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ROMANTIC GERMANY.

AN AMERICAN TOURIST'S IMPRESSIONS.

(From the New York World.)

Robert Haven Schaufler, looking at things German in a fashion differing from the ordinary tourist way, draws a composite pen portrait of the Berliner whom the young clerk fresh from the provinces sets about imitating; the person whose origin is recognised the moment he enters any European café; the person with whom the stranger in Berlin has almost exclusive dealings.

It appears that this personage inclines, much as his city does, to imperial standards in appearance and character. He has a smooth, determined chin, a daunting glance, a right noble pose, a rapid stride. An up-turned mustache has recently been the rule, "and one notices with a smile that even the bronze mermen on the Heydt Bridge possess the imperial "stringbeard."

One of the Berliner's trying characteristics is his superiority. He has known the latest joke at least ten years. News is no news to him; he was born blase. His eleventh commandment is "Let not thyself be bluffed." He interrupts conversation to get in the last word on a fresh subject, and to argue with him is to insult him.

A Berliner such as this is unapproachable and outwardly cold. He is prudish about showing emotion. He has little humour, but much wit of the "barbed, barracks variety." Berliners are far less friendly than Parisians or Londoners. In a city alive with uniforms, the citizen brings the manners of the camp into his daily life, and in lieu of an epaulet carries a chip on his shoulder. Berlin aesthetic standards are reflected in the homes and dress of the people. Over-ornamentation and discords in colours, materials and styles are the fashion. So a clever Italian critic wrote of them not long ago that "their ideal in domestic architecture is that of the universal exposition." Because their unpleasant qualities are on the surface and their admirable ones below, Mr. Schaufler finds the Berliners doing an injustice to the rest of Germany. Foreigners are repelled by them and hasten to France or Italy "with the idea that all Germans have corrosive tongues and the manners of drill sergeants. Whereas, there is no wider difference between the people of Naples and those of Warsaw than between the citizens of Munich and the citizens of Berlin." Their outside countrymen regard Berliners with almost as little sympathy as though they were foreigners. And yet!

"When one comes to know the Berliners, it is not hard to discount these irritating superficial traits and to love the people for the splendid, enduring qualities that lie so deep. It takes years to make a friend of the Berliner, but then you have a friend indeed. His chief virtue is his uprightness, his sturdy sense of duty. No other city in the world has such an honest and efficient administration. Over forty-four thousand citizens take part without reward in the administration of affairs, and these include the foremost Berliners. There is no body of men more public-spirited, more really benevolent, more imbued with the idea of progress."

Berlin is included in Mr. Schaufler's book of *Romantic Germany* (the Century Company) we are told, "if for no other reason than because it is so unromantic." The aim of the book in general is to show that Germany still remains "the land of the Nibelungenlied and of Grimm's Fairy Tales, of gnomes and giants, storks and turreted ringwalls, of Gothic houses in rows, and the glamor of mediaeval courtyards," and this mission it performs very well. In its most interesting parts, nevertheless, it deals, as in the Berlin instance, with the quality of the folk, with their customs and costumes. A few of the larger cities are presented for review, rather than rural Germany. Dantsic leads the volume. Mr. Schaufler struck this old city in a fog, and he never thinks of it now but with a vision of "streets full of high, narrow facades melting into one another, gently curving streets alive with rich reliefs, statues of blurred worthies and inquisitive gargoyles, the blunt, mighty Church of St. Mary looming above them like a mountain." As for Potsdam, "the playground of the Hohenzollerns," it has a sweetness which Berlin will not permit the grim affairs of business to spoil. After the grim ferocity of the capital city, the people of Potsdam "seem human and sympathetic, the martial statuary gentle

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and amateurish. Even the four Romans about one of the fountains who are hurrying away with the four Sabines are doing it like gentlemen, and the frowns of the ladies are palpably assumed."

Our author went to Brunswick, and the people there impressed him as having a greater love of practical fun than any other Germans of his acquaintance. "They seem to be fairly bubbling with mischief. They have not the malicious, cutting satire of Berlin, nor the polished wit of Dresden; not the uncouth pleasantries of Silesia, nor the effervescence of the Rhine, nor the mellow, kindly humor of Bavaria. Brunswick is like a mild but continuous hazing party. The people are amazingly quick with their tongues. You turn a corner in a long mackintosh and are instantly hailed by a group of burghers with 'Well, my Mantle-Mister! You pass a group of middle-class girls on a bridge. 'Too tall for me!' cries one. 'Down at the heels, oh, shockingly!' remarks another. 'Think he understands?' 'Jawohl! See how fast he runs away!' And it is in Brunswick that there still are folk believing in vampires, in wailing women with eyes of fire, harbingers of death; in the World Dog, clanking his chains every seven years; in will-o'-the-wisps, hovering over burning gold; in the Wild Hunter; in a tangible devil, and in all manner of gnomes, giants, witches and superstitions.

Hildesheim is a German fairyland, with its own "true" tale of a little Princess who served as farm-maid till her Moorish prince came to carry her off at the end of the probation time.

Leipzig has a matter-of-fact people with whom it is a pleasure to mingle "after the aggressiveness and modernity of Berlin."

Dresden is a city of pleasure, "of fair, wide prospects, of hearty river life, of zest in nature and heart;" a city of "beauty very real and tangible, directly arousing the instant response of the pleasure-loving human heart, like a voluptuous melody on the 'cello.'" It is a place of refreshing humour, of folk orderly, modest and quiet even in their pleasures; so popular a city with Anglo-Saxons as to have an English and an American quarter.

Munich follows—a southern capital like "an open book wherein even the stranger may read the popular love of beauty and of bohemian ways; the dislike of trade, the piety, the simple breadth, the loyalty to superstition and romance, the score of other qualities that go to make up the true Münchener." It is a city of such good nature that the people hate to trouble one for their just dues. "I have had

more than one landlady who could hardly be induced to present her bill. On a certain street car line I was never approached for fare during four consecutive rides."

Goslar in the Harz, Augsburg and Rothenburg, "the City of Dreams," were other places of Mr. Schaufler's visitations. He has written of them and pictured them charmingly. Pictures are a great feature of his book. But is it right to tell us in a volume devoted conspicuously to romance that the fine old story of Burgomaster Nusch draining the huge tankard, the Meistertrunk, at a draught to save the Rothenburg councillors from the wrath of Tilly, "was probably manufactured out of whole cloth in the eighteenth century?"

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The die is cast, the Lords have thrown down the gauntlet, and the Prime Minister, on behalf of the Government, has picked it up. In the despatch from our London correspondent published yesterday the Government's attitude was clearly outlined. In the coming fight no quarter is to be given on either side. During Thursday's sitting Mr. Asquith announced that he had advised the King to dissolve Parliament at the earliest possible opportunity, and that his Majesty had graciously accepted this advice. If the Liberals were to remain at the helm, continued the Premier, their first step would be to further levy all the taxes contained in the Finance Bill and to declare as legal all revenue thus far obtained from the Budget. From this declaration it appears that the threat of certain Liberal papers that the Government would refuse to touch the financial chaos resulting from the annulment of the Budget is not to be fulfilled. Full particulars of Thursday's proceedings are contained in the following telegram:

LONDON, Friday.—The House of Commons was crowded yesterday afternoon. Upon entering the hall Mr. Asquith was loudly cheered by the Ministerialists, and Mr. Balfour got a similarly hearty reception from the Opposition. In the course of his speech the Prime Minister said the House had arrived at a situation without parallel in parliamentary history. The Budget, in the form it left the House of Commons, in great measure represented work well done for the nation by the people's representatives. (Ministerial applause.) In the course of a single week, however, this gigantic piece of work had been wrecked and ruined. For the first time in English history supplies granted by the House of Commons to the Crown had been annulled by a body admittedly unauthorised to control any financial measures proposed by the Lower House. The Government would be acting unworthily if it allowed a day to pass without clearly demonstrating that it was not prepared to tolerate the worst insult ever put upon it in two hundred years. (Loud applause.) The Premier then turned to the financial situation and expressed a hope that the ultimate losses to the State accruing from interrupted revenue would not prove so very great. The situation had not been created by the Government, whose duty it nevertheless was to remedy the severity and danger arising therefrom. He stigmatised as absurd the proposal that the Government should introduce a new Budget, to be accepted or rejected as the Lords saw fit. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Cawdor had graciously offered their assistance. (Laughter and cries of "We don't want it!") A Minister who agreed to such a proposal would not retain the confidence of the House of Commons for five minutes. (Applause.) Such a proposal actually implied a recognition of the right of the Peers not only to reject the annual Budget, but to alter it at will. In the opinion of the Government, the only course open without infringing the law or the Constitution was to urge upon the King a dissolution of Parliament at the earliest possible moment. (Ministerial applause.) His Majesty had graciously accepted this advice and he (the Premier) was firmly convinced that the new House of Commons would sooner or later be in a position to attend to the past and future needs of the present fiscal year.

Mr. Asquith continued: "If the Government is fortunate enough to win the confidence of the Lower House, its first task will be to levy all taxes imposed by the Budget and to declare legal all revenue thus far obtained." Meanwhile, everybody who was satisfied with the taxes should see that they were