

# THE Atlantic Daily News

A Daily Newspaper containing the latest Marconimessages from the shore, reports of occurrences on board, *feuilletons* etc.

Hamburg=Amerika Linie.

Issued every day and distributed among the passengers of the Hamburg-American Line, free of charge. ♡

For terms of advertisements apply to Hamburg-American Line, Dept. "Atlantic Daily News", Hamburg.

S. S. "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria".

No. 1.

Friday, Dec. 13. 1907.

The "Atlantic Daily News" will be issued every day and distributed free of charge at 4.30 o'clock in the afternoon on the promenade decks and in the smoking and sitting rooms. Besides they can be procured in the Information Bureau.

## Latest News

received by Special Marconigrams via Poldhu.

### Departure of the Kaiser.

LONDON, Dec. 12. — The Kaiser on Wednesday completed his stay of five weeks' duration in England, and left London in the evening for Port Victoria, en route to Holland and Germany. The Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Argyll, the Lord Mayor, the Earl of Lonsdale, Colonel and Mrs. Stuart Wortley, and many others saw his Majesty depart from Charing Cross, and a great crowd in the streets gave him a most hearty and enthusiastic send-off.

### Statesmanlike Speech by Lord Curzon.

LONDON, Dec. 12. — Lord Curzon, who is the president of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, delivered a glowing eulogium of true Imperialism at the Birmingham Town Hall yesterday.

### Another American Financier Commits Suicide.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 12. — Mr. J. Otway Saldeir, manager of the West End branch of the California Safe Deposit Trust Company, committed suicide yesterday night

by blowing off the top of his head with a shot-gun. The deceased man was a close friend of Mr. J. Dalzell Brown, vice-president and manager of the California Safe Deposit Company, who is now in prison awaiting his trial on a charge of embezzling the bank's funds.

### Emigrants not Wanted.

OTTAVA, Dec. 12. — The Canadian Government has telegraphed instructions to its agents in Europe to discourage immigration for the present winter.

### The Situation in Portugal.

LISBON, Dec. 12 — Numerous political meetings were held here yesterday to protest against the attitude of the Government. The King's policy was violently attacked, and the leaders of the two Opposition parties declared that they would go to any lengths to defend the country's liberties.

### The Czarina's Illness.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 12. — The Czarina was very feverish yesterday, but her condition is not considered dangerous.

It is stated in Court Circles that her Majesty's strength has been reduced by a rigorous regimen which she has observed during the last six months for the purpose of reducing her weight.

## Anglo-German Commercial Relations.

BERLIN, Dec. 12. — The Reichstag yesterday passed on third reading without debate, the Bill for the renewal of the provisional commercial arrangement between Great Britain and Germany.

## For General Information.

### Safe Deposit Boxes.

A complete safe deposit system, comprising 150 steel boxes, similar to those found in banks, has been installed on steamer "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria". The boxes are assigned to passengers upon application to the Purser and the rental is \$ 1.00 or \$ 2.00 for the trip, according to the size for the box.

### Passenger Tickets.

Passengers who are still in possession of their tickets, are requested, to hand them in at the office of the chief steward as soon as possible so that they may be registered.

### Change of Staterooms.

The Information Office has full control of all matters relating to change of staterooms, as well as charge of all unoccupied cabins.

### Wireless Telegraphy.

Within the next 24 hours connection is expected with shore station Crookhaven and S. S. Carmania, Blücher and Kronprinzessin Cecilie.

## Abstract of Ship's Log.

Friday, Dec. 13. 1907.

Distances covered:

Dec. 12th 9.33 p. m. from Cherbourg to Dec. 13th noon ... 238 miles

Wind: W. — Sea: moderate.

Barometer: 29.3 inch.

Thermometer: Air 50.0 Fahrenheit, Water 51.0 Fahrenheit.

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THE LEAGUE OF THE OLD MEN.\*

BY JACK LONDON.

**A**T the Barracks a man was being tried for his life. He was an old man, a native from the Whitefish River, which empties into the Yukon below Lake Le Barge. All Dawson was wrought up over the affair, and likewise the Yukon-dwellers for a thousand miles up and down. It has been the custom of the Anglo-Saxon to give the law to conquered peoples, and oftentimes this law is harsh. But in the case of Imber the Law for once seemed inadequate and weak. In the mathematical nature of things, equity did not reside in the punishment to be accorded him. The punishment was a foregone conclusion, there could be no doubt of that; and though it was capital, Imber had but one life, while the tale against him was one of scores.

In fact, the blood of so many was upon his hands that the killings attributed to him did not permit of precise enumeration. Smoking a pipe by the trailside or lounging around the stove, men made rough estimates of the numbers that had perished at his hand. They had been whites, all of them, these poor murdered people, and they had been slain singly, in pairs, and in parties. And so purposeless and wanton had been these killings, that they had long been a mystery to the mounted police, even in the time of the captains, and later, when the creeks realised, and a governor came from the Dominion to make the land pay for its prosperity.

But more mysterious still was the coming of Imber to Dawson to give himself up. It was in the late spring, when the Yukon was growling and writhing under its ice, that the old Indian climbed painfully up the bank from the river trail and stood blinking on the main street. Men who had witnessed his advent noted that he was weak and tottery, and that he staggered over to a heap of cabin-logs and sat down. He sat there a full day, staring straight before him at the unceasing tide of white men that flooded past. Many a head jerked curiously to the side to meet his stare, and more than one remark was dropped anent the old Siwash with so strange a look upon his face. No end of men remembered afterward that they had been struck by the extraordinary figure, and forever afterward prided themselves upon their swift discernment of the unusual.

But it remained for Dickensen, Little Dickensen, to be the hero of the occasion. Little Dickensen had come into the land with great dreams and a pocketful of cash; but with the cash the dreams vanished, and to earn his passage back to the States he had accepted a clerical position with the brokerage firm of Holbrook and Mason. Across the street from the office of Hol-

brook and Mason was the heap of cabin-logs upon which Imber sat. Dickensen looked out of the window at him before he went to lunch; and when he came back from lunch the old Siwash was still there.

Dickensen continued to look out of the window, and he, too, forever afterward prided himself upon his swiftness of discernment. He was a romantic little chap, and he likened the immobile old heathen to the genius of the Siwash race, gazing calm-eyed upon the hosts of the invading Saxon. The hours swept along, but Imber did not vary his posture, did not by a hair's-breadth move a muscle; and Dickensen remembered the man who once sat upright on a sled in the main street where men passed to and fro. They thought the man was resting, but later, when they touched him, they found him stiff and cold, frozen to death in the midst of the busy street. That he might fit into a coffin, they had been forced to lug him to a fire and thaw him out a bit. Dickensen shivered at the recollection.

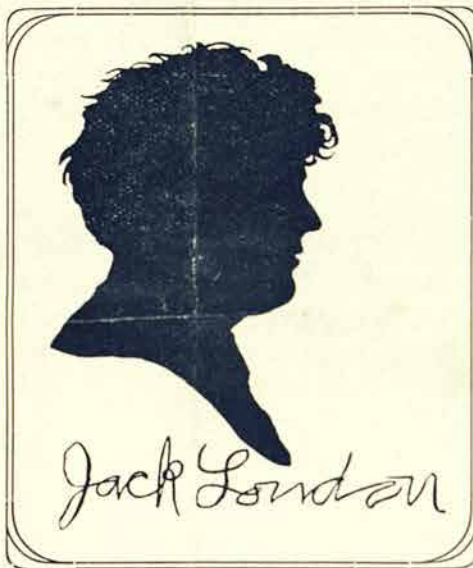
Later on, Dickensen went out on the sidewalk to smoke a cigar and cool off; and a little later Emily Travis happened along. Emily Travis was dainty and delicate and rare, and whether in London or Klondyke she gowned herself as befitted the daughter of a millionaire mining engineer. Little Dickensen deposited his cigar on an outside window ledge where he could find it again, and lifted his hat.

They chatted for ten minutes or so, when Emily Travis, glancing past Dickensen's shoulder, gave a startled little scream. Dickensen turned and was startled, too. Imber had crossed the street and was standing there, a gaunt and hungry-looking shadow, his gaze riveted upon the girl.

"What do you want?" demanded Dickensen, tremulously plucky.

Imber grunted and stalked up to Emily Travis. He looked her over keenly and carefully, every square inch of her. Especially did he appear interested in her silky brown hair, and in the colour of her cheek, faintly sprayed and soft, like the downy bloom of a butterfly wing. He walked around her, surveying her with the calculating eye of a man who studies the lines upon which a horse or a boat is built. In the course of his circuit the pink shell of her ear came between his eye and the westering sun, and he stopped to contemplate its rosy transparency. Then he returned to her face and looked long and intently into her blue eyes. He grunted and laid a hand on her arm midway between the shoulder and elbow. With his other hand he lifted her forearm and doubled it back. Disgust and wonder showed in his face, and he dropped her arm with a contemptuous grant. Then he muttered a few guttural syllables, turned his back upon her, and pressed himself to Dickensen.

Dickensen could not understand his speech, and Emily Travis laughed. Imber turned from one to the



\* Reproduced by the courtesy of the author and publishers from the volume of short stories, "Children of the Frost," Macmillan and Co., 1902.



other, frowning, but both shook their heads. He was about to go away, when she called out:

"Oh, Jimmy! Come here!"

Jimmy came from the other side of the street. He was a big, hulking Indian, clad in approved white-man style, with an Eldorado king's sombrero on his head. He talked with Imber, haltingly, with throaty spasms. Jimmy was a Sitkan, with but a passing knowledge of the interior dialects.

"Him Whitefish man," he said to Emily Travis. "Me savve um talk no very much. Him want to look see chief white man."

"The Governor," suggested Dickensen.

"I t'ink um want Cap'n Alexander," he explained.

"Him say um kill white man, white woman, white boy, plenty kill um white people. Him want to die."

"Insane, I guess," said Dickensen.

"What you call dat?" queried Jimmy.

Dickensen thrust a finger figuratively inside his head and imparted a rotary motion thereto.

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," said Jimmy, returning to Imber, who still demanded the chief man of the white men.

A mounted policeman (unmounted for Klondike service) joined the group and heard Imber's wish repeated. He was a stalwart young fellow, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, legs cleanly built and stretched wide apart, and tall though Imber was he towered above him by half a head. His eyes were cool, and grey, and steady, and he carried himself with the peculiar confidence of power that is bred of blood and tradition. His splendid masculinity was emphasised by his excessive boyishness—he was a mere lad—and his smooth cheek promised a blush as willingly as the cheek of a maid.

Imber was drawn to him at once. The fire leaped into his eyes at sight of a sabre slash that scarred his cheek. He ran a withered hand down the young fellow's leg and caressed the swelling thw. He smote the broad chest with his knuckles, and pressed and prodded the thick musclepads that covered the shoulders like a cuirass. The group had been added to by curious passers-by—husky miners, mountaineers, and frontiersmen, sons of the long-legged and broad-shouldered generations. Imber glanced from one to another, then he spoke aloud in the Whitefish tongue.

"What did he say?" asked Dickensen

"Him say um all the same one man, dat p'liceman."

The policeman stepped into the breach. "I'll take

him up to the captain for examination Tell him to come along with me, Jimmy."

Jimmy gave more throaty spasms, Imber grunted, satisfied.

"Ask him, Jimmy, what he meant when he took hold of my arm."

So spoke Emily Travis, and Jimmy put the question and received the answer.

"Him say you no afraid," said Jimmy.

Emily Travis looked pleased.

"Him say you no skookum, no strong, all the same very soft like little baby. Him break you, in um two hands, to

little pieces. Him t'ink much funny, very strange, how you can be mother of men so big, so strong, like dat p'liceman."

Emily Travis kept her eyes up and unfaltering, but her cheeks were sprayed with scarlet. Little Dickensen blushed and was quite embarrassed. The policeman's face blazed with his boy's blood.

"Come along, you," he said gruffly, setting his shoulder to the crowd.

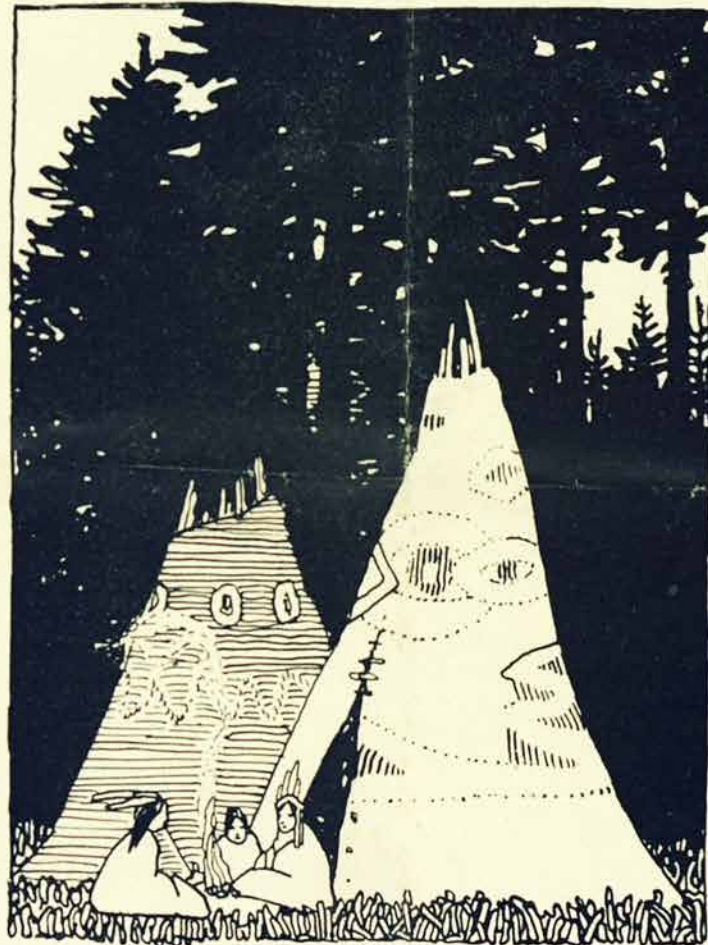
Thus it was that Imber found his way to the Barracks, where he made full confession, and from the precincts of which he never emerged.

\* \* \*

Imber looked very tired. The fatigue of hopelessness and age was in his face. His shoulders drooped depressingly, and his eyes were lacklustre. His mop of hair should have been white, but sun and weatherbeat had burned and bitten it so

that it hung limp and lifeless and colourless. He took no interest in what went on around him. The courtroom was jammed with the men of the creeks and trails, and there was an ominous note in the rumble and grumble of their low-pitched voices, which came to his ears like the growl of the sea from deep caverns.

He sat close by a window, and his apathetic eyes rested now and again on the dreary scene without. The sky was overcast, and a gray drizzle was falling. It was flood-time on the Yukon. The ice was gone, and the river was up in the town. Back and forth on the main street, in canoes and poling-boats, passed the people that never rested. Often he saw these boats turn aside from the street and enter the flooded square that marked the Barrack's parade-ground. Sometimes they disappeared beneath him, and he heard them jar against the house-logs and their occupants scramble in through the window. After that came the slush of





water against men's legs as they waded across the lower room and mounted the stairs. Then they appeared in the doorway, with doffed hats and dripping sea-boots, and added themselves to the waiting crowd.

And while they centred their looks on him, and in grim anticipation enjoyed the penalty he was to pay, Imber looked at them, and mused on their ways, and on their Law that never slept, but went on unceasing, in good times and bad, in flood and famine, through trouble and terror and death, and would go on unceasing, it seemed to him, to the end of time.

A man rapped sharply on a table, and the conversation droned away into silence. Imber looked at the man. He seemed one in authority, yet Imber divined the square-browed man who sat by a desk farther back to be the one chief over them all and over the man who had rapped. Another man by the same table arose and began to read aloud from many fine sheets of paper. At the top of each sheet he cleared his throat, at the bottom moistened his fingers. Imber did not understand his speech, but the others did, and he knew that it made them angry. Sometimes it made them very angry, and once a man cursed him, in single syllables, stinging and tense, till a man at the table rapped him to silence.

For an interminable period the man read. His monotonous, singsong utterance lured Imber to dreaming, and he was dreaming deeply when the man ceased. A voice spoke to him in his own Whitefish tongue, and he roused up, without surprise, to look on the face of his sister's son, who had wandered away years ago to dwell with the whites.

"Thou dost not remember me," he said by way of greeting.

"Nay," Imber answered. "Thou art Howkan who went away. Thy mother be dead."

"She was an old woman," said Howkan.

But Imber did not hear, and Howkan, with hand upon his shoulder, roused him again.

"I shall speak to thee what the man has spoken, which is the tale of the troubles thou hast done and which thou hast told, O fool, to the Captain Alexander. And thou shalt understand and say if it be true talk or talk not true. It is so commanded."

Howkan had fallen among the mission folk and been taught by them to read and write. In his hands he held the many fine sheets from which the man had

read aloud, and which had been taken down by a clerk when Imber first made confession, through the mouth of Jimmy, to Captain Alexander. Howkan began to read. Imber listened for a space, when a wonderment rose up in his face and he broke in abruptly.

"That be my talk, Howkan. Yet from thy lips it comes when thy ears have not heard."

Howkan smirked with self-appreciation. His hair was parted in the middle. "Nay, from the paper it comes, O Imber. Never have my ears heard. From the paper it comes, through my eyes, into my head,

and out of my mouth to thee. Thus it comes."

"Thus it comes? It be there in the paper?" Imber's voice sank in whisperful awe as he crackled the sheets 'twixt thumb and finger and stared at the character scrawled thereon. "It be a great medicine, Howkan, and thou art a worker of wonders."

"It be nothing, it be nothing," the young man responded carelessly and proudly. He read at hazard from the document: "*In that year, before the break of the ice, came an old man, and a boy who was lame of one foot. These also did I kill, and the old man made much noise—*"

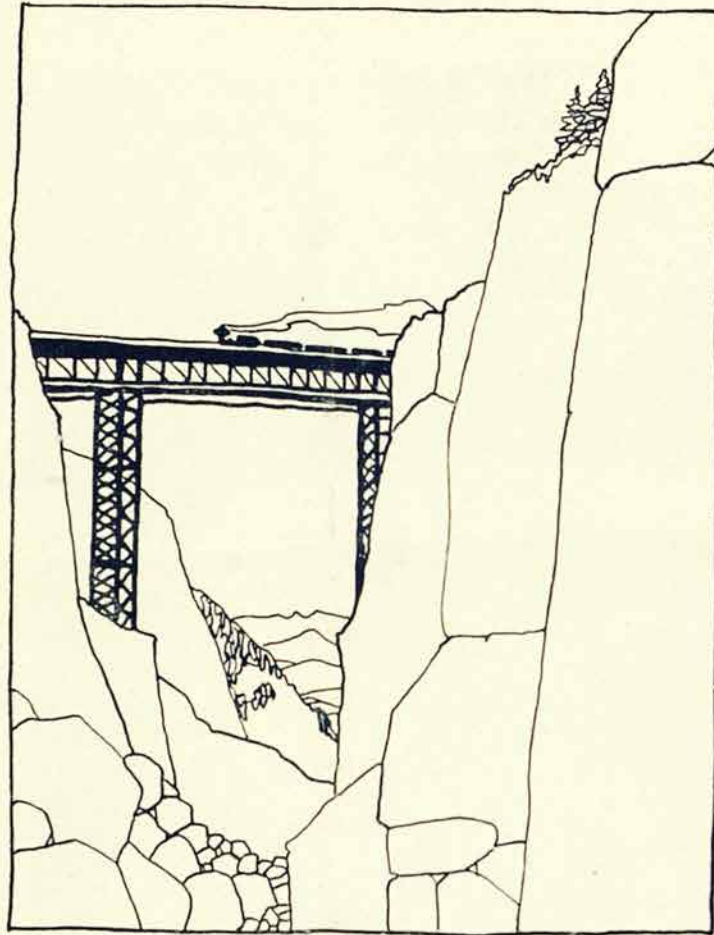
"It be true," Imber interrupted breathlessly. "He made much noise and would not die for a long time. But how dost thou know, Howkan? The chief man of the white men told thee, mayhap? No one beheld me, and him alone have I told."

Howkan shook his head with impatience. "Have I not told thee it be there in the paper, O fool?"

Imber stared hard at the ink-scrawled surface. "As the hunter looks upon the snow and says, 'Here but yesterday there passed a rabbit; and here by the willow scrub it stood and listened, and heard, and was afraid; and here it turned upon its tail, and here it went with great swiftiness, leaping wide; and here, with greater swiftiness and wider leapings, came a lynx; and here, where the claws cut deep into the snow, the lynx made a very great leap; and here it struck, with the rabbit under and rolling, belly up; and here leads off the trail of the lynx alone, and there is no more rabbit'—as the hunter looks upon the markings of the snow and says thus and so and here, dost thou, too, look upon the paper and say thus and so and here be the things old Imber hath done?"

"Even so," said Howkan. "And now do thou listen, and keep thy woman's tongue between thy teeth till thou art called upon for speech."

(To be continued).







**Bachelor Blunderings.**

*New Mother*—"It's been a long time since I last saw you, colonel. We have twins in the family now."

*The Bachelor (who never could say the right thing at the right time)*—"Ah—congratulations, and many happy returns."

*Judge.*

**The Gentle Cynic.**

Patience is a virtue, but there are others.

Fortunate is he who is taken at his own valuation.

If all the world's a stage, where do the critics come in?

You couldn't raise the hopes of some people with a derrick.

Few of us get stoop-shouldered from carrying the burdens of others.

It is safer to say that all men are liars than to try to prove an individual case.

Some fellows seem to hustle so much that they haven't time to do anything.

The best years of a man's life are those that come after his best years have been wasted.

Miss Edith, aged fourteen, walked with great dignity into a large draper's establishment the other day. "Please," she said to the stately shopwalker, "I want a pair of gloves."

"Certainly, miss," replied that gentleman; "you will find the kids' counter on the next floor."

"But I don't want the kids' counter," said Miss Edith, freezingly; "I want the ladies' counter."

**Day's Length at Different Points.**

We hear a good deal said about long and short days, and the following gives some idea of the longest and shortest days at distant points of the globe: At Wanderbus, in Norway, the day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without interruption, and at Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three and a half months. At Tornea in Finland the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half and the shortest two and a half. At St. Petersburg and Tobolsk the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. At Stockholm and Upsala the longest day has eighteen and a half hours. At Hamburg, Dantsic and Stettin the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen and a half hours and the shortest about eight.—Marine Journal.

**Hard Lines.**

Dr. Austin Flint, the alienist, said at the Century Club in New York, apropos of a will contest that had been tried last year:

"The plaintiff lost, and no wonder. His case was as difficult a one as that of the young man who appeared unduly depressed after the death of his rich aunt.

"Why are you so sad?' an acquaintance said to the young man. 'You never appeared to care much for your aunt.'

"I didn't," said the youth, dolefully; 'but I was the means of keeping her in an insane asylum the last five years of her life, and now that she has left me all her money I've got to go to court and prove that she was of sound mind.' — Washington Star.

**Couldn't Fool Casey.**

"Well, anyhow," said Cassidy, "the new mill is fitted up fine. Everything's in its right place."

'Not at all,' replied Casey, "Whin I wint through there th' other day I seen a lot o' red buckets marked 'Fur Fire Only,' and, faix, there was wather in thim!" —Philadelphia Press.

The omnibus is in progress when the following dialogue takes place:—

Passenger: "Stop at No. 334."

Conductor: "All right, sir. Omnibus pulls up in the middle of a dirty road.) Here you are, sir."

"Drive a little closer to the pavement."

"Certainly, sir." To the driver, but in a loud voice: "You must pull up very close the kerb, Bill, as the gentleman cleans his own boots."

**Useless.**

George Bernard Shaw first came to the fore with "Arms and the Man." On the night of its production he appeared before the curtain in response to calls of "Author!" As he did so, a dissatisfied playgoer in the gallery began to "boo." Mr. Shaw looked up and tritely remarked: "Yes, I quite agree with you; but what can you and I do against a houseful?"

**In a Quandary.**

The Landlord of the Rural Rest—Jim, go and fetch me the encyclopedia. There's a party wants consommay, and I'm blowed if I know whether it's a bird or a joint or a table napkin.



**The Best They Could Do.**

O. Henry, the author, vouches for the following:

An effeminate young man daintily placed two cents on a drug store counter and slid it over to him. The young man drew an envelope from his pocket.

"Would you mind licking it for me and placing it on here?" he lisped.

"Sure," said the clerk, as he started to stamp the letter.

"Oh, stay!" cautioned the young man in great alarm. "Not that way, I beg of you. Kindly place the stamp with the top toward the outer edge of the envelope."

"Sure," said the obliging clerk. "But what in thunder's that for?"

"Why, you see," confided the youth blushing, "I'm a student in the Cosmopolitan Correspondence School and that's our college yell."—Everybody's.

**Probably Catching.**

A young matron of Baltimore, upon entering her nursery, found her youngest in tears.

"Why, what's the matter with Harry?" she asked the nurse.

"He's mad, mum," explained Nurse, "because I wouldn't let him go to the Simmonses' across the strate."

"And why wouldn't you let him go, Norah?"

"Because, mum, they're havin' charades, so he said, an' I wasn't sure whether he'd had thim or not." — Harper's Weekly.

"I presume," commented the tourist from the North, "that that — er — ramshackle-looking gentleman over there is called 'the Hon.' because he is or has been a member of the legislature?" "Nope!" replied the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark., "he assumed the title because he used to sell tickets for the Honduras lottery."

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Dividenden (1897-1906): 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 12, 12, 12 %  
Zentrale: BERLIN W., Behrenstr. 9/13  
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**His Large Family.**

A Washington scientist was much amused by a conversation between two young colored men who were discussing the scientific attainments of a fellow negro.

"There's no use in talking, Jim," said one of the negroes, "that man Morgan is certainly cultivated and educated to the limit. I was at a party the other night, and he kept the company entranced for over an hour explaining science to us."

"What did he talk about?" asked the second negro.

"Everything scientific," was the reply, "but principally he told us how we are all descended from Mr. Darwin."

Fenimore Martin.

**Recipe.**

To make a Best Seller:

Take a statuesque blonde who looks like a cloak model and talks like a princess;

A statuesque man, who looks like a floorwalker and talks like a matinee hero;

Add one murder mystery,

Two missing wills,

Four runaway autos,

Mix with two deadly enemies for twenty chapters.

Then take out the deadly enemies and when the mixture comes to a boil

Rapidly stir in four pages of soft talk,

One-half page of tears,

One-half page of silence,

Four pages of hugs,

Five pages of clinging embraces,

And forty-two pages of mad kisses, scattering them quickly over the brow, the ear, the hair, the lips and the cheeks of the heroine.

Close quickly and serve while warm. Life.

**A Different Joshua.**

United States Judge Emory Speer of the Southern District of Georgia recently had before his court a typical Georgia mountaineer on the typical Georgia charge of illicit distilling.

"What's your name?" demanded the jurist.

"Joshua, Judge," drawled the prisoner.

"Joshua, who made the sun stand still?" smiled the Judge, in amusement at the laconic answer.

"No, Sir, Joshua, who made the moon shine," answered the quick-witted mountaineer.

**Instructions Needed.**

Everybody knows one or more of those conscientious egotists who cannot rid themselves of the idea that no one can be trusted to carry out the simplest details of routine work without their personal supervision.

It was one of these men who sailed for England leaving in his brother's care a parrot of which he was very fond. All the way across the Atlantic he worried about the bird, and no sooner had he landed than he rushed over this cablegram to his brother:

"Be sure and feed parrot."

And the brother cabled back:

"Have fed him, but he's hungry again. What shall I do next?"

Woman's Home Companion.

**Miniature Italian Republic.**

The wonders of the little Republic of San Marino are quite overshadowed by another republic, also Italian, which numbers only sixty souls all told, men, women and children. These happy people live on a small island called Tavolara, near Sardinia.

Their history is interesting. When Vittorio Amedeo II was made King of Sardinia, the little island was overlooked, much to the pleasure of the people, who were thus free from police, galling laws, military service and taxes. In 1836, King Carlo Alberto, in cruising about, saw the island, and no one being able to tell him anything about it, he landed. A young and attractive-looking man at once came to meet him, speaking simply, but with courtesy. To various questions, he replied that he was the King of the island, which rather took Carlo Alberto aback, as he certainly did not expect to find a colleague there. He was, however, much amused, and on returning to the mainland confirmed by royal decree the King in his possession, and thus began the dynasty of the Bartolloni, with Paolo I.

When Paolo died, no aspirants to the throne appearing, the population remained for four years without any government at all, until a sudden resolution was taken, and they proclaimed the republic. The President remains in office for six years, the position being absolutely without compensation, as are all the other public offices.

**Latest Auto Song.**

My bonnie lies under the auto;  
My bonnie swears under the car;  
We've sent to the city for some one  
And asked them to come where we are.  
We're lonesome, lonesome,  
Lonesome out here where we are.

My bonnie lies under the auto,  
My bonnie swears under the car;  
He can't get the engine to working  
And so we must stay where we are.  
We're lonesome, lonesome,  
Lonesome out here where we are.

He's sent to the garage for some one  
To tow us to town before dark;  
He can't get the spark plug to sparking,  
It simply refuses to spark.  
The spark plug, the spark plug,  
It simply refuses to spark.

Detroit Free Press.

**Prisoner's Friend.**

In the fifteenth century one of the prisoners in the Tower of London was Sir Henry Watt, who, half fed and badly clothed, made friends with a cat, which he placed in his bosom for warmth, and, "by making much of, won her love." The cat visited him regularly, and often brought, as a welcome present, a freshly caught pigeon. Sir Henry had a difficulty about cooking these birds, but he prevailed upon the astonished keeper to undertake the preparing of them; and, it is recorded, Sir Henry never felt the want of food again during his imprisonment, as pussy kept up the supply!



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