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The Daily Record

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and THE DRESDEN DAILY.

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ENGLISH IN DISGUISE.

Mr. Robert Blatchford—Socialist, journalist, war correspondent, and special reporter of the *Daily Mail*—is now writing a series of articles for that newspaper on his trip to Germany. Writing from Munich, he says: "I have always marvelled over the man who, on the strength of a few weeks' sojourn amongst a foreign people, presumes to criticise their institutions, to explain their characteristics, and to pluck out the heart of their innermost mystery. I have always envied this person his god-like cheek." And then he goes on to say: "I have discovered the German people. Discovered them? Detected them; seen right through them, and all in less than three weeks. The Germans are nothing but Englishmen and Englishwomen disguised by foreign names." This sage comment is indeed worthy to rank as "To-day's Great Thought." Six months ago Mr. Blatchford's own paper, the *Clarion*, was revelling in an extraordinary meal of Teutophobia. It scattered dire warnings of Germany's awful intentions in regard to England and the Empire, and predicted the German invasion within two or three years. We have certainly no fault to find with Mr. Blatchford's change of front, belated as it is. But we respectfully submit that his pendulum has swung him from one extreme of bellicose frenzy to the other extreme of witless exuberance.

In these *Daily Mail* articles he claims to have discovered that English and Germans are precisely the same people, in thoughts, manners, morals; in all except speech. "The Germans, indeed, I feel sure," he says, "are nearer to the English and Scotch than the Americans are." And again: "Let any open-minded Englishman stand for an hour in a German crowd and try to pick out the English. I have tried and felt completely baffled." The open-minded Englishman in question would have to be so very open-minded that all his mental faculties had escaped. Everybody who has been in Germany for more than three weeks knows the fundamental differences in physiognomy and even outward apparel which instantly distinguish English and Germans. We are compelled to assume that Mr. Blatchford is suffering from a sort of sentimental myopia. For half a column further he succeeds in dealing out fulsome praise to Germany without reflecting too severely upon his own country, but then the strain becomes too great, and he succumbs.

"So far as my knowledge and observation carry me I have to say, and I say it regretfully (?), that I believe the Germans to be a more efficient people, a nicer people, and a better people than our own." Now this typically Socialist idiosyncrasy of running down one's own country instantly stamps Mr. Blatchford, in spite of his ephemeral association with the Imperialistic, anti-Socialistic *Daily Mail*. We contend that it is bad manners and worse taste to thus publicly belittle one's own compatriots in favour of a foreign nation. Mr. Blatchford may think what he pleases and confide his opinions to his own admiring circle, but it is nothing short of impudence to inflict those opinions on the British public, and it is, moreover, eminently calculated to arouse bad blood. It is not our intention to enter into an invidious comparison as to the exact degrees of amiability and goodness of Englishmen and Germans. Mr. Blatchford, who for more than a dozen years has lived, moved, and had his being amongst English Socialists of a rabid type, may be excused for thinking the Germans more efficient, nicer, and better than his own countrymen, since he is doubtless taking the English Socialist as a typical Englishman. If that is his standpoint, we heartily agree with him, but he ought to make the distinction plain.

We do not doubt the good intentions of Mr. Blatchford or of the *Daily Mail*, but we fail to see what practicable purpose is to be served by this sort of nonsense. Every decent-minded Englishman and German is desirous of seeing better feeling between the countries. Opinions may differ as to the

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best means of creating this better feeling, but we do not think there can be two opinions of Mr. Blatchford's method. Are two estranged individuals likely to become reconciled because they are told that there is an uncommon similitude in the shape of their noses; or that they both laugh at the same jokes? Is it not an historical fact that internecine conflicts or those between two nations closely allied are invariably more desperate and savage than conflicts between widely divided races? Are the members of one family always on the best of terms, or is it not a recognised fact that near relations are rarely good friends? Ties of blood affect politics but little, and hardly ever favourably. In the American revolution Englishmen fought against Englishmen, and for nearly forty years afterwards the most bitter feelings characterised the common intercourse between the lost Colonies and Great Britain. Civilisation in the twentieth century has not progressed so far as to abolish war; but the universal partiality for peace is such that a modern war is impossible without a very grave collision of interests. It is because there are no serious differences of opinion or of interest between Great Britain and Germany that the horizon appears clear, and not because the people of each country have certain points of resemblance.

For the benefit of his musical readers Mr. Blatchford submits the following proposition: "How is it that the English so love Handel? Because he wrote German music, which is English music. What is more English than the music of Beethoven and Bach? They are as English as Dr. Watts or Browning." We agree with Bacon that, when fools speak, wise men should hold their peace.

STRONG ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS MEASURES.

(FROM OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.)

The District of Columbia, in which is located Washington, is now in the enjoyment of some particularly stringent laws framed with the object of combating tuberculosis. Persons suffering from this complaint are prohibited from attending theatres, saloons, or other places where many people gather, and a recent test case proves the determination of the authorities to enforce this drastic rule. A man suffering from consumption was sentenced to three weeks' detention in the workhouse for having visited three saloons in the course of one evening, and drinking in company with friends.

AUTUMN IN ITALY.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME.—The strike is on in Rome—la grève—il sciopero—which is the outward and visible expression of the sympathy felt by the *repubblicani* of Italy for the unfortunate Señor Ferrer. Mass meetings are called for seven o'clock this evening. At noon all transportation stopped. Shop-keepers, knowing by experience as late as yesterday evening that the unoccupied rabble may hurl stones and other missiles through their costly vitrines, have put up their shutters. All the trams have been taken from the tracks, no carriages are to be seen in the streets, and our little party of six have spent most of the afternoon basking in the sunshine of the flowery hotel garden instead of wandering through the marble aisles of St. Peter's as was planned.

As I write word has come that the "strike" will continue until midnight of tomorrow, Friday. And this gives me time to say to whomever it may be of interest—perchance to some of the *Daily Record* readers—that Italy in the autumn is more beautiful than those of us who have always seen her in her spring dress have even dreamed. In April and May, to be sure, she is clad in delicate greens and the air is fragrant with the breath of the roses which fall in cascades over every gray wall, while scarlet poppies, yellow daisies, and pale lillies cover the ground beneath the gray-green olives, the tall dark cypresses, and velvet ponpons of the stone pine adding a stronger note.

But Italy in October—the fulfillment of the promise! The pale green leaves of the young vine swinging from tree to tree in graceful festoons have changed to leaves of golden hue, and from among them hang rich clusters of ripe grapes, all purple and gold. It is the vintage season and all the peasants in Italy, it would seem, in their picturesque dress are busy with their harvest. Men and women, boys and girls in trees, on ladders, under trees, fill to the brim baskets and vats which are heaped upon carts drawn by great white oxen, mild-eyed and majestic. It is a beautiful sight, never to be forgotten, for the silvery olive, now hoarding its tender young fruit, still holds sway and the cypress and stone pine have only grown a little darker.

Do you know the pictures of the Primitives, the Pre-Raphaelites—Fra Angelico and Lippi and Giotto and Botticelli and Perugino and the youthful Raphael himself? They are Italy in the springtime—of life and the year. But Italy's autumn is given us by the magic of the Venetian's brush alone. The warm, mellow, golden tones of Titian and Giorgione and Palma are but reflections from the heavily-laden barges bringing in from the neighbouring isles their precious burdens of gold and amber and royal purple, barge and sail and fruit bathed in the marvellous light of sunsets which rival Egypt's own.

The season, too, has other charms for the earnest traveller, advantages not to be underrated. The mob of tourists has gone, the rabble has left to us and our enjoyment thereof, the museums, the galleries, the streets, the hotels, and the railway carriages. Serenely, without care or concern, we loiter along or move briskly at will, glad that the rest of the world—of tourists—is otherwise or elsewhere occupied.

I. B. W.

UNITED STATES IMMIGRATION.

In the fiscal year now closed 751,786 immigrants arrived at New York, the smallest number since the year of 1902. Of the new arrivals 164,248 were Southern Italians, 25,150 North Italians, 77,565 Poles, 58,334 Germans, 57,551 Jews, 39,021 English, 34,996 Scandinavians, 31,185 Irish, 20,262 Greeks, 20,181 Slavs, 19,423 French, 16,446 Scotch, 15,808 Rutenians, 11,687 Finns, 10,038 Russians, and 8,111 Dutch. Machinist and mechanic represented the trade of 1,397, teacher 1,243, clergyman 771, actor or actress 674, musician 714, and skilled labourer 87,160.

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