

Lot-o'-Fun 1/2

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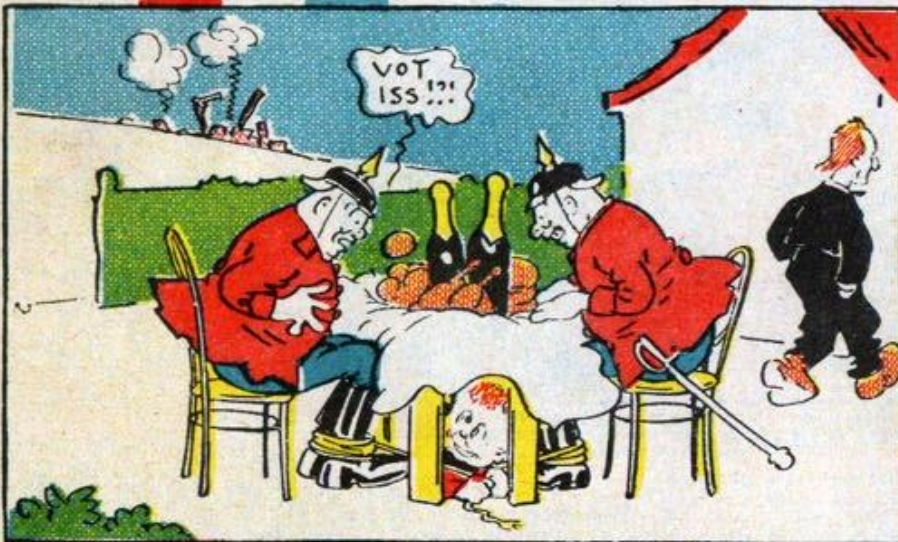
Patriotic Paul turns the Table on the Germans.



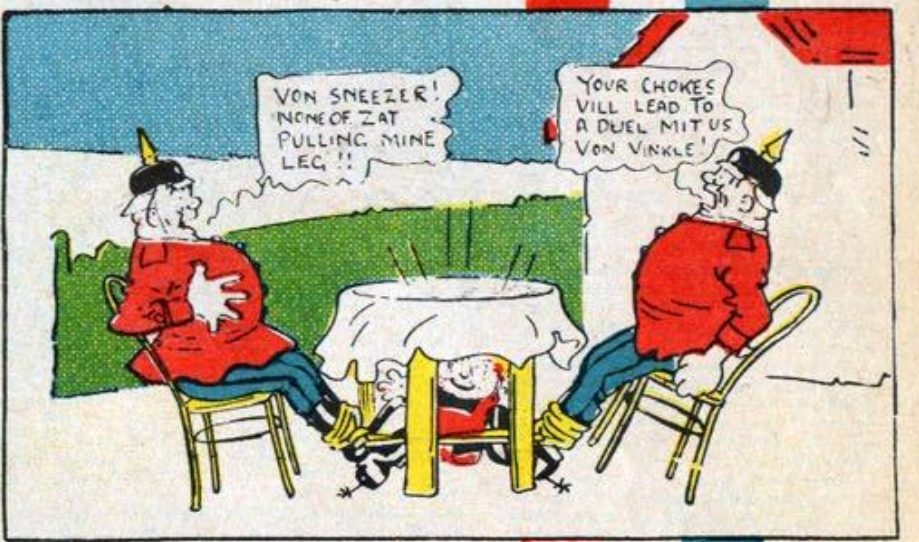
1. "It makes me blood boil to see the way these German officers bully the poor innkeepers into supplying them with free grub," panted Patriotic Paul.



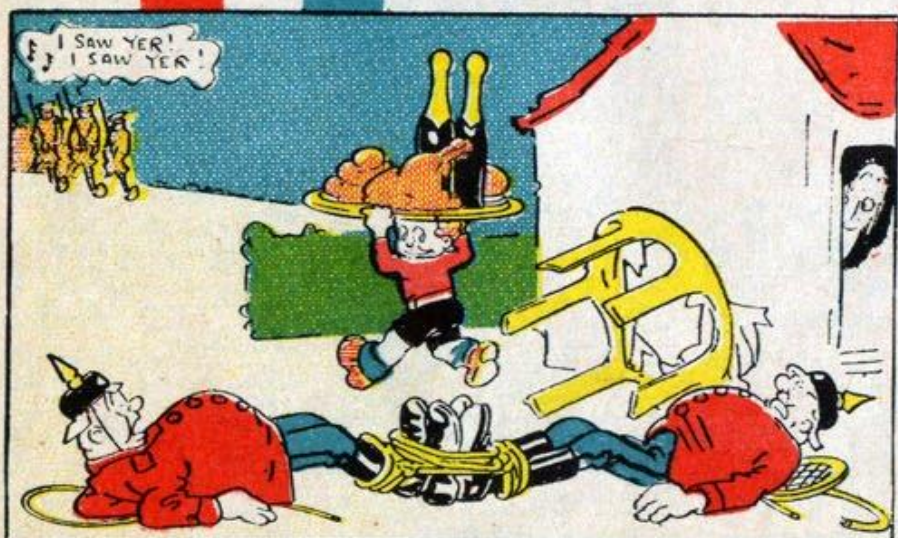
2. He has prepared a scheme, but we mustn't let you into it until you see what a let in it was for the Germans—and the grub. Up it marched.



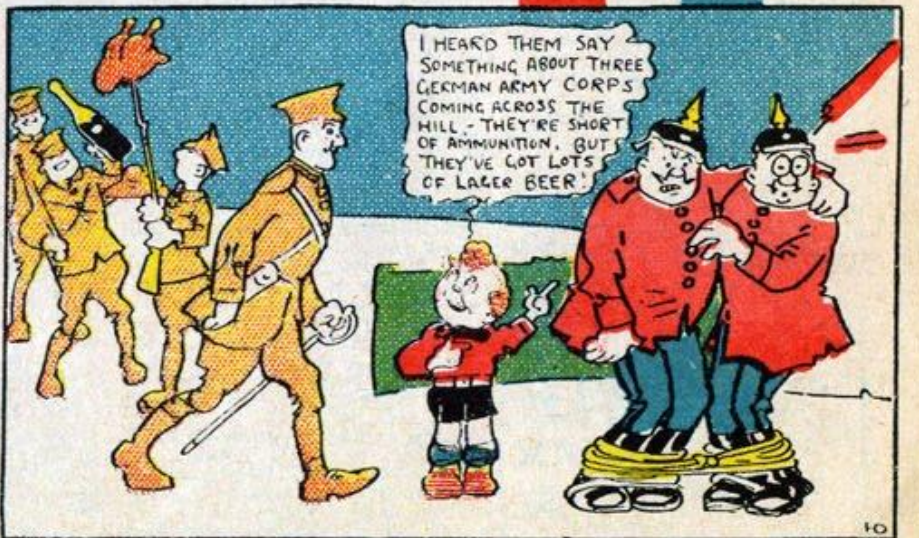
3. "Der dinner is going into der table top!" grunted Von Vinkle. "Vot it iss? Don't come any of your funny chokes at der dinner table. Let mine foots alone!" growled Von Sneezer.



4. The dinner disappeared clean before their eyes, and, coupled with the fact that each felt a tightening round his ankles, they glared at each other suspiciously.



5. Hearing a welcome bit of good old British melody, Patriotic Paul did not hesitate, but knocked the drum-head table over, and popped out.



6. He passed the dinner along to the hungry soldiers and asked the British commander to take charge of his prisoners. He had kept his ears open while under the table—you trust him!



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