

CONCERT.

At The Rollfuss Academy of Music, for ladies and children, last Monday some very excellent work was done by pupils of Director Schumann, Kammervirtuosin Doris Böhme, Fräulein Natalie v. Ziegler, and Fräulein Margarete Türke (all piano-forte); of Fräulein Louise Ottermann and Frau Bächli-Fährmann (Singing), and of Kammermusik Kratina (Violin). In several instances the performances were not only remarkable for excellence of style and technique, but for the evidences of musical understanding and feeling beyond the years of the performers, and the early and sound development of which are doubtless due in great measure to the careful training they have received and are receiving.

In such cases, where all are in different stages, and each is manifestly doing her very best, with varieties of gifts and opportunities of work, it seems invidious to particularize. But we feel bound to mention the positive enjoyment we derived from the musical taste and judgment shown in the treatment of the Wilhelmy *Larghetto* op. 108 for violin, of the *mezzo* part in two vocal Duets from "Titus", of the piano-forte part in the "Sonate B-dur für Klavier und Violine", and in "2 Lieder—'Einsamkeit' und 'Verschwiegenheit'". The other performances were all good, some of them even brilliant though open to criticism. Space forbids a detailed notice. It was a Mozart evening.

SOCIAL.

WEDDING OF THE AMERICAN DEPUTY CONSUL GENERAL.

A very pretty wedding took place last Tuesday, February 27th, at 2 o'clock in the Lukas Church, when Miss Dora F. Pekrun of "Weisser Hirsch" was married to Mr. Paul E. Schilling of the American Consulate. Owing to the recent death of the Mother of the bride, the affair was a quiet one, the bride wearing a very becoming black taffeta silk gown, heavily covered with paillettes and valuable old lace, with a white bridal veil entirely enveloping the girlish figure. Only the immediate family on both sides attended, Mr. Schilling sen. Manager of the International News Co. of New York having come over to Dresden for the occasion. The Church Choir sang several hymns, and the "Dresdner Liedertafel", the famous singing Society of excellently schooled voices, rendered with much feeling the beautiful composition of Becker "Wo Du hingehst, da geh auch ich".

After the service, Mr. & Mrs. Schilling, who both looked radiantly happy, received the congratulations of their friends and then repaired to the city house of the brides Father, where dinner was served. In the evening the young couple left for a short honeymoon trip "en auto" to Berlin.

Their home is at 23, Nürnberger Strasse, where they will be "at home" to their friends every first Monday of the month.

THE BAD BOYS BALL.

The large hall at the Ausstellungs Palast was full to overflowing on Friday night, when the "Bad Boys" of the opera and Schauspielhaus gave their annual entertainment and ball, in aid of the funds for the widows and orphans of the Dresden Royal Theatres. The hall, always a bright pretty room, presented a most attractive appearance on this occasion: large festoons of greenery and roses being carried from the cornice to the handsome electroliers. On either side of the entrance doors were gigantic Noah's Ark trees, while the usual platform had become a fair sized stage, with a proscenium, and dark red velvet curtains. A dummy policeman stood at one corner with menacing right arm outstretched, while flanking the other side of the stage was a pavilion, built apparently of giant children's bricks, in which fair damsels plied a brisk trade in buttonholes of violets and carnations. Each guest on entering was presented with a ball program, that for the ladies being inside a small imitation child's slate, with a real sponge attached to it, while the gentlemen found theirs inside a cardboard cigar. The Programs were Bad Boys' exercise books, and cost a mark each, but were well worth it, for inside one found, beside some most amusing, if rather eccentrically spelt (but how can Bad Boys be expected to spell?) letterpress, some really excellently drawn heads of some of the leading performers of the Dresden stage, that of Herr Scheidemantel being particularly lifelike.

Charitable entertainments are notoriously unpunctual, and this one was no exception, for though timed to begin at nine, it was not until 9.30 that the room looked really full. And the performance? Well, tell it not in the Opera Platz, whisper it not in the neighbourhood of the Schauspielhaus, but the fact remains, that for a long time the Bad Boys were desperately dull boys. We began with a quartette of greeting, which was not particularly lively, but still it was only the commencement, and we hoped for better things. But truth to tell, we

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were rather disappointed. For one thing, the gentleman referred to in the programme as Paetsch, who was supposed to explain everything, explained, what he did explain, more to himself than any one else; for in spite of repeated shouts of "speak up" from all parts of the room, it was quite impossible to hear what he said, as he only took the first three rows into his confidence. An ambassador, of sorts, was introduced early in the performance, and accommodated with an armchair on the stage; and his attaché explained to him that the hall had been purposely made high on account of the acoustics, and though the said ambassador protested that he could not smell anything, we cannot help fancying that the hall is somewhat deficient in acoustic properties. There followed a sufficiently random skit on the Austro-Hungarian crisis, and woman's right, after which was exhibited a huge Struwal Peter picture book, in which the pictures all had political tendencies, the Czar, the Japanese, John Bull, the Hereros, the Jews, King Eduard, the Saxon workmen's paper, Herr Beutler &c. all came in for good natured ridicule. "Charles the Brave", otherwise Herr Scheidemantel, was down to sing, but to the great disappointment of all present, hoarseness prevented his appearance; but Fräulein Seebe gallantly came to the rescue, and charmed the audience into life by a couple of songs. There followed an item which was, frankly speaking, not a success. It was an imaginary meeting of theatre managers, who repulse Ibsen, Gorki, Jörnson, but crown the author of "Der Weg zur Hölle" with

bays. A boy protégé and a disappointed tragedian failed to make it go, and we were most of us relieved when the curtain fell, and we were able to enjoy another proof of Herr Rüdiger's amazing versatility. We have seen, and admired unstintingly his implish "Mime" in the Ring, his boyish "David" in the Meistersinger, his *insouciant*, devil-may-care "Eisenstein" in Fledermaus, but on this occasion he appeared in a new role. Dressed as a little girl, although looking, be it said, a trifle more than the seven years he pleaded guilty to, he sang a childish song, and then delighted the audience by his talents as a *siffleur*. His whistling, indeed, was one of the best things of the evening, its beautiful round tone, in perfect tune, delighting the audience. We then had a sketch, in pantomime, of a gentlemen somewhat too devoted to physical culture, and another sketch of a tramcar crowded by ladies who refused to make room for a younger girl, until she was joined on the platform of the car by a male acquaintance who made good his boast that he would obtain her a seat, by announcing to the ladies inside that he was Hennig, the now notorious criminal; whereupon they all bundled out of the car in double quick time. This sketch would have been much better if it had been shorter. At last we came to the *pièce de resistance*, the burlesque of Salome; and it proved, as we had hoped, well worth waiting for. It went with a "fizz" from the start, when the manager explained to us the enormous difficulties of the piece; how that several of the orchestra had died during rehearsal; how that at least three conductors were necessary, one for the singers, one for the orchestra, and one for the audience; how that new instruments had had to be expressly manufactured. And on his calling for the "Henkelphone", a gigantic six foot high instrument was brought solemnly into the orchestra. There was, after all, a shortage of conductors, for Herr "Malter" of Vienna telegraphed his inability to attend, Herr "Siegfried Bayreuther" appeared with a broken arm, and Herr "Neckisch" from Leipzig was borne away in a fainting condition, after hearing the first two appalling discords of the overture. But the orchestra were not left leaderless, for a gentleman with the features of a von Schuch and the gestures of a Sousa appeared, and proved himself quite familiar with the wonderful score. Once started, the fun became fast and furious. It was Salome, but Salome with oh! what a difference! The scene was the garden of an hotel, and Narraboth had become a waiter; but few who heard it will forget the stiff gestures and exaggerated passion of Herr Rüdiger, as he complained of the eccentric appearance of the moon, or the wondrous beauty of "Fräulein Salome"; Jocheanan had been metamorphosed into the hotel cook, who for some reason lived in the cellar, and beguiled his time by singing "In cellar cool" and the "Lorelei". Salome, a delightfully fresh and cheeky person, of course hears him, and in her delight demands to be introduced to him; and in spite of the waiter's protests that only the Head Waiter is allowed to speak to him, he duly makes his appearance and proves to be an extremely respectable, if bald headed person. This latter characteristic strikes Salome at once and she expresses the desire to tickle his bald head. The cook indignantly refuses to allow such a liberty, and retires to the cellar. Whereupon enters "Herr Rhodes", otherwise Herod. Here the authors of the burlesque, daring as it may seem, struck the right and indeed obvious note; for "Herr Rhodes" was a middle aged gentleman, of undoubtedly semitic origin, in dress clothes and a top hat who called Salome "Thalome" and implored her to "danthe" for him. Salome consented, and with an almost cruel hit at the necessary change of dancers at the opera house, at the beginning of her Terpsichorean efforts she retires behind two table clothes, obligingly held up for her by the waiters, and a negress appears, who finishes the dance. As a reward for her exertions Salome demands the cook's head that she may tickle it, and after "Herr Rhodes" has made all sorts of weird offers with his best Jewish accent, he gives way and Salome is rewarded by a "Moorenkopf" or a chocolate dumpling to play with. The whole burlesque was excellently acted and really funny. But the music! whoever was responsible for it knew his Salome, and knew it well. The cuckoo motive, when Herod himself descended into the cellar to fetch the cook's head, the blatant march which announced the cook's entry, the two movements of the dance, which, though they reminded us of a circus, were none the less faintly reminiscent of the original, the stupendous crashes, the timorous oboe passages, all, as burlesque, were quite immense, and the Bad Boys are to be thanked and congratulated, for they certainly added to the gaiety of nations in that last half hour. When it was over, dancing began and was carried on with zest until the small hours of the morning.

Among the foreigners present were Mrs. Watson Benton, The Misses Young, Mrs. and Miss Bard, Major and Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. Papenhagen, the Misses Papenhagen, Mr. A. R. and Miss Inglis, Miss Davis, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mr. Gould, Mr. Lyon, Mr. Eger, Mrs. and Miss Frissell, Dr. Culver, Baron T. v. Huppmann, Mr. Hargreaves, Miss Child, Dr. H. de Soto.