

PUSSYFOOT SAM

and the Great
Powell Diamond

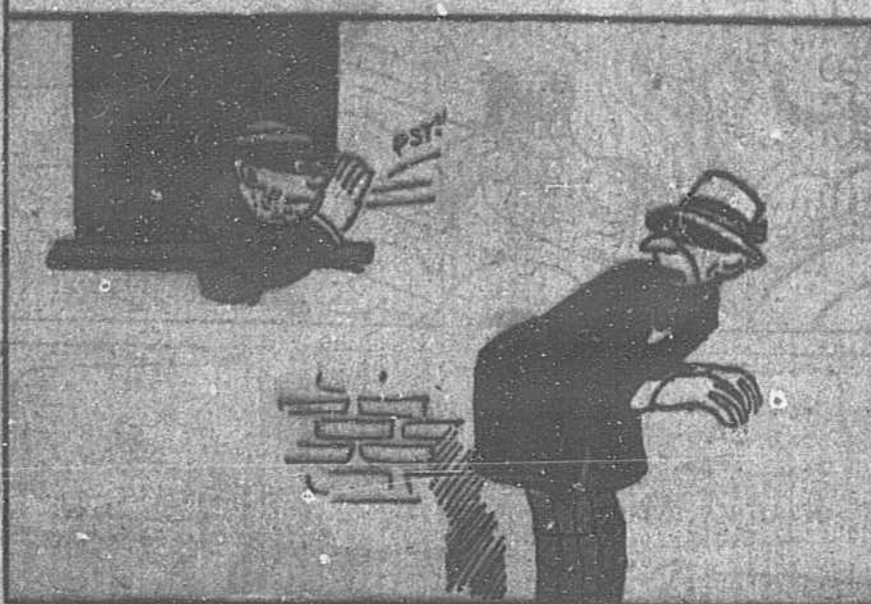
Mystery;

the Terrible
Sleuth's Revenge

Pussyfoot Sam has hit upon a clever scheme. Disguised as a holdup, he will loiter around dark alleys, in hopes of meeting some crooks and gaining their secrets.



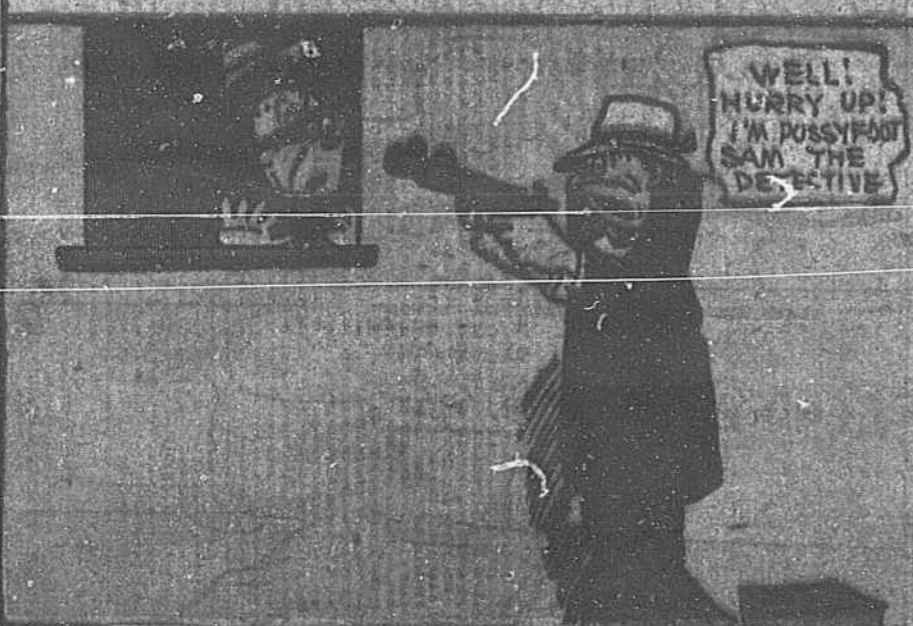
He was just beginning to despair when a low whistle was heard and a form emerged from a window above him.



Pussyfoot was too astonished for words. In his excitement he lost his false whiskers, but with a vice like grip he grabbed the loot.



The time had come. It was Pussyfoot's turn to act. Grabbing two of his biggest pistols he pushed them square in the face of his antagonist.



It was but a short march to the little jail around the corner, but a march of triumph for the great detective.



He hadn't caught the Powell robbers, but felt that he is close on their trail. He will not give up. More power to you, Pussyfoot, and down with the holdup man.



Beatrice, Brother Bill and Cousin Percy

