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# "FOWLED!"



## LU - LU RUNS AMUCK!

### THOUSANDS

Of Passengers Scared  
Almost to Death.

### BEYOND A DOUBT

It Was a Narrow Escape  
for All.

### THE MEN HAD "JAGS" ON, WHILE THE

WOMEN WORE LIFE PRESERVERS--  
CAPTAIN GLATFELTER STOOD  
GALLANTLY BY THE

Wheel While he Almost Lost His Whiskers--Mutiny Caused Great Excitement--The Storm Ceased and With the Assistance of a Hauser They Were Dragged Through the Mud to Terra Firma--No Lives Lost.

Shocking!

Horrible to contemplate.

Thousands threatened with watery graves.

The raging canal gives up its dead (beats).

And screams and the lashing of the angry billows Lu-Lu is floundered.

She goes down and up for the last time.

The cries are heard by the natives on either shore.

The light house appears in the dim distance.

The torpedo signal is given and the schooners are turned up-side-down.

The look-out on the mizzen mast sights through a foamy goblet and discovers assistance in the distance.

The beacon light from the brewery fades away as the hillocks on the tow-path groan with their not dead, but sleepeth.

Pandemonium reigns supreme.

A ray of hope is seen beckoning to the half famished to be of good cheer.

The captain is threatened by the angry crew to be cast into the wet water.

A new real pilot is called to the wheel and peace and tranquility is partially restored.

A beer bottle was found floating containing a piece of paper with the following facts regarding the disastrous disasterousness:

It is Saturday night.

A storm is raging fast and the white caps kiss the starboard and the boarders.

Lu-Lu in charge of Captains Glatfelter and Edie plows the billows deep down as far as New Castle, "on time," to bring back to Lockport fifty or more happy excursionists who wish to return in time to attend the ball given in the city of Goshen near Beidler, O.

As the happy gathering left Lockport lock laden with choice eatables the storm was severe and the wind whistled through Lu-Lu's, the proud prowesses "viskers" until her mast head bent over and she took an eye-opener. In mid-sea on the basin Lu-Lu encountered a bar and floundered. Her stern stood out in bold defiance of the lashing torrents of water while her mates whistled "Anny Rooney."

Floundered as she was, a raft was constructed by the life-saving crew at Lock umsteen who faced the foaming fluid (one glass at a time) and fought their way to the swamped Zu-Lu. The excursionists waded ashore with their life preservers on and were saved. No

lives lost. Friend Lu-Zu rose amid cheers of the safe-landed three and twenty leagues, four degrees to the north, latitude six longitude forty-six, and the hour was 12 by the log book when she landed at the dance pavilion.

Captain Glatfelter of the Lloyd line of the Steamer Navigation Co., and Engineer Edie are to be congratulated on their narrow escape and heroism. It was a sad scene and the life-preservers have been pickled for further use.

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