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# The Daily Record

and THE DRESDEN DAILY.

Dresden Office:  
A., Struve  
Strasse 5, I.  
Telephone:  
1755.

THE FIRST DAILY PAPER IN ENGLISH PUBLISHED IN GERMANY.

№ 680.

DRESDEN AND BERLIN, SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1908.

10 PFENNIGS.

The Daily Record is delivered by hand in Dresden, and may be ordered at any Post Office throughout the German Empire. It is published daily, excepting Mondays and days following legal holidays in Dresden.

Monthly Subscription Rates: For the whole of Germany and Austria, mark 1.— For other countries, marks 2.50.

## Leather Goods and Travelling Articles

in great variety, from  
the cheapest to the  
most elegant style, from

**ROBERT KUNZE,**

Altmarkt-Rathaus  
and  
30, Prager Str. 30.

### THE SACRED RIGHTS OF AUTHORSHIP.

(From our London Correspondent.)

A very interesting issue has been raised in the Law Courts by that prolific writer who chooses to be known to the public as "Rita." In an action brought by her against the proprietors of a weekly journal she claims that her reputation has been injured by the wholesale emendations, deletions, and transformations to which plot and treatment have been subjected in one of her serials. Her title is snatched from her, and one to which she proves to be averse is substituted; a most essential murder is robbed of all descriptive detail; the very summing up of the judge in the subsequent trial (surely a good point for the prosecution) is ruthlessly cut out of the story. We imagine that the legal interest of such a process would depend on the nature of the agreement between the proprietor, or editor, and the author; but, in a wider point of view, it may well be argued that in no instance can an author of reputation sell himself body and soul, as it were, to the highest bidder as so much raw material to be worked up into "copy." It is different in the case of that type of serial fiction where a pseudonym of no particular significance covers the identity of a number of mechanical collaborators. Here, the main idea of the plot having been secured, the "writers" assemble like a conclave of conspirators to hatch chapter after chapter, and provide "curtain" after "curtain" by which the reader's appetite might be whetted to the point of his buying the next number. In the case of a writer of "Rita's" standing, a familiar *nom de plume*, having a definite connotation for a vast number of people, is left at the head of a story for which she is only responsible in part, and the public is directly defrauded of the genuineness of its appreciation. "Rita" is better known as a novelist than as a serial writer; it follows that in securing her work for his paper an editor accepts her popularity as excluding her from the peculiar tests he applies to other contributors. If an editor, using the work of "Rita," has a fear that her capacity does not tally with the tone of the rest of the paper, he has been clearly mistaken in inviting her work at the outset. Discrimination is an editor's chief virtue; if he fails in this, subsequent tyranny over his contributors does not repair the gap; but, in the case of a serial story, he must not be held responsible for the merit of an author whose reputation is independent of the paper.

These considerations are so obvious that one may wonder why editors are to be found who disregard them altogether. The only honest method is to alter, so far as possible, with the consent of the author; the frequent practice is to accept work without reservation and to mutilate it subsequently. I do not advocate powerless editors, I do not even deprecate the system of collaboration by which an editor assumes the controlling voice in fiction, as in other things; but, in the instance of well-known authors who write serials on invitation, the ordinary functions of the editor cease to operate. Fiction which is not manufactured on the premises is independent; it introduces a new element; it is a state within the state, with its own ruler and its own laws. It is unheard of that an author, however inexperienced and unimportant, should find that in a book his publishers have made alterations without his sanction. He may consent to be instructed; he may ask them (there may be such courageous people) to take it or leave it. He is, at all events, consulted, bullied, or wheedled; he is allowed to feel that his personality does actually matter. Is there any difference between the right of the publisher to suggest or reject and the right of the editor? If so, by what logic does the fact that a story appears in pieces instead of between card-board covers confer on the producer the right of unchallenged censorship?

While "Rita" has been urging her claims in a Law Court, an amusing letter of Mr. Bernard Shaw's has come to light, dealing with a less substantial

There could not be a better time than now—to impress upon you the fact that, when in need of Furs we can save you from 10–25% on purchases. Exclusiveness, thorough knowledge of the business, strongest purchasing power, direct importation of Skins, our own designing & manufacturing of Furs, enable us to guarantee these savings. No one should overlook this establishment before purchasing. Remember the only store where Americ. & Engl. are suited best. 52, Prager St. H. G. B. Peters, opp. Thos. Cook & Son. Dresden.

**OTTO MAYER**  
Photographer  
38 Prager Strasse 38  
Telephone 446.  
By appointment to T. M. the King of Saxony  
and the Emperor of Austria.  
Superb artistic work.  
Moderate terms.

**MÜLLER & C. W. THIEL**  
Linen Store  
Saxon Damask  
Under-clothing.

**E. W. STARKE**  
only Prager Strasse 6  
Table Linen. Bed Linen.  
Hand-embroidered goods.  
Shirts to measure.

**The Löwen-Apotheke** founded 1560.  
On the Altmarkt corner Wilsdrufferstrasse. Prescriptions made up by qualified Englishman. English and American specialties on stock.

**The Anglo-Saxon Pharmacy.**

**ADOLF BECK**

Ladies' Hairdresser.

Salons with all modern comforts,  
for ladies only.

Special hair treatment by electricity.  
Massage.

Telephone 10,049. Christian Strasse 32 Telephone 10,049.

**Cornplasters** — A. Herzog & Co. — cure all corns without fail!



Beware of imitations! Genuine only with the trade-mark 41,375.  
For sale at all Pharmacies, Drugstores, Chemists &c. in the city.

and more paradoxical grievance against the proprietors of *Collier's Weekly*. Mr. Shaw receives a cheque of £200 from the editor as a "bonus" for a story considered the best contained in the magazine during that quarter; he returns the prize, protesting that its offer to him was an "unspeakable outrage." He suggests that the money should be used to erect a tombstone to Messrs. Collier, in which case he would contribute an epitaph in attempting "to do justice to their monstrous presumption." This is a heroic spirit; we have made strides since the days of Peg Woffington's little tragedy writer, when even Johnson had to sit behind a screen. Mr. Shaw does not want to be paid twice over, nor does he desire the "prize" which he considers was his as soon as he had consented to contribute his story. One cannot quarrel with Mr. Shaw for being honest; only is it not a little strange that his grievance is not a representative grievance in literature? Mr. Shaw would rather refuse £200 than refuse to give the world a good scolding and himself a good laugh. If Mr. Shaw will not live with posterity for anything else he must live as perhaps the first man who made himself a martyr for the sake of a joke. A man of less rigid principles would have taken the money and given it to the poor.

### GENERAL NEWS.

#### NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

##### SIR ROBERT HART'S DEPARTURE.

Sir Robert Hart, Inspector General of Chinese Customs, left Shanghai for Europe on May 1, after thirty years' successful labour in China. A large assembly gathered at the wharf to bid him farewell.

##### TERRIBLE BOMB OUTRAGE IN INDIA.

Advices from Allahabad state that a bomb was hurled at the carriage of a Mrs. Kennedy in Muzzaffarpur on Friday, the explosion resulting in serious injuries to the lady and the death of her daughter and coachman. The London *Daily Express* of yesterday says that the bomb was intended for a police magistrate who had lately been transferred to Muzzaffarpur from Calcutta, and who had previously received a large number of threatening letters.

A later telegram from Calcutta reports Mrs. Kennedy's death from her injuries, and the discovery by the police of a large quantity of explosives, detonators, and uncharged bombs in the course of searches made by them in different quarters of the city. Twenty-three arrests were made and a number of letters seized.

##### LOAN FOR SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

The British Government has consented to the issue of a four per cent loan amounting to three million pounds sterling at 99 per cent, subscriptions to begin yesterday. The loan is for the government of Southern Nigeria, and mainly intended for the completion of the railway line from Lagos to Kano in Northern Nigeria.

##### AN ANGLO-AMERICAN MARRIAGE.

Mr. Ward, whose engagement to the daughter of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, is announced, is the brother of Lord Dudley. It is interesting to note that the old Lord Dudley fell into abeyance on the death of the 15th Baron Dudley, in 1757, as it still continues among the representatives of his sisters. It is noticeable that even the most captious of American critics seem to have nothing to say against this marriage.

Miss Jean Whitelaw Reid is as charming personally as she is popular in English society. Her prospective husband, who is in his 38th year, is one of the King's Equerries. He was Press censor at headquarters during the South African War, and when he came home acted as assistant private secretary to Lord Stanley when he was at the War Office.

(Continued on page 4.)



# BERLIN

Ruth St. Denis at the Comic Opera. Ruth St. Denis is so thorough an artist and so distinguished in her own department of art that her reappearance on the scene of her last year's triumphs may be expected to attract large audiences. Her Indian dances again strike the beholder as something quite apart in their gorgeous setting and high finish. The colouring, the mystic light, the glistening jewels, and the graceful form and limbs moving in studied *adagio*, or with wild rapidity, produce an aesthetic effect perfectly harmonious and true to the original. The whole performance certainly lasts much too long, the pauses between the five scenes are distinctly trying to the patience. This should be corrected; but the art of the dancer has lost none of its refinement.

That it is an ill wind that blows nobody good has once more been proved true. In consequence of the unfortunate incident connected with the appointment of Dr. Hill to be United States Ambassador in Berlin, Congress has at last awakened to the requirements of the age and adopted the policy of providing the most important American embassies with suitable quarters. A commencement is to be made with Berlin and Mexico City, according to cable reports from Washington. It is probable, therefore, that on the first of July, when the new fiscal year begins, \$500,000 will be available for the purchase of a house or a building site for an American Embassy in Berlin.

Americans who are addicted to lengthy automobile tours will hear with interest that many annoyances, which have contrived to make automobiling in Germany somewhat unpleasant, will be eliminated within a very short time. The Reichstag has already passed in second reading a bill reducing license fees for foreign tourists and partly abolishing unnecessary formalities at the frontiers. Thus, for instance, American automobilists coming from France, Switzerland or Austria and entering the German Empire will find things much improved this coming season. As the Reichstag is to adjourn

## May Tourist Parties to Hungary, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Dalmatia.

Duration of tour 13 days.  
Start on 16th of May 1908.



Cost of tour 340 marks including all expenses.

For tickets and information apply to the railway ticket office of the Royal Hungarian State Railways.

### Hungaria — Germania

Verkehrsgesellschaft m. b. H.  
BERLIN W., Friedrich Strasse 73.

for the Summer on May 8, the bill will have become law by that time.

A visit to Berlin would be incomplete without some knowledge gained of the many famous resorts of entertainment and refreshment for which the capital is justly renowned. There are, indeed, so many that the newcomer might well be puzzled to decide upon the place most likely to afford him complete satisfaction; and to such we cannot do better than recommend Steinert's Weinstube in the Kurfürstendamm. There is an indefinable but none the less actual air of congeniality about this establishment which renders it extremely popular, and it possesses, moreover, substantial attractions in the way of delicious cooking and high class liquors. Steinert's Weinstube constitutes the best type of rendez-vous to be found in Greater Berlin.

Fatal fall from a window. A very sad accident occurred on Friday at a house in Grossgörschen Strasse, where a maidservant, only 18 years of age, employed by a family living on the

third floor, fell from one of the back windows into the court below. It appears that she was about to clean a window which was an unusually wide one, and had set both the hinged sashes open, and mounted a step-ladder when she lost her balance and pitched out, taking with her the ladder which she had clutched in a desperate effort to save herself. She was found by some of the occupants of the house on the pavement below, dreadfully injured but in full possession of her senses, and quite able to explain how the accident happened. She was conveyed to hospital, and there died within a few hours.

## Eugen Bachmann Master of German elocution

Meininger Strasse 6, IV., 1.

### ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT.

The following cutting from yesterday's issue of a Berlin contemporary shows what can happen when people rush in to advertisement writing "where angels fear to tread:"—

### NEW ART STORE.

In the American Quarter of the Berlin West is opened one new art store of taste and we can only recommend the new store of Robert Knaak in the Speyerer Strasse 6.

### 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.

## GENERAL NEWS.

(Continued).

### TRAM ACCIDENT AT BOURNEMOUTH.

A street tram-car at Bournemouth got out of the driver's control on a steep slope on Friday and fell over a wooded bank to a depth of 20 feet. Eight people were killed and seven injured.

### THE INDIAN FRONTIER EXPEDITION.

The Third Brigade which had been stationed at Peshawar as reserve during the punitive expedition against the Mohmands, has left there in consequence of the activity among the Afghan tribes. The Brigade was accompanied by a battery of field artillery.

### NEWS FROM AMERICA.

#### GERMAN VESSEL ASHORE NEAR NEW YORK.

Advices from New York state that the German sailing ship "Peter Rickmers" went ashore on Fire Island on Friday, and is in a dangerous position.

#### PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD FINANCES.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent.

#### THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT CORFU.

On Thursday last Mr. Armour, whose yacht "Utowana" is anchored in Corfu harbour, was the guest of the German Emperor at dinner at the Achilleion. A heavy thunderstorm broke over Corfu during the night.

#### HOLLAND AND THE NORTH SEA AGREEMENT.

Replying to a question relative to the significance of the North Sea agreement, says a telegram from The Hague, the Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs stated that this agreement had been the result of an earnest desire on the part of all the Powers signatory to put an end to the distrust which some of the States on the North Sea littoral felt for their neighbours, and thus to clear the political atmosphere. The Government of the Netherlands had only brought forward the national interests in order to obtain a guarantee against possible involvement in complications. The agreement is expected to act as a guide for friendly policy between the coastal States. It was by no means a formula of eternal peace and must not result in *dolce far niente* where national defence was concerned. On the contrary, he (the Minister) was fully aware of the duty of the Netherlands to maintain their independence. The Netherlands could not play first fiddle in the European Concert, but the Government did not intend to make themselves representatives of a neutral policy.

## THE PROCEEDINGS AGAINST PRINCE EULENBURG.

Proceedings have been instituted against Prince Eulenburg, and since the nobleman's state of health is not such as to allow of his conveyance to Berlin, a commission from the Berlin court arrived at his Liebenberg castle and undertook a domiciliary visit, seizing several of the Prince's letters. Herr Harden has already appeared before the examining magistrate in Berlin.

The case against Herr Bernstein, Harden's counsel in the late Moltke affair, has been postponed until after the completion of the investigation into the charges of perjury preferred against Prince Eulenburg.

### THE FIRST OF MAY CELEBRATIONS.

In Paris the first of May passed in comparative quiet. Unostentatious but effective measures had been taken by the authorities to prevent any serious disturbances. Some hundred meetings which took place in the course of the morning were but sparsely attended, with the exception of one held at the Labour Exchange, at which some 2,000 people were present. A few participants were arrested for carrying arms and resisting police measures, but only six were detained in custody.

The customary first of May Socialist demonstration took place in Hyde Park, London, as usual, and the procession was augmented by several hundred unemployed. A strong detachment of police maintained order throughout the proceedings, and no untoward incidents occurred.

### THE FLOODS IN RUSSIA.

According to despatches from Kleff, the floods are still rising. Fifteen hundred houses on the opposite bank of the Dnieper are under water, and many thousand inhabitants have been rendered homeless.

### THE KING OF SWEDEN IN RUSSIA.

The King of Sweden, accompanied by Prince Karl and Princess Ingeborg, arrived at Tsarkoe Selo on May 1, and were received at the station by the Czar. In the evening a State banquet took place in honour of the Swedish monarch, when Emperor Nicholas and King Gustaf exchanged cordial toasts, in which they referred to the New Baltic agreement and expressed the hope that it would further develop the friendly relations existing between their respective countries.

### DR. NANSEN'S RETIREMENT.

The request of Dr. Frithjof Nansen, the well-known Arctic explorer, to be relieved of his post

as Norwegian Ambassador at the Court of St. James, was granted by the Ministerial Council at Christiania on Friday last. His letter of recall will doubtless be presented to King Edward before the latter's departure from the Norwegian capital.

### MOROCCAN AFFAIRS.

The French Government has received a report from Morocco to the effect that Mulai Hafid has succeeded in entering the district of Zair, situated between the Atlas and Rabat. So far uncertainty prevails as to whether it is his intention to proceed to Fez or to direct his operations against Rabat.

### TURKISH TROOPS MUTINY.

A despatch from Constantinople announces that soldiers of the 89th Nizam Regiment stationed at Uesküb, who were to have been disbanded in March, engaged in a conspiracy to mutiny, but the projected plot was suppressed by the prompt arrest of the ringleaders. Three hundred Redifs, however, who had been attached to the regiment some time ago in order to bring it up to the required strength, did mutiny, and took possession of the post and telegraph offices. The military commander has advised the authorities to dismiss these men, which will very probably be done.

### WHAT THE PAPERS SAY.

#### LICENSING BILL AND THE CLUBS.

"The plain truth is that the Government is afraid to tackle the club question. . . . A Bill which thus promotes drinking while pretending to curtail it is from the temperance standpoint a sham. Many of the best friends of temperance know it to be a sham; and we even venture to suspect that the Government know it too."—*Times*.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND IRELAND.

"We are once more, if Mr. Redmond is right, face to face with Separation. If that be so, so be it. We are convinced that the predominant partner is as steadfastly opposed to anything approaching, or leading up to, disintegration as it was in 1886, in 1892, and in 1895. And in Ireland itself there are signs of an impending change of feeling."—*Telegraph*.

#### SHIPBUILDING YARDS DISPUTE.

"On this occasion it cannot be said that the trade union leaders have embittered the conflict or taken any part in causing it. On the contrary, their influence has been all for moderation and peace, but the men have defied their representatives and taken the bit between their teeth."—*Daily Mail*.



## PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

"Within the last two years there has been a growing tendency for Ministers to presume unduly first upon the impotence of the minority and second on the subservience of the majority. Further inroads are threatened on the liberties of Parliament. We trust that Mr. Asquith's sound judgment will preserve him from this mistake."—*Standard*.

## AMERICAN PRESIDENCY AND THE TRUSTS.

"One is inclined to think that the mass mind in America has decided in favour of war on the Trusts. If it is allowed to choose between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft, it will pronounce merely for two rival exponents of one policy. If the choice should lie between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hughes it will be a straight issue between Radicalism and Conservatism, with the odds, in all likelihood, on the side of the Radical."—*Daily News*.

## THE SOCIAL ASPECT OF WHISKY-AND-SODA.

By John Bull.

Turning the pages of the *Morning Post* the other day I was much touched by the poignant wail of "a gentleman of good social position," who "finds that wherever he goes friends ply him with whiskies-and-sodas." Now whisky-and-soda, if I mistake not, is a beverage of grateful bouquet, exhilarating body, and sparkling aspect; a hospitable refreshment not to be lightly refused or impulsively arraigned. It is offered and received in the best society, and is highly appreciated by the King, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, graces the festive board of the Lord Mayor of London, has high status in the House of Commons, and has frequently received the honourable mention of poets and painters, novelists and scientists, warriors, statesmen, bishops, curates and other leaders of the higher life and loftier thought. I have even tried it on myself as a medicinal preparation in moments of cloud and melancholy, and I am bound to say that I have found its tonic properties grateful and comforting if absorbed with discretion.

For, in the physical absorption of whisky-and-soda, certain experiments which I have made during rare intervals of a long and laborious life induce me to believe that discretion is the better part of valour. Other things being equal, a person will be able to find the way to the door which fits his latchkey with more facility and self-confidence on water adulterated with a little whisky, than on whisky aerated by soda in aqueous solution. Briefly, whisky-and-soda makes straight for your head and water-and-whisky straight for the lower half of your waistcoat. On the first you will probably talk better, and on the second walk better. There are some persons to whom I never think of offering whisky-and-soda for fear that they won't go home till morning.

And this brings me to the gentleman who advertises his sorrow in the paper. Of course, I do not know the kind of company he has been keeping, but it is open to the suspicion of peculiarity to say the least. Why ply him with whiskies-and-sodas "which," as he puts it, "he does not like, and which disagree with him?" I can only say that if the object of his friends is to make him attract the attention of the police they are no class. I was going to suggest that when they force upon him whisky-and-soda he should tell them he would rather have the sixpence, but I see he says "they resent it if he refuses them." There seems no doubt on this showing that he has fallen into queer company. It rather reminds me of the young classic student who was invited by his examiners to describe the manners and customs of the Hottentots. "Manners: none," he wrote; "Customs: beastly." To force whisky-and-soda on a man is not etiquette. I believe that in the higher circles the custom is to say, "What can I offer you?" or "Name the wet," or "What is it?" or "Noa then, lad, what's the drinkin'?" or something of that kind. More than once I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Caine, and I always refrained from ordering a whisky-and-soda for either of them. I should maintain a similar attitude of propriety were I to meet Dr. Dawson Burns or Dr. Clifford; and though they might even express the hope that I would join them in ginger-beer, I feel confident they would not resent my polite refusal to accept their effusive hospitality.

The purpose of the *Morning Post* advertiser is not only to voice a grievance, but to call for deliverance. "He would like introduction to society in which whisky-and-soda does not form so important an element." It should not be difficult to obtain, and I can see no reason why he should have put himself to the cost of advertising for it. There are the Band of Hope and the Blue Ribbon Army, as well as innumerable hostels licensed to sell only beer and wine. But as his attitude towards beer seems to be one of good-natured tolerance, I fear that he will have to change it to one of uncompromising aggression and indubitable self-sacrifice ere he will be received into a Band of Hope or the Blue Ribbon Army. "If," he says, "my friends had only let me drink beer when I was thirsty, instead of forcing spirits upon me when I was not thirsty, they would have been

much kinder." If the company of the ordinary beerhouse seems to him lacking in intellectual attraction, I should advise him to order a barrel in, if he likes it draught, or a case of pints if he prefers it bottled. But if he is unmarried and lives in furnished apartments, he will be well advised to purchase a lock for the tap or count the bottles before he goes out. I have missed things myself.

Re-reading his advertisement, I am rather inclined on the whole to the conclusion that he is a weak-kneed brother. On no other supposition can I account for his allowing his friends to force upon him a beverage he does not like on occasions when he does not feel dry. Does he mean to assert in the face of a great and just nation that they hold him down and pour whiskies-and-sodas into him till he splutters? To me such a proposition is unthinkable; I appeal to Mr. Asquith whether it would not jeopardise the license? I make bold to say that it could not occur even at the Old Bull and Bush, or the Spotted Dog, or the Duck and Bottle, or any such place, and in the interests of truth and justice I hereby demand to know which public-house this "gentleman of good social position" habitually frequents.

## Pension Wunderlich

removed to  
Bürgerwiese 14, I.  
near Lüttichau Strasse.

## Seated Furniture

Club arm-chairs, leather and cane chairs, greatest variety  
at surprisingly low prices.  
DRESDEN, Trompeter Strasse 12, first floor.

## Electric Cures

Summer and Winter Cures.  
Prospectus gratis and post-free.  
J. G. Brockmann  
A Reformed Natural Cure. Dresden A 3, Mosezinsky Str. 6.

## CIGARS, DEISTING, Prager Str. 42.

## CHIT CHAT.

This will veritably be a season of pageants in England, indeed so many are being arranged that it is apparently impossible to avoid two or more falling within the same week. The dates for the Bedford pageant and the Gloucestershire pageant are chosen from July 4 to July 11, both days inclusive, and the Gorleston pageant, to be held in Gorleston (near Great Yarmouth), will take place early in August. This last will be one of the smaller ones, with only 700 to 800 performers as compared with 2,000 at Warwick for instance. At the Bedford pageant there will be ten episodes, including the final march past, and the dates in history seem to go back much farther than those in any other pageant have as yet done. At Warwick, of course, there were plenty of Ancient Britons, looking as though they were dressed in drawing room rugs, and at Sherborne also very primitive ancestors appeared; but at Bedford prehistoric man is to be introduced. Modern times will also be well represented, as the ninth episode includes an election scene in the early years of last century, showing the "hustings" and a stage coach, much as that in which Tom Brown drove to Rugby. Elstow, with Bunyan's church—a charming old place—being very near Bedford, Bunyan naturally figures in the pageant. Several kings are introduced—Edward the Elder, Henry III. and Charles I.

The Gloucestershire pageant, to be held in Pittville Park at Cheltenham, will consist of seven episodes, beginning with the capture of Caractacus and ending with George III's visit to Cheltenham; 2,500 performers are taking part, members of some of the leading Gloucestershire county families representing their ancestors. Queen Elizabeth appears in episode five, and it is to be hoped she will be as ideally represented as she was at Warwick.

The Chelsea pageant goes on prosperously, unlike the London pageant, which has postponed its public appearance for a year. This display will take place on or about June 25th, and the following week days down to July 1st, in the Old Ranelagh Gardens, near the Royal Hospital—an admirable site for the performance. The lord of the manor of Chelsea, Lord Cadogan, is president of the committee and is assisted, among others, by the Rector, the Mayor and the Governor of Chelsea Hospital. There is still an old-world air here and there about Chelsea, and the unaccustomed visitor finds many street names to remind him of such historical worthies and unworthies as Sir Thomas More and Sir Hans Sloane, Queen Jane Seymour and the Lady Anne of Cleves, Queen Elizabeth and Robert Earl of Essex, Charles II. and Nell Gwynn. The pageant will deal with many older folk than these, though some modern historians may doubt that Caesar here crossed the Thames or that the famous church council of Celchyth was held on this shore in 786.

## TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS.

Some of the tricks of beggars are certainly amusing. Here is an account of one played by two small girls, which a correspondent says could hardly have been invented by them, and must have been the work of their parents, who are evidently professional beggars. The correspondent says as he was walking through a Brussels street he noticed two small girls very poorly clad. One, who was about seven years of age, was leading her little sister, perhaps two years younger, by the hand. In the other hand she was holding a ten-centime piece, and, on the approach of the gentleman (she was always on the look-out for well-dressed benevolent-looking gentlemen), she asked him in a plaintive tone to change the penny, so that her little sister, who was bleating piteously, might have her share. Of course the gentleman was touched. He did not change the penny, but gave the small girl a five centime piece for herself, which was all she wanted. On keeping observation, the gentleman saw them go up to the next benevolent gentleman who passed and then they went through the same performance.

## THE MONKEYS IN COMMAND.

A German freight vessel, which recently arrived at Boston from Calcutta, had on board 400 monkeys, a number of tigers, leopards, and snakes, and a big cargo of rum and molasses. When about a week out an orang-outang got loose and went around breaking open the monkey cages. Before the crew could stop him the 400 monkeys were roaming around the decks. They got into the cargo, got drunk on rum, and emptied molasses over everything. To add to the trouble the tiger and leopard also broke loose. The crew was powerless, and the ship was given over to the animals until she docked.

## PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT BANKS.

Automatic savings banks on the principle of the penny-in-the-slot machines have been installed in all the Berlin schools. The children receive numbered counters in return for the coins dropped in. When they have collected ten of these counters they take them to the schoolmaster, who presents them with savings bank books, in which the amounts are entered.

## LANDSLIDE REVEALS COAL FIELD.

A land and snow slide which recently occurred near Alberta Cañon, in Canada, exposed an immense body of anthracite. Many of the lumps of coal, which have partly slipped from the mountain side, weigh half a ton or more, and it is apparent that there is a huge mountain of coal in the cañon. The discovery is causing considerable excitement, especially in view of the growing demand for coal all through Western Canada. This immense deposit is in the area of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

## CUVIER AND HIS CARRIAGE.

A Paris contemporary notes with approval the introduction of lamps into the interior of hackney carriages of that city. Our contemporary points out that Cuvier, the zoologist, anatomist, and statesman, was the first to make such an innovation, so that he might be able to read and write when travelling by night. Some of his best work was completed when he was thus travelling. His carriage was always ready at the precise moment that he ordered it, and as he had a dislike to his labours being interrupted, he never permitted anyone to travel with him.

## HIS MAIDEN NAME WAS BROON.

At St. Andrews there are two distinct towns, although the ordinary visitor does not know that. At the golf links end there are modern houses, fine streets, but down below the ruins of St. Rulugas there is, says Mr. H. H. Hilton in *Fry's Magazine*, a fishing village with all the best traditions of any fishing hamlet. There are some old fishermen there who make the bulk of their living by caddying, and, like most fishermen, they wear trousers of extraordinary make, that kind of trousers that comes right up under the arm-pits. With sitting in his boat the old fisherman gets very stout, and the trousers take on an exaggerated appearance. One of these old caddies, on being asked what his name was, replied, "They ca' me 'Brecks', but ma maiden name is Broon".

## THEATRICAL PIRATES.

An Association of Theatrical Managers in the United States is now directing its attention to alleged piracies of a number of successful productions now current at many of the principal theatres. The association has been informed that many of these productions are being presented under other names throughout the country. One theatrical concern, it is said, proposed to present under canvas seven well-known plays now being acted in New York. It is intimated that the manager of the enterprise will be arrested if the pieces are staged.



## DRESDEN

The two new works, *Frühlingsnacht* and *Zierpuppen*, produced at the Royal Opera House on Friday night, were both accorded a hearty reception. Owing to an unavoidable delay we are unable to publish our criticism of these pieces in today's issue, but the article will appear in our issue of Tuesday.

The first of the Oxford University Extension Lectures on Representative Poets and Prose Writers of the Nineteenth Century was delivered at the Technische Hochschule on Friday evening by Mr. J. C. Powys, M.A., before an audience numbering some 350 people, of whom the majority were German, though there was also a fair sprinkling of English and Americans.

The lecturer was introduced by Dr. Besser, president of the Dresdner Gesellschaft für neuere Philologie, under whose auspices the lectures are taking place. In a brief speech Dr. Besser alluded to the importance of a *rapprochement* between Germany and England, and to the Extension Lectures as a means of furthering this aim. After having acknowledged, in graceful terms, the assistance rendered the Dresdner Gesellschaft by numerous friends in its efforts to arrange the present course, and thanked the British Minister and Mrs. Mansfield de Cardonnel Findlay for their presence, Dr. Besser made way for the lecturer, whose subject for the evening was Carlyle.

Mr. Powys commenced by remarking that Carlyle was perhaps an eminently suitable subject for his opening lecture in Germany, since the great writer had directly drawn his root ideas from German literature, especially from Goethe. With striking force and a wealth of exhilarating language the lecturer drew a vivid portrait of the personality and surroundings of Carlyle, and executed a brilliant sketch of his chief works. At the conclusion of his lecture, which lasted hardly more than an hour, Mr. Powys was heartily applauded.

The delightful experience of Friday evening augurs well for the success of the enterprise, and there is every reason to believe that the ensuing lectures will be attended by even larger audiences. The next one will be delivered on Tuesday, May 5, Shelley being the subject.

The Grand Art Exhibition Dresden 1908. The painter Herr Dreher and the sculptor Herr Gross have been declared the winners of the Villa Romana Prize, in the competition for members of the *Deutscher Künstlerbund*.

Exhibition at the art gallery of Emil Richter, Prager Strasse. Having regard to the opening of the Grand Art Exhibition Dresden 1908, the firm Emil Richter intends to give prominence during the coming summer months to foreign artists by means of a succession of international exhibitions, which they have just commenced with a grand Vincent van Gogh exhibition, for Dresden an artistic event of the first importance. The collection at this gallery has been increased by 17 of the painter's principal works at different periods of his life, so that it now offers a complete view of the development of van Gogh, from the beginning of his Dutch period to his very last picture. It is the first time that so comprehensive and complete a van Gogh exhibition has taken place in Germany, and an opportunity is thus afforded of obtaining a thorough understanding of this peculiar artist. The exhibition has already been visited by an unusual number of people, a proof of the great interest felt in Dresden for van Gogh's work.

There will be a performance of sacred music this afternoon in the Roman Catholic portion of the Garrison Church, Albertstadt, Neustadt, beginning at 3.30. The programme will include organ compositions by J. S. Bach, Brosig, and Guilmant; besides vocal music by Orlando di Lasso, A. Scarlatti, J. Diebold, Jac. Quadflieg, F. Auer, and C. René. The soloists will be: Fräulein Amalie Faisst, Fräulein Clementine Kimmer, and Fräulein Elsa Müller-Zeidler. Admission is free.

The programme of today's concert at the Belvedere is as follows:

Soloists { Herr Konzertmeister L. Korb (Violin),  
Herr Heinrich Bolms (Trombone).

- I.
- (1) Frühlingszug. Marsch ..... F. v. Blon.
- (2) Ouverture zur Oper "Der Edelknecht" C. Kreutzer.
- (3) Ninettchen ..... W. Kunkel.
- (4) Finale des 1. Aktes aus der Oper "Lohengrin" ..... R. Wagner.
- II.
- (5) Ouverture zur Oper "Das Glöckchen des Eremiten" ..... A. Maillart.
- (6) Frühlingskinderchen ..... P. Lacombe.
- (7) Liebesengel. Walzer ..... E. Waldteufel.
- (8) Volksszenen aus der Oper "Der Evangelimann" ..... W. Kienzl.

## TEA-ROOM

Prager Strasse 50

opposite the Europäischer Hof.

Newly opened. Most select rendezvous in the City.

- III.
- (9) I. Orchester-Suite aus der Oper "Carmen" ..... G. Bizet.
- I. Prélude.
- II. Arragonaise.
- III. Intermezzo.
- IV. Les Dragons d'Alcala.
- V. Finale. (Les Toréadors.)
- (10) Danse concertante für Violine mit Orchester (Herr Konzertmeister L. Korb.) A. Trenkler.
- (11) Nebensonnen. Lied ..... F. Schubert.
- (12) Tonbilder aus der Oper "Die weisse Dame" ..... J. Boieldieu.
- IV.
- (13) Ouverture zur Operette "Die Landstreicher" ..... C. M. Ziehrer.
- (14) Osterhymne ..... J. Taubert.
- (15) Mandolinenserenade ..... A. Langey.
- (16) Wiener Blut. Walzer ..... J. Strauss.

For tomorrow, Monday, the following is the programme:

- Soloist Herr L. Brüchert (Cornet).
- I.
  - (1) Mit klingendem Spiele. Marsch ..... L. Forwerk.
  - (2) Ouverture zur Oper "Sicilianische Vesper" ..... G. Verdi.
  - (3) Entre-Act. Gavotte ..... E. Gillet.
  - (4) Zwei ungarische Tänze ..... J. Brahms.
  - II.
  - (5) Feierlicher Zug zum Münster aus der Oper "Lohengrin" ..... R. Wagner.
  - (6) Meditation ..... Bach-Gounod.
  - (Violine obligat: Herr Konzertmeister L. Korb.)
  - (7) Grosse Fantasie aus der Oper "Der Trompeter von Säckingen" ..... V. Nessler.
  - III.
  - (8) Ouverture zur Oper "Die Stumme von Portici" ..... D. F. E. Auber.
  - (9) Die Tanzlustigen. Walzer ..... O. Fétras.
  - (10) a. Wiegenlied } für Trompete mit { W. A. Mozart.  
b. Wanderlied } Orchester { R. Schumann.
  - (Herr L. Brüchert.)
  - (11) Eilgut. Galopp ..... E. Waldteufel.

## Swedish Gymnastics for ladies, young girls and children in the large, airy original Swedish Hall of the Institut Kox, Linden Gasse 3

The guards in the city today are furnished by the 2nd Grenadier regiment No. 101, whose band will play in the Neustadt about 12.30 p. m. Tomorrow the guards will be furnished by the Schützen regiment No. 108, and the band will play in the Schloss Platz about 12.40 p. m.

## The International Pharmacy

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Quite a commotion prevailed in the classic atmosphere of Schloss Strasse one day last week. A transatlantic visitor was endeavouring to impress upon a harassed policeman that he was looking for the Stadt Gotha, but the limitations of his Teutonic vocabulary were such as to render confusion worse confounded. The visitor wildly gesticulated, the perplexed policeman regarded him sympathetically, a small crowd gathered to see fair play. At last the visitor managed to gasp out that he was seeking the place where the finest beer in Dresden was sold: instantly each face in the crowd became illumined, "He means the Stadt Gotha," said a dozen voices simultaneously; and a dozen people volunteered to put the stranger on the right path. When last seen the stranger was emerging from the portals of the Stadt Gotha with beatific satisfaction writ large on his countenance. He had attained the goal of his desire.

Hermann Moellering and Bertha Moellering  
Münchener Str. 8, 1., Dresden A.

## Osteopaths

In the *Fundamt* of the *Königliche Polizeidirektion*, Schiess Gasse 7, found articles—such as jewellery, gold or notes, purses, umbrellas, sticks, coats, clothing, bunches of keys &c.—which have been lost in the streets or squares or left in droschkes, and been given up, are kept.

The public are hereby informed of the arrangements of the *Fundamt*, and in particular that it is advisable to enquire for lost articles frequently within twelve months after the loss.

Finders of articles are reminded that they are compelled by law to give immediate notice of the finding of any article of the value of from three marks upwards, at the *Fundamt* or at the office of the Police district in which the finder resides.

It is urgently recommended that the loser of an article should make enquiry at the *Fundamt* personally, and not by a deputy who is insufficiently and perhaps not at all acquainted with the lost property.

Special lost property offices are established:  
for the tram-lines at Georg Platz 5;  
for the omnibuses at Werder Strasse 35 and at the Hauptbahnhof.

## BRITISH AND AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES.

THE BRITISH LEGATION: Wiener Strasse 38.—Minister Resident: MANSFELD DE CARDONNEL FINDLAY, Esq. C. M. G.

THE BRITISH CONSULATE: Altmarkt 16.—British Consul: H. PALMÉ, Esq.

THE AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL: Ammon Str. 2, p. American Consul-General: T. ST. JOHN GAFFNEY, Esq.

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## Museums &amp;c.

- Royal Picture Gallery. Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays 10—3. Sundays and Holidays 11—2 free entrance. Wednesdays, Saturdays 10—3 .A 0.50. Mondays 10—2 .A 1.50.
- Royal Kupferstich Kabinett (Zwinger). Tuesdays, Fridays 10—3 and 7—5, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays 10—3. Sundays and Holidays 11—2 free entrance. Mondays closed.
- Royal Zoological and Anthropological-Ethnographical Museum (Zwinger). Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Sundays 11—1, Wednesdays and Saturdays 1—3 free entrance.
- Royal math.-phys. Salen (Zwinger). Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays 9—12 .A 0.50, Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays closed.
- Royal mineral, geol. and prähist. Museum (Zwinger). Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays 10—12, Wednesdays and Saturdays 1—3, Sundays and Holidays 11—1 free entrance.
- Royal Collection of Porcelain (Johanneum II). Mondays and Fridays 10—3 .A 0.50, Saturdays 9—2 .A 1.50, Sundays and Holidays 11—2 .A 0.25.
- Royal Collection of Sculpture in the Albertinum and An der Frauenkirche 12, I. (Coel-Palais). In the week (except Saturdays) 9—3, Sundays and Holidays 11—2 free entrance.
- Körner-Museum (Körner Strasse 7). In the week 9—2, Wednesdays and Saturdays 9—1 and 2—5, Sundays and Holidays 11—2 .A 0.50.
- Royal popular Library (Japan Palais). In the week 9—2 and 4—6 (except Saturdays) free entrance. Sundays and Holidays closed.
- Sächsischer Kunstverein (Brühlsche Terrasse). Picture exhibition Fritz Erler. Fresco decorations for the Kurhaus at Wiesbaden etc. Open daily from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sundays 11—3. Entrance fee .A 1.—; Sundays and Wednesdays .A 0.50.
- Galerie Ernst Arnold, Schloss Strasse. Perman. picture exhibition.



## A GLOBE-TROTTER'S PILGRIMAGE.

By H. F. L.

X.

The memories of mutiny days in Delhi strove hard to banish from our minds the consciousness of present discomfort, but in vain. How can one possibly awaken a lively interest in the ridge from which, for so long, the British soldiers tried to force their entry into the chief of the mutiny cities, when the fierce sun of an Indian spring is burning one up, when the very air one breathes seems to have come red-hot from a furnace, when the slight breeze only avails to stir up fresh clouds of Delhi dust, to yet further parch our aching throats?

Somewhere in his "With Kitchener to Khartoum" poor Steevens discourses at length on the Soudan thirst, the glory of quenching which was so delicious that he was ready at any time to undergo the discomforts which engendered that thirst. Well, without visiting the Soudan, we, in Delhi, in the latter days of March have encountered a thirst still greater, which is unquenchable. Whiskey "pegs" are quite useless, they only make one hotter, and even lime juice and lemonade only add to the cluster of beads of perspiration on the forehead, and in a few minutes the throat is as parched as before. Even when the sun has sunk at last, and after a brief twilight everything is wrapped in jetty black, there is but little relief, and everywhere penetrate poisonous mosquitoes, to make us face another burning day with blotched and smarting hands and faces.

No wonder then that our inspection of but a few of historic Delhi's sights was perfunctory in the extreme. In the Jumma Musjed, the largest mosque in all India, a noble edifice of red sandstone and white marble, we did linger, and that at midday, for as it chanced to be a Friday, the Mahommedan Sabbath, the vast square of the mosque was soon crowded with thousands of worshippers who, after hasty ablutions in the large tank forming the centre of the square, listened with much attention to the prayers offered by the mullah.

As rapidly as the heat would allow we crawled through the famous rooms in the Palace of the Kings of Oudh, the Dewan-i-Khar, or audience hall, the private bath rooms and living rooms, all pure white marble, with a wealth of delicate inlay of precious stones. The sun had won, and with a prayer of thankfulness that we were not constrained to linger in the furnace, we shook the dust of Delhi from our feet and hied us to Agra, some 140 miles further South, religiously shutting all the windows and drawing close the sun blinds to keep out the pitiless glare.

Agra reached, the sun was setting, a blaze of yellows, conscious of his power, and nothing could have been more welcome than the drive through the cool park, for which Agra residents and visitors owe a deep debt of gratitude to that Sir A. McDonnell who now occupies a (metaphorically) far hotter position at Dublin Castle. At the farther end of this park is an avenue of trees, springing from cool turf, and we arrive at the gate of the Glory of India, the Taj Mahal.

Nearly three centuries have elapsed since there was reigning at Agra, in all the plenitude of power, one of the greatest of the Mogul Emperors, the Shah Jehan. Much married as he was, as was such potentates' custom, he one day found himself deeply in love with his Minister's daughter, who forthwith entered his Zenana with the title Mumtaz-i-Mahal, "Exalted of the Palace". For the few short years of their married life the pair were inseparable, but death then claimed the lovely and accomplished Mumtaz as his own. Shah Jehan was inconsolable, and he determined to build over the remains of his dead favourite a mausoleum such as the world had never dreamed of. Master over workmen innumerable, owner of a treasury well-nigh bottomless, the building of the tomb he had planned might have been too much for even his resources had not much of the material been donated by friendly princes. The actual cost of the Taj Mahal is unknown, owing to the difficulty in estimating the value of the rupee in those days, but most authorities do not hesitate to estimate the cost of the building at over four million pounds sterling.

The Mogul Emperors are said to have designed like Titans and ornamented like jewellers, and for the construction of the Taj Mahal all parts of India and Arabia were laid under contribution. Thousands of tons of marble came from Jaipur, red sandstone from Futtypur Sikri, China sent crystals, Arabia corals, Ceylon sapphires and lapis lazuli, while from Persia came onyx, carnelian and agates. The work of building took 22 years, and day by day the love-lorn Emperor would sit in a corner of his dead wife's favourite room, itself a marvel of white marble and mosaic, in the palace in Agra fort across the river Jeune, and watch the slowly growing walls of this incomparable monument of his despair. The shape and form of the Taj Mahal are sufficiently well-known, but only those who have gazed on it can realise its supreme loveliness, its matchless simplicity, chastity and grace. At the end of a charming garden, through which down a broad marble channel flows a limpid stream, rises a vast square platform of white marble 26ft. high, each side measuring 33ft. long. At each of the

## DRESDEN

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four corners rises a graceful three-storeyed minaret crowned by a cupola, 158ft. in height, while in the centre of the platform is the irregular octagon, covering an area of over 3,000 yards, of the Taj itself. Of its five domes the central one is 240ft. high, and underneath it, enclosed in a marble sarcophagus, richly ornamented with floral and geometric patterns carried out in mosaic of precious stones, lie the remains of the thus immortalised Mumtaz Mahal, and near her, after death, was placed the body of her devoted, sorrowing spouse. Pictures of the Shah himself show him to have had a refined, almost ascetic face, but resembling somewhat the portraits of old Omar of Rubaiyat fame. Truth bids as avow that portraits of Mumtaz hardly bear out her reputation of wondrous loveliness, but the angular portraiture of the time doubtless failed to do her justice, and at least no court beauty has been so royally mourned. By the irony of fate the name of the actual designer of the Taj—incomparable *semper*—is unknown, though there seems some reason for supposing the mausoleum to have been the work of a Persian architect.

The sun had relented so far as to allow of Mumtaz' resting place being seen in comparative comfort, but next day he was doing his worst again, and Shah Jehan's glorious palace in the Fort became a weariness to the flesh, while, as if the heat was not sufficient, every stray dog in Agra, and there must be millions of them, having awakened from his coma of the day, made night hideous and sleep impossible, by baying without cessation until the increasing heat made him relapse into his daily torpor.

Cawnpore, situated on a plain of marvellous aridity, could not be faced in the heat, and it was five o'clock in the morning when the train pulled up with a jerk in Lucknow station. These early arrivals are common enough in India, and the railway companies with great forethought have attached comfortable enough dressing rooms to the waiting rooms, so that the stains of travel may be removed with ease.

To the foreigner Lucknow has little enough to offer in the way of sight-seeing, most of the chief buildings being supremely ugly, the most noticeable perhaps being the Chateau Manzil, formerly devoted to the female sex and used as a harem, but now given over to men as a club. Its white domes make it look for all the world like a monstrous wedding cake.

But for an Englishman one spot in Lucknow will always be of absorbing interest. The Residency marks the centre of that small collection of buildings where, for over three months, a party, 3,000 strong, a large proportion being women and children, withstood the onslaught of 50,000 fanatic mutineers. As at Delhi, it is sufficiently difficult to picture what the place must have looked like in the terrible days of the siege. The buildings held so gallantly have, for the most part, been swept away, and in their place is a charming garden, fit setting for the few battered ruins that remain. The Residency itself, shot scarred and bullet pocked, still stands, the Union Jack still flies from the tower, and in one of its roofless rooms a marble tablet affixed to the wall reminds us that here John Lawrence, who "tried to do his duty," fell. In one corner of the Residency garden is a quiet graveyard, where the victims of the siege were laid, and where many a memorial to individual and regimental gallantry finds place. The high buildings from which the mutineers poured a ceaseless rain of shot and shell upon the dauntless defenders have also been razed to the ground, stone posts marking the various points where the main attacking batteries were posted.

And so, having made our humble obeisance to the old ruins, "where ever upon the topmost tower the banner of England flew," we rumbled on through the burning plains to the holy city of Benares on the bank of the Ganges, the sacred river. Benares is essentially a Hindoo city, its narrow streets literally swarm with fakirs, beggars, holy bulls and monkeys. Its chief temple, whose cupolas are overlaid with gold leaf, is reached by a peculiarly pestilential alley, and the reek of the crushed murgols, incense and other abominations is unforgettable. The *raison d'être* of a visit to Benares is the study of the black, or rather brown, man in the bulk; and hence every visitor is hailed to the river at sunrise, and there is rowed up and down past the bathing "ghats," which extend for three

miles down the left bank of the river—curiously enough the right bank is absolutely bare of buildings. The "ghats," which are immensely broad flights of steps running down to the water's brink, are crowned by a perfect jumble of temples, rajahs' palaces and rich merchants' houses, while dotted among them are 270 Mahommedan mosques, erected in the 16th century, when a vain attempt was made to Moslemise the city.

To these "ghats" every morning come thousands of Hindoos to perform their ceremonial ablutions. The nature of these latter differs according to the age or fancy of the ablutionist. The older men sit gravely cross-legged and mutter prayers, occasionally dabbing their foreheads with river water, while the younger bloods disdain such perfunctory washings swim boldly out upon the bosom of mother Gunga. It is a unique spectacle, this motley mass of humanity, and even more striking than the wonderful variety of colour, the scant linen garments being dyed every conceivable hue, is the washers' solemnity. One rarely sees a Hindoo smile. His onyx-like, inscrutable eyes, which gaze so mournfully at the white man as he passes, seem overcast with the *taedium vitae*, and denote an ever-present weariness of soul.

At one point in the "ghats" a thin smoke is stealing upward from a pile of logs, on which is a white-veiled, mysterious something. A flame leaps up, the white covering flashes into nothing, and one sees the grim, dead face of a Hindoo, who but a few short hours before was still strutting his little day upon the earth. Other sheeted forms lie near, awaiting their turn to be placed upon the pyre, and when the flames have done their work the ashes will be scattered upon the Ganges' sacred waters.

Half reluctantly we turn away from the fascinating scene, and are soon once more in the suffocating train, speeding towards Calcutta, where, to speak transpositionally, "once aboard the lugger we will be free, free, free from the heat and the smells and the wonders of a scamper across India."

## CHURCH SERVICES: DRESDEN.

**ALL SAINTS' (ENGLISH) CHURCH, Wiener Strasse.**  
Sunday, May 3rd. 2nd Sunday after Easter. 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion. 11.0 a.m. Matins and Sermon. 6.0 p.m. Evensong and Litany.—The Week-day Services are suspended during the Chaplain's absence from Dresden, as a holiday.

**THE AMERICAN CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, Reichs Platz 5, at the head of Reichs Strasse.**  
Sunday, May 3rd. 2nd Sunday after Easter. Holy Communion 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion 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 Winckelmann Strasse.**  
Services every Sunday at 11.0 a.m. Communion on the first Sunday of the month.  
Sunday, May 3rd. Evening service 6 p.m. Repetition of the Lecture on Dante's *Hell of the Incontinent and Inferno*.  
Rev. Duncan Cameron, Minister of the Parish of Bridge of Allan, Scotland.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.\*

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is probably the most gifted of all those transatlantic authors whose books of late have been inundating Europe. Although of English birth, this accomplished lady made the United States her home for many years, but recently she acquired a magnificent country seat in Kent, England, and her latest works are full of those delightful descriptive touches which bring home to the reader glimpses of English country life at its best.

*The Shuttle* is one of the most absorbing romances which have fallen to the lot of the jaded reviewer. Of more than ordinary length it holds the reader entranced from beginning to end. The book has been written leisurely, the digressions are legion, but it bears the imprint of care and thought in every line. Each character introduced into the story possesses its own individualism, a quality rare indeed in these days of machine-made novels. Betty Vanderpoel is one of the finest literary creations of Mrs. Burnett's pen, while the knightly Mount Dunstan, the unspeakable Nigel Anstruthers, the ingenuous New Yorker, "G. Seiden," are all masterly in their conception.

We cannot call to mind having read anything more powerful than the closing scene, when the villain rises to the supreme height of his infamy and meets with just retribution at the remorseless hands of Mount Dunstan. We predict a phenomenal popularity for this work. It will appeal to tastes of every diversity, and may attain to the position held in the public esteem by its almost classical forerunner, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

\* *The Shuttle*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Tauchnitz Edition, 2 Vols.

## WEATHER FORECAST FOR TODAY

of the Royal Saxon Meteorological Institute.

Light airs, cloudy, warm, tendency to thunder in the East slight showers at times in the West.



# DRESDEN

## DRESDEN CURRENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

### Royal Opera House.

Tonight, beginning at 7.30, ending 10.15

### Der Waffenschmied.

Opera in three Acts. Music by Albert Lortzing.

#### Cast:

Hans Stadinger, famous armourer . . .	Herr Puttlitz.
Marie, his daughter . . . . .	Fräul. Seebe.
Count Liebenau, knight, passing under the name Conrad, armourer's apprentice . . . . .	Herr Scheidemantel.
George, his esquire, . . . . .	Herr Rüdiger.
Adelhof, knight from Swabia . . . . .	Herr Kless.
Irmentraut, Marie's governess . . . . .	Fräul. Carasini a. G.
Brenner, Landlord, Stadinger's father-in-law . . . . .	Herr Erl.
Two armourer's apprentices . . . . .	(Herr Niemetz.
	(Herr Büssel.

**PLOT.** Count of Liebenau woos an armourer's daughter, named Marie, first as a Count then as Conrad, a smith. Marie confesses to the count her love for Conrad. But her father will not hear of either suitor, and determines to marry her to George, the count's valet. George however, refuses; and again refusing her to the count, he marries her to Conrad, and discovers to his disgust how he has been tricked.

Composer: Albert Lortzing, 1803-1881.

Tomorrow, Monday, beginning at 7.30, ending 10

### Der Rattenfänger von Hameln.

Grand romantic opera in five acts. Music by V. E. Nessler.

#### Cast:

Wichard Gruvelholt, Burgomaster of Hameln . . . . .	Herr Rains.
Berthold Sunneborn, Magistrate . . . . .	Herr Wachter.
Hogeherte, } Councillors . . . . .	(Herr Piehler.
Steneken, } . . . . .	(Herr Engelhardt.
Bertram Lupus . . . . .	Herr Hafner.
Ethelorus, clerk . . . . .	Herr Erl.
Isfried Rhympere . . . . .	Herr Nebuschka.
Heribert, son of Sunneborn . . . . .	Herr Jäger.
Hunold Singuf . . . . .	Herr Scheidemantel.
Wulf, } Burghers of Hameln . . . . .	(Herr Büssel.
Kesseling, } . . . . .	(Herr Plaschke.
Regine, Burgomaster's daughter . . . . .	Fräul. v. d. Osten.
Dorothea, his cousin and housekeeper . . . . .	Frau Bender-Schäfer.
Gertrud, daughter of a fisherman . . . . .	Fräul. Elbenschütz.
Margarethe, a burgher's daughter . . . . .	Fräul. Keldorfer.
First } politician . . . . .	(Herr Geisenhofer.
Second } . . . . .	(Herr Ernst.

**PLOT.** The citizens of Hameln, discussing means to rid the town of a plague of rats, are informed by the clerk, Ethelorus, that a stranger, Singuf, is willing to destroy the rats with his pipe. No one is to be present while he works the charm. The Burgomaster's daughter Regine, with her cousin Dorothea greets her lover Sunneborn who has been abroad. Singuf delights the people with his playing and falls in love with Gertrud, a fisher girl. Meeting Ethelorus and the chief magistrate in a tavern, he is led on to boast of his prowess with the fair sex, and Ethelorus, who dislikes Sunneborn, makes a wager that Singuf will not win a kiss from Regine. Singuf, alone as he thinks, plays his pipe and decoys all the rats away. But Wulf, a lover of Gertrud, is present and threatens him. When Singuf asks his reward, the Burgomaster complains that the Rat-king is still in his cellar. Singuf declares it is Wulf's fault for eaves-dropping, but promises to kill the Rat-king if Regine will give him a kiss. All are astounded at his insolence, but his beautiful playing so moves Regine that she kisses him. Singuf is condemned to death as a sorcerer, but Gertrud claims his life which is given to her. Gertrud drowns herself; and Singuf, to avenge her death plays on his pipe while the people are in church, and all the children of the town follow him, and the people come out of church in time to see all their children vanishing into the mountain side, whence they never emerge.

Composer: Victor E. Nessler, born 1841, died 1890.

Royal Opera House.		
Tuesday night . . . . .	Frühlingsnacht.—Zierpuppen . . . . .	at 7.30
Wednesday night . . . . .	Tiefand . . . . .	" 7.30
Thursday night . . . . .	Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor . . . . .	" 7.30
Friday night . . . . .	Concert . . . . .	" 7.30
Saturday night . . . . .	Der fliegende Holländer . . . . .	" 7.30
Sunday night . . . . .	Frühlingsnacht.—Zierpuppen . . . . .	" 7.30
Monday night . . . . .	Tannhäuser . . . . .	" 7

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Royal Theatre Neustadt.		
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Monday night . . . . .	Nathan der Weise . . . . .	" 7
Tuesday night . . . . .	Brand . . . . .	" 7
Wednesday night . . . . .	Vom andern Ufer (for the first time) . . . . .	" 7.30
Thursday night . . . . .	Kriemhilds Rache . . . . .	" 7.30
Friday night . . . . .	Vom andern Ufer . . . . .	" 7.30
Saturday night . . . . .	Vom andern Ufer . . . . .	" 7.30
Sunday night . . . . .	Die Räuber . . . . .	" 6.30
Monday night . . . . .	Der Biberpelz . . . . .	" 7.30

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Residenz Theatre.		
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Tonight . . . . .	Die lustigen Witwe . . . . .	" 7.30
Monday night . . . . .	Ein Walzertraum . . . . .	" 7.30
Tuesday night . . . . .	Midsummer-night's Dream. Ensemble Gastspiel d. Deutschen Theaters, Berlin . . . . .	" 7.30
Wednesday night . . . . .	The Merchant of Venice . . . . .	" 7.30
Thursday night . . . . .	Midsummer-night's Dream . . . . .	" 7.30
Friday night . . . . .	The Merchant of Venice . . . . .	" 7.30
Saturday night . . . . .	Frühlings Erwachen . . . . .	" 7.30

### Central Theatre.

This afternoon . . . . .	Sherlock Holmes . . . . .	at 3.30
Tonight . . . . .	Panne . . . . .	" 7.30
Monday night . . . . .	Panne . . . . .	" 7.30
Tuesday night . . . . .	Panne . . . . .	" 7.30
Wednesday night . . . . .	Panne . . . . .	" 7.30
Thursday night . . . . .	Panne . . . . .	" 7.30
Friday night . . . . .	Panne . . . . .	" 7.30
Saturday night . . . . .	Panne . . . . .	" 7.30

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### FATHER AND SON.

We were reminded today, on looking through a Paris journal, of Addison's amusing story of how a moustache and turban were added to the likeness of Sir Roger de Coverley on the inn sign and how the "Coverley Arms" was thereby turned into the "Saracen's Head." Our contemporary has a very good account of the North-West Manchester election, as can be seen from the fact that the correspondent declares that "English Liberalism is dead, and the return to power of the Conservatives is inevitable in a short time." But the story is spoiled by the portrait given. It is a likeness of Lord Randolph Churchill in all the glory of beard and moustache and underneath is the legend, "Mr. Winston Churchill, Ministre du Commerce anglais."

### THE CANDID PARTNER.

"Very slippery, the floor," said the energetic young man, as the band drifted dreamily into the "Tum-ti-rum-tum, tum-ti-rum-tum" part of the *Merry Widow* waltz, "It's jolly hard to keep on your feet." "Oh, you're trying to keep on my feet, are you?" said his interested partner. "I thought at first it was accidental."

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### GOLF NOTES.

One day last week, says a writer in *Golf Illustrated*, a player at St. Andrews had two remarkable recoveries during a round, from what would appear very hopeless positions. From the ninth tee, he topped his drive and got into the long bunker just in front there, known as "Kruger"; he extricated himself from that hazard with his niblick, and then holed his third, a full cleek shot; two holes further in, at the short eleventh, he pulled his stroke from the tee with the iron into the large bunker with the high face, to the left of the hole, but again using his niblick to excellent purpose, he got out on to the green, and once more holed out in three—really two remarkably good holes, after being trapped from the tee in each case.

The late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman could not be claimed as belonging to the brotherhood of golfers. When the deceased statesman addressed a Montrose audience on behalf of a golf bazaar, he surprised his hearers by reminiscences of the course when Royal Albert Club were the curators of the links. Sir Henry knew something about the game, and the influence it has on the Scottish people. The Laird of Belmont had many admirers in the constituency represented by the right hon. gentleman the Secretary for India.

Golf has become far too serious an affair for trifling. It is a business or profession and not a recreation. Indeed, it appears to be far more important than any business, and many a man displays as much concern for the state of his game as for the state of his health. The domestic barometer responds no less readily to the one as to the other. If paterfamilias is on his game and winning his matches, a bright and sunny cheerfulness distils from his person and pervades the

family circle. But should he be "off it," what a contrast! An excellent story of the way in which the importance of golf is apt to be exaggerated is told of a Scotch caddie in an important match. While a critical putt was being addressed, a spectator walked right across behind the player. The player's caddie gazed for a moment in absolute stupefaction at the offender, and then said witheringly, "Ca' yerself a man?"

Those who were well enough advised to take their Easter golfing holiday at Turnberry, in Ayrshire, had good reason to be satisfied with their choice. Throughout Easter the golfers had the best of weather, with brilliant sunshine, and absolutely free from the rain, snow and sleet which was prevalent elsewhere, even in the south. We have frequently drawn attention to the mild and equable climate which Turnberry enjoys in the winter and spring months, and now that absolutely first-class accommodation can be had at the palatial Station Hotel, Turnberry is sure to attract an ever-increasing number of golfers at all seasons of the year. The golf courses are now in splendid order.

The Windermere Club are making alterations to their course whereby two new holes will be substituted for the present ninth and fifteenth.

Rowland Jones, though not, on his all-round record, of quite the same class as the Triumvirate, can at times display form second to that of no one in the world. He meets Massy, Harry Vardon, and Taylor at Wimbledon Park on the 27th of May. On his own green Jones may effect a surprise by beating all three of the cracks. This will be one of the most interesting of several appearances of Massy in and around London this summer.

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to confer the title of "Royal" on the County Down Golf Club. This makes the fourth Irish green to

receive the distinction, the others being the Royal Dublin, Royal Belfast, and Royal Portrush Golf Clubs. There are now thirty-six "Royal" golf clubs in the world. The title was first granted to the Royal Perth Golfing Society, which obtained it from King William IV. in 1832. The St. Andrews club did not become "Royal and Ancient" till 1834, two years later. The Perth Society was the junior of the St. Andrews Society by 70 years, and perhaps it was because it was felt that the Perth golfers had stolen a march on them that the St. Andrews golfers were moved to choose their higher sounding designation. Perth might be "Royal," but St. Andrews was "Royal and Ancient!" The next club to receive the "Royal" title was the Royal Albert Club of Montrose, when in 1845 H.R.H. the late Prince Consort became its patron. There do not appear to have been any other additions to the list till the seventies and eighties. The Royal North Devon, the Royal Liverpool, the Royal Wimbledon, the Royal Musselburgh, and the Royal Aberdeen had their titles conferred during this period.

### TURNER AND THE COACH.

The stories of Turner's miserliness are numerous. Once he brought a picture to a gentleman in Clapham Common; the gentleman after dinner handed him a cheque for a handsome amount—as Turner's pictures were then valued. Turner looked at the cheque. The donor saw something was wrong. "I have made it guineas," he said. "It was to be guineas, was it not?" "Yes, the guineas are right enough," said Turner, in the rough voice and the gruff manner that had become habitual with him; "but I paid six shillings for the coach; that is not down." The six shillings were offered, and accepted.



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