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PRESIDENT FALLIERES IN LONDON.

(From our London correspondent.)

London, May 27.

If the French President does not return to Paris a happy man, it will not be the fault of London and Londoners. His reception here has been more than cordial; it has been enthusiastic. Under the most brilliant conditions of weather London is quite a tolerable place. When, in addition, you see everywhere miles of decorations, a brilliant mass of colour waving in the gentle summer breeze, lines of smart red-coated soldiers, and crowds upon crowds of people who are shouting in your honour and waving their hats and their handkerchiefs—when you see all this from a royal landau on either side of the glittering escort that surrounds you, you would be indeed phlegmatic were you to remain unmoved. The President of the French Republic is not in any sense phlegmatic, and he has throughout the proceedings been obviously and deeply moved. His rugged brown countenance literally beams upon the people.

Yesterday, the great event was the visit to the Franco-British Exhibition. Today came the Guildhall luncheon, and tonight comes the dinner given by Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office, and later the State visit to the Opera. Imagine the condition of the streets. At all hours of the day crowds are jostling in the predestined places. To see the President leaving St. James's Palace, to see him paying his official calls, to see him going to dine at Marlborough House, to see him returning, to see him starting for the Exhibition, to see him at the Exhibition, again to see him returning—what days for the lovers of gold braid and scarlet! In truth, such a spectacle is a fine one at all times; on a glorious day in early summer it is worth coming to see at some sacrifice of comfort. Sacrifice, however, was quite uncalled for today. It has been just warm enough, ideally warm enough and bright enough; and on the Embankment, where large numbers were assembled in expectation of the return from the Guildhall, one got all the coolness of the river as well. The boys of the City of London School were crowded in the porch and at the windows; the Royal Hotel and the buildings adjoining it were full of eager spectators. The point where the Embankment turns into New Bridge Street and Blackfriars Bridge was very favourable, since here a group of officers were stationed for the convenience of passing on signals, and officers usefully enough arrest the attention of waiting crowds. A crowd, as a matter of fact, does not seem to mind waiting; besides, it is a leisurely spirit that breathes on the Embankment. There they stood two or three deep, or sat (young men or youths for the main part) in an endless line on the balustrade that flanks the river. Policemen and equestrians rode up and down the sanded street—if the Embankment can be called a street. The pigeons flew in and about everywhere without the least restraint, as perfectly self-possessed in the pursuit of booty as on ordinary days.

At last the procession is coming, and a great burst of applause, to which the City of London boys are clearly contributing, is borne into the warm air. But the pageant is not yet quite at hand. One can hear the word of command some fifty yards to the right. Then the voice of the officer immediately opposite rasps out "Right half company—shun Pre—sent amms." There is a swish and bang, the officer first raises the hilt of his sword to his face and then drops

the point, a company of the Household Brigade clatter past, and then comes the splendour of a royal landau and the President's honest, homely face with its look of intense pleasure.

So it is all over? No, not yet. The men in the bearskin busbies (what heroes one thinks them on such a warm day!) have sloped arms, but they are ready for another salute. This time it is the Prince and Princess of Wales and another row of carriages. Again the loud cheers rise, again the City of London boys cover themselves with glory. But it is not yet over, for in the third part of the procession comes Prince Arthur of Connaught, who is also warmly welcomed. More carriages, more troops, and then it is really over.

It is a pity that the President missed seeing the Temple and its lawns. At the moment the Royal Horticultural Society's Flower Show is being held there, and the great tents in which it is housed shut out the view of green lawns and grey turrets completely. It is perhaps equally to be deplored that the President has not had time to see something of this great annual exhibition of flowers, whose excellence is all the more wonderful when one remembers under what grey, inclement skies the bright battalions have been reared. The show opened yesterday, and among the earliest visitors were Queen Alexandra and the Princess Victoria, as well as the Prime Minister of Nepal and his suite. Queen Alexandra came rather later than expected, and caused a somewhat amusing *contre-temps*. Her Majesty not only arrived so late as to join the ordinary throng she was to have avoided, but she came by the Temple entrance and not, as had been arranged, by the Embankment entrance. The disconcerted equerry awaiting her, in company with the official representatives of the Horticultural Societies, searched high and low for Her Majesty, and when she had been found he was lost. All came right in the end—but by the time the end came Her Majesty had seen half the show.

This delightful annual function converts the Temple, often the dingiest spot in London, into a spectacle alive with colour and movement. Carriages and motor-cars glitter in King's Bench Walk; costumes in all the colours of the rainbow fill the length of Middle Temple Lane. The staid barristers, who usually emerge dusty enough from their dusty chambers, are spick and span, and look as unprofessional as they are able among their ladies. It is a good sign of the popularity of the Temple Flower Show that yesterday, in spite of the counter attraction of the President's visit to the Franco-British Exhibition, there was no falling off in the numbers who attended. On the contrary, the fight for a square inch of space was as keen, and as hopeless, as ever.

GENERAL NEWS.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

THE PRESIDENTIAL VISIT.

President Fallières was the guest of honour at the Guildhall, London, on Wednesday, when a luncheon was given in his honour. M. Fallières, who gave his arm to the Lady Mayoress, was evidently delighted with the cordiality of the greeting as he walked, preceded by the Lord Mayor escorting the Princess of Wales, and the Prince of Wales with Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, to the dais appointed for the ceremony. M. Fallières, who carried his silk hat in one hand and his white

gloves in the other, wore over his evening dress the crimson sash of the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and round his neck the Chain and Cross of the Victorian Order. He took his seat on the left of the Lord Mayor. The Princess of Wales, who wore a white hat with ostrich feathers, and a dress of soft pink silk, carried a bouquet of white orchids. Jewelled Orders glittered on her corsage under the electric light. The Prince of Wales was in Admiral's uniform, and Prince Christian in General's uniform.

Only three toasts were honoured, namely: "The King and Queen Alexandra," and "The President of the French Republic," proposed by the Lord Mayor, and "The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London," proposed by M. Fallières.

In submitting the toast of their Majesties, which was received with enthusiasm and the playing of the National Anthem, the Lord Mayor evoked loud cheers by his reference to His Majesty's untiring and successful efforts to unite in ties of harmony and concord the nations of the world.

Proposing the health of the President, Sir John Bell said they intended by it not only to convey their regard and esteem for the President personally, but, once more, to place on record in that historic building, the sincerity of the feelings of affection which were entertained in the City of London and throughout the country for that great and friendly nation—England's nearest neighbour and ally, of which he was the head. It was nearly five years since they had the pleasure and gratification of receiving in that Hall his eminent and respected predecessor, M. Loubet, and of listening to his weighty remarks in reference to the common interests and the cordial understanding which should inspire the two nations in their service in the cause of humanity.

"We sincerely trust" he added, "that the President will see enough of London during his all too brief stay among us to convince him that its inhabitants are earnestly desirous of cementing their friendly relations with his great nation, and of expressing to him, both officially and personally, the earnest regard they entertain for him—its First Citizen—whose long, arduous, and eminent public career has been followed with interest and appreciation by other countries than his own (ap-
plause)."

In reply President Fallières made a somewhat lengthy speech couched in similar terms, expressing his belief in the continuance of the excellent relations between his country and England, and his thanks for the magnificent reception accorded him by the municipality and the people of London.

In the evening a gala performance took place at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the great building being decorated in a particularly beautiful manner. Occupants of the royal box included President Fallières, King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the Princess of Wales. The President sat between the King and Queen, other members of the royal family and the various suites on either side. The orchestra played the "Marseillaise" and "God save the King." M. Pichon was also present in the box.

Prior to the opera performance a banquet was given by Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office in honour of the President. Some forty guests were present, including the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister, the Russian Ambassador, and many distinguished politicians and State officials. No toasts were drunk and no speeches made.

Accompanied by the French Ambassador, M. Cambon, a visit was paid to the Foreign Office on

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