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# The Daily Record

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and THE DRESDEN DAILY.

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No 1,127.

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## THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

The name of Mr. Cincinnatus Heine Miller is, we confess, quite new to us, but diligent search through certain American books of reference reveals this euphonious cognomen as that of a Californian poetaster who has written a number of poems which no one among our extensive acquaintance has ever read. Poetasters—and even poets, alack!—are but human. They are rarely without a due appreciation of the sweets of advertisement or a knowledge of how to obtain them. Since the world remains oblivious to the coruscant genius of Mr. Cincinnatus Heine Miller, the said C.H.M. has determined upon bringing the world to its senses. It is axiomatic that the smallest usually attack the greatest. Hence, Mr. Miller has levelled his nib at Theodore Roosevelt, whom he denounces as the indirect instigator of all manner of crimes. The strenuous life, of which Mr. Roosevelt is a most distinguished advocate, is not and never was calculated to appeal to the poetic temperament. The ex-president stands for all that is manly, vigorous, and redolent of fresh air. The daintiest sonnets ever penned by a facile rhymster would leave him unmoved; he would doubtless ban the romantic amours of Héloïse and Abelard from his book-shelves, filled with strenuous books by strenuous writers, plain tales of action by plain men of action, the lives of men who did things, and perhaps a few volumes of verse by those few writers who inspire men to do things. Mr. Miller expresses himself as an opponent of the strenuous system of life, and considers that Mr. Roosevelt, by the exposition of his "pet theories," has done a "great deal of harm, which is not confined to his own country. "The Rooseveltian strenuous theory," says the poet, "has caused, and still causes, all kinds of crimes." That Mr. Miller does not descend to details is to be regretted. It is so simple to bring a general charge, but so very difficult to prove it. The whole questions hinges on a clear definition of the strenuous life according to Roosevelt,—a definition that is given clearly and adequately by the phrase: *Mus sanna in corpore sano.*

And surely no age ever stood in greater need of strenuous-life apostles than the present. We are rapidly being invented into effiteness. Civilisation is becoming synonymous with sedentariness. At the present rate of progress—or is it retrogression?—we shall soon be relieved of the necessity of exerting our muscles in the slightest degree. Walking has already become a lost art. Physical culture, once considered the cardinal duty of man, is now the cult of an insignificant minority. We have ceased to run, we have ceased to walk, and we shall soon cease to crawl. The abnormal number of physicians and surgeons who thrive in the busiest centres of civilisation is proof positive of our decaying physique. And it is one of Nature's immutable laws that physical decadence entails a corresponding mental degeneration. Do not our literature, our amusements, and our diversions of today register the truth of this thesis with appalling clearness? We are revolving in a natural cycle. The decline and fall of Rome is being revived on a larger stage. The clamorous thousands assembled in a Roman amphitheatre to applaud or jeer the athletic feats of half-a-dozen men live again in the unwieldy masses who in our time assemble to witness a football match. Since we have grown too flaccid for bodily activity ourselves, we pay men to be active for our delectation. Meanwhile, we are regaled with neurotic literature; we dream away our days in a Nirvana of debilitating fiction and hot-house poetry. If, here and there, a man worthy of the name rises up in our midst and roughly stirs us into momentary energy, many of us assail him with peevish abuse or futile sneers. And if the vital spark of god-granted vitality glows more brightly in individual cases, it serves but to light the gilded altar of Mammon. That we, or, rather, our descendants, must ultimately emerge from this sloth is beyond all doubt pre-ordained. Indeed, the signs of coming change are already visible to unblurred vision. The war-cries of the Goths and Huns who hammered at the gates of the Eternal City are wafted faintly to our ears, but few of us hearken as yet. Theodore Roosevelt is one of the minority who are labouring in the world's cause. In the Old World as in the New forces are at work gathering sufficient impetus to urge forward the lethargic mass of humanity. All honour to the men behind the movement. If we ourselves

**Mixed Drinks:** Port - Sherry Cobler -  
 Cocktail, etc. Whisky & Soda,  
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are too idle or too impotent to help, let us at least throw no obstacle in the way of strong and powerful allies. As it is our posterity will have sufficient reason to condemn their ancestors.

## NEWS OF THE WORLD.

(Telegraphic despatch) ROME.—The *Tribuna* learns that the Tsar of Russia will travel from Alexandrovo via Posen, Frankfurt-on-Main, Lyons, and Modena. Since he is journeying strictly incognito, neither the German nor the French authorities will officially receive him. His Imperial Majesty arrives on October 23 at Bardonecchia, where he is awaited by the Russian Ambassador at Rome, Prince Dolgourouki, and the Italian officers appointed to his suite. From Bardonecchia the Imperial train will proceed directly to Raconigi, where it is due to arrive on Saturday afternoon. The Tsar will be received at the railway station by King Victor Emanuel, Premier Giolitti, and Signor Tittoni, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. On the following day a grand hunt will be given, and a reception takes place at the palace in the evening. Subsequently a State banquet will be held, at which the various members of the Royal family and the senior officers of State will attend. On Monday hunting will again take place, or the Tsar and the King will make an automobile excursion in the delightful environs of Raconigi. The Tsar's departure is fixed for the evening of October 25.

The *Tribuna* remarks editorially: "Various newspapers report that a French squadron will arrive in Italian waters simultaneously with the visit of the Tsar of Russia to our country. This report is without foundation, and all comment on the subject is therefore purposeless. The French squadron, whose arrival at Naples was notified long previously, will not reach that port until after the Tsar's departure."—A Rome telegram of yesterday announced that the French squadron in question is expected at Naples next Tuesday.

(Cable despatch) WASHINGTON.—Commander Peary has now handed over all his documents and data dealing with his discovery of the North Pole to the National Geographical Society, which has appointed a special committee of experts to examine and report upon the material presented. Dr Cook, on the other hand, has just made a statement to the effect that his documents and proofs will not be ready for presentation to the Copenhagen University before two months. It is therefore impossible to say when the National Geographical Society will have an opportunity of comparing the rival explorers' documents.

(Telegraphic despatch.) COPENHAGEN.—The journal *Politiken* published yesterday a letter from the famous Greenland traveller Knud Rasmussen, in which he declares that—although he has been unable to personally interview the two Esquimaux who accompanied Dr. Cook on the Polar expedition—he is convinced by the descriptions and reports given by the Esquimaux to their tribal brethren that Dr. Cook did actually press forward to the Pole. The reports officially obtained from the Esquimaux in regard to route taken and weather and ice conditions coincide in every detail with Dr. Cook's own report.

A supposed case of cholera was discovered at Lichtenberg, a Berlin suburb, on Wednesday evening, the patient being a man named Kapischke. He was conveyed to the Charité hospital and isolated.

(Telegraphic despatch) LONDON.—A terrible explosion has taken place in a colliery near Cumnock (Ayrshire). Four bodies have already been recovered, but it is feared that many more are in the pit. Several of the miners rescued bear serious injuries.

A reader enquires: "Why is it that the London correspondent of even such a well known journal as the *Berliner Tageblatt* should commit the gross error of calling the British Foreign Minister 'Lord Grey'?" We can only reply, Heaven knows! British titles, it is true, would puzzle a foreign sage, but there is no excuse for such mutilation of the title of a man so widely known as Sir Edward Grey. In this connection it is interesting to note that our zealous contemporary, the *Dresden Neueste Nachrichten*, which recently published an account of the trial of "Sir Charles Morse, the Ice King" (*sic*), has now made a geographical discovery of the first importance. It recently printed a telegram from "Bormingha." The message related to a certain Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and after much profound thought we arrived at the conclusion that Bormingha is remotely connected with a well known manufacturing centre in the Midlands. No, we are not in a position to offer prizes for correct answers.

From our London correspondent:—The momentary stillness in the political situation is probably the lull before the storm. It is now morally certain that Christmas will find us in the throes of a General Election. Over-confidence is the greatest peril threatening the Unionist party. They have excellent chances of success, but the task before them is almost incredibly severe. We may take the metropolis constituencies as typical. Before the landslide of 1906 the Unionists had an enormous majority in London, and it is hoped that a return to the same state of things will take place at the next General Election. The following table shows the change which took place in the political map in January, 1906:—

	Unionists	Liberals	Labour
1900	54	8	—
1906	20	38	4

These figures are eloquent of the task before the Unionist stalwarts. To obtain a working majority successes must be won all along the line. While the inflammatory speeches of Mr. Lloyd George have estranged very many moderate Liberals from him personally, it by no means follows that they have lost votes to the party; and it is certain that the sensational promises made at Limehouse and Newcastle will capture a large proportion of the labour vote. Most political prophets agree as to the likelihood of a Unionist return to power, but opinions are divided in regard to the probable majority in the next House of Commons. The situation, in fact, is such as to favour the chances of a very brief administration, and the slightest split in the Unionist ranks will prove disastrous. There is so much legislative work to be done that, in the national interest, it is desirable that a good solid majority should be at the disposal of the next Unionist Premier.

The shameless impudence of Socialist demagogues is unlimited, but we have rarely met a worse specimen than the speech just delivered at Sunderland by Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P. He said, in part: "I hope it is not true that the King is intervening in this (Budget) dispute. So long as the King remains outside of party politics he does no harm and can be tolerated. The moment the Throne begins to interfere in politics it is not only the coronet of the Peer that would then go into the melting-pot, but the Crown would go along with it" (cheers).

The Labour party demanded four things—  
 1. Every child should have plenty to eat.  
 2. Every strong man should have work.  
 3. Every aged person should have comfort.  
 4. That all should have freedom.

Referring to the shooting of Señor Ferrer, Mr. Hardie said: "I hold that this country through its Foreign Secretary has a moral responsibility attaching to it in connection with the crime. I venture to say in advance of Sir Edward Grey's reply tomorrow that if it be found that he was inactive and took no step whatever he will share in the obloquy that attaches to this dastard event" (cheers).