

## LONDON AND PARIS NOTES • A DAY WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES

## PROPOSED "MUSEUM OF FAKES" NOT APPRECIATED IN LONDON.

(Special Despatch.)  
LONDON, Saturday.  
M. JACQUES SELIGMANN'S proposal to open a "Museum of Fakes" of old masters in New York does not strike London fine art experts as a very brilliant idea. The general opinion appears to be that while there are many spurious pictures in America, painted by men now living in Italy and Belgium who are well known to the inner circle of art dealers, so there are also all over Europe, and that no useful purpose could be served by such a museum from an educational point of view. The suggestion was made to your correspondent that if exhibitions are required for the "education" of Americans in the fine arts, it would be much more interesting and instructive to hold periodical loan exhibitions of old masters similar to the winter exhibitions which are held annually at Burlington House here, so that the public could have the benefit of seeing the great pictures which have been acquired by private collectors in America, which they have no opportunity otherwise of seeing.

As American art collectors have taught the English the value of the rapidly diminishing supply of old masters, so they are bringing them to realize the artistic value of the colored mezzotint, in the revival of which English artists have taken a leading part. Mezzotints have of late made remarkable advances in the salesrooms, running up to 400 and 500 per cent above the original prices.

Mr. Ernest Eckermann, of No. 157A New Bond street, told your correspondent that American collectors have taken a fancy to colored mezzotints, that when he was in New York, a few weeks ago, he had to pay enormously increased prices in order to acquire some plates of the work of Sydney Wilson, one of the most successful of modern English mezzotintists.

"The demand for colored mezzotints by this young engraver," he said, "has grown to such an extent that our firm has been intrusted with the American agency of his works, but find it impossible to supply the demand, the editions being limited and the plates having been destroyed." Some of the finest of these works "Sins" after Grosse, a copy of which showed an appreciation of 500 per cent at a recent sale, and which is of even greater value now; "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante," after Reynolds; "Mrs. Canington and Child," after Romney; "Lady Peel," after Sir Thomas Lawrence; "The Ladies Waldegrave," after Reynolds; "Lady Hamilton as Circe," after Romney, and the "Duchess of Devonshire," the famous picture by Gainsborough, which, after being stolen from London and hidden for many years in the United States, was ultimately recovered, and is now in the possession of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Mr. Maurice Rosenberg, better known in Paris than in London, as a member of the French Orientalists' Society, and of the Belgian Royal state of Color Society, has brought to the Dore Gallery one of the most entrancing collections of water colors seen in London for a very long time. They are all illustrative of life, both peaceful and warlike, in Morocco and Algeria, bright, sunny and refreshing to the faded Londoner in these days of depression and gloom. "A Lady Hail," one of the first to catch the eye, depicting a Moorish horseman stopping by a pool to water his warlike horse, and "Powder Play" at Tangier and Marrakesh are perhaps the two most effective, in both coloring and motion. "Crossing the River, Biskra," is one of the few landscapes, a beautiful piece of coloring with a camel fording a stream to give life to the scene, and "Summer Evening on the Kasbah, Tangier," is a sweet, peaceful picture that commands attention.

Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach acquired the great Haseltine collection of drawings by old masters they have been considering their dispersal. It is now almost settled that the Dutch (including Rembrandt), German and Italian schools will be sold separately, but the Gainsboroughs and Claudes will be disposed of only as complete collections.

The dispersal of the great McCulloch collection, as has already been mentioned in these despatches will be one of the greatest sales of the forthcoming season at Christie's. It has now been set for the end of May on a date to be decided, but not, as was at first expected, during the Royal Academy week. The later date has been fixed in consideration of the fact that many pictures by Royal Academicians are included in the collection. Among the finest of the McCulloch pictures are those now on view in the Tate Gallery, and sale records may easily be established by one of the paintings at Millbank. These are Orchardson's "Master 'Baby' and the Young Duke," and Sir John R. Millais' "Sir Isumbras at the Ford."

## SCHEMES FOR BEAUTIFYING LONDON DISCUSSED AT MANSION HOUSE.

(Special Despatch.)  
LONDON, Saturday.  
AMBITIOUS schemes for beautifying London were outlined this week at the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor presided over a meeting of the London Society.  
Lord Curzon said the object of that society was to make London beautiful, and beauty did not already exist, and to keep it beautiful where it already was. London was beautiful already by its rivers and parks, its inns and corners, in fairs and sections. There were ornaments in the figure of London, there were places spots on the skin of London which would like to be removed, and the London Society was the physician which was to give the prescription.  
London has never been to the Englishman exactly what Paris was to the Frenchman or Rome to the Italian. It is becoming

to the German the Englishman preferred to think of Rome as the capital of his first idea was to get away from London. His dream of the London of the future looked to the south of the river. He would like to make a clean sweep and have a large conception.

Sir Aston Webb said that the society desired to see the Thames on the south side embanked from Westminster to Southwark Cathedral. If that was done the Thames would be the noblest river passing through the noblest capital of any empire. Another thing they would like to see was a great thoroughfare from the southern end of Westminster Bridge joining the southern end of London Bridge and forming a short and direct communication between the city and the west.

## STEEL TRUST COUNSEL NOT AFRAID OF TARIFF REDUCTIONS.

(Special Despatch.)  
LONDON, Saturday.  
MR. FRANK BILLINGS, KILLOGG, general counsel of the United States Steel Corporation, who has come to London on important private business, told your correspondent that the feeling that Congress made an error in passing the bill giving preferential treatment to American ships is growing and there is a powerful and increasing sentiment in favor of arbitrating the dispute between the United States and England.

"I do not believe that the recent and much discussed speech by President-elect Wilson will have any effect upon business or finance," he said. "I myself have confidence in the ability of Mr. Wilson. As there will be a democratic House and a democratic Senate after March, there will be tariff legislation, of course. But the revision downward will not be radical, or such as to disturb present happy conditions."

"The democratic party itself is not united on tariff policy. There are protectionists even among the democrats. These would form a modifying influence. But even were the tariff legislation to be more sweeping than it looks likely to be, the business of the country is too soundly flourishing to be disturbed by possibilities of it."

"I am myself in favor of reductions in many of the schedules, though I do not care to go into details. Some of our republicans tried to make such reductions, but did not succeed."

Mr. Kellogg was asked whether he agreed with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who had stated that the steel industries of the United States could get along without protection. He smiled and said: "I come from a protectionist country whose manufactures have been built up under the protective system."

Mr. Kellogg was, special counsel for the United States in the case against the Paper and Standard Oil trusts and has been a member of the Republican National Committee from Minnesota. Mr. Kellogg is accompanied on his business mission here by Mr. Henry Clay Pierce.

## PRINCE OF WALES' LIFE THAT OF ORDINARY STUDENT AT OXFORD.

(Special Despatch.)  
LONDON, Saturday.

A King in making is the subject of an interesting description by Mr. Charles Dewarham of a day with the Prince of Wales at Oxford, where the royal student has broken ground as a freshman. He has taken his stand there as an ordinary commoner freed from the gold tassel of the nobility; he has associated freely with his friends. He has also discovered that he likes Oxford and that Oxford likes him. Oxford finds the heir apparent for his charm and simplicity, his sporting tastes and instincts, his desire to inhale the real atmosphere of his college and university.

The Prince races betimes and attends roll call or chapel, which are the matutinal alternatives offered by alma mater to her sons. Breakfast follows in the junior common room. The royal undergraduate delights in the buoyancy of this mess, and then begins work. Perhaps it is a public lecture by one of the distinguished dons, or it may be a hour spent in tuition by the president himself, or some specialist in history and living languages.

London finds the young Prince eager for social intercourse or set on sport with which to fill the afternoon before the dinner hall. Frequently he lunches with his friends without or within the town, or he may elect to eat his commons in his own rooms—dishes drawn from his college kitchen, for he has no private chef in his modest establishment.

Afterward comes the delight of football with the second association team, or a game at golf at Cowley, Radley or the course at Pufford, seven miles away. Or it may be shooting, a sport in which the Prince excels. Invitations reach him from country estates, and one day he accounted for more than sixty pheasants and half a dozen woodcock. He has his father's prowess with the gun. But there is scarcely a sport in which he is not good. A boater he is one of the best that run with the pack.

Dinner in hall at seven o'clock finds the Prince, not solemnly ranged with learning at the high table, but joyously seated with young men of his age in the humbler places of the commoner. Sometimes the young King is making a dinner with his friends in the town or invites them to his rooms.

Work comes again after the cloth is removed and lamps are burning in the comfortable apartments, snugly furnished in solid English style. The Prince's evenings are often given to his writing on subjects of his own choice. He is not a student every evening is so examined in his studies. The Prince is "clubbable" and belongs to most of the institutions which explain this fashion of the world of thought and sport. The Oxford Musical Society takes him to chamber concerts, the Union

## Passing of Last Horse Omnibus in Paris Is Marked by "Impressive Funeral Service"



FORMING THE PROCESSION FROM THE EUROPEAN EDITION OF THE HERALD

(Special Despatch.)  
PARIS, Saturday.

'T'S gone! The old horse drawn omnibus has left Paris forever! No more will a Paris 'bus conductor shout an "En bas!" No more will the combined exhortations and imprecations of the driver in the oilcloth hat mingle with the crack of his whip.

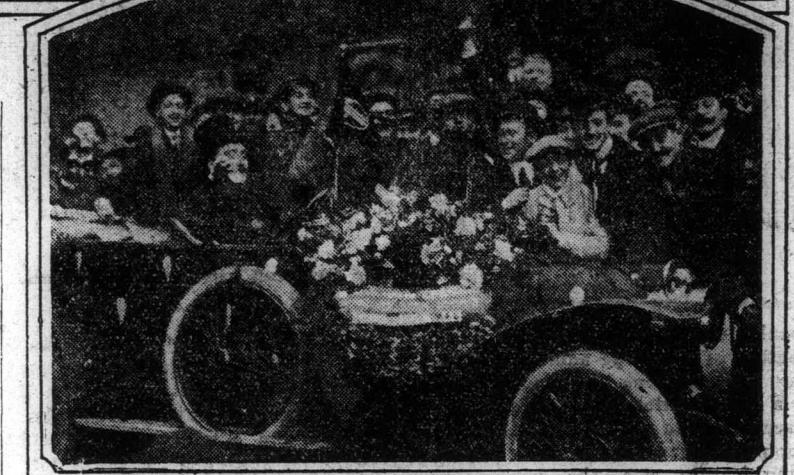
The garage has replaced the stable; the petrol can has crowded out the hayfork; the automobile has supplanted the faithful old horse in local transportation, even as the railroad and the trolley tram eliminated him as an agent of long distance conveyance years ago.

Old 320, pioneer in the horse 'bus world of Paris, has been laid to rest. And what a funeral it had! Such honors are paid few mere men after death. Funerals in Paris are officially classified, like railway carriages, the classes ranging from first—the most elaborate—to ninth. It was the first class for old 320. The enterprising newspaper, the Auto, made all arrangements for the services and overlooked no detail.

Old 320 was slain by the hand of progress. Strictly speaking, it did not pass to the Great Beyond till midnight, but "the last sad rites"—as the country correspondent would have it—were said at noon, and whatever followed may be considered in the nature of a post mortem. Cremation had been suggested, but no body had the heart to wait for the final disposition of the body.

Twenty-three automobiles followed the old 'bus on its last journey—23 for the horse vehicle! And what a contrast was offered! "Yesterday" and "Today" were suggested respectively by the wheezy omnibuses and the trim, fleet "sporting machines" of Belanger Frères which M. P. H. Romano drove.

The funeral chariot was crowded above and within with mourners. The "Complot" sign was displayed early. From one side floated a streamer bearing a horse's head and the single word of grate-



THE CHIEF MOURNER. (PHOTOS BY THE HERALD)

ful acknowledgment. "Merde!" Floral tributes filled the second machine, a Grégoire automobile. There was a wealth of huge bouquets, forget-me-nots predominating. One wreath voiced the public's "Regrets" with mute eloquence. Banners on other automobiles were inscribed "Sic transit gloria equi," and "Soyez bon pour les animaux."

As the procession started from the Place Saint-Sulpice the bell in one of the steeples tolled twelve measured strokes. An orchestra from the Velodrome d'Hiver played a so-called dead march and the horns and trumpets of the automobiles united in a dirge.

All the way to La Villette—in the Rue Bouffartie, Boulevard Saint Germain, Rue Danton, Place Saint Michel, Boulevard du Palais, Quai de Gesvres, Rue and Faubourg Saint Martin, Rue Lafayette and Avenue d'Albion—the crowds were visibly affected by the spectacle. Strong men stood with uncovered heads, and wept, unshed, little children clung closer to mothers' or nurses' skirts, and women wrung their hands in the agony of their despair.

Some there were, to be sure, who, making the nationality of old 320, treated the occasion more in the light of a wake than a solemn service. A few men even laughed and shouted—but then every individual has his own way of manifesting sorrow.

Some saw in the passing of the horse 'bus only the triumph of progress—ad-

youth and insouciance, and the killed Prince "toted it festy" in the reel.

There is an amusing story of a postman who obtained entrance to the hall on the strength of his uniform, and through the half opened door he saw the hope of Europe standing with all the august of eighteen. Afterward relating his impressions to an admiring circle of friends, he said:—"I see'd the Prince advance and enjoy'n' hisself, just as I would 'a' done myself at his age."

In those who reproach the Prince for his shyness, his dislike for all parade, there is a certain wast of imagination. "It is bad form to bluster," is a sentence uppermost in the Prince's thoughts. The navy does not breed the "poster" or the braggart, but men disciplined to command by having to obey. That is the case with the Prince of Wales. His shyness is due to his seniors because he regards himself as their junior, as he was a junior in the navy. It is part of the navy code.

Many unconscious acts of courtesy have won him local popularity. Somebody showed him a paragraph in the daily press relating to a little incident. The Prince was out riding on his bicycle, when he encountered a lady who had fallen from hers. Instantly dismounting, he assisted her to rise and to recover her machine, received assurances that she was unhurt, and then, with a peaceful bow, proceeded on his way. "Like a medieval knight in the days when the first Magdalen rose into cloistered fame."

"Usual lie," some one growled out in the Prince's hearing.

"No, that happens to be true," said the blond Prince, laughing.

Though he has not yet appeared on the hunting field, his progress is considerable. He has already a seat sure enough to challenge the fences and the foxes of Oxfordshire. But the Royal Commoner will not attempt the river.

## FIELDING'S "TOM JONES" BARRED FROM DONCASTER FREE LIBRARY.

(Special Despatch.)  
LONDON, Saturday.

SHOULD Fielding's "Tom Jones" require anything further to make it immortal, that would be found in the action of the Doncaster Free Library Committee, who have solemnly cursed the famous novel by bell, book and candle, removed it from their shelves and condemned it to the flames. Ever since there was a library "Tom Jones" had been left undisturbed. It had been read and digested by the common community without a word of complaint, until one of the learned library committee took the book home, thinking that a standard work must be irreproachable, and was duly shocked. He made it the subject of a report to his committee, none of the enlightened members of which having read the book before, who signified their horror and the book was burned.

It has, however, been burned in good company, for fire has been the fate of many books now regarded as the choicest literary possessions of the English language. In 1821, Wolsey, Cardinal of St. Cecilia and Archbishop of York, sat in state near Paul's Cross while Bishop Fisher denounced Martin Luther and his accursed works, many of which were burned in the churchyard during the sermon. But in spite of this the Lutheran doctrines flourished, and six years later Wolsey came again to St. Paul's, intent on reducing to ashes all "evil translations" of the Scriptures. At the foot of the great road over the northern door a fire was kindled and fed with Bibles. The Lutheran heretics begged pardon on their knees, and were then sentenced to walk round the blazing pile of Scriptures and cast faggots on the top.

Newspapers as well as books were burned, and the most famous of the kind is that of the "North Briton," No. 45, in which Wilkes, as it was thought, had uttered a seditious libel. The mob were with him, however, and when the paper was burned by the common hangman in front of the Royal Exchange they seized the burning fragments, chased the Sheriff's men through the streets and finally burned a jackboot at Temple Bar.

In later days there have been two famous burnings: the offending authors being Frodo and Hardy, with no other result than to make them more popular. As the editor of one burned book wrote: "Books have souls as well as men, which survive the martyrdom and are not burned, but crowned with the flames that encircle them."

UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY GEORGE WASHINGTON TO BE SOLD.  
(Special Despatch.)  
LONDON, Saturday.

HISTORY is again to be assailed by the auction room. A letter by George Washington is to be offered for sale at Sotheby's auction rooms on February 19, and it is said that its contents have not hitherto been published. Written at Mount Vernon February 5, 1783, about two months before the election which was to make Washington the first President of the United States, it contains a passage of great interest to the students of early American electioneering and of Washington's attitude toward the federalists.

An interesting portion of the letter is Washington's comment on George III.'s first attack of mental derangement. In the autumn of 1783 the King, after taking the waters at Cheltenham, got wet while walking at Windsor. On October 23 signs of mental trouble appeared. His mind dwelt on the loss of the American colonies. On December 19 the King died. The Privy Council that his disease was incurable, but it was impossible to say how long it might last.

Casting his mind back to the events leading to the War for Independence, Washington wrote the following remarkable statement:—"Be the cause of the British King's

sanity what it may, his situation (if alive) merits consideration. Better, perhaps, would it have been for his nation, though not for ours (under present prospects) if this event had happened at the time of the French Revolution. Suppose the King's constitution was first tinged with the Malady under which he is now labouring."

The passage relating to the first American election is as follows:—"All the political manoeuvres which were calculated to impede, if not to prevent the operation of the new government, are now brought to a close until the meeting of the new Congress; and although the issue of the elections are not yet known they are sufficiently displayed to authorize a belief that the opponents of the government have been defeated in almost every instance. Although the elections in this State are over, it will be sometime (from the extent of it) before the Representatives to Congress can be finally announced. From conjecture, however, it is supposed the majority will be Federalist—some are so sanguine as to believe that seven out of the ten will be so—but this, as I have already said, is altogether conjecture—and value conjecture—for much pains has been taken—and no art left untried to poison the mind, and alarm the fears of the people into opposition. In the list of the Electors which has been published by the Executive authority of this State, there appears (as far as I am acquainted with the characters of the gentlemen) eight decided friends of the New Constitution."

"Usual lie," some one growled out in the Prince's hearing.

## FAITHFUL CANINE IS HERO OF FIGHT WITH VICIOUS BULL.

(Special Despatch.)  
LONDON, Saturday.

ALTHOUGH somewhat belated, the following story has been published in "Our Dogs," and said by its author, Miss Edith Hansen, to be a true one, is very interesting:—"During the summer of 1912 a man of my acquaintance, who possessed a valuable bulldog, was spending his holidays at a place called Yell, on the west coast of Denmark. One of the first days after arrival he set off with his dog on route for the shore to enjoy a bath. In parenthesis I must remark that as the tide in Denmark is not very considerable one will often see cultivated fields reaching almost down to the water's edge, and such is the case at Yell. As my friend noticed the shore he saw some stunted trees and bushes growing almost out of the beach, and these he thought would make an excellent 'bathing machine.'

He noticed that the field was occupied by a very fair number of 'cows,' but without giving them a second thought he proceeded to bathe. He had, however, got no further than his shirt when, without a moment's warning, he received a most violent blow in the back and was lifted bodily in the air. He fell a helpless heap in the open, unable to rise, as several of his ribs were broken. On turning his head he saw that the bull (for such he ascertained now proved to be) was preparing to return to the attack.

But at the same moment a bull's streak flew at the animal's head and he saw that his brave bulldog had got a firm grip of its nose. The bull's premeditated charge was arrested and he was now constrained to turn his attention to his discomfited but certainly painful foe. He tossed his head this way and that, swinging the dog about as a cat would a mouse, but was unable to rid himself of the incubus, for every time he lowered his head as if to 'wipe' the dog off the latter only seized the opportunity to get a firmer grip.

Some laborers who had observed the attack of the bull on the man, who was hurrying to his assistance arrived on the scene, and now that the bull's attention was directed towards them they were able to get a piece of safety. On returning to the field they found the bull standing far out in the sea with only his head above water, while the brave bulldog was lying just out of reach of it. The bull was now dragged in, but was found on examination to be very much injured. He was taken to a veterinary surgeon, but it would be necessary to shoot him. The dog was sent off to a 'vet,' and after careful nursing a complete recovery was made of him, much to the delight of all who knew him and especially of the grateful master whose life he had saved.

## CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTIONS ASSURE MONUMENT TO GENERAL WOLFE.

(Special Despatch.)  
LONDON, Saturday.

AS the result of subscriptions taken in Canada a monument to Major General James Wolfe at or near his grave at Greenwich is assured.

Following the battle in which General Wolfe lost his life his remains were brought to England and interred in the family vault in the crypt of St. Alfege Church, in that borough. Nothing was done for nearly 150 years to mark his burial place.

In 1898 Ferdinand Fountaine, a citizen of Greenwich, a church parish of St. Alfege, placed a memorial window in the church at his own expense, and on November 20, 1903, the 120th anniversary of General Wolfe's burial, a mural tablet was erected in the church over the grave by his regiment and from public subscription taken up in England. When the campaign was begun in the Western provinces of the Dominion to arouse public opinion and obtain funds for the construction of a Canadian monument near Wolfe's grave, which would be a fitting memorial, and at the same time worthy of the Dominion, it was believed that £4,000 would be sufficient for the memorial. It is now thought that £8,000 will be required.

It is probable that the sculptor will be Canadian. It is not yet decided whether the monument will be placed in the churchyard at St. Alfege, in Greenwich, where the space is very confined, and there is not room for display. Wolfe was living at McCartney House, which still stands in Greenwich Park and looks out on Blackheath. If the London County Council were to give a suitable site in the centre of Blackheath, which would not be far from the grave at Greenwich, and in close vicinity to his old home, it would furnish one of the best display points in Europe.

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Feed  
Extra Gran  
It's Canada's finest sugar  
untouched by human  
contains 5 full pounds  
can supply you.  
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ONLY A SLEEP WALKER.  
(Courier Leased Wire).  
MONTREAL, Feb. 7.—Screams of "help, murder, police!" in a woman's voice, startled Sergeant Fisher of the Chenerville street police station as he stood at the corner of St. George and Dorchester streets this morning. Making an investigation Fisher found that Mrs. Annie Laughlin, a sleep walker, had during a nocturnal walk thrust her arm through a window and severed an artery.

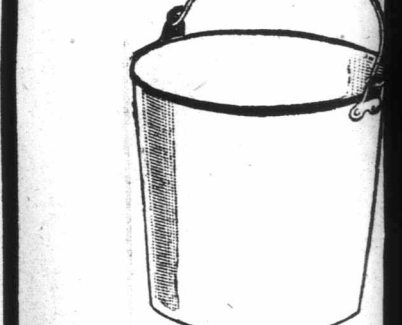
Fisher was able to save the woman's life by making a tourniquet on her arm, something he only learned to be able to do at first and less on given the police last week.

## FROZE TO DEATH.

(Courier Leased Wire).  
NORTH BAY, Ont., Feb. 7.—Mr. Joseph C. Levlane of Morin street left home early yesterday evening to visit a neighbor. No anxiety was felt by her family when she did not return as it was thought she had decided to stay the night. This morning, early pedestrians on High Street found her frozen body lying at the side of the street. She had left a return home about 8 o'clock and it was presumed she was overcome by weakness or a fainting spell and before she could recover was benumbed by cold. She leaves a husband and four children. She was 40 years of age.

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