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The Daily Record

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and THE DRESDEN DAILY.

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TARIFF REFORM MEANS—?

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT)

London, May 10.

The naval agitation has been swamped in the sea of popular interest let loose by the Budget, or at least the Ministerialists are pretending to believe. The precarious condition of the national finances is further evidenced by the Board of Trade returns for April, just published, according to which there has been a decrease of nearly two millions sterling in British exports. The truth is that economic and naval conditions are inextricably bound up with each other, and this is a fact of which Tariff Reformers are making the most. The genuine attempts made to keep the navy question out of the party arena must of necessity prove abortive, since the maintenance of naval supremacy is first and last a matter of cash, and cash is just what England's present fiscal system is failing to sufficiently provide. Putting aside the pseudo-optimistic speeches of Cabinet members, and the equally extravagant prophecies of their opponents, any shrewd observer of English politics must arrive at the conclusion that Free Trade is doomed. Its span of life depends entirely on the period of grace allowed by the country to the present Government. Tariff Reform will be the great issue at the next General Election, and this issue is absolutely certain to sweep the Unionists back into power on a mighty wave of popular reaction. Every Free Trader is well aware of this; but, ostrich-like, his head is buried in the sand, and he refuses to scan the lowering horizon for those signs of impending defeat which are visible to all eyes save those conveniently afflicted with party myopia.

A certain London daily has for more than a year past printed a Tariff Reform rubric on its front page, to the effect that "Tariff Reform means" this or that, work for all, increased prosperity, no more income-tax, and similar alluring promises. It has yet to announce that Tariff Reform means peace, though that is what is generally believed. Tariff Reform will triumph at the General Election if only for one reason,—viz. because the electorate is being taught to believe that Protection—to call a spade a spade—would deal a crushing blow to Germany's financial power, and thus put an end to the perilous "Dreadnought" race whose finish is wrapped in a cloud of disagreeable possibilities. Whether that belief is justified or not is for the experts to decide. The argument is so plausible that it is certain to find ready and general acceptance. Thus Tariff Reform says to the British electorate: "By adopting my principles you will not only be relieved of your intolerable burden of taxation, but you will also be saved from the horrifying vision of a ruinous war. Can you, therefore, refuse to adopt them?" The recent by-elections have returned a vehement answer in the negative. The issue I have mentioned is the predominant one underlying the long series of electoral disasters which have overtaken this Government; it is the one which will inevitably sweep the Free Traders from power when that appeal to the country which cannot long be postponed is finally made.

Read in connection with our London correspondent's remarks, the following quotation from the *Berliner Tageblatt's* article on the Stratford by-election is significant. After stating that this election was fought on the cry of "Protection versus Free Trade," our Berlin contemporary continues: "The cry for Protection, however, has gained another victory, and, what is most annoying to the Government, its Free Trade Budget just presented to the nation had no effect upon the election in

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Warwickshire...If the Lords throw out the Budget then a General Election is inevitable. The possibility that a General Election in the United Kingdom may bring about a great change in the economic policy of the greatest of all trading countries, must henceforth always be kept in sight. Therefore, foreign countries must follow with close attention every event in the present political season in the island kingdom."

THE FRENCH PRESS AND GERMANY.

The *Kölnische Zeitung* publishes a telegram from its Berlin correspondent to the following effect: "French newspapers contain reports from St. Petersburg that 'it is positively stated in diplomatic quarters there that the campaign which is being carried on by the reactionary bureaucracy against the Premier, M. Stolypin, was occasioned by German diplomacy, which regards M. Stolypin as the promoter of a policy inimical to Germany, and cherishes the fear that his continuance in office will remove Russia from the German sphere of interest. As yet that campaign has had no success, as the majority of the Duma emphatically support M. Stolypin. According to statements in well-informed quarters, the leaders of the campaign are endeavouring to induce the Emperor William to come to St. Petersburg before the Tsar starts on his cruise to the Mediterranean, in order to bring about the reestablishment of the previous German preponderance.'

"That this gossip cannot have had its origin in diplomatic circles is obvious, as in these the fact is very well known that Germany has no occasion to lend herself to such plots as are falsely alleged. According to authoritative information, a journey of the Emperor William to St. Petersburg is not contemplated. No importance whatever would attach to the report if it had not been spread by the Agence Havas, the semi-official telegraphic agency of France."

MR. ROOSEVELT'S PROWESS.

Mr. Roosevelt's prowess in Africa, reported by New York cables, has given the French cinematograph film makers a valuable tip, of which they have already taken advantage, the result being that the Roosevelt lion hunt has been duly recorded—in the thickets of the Ile de Poisy, near Paris!

The enterprising photographers secured a genuine lion from Antwerp, hired a number of individuals whom they attired in khaki, starved the lion for a day, and after turning him loose after some fresh meat, shot him. The final scene represents the "ex-President" returning to camp, preceded by negroes bearing the spoil of the chase.

VIVISECTION OF A CONDEMNED MAN.

When a man named Chester Jordan was recently sentenced to death at Boston for murdering his wife, his chief plea was that he was suffering from paresis, and therefore not responsible for his actions, and this defence was strongly maintained by the man's relatives. Two eminent surgeons of Boston, we learn, now propose to open the condemned man's spine and make an examination, with the object of finding paresis germs. If these are discovered, then Jordan will escape the death penalty.

"LONG LIVE THE PADISHAH!"

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY OF STATE.

Constantinople, May 11.

The ceremony of girding on the Sword passed off yesterday without any untoward incident. The Sultan arrived, as had been arranged, at the Ejub Mosque by water at 12.30 p.m., and was there received by the Ministers and dignitaries. Strangers were not admitted to the Mosque, the ceremonies within which occupied about an hour. His Majesty made part of his return journey by land. The procession, which in minor details differed somewhat from the programme, passed through the Adrianople Gate and the suburbs on the Golden Gate to Stambul, whence the Sultan took ship to the Dolmabagtshe palace. His Majesty looked well, and was greeted along the whole route by the troops and the populace with loud shouts of "Long live our Padishah!" Ghazi Muktar sat opposite to him. The Commander-in-Chief, Shevket Pasha, and Major Niazi were also loudly cheered. Tents containing buffets were erected near the Adrianople Gate for the Diplomatic Body, the representatives of the Press, and other invited guests. The whole ceremony was carried out simply but attended by great crowds of people.

Constantinople, May 11.

The Porte has received intelligence of the outbreak of a Scheriat movement at Bitlia, and other places in the neighbourhood of Lake Wan, in Armenia. The Mohammedans threaten to massacre the Christians if their demands are not complied with. The Kurd Sheiks have telegraphed to the Porte for military aid.

AUSTRIA PAYS HER BILL.

London, May 11.

London banks which are in connection with the Austro-Hungarian Government have placed £2,500,000 to the credit of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, being the sum promised by Austria-Hungary to Turkey on the annexation by the former Power of Bosnia and the Herzegovina. The formal completion of this operation took place at Constantinople yesterday.

THE KAISER'S VISIT TO MALTA.

Malta, May 11.

On the arrival here of the German Emperor yesterday, a Royal salute was fired by the forts and the British warships. His Majesty received the chief civil and military authorities on board the Imperial yacht, and at noon the Duke and Duchess and Princess Patricia of Connaught paid the Emperor a visit. At 1 o'clock the Imperial and Royal party landed and, after inspecting the guard of honour mounted at the landing place, entered automobiles and drove to the Duke of Connaught's residence. The streets on the route were gaily decorated and lined with military. The population, assembled on the footways testified their satisfaction by continuous clapping of hands. The chief civil and military authorities and the Roman Catholic Archbishop received the Emperor on his alighting at the entrance of the Duke of Connaught's palace, where a second guard of honour was on duty. Luncheon was soon afterwards served in the palace. A telegram from King Edward was handed to the Emperor on his arrival, welcoming him to Malta. His Majesty replied in cordial terms.

DANZIG CLAD IN SNOW.

A Danzig telegram states that there has been a heavy snowfall there, and that the town and vicinity are wrapped in a white mantle.

BERLIN

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Elaborate arrangements, we learn, are in progress to make Mme. Marcella Sembrich's farewell from the German operatic stage as brilliant as her recent New York farewell. She will say good-bye in three performances at Kroll's Royal Opera House, Berlin, during the first fortnight in June. Mme. Sembrich will sing Rosine in the "Barber of Seville" on June 7, and Traviata on June 14, both in Italian. On June 11 she will sing Susanne in a German version of the "Marriage of Figaro," with Miss Edith Walker, of New York, as the Countess. Several other "stars" of European repute will come to Berlin to participate in the Sembrich farewell cycle.

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BERLIN CURRENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

This evening:		
Royal Opera House	Electra	at 8
Royal Theatre	Die Karolinger	7.30
Deutsches Theatre	The Merchant of Venice (Kammerspiele) Der Arzt am Scheidewege	7.30
Lessing Theatre	John Gabriel Borkmann	8
Berliner Theatre	Ein Herbstmanöver	8
New Schauspielhaus	Mahé	8
Kleines Theatre	Moral	8
Hebbel Theatre	Frau Warrens Gewerbe	8
Comic Opera	Zaza	8
Residenz Theatre	Kümmere dich um Amelie	8
Lustspielhaus	Im Klubsessel	8
Schiller Theatre O. Charlottenburg	Dr. Klaus	8
Prdr. Wilhelmst. Theatre	Narziss	8
Luisen Theatre	Im weissen Rösel	8
Bernhard Rose Theatre	Krone und Fessel	8
Trianon Theatre	Spreevald-Käte	8
Thalia Theatre	Liebesgewitter	8
Urania Theatre	Junkermann. Was Reuter erzählt	8
Theatre des Westens	Von Abbazia bis Korfu	8
New Royal Opera Theatre	Ein Walzertraum	8
	Pachita (K. Russ. Holballet)	8
Every evening until further notice.		
Metropol Theatre	Die oberen Zehntausend	at 8
New Theatre	Renaissance	8
New Operetta Theatre	Die Dollarprinzessin	8
Wintergarten	Spezialitäten	8
Berl. Operetten Theatre	Berlin, wie es weint und lacht	8.30
Passage Theatre	Spezialitäten	8
Walhalla Theatre	Spezialitäten	8
Follies Caprice	Allein — endlich. Ungerade Tage	8.15
Carl Haverland Theatre	Spezialitäten	8
Apollo Theatre	Spezialitäten	8
Gastspieltheatre	Gefallene Mädchen	8.30
Gebr. Herrenfeld Theatre	Niemann	8
Casino Theatre	Das Opferlamm	8
Reichshallen Theater	Stettiner Säger	8

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PARIS

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, May 9.

IN APACHELAND.

For once in a way there was a considerable amount of hesitation as to how the evening could be most profitably spent; Saturday evening, too; sighed-for since Monday! Then someone, I think it was the Man of Facts, suggested that the heights of Montmartre, especially as the hour drew towards midnight, offered many possibilities of congenial diversion to unsophisticated foreigners. The Infant Prodigy and I readily assented. Mechanically we selected our thickest sticks, resolutely buttoned our coats and firmly settled our hats, with just that faint suggestion of pugnacity characteristic of the wary Anglo-Saxon in "furrin parts." "Apaches, you know!" said the Prodigy, significantly, and there at once flashed into our minds fragmentary memories of all we had heard and read concerning that sinister tribe, whose deeds have splashed so dark a stain on the fair 'scutcheon of peace-loving Paris. Montmartre is the oldest, most picturesque, most dilapidated and roughest quarter of the city, and there, amidst a wilderness of quaint streets and crooked alleys, slowly ascending to the old church of the Sacré-Cœur, "Messieurs les Apaches" are supposed chiefly to reside. The genuine Apache scorns to lose his hard-won caste by engaging in honest work and usually depends for his livelihood on the earnings of the woman who shares his precarious life and fierce pleasures. His days are passed in the drinking-saloons, or in the noisome den, far hidden from the eyes of the law, which constitutes his home. If he can read, he does not lack choice literature for the whiling away of leisure, for of late years all the old Wild West and Deadwood Dick tales of the American forests and prairies have been translated into French, and sell furiously. The Leopard of Pantin and the Tiger of Montmartre doubtless find therein much congenial food. Up to a short time ago the Apaches almost terrorised Paris and citizen committees of defence were formed to supplement the efforts of the police and soldiery. Now, however, the authorities seem to have been successful in awing or breaking-up these gangs of desperate blackguards, and the dread shadow of the guillotine, looming once again on the legal horizon, has had its salutary effect. Nevertheless, one does not visit Montmartre on a Saturday evening in the spirit that one proceeds to a garden party. Our expedition opened with an exciting journey through the heart of Paris on the top of a motor-bus—fare 1½d. any distance—a juggernauting, devil-may-care dash through all the welter and chaos of the Saturday-night traffic on the boulevards.

THE PARISIAN JEHU.

All Parisian vehicle drivers, including cyclists, go as if Eblis and all his fiends were chasing them with a warrant for immediate seizure and consignment below. They halt for nothing short of a collision. Then they rest. Inside that limitation they take exquisite and scientific delight in ascertaining, with all the precision of the artist, how near they can pass to lamp-posts and crawling coster-mongers, kerbstones, and perambulating sweethearts, without actually touching buttons or paint, until even the stench of petrol is lost in the cloud of oburgations which rises in their wake (and the Parisian can oburgate); but they are excellent drivers, these "sports" of the highway, absolutely fearless and entirely capable.

The famous Moulin Rouge suddenly bobbed into view, a squat building on top of which is the rough shape of a windmill with long, slowly-revolving arms, studded with electric lights. Eventually we reached a large, open square, where our bus described a gay semi-circle on one wheel as a signal to dismount. The Prodigy and I looked silently towards the Man of Facts, who at once assumed the rôle of guide, which sits so well on his information-laden shoulders.

First Heaven and then Hell attracted our notice, drinking-resorts weirdly fitted-up, blasphemously conducted, where the drinks are vile beyond all experience and the imagination of the proprietor unlimited in its resources. Turning suddenly from the blaze and hum of the big thoroughfare, we plunged into a maze of quaint and winding streets, ever mounting upwards, until at last we reached the old church, that Aladdin's palace in grey stone, which stands on the summit of the hill and is a landmark for all Paris, looking, indeed, more like the pleasant architectural fancy of a Shah or Sultan than anything to be found in Western civilisations. Here in the high stillness the air was fresh, and Paris lay beneath us, huge, irregular blotches of brilliant light, with the dim outline, here and there, of a tall building. At some points the concentration of lights was so intense that they seemed like islands of flame in a black sea. The far-off roar of seething life broke suddenly upon our ears.

THE HAUNT OF THE HOOLIGAN.

No apaches so far; not the faintest flash of a knife or ghost of a scream, not even the discovery of the dead body of a tourist left over from last season; all was echoingly quiet, until at length it dawned

upon us that, somewhere in the distance, arose the strains of music. The Man of Facts observed, with the apologetic tone of one caught flagrantly in disreputable error, that of course "Messieurs les Apaches" were at work in more likely quarters of the city than Montmartre, that in fact we were in eminently safe and Sabbatarian surroundings, temporarily, at any rate. The music, however, remained to draw us on, and alley after alley of sombre, ramshackle and deserted buildings we explored without success, until at last we ran our objective to earth,—appropriate expression,—in the shape of a small, semi-underground tavern called the "Cabaret Artistique," under the management of the "Lapin Agile," (the Agile Rabbit), information which we deciphered with the aid of a match from the crazy sign above the porch. Summoning up our courage, which showed a tendency to trickle bootwards, we pushed open the shaky door and entered. The music suddenly ceased whilst the occupants of the room gazed at us but, seeing that we were apparently harmless, the melody continued. The place had been made to resemble a pirates' den, and its purpose was achieved excellently, so far as our limited knowledge of such rendez-vous enabled us to judge. The fireplace was a mass of big stones, welded together with cement, from the centre of which a fire gleamed like a huge, red eye. The sitting-accommodation consisted chiefly of barrels, although many of the company lay on the floor around the fire quite in the style of the best buccaneering romancers. A smoky lamp threw picturesque shadows and made only the faces of the company visible. The walls were adorned with rude pictures and scratchings,—"rude" in every sense of the word. The ceiling was very low and long, roughly-cut beams ran across it. In different corners of the room were extraordinary statues, larger than life-size, one of which was, I think, a travesty of the Crucifixion, and on these the company hung their hats and overcoats. A chilly-looking goddess, with a billycock poised on her head at a rakish angle, and an overcoat tossed lightly across her shoulder, is not altogether an unpleasing spectacle. Probably most of the visitors, with, of course, the exception of the latest arrivals, were broken-down artists and ne'er-do-wells. (Montmartre is one of the recognised homes of all Continental renegades and, away back in the fifties and sixties, it was the camping-ground of the art-students, ere they adopted clean collars and other emblems of respectability). There were also a few out-and-out ruffians present and one or two girls, probably attached more or less tenderly to the ruffians, but beyond drinking the villainous beer, smoking incessant cigarettes and joining gleefully in the choruses, they did nothing to outrage the susceptibilities of the three invaders. The company sang songs in turn, and sang them excellently, what time mine host accompanied them on the guitar whilst the others joined in the refrains, keeping time with their sticks and pipe-stems on the sounding hollow-ness of the barrels or shuffling rhythmically with their feet on the sawdusted floor.

THE HOST OF THE CABARET.

Some of the choruses had a fine rolling swing, especially one which sounded like a French edition of "Beer, glorious Beer!" "Mine host," the Agile Rabbit, was a vivid curiosity and a veritable fount of mirth and music. He was about 65 or 70 years old and we were informed that he had been in prison several times on different counts and that he had done riotous things in the days of the Commune. He played and sang with tremendous gusto and favoured us with many snatches of wild song. Arrayed in old velveteen trousers, a blue guernsey with sleeves rolled to the elbows, and with a brilliant red scarf twisted turban-fashion round his head, he looked the beau-ideal of a swash-buckling sea-dog, but whether he really knew the difference between a top-gallant-yard and a bobstay, history deponeth not. Sitting on a barrel, cross-legged, twanking the guitar, with his head thrown back to troll out some sonorous ditty, he was the soul and inspiration of the company. Everybody smoked and the atmosphere grew more and more solid until, towards midnight, things could be seen only as through a dense fog, under cover of which we strategically retired and subsequently sought our respective couches in the more refined purlieus of the Rive Gauche and the sixth arrondissement. The refrains of many drinking songs rang confused changes in our heads but there nevertheless prevailed a general feeling that, from the point of view of adventure, the evening had not been altogether ill-spent. Undoubtedly we happened upon one of the most curious dens in Europe. G.A.A.

WAR TO THE KNIFE IN FRANCE.

Paris, May 11.

The National Union of Post Office Employés have placarded a declaration headed "A last appeal to the members of Parliament." The document states that M. Clémenceau, in unjustifiably dismissing the seven officials, has failed to keep his promises; and, if that decision is not rescinded, that there will be war to the knife.

ENGLISH BREWERS AT BAY.

London, May 10.

In yesterday's debate on the Budget a lively discussion arose on the resolution to raise the duty on licenses, which was strongly opposed by the Opposition. The discussion lasted till the early hours of the morning, when the resolution was carried by 206 votes to 123.

ANOTHER GERMAN BALLOON LANDS IN FRANCE.

Troyes, May 11.

A German balloon, which had ascended at Cologne, landed yesterday in a field near Villemaur, where hostile demonstrations were made by the inhabitants. The occupants of the car—two engineers and an officer—started on their return journey after paying the Customs dues, and having their luggage searched by the Custom House officials.

THE LARGEST WAX CANDLE IN THE WORLD.

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, May 2.

The widow of the murdered detective officer, Lieutenant Petrosino, has been presented by a New York firm of wax candle manufacturers, in whose house Petrosino lived for years, with a wax candle warranted to burn four years and seven months. The candle—which is nine feet high, forty-two inches in diameter, and 178 pounds in weight—is made of Austrian bees-wax, a very durable substance. The intention was that this candle should be placed in the Cathedral in Mott Street in which the funeral service over the murdered man's remains was held, and there burn in his memory. But the enemies who had compassed his death threatened that they would in that case blow up the Cathedral with dynamite; so the widow decided to send the candle, the manufacture of which had cost 450 dollars, to Petrosino's birth-place in Italy, and to have it placed and lighted in the chapel there.

DRESDEN CURRENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

Royal Opera House.

Tonight, beginning at 7.30, ending 10.

Hoffmann's Erzählungen.

Fantastic Opera in three acts. Music by J. Offenbach.

Cast:

Table listing cast members and roles for Hoffmann's Erzählungen, including Hoffmann, Niclaus, Nathanael, Hermann, Lutter, Olympia, Giulietta, Antonia, Coppelius, Dapertutto, Mirakel, Cochenille, Pitschinaccio, Franz, Spalanzani, Crespel, Schlehmihl, and A voice.

PLOT. At a meeting of students, Hoffmann, one of their number, is rallied on his gloomy temper. He declares he has been thrice unlucky in love, and promises to describe his love-affairs to them. In the Opera the three several episodes are presented in three acts. In the first act Hoffmann is in the house of Spalanzani, having gone there to meet his host's beautiful daughter. This daughter is really an automaton made by Spalanzani and Coppelius, a wizard, who is to have a half share in the money to be made by the sale of the doll. Coppelius gives Hoffmann a pair of spectacles, which increase the beauty of the doll, and Hoffmann is madly in love with it, heedless of the warnings of his friend Niklas. A dance is held, and Hoffmann dances with the automaton, which dances on incessantly, till Hoffmann sinks half-fainting upon the sofa. Coppelius enters in a rage, the draft by which Spalanzani had bought his half of the doll having been dishonoured, and smashes the figure. The guests all laugh at Hoffmann, who at last realizes the trick. In the second act Hoffmann is courting Giulietta, a courtesan, who is in the power of Dapertutto, a wizard, for whom she has stolen the shadow of Schlehmihl, another love. She promises to procure Hoffmann's image in a mirror. Telling Hoffmann that Schlehmihl has the key of her room, she leaves them. Hoffmann kills Schlehmihl, only to find the room empty, and the false Giulietta disappears with Dapertutto in a gondola. In the third act Hoffmann is engaged to Antonia, daughter of Crespel, who has a beautiful voice, but is liable to consumption, so her father has forbidden her to sing. The deaf servant lets in Hoffmann, contrary to his master's orders. He and Antonia sing, and as Crespel returns Hoffmann hides and, from Crespel's conversation with the wizard, Doctor Mirakel, hears of Antonia's illness. He persuades Antonia never to sing again, but Mirakel, by invoking the spirit of her dead mother, induces her to break her promise; she sings and sings, and dies exhausted in Hoffmann's arms. In the epilogue the students thank Hoffmann for his tales. Composer: Offenbach, born 1819, died 1880.

Table listing performance times for Hoffmann's Erzählungen: Thursday night, Friday night, Saturday night, Sunday night, Monday night.

Royal Theatre Neustadt.

Table listing performance times for Royal Theatre Neustadt: Tonight, Thursday night, Friday night, Saturday night, Sunday night, Monday night.

NEW BOOKS.

Tauchnitz Edition to appear next week: Vol. 4114: "Catherine's Child," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Vol. 4115: "Dead men tell no tales," by E. W. Hornung.

DRESDEN

We are advised by telegram from London that Mr. Arthur Cunninghame Grant-Duff has been appointed British Minister Resident at Dresden, and Mr. Ralph Spencer Paget, C.V.O., C.M.G., to be Minister Resident at Munich.

The British Minister elect to Dresden, in succession to Mr. Mansfeld de Cardonnel Findlay, C.B., C.M.G., is at present British Minister at Havana, Cuba, where he was appointed in 1906. Mr. Grant-Duff is 48 years of age, and is the eldest son of the late Rt. Hon. Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, G.C.S.I., and married in 1906 Kathleen, youngest daughter of General Powell Clayton, formerly United States Ambassador in Mexico. Entering the diplomatic service he was nominated Attaché in 1887, and 2nd Secretary in 1892. He was appointed to Madrid in 1885, Vienna in 1888, Stockholm in 1891, Peking in 1892, Caracas (Venezuela) in 1900, and Berne in 1901. Mr. Grant-Duff was sent to Caracas again on special service in 1902; became Secretary to the British Legation in Mexico 1902; went to Stockholm in 1905 to be Chargé d'Affaires during the absence of the British Minister; and has been also Chargé d'Affaires at Caracas, Berne, and Mexico; Secretary to the British Legation at Brussels, 1905; Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt in 1906. He was subsequently appointed Councillor of Embassy in His Majesty's Diplomatic Service.

The British Minister elect to Munich is 45 years of age, and has been Minister to Siam since 1904. He is a son of Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget, G.C.B., formerly Ambassador at Rome and Vienna. In a diplomatic capacity he has served at Vienna, Cairo, Zanzibar, Washington, Tokio, Cairo again, Munich, Constantinople, Guatemala, and finally Bangkok.

Considerable interest was aroused in musical circles in Germany when, after the production of "Elektra," here in Dresden, it became known that Richard Strauss was about to start work on a light opera. Some details of the composer's new undertaking have now become known. When, three years ago, Strauss received from Hugo von Hoffmannsthal the book of "Elektra," he decided to continue along the lines of this passionate tragedy, and therefore eagerly assented to the author's proposal that he should write a libretto "Semiramis" as the text for the composer's next work.

As soon as "Elektra" was finished, Strauss applied to Hoffmannsthal with regard to his suggestion, but either the latter had lost interest in the idea, or he had become discouraged by the charges of the critics that Strauss could only write "perverse" operas; at any rate he dissuaded the composer from taking the theme of Semiramis. Author and composer agreed to collaborate on a "Spieloper," that is to say, an opera in which the whole of the text is not set to music. During the rehearsals of "Elektra" at Dresden, Hoffmannsthal submitted the scenario to Strauss, who is now engaged on the work.

The name of the opera will be "Sylvia und der Stern" ("Sylvia and the Star"), and, although the plot is kept secret, it has transpired that the scene is laid at the end of the eighteenth century, a period which, it is believed, should lend itself well to light, melodious music and handsome costumes.

The guards in the city today are furnished by the 1st Grenadier regiment No. 100, whose band plays about 12.30 p.m. at the Schloss Platz.

Instruction in German, French, Latin, preparatory for English and American Schools. Highest references. Reasonable terms. C. Krumbiegel, Prager Strasse 16, III. At home 3-4 p.m.

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Advertisement for H. Wm. Bassenge & Co., Bank, Dresden, Prager Strasse 12. Includes text: PAYMENTS ON ALL LETTERS OF CREDIT. Exchange of Circular-Notes. Cheques and foreign money on most favourable rates. Postal Orders. English and American newspapers. Office hours 9-1, 3-6, Saturdays 9-3.

The Dresdner Sport Club were victorious almost all along the line in their football matches on Sunday last: D.S.C. I. winning their match against the Teplitz Football Club I. by 2-0 on the Sportpark ground in Dresden; while D.S.C. IV., who travelled to Teplitz to play the second eleven of the same club, beat their opponents by 7 goals to one. D.S.C. III. vanquished "B.C. Sportlust" by 7-2; but D.S.C. V. lost by three goals to seven against Brandenburg III.

Whoever has lost or left anything in the streets or squares of this city should enquire for the same at the Fundamt (lost property office) of the Königliche Polizeidirektion, Schiess Gasse 7.

CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC ART.

To the Editor of The Daily Record.

Dear Sir:—

As I listened last Tuesday evening to Mr. Powys' splendidly romantic oration in praise of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar in particular, and Classic Art in general, I felt, as surely every one who had the good fortune to be present must have done, that under all the warmth of his eloquence there lay a perfectly sane and just comparison between the relative achievements of Classic and Romantic Art.

And for ever it must be that in achievement Classic Art will be more perfect than Romantic; if for no other reason than that it attempts always to do what is possible, whereas the other is ever striving after the unattainable. When Classic Art, sinking into formalism, falls to a lifeless repetition of its tradition, as from time to time it must, Romantic Art—inventor, and pioneer of new life and ideals—has its birth; and struggling to find expression for its thought, pours itself out into a multitude of new forms; and though often failing, yet by its sacrifice feeding the life of Classic Art to come. For each is necessary to the other, and both must always exist, unless Art be lost to the world; the one infusing its life into the form which the other perfects.

The difference between them is that which Emerson found between the "accomplished talker" and the "fervent mystic, prophesying, half-insane under the infinitude of his thought"; a difference we do well to remember in considering the imperfect form of Romantic Art.

Yours truly,

EDGAR W. DAVIES.

Dresden, May 10.

Advertisement for OLYMPIA Tonbild Theater m. b. H. Dresden, Altmarkt (next to Renner's store). Largest and finest establishment in Dresden for the demonstration of living and "tone" pictures. Own ventilation and air-cooling system, thus ensuring permanently agreeable conditions. Production of latest pictures by means of films and records never previously used. This week's splendid programme includes, among others, the following tone-pictures: "Die Macht des Geschickes," sung by CARUSO. "The Dutchman's Farewell," sung and performed by Kgl. Kammeränger Berger. A Bavarian Peasant Wedding. The Merry Coppersmith, unique of its kind. All the above will be performed this week only at the Olympia Tonbild Theatre. Other numbers on the programme are: Arias from Leoncavallo's "Bajazzo," and Verdi's "Aida," sung by CARUSO. Uninterrupted performances daily from 3 to 11 p.m.

PENSION BEHNCKE Lindenau Strasse 11, I. Comfortable home. Excellent cooking. Moderate prices.

A WEIRD AMERICAN WARSHIP.

The United States Navy Department has ordered from the New York motor-boat building firm of Tams, Lemoine, and Crane an experimental torpedo-boat of an entirely new type which is virtually a giant torpedo. The boat will be about forty-five feet long, and is designed for a speed of fifteen knots, although nineteen or twenty is expected to be reached. It will present from the surface the appearance of a medium sized steam launch, and there will be nothing to indicate its real character. Below the water-line, however, there will be a second vessel, practically a submarine boat complete in itself—rigidly attached to the surface hull and forming part of its structure. In this submerged hull will be contained the engines of the internal combustion type, a supply of gasoline, and in the forward end a charge of 1,000lbs. of gun-cotton. This is five times as great as the charge carried by any locomotive torpedo now in use.

The method by which an attack would be made by the vessel against an enemy's ship is decidedly novel. The surface hull, constructed of quarter-inch steel plates, will practically be filled with cellulose. This substance has the quality of swelling considerably when in contact with water, and so would almost instantly stop any holes in the hull made at any rate by small shells. The "vitals" of the ship will be below the surface, and therefore out of danger. The vessel will approach the enemy at its maximum speed. When within reasonable distance of the objective ship the operators will come up from below, and then when the helmsman is near enough to make sure of a hit he will lash the wheel, jump overboard with the others of the crew, and leave the vessel to cover the last short dash by itself. Of course, the one or two men who man such a craft will take their lives in their hands. Congress has appropriated a sum of \$25,500 for the construction of the experimental vessel, which is the invention of Mr. Clarence L. Berger, of the Sub-Surface Torpedo-Boat Company.

PRINCESS TAKES THE VEIL.

Princess Giovanna Antici Mattei, one of the most beautiful women in Roman society, has created a sensation by taking the veil. The family is closely attached to the Vatican. Current report has it that the Princess's action is a sequel to the refusal of her relatives to sanction her betrothal to a young officer in the Italian Army.

THE CENSUS IN AMERICA.

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, May 2.
The thirteenth Census of the population of the United States will take place next year, and the preparations for it, in view of the large number of enumerators that have to be appointed and the necessary financial arrangements, have long been in progress. Political party opinions are among the important factors that determine the selection of an enumerator. The office is regarded as a political one in consequence of the honorarium attached to it, and every politician endeavours to secure such a "job" for one of his hangers-on as a reward for services rendered to the party. Sixty-five thousand enumerators and three hundred super-revisors, whose nomination must be confirmed by the Federal Senate, are appointed for the whole country. The super-revisors of New York receive for their services 1,500 dollars and one dollar per thousand inhabitants in their districts, the census districts being the same as the Congress districts. The enumerators are paid two cents per head enumerated. The taking of the census will begin on the 15th of May 1910; it must be completed in the large cities in fifteen days and in the country districts in thirty days.

COMPARISONS ARE ODIUS.

(DAILY RECORD CORRESPONDENT.)

New York, May 2.
In a case lately heard before the Civil Court in Jersey City—a case in which the plaintiff sued the defendant for the value of goods delivered but returned as being not in accordance with the order given—the plaintiff, a well-known glove-manufacturer, deposed that the hands of ladies in the Eastern States are much smaller than those of the ladies in Chicago and St. Louis. So moved have the Western ladies been by that statement, that the witness has been advised to travel *incognito* the next time he makes a tour in their part of the country. His deposition was as follows: "Whenever I receive an order for gloves from Chicago or St. Louis, I always send the larger sizes, unless the order states the special sizes desired. In the case of orders from New York I send the smaller sizes."—"Then the ladies in Chicago and St. Louis have larger hands than the ladies in New York?" said the examining counsel. "Yes," was the witness' reply.

DRESDEN

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Splendid Restaurant. Excellent cooking.
Helles Culmbacher, best beer in Dresden.

B. A. MÜLLER, by appointment to the Saxon Court, Prager Strasse 32-34.
LAWN TENNIS EXHIBITION.

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Jewelry. G. A. Scharffenberg. See Strasse 16.

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Classes in English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, German, French, and Latin.

A small number of resident pupils taken. German and French resident governesses.

Private instruction if desired.

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LATEST AMERICAN MAIL NEWS.

TO THE UNITED STATES.

May 13.—Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, from Hamburg to New York, mails due in New York May 22. Letters for this steamer should be marked "über Hamburg," and must be posted in Berlin and Dresden not later than 1 o'clock p.m. today (Wednesday).

May 16.—Mauretania, from Liverpool to New York, mails due in New York May 21. Letters for this steamer should be marked "via Colon-Queenstown per Cunard Line," and must be posted in Berlin and Dresden not later than 1 o'clock p.m. tomorrow (Thursday).

May 15.—St. Louis, from Southampton to New York, mails due in New York May 22. Letters for this steamer should be marked "via England," and must be posted as per above steamer.

TO CANADA.

May 14.—Victorian, from Liverpool to Montreal, mails due in Quebec and Montreal May 22. Letters for this steamer should be marked "über England," and with the name of the steamer, and should be posted in Berlin and Dresden not later than 1 o'clock p.m. today (Wednesday).

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Letters for the above steamers should be mailed in the boxes at the station (Berlin, Lehrter Bahnhof; Dresden, Hauptbahnhof) or at the General Post-office at the time mentioned.

Letters bearing a 10-pennig stamp per weight of 20 grammes are only valid for transit by a German steamer sailing direct from a German port. They will not be sent by an English or French steamer.

NEXT AMERICAN MAILS DUE IN BERLIN AND DRESDEN.

Today (Wednesday), by the S.S. Kaiser Wilhelm II., left New York May 4.

Tomorrow (Thursday), by the S.S. Mauretania, left New York May 5.

On Saturday, the 15th inst., by the S.S. La Lorraine, left New York May 6, and by the S.S. Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm, left New York on the same date.

As there are many of our readers who still appear to believe that letters despatched to America under the new cheap rate—10 pfgs. for 20 grammes, only by steamer sailing from German ports—are not forwarded by the express steamers, but are kept back for transference by "any old tub," we may state that, on the contrary, such letters are despatched by the first steamer on the schedule, be it an express or ordinary mail steamer. No distinction whatever is made, and full advantage of the cheaper rate may therefore be taken. Such letters may be sent by every steamer sailing from a German harbour (Hamburg or Bremen) which appears in our daily mail list.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.*

FICTION, HISTORY, AND BIOGRAPHY.

That talented author Mr. Maarten Maartens has won fame chiefly owing to the insight which his work gives into the heart and mind of everyday people, the people who toil and spin during the long years of their monotonous existence, and yet who still find opportunity for the display of those primitive emotions and strong passions which furnish inexhaustible material for the sympathetic novelist. In *Brothers All*, Mr. Maartens gives us another series of Dutch sketches; and while in one or two instances there is a want of local colour, this discrepancy is more than atoned for in others where the low-lying flat wastes, intersected by canals and bordered with the endless hogback dykes, are vividly pictured. The peasant of the country, labouring unceasingly at his scanty patch of ground, is delineated with knowledge and understanding. The sketches are both grave and gay, but it is in the former that the finest artistic note is sounded; and pre-eminently in "The Promise" the author reveals to us the innermost feelings of our brothers, laying bare their tenderness of heart and soul which, from being long dormant, break out all the more vehemently when stirred to their depths by such anguish and despair as overwhelmed the wife of Korver of Kolk.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett has already gained for himself an honoured name in modern English literature, and his latest book falls little short of the high standard he has led us to expect of him. *Halfway House*, while it deals with twentieth century people and conditions, largely retains the charming characteristics of his Georgian works. It is a human study of consummate skill worked out in faultless English and captivating style. Each character invites close attention, and were it only for the creation of the wandering botanist Senhouse the book would make hosts of new friends for its clever author.

Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, is coming into prominence these days owing to the signs of unrest among the fellaheen, another indication of the reaction which is stirring the East to its foundations. The making of modern Egypt, under the British occupation, is a long story of hard work, patient effort, and loyal self-sacrifice on the part of that trusty band whose honoured leader is Lord Cromer. In the little work under notice Sir Auckland Colvin, one of Lord Cromer's right-hand men, gives a brief but concise sketch of the herculean task achieved by his chief in co-operation with his faithful aides. It is also a splendid handbook of Egyptian traditions, customs, and tendencies which should be read by everybody who contemplates, or has already enjoyed, a tour through the wonderful country whose main artery is the broad Nile.

The long promised *Manual of American Literature*, edited by Theodore Stanton, M.A., Master of Arts at Cornell University, constitutes the 4,000th volume of the Tauchnitz edition, and is appropriately prefaced with a few words by Baron Tauchnitz himself. The book, which is dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt "in view of his own unwearying efforts to promote the cause of international amity and a more general appreciation of cultured literature," is a rapid account of American authors past and present, arranged in chronological order. The large number of names dealt with doubtless made it impossible for the editor to devote as much space as he would have desired to the subjects, a fact which, in our opinion, somewhat detracts from the value of the work. For example, it is impossible to do justice to a writer of such marked talent and promise as the late Wolcott Balestier in seventeen short lines. The editor shows preferences and antipathies too marked to render him an impartial commentator, and we find ourselves unable to agree with many of his conclusions. The volume is, however, indispensable to all who take an intelligent interest in the brilliant pages of American literature.

* *Brothers All*, by Maarten Maartens, 1 Vol. Tauchnitz Edition.
* *Halfway House*, by Maurice Hewlett, 2 Vols. Tauchnitz Edition.
* *The Making of Modern Egypt*, by Sir Auckland Colvin, 1 Vol. Nelson's Cheap Classics (obtainable at local bookstores).
* *A Manual of American Literature*, Edited by Theodore Stanton, M.A. 1 Vol. Tauchnitz Edition.

CHURCH SERVICES: DRESDEN.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH OF ST. JOHN,
Reichs Platz 5, at the head of Reichs Strasse.

Friday, May 14th. Litany 4.0 p.m.
The Rev. J. F. BUTTERWORTH, M.A., Rector.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND (Presbyterian),
Bernhard Strasse 2,
at the corner of Bismarck and Winckelmann Strasse.

Divine Service Sunday morning at 11, and evening at 6 o'clock.
Communion service is held every third Sunday in January, March, June and October.
The Rev. T. H. WRIGHT, Resident Minister.

WEATHER FORECAST FOR TODAY

of the Royal Saxon Meteorological Institute.

Westerly winds, cloudy, rain at times, temperature little altered.