



The Sunday Star.

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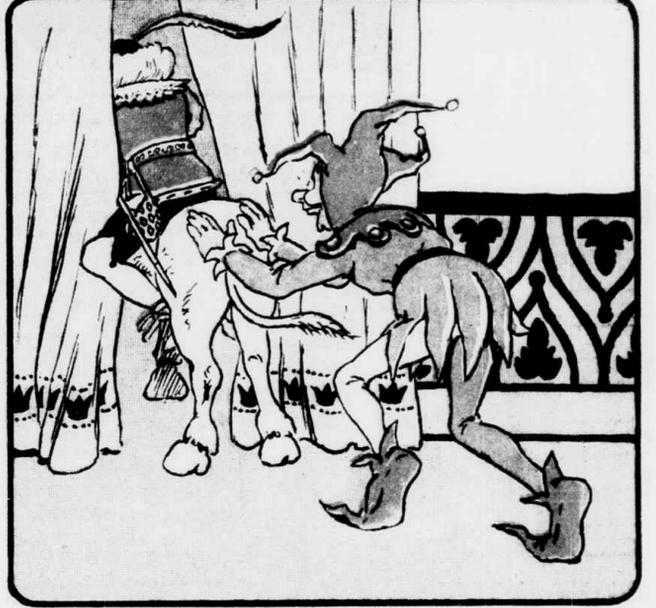
Prince Errant HE'S ON THE ROAD ONCE MORE



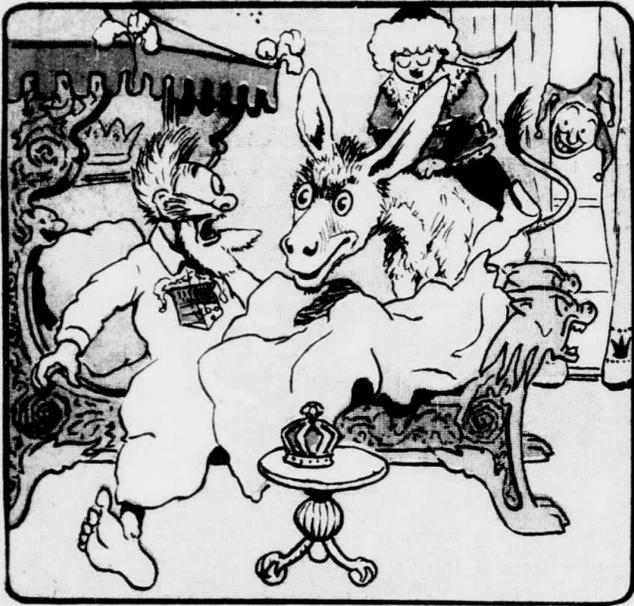
1. HaHa, the Jester: I've got a nice little scheme cooked up for you, dear Prince. You're asleep now, but when this chloroform gets in its work we'll have some fun.



2. Now I'll just tie your legs under Julia here, and you can assist in a little surprise for the King, and if that don't queer you I'm no prophet.



3. Into the Royal Chamber for yours! We'll give that grouchy old King the nightmare—or, to be correct, the nightmule of his life.



4. King: WOW! OOO! This is the worst ever! No more poached peacock for mine! OOOH!
HaHa: Methinks there will be something doing. Strike up the band!



5. HaHa: My, but isn't Julia the drop-kicker! That would have been a goal at dear old Yale!



6. Prince: Where am I— What— Who—
HaHa: I don't exactly like the expression on that beast's face. I guess I'll vanish!



7. HaHa: It's after me, and coming like spurred lightning! Don't monkey with a donkey!



8. Prince: Great, HaHa! You ought to be in a circus!
HaHa: Stop how, dear Prince, stop her! She must have learned this from the old cat!



9. Prince Errant: Now see the fix your stupidity has gotten us into! And that insulting jackass brayed as plain as day, "When shall we three meet again!"

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