

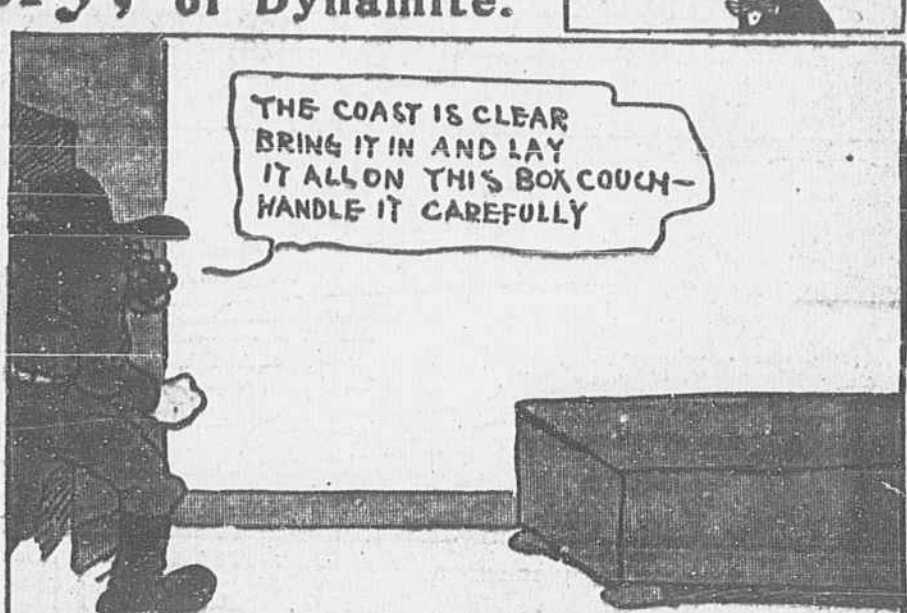
# PUSSYFOOT SAM and the Great Mystery; or, Hid in a Ton of Dynamite.



AT LAST I'VE GOT THESE FELLOWS WHERE I WANT THEM THEY'LL NOT ESCAPE ME THIS TIME



THERE THEY COME NOW I'LL HIDE IN THIS BOX

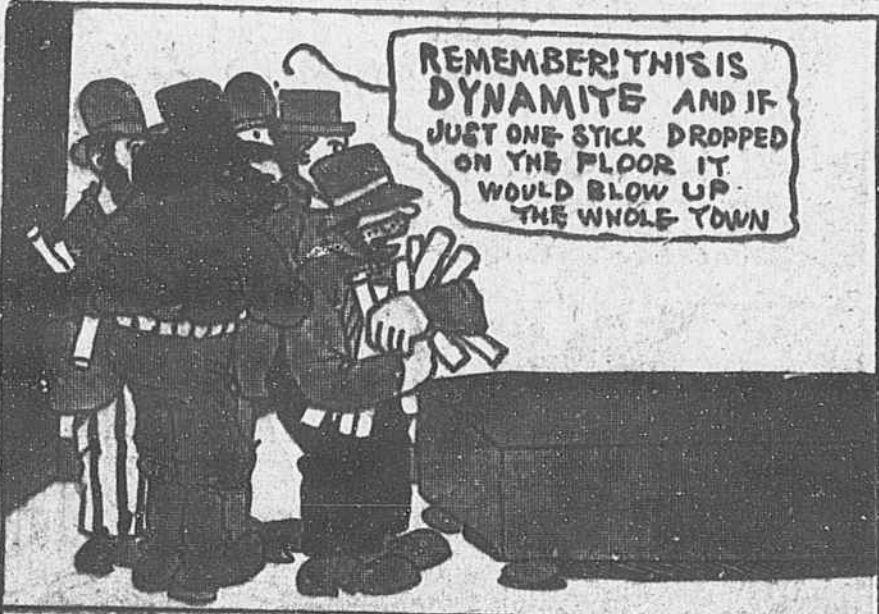


THE COAST IS CLEAR BRING IT IN AND LAY IT ALL ON THIS BOX COUCH—HANDLE IT CAREFULLY

Pussyfoot the sleuth has just received a tip that the diamond robbers are to meet in a small room at 8 o'clock. By a little trickery and the aid of a ladder he has succeeded in gaining access to this den.

It is his plan to conceal himself and wait till the robbers' backs are turned, cover them with a revolver and arrest them all. Fat! They are coming now!!

He had made no mistake in the place. It was a hard looking gang of criminals that slipped through the door.



REMEMBER! THIS IS DYNAMITE AND IF JUST ONE STICK DROPPED ON THE FLOOR IT WOULD BLOW UP THE WHOLE TOWN



COME ON NOW—WE'LL GET ANOTHER LOAD WERE GONNA DO THIS JOB UP RIGHT



HELP!!!

50 STICKS COUNT 'EM

— SIDNEY SMITH —

They were going to dynamite some big safe, that was evident from the quantity of soup they brought with them.

Struck dumb with fear, afraid to move, unable to open the lid of the box without causing an explosion, poor Pussyfoot was indeed a prisoner. He is facing starvation. Hear the lousy calls for help. (To be continued in our next.)

# Beatrice, Brother Bill and Cousin Percy



"This is so sudden for you!"

Will you become Mrs. Percy?



You Win, sis! To see five hundred of Cigars that the Colonel's Make Your Present tonight!



Young Man! You go straight to bed for that!



Percy, please take this to Miss Beatrice. Don't mention my name.



Miss Beatrice, a certain young man sends this present to you with his compliments.

Oh it must be from Mr. Percy! Goody!



Take that horrid mouse away! O-o-o! Help!

Fercival Jones! I'm going to tell you 'Ha!

How'd I know what it was! That's something good to eat!