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THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

When is it that man turns over the new leaf, in January or in the spring? A clear-headed critic of human institutions might well pause to reflect on the arbitrariness with which we have decided upon the New Year as the mainspring of good intentions. Such a choice has against it all the forces of Nature. The first of January seldom comes with the outward mien of a good angel; it may be blustering, it may be icy, it may be tepid as the ministrations of a poor friend, but it is never spontaneously open-hearted. Like a wild colt which thinks any hurdle good enough to jump over, we surmount our artificial obstacle as though it separated the ploughed furrows from the springy turf, only to find that we have leapt from one morass into another. Were it not better, and more sensible, to leave superstitious demarcations of this sort to those who believe in Old Moore's Calendar and grandmotherly nostrums, and to take the juster, the ampler view at a season when Nature sees fit to screw us up to plausible enthusiasms? On New Year's Eve, perhaps, we may think well enough of New Year superstitions—for is there not a kind instinct by which we accommodate ourselves to what we can get when we cannot have what we should like? But now, when the earth and the sky, and the birds of the air, are mocking winter with the fulness of sounds and the spurting of bright colours; when to be up and about is a pleasure into which we fall as readily as we fell but yesterday into sloth and indifference; when the very brick and mortar of our walls glisten with new life; now the New Year seems like a charlatan and a pious rogue. If we have good resolutions, let us make them while Nature can assist us to fulfil them; but if the old resolutions of New Year's Eve be still unfulfilled it were foolish to attempt them at this hour; rather let us forget them, once and for all, and forgive ourselves as best we can. Is there not an unlimited page in the Future where better ones and truer ones may be registered?

Good resolutions, especially when they are so unhampered, so free from conventional bias, are too cheering to be taken with a grave countenance; let us take them at their real value, and let us take them laughingly. The summer is before us, perhaps not devoid of sunshine and cool breezes and the sight of the crisp, blue sea, perhaps keeping in store for us still nights and spacious gardens where nothing is heard but a distant cricket or the faint music of young voices on a distant river. Who can think of leafy, star-lit lanes, of the soft warm dust beneath one's feet as one tramps the sweet-smelling country, of the massed blossoms of May and June bursting into silver and rose beneath a rising moon, and not be thankful that once more the wheel has turned, that once more the unfathomable scheme of things is manifested to us on its tenderest side? Who, remembering the bareness of February and the restlessness of March, does not think of the blaze of flowering beds and the hum of the bees with a new joy of anticipation? While such delights may be ours, is it not sheer folly and waste of strength to bewail what we can never grasp again, or to stretch out our arms towards what is just as fugitive and thankless? There are treasures which cling to us imploring our good graces with such pitiful, exquisite entreaty, there are ideals which live around us, for us, with us at this season with such unobtrusive, delicate persistence, that only the most obtuse and callous of us all must fail to reach at them.

"Gather ye roses while ye may;
Old Time is still a-flying."

That is an oft-culled blossom, but it smells as sweetly today as when Herrick first broke it from its branch.

To be a little older and a little wiser, perhaps a little sadder, perhaps a little weaker, since we are not all young; to awaken year after year and season after season to fresh impulses and sensations which are as old as the world, as old as oneself, and yet so wondrously new; to attain to heights or sink into the valleys and yet always to see the hills blue before us—how singular is our organism and how tolerant of our pettiness! But this is not the season of moralising or introspection. Have we not had our fill of dreary winter nights and glowing fires? Let us forget that "our new thoughts

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have thrilled dead bosoms", and let us garner them while they are still unwithered.

When the air is full of sky-larks, and the morning lies chill in the sunshine, marshalling its mists on the horizon, the spirit of the season is abroad. Not yet languorous, indolent, full-blooded with the proud charm of Summer, the year has already left behind it the harshness of the past few months; and from a note of tenderness to a note of strength, from the tremulousness of things new-born to the assurance of a victor trampling down the conquered evil, it strikes its enrapturing chords again and again.

GENERAL NEWS.

ENGLISH NEWS.

KING EDWARD IN DENMARK.

A State banquet took place at Copenhagen on Wednesday in the Knights' Hall at the Palace of Christian VII. King Frederik and King Edward, in toasts proposed in the most cordial terms, drank to the mutual good relations of the two countries.

MEDDLESOME JOURNALISM.

It is the custom in England to regard the American Press as the incarnation of mendacity, officiousness and inanity, an opinion which, needless to say, is almost entirely based upon those libels on Transatlantic journalism—the Hearst newspapers. But all this righteous horror does not deter certain British contemporaries from sincerely flattering the Press of the United States by faithfully copying the sensational methods they attempt to decry. For downright absurdity commend us to the account of the new British Prime Minister's journey to Biarritz that appeared in the *Daily Mail*, written by an individual described by his paper as "Our Own Special Correspondent on Mr. Asquith's train." This enterprising journalist seems to have spied on Mr. Asquith all the way from Charing Cross to Dover, from Dover to Calais, from Calais to Paris, and from Paris to Biarritz. He poked his inquisitive nose everywhere. Apparently his ear was laid in turn to every door jamb and his eye to every keyhole. Barring that he does not tell how Mr. Asquith gets into bed, or which leg he puts first into the lower half of his pyjama suit, he hardly

misses a detail of what the Premier did *en route*. And a whole column of this nonsensical recitation finds place of honour in the *Mail* as if it were a fine example of journalistic enterprise, worthy of admiration. We are told how Mr. Asquith wrapped himself up for the journey, each fleeting expression that crossed the august countenance is described, much copy is made of the bowl of soup and the whisky-and-soda with which the right honourable gentleman regaled himself at Calais. When the traveller entered the train for Paris he drew down the blinds of his reserved compartment, from which we gather that he had caught the ubiquitous reporter peeping. At the Gare du Nord Mr. Asquith walked briskly along the platform; here he was carrying a yellow-backed French novel—even its name is given—apparently preferring it to a yellow journal. The weighty details continue: Mr. Asquith lit a cigar, "and after a few moments spent in contemplating the wreaths of smoke curling towards the ceiling, he"—&c., &c., &c.

Our only apology for inflicting this rignarole upon our patient readers is to emphasise the fact that, however much journals across the Atlantic may merit their reputation for inanity, the British newspapers live in far too fragile a habitation to render the flinging of stones—or even mud—a safe practice.

A SUFFRAGETTE BAZAAR.

A London correspondent sends us the following: The members of the Women's Freedom League have been branching forth in a fresh direction. They have run a Bazaar and Sale of Work at Caxton Hall, and have obviously revelled in this opportunity of displaying, to the doubting eyes of the unconverted, the skill of the Suffragette in the feminine arts of cooking and needlework. And indeed they had reason to be complacent, for their handiwork was excellent. There were several reminders that the smiling dames and damsels, clad in pretty gowns, who presided over the various stalls were, in very sooth, Suffragettes of the militant variety. Many a one had the lace or ribbons at her throat fastened by that silver representation of grim Holloway that none are entitled to wear unless they have in very truth sojourned within its walls. Then one of the side-shows was a full-sized replica of a Holloway prison cell, containing one member of the League arrayed in correct prison garb, industriously stitching, while another was got-up in the navy serge costume of a wardress—black cap and clanking keys complete. The cell itself had cost ten pounds to make and erect, and one admiring visitor promptly gave a ten-pound cheque to cover that expense. There was an entrance fee of sixpence, and in two days of the bazaar the cell alone contributed over fifty pounds to the funds. There are members of the League who can sing, dance and play as well as the most unpolitical woman going, and then such well-known artistes as Mrs. Theodore Wright, Miss Lillah McCarthy and Miss Edith Olive gave their services to help the cause. Another slight reminder that the Women's Freedom League is a militant organisation was the unheralded appearance of an important police inspector, accompanied by a stalwart bobby. The two men made a complete tour of the room, and how they enjoyed it! How they beamed! And small wonder, for the scene was attractive, and the best of everything was brought forward for the admiration of the amiable inspector. Outside in the street stood the travelling gipsy van that Mrs. Despard has presented to the League. In it, enterprising Suffragettes propose to tour the country throughout the summer, preaching the gospel of Votes for Women in villages too tiny for the holding of public meetings. Altogether the ladies are well pleased with themselves and their Bazaar.

THE ALL-RED ROUTE.

Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner of Canada, lecturing at the Royal Colonial Institute on "The All-Red Route," contended that the journey from England to Australia via Canada could be made in 28 days as against the 30 days required for the Suez Route; and the journey from England to New Zealand in 25 days as against 35. Sir J. C. R. Colomb thought that the proposed Imperial grant should be spent in battleships instead.

(Continued on page 2.)

BERLIN

GERMAN FINANCES.

The quotation for the German loan across the channel is 98-99, which means a German equivalent of a shade more than 99 $\frac{1}{2}$. While we have many stocks in our own market, says the *Globe*, which are every bit as attractive, in our opinion, it is undeniable that a good deal of English money will find its way into the new issue—chiefly the money probably of those investors who, judiciously enough, believe in the geographical distribution of capital. The margin for security in the case of both issues, the Prussian and the German, is generously ample. The Prussian State Debt, including the new issue, amounts to £426,800,000. This is almost entirely invested in railways, which show a steadily increasing net revenue—for 1906-7 it was £34,904,500, and for 1907-8 it is estimated at £36,100,000. The Prussian State railways alone yield £18,500,000 more than the annual sum involved by the service of the whole debt. The proceeds of the present issue go to extend the railway system.

As for the debt of the Imperial German Government (also including the new issue), that amounts to a total of £212,650,000, and for this Prussia and all other constituent States are liable. Germany's entire indebtedness is £825,000,000 (compared, parenthetically, with a total French debt of £1,200,000,000), and the indebtedness per head of the population is £12 15s., or 10s. less than is the case in England, and £18 5s. less than the figure for France. The view is commonly held that a good deal of the new loan is to be applied towards the strengthening of the German Navy, and this opinion widely entertained will probably prevent the loan being very popular in England.

CHURCH SERVICES: BERLIN.

S. GEORGE'S CHURCH, Monbijou Garten.
Second Entrance: Oranienburger Strasse 76 B.
Sundays: 9 a.m. Celebration of Holy Communion.
11 a.m. Matins and Sermon (followed by a second Celebration on 1st, 3rd, and 5th Sundays in the month).
6 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.
Fridays: 11 a.m. Litany.
Holy Days: 9 a.m. Celebration of Holy Communion.
The Chaplain: Rev. J. H. Fry, M. A., Savigny Platz 7, Charlottenburg.

GENERAL NEWS.

(Continued).

LONDON PAUPERISM ON THE INCREASE.

On March 28 the number of paupers in London was higher by 5938 than the total for the corresponding period of 1907. This is the highest total since 1871. The number of paupers is now 126,082, or 26.5 per 1,000 of the population.

GERMAN CHOIR TO VISIT ENGLAND.

Reuter states that the well-known German male choir, the Cologne "Männergesangverein," will pay a visit to England from May 23 to June 6, singing in London, Manchester, and Liverpool. The Imperial Chancellor has instructed the German Ambassador in London to give the visitors every assistance.

NEWS FROM AMERICA.

FOUR BATTLESHIPS OR NONE.

President Roosevelt has informed the political leaders in Congress that he will veto the Navy Bill providing for the building of two new battleships. He urges his friends in Congress to vote for four such ships.

TRADE WITH THE PHILIPPINES.

The House of Representatives has passed a resolution in favour of prohibiting the participation of foreign ships in the trade between the Philippine Islands and the United States.

EXTENSIVE FINANCIAL OPERATIONS.

It is officially announced in New York that Kuhn, Loeb, and Co., in New York, and Rothschild and Sons, in London, have taken up 40 million dollars 4% Pennsylvania bonds repayable in 40 years. The issue will take place simultaneously in London and New York.

THE GUATEMALA OUTRAGE.

President Roosevelt has telegraphed his congratulations to President Cabrera on his fortunate escape. According to advices from Guatemala, the would-be assassins included five cadets of the President's body-guard, who have since been shot.

THE NEW YORK MAYORALTY.

The issue of a trial now proceeding in New York is eagerly awaited throughout the State. Last week a jury was impanelled for the actual recounting of the votes cast in the McClellan-Hearst mayoralty election of 1905. As a correspondent tritely remarks, the mills of the American Courts grind slowly, and in this case they will grind particularly

AMERICAN CHURCH, Motz Strasse 6, Nollendorf Platz.
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11.30 a.m. Regular Service.
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Gebr. Niendorf, Piano Factory
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THE DAILY RECORD

Berlin W., Potsdamer Strasse 10/11.

BERLIN CURRENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

Theatre	Play	Time
Royal Opera House	Madame Butterfly	at 7.30
Royal Theatre	Ein Erfolg	7.30
Deutsches Theatre	Robert und Bertram	8
"	(Kammerspiele) Der Tor und der Tod. Nju	8
Lesing Theatre	Der Teufel	8
New Schauspielhaus	Der Dammkopf	8
Kleines Theatre	Zweimal zwei ist fünf	8
Residenz Theatre	Der Fisch im Ohr	8
Cosmic Opera	Hoffmanns Erzählungen	8
Schiller Theatre O.	Hans Hucklebein	8
" Charlottenburg	Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung	8
Leustpielhaus	Sein Alibi. Der Brandstifter	8
Hebbel Theatre	Liebe	8
Frdr. Wilhelmst. Theatre	Der Privatdozent	8
Theatre des Westens	Ein Walzertraum	8
Lortzing Theatre	Il Trovatore	8
Laisa Theatre	Mutter Erde	8
Urania Theatre	Eine Nilfahrt bis zum zweiten Katarakt	8
Every evening until further notice.		
Walhalla Theatre	Spezialitäten	at 8
Folies Caprice	Mal was anderes	8
Carl Haverland Theatre	Spezialitäten	8
Folies Bergère	Spezialitäten	8.30
Central Theatre	Ein seltsamer Fall	8
Passage Theatre	Spezialitäten	8
Casino Theatre	Ein Dorfroman	8
Wintergarten	Spezialitäten	8
Bürgerl. Schauspielhaus	Die Autorität	8
Parodie Theatre	Tannhäuser. Nachtsyl. Monna Vanna	8.30
New Theatre	Die gute Partie	8.30
Trianon Theatre	Seine erste Frau. Die Hand. Charlotte Wiehde	8
Bernhard Rose Theatre	Die Loreley	8
Apollo Theatre	Der kleine Chevalier	8
Theatre an der Spree	Der Onkel aus Kottbus	7.30
New Operetta Theatre	Der Mann mit den drei Frauen	8
Gebr. Herrfeld Theatre	Eise aus der Bar. Es lebe das Nachtleben	8
Thalia Theatre	Die Brunnen-Nymphe	8

BRITISH AND AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND: Ambassador the Rt. Hon. Sir FRANK LASCELLES G. C. B. Embassy, 70 Wilhelm Strasse. Office hours 11-1.—Consul General Dr. PAUL V. SCHWABACH. Consulate, Behrens Strasse 63. Office hours 10-12 and 4-5.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Ambassador, CHARLEMAGNE TOWER Esq. Embassy, Unter den Linden 68. Reception hours 10-1.—Consul General: ALEXANDER M. THACKARA Esq. Consulate, Friedrich Strasse 59/60. Office hours 10-1.

small, for two and a half years' strenuous agitation on the part of Mr. W. R. Hearst has overcome all legal objections, and the ballot boxes are to be reopened before a Judge and jury. The boxes number 1,948, and contain more than half a million votes, so that the counting will necessarily be a tedious matter, and the adherents of Mr. McClellan are certain to adopt every known legal expedient to hinder the work.

In the improbable event of the scrutiny proving that Mr. McClellan was falsely elected, a distinctly Gilbertian situation will be created. No legal decision can erase the present Mayor's tenure of office, neither can it compensate Mr. Hearst for the lost thirty months, during which he might have completely revolutionised New York's municipal life; though it is more probable that, had he attempted to shape the city's policy on the lines advocated in his notorious journals, the indignant citizens would have risen in their wrath and hurled him from the City Hall. Hearstism in theory is bad enough; in practice it would be intolerable.

THE U. S. EMBASSY IN BERLIN.

It is reported from The Hague that Dr. David J. Hill, the United States Minister to the Netherlands, whose nomination to the Berlin Embassy gave rise to the recent diplomatic incident between the German and United States Governments, will enter upon his new post in the German capital on June 1.

THE FESTIVITIES AT CORFU.

The German Emperor and Empress remained on board the British cruiser "Aboukir" until half-past 4 o'clock on Wednesday, says a Corfu telegram. The King of Greece, with the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece, their family and suite, took luncheon on board with their Imperial Majesties, who on landing returned by automobile to the Achilleion. The "Hohenzollern," with Prince August Wilhelm on board, arrived at 4.15 p.m. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Patricia, Major General Sir John Maxwell, Major the Earl of Lanesborough, and other English gentlemen dined with the Emperor and Empress at the Achilleion in the evening. The band of the "Hohenzollern" played a selection of music.

THE RAILWAY SMASH IN AUSTRALIA.

The following details respecting the terrible railway disaster near Melbourne are now to hand: The express from Bendigo which on Monday night ran into a train from Ballarat with disastrous results, ought to have passed Braybrook before the

Ballarat train, which was late. Many victims entered the latter at Braybrook just before the collision occurred. The guard, while stepping into the van, saw the approaching catastrophe, and sprang aside. A scene of indescribable horror followed. Three carriages took fire, but were extinguished. A member of the fire brigade found the dead bodies of his two sisters among the debris. His brother, a shunter, was recently killed on the line. Some passengers rendered first aid until the doctors came, and then assisted them. An eye-witness says the scene resembled a battle-field. Many victims died when lifted. The Bendigo driver says his brake failed, and he reversed the engine, but without effect. The brake had acted promptly at previous stations. Pathetic scenes were witnessed when the sound portion of the Ballarat train reached Melbourne, where a crowd was waiting for news of relatives. It is believed there are still bodies under the debris. Braybrook Junction, the scene of last night's disastrous collision, is only eight miles from Melbourne. The Bendigo train was drawn by two heavy engines. There was great difficulty in obtaining doctors and nurses, owing to the lateness of the hour. Among the killed was a young bride, who had only been married on Monday. Her husband was injured.

TURKISH TROOPS DEFEATED.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung's* correspondent in Saloniki reports that a detachment of Turkish troops attacked a band of Bulgarian brigands at Banitzka, in the Florina district, on Tuesday, but were repulsed with the loss of two men killed, the brigands having been reinforced by armed peasants.

AN ALGERIAN TOWN THREATENED.

In consequence of a rumour that a Harka was threatening to attack the town of Ain Safra, says a telegram from Oran, a battalion of Algerian tirailleurs had left Oran to reinforce the garrison of Ain Safra.

LIGHT FROM WINDMILLS.

On the Danish island of Sjælland there is an electric lighting system which is driven by a windmill. The wheel is 46 ft. in diameter, and is supported by a tower 43 ft. high. The area of the blades exposed to the wind is 340 square feet, and with a wind blowing at the rate of 23 ft. a second the mill will give 8.6 horse-power. The speed is then 24 revolutions a minute. Current is supplied to 378 incandescent and six arc lamps, besides several small motors.

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DRESDEN

HOCKEY.

Dresden's Brilliant Tour.

The Akademischer Sport-Club brought their tour to a conclusion with 3 matches in Frankfurt. The first, against a weak team, "Germania," was won by 11 goals to 0; Norman 5 goals, Baring-Gould 4, Peltzer and Johnson 1 each. The second match against Frankfurt ended in a narrow victory for the visitors by 3 goals to 2. This victory, by which the Shield that for two years has been in the possession of the Frankfurt Club has at last been brought to Dresden, is all the more creditable since Dresden were compelled to play in the second half with only 10 men. Sandon, whose defence has been so sure, was cut over the eye by a rising ball, and had to leave the field. When Sandon left the score was one all, and then Frankfurt obtained one more goal and Dresden two, thus winning the match. Dresden made a determined fight and stuck to their game hard. Goals: Rhodes 2, Baring-Gould 1.

The seventh and final match against an English team, captained by G. Fasmiloe, ended in a draw of one goal all.

Dresden were without Sandon, who was on the injured list. The game was very even and the score well represents the game. Thanks to the magnificent defence of the London backs, the Dresden forwards were unable to attack as strongly as usual, and the London forwards, with the exception of Fasmiloe, were very mediocre.

The tour was a great success, six matches being won and one drawn. Goals scored: 53, goals against: 5. The stars of the team have undoubtedly been Rhodes, Peltzer, Sandon and Beer, though all the rest have worked hard to bring about success.

After the last match in Frankfurt the teams were invited to a banquet in their honour, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The guards in the city today are furnished by the 2nd Grenadier Regiment No. 101. The band plays about 12.30 p.m. in the Schloss Platz.

NEW BOOKS.

Tauchnitz edition, to appear May 1st.

"Emotional Moments" by Sarah Grand. Author of "Our Manifold Nature," &c. 1 vol.

Dresden's Largest Special Store for

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Club chairs, State chairs, Library and office chairs, leather sofas, leather and cane-seated chairs, of all kinds, from the simplest to the most elegant. First-class manufacture.

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Whoever has lost or left anything in the streets or squares of this city should enquire for the same at the *Fundamt* (lost property office) of the *Königliche Polizeidirektion*, Schiess Gasse 7.

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MOVEMENTS OF LINERS.

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FR. BREMERMANN, Prager Strasse 49.

YESTERDAY'S REPORTS.

"Kaiser Wilhelm II.," from Bremen for New York, arrived New York April 21st.
"Kronprinzessin Cecilie," from New York for Bremen, arrived Bremerhaven April 22nd.
"Bremen," from Australia for Bremen, arrived Suez April 22nd.
"Prinz Heinrich," from Bremen for Japan, left Genoa April 22nd.
"Lützow," from Bremen for New York, arrived New York April 22nd.
"Prinz Ludwig," from Japan for Hamburg, arrived Genoa April 22nd.
"Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," from Bremen for New York, left Cherbourg April 22nd.
"Breslau," from Bremen for Baltimore, passed Capes Henry April 22nd.

DRESDEN CURRENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

Royal Opera House.

Tonight, beginning at 7, ending at 8.45

VI. Symphony Concert, Series B.

Soloist: Herr AUGUSTE PIERREY.

- (1) Symphony in A for 2 oboes, 2 horns and string orchestra W. A. Mozart.
 - (2) Concerto in C-minor, op. 44, for piano and orchestra C. Saint-Saëns.
 - (3) Overture to "Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus" L. v. Beethoven.
- For the first time:
- (4) Variations Symphoniques for piano and orchestra César Frank.
 - (5) "Mazeppa", symphonic poem Franz Liszt.

Saturday night Lobengrin at 6
Sunday night Die Fledermaus " 7
Monday night Carmen " 7

Royal Theatre Neustadt.

Tonight Othello at 7
Saturday night Zweimal zwei ist fünf 7.30
Sunday night Kriemhilds Rache " 7
Monday night Das alte Heim " 7.30

Residenz Theatre.

Tonight Orpheus in der Unterwelt at 7.30
Saturday night Die Puppe " 7.30

Central Theatre.

Tonight Der Mann mit den drei Frauen at 7.30
Saturday night Der Mann mit den drei Frauen .. 7.30
Sunday afternoon Der fidele Bauer " 8.30
Sunday night Der Mann mit den drei Frauen .. 7.30

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

The most pressing necessity in the world of fashion at this moment seems to be represented in our hats, and though most of us do not invest in new frocks until May, nearly every one thought of at least one new hat for Easter. After all, most of us, however much we are swayed by fashion and however much we crave for novelties, very quickly tire of eccentricity and return with joy to the beautiful artistic lines portrayed by the Old Masters and worn by the beauties of bygone years—hats which were distinctive enough to make their mark in history and to leave their name behind them. It is interesting to note the importance of the hat of today and the part it plays in the lives of women, and to realise that, up to the sixteenth century, in England the possibilities of the hat were practically unknown. Once the ladies of the Renaissance grasped the opportunities that the hat gave them of enhancing their beauty, they lost no time in devising fashion after fashion in coquettish and charming variety. There is real taste displayed in the hats of today—beauty of outline and beauty of fabric are both noticeable features. Never were flowers of more glorious colouring, even though they are not always strictly true to Nature! Besides the smart little toques made either entirely of straws of different colours or entirely of flowers, the favourite shapes appear to be on the old Gainsborough and Reynolds lines trimmed with a long feather or bunch of ostrich plumes or, what is very fascinating and becoming, a soft ostrich mount wound round the crown. There seem to be no hard and fast lines drawn in millinery this season. Some hats turn up in the front, others at the side, and many of them can be worn at either angle, which is useful. As regards colour there is a prevalence of tan and blue—that curious peacock blue which is apt to be hard unless softened by tulle and feathers.

While talking of hats, I may mention the lovely things that are being made for little girls; they are so pretty that one would like to wear them one's self. Made either in silk or in flowered cretonne they take the cloche shape, and are pleated, crown and brim, in straight pleats, most amusingly finished off with a small cretonne button or knob placed in the centre of the crown; they look exactly like a Tonkinese hat. Round the crown is a velvet ribbon, which ties and falls in two ends behind. Sometimes the crown is covered with puce silk and bordered with black velvet; instead of the ribbon there is a wreath of small roses to enliven the rather dark aspect of the hat. For younger children, little things of five or six, a "head covering" is made out of a square piece of stuff folded over two bunches of baby roses. Tiny velvet strings loop round to tie just behind one ear. These last are not unlike a Bretonne cap, but they look most dainty and lend an incomparable grace to a child's face.

With regard to evening head-dress the great rage for muslin, gauze, or ribbon in the hair has died away as suddenly as it rose. It was very easy to get and to put on, very easily imitated by anybody or everybody which is perhaps the reason of its banishment. Most people wear some ornament in their hair. The favourite seems to be the Greek barrette or tiny cap worn over hair combed low; the hair is arranged low on the head much more frequently than it was a few years ago.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.*

That prince among contemporary essayists, that master of pithy paradox, that shock-headed sage of Fleet Street, genial G. K. Chesterton, here thrusts upon a good-natured public another of

* *The Man who was Thursday*, by G. K. Chesterton. Tauchnitz Edition, 1 vol.

those weird literary fantasies which flow with such unabated ease from his pen. It is of quite minor importance that the reader, after most conscientiously masticating the contents of the volume before us, is left groping after some tangible theme, sequence, purport: he is left with an uncomfortable sensation that the wily George is indulging in noiseless chuckles at his vain attempts to discern coherence amidst nebulous chaos. "A Nightmare" is its sub-title, most appropriately, and a nightmare it will assuredly prove to plain folk unversed in the idiosyncrasies of G. K. C. But we advise all who appreciate quaint humour, bizarre predicament and farcical denouement, subtly interwoven with deeper signification, to seize upon this book at once.

The merest dilettante in literature, if questioned as to the two most prominent personalities in the world of letters today—that is, in the strictly modern sense—would unhesitatingly mention the names of Chesterton and Bernard Shaw. Absolutely dissimilar in every respect, there is yet a striking analogy between their positions. Each has founded an entirely novel school of literature and thought, albeit the two schools are as divergent as the poles. Each has his own following of faithful disciples, and both, during the last decade or so, have done much to upset our most cherished theories. But beyond these points it is impossible to stretch the analogy. Shaw is the incarnation of satire, scepticism and soured pessimism; Chesterton represents impregnable faith in human nature and the ultimate good. Shaw ruthlessly strips from convention all its borrowed raiment, while Chesterton with loving care reclothes and restores our shivering, vandalised ideals.

A world designed after the Shavian plan would, we fear, prove an austere habitation; it is probable that a world reconstructed on the kindlier architectural principles of Chesterton would present more inducements.

PUBLIC OPINION.

"She is a perfect lady," said Mrs. Spense, and she nodded her head like the wisest of mandarins. "So refined, so kind, really so smart—"

Words failed her. She bit a dainty piece of French pastry in two, and masticated slowly, mincingly. She sipped a delicate sip of tea almost gravely, and as though impressed by her own lightness and perfection of touch. But why is Nature so unkind to ill-bred women socially ambitious?

Mr. Arbuthnot, standing on the hearth-rug, looked down on her from the heights of his superiority with a kindly, melancholy smile; stroked his short, black beard, and turned his grey eyes absently from her to his wife and back to her again. Mr. Arbuthnot approved of his wife, and had indeed married her for that very reason.

As for Mrs. Arbuthnot, she was the daughter of a country clergyman and true to her class. Daughters of country clergymen differ from one another only in pigmentation: they are fair or dark, rosy or pale, but otherwise Mary A. is the double of Janet B., and so on through the whole alphabet of every possible surname. Let it suffice that Mrs. Arbuthnot was fair—a country clergyman's fair-haired daughter. (Really, why does not some statistically-minded person schedule them, tabulate them, classify them?)

"A perfect lady," repeated Mrs. Spense, attacking the second half of the little tartlet, and refining her gestures to a dream of delicacy.

"I have not seen her yet," said Mr. Arbuthnot thoughtfully. "Aminta has not called yet."

"No," said Aminta, who carried that romantic appellation beneath the stern surname of Arbuthnot; and said it so idly and so significantly that Mrs. Spense looked up, and even suspended her interminable mastications for a few seconds.

"The fact is—" she continued, but stopped abruptly and looked up at her husband.

"Oh," said Mr. Arbuthnot, "the fact doesn't matter."

Again he stroked his beard, and looked sadly around him. He had the face of a dreamer disturbed, an idealist disillusioned; and when he passed his long-fingered hand, soft and white and smooth, over the silken beard, leaving an impression on you of genuine distinction, of unforced, unconscious sensibility, of exceptional breeding, you could not help wondering why he approved of his wife—at all events to the point of having married her. Women are said to be unaccountable: believe me, men are much more so. Men never know whom they want to marry till somebody marries them; the women go to work deliberately. Yet Mr. Arbuthnot was not doomed to leisure and repentance. His wife satisfied him: could it be because she did not interest him sufficiently to bother him? Such things are possible. If Mrs. Arbuthnot suspected something of the sort she accepted the compromise like a woman of the world—and like a clergyman's daughter. Clergymen's daughters are born for compromises, or educated up to them.

Marriages of this kind partake of the nature of a tacit contract, and they work very smoothly; but for men who are neither dreamers nor idealists, like Arbuthnot, they are prodigiously dull. Arbuthnot, however, found the world a dull world, and marriage no duller than the rest of it. Such are the rewards of a philosopher; a man of the world would not swallow them.

Mrs. Spense, sitting agog with curiosity (though within the limits prescribed to her by her refinement) could not help realizing a little of this anomaly; and when the icy negative was followed by a withdrawal of the fact in the very act of its being preferred, resentment rose in her throat and all but choked her. Besides, she was really curious to know more.

"How she must bully him," she thought to herself, "and I wonder why he swallows it. I wonder what he sees in her."

But externally she was roguishly indignant. She shook a finger at Mr. Arbuthnot.

"That is the way," she cried, "to make scandal." Mr. Arbuthnot blushed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Spense, "such innuendos is too dangerous. I confess you rack me with inquisitiveness. Oh, Mr. Arbuthnot, how can you be so provoking!"

The eyes she made at him, and the tone of the last few words, raised somewhat above the ultimate shrillness of which well-mannered drawing-rooms admit, were registered on the elevated brows of Mrs. Arbuthnot: a slight elevation, it is true, but to Mrs. Spense who turned her eyes from the grave face above her to the fastidious face at her left, like the flight of two arrows towards her bosom.

Her indignation rose, and with increasing warmth came an increasing archness towards Mr. Arbuthnot.

The poor man looked from one to the other more helplessly than ever; Mrs. Arbuthnot began to tap with her foot upon the carpet.

"The fact is this," she broke in at last, and Mrs. Spense's face, as though by instinct, became armed with a sneer, "the fact is that we do not think . . . well, that she is not quite . . . quite perfect."

Mr. Arbuthnot continued to look down uncomprehendingly, and did not even notice how Mrs. Spense stiffened her neck or tossed her delicate chin.

It was only when she had gone that he turned to his wife. He was a just man.

"Whom were you talking about, when you said she was not quite perfect?"

"O, Mrs. Ivatt."

"But, my dear, why did you say that? You told me—"

"Yes, I know," she answered "Mrs. Ivatt is really charming. And I am sorry to fib, dear. But, O Herbert, how that woman needed the snubbing!"

C. M. K.

STOP PRESS NEWS.

THE DEAD STATESMAN.

The *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* writes that the German Emperor has commissioned the German Ambassador in London to act as his representative at the funeral of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The Imperial Chancellor Prince Bülow and the German Foreign Office have tendered their condolences to the British Government.

THE NORTH SEA QUESTION.

The agreement respecting the North Sea was signed at the Berlin Foreign Office yesterday by Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs v. Schoen, the British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles, the French Ambassador, M. Jules Cambon, the Danish Ambassador, Herr v. Hegermann-Lindencrone, the Swedish Ambassador, Count Taube, and the Dutch Ambassador, Baron Gevers. A decision is yet to be arrived at concerning the publication of the treaty.

THE UBIQUITOUS EASTER EGG.

There are many superstitions in connection with Easter, and each country has a custom of celebrating it peculiar to itself. Among the many quaint ideas is the old Aryan one, which typifies the return of the sun of springtime by a golden egg—eggs being distributed at the early equinox by priests to strengthen the hopes of the people that the bleak, cold days of winter might soon cease and a brighter time ensue.

The Persians believed that the earth was hatched from an immense egg on Easter morning; the Aryans also believed the sun to be a large golden egg which was constantly rolling nearer to the earth. With the Jews, says the *Delineator*, the egg became a type of their rescue from the land of bondage, and in their Feast of the Passover eggs occupied a conspicuous place in the services. It was their connection with the latter that finally caused them to be used by Christians the world over in celebrating Easter—the egg of resurrection into a new life, bringing a message of life from death, as it were. The Tyrolean Easter egg is similar to our valentines, for besides being most beautifully tinted they have, in unique lettering, mottoes representing appropriate wishes for the recipient.

The priests of Italy bless all eggs brought to service on Easter morning, and each person carries his back home, where they are placed on a kind of altar arranged for the purpose, surrounded by lighted candles and often flowers; then each member of the family and any guests abiding with them eat one of these holy eggs as a safeguard against disease and danger. They are hard-boiled before being taken to church.

CHURCH SERVICES: DRESDEN.

ALL SAINTS' (ENGLISH) CHURCH, Wiener Strasse.
Saturday, April 25th. *S. Mark's Day*. 8.0 a.m. Holy Eucharist. 10.0 a.m. Matins.
Sunday, April 26th. *Sunday in the Octave of Easter Low Sunday*. 8.0 a.m. and 12.0 m.d. (Choral) Holy Communion. 11.0 a.m. Matins and Sermon. 6.0 p.m. Evening-song and Carols.—The Week-day Services are suspended during the Chaplain's absence from Dresden, as a holiday.
Chaplain: The Rev. C. A. Moore, M.A., B.C.L.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, Reichs Platz 5, at the head of Reichs Strasse.
Sunday, April 26th. *1st Sunday after Easter*. Holy Communion 8.0 a.m. Sunday School 10.0 a.m. Morning Service and Sermon 11.0 a.m. Afternoon Service and address 5.30 p.m.
The Rev. J. F. Butterworth, M.A., Rector.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND (Presbyterian), Bernhard Strasse 2, at the corner of Bismarck and Winkelmann Strasse.
Services every Sunday at 11.0 a.m. Communion on the first Sunday of the month.
Sunday, April 26th. Evening service 6 p.m. Lecture on *Dante's Hell of the Incontinent and Inferno*.
Rev. Duncan Cameron, Minister of the Parish of Bridge of Allan, Scotland.

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WEATHER FORECAST FOR TODAY

of the Royal Saxon Meteorological Institute.

Moderate south-westerly winds, fairly bright but changeable, slight showers at times, colder at first but warmer again later.