

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF THIS SPRANG AT YOU?

Would You Kick a Lion In the Ribs As a New York Fireman Did, or Would You Run, As Did Hundreds of the Less Brave? Look at Him Leaping Out of the Page at You and Then Answer.



wings. And then Alice, lion No. 1, made her appearance. She poked her head over the footlights into the left hand box and there followed a wild scramble. The audience rose as one, while the plucky quartet and the orchestra kept on making music.

Not a single New Yorker stopped for his hat or coat. Everybody took the advice of the singing four and "Followed the Crowd." Alice roared in sympathy with the music, leaped through the box and out into the aisle of the auditorium.

"Sit tight," yelled the comedy four. "They'll get her. No danger." The New Yorkers were half way convinced and were hesitating between running or standing their ground. And then five more lions came roaring to the footlights and jumped over into the audience. That was enough. Except for the lions the theater was as empty as a sucked egg.

Of the whole group, Alice had the most fun. She jumped into a box where a mother and her daughter were sitting. These women probably had never thought out a course of action in case of a lion attack. What they did was to climb on the rail of their box and scream out at the top of their voices. Then some gallant and strong men sitting in the balcony above them stretched out their hands and drew the two women to the balcony and to safety.

There was at least one man in the audience who seemed to know what to do to a lion. He was a brave fireman by the name of Daniel Shea. Without a weapon of any kind in his hand he jumped to the stage and tried to tell the audience there was no danger. One lion went roaring up to him and Mr. Shea, instead of entering upon an accelerated retreat, kicked the lion in the ribs and the lion at this indignity to his majesty, turned away from Mr. Shea and jumped into the audience.

But let us follow Alice for a time. After she had frightened the women out of the box, she calmly shoved open the doors of the theater with her nose and sauntered into Eighty-sixth street. She cleared that street and the cross streets and alleys as effectually as if bombs had been falling out of the sky.

She didn't mind the cars so much. What aroused her resentment was the sputtering automobiles. And one espe-

cially, the occupants of which tried to throw a blanket over her and thus cut short her exploration of New York city, she chased until the gleaming lights of a cafe attracted her willing attention.

A frightened crowd of men had taken refuge in the cafe as they saw Alice loping along. She did her best to nose her way into the place while the occupants hid behind the bar, under the lunch counter and beneath the tables of the back room. She was not at all angered, and it is very likely she was seeking companionship rather than trouble. At any rate, being unable to make the occupants of the cafe realize this, she turned away in disgust and loped farther up the avenue until the open door of an apartment invited her to domestic explorations.

She went in and climbed the stairs to a photograph studio. The photographer happened to be taking a specially posed picture of a mother and her child.

"Look at the little birdie," the photographer was coaxing the child. There was a noise in the doorway and mother and photographer turned to look. They gave one scream in concert as they beheld Alice licking her chops, and all together made a dive for the front room over the camera and everything else in their way. They got to the front room and the photographer stuck his head out of the window.

"Hey!" he bawled out at the top of his voice. "Hey! There's a lion in my studio. Come up and save me!"

The policeman, standing underneath the window, looked up annoyed.

"Aw, shut up," he growled. "You're drunk!"

"Hey, for God's sake," persisted the photographer. "Call the reserves. Believe me, there's a big lion in my studio!"

"If you don't shut up and close that window, I'll come up and pinch you," shouted the policeman and as the photographer gave no indication of either shutting up or closing the window, the officer made good his word. At least he went as far as the stairs, but he didn't do any pinching. Alice was the one thing which prevented it, and before her majestic presence the policeman went down stairs faster than he came up.

He got to the outside just in time to find reinforcements in a squad of almost a dozen policemen who had been on the trail of Alice all this time. Their numbers and their noise were great enough to send gentle Alice scotching up to the top floor and back to the far end of the hallway. The policemen felt the only thing left to do was to shoot, and shoot at poor Alice they did for several minutes. But Alice did not exchange her new found freedom for the happy hunting ground of royal beasts until the policemen had shot and perhaps mortally wounded one of their number.

There was only one man who really behaved toward Alice as you may think you might have behaved. He was standing in front of the cafe as she came up. He stroked her on the head and spoke endearing phrases to her while the scores of people who were feeling in all directions looked back over their shoulders in horror. But unfortunately for all those

who admire such bravery, the man was considerably intoxicated and it was not until the next day that he knew he had been stroking the head of a lioness.

The next day the photographer had collected his wits. His name is Abraham Glaser, and he told how it feels to meet a lion face to face. Said Mr. Glaser:

"When the lion chased a man and woman into my studio and made me spoil a photograph, I said: 'What bum joke is this?'"

"He knocked on the door with his whole body and almost smashed it."

"The door was half open, but all I could see at first was teeth. He roared at me and I yelled at him: 'Scat!'"

"When he ran up stairs to mother's room I chased him up. So I wouldn't get scared I tried to think of something pleasant, and all I could think of was that we'd had sauerkraut for supper."

"I felt silly then and couldn't help giggling."

"Then it struck me I might not eat any supper, but might BE the supper instead. I felt sick."

"I was so excited when the cops were shooting the lion right in front of my door I never thought of snapping a picture. It would have been worth a lot of money."

"I had more excitement in an hour than in my whole life before, and I love excitement."

But poor Madame Marie Andree, who owned the lions!

"Ze best one, too, Alice was," she wept. "If they had killed only a mean one! Zere was no reason to kill Alice. She was scared only and stayed in a corner. But zey kill her because zey, too, are scared."

She and her husband, Joseph Riccardo, who has a mustache which turns up at the ends in an almost unbelievable way, were arrested after the lions had escaped. There was no reason for either of them to worry, because the magistrate, after carefully looking over all his law books, came to the conclusion that there was no charge on which to hold the lion trainers.

The madame was inconsolable over the loss of her Alice. In the fire at Coney Island not so long ago she lost all her pets, but that did not grieve her near so much as the death of Alice. The madame is not what you might think a lion tamer should be. She is neither large nor commanding, nor has she that strange hypnotic look in the eye.

She is instead a small, short, slight person, twenty-seven years old. She did not inherit her calling nor stumble into it. She married it. Until she was eighteen she lived in France and then came to New York to be a maid. She was a maid until she met Joseph Riccardo and his mustache and immediately she married him and became a lion tamer.

Besides her lions, she has something else to love. That is little Marguerite, her daughter, who is only eighteen months old and this little lady goes on the tours with her mother and all the lions. There is another baby, Josephine, who is four years old and stays in France.

"Ah, why is ze people scared of a lion only?" asked madame somewhat dramatically of the motley crowd in the court room. The motley crowd appeared vastly interested, and perhaps like yourself, has found no answer for it.

How Aircraft and Artillery Communicate

THAT the close co-operation between aircraft and artillery is one of the most remarkable developments of modern warfare must be admitted by everyone who has followed the progress of the great European conflict. Day after day we read of how flying machines, scouting for the enemy's positions, have enabled the artillery to locate batteries and regiments, with the result that the latter have been decimated or forced to retreat by the big opposing guns.

To the layman it may seem a difficult matter for an aviator at a height of perhaps 2,000 or 4,000 feet to communicate at once to the artillery any discoveries he may have made. The method employed, however, is really simple when properly understood.

As soon as the artillery commander to whose batteries the flying machine is attached has secured his position, he explains to the pilot and observer—presuming the machine is a two-seater—the direction of the enemy and what he

wishes to be discovered. The aeroplane at once rises to the necessary height and flies out over the battery to find out the exact position of the enemy's guns. Meanwhile, two large strips of white cloth are laid on the ground to indicate the supposed direction of the enemy.

There are three kinds of observation to be carried out by the aeroplane before the battery can bring its fire to bear on the exact point desired. These are, direction or line-of-fire, ranging or distance, and calculation as to the point at which shells should be timed to burst. To determine the direction of fire the pilot steers his machine in the form of an elongated ellipse, closely watching the burst of his battery's shells on each outward journey, and signaling the result by means of colored lights or by dropping messages on each return over the battery.

The course of his flight will always be on that side of the battery which is farthest from the sun, in order that his signals will be easily seen. The direction having been satisfactorily reached by these methods, the observer receives a signal from the battery, communicated by strips of white cloth laid in certain

combinations on the ground, to observe for range.

He now steers his machine in the form of a figure eight, always turning toward the target, signaling the result in the manner already described.

The timing of the fuse is then observed from the same position, and when this information is obtained and communicated to his battery the observer will fly to a position vertically over the target and watch the general results of the fire, reporting his observations from time to time by flying over the battery and dropping messages.

The code of signals from aeroplane to battery is formed of red, white and green lights in various combinations. As an instance, one white light, signifies "I am over the target," and one red and one green indicate that the range, direction, or timing of the fuse, according to whichever is being observed, is correct. The code of signaling from battery to aircraft is equally interesting; the white strips of cloth already mentioned are roughly arranged in the shape of letters, with their heads to the direction of the enemy's lines, each of which conveys a different meaning.

Historical Gems.

THE largest known diamond is the Rajah, which once belonged to the Sultan of Matan, in the island of Borneo. It is an egg-shaped stone, weighing 267 carats. At one time the Governor of Borneo offered for it \$500,000, two war vessels fully equipped, a number of cannon, and a quantity of powder and shot; but this offer was refused, the Rajah believing that the fortunes of his family were connected with this gem.

The most famous diamond, the Koh-i-noor, now in the possession of King George V., was once the pride of the Great Mogul. When in the rough it weighed 900 carats, but now, after various cuttings, it weighs but 123 carats. The Orloff diamond, once the eye of an Indian idol, and now the property of the Emperor of Russia is an egg-shaped stone of great beauty, weighing 102 1/2 carats.

A historical diamond is the Regent, or Pitt diamond. In weight it is 136 1/2 carats, and in clearness it is unrivaled; its form is nearly perfect, its five diameters and depth being almost equal. It was found in Golconda, taken to England by Mr. Pitt, grandfather of the famous Earl of Chatham, and sold by him to the Duc d'Orleans for \$650,000. It afterwards decorated the royal crown of France. Napoleon used it to ornament the hilt of his sword, but it was taken by the Prussians at the field of Waterloo and now belongs to the German emperor.