

Crown Jewels Hid in Obscure French Bank

Until War Ends Humble Citizens Will Guard Priceless Treasures Worn by Kings and Queens.

BY STERLING HEILIG.

PARIS, May 22.—A man carried the crown jewels of France in a shabby valise through the streets of Paris.

Not a vehicle to be had. All taxis and auto-buses were rushing soldiers to the battle of the Marne. The enemy was thundering down on the capital.

The shabby valise stopped at a modest flat. The director of National Museums handed it to the Under-Secretary of State for the Beaux-Arts and took a receipt. Three days the shabby valise stayed in the modest flat—until the Beaux-Arts man could get a train for X—(The railroads were packed with arriving troops and fleeing Parisians.) At X—the Beaux-Arts man took a receipt from an obscure French bank. Its fireproof safe shelters the crown jewels. Since Francis I what adventures have they not risked?

The Regent's diamond! The value of the world's great stones does not depend on their size alone, but on their history, and the world's great personalities who wore them, loved them, lost them, or committed crimes to win them. This perfect diamond of 137 carats (the Koh-i-noor weighs 106 carats) came to Europe in the pocket of Pitt, the English statesman. He had bought it in Golconda, from one Jamelchund, a Hindoo merchant—as Pitt published in a pamphlet aimed to mitigate Pope's lines against him in "The Man of Ross":

"Asleep and naked as the Indian lay,
An honest factor stole the gem away."
He sold it dirt-cheap to the dissolute French Regent for 135,000 pounds. Today it is worth anything up to \$6,000,000.

It became chief of the French Crown Jewels—which were to get Louis XVI into his first troubles. It was worn by Louis XV, Marie Leszcinska, Mme. de Pompadour, and Marie Antoinette. They always put it back, honestly. Then, one day, Louis XVI took a paltry \$75,000 worth of small diamonds and rubies from the Crown Jewels, to make up a little private jewel for Marie Antoinette, and, later, \$200,000 worth more, to pay a certain debt of hers. The National Assembly called it stealing, and ordered all the Crown Jewels to be deposited in the National strong room, where they were famously stolen in a lump, by the Mistle band.

How the King laughed. In the greatest police inquiry of the time most of the stones were recovered. Only the Regent eluded search. Finally it was found in the hands of a wine-shop keeper, who had bought it of an unknown, for \$20. Later, Napoleon wore it in the pennon of a sword.

Some would almost rather have the

Mazarin or Peachblow diamond, though valued at only \$500,000 as a stone. The romantic Cardinal-Minister (who secretly married the widowed queen, the equally romantic Anne of Austria) went over the Peachblow, among his treasures. "Must I leave you?" The wonderful stone was found on the body of the Duke of Burgundy, as he lay dead in the Swiss valley after the battle of Granson, by the same Swiss soldier who sold the Florentine Brilliant—now belonging to the Emperor of Austria—to a priest for one florin. It was bought by the King of Portugal. A hundred years later a French baron secured it for his king, the romantic Henri IV. Sent by the hand of a faithful servant, the latter was attacked, swallowed the stone and "after his death, it was found in his body."

Later, it came into the hands of Charles I of England, passed to his son before he was beheaded, and was that "sole jewel remaining" which the wandering Prince Charlie, in Dumas' "Twenty Years After" sold to Mazarin for \$25,000. Mazarin left it to the French Crown; and here it is.

An immense ruby has an even grander history. It glows blood-red, like a fire, shaped like a chimera or a great effluvia against a white velvet background, ordinarily, above the center of Napoleon's sword.

It is one of the largest rubies in the world. As a stone, merely for cutting, it would fetch between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000. But it came to Europe with the Moors of Grenada. Peter the Cruel murdered one of his princes to snatch it from his bosom—as is told in Dumas' "Bataille de Mauleon." By way of the reigning House of Poix, it came to France of Brittany. And Francis I made it the foundation stone of the French crown jewels, when he started the collection in 1530.

The collection is regularly shown in the Gallery of Apollo of the Louvre. At night, the inside of the case is lit down, by heavy winch work, into a



Crown Jewels of France.
(Above left to right)
Crown of Napoleon, Monument of Teschen, Crown of Louis XV.
(Below) Mme. Thiers' Necklace with Reliquary Brooch, Regent Diamond, Danish Order, Great Ruby, Dey's Watch, Mazarin Diamond, Sword Hilt of Napoleon.

fire and burglar-proof steel case beneath the flooring. One morning, with the crown of Charlemagne at Aix—where the great old corpse sits with it on his head, in his tomb, scene of the conspiracy in "Hernani." All the stones are genuine antiques, worth anything.

Below them, regularly, are exhibited a jeweled watch given by the Bey of Tunis to Louis XIV, a jeweled Order of the Elephant of Denmark (kept for no one knows what reason), a Reliquary Brooch worth \$200,000, and around it, the modern pearl necklace bequeathed by Mme. Thiers, and valued at \$250,000. Then, a pile of colored lights, a blinding mass of prismatic colors, like a heap of electricity, fountain of dancing rays—the sword-hilt of Napoleon! It sums up the crown jewels, which he sacked to make his perfect collection of diamonds, valued 50 years ago at \$2,000,000, but impossible to replace today for double.

Every stone is a perfect water. Napoleon broke up famous historic jewelry to get them—for his sword-hilt!

The rest of the Crown Jewels were sold at public auction in 1856, when they fetched the ridiculously low price

of \$1,500,000. Today the Sancy diamond alone would bring that! They were not numerous, Louis XVIII, fleeing, lost some on the road to Ghent. Charles X, fleeing, mislaid some on the road to Rambouillet. The Republic of 1848, transferring them to the Finances, lost a lot more. And, after the fall of Napoleon III, a batch was mislaid on the road to Brest Arsenal.

Nones will be mislaid, this time—for three men, only, have their charge. A country bank has the shabby valise in its safe. And only two men know in what French town it is!

For the other treasures of the Louvre, the task was more complicated. Great moving vans were driven into interior courts of the Palace. Seven hundred and twenty paintings and sculptures, of all schools, lands and periods, the cream, inestimable chefs d'oeuvre of the great collection, were moved to "sure destinations" without anybody noticing.

The Venus of Milo, alone, weighs 6600 pounds. In 1870, she did not quit

the Louvre, but was buried deep in a cellar, with, on top of her a "false cache," to deceive—boxes of police papers and court registers, which, had they been found, would seem the sufficient explanation, and no one would seek further.

The Joconde (Mona Lisa), the Rembrandts, Holbeins, Watteaus, Bouchers, Rubens; the great modern paintings and sculptures of the Luxembourg; the decorative art objects, glory of the Cluny; the cream of municipal collections, Petit Palais, Carnavalet, and Galliera; the priceless relics of Versailles; and the historic tapestries of the Presidential Palace and the Ministries at Paris—14 van loads of such were calculated to be worth \$1,000,000,000! The "Angelus" of Millet was a detail among them. So the "Million-

dollar Velasquez." And King Louis XV's "boudoir furniture," for which Pierpont Morgan left a standing offer of \$2,000,000!

From the Palace of Fontainebleau, all the precious objects, historic tables, cabinets, sofas, beds, rugs, carpets, consoles; and \$2 very precious clocks were sent by van to somewhere in Anjou or the Vendee. Many precious objects of Versailles were walled up in unsuspecting parts of the great palace arranged for the purpose by the original architects of the old Kings!

At Compiègne, the celebrated tapestries were moved secretly, by night. The Germans arriving, General von Marwitz asked: "Where are the tapestries?" The keeper of the Palace, Gabriel Mourey, answered courteously, "My General, all my regrets! The tapestries are being repaired."



Hitch Your Wagon to a Star

A LITTLE boy was one day passing a country school, when he heard the children within sing a song, every verse of which ended "Paddle your own canoe."

"That's a fine motto," he said half aloud, "I will use it. I will 'paddle my own canoe.' And all through his life, although he had setbacks and misfortunes, he pushed ahead, up stream, against tide and wind, until he launched his little canoe of life into clear waters.

Have you a motto to guide you?

On the 25th of May we commemorate the birthday of one of our great American writers—Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was born in 1803.

Among the many wise things he said in his writings was this: "Hitch your wagon to a star."

Why not make this your motto? Your wagon is your life. It should be filled with such ideas that a star in heaven would not be too lofty a place to which to hitch it.

Emerson himself had such ideals and his life was a motto in itself.

Here are just a few words of hope and courage and inspiration of his that should be learned by heart:

"The first wealth is health."

"There are 20 ways of going to a



"I Will Paddle My Own Canoe."

STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

The Feast of Cherries

ONE Spring time over 300 years ago a strange disease came upon the cherry trees in the west central part of Germany, and the greater number of them died.

Now old and young loved cherries, and this trouble caused sadness among the people in German-Saxony. A certain rich merchant of Naumburg, whose name was Wolff, owned a large orchard and he, through his skill, managed to keep his trees from the disease.

This same Spring time, in May, the City of Naumburg was besieged. A war broke out and the enemy declared that when they took the city it would fare badly with every man, woman and child.

The people of Naumburg fought their enemy bravely, and were pretty sure of a victory when a famine began to frighten them and soon they saw that they must either die of hunger or surrender the city. The poor folk within the city limits were suffering from hunger, and the enemy without was dying for thirst, for that May was an unusually hot one and the sun had dried up every spring and brook.

One early morning the merchant Wolff, while walking through his orchard and admiring the richly laden cherry branches, had this happy thought, "I will save my beloved city by means of my cherry trees, and the children of Naumburg shall help me."

He called together 300 little boys and girls, robbed them in white, gave each a branch of the cherry tree laden with fruit, and then bade them march around the city's limit.

It was a strange sight, this parade of white-robed children, and when the leader of the enemy saw them approach waving their branches, he thought it a joke, and then laughed uproariously. Then he remembered his vow to put them to death, but when he came close and saw their pale thin faces, he

thought of his own children at home, and he hesitated.

"Eat of our fruit," the children cried. "Taste our cherries, they are juicy."

The thirsty soldiers needed no second bidding, and the cool juicy fruit relieved their parched throats. A cheer of thanksgiving went up, and Herr Wolff from a distance saw that his plan had worked. Not only did the general allow the children to go unhurt, but he sent wagon loads of food to their hungry parents and openly acknowledged "Your children won the day."

The next year on the anniversary of that day in May the people of Naumburg celebrated "The Feast of Cherries" and the children were again robed in white and marched through the streets waving branches of the beloved cherry tree.

From that day to this "The Feast of Cherries" is celebrated in Naumburg in the latter part of May. It is then that the children are taken to the park and are allowed the freedom of the streets waving branches. They may also eat all the cherries they care to, and have, in a general way, a royal good time.

A great nation can feel its oats just like a frisky colt can.

Ants and Their Own Cows

IT MAY surprise you to learn that ants keep cows; and, moreover, that they milk them. Of course, if you saw one of them you wouldn't know it to be a cow, for it doesn't look the least bit like a "bossey." It is an insect, called aphid, and looks something like a mosquito. More than one of them are referred to as aphides.

Milking time in an ant hill is a very interesting occasion. Here is an ant, thirsty for milk, and there is a "cow," let us suppose, and see what happens.

The ant has two little feelers which stand straight up on the front of his head. They are called antennae and are as useful to him as your arms are to you.

Well, the ant strokes the cow with these little antennae, carefully and patiently. In a little while the cow exudes a tiny drop of moisture—or milk—which the ant drinks with great gusto. A remarkable fact about it all is that the aphid, or cow, doesn't in the least mind being milked. In fact, she rather likes it and stands very still, never kicking as so many real cows do.

At certain periods the aphides lay white "eggs," and the ants protect these eggs most carefully, keeping them in the dark places of their ant hill, for light destroys them.

The ants are wonderful little creatures. Beneath their hills are many, many rooms much larger in proportion to their size than our average rooms are in comparison to man's stature. In some of these rooms they store their eggs and in others they put away seeds and other food for winter use. They also take good care to see that no harm comes to the eggs from which their cows will be hatched.

When night comes, the ant ants enter through the opening in the hill stop it up with earth. And to make sure of safety, they place several of their number on guard as sentries to give warning if an enemy approaches. If such a thing happens, out dart the soldiers, the little fellows with their big powerful jaws, and bravely attack the intruder.

If you doubt an ant's strength, just think of the size of the things you have often seen him carrying along the ground to his hill. Perhaps it is a crust, or a big bug; but often it is many times his own size and weight.



It Was a Strange Sight, This Parade of White-Robed Children.

Cherries" and the children were again robed in white and marched through the streets waving branches of the beloved cherry tree.

From that day to this "The Feast of Cherries" is celebrated in Naumburg in the latter part of May. It is then that the children are taken to the park and are allowed the freedom of the streets waving branches. They may also eat all the cherries they care to, and have, in a general way, a royal good time.

A great nation can feel its oats just like a frisky colt can.

Playing School

"D-EARIE me! Isn't a rainy Sunday awfully poky?" sighed Laura.

"Yes, I miss school because I love my teacher," answered Bobby.

"Let's play school, and I'll be Miss Mamma, will you?" asked Laura.

"Yes, let's," said Lucy, and in a twinkling Bobby and Lucy had gotten their slates and pencils and were seated before their little school ma'am.

"Attention!" said Laura, alias Miss Mamma. "The class in arithmetic come up front."

Up marched the school in a body.

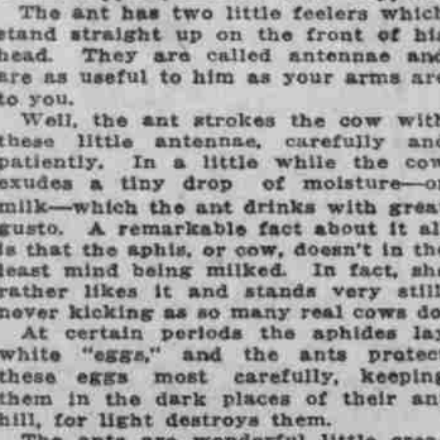
"Now, Master Bobby, how much are nine peaches and seven pears? Tell me that, ah, quickly."

"Fifteen," promptly answered Bobby.

"You may go down tail," said Laura. "Lucy, you answer, please."

"I—don't know," stammered Lucy.

"I shan't play with you, 'cause you are trying to make us fail," said Bobby. "I never fail in real school."



The Class in Arithmetic Come Up Front.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

ENTOMA.
My first is in jonquil, but not in rose.
My second is in ear, but not in nose;
My third is in come, but not in go.
My fourth is in knit, but not in sew;
My fifth is in sail, but not in buy.
My sixth is in low, but not in high;
My seventh is in bun, but not in pie.
My whole is the name of a man who was President of the United States many years ago.

WORD SQUARE.
1. A large plant having a woody trunk.
2. To perturb.
3. To gain by labor.
4. A girl's name.

Answers.
Enigma—Jackson.
Word Square—TREE
READ
BARN
EDNA

JUMBLE PUZZLE



There are 27 animals and birds in this picture. See if you can find them all.

ANSWER: 2 Rabbits, 1 Cow, 2 Cats, 3 Dogs, 2 Foxes, 2 Squirrels, 1 Owl, 2 Chickens, 1 Goose, 2 Ducks, 2 Pigs, 2 Rats, 2 Bears, 1 Hippopotamus, 1 Elephant.