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The Daily Record

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and THE DRESDEN DAILY.

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THE STEINHEIL AFFAIR.

Tout Paris is in the throes of intense excitement, following on the amazing developments which have taken place in connection with the revival of the Steinheil murder case. We learn that all day Saturday and Sunday the Paris newspapers were feverishly printing off extra editions containing the very latest reports of the case, facts or fiction, as the case might be. Old residents say they have never witnessed such a public delirium of sensation since the Dreyfus case, or perhaps, in a lesser degree, the Humbert affair. The astounding confession made to the examining magistrate by Mme. Steinheil makes it plain that she deliberately charged two innocent people in succession with the atrocious crime that has baffled the keen police officials of Paris for eight months. But in spite of this confession and its dramatic aftermath, it is as much a mystery as ever who actually committed the crime. The police are convinced of Mme. Steinheil's full knowledge of the circumstances, but up to the present her lips remain sealed as to the identity of the assassin or assassins. Who is this woman whose name is in every mouth today? She is the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer who resides near Belfort, and was born thirty-seven years ago. Marguerite Japy—as she then was—is described as having been fantastic and original, and though she had the soul of an artist—so at least she said—she declared she would never marry an artist. Gifted with a sweet voice, she was much sought after in musical circles, where her beauty and grace found many admirers. When she was seventeen years of age she became enamoured of a Paris painter, M. Adolphe Steinheil, nephew of the celebrated artist Meissonier, and in 1889 they were married. The young couple purchased a villa in the Impasse Ronsin, Paris, the villa which in May last was the scene of the horrible double murder for complicity in which Mme. Steinheil has now been arrested.

In the early years of their married life the couple were faced with poverty, but later a circumstance arose which brought fortune to the young painter and established his success in the Parisian art world. This was the friendship of the late President Félix Faure, whose name, despite the strong efforts of the dead man's relatives and friends, is now repeatedly mentioned in conjunction with that of Mme. Steinheil. The facts of Félix Faure's sudden death were published for the first time in the Paris press on Friday morning. The only accurate version was that printed in *Le Journal*, which—according to the best authority—is true in every detail. Two or three inaccurate versions have appeared from time to time, notably one in an American magazine, in which the unfortunate mistake was made of saddling the whole business upon the well-known artist, Steinlen, owing to the similarity in names. The true story, as published in *Le Journal*, is as follows: During a military tour of inspection in the Alps, which has remained famous in the recollection of officers owing to Félix Faure's behaviour, which was that almost of a megalomaniac, and by which he seemed to wish to imitate the personal habits of Louis XIV., the former President met the Steinheils, and was instantly struck by Madame. On their return to Paris an intimacy sprung up between the artist's wife and the President of the Republic. She used to call upon him once or twice a week at the Elysée, entering by a side door in the Avenue Marigny. At the same time her husband received orders for pictures, and finally the cross of Knight of the Legion of Honour. His colleagues of the Société des Artistes Français fought shy of him in consequence. One morning in February, 1899, Madame Steinheil paid

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International, Private, and Commercial matters.

one of her bi-weekly visits to Félix Faure. They remained alone together, when suddenly, towards six o'clock, a woman's screams were heard by servants. The latter rushed into the room and found the President in an apoplectic fit, while Madame Steinheil had swooned away. The President was carried out immediately to his private apartments, where his wife tended him. But his case was at once pronounced hopeless by the doctors, and he died in an hour without regaining consciousness. Meanwhile Madame Steinheil had been vigorously brought to, bundled into a cab, and sent home, and the story was hushed up as far as possible. The President's death was not made known until about ten o'clock that evening, when it was officially announced that he had died from a sudden attack of apoplexy while officially engaged. Such, it is added, was the part played in the nine-year-old tragedy by the woman who is now lying in St. Lazare prison on the charge of complicity in murder. What actual connection there was between Mme. Steinheil's visit and the President's death it is impossible to definitely say at this stage, but it will be noticed by a despatch from Paris printed in another column that the newspapers are demanding an official investigation into the Elysée tragedy. It will thus be seen that the Steinheil case is particularly fruitful in sensation, out of which the press is making huge capital. At the moment the authorities are chiefly occupied in endeavouring to elucidate the mystery surrounding the death of the accused woman's husband and mother, and are therefore unlikely to welcome the introduction of puzzling side-issues into an already highly complicated case.

One of the most extraordinary features in this extraordinary woman's behaviour, we read, was her manner at the receptions of journalists, which she held in the house where her husband and her mother, not her stepmother, as at first said, were murdered. Although the case dragged on for weeks past with no new developments until Friday, a crowd of reporters visited her almost daily. She received them with apparent delight, coquetted with them, and banded arch words with them. It was a gruesome spectacle to watch this astounding widow playing the merry hostess in the room next to those in which her husband and her mother were murdered. One afternoon, shortly before her amazing confession that she had fabricated evidence against an innocent man, she told the reporters with pert archness: "You know, gentlemen, I read all the papers, and I warn you I shall turn quite nasty if you don't report all I say faithfully."

The progress of the police investigations up to date is not such as to warrant the assignment of a definite ay dfor the hearing of this case, which, when all the facts become known, will surely rank as one of the most amazing stories in the lurid annals of Parisian crime.

GENERAL NEWS.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

WILL PARLIAMENT BE DISSOLVED?

London, November 29.

Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, speaking at Warrington yesterday evening, said the Government would do all in its power to ensure that

the Licensing Bill should become law. It had drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard. As it knew the feeling of the country and that it had the whole strength of the nation behind it, it would give the people an opportunity of showing by their votes what their views on the question were.

A later telegram of the same date says that the speech of the Chief Secretary for Ireland is not regarded as the announcement of an immediate appeal to the country, since the dissolution of Parliament rests with the Prime Minister. The general belief is that Mr. Birrell only meant that the action of the Upper House would have a characteristic effect on the drawing up of the Government programme at the next elections.

London, November 28.

The Court of Appeal decided today that the application of the funds of trade unions to the purpose of securing their representation in Parliament is illegal. The case will probably be carried to the House of Lords.

THE BALLOON VOYAGE TO RUSSIA.

The *Daily Graphic* balloon expedition returned to London on Friday, and that journal prints with illustrations the first part of Mr. Turner's narrative of the most remarkable balloon voyage—with the exception of the ill-fated Andrée expedition—ever made. During the voyage great altitudes were attained, and terrible cold was experienced. The voyage terminated owing to heavy snow which settled on the balloon, and, despite the determined efforts of the aeronauts forced it down to earth in a perfect hurricane of wind.

Mr. Turner's telegram from Dvinsk, published on Monday, referred to the snow, but the words "heavy snow" were curiously distorted, owing to the difference between the Russian and English alphabets, into "easy enough." The voyage gathered in interest as it proceeded, and the story of the descent on the ice and the subsequent adventures of the expedition in Russia, including their detention by the gendarmerie, make a most thrilling story of adventure.

NEWS FROM AMERICA.

AMERICAN CATTLE: PREVENTIVE MEASURES.

London, November 29.

In consequence of the prevalence of the foot and mouth disease in America, the importation into the United Kingdom of live animals and of hay or straw from the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware has been prohibited. All animals coming from America and landed in Great Britain will be examined at the port of debarkation.

THE STANDARD OIL CASE.

"Americans are growing weary of the Standard oil case and Mr. Rockefeller," impatiently declares the *New York Press*, in a fit of disgust at the pages of dry testimony which are being served daily, with profuse illustrations of Mr. Rockefeller in many different attitudes. For almost a generation this now ancient stuff has been running day by day and year by year away up into billions of words, until every one has grown weary of its reiteration. Mr. Rockefeller is credited with a belief in the futility of the present proceedings conducted by Mr. Kellogg, and this, it is conjectured, is what keeps him in such good humour throughout his "gentle grilling." The process has become even more tedious to the American public than to those engaged in what may turn out to be a useless performance.

(Continued on page 2.)