

THE CHAMPION SPENDTHRIFT

IS PRINCE RANJITSINGH OF INDIA, KNOWN IN ENGLAND AS RANJIT—BECAME A GREAT CRICKETER AND SOCIAL LION—HOW HE SUCCEEDED TO THRONE AND A FORTUNE.

India is the home of the world's champion spendthrift.

His name is Prince Ranjitsingh, Jam Sahab of Nawanganar, but Cambridge University, the cricket fields of England and America and society all over the world simplify this high-sounding title and know him as just plain "Ranjit."

Wall street may count up its millions in stocks, bonds and yellow gold, the famous "horseshoe" at the opera may flash with its fortunes in jewels, great palaces may rear their lofty roofs above the splendours of the millionaire's daily existence—all these may stand for wealth in civilized America, but there are spots in darkest India where the whole lot would be labeled "small change."

Stowed away in dark chambers beneath palaces reared by heathen hands, and heaped in secret recesses guarded by fierce dusky watchers who never sleep, are treasures such as are seen only in dreams or described on pages of the Arabian Nights.

Great grey rubies, flashing diamonds, turquoise of the size of eggs, enormous pearls, rare examples of the jeweler's and goldsmith's art, trinkets on which a lifetime was spent—all these he hidden from the eyes of the wealthy-hungry Occident.

And it is upon one of these treasure heaps that "Ranjit" has got a good firm grip, and, having been trained in the art of spending money in the civilized East, he has quickly become generalissimo of the army of prodigals. Eastern potentates are famous for their lavish expenditures, but "Ranjit's" case is another illustration of how Western methods may be applied to Oriental resources with the most effective results.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

The story of "Ranjit" of how he came out of the dark East to England, adopted Western customs, went to college and set the sporting world afire with his performances on the cricket field; how he reigned as a social lion, dodged persistent creditors who had helped him to the first steps in his career as spendthrift, but before he had the treasure pile behind him; how he battled for a throne and finally became an Indian potentate—all this reads like a weird romance. But it is one of the instances of the truth often found in fiction, and today "Ranjit's" exploits are the talk of all Europe.

Born in Saradar, Jathawar, Western India, 35 years ago, "Ranjit" was the second son of Jivan Singh, a Rajput Hindu. His uncle, Shri Vibhaji Ram-maji, then ruled as Jam of Nawanganar, one of the minor states in the empire over which Great Britain extends control, but which virtually rule themselves.

"Ranjit" was not in direct succession for any place of power, and it did not matter much what became of him, so he was shipped off to England, and told to get a European education. He had studied at home under English masters, and, being naturally apt, he had little difficulty in entering Cambridge University.

Early in his career he showed a

fondness for cricket, and before long the university was agog with stories of his cleverness as a batsman. He developed a remarkable faculty for this end of the game, and in 1876 he was the undisputed champion of all England.

His cricketing naturally threw "Ranjit" into the British social world, and he was made a lion at once. He had a good allowance from home, but with his Oriental way of doing things on a lavish scale, the funds from father melted like a bit of butter on the Sahara. Being a real prince, he had no difficulty in finding credit, but this was exhausted at last, and "Ranjit" found himself "hard up."

DODGING BILL COLLECTORS.

Finally he had to turn his attention to dodging bill collectors, who called between "pay days," and it is related that more than one cricket game in which he played was held up pending his settlement with some insistent creditor.

"Ranjit" came to America to play cricket, and he was warmly welcomed by the sporting and society world. In 1900 he was once more proclaimed champion batsman of England, and he kept up his record until he went back to India.

Meanwhile many things had happened at home. "Ranjit's" uncle, the Jam, made up his mind one day to adopt the cricket and disinherit an illegitimate grandson of a Mohammedan, Kumar Jarwant Singh. He named Ranjit as his heir, and not long after, in 1908, he died.

The disinherited son seized the throne despite "Ranjit's" protests, and he kept it until 1906, when he died suddenly.

Then "Ranjit" came forward as a claimant once more, and this time he was opposed by Kumar Shri Lakshmi, her grandson of "Ranjit's" uncle and patron. But, having some friends in England, where the "strings are pulled," "Ranjit" raised such an uproar at both ends of the Empire that the people of Nawanganar were glad to welcome him as their new Jam.

It is presumed that he suggested the benefit to England of having an Anglo-Indian in power rather than an out-and-out Hindu, and this view seems to have been shared by the "powers who be."

So "Ranjit" got his royal job with its royal treasure heap and an independent

ent income which is about \$1,500,000 a year.

Remembering the days when he needed ready cash to carry out his notions of living like an Eastern potentate who has seen the light of Western civilization, "Ranjit" began to work for his first time. To impress his people he first eschewed European garb and decked himself in the gorgeous robes of a real Jam. He revived all sorts of ancient rites, having for his object display, pomp and splendor, and he became "Ranjit the Superb" in earnest.

EVERY LUXURY IS HIS.

Every luxury that his European education could suggest and his Indian purse buy was soon his. Where his predecessor has been elaborate he was doubly so; he turned the handsome into the splendid and the splendid into the magnificent. The hand that wielded the cricket bat so well became an expert in scattering gold in lavish profusion.

Of the many instances of his magnificence and his capacity for inventing luxuries perhaps the most recent belied the usual method of mounting an elephant and riding into the jungle after the game. So he invented a portable shooting box, a compact little house on wheels, which he had built in England according to his own ideas.

The box is wheeled into the jungle and left in suitable position until the animals become used to its presence. Then "Ranjit" and his friends safely forth, take up their dwelling in the little house, while a servant watches for game through the "port-hole" windows. Any tiger drawing near the place is promptly "potted" by the royal hunter waiting within.

The shooting box consists of a main room with bath and lavatory adjoining. The main room is decorated in Queen Anne style, with oak paneling and handsome brackets for candles. Sofas, which may be converted into beds, are finished in rich green morocco, and there are writing-desks, bridge tables and chairs for the waiting hunters' comfort and amusement. Rich Christmas and rug complete the luxury of the apartment.

The bath and lavatory are fitted up with all the magnificence of similar apartments on a private yacht. The top of the box is covered with an awning for a "roof garden" effect, while the whole house is painted green to blend with the color of the jungle.

earlier times as Calvary. Excavations there brought to light three buried crosses, and other tokens appeared to identify the Saviour's tomb. In commemoration of this supposed discovery a church was built on the spot to guard the holy sepulcher. After Jerusalem had fallen into the hands of Moslems the pulpit itself was, of course, held by open foes of Christianity, and it was to rescue it from that humiliating situation that the Crusades were organized. These "holy wars," personally led in several cases by French, English and German monarchs, kept Europe for 250 years worked up to a tremendous height of religious fervor. Their direct result on the whole was failure; Jerusalem at this day belongs to the Sultan of Turkey. But among the larger results of so much travel between Europe and Asia were the establishment of new commercial relations between east and west, and the persistent search by explorers for better routes to the rich lands of India. Columbus himself was on such a quest when he sailed across the Atlantic.

So much for one dream and its consequences.

DREAMED OF COLLEGE BUILDING.

Nobody dreamed that the educational benefactions of Carnegie and Rockefeller

are required for Pen-Angle Underwear. Buttons are sewed on to stay, wash and abrade the "single" man—and the housewife too.

Best for all members of the family.

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have been decided during sleep, but affairs of precisely the same nature have been decided in that way. St. John's College at Oxford, England, owes a part of its plant and endowment to a certain Sir Thomas White, a sixteenth century lord of London. He had dreamed of building a college at a spot where three elms grew from one root; after due search he identified the spot at Oxford, and what he took to be direct instructions as to his duty.

Dreams that seem to be warnings of impending trouble, either for the dreamer or for other people, are too numerous to reckon; the trouble generally is of some kind, and even though the medium of half a dozen people, all of whom unconsciously add a bit of embroidery to the original tale in order to give it effect. Generally the most dramatic of such stories are the most easily accounted for. A girl naturally dresses about as she likes, and if she is temperamentally given to worrying, or if she has an attack of indigestion, nothing is more easy than for her head to swim in a dream. Such dreams happen 9,999 times without any reality to correspond, and the dream is forgotten by breakfast time or sooner. In the top of the dream something actually happens, and that particular dream is taken by impressionable persons as having some occult significance.

Abraham Lincoln is said to have had, in spite of his shrewd "horse sense," a streak of superstition along this line. The very day of his assassination he confided to Stanton in a half apologetic fashion, "I have a dream, a very unpleasant one, because of a dream of the night previous. The same dream had come to him just before the horrors of Bull Run, and again on the eve of another great disaster to the Northern armies. It had come for the third time. He began to describe it, but broke off, apparently ashamed of his nervousness, and changed the subject. That evening at the theater, where he had gone to take his mind off of it, Booth fired the historic pistol shot.

DICKENS' STREAK OF FORESIGHT.

While it is easy to understand that pressing anxieties may at any time get into a man's mind, it is not so easy to understand that a man's mind should be so often in a state of such a dream, more or less of a dream, is often really a great deal more mysterious. Charles Dickens, a dream of an experience of this sort. He dreamt one night of a lady standing with her back toward him, wrapped in a long red shawl. As she turned toward him he said to himself, "I don't know you, madam," and she replied, "Why, I am Miss Napier." Awaking, he remembered the dream as merely a bit of meaningless nonsense, for he knew no woman with that name, and that night, in the evening he read before a large audience extracts from certain of his novels, and after the reading several of the ladies in the audience rose and others he met, to his astonishment, the lady of his dream. She wore that same red shawl and her name was Miss Napier. By why he should have been reminded of that one streak of foresight was not made plain, for he never met the lady again, nor did she have anything whatever to do with his career.

As a rule, we are seldom surprised or mystified during the progress of a dream, but once in a while the mind's inventions puzzle the very mind that does the inventing. Frederick Greenwood, the London journalist, once dreamed that the staircase in Buckingham Palace discussed home rule, and that her majesty invited him to stay and listen. During the dream he heard a curious clicking noise that puzzled him. In the same dream time seemed to go on to another day, when he read a full report of the third day of the Home Rule Conference in the Times, and only then did it occur to him what that mysterious clicking noise had meant. It was a telegraphic wire tapping sound, and he was not sure that he had not heard it in the dream.

As a matter of fact, the clicking noise was most likely real, e. g., the ticking of a watch or a clock, dimly perceived at the time, and which, in the dream, was interpreted as a telegraphic tapping sound. Many of our commonest dreams are really accounted for by bodily conditions or surroundings. "The dream of the man who was hanged on a cold night and over again saw a sheep's walking through rivers or snow-banks, quickened beating of the heart, and a sudden realization of the fact that indigestion is easily mistaken for the rapid pulse of terror, and speaks of various sorts are invented by the sleeper's mind to give a meaning to the sensations like these are of doubtful value, but in Dr. G. Stanley Hall's psychological laboratory at Clark University they collected a volume as a quantity of persons told many of their dreams, and it would appear, find animals, figures most conspicuously in their "bad" dreams; and ascribe their own terrors to the malice of other human beings, burglars, jailers and the like.

Observations have been made on the physical brain to determine what happens when a man dreams. A patient in a hospital had received a wound on the head which laid part of the brain bare, so that its changes of color could be plainly seen. The patient was kept in a room in which he slept the brain substance grew perceptibly paler, showing that less blood was being pumped through its tissues. On the other hand, when the patient seemed to indicate that the "power was on," so to speak, i. e., that the brain was at work shaping dreams; but of that the patient was not conscious. The necessity to remember and recall his dreams for the benefit of science.

The necessity of the two sorts of meeting over and over again in dreamland is an idea which has been worked out with great literary effect in Kipling's story of "The Dreamer," and in the novel "The Romance of Peter Dutton," but in real life no one seems to know the recipe for "dreaming true."

One ingenious experimenter, a Frenchman, has succeeded in repeating a certain favorite dream of a garden, by the easy device of having fragrant flowers near his pillow, but that does not go far as a solution of the problem.

The sporting world, more than any other, bases daytime action on that of the night. The supposed significance of dreams to the devotees of roulette or the man who plays the ponies has given rise to a system of interpretation nearly as complicated as a cable code. The trouble is it comes out wrong ten times every, a thousand times—often than it comes out right. A certain Col. Booker, who cut a dash in Mexico City ten years ago, thought he had dreamed an absolutely sure thing, and dropped \$25,000 before he gave up the tip as useless. More recently a young fellow from Devonshire had just come into a fortune and gone to Monte Carlo to begin having a good time, and found himself in a bad way. It was only when his entire fortune was gone and a friendly stranger had coaxed him out of a suicidal mood that he was able to shake the fascination of that particular dream.

Sleep itself, the setting of our dreams, depends curiously little on circumstances, except a healthy body. The Greek farmer hand will carry her sleeping baby with her to the fields in a hammock slung from her shoulder. Generations of Indian babies have slept like tops strapped to boards and hung up on a tree. The old-fashioned domestic idea of mountainous feather beds and puffy pillows suited an earlier generation well, and still suits homely country folk in many places. Young Japan sleeps best with the head resting on a wooden fence

rail, and abhors feathers. The heavy curtains that used to be thought essential to an orthodox European bed would now be promptly stripped of their hangings by any twentieth century physician. No wonder that crowned heads have lain uneasily, shut in by silk brocades full of accumulated germs. The soft side of a ledge at a hunter's camp is actually more promising for the brain's healthy resting time.

Since Fletcherism arose to spread the doctrine of lessening our food allowance, Professor William James, of Harvard, has come out with the following article declaring that people need less rest than they take. Maybe, but most physicians will disagree with him. Enormous quantities of work have been accomplished by men who slept only four or five hours out of the twenty-four for nature to tinker of the human engine, but, machinery used at that rate breaks down like a speeding auto, and proves even more expensive when the bill comes in. Napoleon is said to have slept only four hours a day. But if he had slept seven, who knows what the map of Europe might be today?

\$30,000 a Year For Clothes

PARIS LEADER OF FASHION THINKS IT'S A MINIMUM.

Closets Are a Big Item and Furs Cost More Than Gowns, Though a Costume May Cost \$7,000—No Middle Course in Jewelry—High Speed Dressmaking.

A reported who interviewed a leader of Paris fashion recently on the cost to a woman of being well-dressed in that city was told that \$30,000 a year was about the lowest limit of possibility. With \$50,000 and good taste any woman could make a showing.

"You see she must have so much fine old lace for her underwear and she must renew it so often," said the authority, "that a great deal of money is consumed on this item."

"A really fashionable woman can hardly wear anything but lace-trimmed corsets. They cost \$200 to \$250 a piece and they can't be relied upon to hold the shape for more than a month or so."

"Then consider the item of stockings. Even for common wear they cost \$5 a pair; they may cost ten times that, and there's no wear in them. Of course wear is an element that a woman who is really trying to dress herself can't give a second thought to, anyway."

"As for dresses, a wearable one for \$500 can be procured for ordinary wear, but \$3,000 is not out of the way for a really distinguished creation. At the marriage of Alfonso XIII. in Madrid the Duchess d'Almodovar wore a costume that cost \$7,000 in Paris."

"It consisted of a silk net gown embroidered with toupées and a court mantle of lace embroidered with gold. There was an empire gown of white satin in the trousseau of the Princess Marie Bonaparte, who married the King of Greece's son lately, which cost only \$1,000 and yet was greatly admired. You see it was absolutely plain."

"Dresses cost money when you reflect that a woman in the swim needs from thirty to fifty of them in the course of a year, but I'm not sure that her furs don't cost even more. You see, she must have at least six sets. The woman who would wear the same dress in the daytime calling and at night going to the opera, or the same in her automobile that she would when traveling by rail, could not expect to have any status as a well-dressed woman."

Hats, too, are important. A woman must have such a variety—satin, lace, fur, feather and flower hats, large ones and small ones. The hat should express the occasion, as it were—a sombre spirit of devotion or a joyous elation of mundane action.

"How much thought they need! And you really can't do better than from \$200 to \$250 apiece. I have heard of hats as low as \$15 or \$20, but I can't believe in their reality. At least, one should have a few of the latter class as the saleswoman as she shows them."

"Just now, by the way, very little need be spent on the headpiece. The note of the moment is negligee. You run a band of blue or faded rose velvet through a tumble of curls or a wild mass of waves, and there you are."

"What about the jewels, you ask. I will not open the casket. The topic is endless if you go into detail. But to sum it up in a word, for full dress nothing is permissible between zero and \$100,000. If you cannot be magnificent, be defiant."

The authority on fashion closed with a word on the great rapidity with which the up-to-date Paris dressmaker delivered at her house. A work of the first class will fill the most elaborate orders.

"I knew of a case recently," said she, "where the wife of an ambassador of a great power arrived one morning in Paris after a long journey. The very evening, she found, she would have to be present at one of those official functions for which an ambassador does not dare to plead illness."

Yet she had nothing to wear. The telephone had a busy ten minutes and at 9:30 o'clock a saleswoman the forewoman for corsets and the forewoman for skirts of a great house were in the lady's boudoir. The saleswoman displayed sketches of dresses and samples of materials. The forewoman measured her.

"Ten women were set to work on the costume. At 4 p.m. Madame called in her auto and made it on. It was delivered at her house at 9. A work had been accomplished in eleven and one-half hours which once would

BABY'S WELFARE

MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE

The one chief desire of the mother is that her little ones shall be healthy, bright and good-natured. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhea, teething troubles and the other little ills of childhood. Mrs. E. LeBrun, Carleton, Que., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to my baby. I have used them to regulate her stomach and bowels, and for teething and always with the best of results."

Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

have been thought marvelous in a week.

"But the most remarkable case of meeting an emergency that I ever heard of was the result of an accident. It was early in this season, and the dress that a prominent society woman wore to a party at a great event was ruined by a careless worker soot, and with the pressing iron just two hours before it ought to have made its appearance in the glare of the Elysée salons."

"There was a wall of despair in the workrooms. They feared to tell the chief; he might go mad, they thought. But no, he took it with an awful calm. Not a word of reproach, but a swift command to the two forewomen and the four best seamstresses in the shop."

"They took yards and yards of crepe de chine of the most exquisite hues, and furlings of gold lace and flower embroidery. They jumped into robes and flew to the lady's rescue. The chief with tears explained the disaster."

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