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# The Daily Record

and THE DRESDEN DAILY.

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## AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.

October, said one of America's profoundest lovers of nature, is the opal month of the year. It is the month of glory, of ripeness. It is the picture month. To test the innate truth of this observation it is only necessary to ramble these mid-autumnal days through the glorious woodlands which form one of Dresden's most captivating charms. The true lover of nature has usually a strong predilection towards solitude; to him there is something incongruous in the presence of the madding crowd amid the pastoral glades that he would fain look upon as peculiarly his own. Human voices introduce a jarring note, even merry laughter re-echoes discordantly around the moss-grown dell, where the vast indefinite silence of the dying year stirs responsive sympathetic chords in the heart. To lie supine upon a fragrant couch of fallen, multi-coloured leaves, to draw a veil of oblivion over the mind, to inhale the subtle ambrosia arising from the scattered pine cones, bruised foliage, and other perfumed débris carpeting the ground, letting the infinite peace of it all enter and take possession of the soul,—this constitutes beatitude for the worshipper of Mother Nature. Autumn, by the very nature of its unobtrusiveness, is condemned by the thoughtless as a lean and melancholy season. The ardent, restless spirit of green Spring, the shimmering brilliance of brazen Summer, appeal to many more than the pensive loveliness of the later season. But what comparison can there be between the harmonious riot of colour that characterises the woodland panorama in Autumn, and the monotonous emerald hue of Spring, or the parched landscape of Midsummer? October, in particular, has been aptly described as the sunset month of the year; and as during the evening hours the sky assumes a brighter tint, so the year near its demise paints the fruits of the earth with a lavish riot of colour. The setting sun plays fantastic tricks with the flickering shafts of light striking downwards through the lofty arches of foliage overhead; the daring genius of a Turner is unable to depict on canvas even the faintest reflection of the magnificently weird tints which leaves and grass, touched by Autumn's magic wand, assume under those dying rays. It is as though Nature has engaged in a final despairing attempt to mingle all the gorgeous colours remaining on her palette for the consummation of a surpassingly magnificent phantasmagoria, and she succeeds with a vengeance. To the ear that has for many days been tortured by the appalling clamour and hurley-burley of a busy city, there is something infinitely soothing in the silence of the woods at this season. So intense is the stillness that the fall of each single leaf is distinctly perceptible, every tiny ripple of a stream a hundred yards away, whose silver thread is just discernible through the trees and underbrush, can be counted. Far aloft, perhaps, a predatory crow gives raucous vent to his natural spleen at the scarcity of booty; or the chatter of a fussy squirrel, "the noisy denizen of a hollow tree, the mendicant friar of a large parish, the absolute monarch of a dozen acorns," indicates the presence of life. For the rest, the voiceless calm is unbroken, and on a tired brain it falls as the balm of Gilead. Forgotten for one brief hour the wearing toil of everyday life, the maddening strain on nerve and fibre, the carping irritation of one's human kind, the whole hurry and disquiet of the working day. Under this benign autumnal influence the soul may rise to ephemeral heights of grandeur, sordidness and mundanity are left far behind in that pure mental atmosphere, pessimism avoids it as the plague. True, such mental refreshment is brief in the extreme; but one's faculties are strengthened to a disproportionate degree; life takes on new zest, and the blood courses through the veins with added vigour. This is in the nature of a phenomenon when it is remembered that Autumn symbolises decay, and perhaps temperament enters largely into the question. Some there are who, with the approach of Spring, experience none of those re-awakening impulses which the products of Nature, animate and inanimate, exhibit in the early flush of the year. The wine of life is then too new for some, and the mellowing influence of time is needed to convert the nectar into a more wholesome brew. It is possible that many who wander through the

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woods these Autumn days experience the damp chill of the dissolving year rather than the calming influence of which we have spoken. But to others Autumn is the King of the Seasons. "He comes not like a pilgrim, clad in russet weeds. He comes not like a hermit, clad in gray. But he comes like a warrior, with the stain of blood upon his brazen mail. His crimson scarf is rent. His scarlet banner drips with gore. He slays the emerald hue, but every green thing loves to die in bright colours."

## GENERAL NEWS.

### NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

#### SPEECH BY THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

London, October 1.

Mr. McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, speaking at Pontypool on Wednesday, said that the naval supremacy of Great Britain was the surest guarantee of European peace. If ever a weak and inferior fleet should encourage in rival Powers the notion that the British empire was expiring, those Powers would be misled by their ambitious hopes into taking steps that would be unfortunate for the world's peace. No more ships should be built, however, than the international situation required, particularly in view of the fact that ships quickly wear out. Looking at the large amount of unemployed labour in the country, he proposed to hasten the ship-building programme this year.

#### A "MYSTERY" SUBMARINE.

London, October 1.

There has been launched from the yard of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, Barrow, says the *Liverpool Daily Post*, a submarine boat built to the order of the British Admiralty. The launch was kept a profound secret. This vessel is of the advanced "C" class, and is somewhat longer than her predecessors. She is, unlike the "D," experimental, inasmuch as there are no side structures, and she has only a single screw. The fore structure is built up more, and this will permit of another torpedo tube. The conning tower is higher and not so large.

### NEWS FROM AMERICA.

#### ELECTIONEERING DEVELOPMENTS.

There are few indications of any cessation of the wordy warfare between President Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan. The talk for the moment even is that the President has intimated that he is prepared to go on the stump for Mr. Taft, if the course of the fight should indicate that such a proceeding would

be necessary, in order to make assurance doubly sure of the election of the Republican candidate.

The party managers, says a contemporary, do not think that such a desperate course will be necessary. They are, indeed, already counting up the electoral votes which Mr. Taft will have over and above the number necessary for actual election. Altogether there are 483 electoral votes, and of these it is claimed that Mr. Taft is absolutely assured of about 300, with a very good chance of securing from twenty to thirty more. This confident prediction, it will be seen, is based upon the assumption that there will be a Democratic débâcle at the polls.

Competent political observers see no indication of such an overwhelming defeat for Mr. Bryan. Most of them believe that Mr. Taft will win, but they look to a neck and neck race. Locally the struggle will be very close, but the indications favour the re-election of Governor Hughes and the casting of New York's 39 electoral votes for Mr. Taft.

New York, October 1.

Replying to President Roosevelt's last letter, Mr. Bryan, after remarking: "I have lived in vain if your accusations have lost me a single friend," goes on to declare that his record is a sufficient answer to the President's insinuations that he is in sympathy with or controlled by the Trusts.

Taking up Mr. Roosevelt's assertion that certain Trust magnates, fearing prosecution under Mr. Taft, will support the Democrats, Mr. Bryan says the President worded his statement in such a way as to demand the support of all the Trust magnates: "And yet put it on the ground that they are supporting your party for patriotic reasons rather than for the promotion of a selfish interest."

Mr. Bryan characterises such an argument as ingenious but unsound, and as a proof that he will not be controlled by the Trusts, he declares that if elected he will enforce anti-Trust laws. "Not spasmodically and intermittently, but persistently and consistently."

#### LETTER FROM THE POPE.

New York, October 1.

It is reported that the Pope has addressed a lengthy and important letter to the citizens of the United States, and that it will be published immediately upon the return of Cardinal Gibbons from Europe.

In view of rumours and counter-rumours regarding the Vatican's attitude in respect of the Presidential election, the letter will be awaited with interest.

#### NO MORE MORPHIUM FOR CHINA.

According to a report from Washington published by the *London Morning Post* of yesterday, the State Department has received telegraphic information from the United States Minister at Peking, Dr. Rockhill, that the Powers have agreed to prohibit the import of morphia and of articles used with it into China from the 1st of January next.

#### NEW YORK POLICE METHODS.

New York has copied with great advantage London's method of regulating street traffic, and General Bingham, Commissioner of Police, with the 9,000 men under his command, says he would like, if possible, to adopt London's plan of arming the constable with a simple truncheon, and withdraw the revolvers, but the conditions here, with emigrants from all parts of the world, are less easy than in London, he considers, and he must postpone that reform.

In the meantime, General Bingham considers that the English police custom of reticence as regards the records of the police department is a good rule, and he has begun, apparently, the impossible task of keeping reporters out of New York's police stations. Hitherto it has been the inalienable privilege of American Pressmen to sail into a superintendent's office and demand to see his charge-sheet and other records of the police department. This plan, admittedly, has worked very well, because the reporters have proved themselves just as efficient generally, and frequently more skilful, than the police themselves in tracing crime.

(Continued on page 2.)