

SLEPT IN A DEN OF LIONS

Six year old Lucy Amelia Wanted to Play with the "pretty big pussies"

LUCY AMELIA MINGUER, aged 6 years, is the heroine of Providence, R. I., since she slept in a den of lions with Ringling Bros., circus and escaped unharmed except for two tiny scratches received while playing with the twin baby lions.

Cuddled close to Lena, a majestic African lioness, while Leo, her mate, lay purring nearby, and the two cubs slept close to her, the baby girl was found at 5 o'clock in the morning, slumbering peacefully as if in her own crib at home, and when the frightened keepers, after fifteen minutes of anxious maneuvering, picked up the child and carried her safely out of the lions' cage, she waked up and wept, because they had taken her away from the "pretty big pussies," and Lena made the cage rock and started a wild clamor in the animal tent by her roars of rage at being robbed of the human cub she had adopted.

Lucy Amelia and her mother, Mrs. Harry T. Mingue, visited the circus in the evening, and as they went around the menagerie tent the child stood as if entranced before the cage containing the lion, the lioness, and the two cubs, then only 7 weeks old, and the prizes of the big menagerie. The Mingues home was nearly a mile from the grounds on which the circus tents were pitched and they traveled there in a street car. Lucy Amelia is a pretty, fair haired, brown eyed girl, as dainty and pretty as any little girl in Providence, and that evening, for the great occasion of her life, to see the wild

Frightened and anxious she hurried back to the starting point and could find no trace of her baby. She hunted with feverish anxiety through the neighborhood for half an hour, asking every one she met if they had seen a little girl with a white dress and a pink ribbon in her hair, but none had seen such a little girl.

While she was making her frantic appeals for assistance the storm that had been gathering broke with full fury. Mrs. Mingue, unable to find any trace of the child, was convinced by men who came to her assistance that Lucy Amelia had been found by some one who knew her, or had told some one her name and been taken home, so she boarded another car and hurried to her home.

Searching for Missing Child.

The child had not arrived. The father, apprised of the facts, summoned a neighbor and a physician to care for his wife, who was in hysterics, notified the police, and started



animals of which she had read in her story books and the pictures of which she had seen many times, she wore her new white dress, and her pretty new hat that grandmother had given her, and a pink ribbon in her curly golden locks.

Wanted to See Big Kitties Again.

The evening performance of the circus closed about 10:15 o'clock, and Lucy Amelia, tired out from watching the beautiful ladies in their pink and white skirts whirling around the rings on the pretty white horses, and the ladies in red union suits swinging airily on the swings far up in the top of the tent, pleaded with her mother to take her to see the "big kitties" again, not knowing that the menagerie tent was closed to the public. Mrs. Mingue, anxious to reach home before the storm which was gathering broke, hurried her child away to the street car.

The adventure began fast then, for in the rush and crush to reach the street car, Mrs. Mingue released the hand of her baby girl for a minute, and when she eluded on to the car, the child was nowhere to be found. The excited mother was carried six blocks before she finally succeeded in attracting the attention of the conductor and stopping the car.

out into the storm to find some trace of the missing child. He reached the circus grounds and found everything dark, and the storm beating furiously upon the huge canvas city. The grounds were flooded, the ray flags were dripping their colors over the big, soaked tents, and three canvas bands were washed ankle deep in mud over the grounds. No one had seen a baby girl.

The father, aided by friends and volunteers, hurried from home to house through the neighborhood, making inquiries in vain. All night the excitement grew, and the number of searchers increased.

Just at daybreak the word passed that the child had been found. There was a rush towards the circus grounds, and before the father could reach the tent an animal trainer, armed with an iron spike and a heavy revolver, had entered the cage, picked up the child, and escaped.

"Baby kitties scratched me," said Lucy Amelia after she

had cried a little at being taken away from her friends. "My mamma Kitty she licked my face all over, and I was so afraid and scared, and it was so dark, that I crawled up close to her to keep warm. And she purr-ed in my face and licked me, and then I fell asleep."

"And I wanted to go back and play with the big little pussies," she wailed as her father hugged her close in his arms.

How She Got Into the Cage.

From Lucy Amelia's own story of her adventure it seems that the child, separated from her mother, had determined to go back to the menagerie tent and get another glimpse of the "big kitties." She made her way through the jostling throng, and just as the rain commenced to pour and the wind to slash the great tents she entered the animal tent. In the excitement while men were rushing in all directions to tighten ropes and make everything tight so the wind and rain might not damage the tents—she was unnoticed, so she went across the tent to the cage of the lions.

Ordinarily it would have been impossible for her to even approach the cage close enough to be in danger, especially since the birth of the lion cubs, but when the storm struck the circus George Mahoney, the lion-trainer, was in the cage, or in the section partitioned off, bedding down the animals for the night. The trainer had, after the birth of the cubs, cut a small door in the lower part of the partition, through which he could drag the cubs to attend to their wants, and the cubs were thus left free to crawl from one to the other divisions of the big barred cage through this door.

When the storm struck the circus Mahoney left the cage and ran to aid in making everything in the animal tent safe and snug. He says he almost shut the big door leading into the trainer's compartment of the lions' cage, but evidently it came open again, for ten minutes later one of the canvas hands found the door ajar and closed it, fearing one of the cubs might crawl through the small door into the other end of the cage and escape, causing fright among the horses.

Tells of Her Adventures.

Some time between the moment that Mahoney left the cage and the time when the "troupe" closed the door Lucy Amelia made her grand entrance.

After her mother had sobbed and sobbed, and kissed her, and laughed, and sobbed again, and Lucy Amelia had on some nice warm clothes, she sat on the edge of her mother's seat and told the story.

"It rained dr-d-r-o," she said, "an' I gotted lost from mamma, so I went back to see the big kitties again."

"An' the door was open, so I climbed right in an' I called 'Kitty, Kitty,' but the kitties wouldn't come, so I crawled through a teeny weeny little door. Papa lion he roared an' scared Lucy, an' mamma lion she gotted up an' kissed Lucy. So I jes' sat down in the straw an' played with the little kitties, but they scratched me."

"Then I was cold, an' it was dark, so I jes' crawled close to big mamma lion an' went to sleep."

The circus people wanted Lucy Amelia to come to the circus the following day as their guest, to see if the little would know their little guest on seeing her again, but Lucy Amelia's mamma just hugged her as tight as she could an' would not let her go.

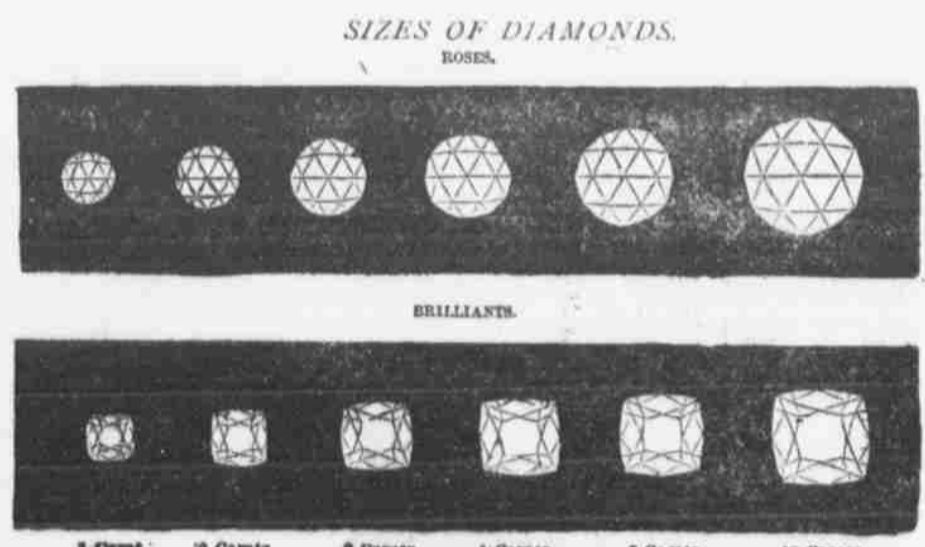
FROM NEAR AND FAR



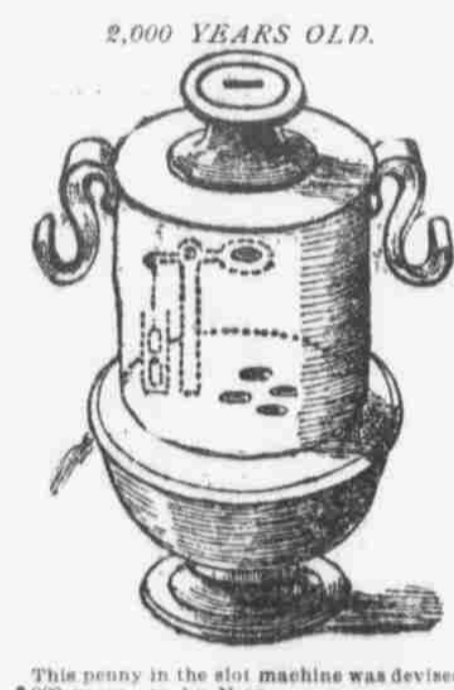
KINGS EMBRACING.



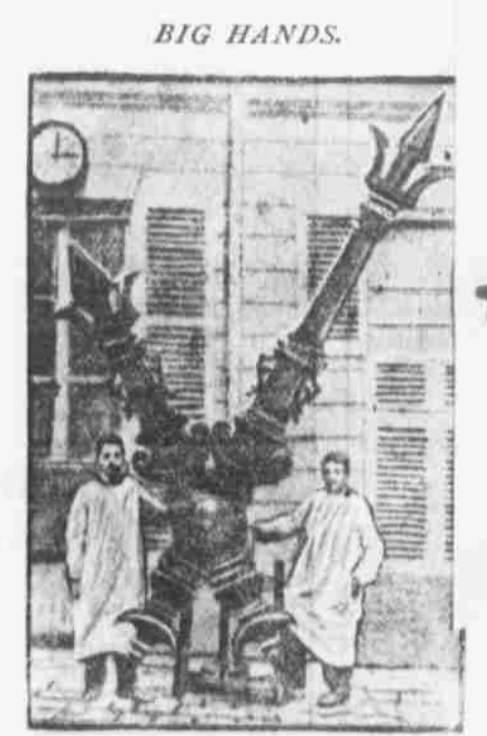
IN ATHENS.



SIZES OF DIAMONDS.



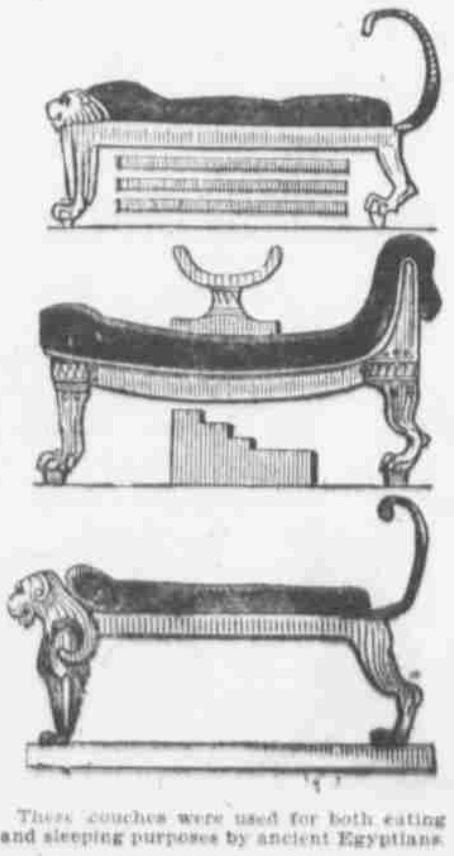
2,000 YEARS OLD.



BIG HANDS.



TRIP HAMMER ROCK.



EGYPTIAN COUCHES.



FLOGGING HORSE.



FIGHTING FAUNS.



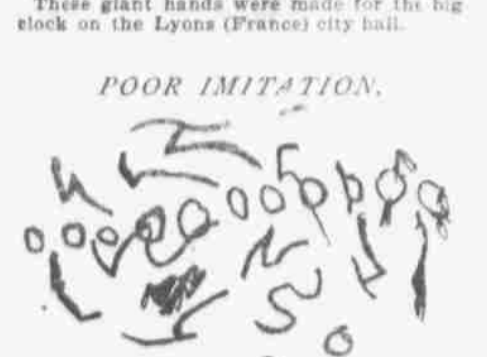
DUTCH GALA SLEIGH.



FRENCH THEATER IN THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIII.



IN PACIFIC'S DEPTHS.



POOR IMITATION.



HOW THEY CARRY FREIGHT IN CHINA.

A curious formation which stands perched near the top of a mountain in the Wahatch range, near the town of Corinne, Utah, due to some mighty convulsion of nature, it has stood thus for ages, yet it looks as if a heavy wind would blow it down at any moment. To take this photo necessitated a half day's climb up the mountain. This probably is the only pt. in ever taken of the rock.

These couches were used for both eating and sleeping purposes by ancient Egyptians.

The flogging horse is one of the ancient grammar school customs of England. Garrick, Addison, and Johnson were flogged on this.

The stage in France was as stiff and conventional then as it was in England. The buildings, players, and audience are all straight lines and right angles.

Where there are no railroads in China freight is transported by porters with these queer barrows.