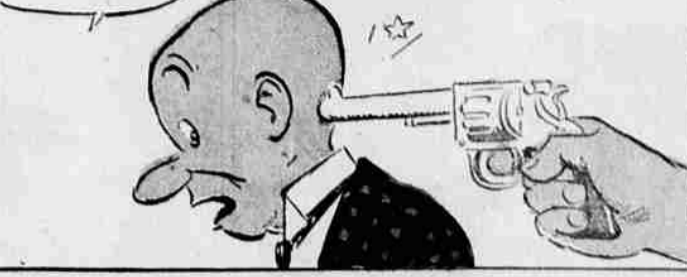
NOW, HERE'S THE DOPE, BOYS—WHEN KIKI SHOT THAT COP, THIS FOGIE WAS AN EYE-WITNESS.



CAPTAIN EASY BY ROY CRANE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WELL, WOTTA WE GOIN' TO DO WIT' 'IM? SHOOT THE BLANKETY OLD FUSS-BUTTONS, SO HE CAN'T SQUEAL.



DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES. TIE HIM TO A CHAIR WID A COUPLA BOMBS IN HIS LAP.



HIT 'IM WITH AN AXE.



DROP HIM OUT A WINDOW WIT' A ROPE AROUND HIS NECK. KILL 'IM! GOOD HEAVENS, MISS KIKI, NO! NO! WAIT!



I GOTTA IDEA, HEY, DOORKNOB, AINT YOU IN SOCIETY? OH, YES INDEED! I'M A MEMBER OF THE 400. I'M VERY PROMINENT, I ASSOCIATE WITH THE VERY BEST PEOPLE.



PRETTY RICH, AREN'T YOU? OH, MY YES! WHY, LAST YEAR MY INCOME TAX WAS NEARLY \$6,000,000.



GEE! 'AT'S TOUGH. PRACTIC'LY A PAUPER. ARE YOU MARRIED? ER, NO. YOU SEE, I'M ENGAGED TO MISS PATRICIA VAN PRATTLE, OF THE NEWPORT VAN PRATTLES.



SPLENDID! SPLENDID! EVERYTHING'S SETTLED, BOYS, I'M GONNA MARRY THE OLD FOOL!



WHAT! OH, MY STARS! THINK OF MY REPUTATION! HEY, ARE YOU CRAZY? HECK, NO! THERE'S A LAW, STUPID, THAT SAYS NO HUSBAND CAN TESTIFY IN COURT AGAINST HIS WIFE. I'M GONNA MARRY OLD DINWIDDY, SEAL HIS LIPS, AND GRAB MYSELF A FEW MILLION DOLLARS.



BOY, WHAT AN IDEA! LET'S GO, WE'LL GET A MARRIAGE LICENSE. SOMEBODY GET A MINISTER. HEY! YOU BETTER GET SOME SMELLIN' SALTS, TOO. THE BRIDEGROOM'S FAINTED!



ADVENTURE STAMPS by I. S. Klein. BULGARIA'S INVASION of PATRIOTS



TURKEY was in command of the Balkans, some 50 years ago, and the people squirmed under the heavy rule of Islam. Secret patriotic organizations sprang up in every province, preparing for the day when they could free themselves of the Turkish yoke. In Bulgaria, Christo Boteff was the leader of a defiant group of patriots. He traveled from village to village, bolstering the spirit of the oppressed peasants and adding more volunteers to his organization. The eventual revolt was near. The angry peasants needed little encouragement to rise against their foreign rulers. In 1876, Boteff completed his plans. He went to Rumania, out of the realm of the Turks, and gathered a small force of 200 men. He was ready for the attack.



Quietly the men moved to a port on the Danube. There the Austrian vessel Radetzki docked, and Boteff and his men, disguised as gardeners, boarded it, one by one. After the departure, Boteff went up to the captain and demanded control. A menacing band of "gardeners" scowled at the officer, and he had to turn over the wheel. The ship was steered toward the Bulgarian shore, where the 200 invaders landed. Soon a Turkish army met them. They fled to the mountains, fighting all the way. Boteff was killed, and his little band of patriots was scattered. On the 50th anniversary of Boteff's death, Bulgaria, in 1926, issued a stamp bearing his portrait.

