

Famous "Smile" Verse Written by Omaha Man

Delectable Bit of Poetry Has Made Rounds of Newspapers 20 Years Under Various Au- thors' Names.

Betsy Ross built the first flag but it took George Cohan to make it popular. The flag waved o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave many moons before people really got to know what it was. Then George began writing popular songs and he had the happy faculty of putting in a strain of Francis Scott Key's immortal song, here and there, and George even waved the flag on the stage at times. Finally people just had to recognize the Star-Spangled Banner.



Zane Thompson

George also made people realize what the Fourth of July was for, not because it was George's birthday, but because it was what it is. The smile has been known to countless generations. It is Cleopatra's smiles that made a bun out of Antony. It was Juliet's smiles in the moonlight that brought Romeo to an early grave. Smiles have done much in the world's history, but it remained for an Omaha man to make smiling an international pastime.

You've Read It.
You have read the following little verse many times and smiled because of the pure philosophy of the thing:

first child. Following are some of the others:

*"Leave selfish grin
Or gloomy frown
And smile again;
Because you then
Will love all men;
And only when
You smile again,
Do not forget
Your part is yet
To smile.
Then, while
The world grows brighter,
Your heart's a lighter,
And always while
You smile.
Another:
"He who smiles
Smiles away
The little trials
Of life today
Smile will smile
And laugh away
A greater trial.
Another:
"Never Copyrighted."
He has never had his original "smile" copyrighted, and it has been printed probably as often as any other motto. It is still going the rounds.*

"I never cared to make any money from the verse. I just wanted to do something to bring more smiles in the world. I think my little verse is doing it," Mr. Thompson says.

Verse Goes Rounds.
Mr. Thompson is son what in the position of a father who has a famous son. The little verse, written 20 years ago, has gone the rounds. It has been accredited to many famous authors, the latest being James Whitcomb Riley, as a late Edison record declares. Mr. Thompson has watched his brain child go into the world, becoming famous, hobnobbing with celebrities, being quoted by statesmen and prohibitionists as well as suffragists and saloonkeepers. It has been used at banquets, political rallies and prayer meetings.

It's a Wise Father that Knows his Own Child.
Mr. Thompson says the verse has been printed hundreds of times and like most verse that gets into print appears before the public limping and mutilated.

Gives Original Version
But as Mr. Thompson knew the verse before it became famous he has given the original version.

Mr. Thompson contributed the verse to the Chicago Record-Herald when S. E. Kiser was conducting a column entitled "Alternating Currents." Each Monday he had a column especially devoted to contributors which he called "Dipped From the Streets." It was in the latter column the verse first appeared.

Soon after its appearance it was printed and reprinted. Authors claimed it. Papers fought for the honor of having been its father and above all it started an epidemic of "smile" verses that was national.

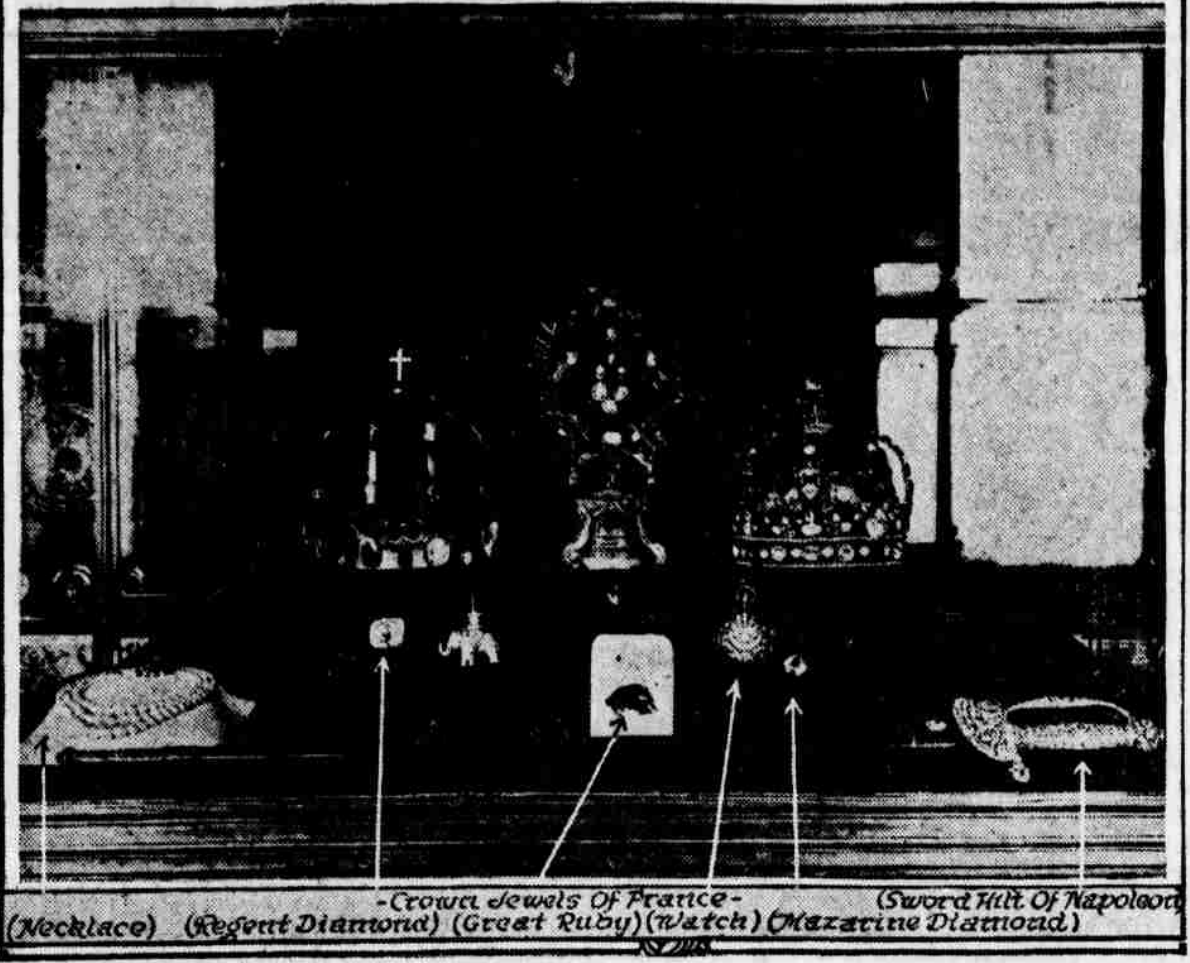
Feminists Claim It
When the verse first appeared Mr. Thompson suffered the usual indignity of those who have their name spelled "Jane" instead of "Zane," so the feminists have always claimed the little verse.

Mr. Thompson himself succumbed to the disease he had started and wrote other smile verses, but none that could compare with his

Crown Jewels Once Carried Through Paris Streets In Valise, Now Safe in "Trick" Showcase at Louvre

Gems Valued at Millions, and Unbuyable at Any Price, Descend Into Masonry of Build- ing at Night.

By STERLING HEILIG.
Paris, Aug. 13.—A man carried the crown jewels of France in a shabby valise, through the streets of Paris.



Crown Jewels of France—(Necklace) (Regent Diamond) (Great Ruby) (Watch) (Mazarine Diamond)

There was not a vehicle to be had. All the taxis and auto buses were rushing soldiers to the battle of the Marne.

The enemy was thundering down upon the capital. The crown jewels must be taken out of Paris.

The shabby valise stopped at a modest flat. The director of national museums handed it to the sub-secretary of state for 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 country bank. Its proprietor, a burglar-proof vault sheltered the crown jewels perfectly, throughout the entire war—because nobody had an idea that they were there!

Stayed in Bank.
Throughout the war, they remained there, in the shabby valise—the most precious jewels in the world by their associations!

How the king laughed—royal boöb! In the greatest police inquiry of the epoch, most of the stolen jewels were finally recovered.

The value of the world's great stones does not depend on their size and purity alone, but on their history and adventures, and the personages who wore them, loved them, lost them, or committed crimes to win them.

The Regent's diamond, nevertheless, ranks also finest and most perfect in Europe, as a stone. It weighs 137 carats and its only superior in mere size—the Orloff, 194 carats—belongs to the Russian crown; and who knows where it now is? Third, to rank the Florentine, 133 carats, in the Austrian crown jewels—and who knows where it is? The Koh-i-noor, of the British crown, weighs only 106 carats. But think of its name and story, and the name and story of each of them.

Rests in Trick Box.
Now, in a trick box of the Louvre, it lies on pale mauve satin, the Regent's diamond, often called the Pitt, because it came to Europe the pocket of Pitt, the English statesman. While governor of Madras (and having a pocket), he obtained it at Golconda, he claimed, from one Jemelchund, Hindoo merchant, for \$100,000. These details, Pitt gave out in a pamphlet, to mitigate the odium of other stories of the acquisition, summed up in Pope's lines of the "Man of Letters":
An honest factor stole the gem away!
Pitt sold it dirt cheap to the money-burning French Regent for \$60,000.

Who owns a kingdom's crown jewels?
The king, you say, of course; but they're not his to burn. King Louis XV let Madame de Pompadour play that Regent's gem was really hers; and Marie Antoinette, being queen, knew that the glorious piece of ice now known to wear; but both put it back honestly, each time, in the crown jewels fireproof safe—as safest there. One day, however, Louis XVI took a paltry \$175,000 worth of small diamonds and rubies from the crown junk, to pay a certain debt. Marie Antoinette—and it started the French revolution!

Mazarin bequeathed it to the French state; and here it is.

A Famed Ruby.
The great ruby has as grandiose associations for the French. How could they auction off the marvelous stone which King Francis made the very foundation of the French crown jewels?

It glows red, hot, like a dull fire. It is the greatest ruby in the world. Although uncut, and merely as a raw stone, it would probably fetch \$1,500,000 today; but it was worn by Solomon, they say, who received it from the queen of Sheba. It came to Europe with the Moors of Granada. Peter, the cruel, murdered one of their princes, to snatch it from his breast. Around this part of its story Alexandre Dumas wrote an entire historical romance—the "Batare de Napoleon."

Began New Adventures.
Then the Great Ruby began its new adventures. Through the reigning House of Foix—with whom it had all kinds of adventures—it came to Anne of Brittany. And so, later, having it by inheritance, Francis I. made it the foundation stone of the French crown jewels.

The four precious and peculiar gems are now again in the Louvre palace, exposed to public view in the gallery of Apollo. They repose in a sensational trick case of steel and plate glass, supposed to be absolutely burglar proof, because the whole business descends through the floor, at night, into a cement chamber hidden in the old masonry of the palace—and, so, not in any room at all.

Yet there are men who, just to have and wear, would prefer the Mazarin diamond, called the Peach-blow, although valued merely as a stone, in 1886, at a price not above \$500,000.

How could the French state sell such a fragrant of France for any money?
Cardinal Mazarin, the poor boy who became master of France, one day, in the Swiss swamp and secretly-married husband of the widowed queen, was a grand collector. In his old age, he wept over the Peachblow diamond: "Must I leave you?"

The wonderful stone had been found on the dead body of the duke of Burgundy, the Swiss swamp after the battle of Granson, by a Swiss soldier. After changing hands several times, it was bought for the king of Portugal. One hundred years later, a French baron obtained it for his king, the romantic Henri IV. Sent by the hand of a faithful servant, the latter was attacked on the road. He swallowed the stone; and "after his death, it was found in his body, according to plan!" The baron who invented this novel burglar-proof vault was De Sancy—by whose name the diamond has been often called; but it ceased to be the De Sancy diamond, after some new adventures.

Give Stone Value.
These adventures give the stone its fancy value in the eyes of sentimental English people. It came into the possession of Charles I. of England. He passed it to his son, before he was beheaded; and it was exactly "the sole jewel remaining" which the wandering Prince Charlie sold to Mazarin for \$25,000 at the Palace of Blois—in fact as well as in Dumas' romance of "Twenty Years After."

Are the Crown Jewels There?
According to Parisian rumor, they are not there.

So, I went to photograph them. Armed with a special permit, the other morning, my photographer and I were in the gallery of Apollo before opening hours. The sun was striking in the east windows of that glorious long hall where sleepless Charles IX walked melancholy at daybreak with his little dogs, waiting for the court to wake and amuse him. Now, a guardian of the public was doing it without dogs, "to photograph the crown jewels!" read the permit.

"Then you believe they're here?" he said. "Those Parisians are crazy. They were so impressed by that country bank idea that they cannot get it out of their heads. I'll show you the crown jewels!"

The great glass case was empty. Also, it had no top. The bell of St. Bartholomew's tolled 8.

"The time lock is open, down there," he said, pointing to the floor.

59 Cents Kept Titus Lowe a Week, Back in School Days

Pastor of First Methodist Church Recalls Privations Endured While Working His Way In- to an Education.



Rev. Titus Lowe

By LAURA M'LAUGHLIN ENNIS
Dr. Titus Lowe, pastor of First Methodist church, says that any young man with pluck, initiative and stick-to-itiveness can work his way through school if he wills to do so; and Dr. Lowe ought to know, for he "has been through the mill." He says:

"When I went to college it did not take me long to get rid of all the money I had, for I didn't have much. I started to school, undertaking a nine years' course, and I had less than \$100 to begin with."

"One of the hard parts, which the doctor does not generally mention, was the fact that his father was not in sympathy with the son's desire to acquire a higher education, and it took unusual courage to proceed against the wishes of his father. But the young man felt the compelling power of 'the still small voice' calling him to preach the gospel, and in spite of the fact that everything needful to the acquirement of a university degree seemed conspicuous by its lack, he determined upon his life course and started to school."

Tells of Experiences.
Dr. Lowe laughingly tells today of his hard experiences; but to the young Titus Lowe of twenty-odd years ago these same experiences lacked enduring humor. Of late years, he never visits Pittsburgh without hunting up his old roommate who went through the first years of school with him. This friend, now a successful business man, takes particular pleasure in entertaining Dr. Lowe at his club. Invariably, as they feast upon the fat of the land the old days are recalled and the friend questions:

"You recall the days, Titus, when we used to live on 59c per week? Grub and gasoline at 50!" And they join in laughter at the recollection. And this low sum was not the result of any experimental test for a single week but was the average cost for each of the boys extending over a period of several months. But even 59c is not so bad if you always have it, or so these boys thought when the time came that they faced the end of their united resources. For three weeks, the young Lowe was the only member of the partnership who still had a cent; consequently, he was the one who had to follow the fatal day of the empty purse!

After "Panic Year."
These were the days closely following the "panic year" and what work college boys were able to secure received but slight reward compared to wages paid today for odd jobs. There was, however, the other advantage to offset this handicap. Dr. Lowe recites that:

"Apples were particularly bountiful that year and we could get all we wanted for 25c a bushel, and I can tell you boys could eat a lot of them. We stewed the apples, too; and we could buy tomatoes for 7c a can for cans for a quarter; and oatmeal was only 3c a pound."

"I expect you used considerable oatmeal?"
The memory seemed to be pleasant; a hearty laugh preceded the reply: "Did we? There was not much variation in our breakfasts; no catering to lagging appetites with us! That was one thing we never lacked—appetite! Every morning we had oatmeal for breakfast. Oatmeal, and that was all!"

Cream? No.
"With cream, of course?" was interjected.
"Cream! We forgot the very appearance of cream in those days. But we could get milk at 5 cents a quart and sugar was cheap, too, 5 cents a pound. Yes, I don't wonder that you laugh at my quoting prices after a lapse of so many years, but those figures are indelibly stamped

on my memory; I shall never forget them as long as I live; they meant too much to us then to ever be forgotten."

But to return to the fateful day when the two boys faced the cupboard which was as bare as ever Dame Hubbard's dared to be. The last cent had been expended; but the defeat! There was one blessing left; not far from the college campus there was a great sulphur spring. Judging from the constant flow of water from the mister the supply, there was no limit to the supply.

Breakfast on Water.
Dr. Lowe says: "We went down to the old sulphur spring that morning and we filled up on water, then went on to our algebra and other classes; at noon we had nothing more to eat than we had at breakfast; but the spring was still running and we went down and filled up again. But a fellow's courage does not hold out long without water; after our lunch of spring water we held a consultation, and my Buddy said:

"It's no use, Titus; we can't go on this way! We've reached the end of our string. Somehow we've got to sell our trunks and get home the best way we can."

When the doctor gets this far in the recounting of those other days, his voice grows tender, and a different light shines in his eyes as he proceeds: "That afternoon while we were sitting, wondering why the junk dealer did not come as he had promised, the mail man came down the street and handed me a letter. When I tore open that envelope a money order for \$10 dropped out on the table; were it was an encouraging letter from a friend that I had not heard from for at least five years. Maybe you think we didn't have a big blowout! We went up to the restaurant and enjoyed a feast; it cost us 25 cents apiece, but it was worth it! Ah, those were days!"

"Well Worth While."
"Dr. Lowe, if you had a son, would you be willing to allow him to undertake the securing of an education without the necessary funds, if the money was not available?"
After a moment's hesitation he declared: "I would, yes. I think there is no better fitting for the work of living than just such experiences as he gets while he is working his way through school. To have a little money all of the time, and yet not so much but what it is necessary for him to keep in touch with life and work—why, there is nothing better for a man! He must of necessity give up all social activities of school, if he has no money, and, of course, that is bad. But any young fellow must be in earnest and stick mightily to his purpose if he undertakes the job and expects to succeed in working his way through to a college degree. But, it's worth it all!"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE CASES

The Anarchist Hunter. English Sleuth Poses as Red to Break Up Ter- rorist Societies.

(Copyright, 1921, by the World-Wide News Service, Inc.)
Superintendent Melville retired in 1908 from Scotland Yard after one of the most sensational careers of a detective of modern times. At the Yard he specialized in political crime, and he was who almost single-handed, broke up the dangerous anarchist secret societies all over the world. Speaking French and German fluently, he attended many an anarchist meeting, and he had more narrow escapes from assassination than any detective of his time.

By NAZARIENE DAAN KANNI-BELLE.
When M. Very, the proprietor of the Cafe Very, in Paris, gave the French police information which led to the arrest of the most infamous of all anarchists, Ravachol, he little knew that he was sealing his own death warrant and providing an English detective with one of the most dangerous cases in his whole career.

which was soon to overwhelm them. The two men conversed in low tones for a few minutes, and then one casually dropped his hat on the floor. He bent down to pick it up, and as he did so he slipped a small package under the table where he was sitting. Immediately afterwards the two paid for their wine and went out.

Ten minutes later the passers-by were suddenly startled by the crashing of glass, followed by the terrible roar of an explosion in the Cafe Very and the screams of terrified women mingled with the groans of wounded and dying customers. The interior of the Cafe Very had been blown to pieces by a dynamite bomb, and nearly every one inside had been killed or wounded. Among the killed was M. Very himself, the proprietor, who had been standing near the table on which the bomb was hidden when it went off.

At the witness box. He was, on the contrary, a disreputable member of several anarchists' club in the East End and other parts of London. End and other parts of London. End and other parts of London. End and other parts of London.

Such in brief is the outline of the terrible crime, which had been carried out by two anarchists named Munier and Francis in revenge for the betrayal of their still more murderous comrade, the notorious Ravachol.

Comrades! continued the man on the platform, "I have great news, glorious news. Our brave comrades who were so gloriously revenged on the cursed spies in Paris, and will shortly be among us!"

"Vive France! Vive Munier!" cried an excited Italian, and the cry was taken up all over the room. A speaker sprang upon the platform. Stretched across one end of the room was a big canvas sign reading, "Anarchy is order!" the motto of the anarchists.

At a small, dirty table afterwards, with a bottle of cheap wine in front of them, the two men on the platform conversed in low tones.

He put a resolution to the motley crowd in front of him, the raving mass of German, Italian, French, Spanish and alien criminals, in which was a slight sprinkling of British fanatics, calling for the death

of the great detective. The first man to raise his arms in wild as sent was the shabbily dressed man on the platform.

Francis arrived tonight," said the first speaker. "He will come here, and we shall take him to the room we have for him near."

Francis was not present then; it was agreed to keep all the members under arrest, and capture him as he came in. It was known that he was an exceedingly dangerous man, and would not hesitate to kill if he had the opportunity.

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