

THE WONDROUS ADVENTURES OF PRINCE ERRANT HE SEEKETH A PRINCESS



Haha, the Jester—Cheer up, Prince. I bring good news. I have just seen a maiden enter your air castle, who, if I mistake not, is a princess.
 Prince Errant—Good! I'll seek her and pay court at once.



Haha—Hi! Hi! Varlet, just inform your master the King that Prince Errant awaits without his gates.
 Guard—My Master is not a King. He is the Most High Royal Potentate in the Realm. I'll advise him of Prince Errant's call.



Prince—With your Most Royal High Potentate's permission I seek your daughter's hand in marriage.
 Potentate—You have my permission, Prince, but first you must join our Masonic Lodge. Say the word and I will initiate you.



Potentate—Here, Prince! Just mount this steed and we'll see what stuff you are made of.
 Haha—Whew! Prince, I guess its up to you to hump yourself.



Potentate—Ha! Ha! Your doing fine, stick to him another five minutes and you will be a full fledged mason.
 Haha—He, Ho, He, My! Prince! but you certainly are "Bumping the Bumps" some.



Potentate—That was too easy Prince, but your jester will not get off so lively, as the bucking bronco he is to ride has never been ridden.



Haha—Ouch! Oh! Take me off! Take me off! I don't want to be a mason.
 Potentate—Ha! Ho! Prince, Your jester is certainly a comical fellow.



Potentate—Ouch! Oh! You blooming galoot!



Potentate—Robbers! Thieves, Vandals, They are running off with my favorite goat.
 Prince—It's a nice mess you made of things, but it serves me right for travelling with a quitter.
 Haha—Ouch, oh! If this goat was only a quitter too, I'd be happier.

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