

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

# The Daily Record

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and THE DRESDEN DAILY.

THE FIRST DAILY PAPER IN ENGLISH PUBLISHED IN GERMANY.

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## AMERICAN TARIFF REVISION.

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, May 15.

Last week the State Department notified to the diplomatic representatives of the countries with which commercial agreements were concluded under clause 3 of the Dingley Tariff Act that, in view of new tariff legislation they contemplated denouncing those agreements. With that notification foreign Governments received the first official information of the revision of the American tariff. This official information has obviously been misinterpreted, as some days later it was expressly stated in the Senate that the notification was only a preparatory intimation, not meant to be taken as a formal notice. A formal notice would have been a mistake on the part of America, as the various agreements provide for different terms of notice. Most of the countries concerned stipulated for twelve months' notice, Germany for six months, and France for none. So far as the commercial-political relations with France are concerned, a formal notice would have led to the immediate application of the French maximum tariff to American goods. The relations with Germany would have been no less entangled. The State Department was not in a position to give a formal notice because it does not yet know how the provisions of the minimum tariff will ultimately stand, and it could not expect foreign Governments to bind themselves now to accept the American minimum tariff whatever it may turn out to be.

If notice had been given on the 1st of May, the agreement with Germany would have expired on November 1. A new agreement could not then be made at once with Germany because the Reichstag is not in Session in November, and American goods would therefore be subject to the maximum rates in Germany as well as in France. Under these circumstances, State Secretary Knox resolved to allow the existing arrangements to hold good until they should be replaced by new agreements. The State Department reckons on the Aldrich Bill, under which the maximum tariff will be applicable from the 31st of March next, becoming law. The most practical step to take would therefore seem to be, to conclude new agreements as soon as possible after the passing of the Tariff bill; then to give notice of the rescission of the existing agreements, and at the same time to arrange that the President's proclamation setting the new minimum tariff in operation shall be published when the old agreements expire.

## THE CASABLANCA JUDGMENT.

The Hague, May 23.

The judgment of the Court of Arbitration in the Casablanca affair was made known at 4.30 p.m. Saturday. It declares that the Secretary of the German Consulate unjustifiably and by a serious and manifest mistake endeavoured to convey deserters from the French Foreign Legion on board a German steamer; and that the French military authorities unjustifiably failed to respect as far as they might have done the fact that the deserters were taken under the protection of the German Consulate; the circumstances did not justify the French military in threatening with a revolver, in following the deserters, or in beating the Moroccan soldiers of the Consulate with sticks. The other claims of the parties were rejected.

Paris, May 23.

The newspapers discuss the Hague judgment at great length, and emphasise the fact that it justifies the French contention in principle. The Temps says: "The judgment is acceptable and honourable to both countries."



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## THE FRENCH NAVAL FIASCO.

Brest, May 24.

Intense excitement was aroused at Brest on Saturday by an unsuccessful attempt to launch the battleship "Danton," one of the first French "Dreadnoughts." A great crowd had gathered for the occasion, and punctually at five p.m. the blocks were knocked away and the great hull, nearly 500 feet in length, commenced to glide down the slip. But the huge vessel had only covered 132 feet of the distance when she came to a dead stop, and all the efforts of the shipwrights were impotent to make her budge another inch. Another effort will be made soon to bring the launch successfully off. Several of the Paris papers hint that this unfortunate occurrence is due to wilful mismanagement on the part of the Brest dockyard employés. The Agence Havas, however, learns from an authoritative Brest source that the launch failure was due to inadequate official arrangements.

Paris, May 24.

The usual Socialist-Revolutionary demonstration was held at Pere Lachaise cemetery yesterday afternoon in memory of the Communists who were shot in 1871, and several collisions with the police took place. A number of gendarmes sustained more or less severe injuries, and some arrests were made.

## BRITISH NAVAL POLICY; THE ORACLE SPEAKS.

London, May 24.

Speaking at Manchester on Saturday, Mr. Winston Churchill, President of the Board of Trade, referred to the panic caused by reports of warships, air-ships, and other bogeys, and said the more noise the panic-mongers made, the more pronounced were the calmness and contempt with which their "revelations" were received. So far as the fleet was concerned, its condition might justify the increase of the Naval Estimates by three millions sterling; but he was no admirer of the politicians who found leisure to advocate a bragging and sensational policy. The Government was resolved on measures of defence. The country should be guided by its responsible Ministers, not by a society of such politicians and sensation-mongers.

## THE REGENT OF BRUNSWICK.

A Brunswick telegram states that the reports of the pending remarriage of Duke John Albrecht of Mecklenburg, Regent of Brunswick, are entirely false.

## THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

The Hague, May 23.

Queen Wilhelmina appeared in the garden of the palace on Saturday for the first time since her confinement, afterwards going for a carriage drive, and enjoying a short walk. The infant Princess Juliana was also in the palace gardens.

## CEMENTING ANGLO-GERMAN FRIENDSHIP.

The highly successful visit to a number of German towns by the party of city magistrates and aldermen from Manchester and Salford was concluded on Sunday, when they left Cuxhaven by a steamer of the Hamburg-American line for Southampton. All Saturday they had been the guests of the Hamburg municipality, and were entertained to a banquet after being shown the sights of the city. Previous to their departure the guests sent the following telegram to the Emperor, through Herr Schlagintweit, the German Consul at Manchester, who accompanied the party:—

Your Majesty! I am commissioned by the Lord Mayors of Manchester and Salford to send you the respectful greetings of the English municipal party. On the occasion of their departure today by the steamer "President Lincoln," the party desire to make known that their visit among their German cousins has brought them to a full realisation that "Blood is thicker than water."

Details of the visit now being paid to London by a body of Berlin magistrates and town councillors are given in the following telegrams:—

Southampton, May 23.

The steamship "Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm," conveying the Ober Burgomaster of Berlin and other representatives of the Berlin municipality, arrived here at noon today. The vessel was met in Southampton Water by a special tug on board of which were the Mayor and aldermen of Southampton, members of the London reception committee, and the German Consul. The heartiest greetings were exchanged when the tug reached the liner's side, and these were repeated later when the German guests landed. The Mayor of Southampton presented them with an address of welcome in the name of the city. At five p.m. the party left by special train for London.

London, May 24.

The special train conveying the Ober Burgomaster of Berlin and his party arrived at Waterloo Station at 6.40 o'clock yesterday evening. On the platform were Sir George Wyatt Truscott, the Lord Mayor of London, and many of the Sheriffs and other City dignitaries, who gave the visitors a particularly warm greeting. Large crowds had gathered in the neighbourhood of the station and along the route to De Kayser's Hotel, and the German guests were obviously gratified at the cordial and repeated cheers which were given as they passed by. Interviewed by Reuter's representative, Herr Kirschner, the Ober Burgomaster of Berlin, made the following statement: "All that is necessary for the betterment of Anglo-German relations is a better knowledge of one another. Given this mutual knowledge and sympathy, all misunderstandings would at once disappear. Visits such as ours today contribute very much to this object."

A long and varied programme has been arranged by the City for the entertainment of its guests (full details of which have appeared in *The Daily Record*).

## ANOTHER AMERICAN RAILROAD OUTRAGE.

New York, May 24.

The Union Pacific Overland Express was held up yesterday near Omaha by bandits. Seven mail sacks containing specie and other valuables fell into the hands of the miscreants, who effected their escape without being recognised. Posses have started on the trail, and it is hoped that the bandits will be captured.

## BERLIN

The Emperor, the Empress, Princess Victoria Louise, and other members of the Imperial family honoured the races at Grunewald with their presence on Sunday. The party punctually arrived on the ground at 3 o'clock by automobile, and after being received by the officials of the Berlin Turf Club, were conducted to the Imperial pavilion. On all sides their Majesties received a very hearty greeting, and it was remarked that they looked exceedingly well after their long holiday in the South. The Crown Prince and Princess, together with Prince and Princess August Wilhelm, Prince and Princess Eitel Friedrich, had already arrived on the course, the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel Friedrich having driven down their own fours-in-hand. The Emperor and Empress stayed until the fourth race had been run and then left the course, amidst the renewed cheers of the crowd.

We are authorised to state that the Chaplain, Rev. J. H. Fry, has withdrawn from the Committee formed for the general organisation of the British Colony in Berlin.

Professor Marion Dexter Learned, the distinguished occupant of the Chair of Germanics at the University of Pennsylvania, is in Berlin, having come on an interesting mission. He has been deputed by the Carnegie Institute at Washington to make a thorough study of the archives of the German Government relative to German migration to America at various times. The influence exercised on the development of America by the emigrating Germans will receive the learned Professor's especial attention.

The Chair of Germanics at the University of Pennsylvania is the oldest in America, and Professor Learned ranks as one of the greatest living authorities on German philology. It will be remembered that he was one of the four speakers at the recent meeting of the German Shakespeare Society in Weimar on April 23.

So far as is now known, few distinguished American or British visitors will be present at the Spring Parade on Tempelhofer Feld next Saturday. The American Ambassador expects to be in attendance, while all the members of the Embassy staff with their ladies will probably also be present.

The British Embassy party will most likely attend the Parade on the preceding day at Potsdam, a smaller, less spectacular function at which the social side is more strongly emphasised. Tickets for tribune-seats at the Parade at Tempelhofer Feld can be obtained at Cook's, Unter den Linden.

Mr. Allison Armour, the Kaiser's American yachting friend, is expected in Berlin this week at the Hotel Adlon.

Mr. Armour will be accompanied by Dr. Wm. Show and daughter.

Professor J. A. B. Scherer, President of the Technical Institute at Pasadena, has left Berlin for Munich and Zürich prior to returning to America. Professor Scherer's stay in Berlin was devoted to study of the Technical Colleges at Berlin and Charlottenburg.

Professor Scherer is accompanied in his European trip by a distinguished American astronomer, Professor Geo. Ernest Hale, of the Astral Physical Observatory at Pasadena, one of the greatest authorities living on the subject of the sun.

Colonel Trench, military attaché at the British Embassy, and Mrs. Trench have returned from their three or four weeks' stay in Switzerland, where Colonel Trench was summoned by the recent death of his mother, who was living there.

Mrs. Consul-General Thackara was due in Berlin on Sunday night. Consul-General Thackara's return to Berlin is spoken of as imminent.

Mr. Elmer Roberts was expected to return to Berlin from Constantinople on Sunday evening.

Miss Belle Hulbert Forbes, the young Chicago soprano already well known here as Mme. Sembrich's protégée, has recovered from the general ill-health which had overtaken her since her arrival in Berlin, and having vanquished even an acute attack of tonsillitis is now hard at work "coaching" with Franz Proschowsky, her former instructor in Paris, to whom she owes her entire vocal training. Later in the season Miss Forbes leaves for Switzerland, to spend several weeks as the guest and pupil of Mme. Sembrich at the latter's summer residence near Lake Geneva. Only in the autumn of 1910 will Miss Forbes be able to take up regular coaching with Madame Sembrich, as the famous prima donna will be in America during the forthcoming season, singing in hundreds of farewell concerts throughout the United States. The Directors of the New York Metropolitan Opera have undertaken the entire financial responsibility of Miss Forbes's stay in Europe, and of her musical instruction while here. The sole condition is that she shall sing at the Metropolitan Opera House exclusively on her return to New York. She will probably make her original operatic début in Italy, where she will accustom herself to a smaller stage before facing the New York Metropolitan.

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## Berlin, W.

Splendidly furnished four room flat, modern, to rent for several months. Recently occupied by Sadernann. To be seen daily, 3-5 p.m. Spichern Str. 22, III. Grünfeld.

Miss Forbes is located at Pension Poltrock, Motz Strasse 70, together with her friend Miss Winslow, daughter of Consul-General Winslow, of Stockholm.

Quite a number of Americans took part in the special excursions last Saturday from Berlin to Copenhagen, Rügen, and Bornholm, which were run at phenomenally cheap rates.

Mr. Edward Guild Wyckhoff, who spent the winter in Berlin, at Pension Heuckelum, is now away on a Northern journey, prior to returning later to take an extensive trip through Germany.

According to recent letters from Mr. Geo. S. Atwood, Mr. Wm. Griscom, of Bryn Mawr, a former prominent member of the Berlin American Colony, has been suffering from an accident incurred through leaving a street-car while in motion.

Americans lately registered at the Hotel Adlon include:—

Mr. A. B. Carton, of New York; Mr. M. H. Wilbur, of Colorado Springs; Mr. A. J. Liebstädte, and wife, of Kansas City; Mrs. R. W. Patterson and Mrs. A. McKee, of Chicago; Mrs. Jack Sternfeld, of Chicago.

## CHURCH SERVICES: BERLIN.

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

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4.30 p.m. Song Service.  
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## BRITISH AND AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND: Ambassador the Rt. Hon. Sir E. Goschen, G. C. V. O. 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, Dr. David Jayne Hill, Embassy, Unter den Linden 68. Reception hours 10-1.—Consul-General: Alexander M. Thackara, Esq. Consulate, Friedrich Strasse 59/60. Office hours 10-3.

## BERLIN CURRENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

**This evening:**

Royal Opera House	Der fliegende Holländer	at 8
Royal Theatre	Was ihr wollt	7.30
Deutsches Theatre	Faust	7.30
"	(Kammerspiele) Der Arzt am Scheidewege	8
Lessing Theatre	Die Dollarprinzessin	8
Berliner Theatre	Ein Herbstmanöver	8
New Schauspielhaus	Mahé	8
Kielnes Theatre	Moral	8
Hebbel Theatre	Frau Warrens Gewerbe	8
Comic Opera	Hoffmann's Erzählungen	8
Residenz Theatre	Kümmere dich um Amelle	8
Lustspielhaus	Im Klubsessel	8
Schiller Theatre O.	Jungfer Obrigkeit	8
" Charlottenburg	Bresters Millionen	8
Frdr. Wilhelmst. Theatre	Die Siebzehnjährigen	8
Luisen Theatre	Krone und Fessel	8
Bernhard Rose Theatre	Das Mädchen ohne Ehre	8
Trianon Theatre	Liebesgewitter	8
Thalia Theatre	Junkermann. Was Reuter erzählt	8
Urania Theatre	Durch Dänemark und Schweden	8
Theatre des Westens	Der tapfere Soldat	8
New Royal Opera Theatre	closed.	

## PARIS

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, May 22.

## A PICNIC—AND SOME PHILOSOPHY!

The little-known, but flourishing Anglo-American coterie calling itself the "Société des Chapeliers-Fous," whose headquarters are in Paris, but whose ramifications extend, if not from China to Peru, at least from Dublin to Philadelphia, held last Sunday one of its all too infrequent excursions, in which I was privileged to participate. Chantilly, a tree-girdled little town on the Northern line, about 40-minutes' journey from Paris ("about" in deference to Gallic time-tables), was the carefully-chosen objective. Baedeker solemnly approved the selection and Harvard gave its professorial benediction. A professor at a picnic, you exclaim! I admit that the words do clash incredulously in the mind, but there!—you do not know our professor. Nothing impresses the phlegmatic Britisher more than the ease with which these vigorous young sprigs of erudition from the Meccas of learning in the Eastern States can throw aside the cloak of academic sagacity and revel once more in the simple enthusiasms of childhood. Even Homer nods, according to credible report, and shining degrees and college robes of honour oft conceal the jolly heart of the true sandboy. Would that the like freshness of mind could be found amongst the rusty dons in the seats of knowledge behind the white cliffs on the other side of the Channel. We are very old, we British, and carry about with us—ay! each one—a chain of tradition forged in the furnace of Convention, whose stiff, time-rusted links do not permit us to unbend with the freedom natural to a nation whose eyes are fixed, not on the handful of birthdays which comprises its history, but on the dazzling future when the American eagle shall build its nest on every summit of human achievement, when the Stars and Stripes shall float gleefully from every fingerpost of Fame, and all the nations of earth shall roll joyously in the fat pastures of political liberty and acclaim their emancipation in vowel sounds unknown to the old Mother of Parliaments. Until that jewelled time arrives, the staid Britisher, stepping gingerly amidst these turbulent and precocious children of the West, must comport himself with the conscious dignity worthy of an individual to whom is temporarily entrusted the highest intentions of Heaven, whose right-hand shakes aloft the battle-axe of Anglo-Saxon progress, and whose left is continually in his pocket for contributions to naval armaments. (This vein of rhetoric is not at all easy to work and is far more exhausting than it looks. Nor does it concern Chantilly, but in the absence of President Roosevelt one may descant a little.)

## SCENIC P'S AND Q'S.

To those who approach the scenery of France with the recollection in mind of the glorious but untidy Adirondacks, or even the pleasant but unruly downs of Surrey, a word of warning is necessary. Nature in France is not the undisciplined hoyden we know in Anglo-Saxon countries. Here her face is always shinningly clean, her clothes are trim and serviceable, her hair is brushed primly back and tied in a businesslike bun, and she wears a fresh pinafore every day. Like the German waterfall which was made to descend with modest mien and decorously-held skirt down precisely-cut steps, instead of tumbling tomboyishly over disorderly rocks, Nature in France has been taught to mind her little p's and q's. But tidiness and order applied to broad landscapes become classic, and the first feeling of contempt for this pettifogging tutelage of Nature changes into admiration for the huge scale of it all. These reflections were aroused by the spreading woods around the chateau at Chantilly. The long, inflexible alleys of soldier-like trees, the double line of leaves dwindling in infinite perspective against the sharp outline of the sky, and the unbroken wall of bushes on either side, are Grecian in their pure simplicity of effect. French roads, even to the tiny forest byways, are heart-breaking in their bee-line rectitude. One sees groups of people, mostly foreigners, congregated at every corner, enjoying the break in the monotony and loth to move on. Cases have been reported of cyclists, who, after chasing all day the vanishing-point of the white ribbon laid down with sewing-machine exactness in front of them, have been found at evening in tears by the roadside, with the undeviating miles of mocking perspective still stretching away to the horizon. The soul of the people is expressed in the landscape. In the woods of Chantilly I noticed with surprise that peculiar effect of silver-grey, fringing the flood of green with mists of pearl, particularly observable in the wood-scapes of Corot, and which I had attributed less to the artist's eye than to his imagination. Around Paris, at least, the prevailing tree seems to be a slim variety of beech, with thin branches and small leaves, so that instead of the broad masses of Spring colour and clear-cut lights and shades of English woods, one sees only a dancing haze of pale green, here thinning elusively into the light of day and there deepening insensibly into translucent shadow. (It seems appropriate to mention, whereabouts, that the gypsy-lunch, exquisitely

prepared by the Mad Hatters' accomplished and official chef, was in every respect as artistic and as satisfying as the surroundings; also, that the Professor's post-prandial and single-handed demonstration of a bull-fight in full swing seemed in no way to interfere with his digestion.)

**GOTHS IN THE TEMPLE.**

It was only in the breathing-spaces between fiercely-contested games of improvised cricket, baseball and football, that one had occasion to contemplate the moods of Nature. During most of the afternoon the sylvan aisles of the open-air cathedral rang with the yells of the victors and the shrieks of the vanquished. Startled wood-pigeons, with swiftly-whirring wings, flew precipitately into the adjoining Department, and the scandalised rabbits sought the safe seclusion of their deepest burrows. Respectable French citizens with conformably behaved offspring, decorously sniffing the woodland air, stopped to gaze in shocked wonderment at the mass of writhing legs and bodies struggling frantically in the home goal; at the wild-eyed searchers questing madly in the undergrowth for the hard-driven "lost ball"; at the fierce collisions between the striker and fielder on the home-plate, and then passed commiseratingly by, stored with yet another anecdote of "les terribles Anglais." The clamour dwindled and died down, and a sweet, Sabbath peace, as cool and as refreshing as evening dew (or bottled Russian tea), settled gently upon the scene, broken only by the stertorous breathing from the exhausted forms which lay helplessly upon the greensward. But sacrilege had not yet reached its limits, for the strains of coon-melodies arose to fill the aristocratic air of Chantilly with weird cacophonies, and ever and anon the wild slogan of Harvard, raucously inspiring, ricocheted through the forest, with the national anthems and folk-songs of several countries hurtling in its wake. Later, a more becoming spirit, and, perhaps, a tinge of shame, descended upon the company, and their fresh young voices, full of eager promise and boyish hope—mellowed also with orange juice—lifted once more in rich choral union to the strains of those old, old hymns which will never die whilst the "Union Jack" and "Stars and Stripes" remain to blend their outrageous colour-schemes. The memory of that scene will long live in the minds, and ears, of those who beheld it. I have not yet seen any reference to the matter in the local press.

**CARP AND CRITICISM.**

The chateau of Chantilly—that inevitable chateau—rises steeply, in picturesque relief, from a broad moat, towards which a long stretch of beautiful parkland slopes gently downwards on all sides. The grey, battlemented walls, crowned with a medley of stone pinnacles and pointed gables, roofed in dark-blue slate, stand out in striking effect against the green water of the moat and the still more vivid green of meadow and woodland beyond. A museum, and a small, but interesting picture-gallery, are attached to the chateau, and the eye frequently encounters evidence of the aristocratic big-wigs who, from time to time, have spread themselves over that part of the country. One admires their taste in architecture and landscape gardening, but the recital of their deeds and misdeeds soon becomes insufferably boresome, and I have no intention of drawing upon the store of guaranteed historical fact which Baedeker so liberally and automatically dispenses. In the moat, however, sport hundreds of fine carp, repulsive-looking but tame as tabbies, some of whom have doubtless gazed upon my lord of the chateau rolling southwards in his ducal coach to the court at Versailles, and returning, probably, with a plump and entirely new mistress. The enterprising gate-keeper, for a trifling consideration, provides small rolls of bread, with which the visitor may amuse himself by throwing fragments to the greedy tenants of the moat, who gather in swarming shoals round every piece, nuzzling it before them, polo-fashion—making peculiarly disgusting noises in so doing—or rasping it up and down on the walls of the moat until the hard crust disintegrates. The water is alive with their ugly, mottled bodies and they are often so densely packed together, scrambling for the tit-bits, that the few ducks which skirmish to and fro on the edge of the pack, like eager three-quarters at a football scrimmage, have no difficulty in walking across the writhing mass of fish and securing the prize. It sounds incredible, but I yield not even to Baedeker in my love of veracity.

G. A. A.

**"WE ARE BEATEN," THE POSTIERS ADMIT.**

Paris, May 24.

The National Union of Post and Telegraph Employés had notices placarded last night, accusing the Government of having wilfully broken its promises in order to cause a fresh strike and so to be able to dismiss numbers of the employés. "We are beaten," proceeds the notice; "owing to the fault of those who have not fulfilled their duty of solidarity, 600 of us have been deprived of employment and 2,000 people have fallen into poverty. We are beaten, but not discouraged." The Union has taken steps to help the dismissed officials.

**DRESDEN**

King Friedrich August gave audience on Saturday to Mr. Mansfeldt de Cardonnel Findlay, C.B., C.M.G., who presented his letters of recall as British Minister Resident, and took leave of His Majesty. Mr. Findlay was accompanied by Geh. Legationsrat Kammerherr von Stieglitz, representing the Saxon Ministry for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Findlay was afterwards received by Princess Mathilde, and Mrs. Mansfeldt Findlay by the King and her Royal Highness. Military honours were paid to the British Minister by a guard of the Saxon Life Guards regiment mounted in the corridor.

When the ceremony was over, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfeldt Findlay were entertained by His Majesty at luncheon.

None of our readers interested in spectacular military displays should miss seeing the imposing parade to be held at one o'clock this afternoon on the Alaun Platz in honour of King Friedrich August's birthday. All the troops comprising the garrison of Dresden will take part. The parade will be formed facing the Bischofsweg: on the right of the line the Cadet Corps in open column of sections, each fourteen files strong; the infantry also in sections fourteen files strong. The infantry will include: the 1st and 2nd Grenadier Regiments Nos. 109 and 101, the 177th Regiment, the Schützen Regiment No. 108, the Jäger Battalion No. 13, and the Pioneer Battalion No. 12. The left wing will be formed by the machine-gun detachment in close formation; behind it, the Gardereiter (cavalry of the guard) in open column, twelve files to a section; and the 12th Field Artillery Regiment. After the King has ridden down the line, the troops will march past twice. On the first occasion the infantry will be in column of companies, the cavalry in squadrons, the field artillery in batteries, the machine-gun detachment in line, and the military train in companies; the mounted troops will pass the saluting point at a walk. During the second march past the infantry will be in column of regiments, the cavalry in squadrons, the field artillery in batteries, the machine-gun detachment in line, and the military train in company column; this time the mounted troops will pass at a trot. The Cadet Corps will not take part in the second march past.

The scene of the parade may be reached either by street-car No. 7, starting from the Hauptbahnhof, or by street-car No. 5, starting from Georg Platz. Tickets admitting to the stands may be obtained from Ries (Kaufhaus), or at many of the cigar stores in the city. Spectators should be on the spot in ample time, as huge crowds invariably attend this interesting annual event.

While lying sleepless on my humble couch the other night I was struck by a great, an illuminating thought, which I hasten to communicate to the world as an unselfish genius. Let everybody afflicted with the anti-vivisection fever spend a few days in Dresden. If they would only do this, we should hear no more of those futile philanthropists who are doing their best to impede the great science of healing. But why Dresden? you may ask,—that is, if you are not an experienced inhabitant of this delectable city. Simply because Dresden is suffering from a canine curse. I am not putting the matter too strongly; indeed, I lack the necessary vitriolic words with which to voice my grievance against the ubiquitous dog. As one who is fast being driven into chronic insomnia by the nightly clamour of two

**Bühlau—Weisser Hirsch**

Villa "Gold-Eise," Ullersdorfer Str., furnished summer apartments. Furnished rooms, Lindenau Str. 14, I., near the Hauptbahnhof.

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or three pampered little beasts in the street or neighbouring houses—whose owners apparently lack the gumption to silence them—I ask whether there is no law or authority of some kind by which the pest can be removed. My cholera rises more at the knowledge that most of this nocturnal disturbance originates from one particularly diabolical and wholly discreditable representative of the great Canine Deity before whom so many Dresden people seem to bow down and worship. The little dog, in fact, is the alpha and omega of Dog in these parts. All the animals worthy of the name of dog, so far as I see, are doing hard manual labour between the shafts of milk carts and other vehicles, and enjoying it, too, as their big, honest eyes plainly show. The miserable whipper-snappers, basking in the lap of luxurious idleness, are what I object to. You see them everywhere, legions of them, in the parks and streets. Their bloated, misshapen little bodies, absurdly inadequate legs, and gleaming pig's eyes exude the preposterous insolence which characterises all pampered pigmies. They get under your legs, disfigure and foul the streets, and generally make themselves offensive, always under the admiring gaze of their incomprehensible owners. Why, only the other day I saw one of these unutterably wretched little shrimps strutting proudly along in the full glory of a pair of trousers, through which his skinny limbs protruded grotesquely. His coat was mangy, his mien servile yet insolent, and his whole personality such as would arouse instant repulsion in any healthy person. After enduring the unearthly howlings of a puny lap-dog in the adjoining flat for more than a week, I at last summoned up courage to speak to our imposing Hausmann. "Can nothing be done," I cried in desperation, "to stop this infernal nuisance?" and smiling his usual bland smile the Hausmann answered sweetly, "Garnichts." There must be thousands of people in Dresden labouring under similar impotent wrath, and I think it is high time for something to be done. I have a score of fiendish remedies simmering in my brain, but I dare not propound them in your eminently respectable journal.—Colonist.

**Royal Opera House.**

Tonight, beginning at 7.30, ending at 9.45.

**La Bohème.**

Scenes from Henry Murger's "Vie de Bohème," in four pictures. Music by Giacomo Puccini.

**Cast:**

- |                           |                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Rudolf, poet              | Herr Burrian.       |
| Schaunard, musician       | Herr Plaschke.      |
| Marcell, artist           | Herr Scheidemantel. |
| Collin, philosopher       | Herr Schwarz.       |
| Bernard, the landlord     | Herr Nebuschka.     |
| Mimi                      | Frau Nast.          |
| Musette                   | Frau v. d. Osten.   |
| Parpignol, Vendor of toys | Herr Löscheke.      |
| Alcindor                  | Herr Erl.           |
| Sergeant of the Customs   | Herr Blüssel.       |
| Customs official          | Herr Pust.          |

PLOT. Rudolph and Marcel, friends in "Bohemia," are sitting at work in their Paris garret and the former replenishes the fire with the MS. of his drama, as they cannot afford coal. Schaunard, a musician, arrives with fuel, wine, etc., and after pacifying the landlord, who demands his rent, Marcel and Schaunard go out to supper. Rudolph, left alone to work, is interrupted by Mimi, a flower-girl, who is in a faltering condition. He revives her with some wine, and confesses his love for her. They go out to join the others at the Café Momus in the Quartier Latin. Here Marcel describes his old love Musette with an elderly admirer, Alcindor. She sends the latter away to buy her some new shoes and decamps with Marcel. In the next scene Marcel is discovered working at a tavern on the outskirts of Paris; Mimi, looking very ill and wretched, comes to beg Marcel help her, since Rudolph is killing her by his jealousy. She hides while Marcel talks to Rudolph, but hearing Rudolph declare she is too ill to be cured, she sobs so violently that her presence is revealed and Rudolph is reconciled to her. In the last scene Marcel and Rudolph are once more alone in their garret; Schaunard appears again with provisions. In the midst of their gaiety Musette brings in Mimi, who is dying. Musette and Marcel go out to buy medicine, but on their return find Mimi has expired in Rudolph's arms. Composer: Puccini, born 1858.

- |                 |                        |         |
|-----------------|------------------------|---------|
| Wednesday night | Maurer und Schloaser   | at 7.30 |
| Thursday night  | Die Stumme von Portici | " 7.30  |
| Friday night    | Fidello                | " 7.30  |
| Saturday night  | Samson and Dalila      | " 7.30  |
| Sunday night    | Eugen Onegin           | " 7.30  |
| Monday night    | Tiefland               | " 7.30  |

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## THE DAILY RECORD'S POLICY.

To the Editor of *The Daily Record*, Dresden.

Dear Sir:

I have been reading with great interest Thursday's issue of your progressive paper, and if you will permit me should like to offer a few remarks about the attitude you take up towards international politics. To deal first with your extremely lucid article on French labour conditions, let me mention that the writer stated clearly and none too strongly the hold which the octopus of Socialism has gained over the ill-balanced masses of our Gallic friends. A few more articles like yours would be invaluable in opening the eyes of us Americans to the danger that also threatens us from Socialism.

I then turned to the column headed "Give us Dreadnoughts," and here again must endorse the contention of your London correspondent when he says that England is not the only country which has been saddled with the invasion bogey. We at home remember the panic that seized the Pacific coasts a year or two ago when the "Yellow Peril" first reared its head. You in Germany should also not forget the profound uneasiness which not only came among the people but equally affected the man of "blood and iron" himself when, in 1875, France roused from her lethargy and began feverishly reorganising and re-arming her troops. Bearing that incident in mind, is it not a little humorous to note the indignation of the *Lokal-Anzeiger*, recorded by you, at the letter written by an Ohio man to the *New York Sun* in which he advises England to make a *casus belli* of Germany's refusal to limit her fleet. And yet that is just what Bismarck intended to do in 1875, as you will of course recall. He would have sent an ultimatum to France had not Russia intimated that the Republic would not stand alone. The *Lokal-Anzeiger* says that such an idea could only come from a "criminal lunatic." That paper will surely be getting itself into trouble for insulting the memory of Germany's greatest statesman. And as for the *New York Sun* being Germanophobe, as you say the *Lokal-Anzeiger* hints, allow me to state that is sheer nonsense. The *Sun* is one of the few Eastern papers which refuses to always dance when Count Bernstorff pipes the tune of over-exuberant patriotism. I, personally, yield to no one in my admiration for Germany, but I cannot help thinking that your ambassador at Washington is going a little too strongly.

Then again, why do you call the plain statement sent to his paper by the correspondent of the *Express*, about the mysterious airship, "a remarkable effusion," and a specimen "of the wanton lack of responsibility shown by some members of the press"? His story is circumstantial and probably true. Are patriotic newspapers to remain silent for fear of injuring delicate foreign susceptibilities? I guess not. We at home know how much the press, in spite of many failings, has furthered the interests of the nation, and I am at a loss to understand why you should be so indignant when an English journal does its obvious duty. I am not an Anglomaniac but I believe that impartial judgment should be given as far as may be. Read your own Berlin and Dresden newspapers if you want to find numberless examples of what you call "firebrand journalism." They make me tired, especially when they devote one column to long reports of Bernstorff's puff speeches, and the next to ignorant criticisms of our new tariff revision. I hope you will have the fairness to publish this.

I enclose my card and remain, Sir,

Yours very truly,

AN AMERICAN TRANSIENT.

Dresden, May 21.

We are always glad to receive letters from our readers containing candid criticism, but we fear that our correspondent, "An American Transient," is somewhat unhappy in his historic precedent of the action advised by the writer to the *New York Sun*, viz. that England should regard further expansion of the German fleet as a *casus belli*. It may be true that Bismarck contemplated the action in regard to France which the above letter ascribes to him, but it should be remembered that in 1875 Franco-German relations were totally different to Anglo-German relations in this present year of grace. Then France was still smarting under her defeat, and the cry was everywhere "Revanche." The reorganisation and rearmament of her troops at such a juncture could only have one motive, and we emphatically deny that a similar motive actuates the statesmen who are responsible for Germany's naval development today. Our correspondent has also doubtless read the eminently appropriate solution of the "Phantom Airship" mystery, so that no comment on that subject is called for. We would say, however, that we are equally against unscrupulous journalism whether practised in England, Germany, or the United States, and in this attitude we are only falling into line with the consensus of sane and sincere public opinion the world over.

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## LATEST AMERICAN MAIL NEWS.

TO THE UNITED STATES.

May 27.—**Cincinnati**, from Hamburg to New York, mails due in New York June 7. Letters for this steamer should be marked "via Hamburg," and be posted in Berlin and Dresden not later than 1 o'clock p.m. tomorrow (Wednesday).

May 29.—**La Provence**, from Havre to New York, mails due in New York June 4. Letters must be marked "via Havre per Co. gen. transit," and be posted in Berlin and Dresden not later than 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, May 27.

May 29.—**St. Paul**, from Southampton to New York, mails due in New York June 5. Letters must be marked "via England" and with the name of the steamer, and be posted as per above vessel.

May 30.—**Lusitania**, from L'pool to New York, mails due in New York June 4. Letters must be marked "via Colon-Queens-town per Cunard Line," and be posted as per above vessel.

TO CANADA.

May 28.—**Virginian**, from Liverpool to Montreal, mails due in Quebec and Montreal June 5. Letters for this steamer must be marked "via England" and with the name of the vessel, and be posted in Berlin and Dresden not later than 1 o'clock p.m. tomorrow (Wednesday).

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Letters for the above steamers should be mailed in the boxes at the station (Berlin, Lehrter Bahnhof; Dresden, Hauptbahnhof) or at the General Post-office at the time mentioned.

Letters bearing a 10-pfennig stamp per weight of 20 grammes are only valid for transit by a German steamer sailing direct from a German port. They will not be sent by an English or French steamer.

NEXT AMERICAN MAILS DUE IN BERLIN AND DRESDEN.

Tomorrow (Wednesday), by the S.S. Kronprinzessin Cecilie, left New York May 18.

On Thursday, the 27th inst., by the S.S. Lusitania, left New York May 19.

On Saturday, the 29th inst., by the S.S. La Savoie, left New York May 20.

## BERNARD SHAW AND THE CENSOR.

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT.)

London, May 23.

The Censor and Mr. George Bernard Shaw are again at loggerheads, though perhaps the "again" is superfluous. The Lord Chamberlain has refused to allow Mr. Shaw's new play, "The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet," in its present form to be staged, and as the author declines point-blank to alter one word, a license has been refused for its production. The following statement was made by Mr. Shaw to an evening paper yesterday. It will be noticed that for some reason or other, the author has chosen to substitute the name of the King for that of the Lord Chamberlain. It is a characteristic Shavian outburst.

"I have no information to add to that which is already public property. The decision whether a play is morally fit to be performed or not rests with the King absolutely; and I am not in the King's confidence. To write a play too vile for public performances even at the very indulgent standard applied to our London theatres is as grave an offence as a man can commit, short of downright felony; in fact it is much worse than most felonies. To announce it for production at a theatre of high reputation is almost as bad. I presume the King would not hold up Mr. Tree and myself before Europe and America as guilty of this disgraceful conduct unless he had the most entire confidence in his own judgment, or that of his advisers. The injury—not to mention the insult—to us is very considerable; but the disgrace will depend on the extent to which the public shares the King's faith in this matter. It would be affectation for me to pretend to share it. I shall allow the play to be performed in America and throughout Europe. I shall publish it. I should not do that if I shared the King's opinion of it. I have far more at stake than anyone else concerned; for I should be ruined if I lost the confidence of the public in my honour and conscience as a playwright, as I have no following among vicious or thoughtless people.

"I repeat that I do not know why the play has been declared unfit to exist. It is a very simple and even crude melodrama, with absolutely no sexual interest whatever. It represents a little community of violent, cruel, sensual, ignorant, blasphemous, bloodthirsty backwoodsmen, whose conception of manliness is mere brute pugnacity, and whose favourite sport is lynching. Into this welter of crude newspaperised savagery there suddenly comes a force—not mentioned in 'The Merry Widow'—to which they give the name of God, the slightest regard for which they make it a point of honour to despise as mere weakness of character. That force, nevertheless, at the crisis which is the subject of the drama, makes them do its will and not their own in a manner very amazing to themselves, and I should hope, not altogether unedifying to the spectators. I am given to understand that the introduction of this force into my play as a substitute for the simple cupidities and concupiscences of 'The Merry Widow' is the feature that renders the play unfit for performance. It was precisely the feature which made the play worth writing to me.

"What is called the struggle of a man with God is the most dramatic of all conflicts: in fact, the only one that makes really good drama. But our royal rule is that conflict with God cannot be permitted on the stage. Except when the name of God is taken altogether in vain, by way of swearing, the Divine Antagonist must be spoken of, even by the most hardened and savage outlaws, with the decorum and devotional respect observed by our Bishops. Händel's 'Messiah,' for instance, is unfit for performance in the theatre because the chorus bursts into fierce derision of divinity. They shoot out their lips and wag their heads, reviling, taunting, saying 'Let Him deliver him if He delight in him.' (I have noticed, by the way, that this chorus is very commonly sung in England as if it were a hymn.) Well, my hero had to shoot out his lip and wag his head. He went to his salvation as St. Paul did kicking against the pricks, and not at all as Mr. Pecksniff went to his damnation. And that, I understand, is why the King will not allow him to be exhibited on the stage in England."

## SPANISH EXPLORER'S MEMORY HONOURED.

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, May 14.

It is officially announced from Panama that the name of the harbour La Boca at the Pacific entrance of the Panama Canal has been changed to Balboa in memory of the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean. [Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, one of the bravest of the Spanish discoverers of America, was born at Xeres, about A.D. 1475.]

## WEATHER FORECAST FOR TODAY

of the Royal Saxon Meteorological Institute.

Moderate westerly winds, more cloudy, no heavy showers at first, temperature lower.