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# DESERET EVENING NEWS.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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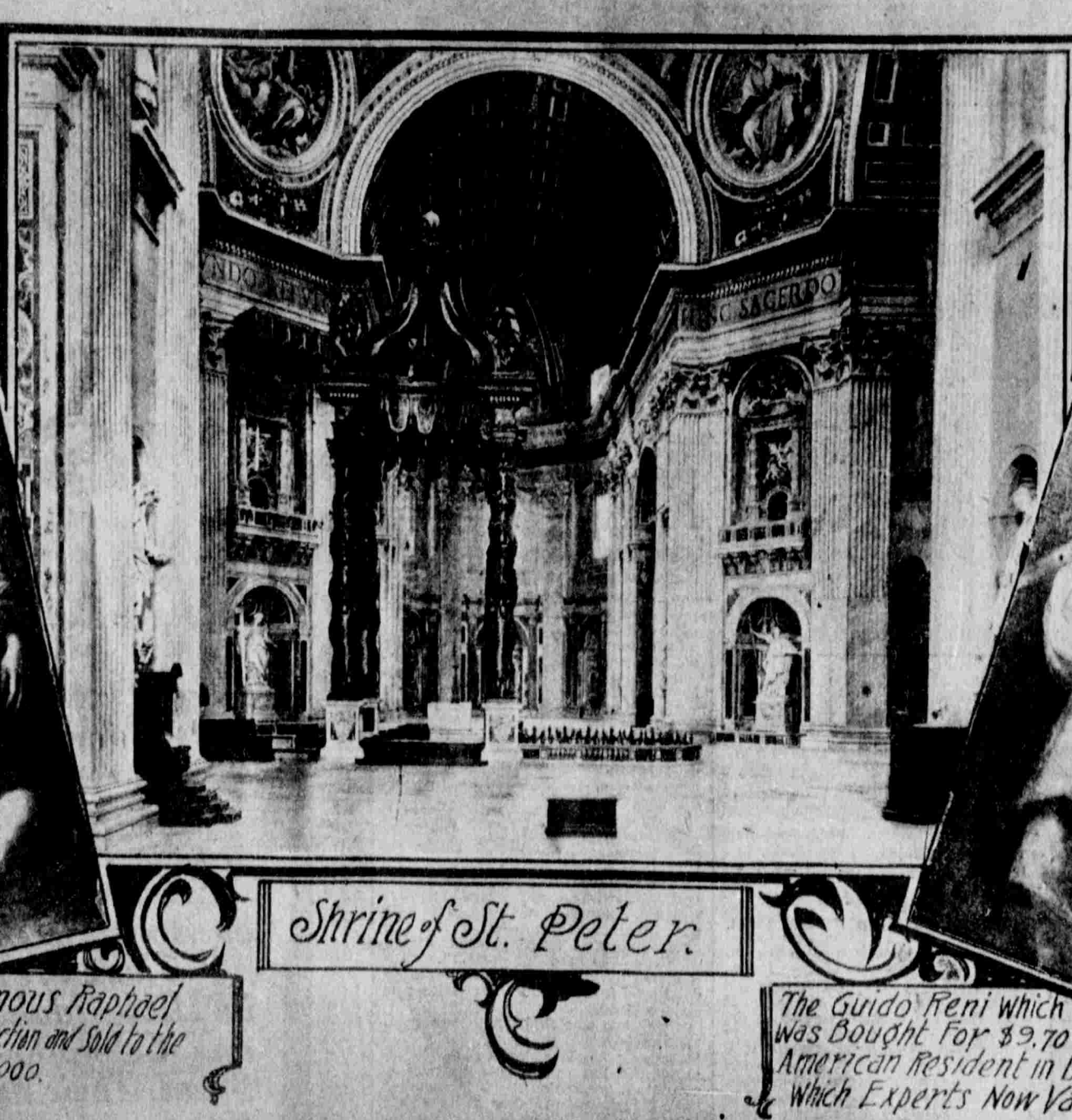
If You Are Just "Waking Up" To the Fact of Want Advertising—of the Possibilities for YOU—Why, "Better Late Than Never!"

PART TWO

## The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



*Famous Raphael Bought for \$350 at Auction and Sold to the Louvre for \$40,000.*



*Shrine of St. Peter.*

*The Guido Reni which was Bought for \$9.70 By an American Resident in London and Which Experts Now Value at over \$10,000.*

### ABANDONS BAT TO TAKE SCEPTER

Prince Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji Retires From Wickets to Become a "Jam."

### WAS HE CHAMPION.

Little Story of Dethroned Indian Prince Who Will Return to Ascend the Throne.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 25.—England has lost one of its most famous cricketers through the succession of Prince Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji to the throne of the late Jam of Nawabnagar, which has just been ratified by the British government. The Indian prince prefers play to politics, the joys of cricket to the delights of the seraglio, the freedom of the sporting life to the burdens and responsibilities of royalty. But as a prince of Nawabnagar he has from the state only a beggarly stipend of about \$3,500 a year. As its ruler, only Jam he will control a revenue of nearly \$1,000,000. It is worth a Jam at that price even though a lot of things that he cares nothing about are thrown in with it. And so it came about that "Rum-gin-sing," as his intimate admirers call him, has dropped the bat to take up the scepter.

### A JAM "RANJIL"

As a Jam "Ranjil" to give him the truest and most complete by which he is known among his fellow cricketers, he no longer wears such a common-sense name as a white silk shirt, trousers and a white silk shirt, but such gorgeous variegated silk. He is one of the glories of Nawabnagar, a prince of the most magnificent and a prince of the most magnificent. Round his neck hangs a medal of honor. Round his waist is a sword. Round his shoulders are jeweled girdles. A magnificent part of his shoulders outshining the splendor of any "blazer." On his head, in place of a simple cricket cap, he wears a superb turban with a diamond in the middle, flashing with the sun's rays. His hand will toy with the handle of a cricket bat, the bat of the state sword of the Jam of Nawabnagar.

### PROGRESS IN POETRY.

He progresses with the bat has inspired many poetical effusions in his honor. Only a few years ago prominence was given in the "Halter" to these verses:

There was once a Ranjeet Singh, who in India was a king.  
The Lion of the Punjab they called him;  
And he scored against his foes till a bigger star arose.

And the British power came and overhauled him.  
Now another Ranjeet Singh has become a star and king.  
Of cricket—but the Thames is not the Ganges.  
So we mispronounce his name as we laud this lion's fame.  
And talk of Ranjeet's latest score as Ranji's.

For as Ranji he is known to the multitudes who own.  
No scientific spelling (ran for run).  
But they've known the way to cheer his brilliant play each year.  
And the cheering, you may bet, is not yet done.

It's a treat to see him yield the willow blade and field.  
May the years to come his triumphs still proclaim.  
In our batsmen's foremost van. Like another famous man.  
"He's a credit to his country and his name."

Still greater compliments have been paid him. He has had a brand of cigarettes called after him. He is only 34, but fame has nothing more to confer on a man who has been awarded that exalted proof of popularity. Perhaps that is the reason why Ranji is now content to become a jam for the rest of his days.

### LITTLE INDIAN KINGDOM.

Nawabnagar, the state over which he will reign, is a little Indian kingdom, under British protection, situated in the peninsula of Kathiawar about 200 miles to the north of Bombay. Its area is 3,700 square miles, and its population 320,000. The capital, a seaport of the same name, has a population of 50,000. When Ranji came to play at soldiering he can amuse himself with a native army of 3,000 men.

The state was founded in 1535 by Jam Rawal, whose descendants hold the throne until 1814. Then his widow adopted Ranmalji, who became Jam, and was in turn succeeded by his son Vibhaji. Vibhaji was a much married man, rejoicing in a round baker's dozen of legitimate wives, but none of them succeeded in bearing him an heir who survived infancy. In 1816, he added to his seraglio three Mohammedan sisters, the eldest of whom, a year later, bore him a son. Although this son, Kalobhai, was recognized by the British government as the heir-apparent, the natives maintained that only the offspring of one of the legal wives had any right to succeed to the throne. When Kalobhai grew to manhood he saved the situation by conspiring against his father and was consequently deposed and expelled from the country. Once again the Jam was heirless. In despair he adopted an infant, who, following the fatal precedent of his predecessors, died in two years. Babies, apparently, have a far better chance of surviving in the vilest of London slums than in the palace of a Jam.

### CHOSE YOUNG NEPHEW.

Instead of taking unto himself another wife, Vibhaji decided that it would be less troublesome to adopt an heir again. This time his choice fell on his nephew, Ranjitsinhji, then a sturdy youngster eight years old. Recognizing that as a prospective Jam the boy would stand a slender chance reaching maturity amid the plots and intrigues of the palace, Vibhaji sent him to Rajkumar college to receive his rudimentary education and training from English teachers. Here the lad acquired that taste for cricket which was destined to make him far more famous than any other member of the long line of Jamport rulers. But in 1832, two years after Ranjitsinhji had entered Rajkumar college, another of the Mohammedan sisters gave birth to a son in the seraglio. Subsequently the old Jam quarreled with his brother, Ranji's father, which eventually led him to set aside Ranji's succession in favor of his own son. The disinherited Ranji, meanwhile, had been sent to Cambridge university, where, fortunately for him, though by no means a duffer at his books, he displayed far greater aptitude for cricket than for literature and learning. In 1858, two years after Ranji had been first proclaimed champion batsman of England, the old Jam died and was succeeded by his own son. Some of the natives made a bit of a fuss over it because his mother was not a legal wife and a

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## ROMANCE OF "OLD MASTERS" IN AUCTION ROOMS.

Remarkable Recent Discoveries in London Salesrooms—Rare Art and Literary Treasures Purchased for a Trifle—"First Edition" for Sixty Cents, Brings \$3,500—Valuable "Rubbish" Pictures.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, Sept. 25.—Late a number of sensational art discoveries have been made in stuffy old London auction rooms, and now those interested in unearthing rare literary works or turning up old masters which have been buried for centuries are devoting their attention to a systematic visitation of these extremely interesting public sales.

Last year, shortly before his death, the late Sir J. Blundell Maple purchased at an auction room in Euston road a lot of old books for 60 cents, one of which subsequently turned out to be a rare first edition which, at Christie's—the famous salesroom frequented by the wealthiest classes of English society—brought \$3,500. At an auction room in Leeds six months ago some paintings were sold as "old rubbish," one of which, however, turned out to be a Van Dyck, which on sale brought \$3,000, while in Bradford a working man purchased at public auction for \$2 a small oil painting which, experts now pronounce to be a Rembrandt, now worth at least \$1,500. It is to be sold at Christie's this winter.

In Wardour street not long ago the famous crystal vase now belonging to J. Pierpont Morgan and valued at more than \$50,000, was purchased for about \$4. This vase had previously been sold at an obscure auction room for about 75 cents. The dealer in Wardour street thought he was doing well in getting rid of it for \$4, never suspecting it to be worth a king's ransom.

American visitors to London would do well to "take in" some of the lesser known auction rooms. In the first place, they would have an excellent chance of studying character straight from "Dickens's land," and secondly, they might—just might—pick up something precious.

The writer of this article has just been a somewhat lucky winner in an auction room lottery—having drawn a

masterpiece by Guido Reni, famous for his "Eve Homo," "Magdalen" and other productions. This painting cost the buyer the enormous sum of \$9,700. Experts say it is worth about \$10,000. I have been recently asked by your staff representative in London to tell the story of its discovery.

"Old masters" seem to possess the strange power of making themselves romantic. They are always coming to light in outlandish, incongruous places, revealing themselves in the most unexpected manner. They will hide themselves for centuries in some old lumber loft, allow themselves to be sold for "junk," or even betake themselves to the protection of a brigand like Rabelais—who recently owned a famous Correggio—and then, presto! out they come into daylight, asserting their mastery over whatever is commonplace.

It was just in this manner that the Guido came into my possession. It had been, so I was subsequently informed, for more than 40 years "in storage" in a London warehouse. The family who owned it had come down in the world, while the English purchaser had long passed into oblivion. As the storage

charges on the paintings and other goods were very heavy, and the descendants of the connoisseur who first owned the painting knew nothing of "old masters" the picture was sent to the furniture salesroom in Euston road, London, to be sold "for what it would bring."

A respectable old master could scarcely find its way to a more inconspicuous place in the world than these particular auction rooms in Euston road. It is true you can purchase here many a fine piece of furniture and pick up bargains in gas brackets, brass ferns, chairs, tables and bric-a-brac, but it is certainly a place where old masters are at a discount at present. At these rooms on Saturday nights you may witness scenes to which only the brush of Hogarth or the pen of Dickens could do justice. Here gather people from the underworld of London—newly married couples of the coster type seeking furnishings for a two-roomed home, plumbers waiting odds and ends of gas fittings, "dealers" bidding for second-hand bargains ranging anywhere from old clothes to rusty books.

Nevertheless, it was at this very auction room that Sir J. Blundell Maple picked up his rare old edition, which brought him in a clear profit of \$3,500, and it was here also that the writer whined upon the Guido. Led by curiosity to see what sort of place it was, and with a vague idea that I, too, might be able to purchase a valuable library for half a dollar, I sought the Euston road auction rooms one rainy night. The idea of finding an old master, or even a decent painting of any sort, never for a moment occurred to me.

Imagine my astonishment, therefore, when, shortly after I had entered the room, there was placed on the table in front of the auctioneer's rostrum a truly magnificent painting in a very handsome gilt frame. The painting stood nearly five feet high, and was in so excellent a state of preservation that at first I supposed it to be a copy from some famous original. But even

so, it was splendid. Fresh from a visit to the galleries of Paris, Rome and Naples I could not fail to realize the power of the work. How on earth a picture of this description should find its way to an auction room of this kind to be put up for sale before a lot of "second hand" dealers and people from the poorest districts of London I could not conceive.

### SLUM AND GARRETT.

However, that is the way with old masters, so often given to these fallings, seeking the slum and the garret, just as the men of genius who painted them are often afflicted with similar disreputable traits.

The figure on the canvas represented a gloriously beautiful young woman standing by a stone table, her left arm chained and manacled. Her right hand—exquisitely drawn, and one of the most beautiful I had ever seen in any painting—was raised, modestly holding some drapery over the breast. The eyes were upturned, the whole expression on the face strongly reminding me of Guido's "Magdalen."

The beauties of the picture were, however, lost on the motley crowd. A voice behind grumbled, "Wot's the use o' puttin' up that bloomin' pitcher; wot I wants is a kitchen table."

The auctioneer called for bids; but evidently Guido was not wanted. Not a soul appeared even willing to start the bidding. At the merest venture, and just to get things going I said "Five shillings to start" (\$1.25 in American money).

Certain dealers in the back of the room, recognizing me as a stranger and, what they considered an interloper, began to bid against me, but I held on until the painting had reached the colossal sum of \$9,700, at which the auctioneer's hammer fell.

It was mine!

The next day I took the painting to my home, and one of the first to see it was Strahan of Ravenscourt park, a well known artist, who had been the intimate friend of Sir John Millais. Without hesitation he pronounced it a genuine Guido Reni, the finest state of preservation. He admired the way in which the "pigment" was laid on and paid the highest tribute to the drawing of the hands.

### NEXT ART EXPERT.

The next art expert of prominence to see it was the secretary of the National Gallery, Havemeyer, who, who affirmed Mr. Strahan's opinion, pronouncing it a genuine Guido Reni. It was also inspected by Martin Colnaghi of Pall Mall, Messrs. Agnew's of Bond Street, and others. They all pronounced it a genuine production of the fourteenth century in a marvelous state of preservation. As I wished to identify my painting as strongly as possible, I applied to Prince Bompiani, of Rome, for permission to inspect his Guidos—as it is in the Rospigliosi palace that Guido's famous "Aurora" is placed. Comparison of my Guidos with some of the figures in the "Aurora" removed all doubt as to the identity of the artist who produced my painting, while the coloring, treatment and even the actual model of the St. Sebastian in the Louvre furnished the strongest confirmation of this opinion.

It was at this juncture that I came in contact with the wiles of the London art dealer, than whom there is no more tricky individual known. One of those dealers in Shaftesbury avenue offered to exhibit my painting. He praised it highly, and finally, I agreed to let him take it. It will be recalled that Mr. Schwab, the steel magnate, recently had some transactions with one of these dealers who tried to make him pay \$10,000 for a painting which he could have bought for \$500. In this case, the dealer had made the owner agree to take \$3,000; while he offered the painting to Schwab for \$10,000; at the same time informing the owner that he could only get \$500 "at the outside."

My dealer took such a strong liking to the Guido that when I wished to get it back, he flatly refused to part with it, trumping up a charge for storage, and other items. Finally, an action had to be brought for the recovery of the painting. The case came up before Lord Chief Justice Alverstone, who gave the dealer in question seven days in which to restore the painting to its rightful owner, to pay the costs of the action—amounting to about \$300—and damages for detention. Even then, "my friend the enemy" refused to relinquish the painting; and it was only

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## WANT TO OPEN THE TOMB OF ST. PETER

Controversy Started in Rome Has Caused Serious Consideration of the Subject.

### MANY FAVOR PROPOSITION.

History of the Sacred Shrine—Church Rich in Forgotten Treasures—Some Disputed Claims.

Special Correspondence.

ROME, Sept. 25.—In the highest circles of the Vatican grave consideration is being given to the suggestion that the tomb of St. Peter should be opened to ascertain if the remains of the great apostle and first of the pontiffs are really there. Singularly enough the project originated in the scoffs of an anonymous and irreverent sceptic. Writing under the name of Marcellus he addressed an open letter to Pope Pius X, ridiculing the claims put forth on behalf of the church to the possession of the holy relics, and daring him to submit the claims to actual proof.

The challenge was seriously taken up by two well known archaeologists, Prof. Marucchi and Father Grier. At the last international congress of Christian archaeology a resolution was passed in favor of opening the tomb. Thus a polemical discussion has been started which has been pursued with unusual vigor. The church itself is divided on the question. On the one hand it is urged that it would be an act of sacrilege and desecration which nothing could justify. On the other hand it is contended that the church has nothing to fear from investigation, and that she now has a glorious opportunity to vindicate her claims to the possession of the most venerated relic in Christendom and confound the sceptics. Otherwise, it is maintained, the church will lose more than she will gain by the controversy that has been aroused. Will the pope yield his consent? That is the question everyone is asking, but it is one the pope alone can answer, and at present all that can be said is that he has not yet given any decision one way or the other.

### AS TO ST. PETER'S REMAINS.

All the evidence thus far adduced goes to prove that St. Peter's remains really lie in their gorgeous setting in St. Peter's cathedral. There is sufficient proof extant to satisfy all, except the most sceptical, that St. Peter has been buried there. The church itself is divided on the question. On the one hand it is urged that it would be an act of sacrilege and desecration which nothing could justify. On the other hand it is contended that the church has nothing to fear from investigation, and that she now has a glorious opportunity to vindicate her claims to the possession of the most venerated relic in Christendom and confound the sceptics. Otherwise, it is maintained, the church will lose more than she will gain by the controversy that has been aroused. Will the pope yield his consent? That is the question everyone is asking, but it is one the pope alone can answer, and at present all that can be said is that he has not yet given any decision one way or the other.



*Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji. The New Jam of Nawabnagar.*

*The Famous English Cricketer Who Has Abandoned the Bat for an Eastern Scepter.*

*Prince Ranjitsinhji at the Wicket. Twice This Athletic Scion of a Long Line of Indian Warrior Rulers Has Been Acclaimed Champion Batsman of England.*