

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

# The Daily Record

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and THE DRESDEN DAILY.

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## "ARE WE DECADENT?"

(FROM AN ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT)

The article published in the *Daily Record* yesterday, entitled "A Question of Nerves," was so unmistakably and characteristically English that the superscription as to its origin was a trifle unnecessary. The writer attributed the failure of England against the Australian cricketers this year to an attack of "nerves," and deduced therefrom some very pessimistic conclusions. How is it that English writers so consistently paint their own country's present and future history in these mournful colours? Why do they always close their eyes to the good work done, and hold up the bad to the scorn of the world? Why do they harp upon the national degeneracy of their people, and steadily ignore the splendid qualities which have built up that vast edifice known as the British Empire. We may have made a mark in the world's destinies deeper than that engraved by any other known community, but we are decadent because we have lost a test match. We may have the largest maritime commerce in the world, and the greatest Navy; our flag may fly over one-fifth of the earth's surface, and more than one-fifth of the earth's people call themselves British citizens; but we are sliding swiftly down the hill of ruin because we are fond of watching football on Saturday afternoons. Other nations may imagine us great—even dominant, and marvel at the latent power and resources of Britain; but we know we are little and insignificant, nerveless and tottering, very small beer indeed; because, forsooth, we have a hundred scribblers and spouters always dinning it in our ears.

If we were to take all these gentlemen seriously, we should forthwith commandeer every available vessel in British ports, steer en masse to Mid-Atlantic, and there scuttle our ships and drown, individually and collectively, as a nation. It would be the simplest remedy for all the ills we are said to be groaning under. It would be better than being driven into the sea at the point of invading bayonets. It would even be better than dying by inches of physical incapability. We have lost a couple of test-matches: ergo, let us commit suicide. We have lost a couple of polo matches: ergo, we are losing the Empire. Our grandfathers and theirs were accustomed to the information that they were en route to the dogs: according to present informants, however, we have long since been with the dogs. We are wallowing in the profoundest abyss of national annihilation.

Now, while I am willing to concede that a certain amount of self-criticism is healthy and even necessary for individuals and nations, I contend that we English invariably go to extremes. The pot-house politician at home may rave and spout of our degeneracy, and the itinerant tub-thumper declaim against the rottenness of our ruling classes, the shameless wickedness of our aristocracy, and the squalid misery of our masses. At home we sometimes applaud; but when we come abroad we find to our deep chagrin that foreigners are taking us at our own valuation. They look upon our army as a collection of half-trained, ignorant recruits,—because English politicians are always shouting it aloud. They despise the utter lack of educational facilities and the illiteracy of our masses,—as repeatedly emphasised by our own writers and speakers. They pity our blind ignorance of art and music and all the higher things of life,—as so freely depicted by English publicists. And, finally, they are convinced that the Empire is tottering on the verge of ruin,—because they are continually reading it in the English papers.

We cannot blame the foreigner for being courteous enough to believe our own statements. It is not too much to say that ninety per cent. of the misconceptions in regard to England and the English under which foreigners labour is due to our own genius for disparaging ourselves. It is time to end this nonsense, once and for all. Self-respect is as necessary to the nation as to the individual. Let us no longer tolerate "the idiot who praises all countries but his own"; any more than we tolerate the blatant jingo. Personally I prefer the latter; he is so much more healthy. Instead of gleefully exposing our defects to the view of our neighbours, let us silently work to make them good, strong in the knowledge of the splendid traditions and pre-

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sent qualities of our race. Let us follow the precept of that virile patriot, the German Emperor, and cast out pessimism. We have still a great destiny, if we will only make ourselves worthy of it. But we shall disappear into that gulf of despair so luridly pictured by our own contemners if we do not speedily shake off our vicious habit of self-depreciation. If you continue to tell a man how very ill he looks, he will eventually become a confirmed invalid. We are too prone to mental suggestion of this kind: it has long ceased to be broad-minded, and has become absurd and contemptible.

### CHINESE RAILWAY LOAN DISPUTE.

London, August 17.  
 Sir Edward Grey, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, replying to a question as to deliveries for the Tientsin-Pukow railway, said he had no reason to believe that Article 18 of the agreement would not be loyally carried out. That article provided that the German Asiatic Bank and the Chinese Central Railway shall act, during the building of the railway, as the agents of the Railway Administration in the purchase of foreign material, and that, if prices and qualities are equal, British and German products are to be preferred to other foreign products, for the northern and southern parts of the railway respectively.

New York, August 18.

A telegram from Peking reports that the Chinese Foreign Office has consented to America taking a fourth share, amounting to 30,000,000 dollars, of the Hankau-Tchechuan Railway loan.

### ANOTHER CYCLONE IN SOUTHERN STATES.

New York, August 17.

A violent cyclone has swept over the southern States and done great damage. Many towns, especially in Georgia, are entirely cut off from communication with the outer world, as all telegraph and telephone wires are down.

### LAUSANNE—MILAN EXPRESS DERAILED.

A telegram from Berne says that the Simplon Tunnel express from Lausanne to Milan was derailed on Monday afternoon at Preglia, three miles from Domo Dossola, owing to a portion of the track having subsided. Several passengers were injured.

### KING EDWARD AT MARIENBAD.

The King of England attended divine service at Marienbad on Sunday, the Rev. T. Saunders officiating. The small English church was filled to overflowing, and although only British and American visitors were admitted, the usual crowds awaited the King's coming and going.

As we briefly reported on Tuesday, M. Clemenceau, the French ex-Premier, and M. Crozier, French Ambassador in Vienna, motored over from Carlsbad and lunched with the King. Among the other guests present were Sir Fairfax Cartwright, British Ambassador in Vienna, Capt. the Hon. Seymour Fortescue, and Col. F. Ponsonby. The luncheon, which was quite informal, was served on the balcony of the Hotel Weimar, as the weather was fine. M. Clemenceau sat on the King's right and M. Crozier on his left. From the gardens below His Majesty could be seen in animated conversation with M. Clemenceau. The luncheon lasted one hour, the party then retiring from the balcony. Ten minutes later, M. Clemenceau and Crozier and Sir Fairfax Cartwright left the hotel, M. Clemenceau returning to Carlsbad. Before his departure M. Clemenceau admitted, in reply to an inquiry, that the political situation had been discussed.

A pretty incident occurred on Saturday. A little girl of 13, named Vera Caro, who is being educated by an English governess, and has always had a great wish to see the King, was walking in the Kaiser Strasse when she suddenly came face to face with His Majesty, who was seated on a bench. The little girl impulsively walked up to the King and, curtseying, presented to him a few roses which she was carrying. The King took the flowers, shook hands with the child, and thanked her. His Majesty then requested Col. Ponsonby to place the flowers in the carriage which was waiting near by. The little girl, radiant with joy at the King's kindness, rushed home to inform her parents of her good fortune.

The King's Master of Ceremonies left Marienbad for Ischl as the bearer of a letter of congratulation from King Edward to the Emperor Francis Joseph, whose birthday took place yesterday.

### STRANGE EPIDEMIC AMONG SOLDIERS.

Paris, August 18.

Several of the morning journals state that a number of the 26th battalion of Chasseurs à Cheval at Vincennes have been seized with an illness, the nature of which has not yet been ascertained. Eleven of the cases are said to be severe, and an enquiry has been set on foot. Some of the journals suggest that the outbreak is due to the bad condition of the cooking utensils, others attribute it to overwork or to the bad quality of the drinking water.

### REVOLTER SHOT AT BARCELONA.

Barcelona, August 17.

A peasant sentenced to death by Court Martial for taking part in the recent revolt was early this morning shot by a firing platoon at the Monjuich fortifications.

Martial law was abolished today, and the civil administration of the city and province resumed.

### SPANISH SHELLS SCATTER THE MOORS.

Paris, August 18.

Detailed advices from Melilla state that the Riffs, who were encamped on the surrounding heights, attacked the Spanish columns at the moment when the sentries were being relieved. The Spanish artillery at once opened a heavy fire, which was supported by a mountain battery accompanying the relief column. Under this heavy shell fire the tribesmen were driven out of their positions, suffering great losses. It appears that on Sunday last they were also scattered with many killed and wounded, while attacking a provision train.