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The Daily Record

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and THE DRESDEN DAILY.

THE FIRST DAILY PAPER IN ENGLISH PUBLISHED IN GERMANY.

No 872.

DRESDEN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1908.

10 PFENNIGS.

The Daily Record is delivered by hand in Dresden, and may be ordered at any Post Office throughout the German Empire. It is published daily, excepting Mondays and days following legal holidays in Dresden.

Monthly Subscription Rates: For Dresden, mark 1.—; for the rest of Germany and Austria, mark 1.20. For other countries, marks 2.50.



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A GREAT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

(From our New York correspondent.)

The growing enthusiasm aroused in American musical circles by the splendid performances of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has had the effect of concentrating universal attention on this unique body of musicians, with the further result that an effort is now being made by influential music-lovers to obtain the granting of an annual sum by the State of Massachusetts to the Orchestra, which until the present day has owed its existence entirely to private munificence. The supporters of the movement claim that the Boston Symphony Orchestra may justly be regarded as a National institution, and one, indeed, of which every American possessed of an artistic soul should be highly proud. Its members are, it is true, almost all of foreign origin, but in answer to this it is remarked that all Americans and American institutions are ultimately derived from Europe, and the Orchestra in question is unquestionably playing a powerful part in creating a profound appreciation of good music amongst Americans. One journal of standing explains that what it means by calling the Boston Symphony Orchestra a National institution is simply this: that if a foreigner were to ask what would be regarded in America as approaching more nearly than anything else the highest American standards of musical excellence, he would not be misled if he were instructed to hear for a season the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This is all but universally acknowledged. It is justly looked upon as a very great distinction. When, therefore, a new conductor comes to direct that great orchestra, no one who cares how art prospers in the United States can remain entirely uninterested. This autumn Herr Max Fiedler, who has come to America from Hamburg, has succeeded to the office filled successively by Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Paur, Gericke again, and Muck. Unlike his predecessors, who, with the exception of Herr Henschel, have all been conductors of opera, Herr Fiedler has received the sum total of his experience in the concert room; yet no one of them, declares the musical expert of a New York weekly, has had a more dramatic conception of music than Herr Fiedler has displayed. Indeed, in dependence for effect upon strong contrasts and stirring climaxes, Herr Fiedler appears to differ from them all. He has already conducted a number of concerts in Boston and other cities, and he has created in the minds of different kinds of critical listeners much the same impression. That impression, says the critic in question, has proved unpleasant or the reverse in accordance with the listeners' musical taste.

In the course of a particularly able appreciation of Herr Fiedler's art, the *Outlook's* critic points out that there are two extremes toward the one or the other of which almost every conductor tends. The one delights in a great musical composition as a piece of fluid architecture; the other delights in it as the nearest possible approach to pure feeling. The one endeavours to make clear the texture of the counterpoint, the brilliance or mellowness of the instrumentation, the subtle melodies easily obscured by carelessness, the growth and relation of thematic elements, the proportion of parts, the stateliness or grace of the whole production as a work of fine art; the other endeavours to convey a mood, to enchant his hearers by the expressiveness of tone, to sway them by the ingratiating strains of the dance movement, to thrill them by the martial vigour of rhythm, to stir them by the power of tremendous climaxes—in brief, to distil in musical tone vaporous

Madonna and Child

Oil painting, epoch 1560 to 1580.

An elderly English lady living at 12, Il. rechts, Fuersten Strasse, wishes to dispose of this valuable picture and a number of rare articles, privately, at very reduced prices.

They may be seen on Tuesdays and Fridays, between 4 and 5.30, or by appointment at other times.
A photograph of the picture and a list of the articles are to be seen at the office of the *DAILY RECORD*.

emotion. Each extreme has the defects and the virtues of its quality. It was the good fortune of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to have, as virtually its organizer and its trainer in the early years of its existence, a conductor whose excellences were of the first type. Wilhelm Gericke instilled into that great body of players ideals of order, of balance, of perfection, that it has never lost. His successors maintained those ideals. One of the offshoots of that orchestra, the Kneisel Quartet, has, under the leadership of Herr Kneisel, formerly Konzertmeister of the Orchestra, been a consummate exponent of these same ideals in chamber music. America, however, has known conductors of the other type of ideals; notably M. Safonoff, the present conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The difference between Herr Gericke and M. Safonoff is typified in the difference between the majestic structural beauty of Brahms's Second Symphony and the incoherent but whelming grief of Tschaiowsky's Symphony Pathétique. It will be interesting to American lovers of music to note the effect on an orchestra trained in the ways of Gericke of Herr Max Fiedler, a conductor who seems to lean rather to the methods of Safonoff.

GENERAL NEWS.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

GENERAL BOOTH'S COURAGE.

London, December 16.

General Booth, the Salvation Army leader, underwent an operation yesterday for cataract in the right eye, without taking an anæsthetic. The operation lasted 100 seconds.

BRITISH CONSUL'S DEATH.

Naples, December 16.

The death is announced of Mr. Eustace Neville-Rolfe, C.V.O., the British Consul-General here. Mr. Neville-Rolfe was born in 1845, and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He entered the Consular service as British Consul at Naples in 1895, and was promoted Consul-General on the occasion of the visit of King Edward to Naples in 1903.

TORPEDO BOAT SUNK.

London, December 17.

The torpedo boat No. 59 has sunk off Bembridge, Isle of Wight. The officers and crew were saved. The mast and funnels of the vessel are showing above water.

NEWS FROM AMERICA.

PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

Washington, December 16.

The Senate has referred the passage in the President's message to Congress, which calls the attention of Congress to the secret police, to the Budget Committee with instructions to make proposals thereon. Senator Bailey characterised the President's utterance on this subject as the greatest and most frivolous insult that has ever been offered to a public body.

THE GRIDIRON CLUB.

The following interesting account of the Gridiron Club's recent dinner at Washington is supplied by a New York press correspondent: The banquet took place amid merriment and harmony, unbroken apparently by any such incident as marked the last gathering, when President Roosevelt and Mr. Foraker came in conflict. The banquets of this exclusive body of Washington newspaper correspondents are supposed to be absolutely private. Yet every newspaper on the morning following the banquet had an exhaustive account of the proceedings. The President was there with Mr. Taft, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Fairbanks, Senators, Representatives, diplomats of the United States and other countries, well-known journalists, captains of finance and industry, and men of affairs generally—Mr. Harriman among them. At these gatherings the President is always lampooned and enjoys the fun of the trained wits of the Press.

A burlesque of the recent national campaign and the reading of the "roll call" of battle produced a number of men in tattered, battle-worn uniforms in answer. A portion of the roll call read thus:—

Private Taft.—Here.

Private Bryan.—Among the missing.

Private Roosevelt.—Still pursuing the enemy.

Colour-sergeant Hitchcock.—Here with the colours; also with the goods.

Private Von Yonson (meaning Governor Johnson of Minnesota).—Escaped without a scratch.

President Roosevelt's coming trip to Africa and his account of his experiences to be written at a dollar a word were items in the programme which transported the company to darkest Africa, where they saw a tent in a tropical jungle, and from it heard the click of a typewriter and the sound of furious dictation. It sounded like this:—

The lion is a wild and ferocious animal.—Eight dollars, shouted a man outside the tent with a bell punch, with which he registered each word and totalled the amount payable on each sentence.

It has a soft body and a hard face.—Seventeen dollars.

It is the king of beasts and its daughter is a Princess.—Twenty-nine dollars.

The lion roars like distant thunder.—Thirty-five dollars.

But it is nobody's business what its religion is.—Forty-four dollars.

The Standard Oil fine was not overlooked at the Gridiron banquet, nor was Mr. Taft.

THE REMINISCENCES OF CARL SCHURZ.

The third and last volume of the late Carl Schurz's reminiscences were published in New York last week. Mr. Schurz played a conspicuous and important part in American politics, and his career, set forth in his autobiography, is of unusual picturesqueness. His reminiscences throw an important light upon the politics of the United States. Unfortunately Mr. Schurz died before the book was completed. The latter part of the third volume has been written from his notes and memoranda by Mr. Frederick Bancroft, a well-known writer on historical and political subjects.

(Continued on page 2)