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The Daily Record

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and THE DRESDEN DAILY.

THE FIRST DAILY PAPER IN ENGLISH PUBLISHED IN GERMANY.

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A DEPOSED SULTAN.

THE FUTURE OF ABDUL AZIZ.

TANGIER, Monday.—Rumours circulating among the natives here, but not yet confirmed, state that Mulai Kebir has arrived at Taza and met with an enthusiastic welcome; that Abdul Aziz has been proclaimed Sultan at Taza, and that Mulai Kebir is to be his Chief Caliph. Mulai Hafid is said to be greatly disturbed at the news, and has recalled to Fez the army of Beni Mter.

A mile or so outside the town of Tangier, in an unpretentious building not very much larger than an ordinary English farmhouse, surrounded by bare hills that sweep down to the blue waters of the Mediterranean, lives Abdul Aziz, the ex-Sultan of Morocco. Six months ago he was Lord of all the Moors from Tangier to Tamogrut, from Ujda to Degh. Today he is a private citizen, scarcely noticed when he drives abroad. And yet he is by far the most important man in the kingdom. Abdul Aziz is a young man of little more than 32 years of age. Of great intelligence, athletic instincts, and extraordinary powers of attraction, Morocco never possessed a more enlightened ruler. Unfortunately this was his great crime in the eyes of his subjects: he was in advance of his age by several generations; he was a mechanic; he read books of all nations; sport and games he indulged in freely; he recognised the backwardness of his people, the undeveloped state of his country. In short, he admired Europeans and all their ways, and did his best to inculcate similar ideas and methods into the daily life of his own people. He failed, and he was deposed. But unless another ruler, equally intelligent, takes his place, Morocco will go the way of all Eastern nations, and be eventually absorbed by some European power.

When Abdul Aziz was defeated in battle by his brother the present Sultan—whom, it may be stated, he had not seen for many years, he agreed to accept a pension and retire from the scene of royalty. With three wives, and some half-dozen servants, he took up his abode on the outskirts of Tangier, where he now is. Like all Orientals, he is a fatalist: what has happened is for the best; Allah willed it, and that is sufficient. Perhaps some day the wheel of fortune may turn. If it does Abdul Aziz will certainly not shrink from assuming the reins of Government. Indeed, as things are going at present, with the unpopularity of his brother increasing daily, it is quit: "on the cards" that he may be reinstated on the throne of Morocco. But however that may be, nothing will induce him to change his ideas of Government, for at heart Abdul Aziz is a European, he is not a Moor. Progress and reform he realises are the salvation of his country, without which it must be swallowed up by the forces of civilisation which are closing in on all sides. His present existence is quiet in the extreme. Now and then he takes a drive in the neighbourhood. At first he was to be seen in an open carriage, but his appearance attracted so much attention that he now prefers a closed conveyance. Not two miles away from his house lives his late Foreign Minister, since fallen, like himself. Always great friends, and in complete accord as to methods of Government, they are inseparable as exiles. Scarce a week passes that they do not dine together, scarce a day that they do not meet, either to converse or play lawn tennis, which is the favourite amusement of both, and at which the ex-Sultan is a remarkably good player.

Another sport in which Abdul Aziz indulges very often is pig-sticking. An excellent rider and absolutely fearless, he can account for many a boar to his own spear, and this in a hunt where all those who take part are Europeans. Until recently he was frequently to be seen in the company of Englishmen, for whom he has always entertained the greatest admiration. Fearing, however, lest this partiality should lay him open to censure at the hands of his brother, he now wisely confines himself to Moorish friends, only seeing Europeans on rare occasions. Now and then he accepts an invitation to dine at one or other of the foreign legations at Tangier, principally the English and French, but such occasions are not frequent. One remarkable characteristic possessed by the ex-Sultan is that he never forgets a face, nor the smallest incident connected with a person of his acquaintance. Within the last

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few months, reports a London contemporary, Abdul Aziz has been building a small palace a mile or so from his present residence, where he confesses himself as happy to end his days; within the last few months, also, the tide of popular opinion has been rapidly turning again in his favour. In a great measure this is due to the growing unpopularity of the ruling Sultan, whose little finger is now discovered to be thicker than his brother's loins. It may quite well be, therefore, that another year may see Abdul Aziz on the throne again. Should this happen, and the finances of the country are directed along the right channel, official peculation checked, and a trustworthy military force established, then European intervention in Morocco will be delayed, perhaps indefinitely, for Abdul Aziz, with an army at his back, will be in a position to mould Morocco to his will. There is no other man in the country who can do so, no Sultan before him who has combined the Thought of the East with the Action of the West.

For the time being, however, Moroccan politics interest him not at all. Beyond receiving an annual pension from his brother—which, odd to relate, has always been punctually paid—Abdul Aziz is content to live in seclusion. He is devoted to his wives and children; has many friends, and is granted his liberty. There was a rumour at one time that his brother had intentions of confining him to prison for the rest of his days, perhaps something worse. But despite his European manners and customs, Abdul Aziz is very popular among his late subjects, who would certainly have favoured the usurper less had methods of violence been resorted to. In this respect a new era would seem to be dawning in the land, for the majority of Moroccan Sultans have all come to an untimely end. But Abdul Aziz has been permitted to live on certain terms, the most important of which was, that he should not attempt to regain the throne. It says much for his honour that he has kept his promise, for if he raised the standard of revolt today, there is little doubt that many thousands of Moors would rise in his favour.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, Monday.—The continuation of the correspondence between Mr. Asquith and Lord Charles Beresford has now been published. The Prime Minister says in his last letter that he profoundly regrets that an officer of Lord Charles' experience and rank should be responsible for the publication of such accusations against the Admiralty. The Admiral's procedure, continues the Premier, is difficult to reconcile with the best traditions of a great service. Appended to this letter is a note from Mr. McKenna, First Lord of the Admiralty, in which he exhaustively examines Lord Charles Beresford's charges. Letters are cited from Lord Charles himself which contradict in detail his latest accusations, and Mr. McKenna emphatically asserts that no part of its duty is so carefully performed by the Admiralty as the promotion of officers. Insinuations such as are put forward by Lord Charles Beresford are, concludes Mr. McKenna, in the highest degree calculated to undermine naval discipline. The Admiral replies that Mr. McKenna's explanations do not in the least degree affect the original charges, which he (Lord Charles) repeats and leaves to the judgment of the nation.

ROME, Monday.—Prince and Princess von Bülow arrived here last evening and were met at the station by the German Ambassador von Jagow; members of the German Art Union, who greeted the prince as an honorary member; Donna Laura Minghetti, Prince and Princess Camporeale, Senator Blaserna, and others. The *Tribuna* publishes an article in which it greets Prince Bülow as a sincere friend to Italy and the illustrious representative of a people who, in the past, have had many common interests with Italy and will most probably have others in the future.

BARMEN (Rhineland), Sunday.—The headmaster of a local national school this afternoon saw one of his 12-year-old pupils smoking on the street, and gave him such a violent box on the ears that the unfortunate lad fell beneath a passing street-car, which mutilated both his legs. The boy succumbed shortly afterwards to his injuries. A large and excited crowd witnessed the incident and subsequently pursued the master, who was roughly handled before the police could rescue him.

PARIS, Sunday.—At a late hour this evening a section of a Montmartre street suddenly caved in, and two passers-by disappeared. One of them was quickly rescued, but the other, a woman, was still entombed at the moment of telegraphing. As many of the adjacent houses are damaged by the collapse, the police have ordered them to be instantly cleared.

LONDON, Sunday.—M. Paulhan, the aviator, flying yesterday over the Brooklands automobile track, made a new height and speed record. Flying at an altitude of 720 feet he covered 34 miles in 58min. 57sec.

LONDON, Sunday.—It is reported from Pekin that, as a result of the Russian Financial Minister's visit to Charbin, Russia has proposed to the Powers that a small international settlement be established outside Charbin. Diplomatic opinion here inclines to a belief that the proposal is unacceptable, since its sanction would imply recognition of a claim made by the Russian railway administration to exercise political power over all inhabitants in the railway zone of Northern Manchuria.—The *Star* reports from Kobe, Japan, that 300 Koreans have attacked a railway station in the vicinity of Seoul. There is no information as to the fate of the Japanese staff.

PARIS, Monday.—The fitting up and installation of instruments at the wireless telegraphic station in the Champ de Mars have now been completed, and trial messages will shortly be sent to New York. The *Figaro* declares that if good results are obtained with these experimental messages, it is possible that on January 1, 1910, President Taft and President Fallières may exchange mutual good wishes for the new year by wireless telegraphy.—The *Gaulois* states that the Duke of Westminster has arrived at Chalon-sur-Marne to take lessons in aviation. On his arrival the Duke at once visited the sheds, where there are aeroplanes of various makes, and listened with great interest to explanations of them. He will probably take his first lesson in a few days.

BERLIN

All social and other items intended for publication in this column should be sent to the Berlin representative of *The Daily Record*—Miss C. M. Hook, Kalkreuth Strasse 11, W. (Tel. VI, 18,235). All business communications, relating to advertisements, etc., should be sent direct to the Dresden office:—Struve Strasse 5.

Copies of *The Daily Record* may be obtained at Selmar Hahne's bookstore, Charlottenburg, Joachimsthaler Strasse 44, opposite the Zoological Garden station.

The following personages have consented to act as sponsors for the youngest son of the Crown Prince and Princess, who is to be christened next Saturday in the Marmor Palace at Potsdam: The Emperor, the Empress, the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Grand Duke Michael Nicholavitch, the Grand Duke Nicholas Michalovitch, Princess Victoria Louise, Prince Oscar, Duke Ernst Günther zu Schleswig-Holstein, Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria, the King of Roumania, the King of Württemberg, Count Zeppelin, and Baron von Heintzer.

Professor Felix Adler, last year's Roosevelt professor at Berlin University, recently delivered an address before the Society for Ethical Culture in America, in which, for the first time, he expressed himself regarding the impressions which he gained in Berlin. Particular interest attaches to his observations as to the differences between the German and American universities.

The greater freedom obtaining in the German, as compared with the American university, is, to Professor Adler's mind, the most striking point of contrast between the two. The German university, he points out, is a regular small Republic, of which the students are the citizens, and of which the chief ruler, or "Rektor" (the American university's "President"), is elected once a year. How remarkable, Professor Adler observes, that, in a monarchy like Prussia, the system of government for the universities should be so thoroughly democratic, while in the American republic the universities are governed on almost monarchical lines. How jealously the German universities guard their academic freedom is illustrated by the fact that a German student is forbidden, under pain of heavy penalty, to make generally public the contents of a lecture delivered in the university, without the personal consent of the professor concerned.

It is a mistake to suppose, Professor Adler adds, that the German professor or scholar is still to be looked down upon as a bookworm and a pedant. German men of learning of today, he says, are strong, manly, "red-blooded"—men, moreover, of an astonishing freshness of intellect which puts the word pedant entirely out of the question.

A fine portrait of Professor Adler has recently been on exhibition in Hamburg, prior to being sent to the United States. The subject is shown seated and leaning forward slightly. The artist is Reinhold Tepsins, of Berlin.

There was a crowded congregation at S. George's Church at the celebration last Sunday of the Harvest Festival. The chancel of the Church was artistically decorated with white and yellow chrysanthemums, autumn foliage and palms, and the fine rendering of a thanksgiving anthem by the choir did much to enhance the effect of the service.

At the close of a sermon appropriate to the occasion, the Chaplain, Rev. J. H. Fry, alluded to the fact that the Church Expense Fund showed a deficit of 1,100 marks. Mr. Fry protested against the thoughtless habit of wealthy visitors to Berlin who, glad as they were of the opportunity to attend services in an English Church, would nevertheless not hesitate to put in the plate at collection-time a coin which, in their expensive hotels, they would be "ashamed to offer to a chamberlain."

The Girls' Friendly Society announces its removal to its new apartment at Magdeburger Strasse 13, Berlin W. 35.

There is a prospect of Miss Mabel J. Otis, who has a year's leave of absence from the well known Walnut Hill School near Natick, Mass., and who has a successful dancing class in Dresden, coming to Berlin in the near future one day a week to conduct classes in aesthetic and social dancing. Miss Otis is a graduate of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics.

Mrs. Vernon Spencer will be "at home" to friends and callers on the first and third Wednesday of November.

Mr. Fred Clutsam, returned last Saturday from a few days' trip to Munich, where he attended the concert on October 27 of Arthur Friedheim, who played upon the Clutsam curved keyboard. Dohnanyi, who gives a piano recital on November 3 in Berlin, will again utilise the Clutsam keyboard, as he intends to do throughout this season. Madame Avani-Carreras, the well known pianist, leaves this coming week on a tour of Scandinavia with the Clutsam keyboard, which she will also use in January throughout an Italian tour.

Pianists interested in the remarkable innovation which the curved piano keyboard represents may be glad to note that the studio for the demonstration of the Clutsam piano is invariably open from ten a.m. to five p.m., when any pianist is at liberty to

test the keyboard. The studio is in the immediate neighbourhood of Potsdamer Brücke, at Schöneberger Ufer 20.

Miss Winnie Pyle, of Dallas, Texas, a gifted young preparatory teacher, of Alberto Jonas, gave a concert in the Blüthner Saal on Thursday night, with the Blüthner Orchestra. Miss Pyle scored an unusual success with her rendering of Schytte's Ciss-noll concerto. The *Lokal-Anzeiger* critic speaks of her "famoser, rassiger, bei allem virtuosen Schmiss doch nie geschmacklos und stets tonschöner Vortrag," and winds up by saying that it will certainly be well worth while to watch the career of this young artist.

Miss Ada Raymond, of Sydney, Australia (Rosenheimer Strasse 28) is expecting the arrival early this week of her sister, Miss Innes Raymond, who intends to spend the winter in Berlin. Miss Innes Raymond has previously lived with her sister in Berlin, but for several months past has been resident in London.

Mr. Henry Happold, English Solicitor, has offices at Französische Strasse 43, Berlin. International, Private, and Commercial matters.

CHURCH SERVICES: BERLIN.

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Sundays: 9 a.m. Celebration of Holy Communion.
11 a.m. Matins and Sermon (followed by a second Celebration on 1st, 3rd, and 5th Sunday in the month).
6 p.m. Evensong and Sermon.
Fridays: 11 a.m. Litany.
Holy Days: 9 a.m. Celebration of Holy Communion.
The Chaplain: Rev. J. H. Fry, M.A., Savigny Platz 3, Charlottenburg.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH, Motz Strasse 6, Nollendorf Platz.
Sundays: 10.15 a.m. Sunday School.
11.30 a.m. Regular Service.
4.30 p.m. Reception and Song Service.
Wednesdays: 4.00 p.m. Mid-week Service.
Daily: 2.00 p.m. Office hour for Church Matron.
3.30 p.m. Office hour for the Pastor.
10.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m., the Library and Reading Room open.
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BERLIN CURRENT ENTERTAINMENTS.

This evening:		
Royal Opera House	Cav. rusticana.—Bajazzo	at 7.30
Royal Theatre	Der deutsche König	7.30
New Royal Opera Theatre	closed.	
Deutsches Theatre	Hamlet	7.30
	Clavigo	8
Lessing Theatre	Die Frau vom Meere	7.30
Berliner Theatre	Alpenkönig u. Menschenfeind	7.30
New Theatre	Der letzte Kaiser	7.30
New Schauspielhaus	Maria Stuart	7.30
Comic Opera	Hoffmann's Erzählungen	8
New Operetta Theatre	Der arme Jonathan	8
Schiller Theatre O.	Das Käthchen von Heilbronn	8
	Charlottenburg	
	Der Schwur der Treue	8
Frdr. Wilhelmst. Theatre	Der Skandal	8
Kleines Theatre	Hinter'm Zaun	8
Urania Theatre	In den Dolomiten	8

Every evening until further notice.		
Lustspielhaus	Man soll keine Briefe schreiben	at 8
Metropol Theatre	Halloh — die grosse Revue	8
Apollo Theatre	Spezialitäten	8
Walhalla Theatre	Spezialitäten	8
Reichshallen Theatre	Sittliche Sängere	8
Passage Theatre	Henry Bender: Der süsse Doktor.	8
	Spezialitäten	
Bernhard Rose Theatre	Die Rechtlosen	8
Folles Caprice	Mobilisierung. — Der gewisse Augenblick	8 15

NEWS OF THE WORLD. (Continued.)

NEW YORK.—The eve of the municipal elections shows Tammany as confident as ever. The strength of the reformers has been frittered away to a considerable extent upon side issues and personal squabbles. On the other hand, the few malcontents in the Tammany ranks, whose voices were feeble, even at first, have long since fallen into line, and the Wigwam will cast every vote on its lists. The trump card played by the anti-Tammanyites that Tammany was basely interested in the "white slave" traffic, has proved of no value. Tammany offered a reward of thirty thousand dollars for proof of the charge, and no attempt has been made to earn the money. Mr. Charles F. Murphy, Tammany's chief, stated at headquarters that he was sure of electing the Presidents of the four boroughs and the Controller. If this be correct it means that he is certain to control the Board of Estimate and Appointment, no matter who may be elected Mayor. The board, as has already been explained, controls the city's vast expenditure, and control of the board is good enough for Tammany.

PRADES (Dep. Pyrénées Orientales), Sunday.—One of the trains along the electric railway from Villefranche to Bourg-Madame was derailed today while engaged in a speed test. Several people were injured, ten fatally.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The death has occurred from heart disease of the Sultan's third wife, the mother of Prince Nedj Meddin. His Majesty is much affected. The newspapers express profound sympathy. The interment will take place in the mausoleum of Sultan Mehmed the Conqueror.

JOHNSTOWN (Pa.), Monday.—A violent explosion occurred this morning in the Cambria Steel Company's mine here. Fifteen men were in the pit when the accident took place, and twelve of them are dead.

COLOGNE, Monday.—The airship Parseval III, which took part in yesterday's military airship flights, left Leichlingen at 11.50 a.m., steering towards Wesel. Zeppelin II. returned here after arriving within twenty kilometres of Wesel, at which town Parseval I. arrived at 4.45 and M. II. at 6 o'clock. They manoeuvred over the town at an altitude varying from 200 to 800 metres. Zeppelin II. and M. II. remained about 700 metres high, Parseval III. at about 780 metres, and Parseval I. about 350 metres. All three vessels returned to the hall at Bickendorf and landed successfully. During part of the flights a thick fog prevailed.

ROME, Monday.—At 1 o'clock this morning a large crowd had assembled to witness the ascent of the Italian military dirigible balloon. On its return flight to Brasciano Lieut. General Revetti, who was in command, attempted to hold back the people who were pressing too near the car, but while doing so he was struck by the swiftly revolving propeller and terribly hurt. While being carried to the hospital he succumbed to his injuries. In spite of some slight damage to its screw the airship was able to eventually ascend, and landed safely in Brasciano at 7.30 o'clock.

THE GREEK FIASCO.

MUTINY COMPLETELY CRUSHED.

ATHENS.—The naval movement has practically been suppressed. Only one of the torpedo-boat destroyers is unaccounted for, her whereabouts being unknown. The mutinous naval officers took flight in the night, and landed on the coast between Eleusis and Megara. Four have been made prisoners. Capt. Typaldos is in flight. Several regiments have been mobilised in the provinces, and have arrived in Athens, where there has been considerable military activity throughout the night. Regarding the Loyalists losses in Friday's fighting, it is reported that the fire of the destroyers killed two and wounded two on board the battleship Hydra, while two wounded are in the hospital at Salamis. At a meeting of the League held on Saturday, it was decided, it is said, to punish the mutineers most severely.

After yesterday's fight between the squadron and the destroyer Sphendone, the leaders of the mutineers, apparently convinced that resistance was useless, fled, disembarking opposite the Arsenal near Eleusis. Four of them were arrested on Saturday morning, but Lieut. Typaldos is still being sought by the loyal sailors. Four men were killed or wounded during the engagement. After the lieutenant's flight the mutineers submitted, and the arsenal was re-occupied by the Government. So far eight officers have been placed under arrest.

The sailors and artisans employed at the Salamis dockyard have surrendered to the authorities. Some officers have also given themselves up.

The news regarding the whereabouts of Typaldos and his staff is conflicting, but it is generally believed that they have fled. It is not known what has become of the destroyer Velos.

During the bombardment the mutinous destroyer Sphendone, which was hit, lost three stokers killed, while several other men were wounded.

Two additional British warships have arrived in Phaleron roads, so that there are now four British vessels and one Russian. The garrison of Athens have returned to barracks.

ATHENS, Monday.—It is rumoured here that some eighty naval officers, who were in sympathy with the demands of Lieutenant Typaldos but did not or could not join his revolt, have decided to hand in their resignations if certain high officers of the fleet are not immediately pensioned off, as demanded by Typaldos.

The entire press condemns sharply the officers who instigated the mutiny and laments the damage done to the destroyer Sphendone. The papers demand exemplary punishment of the guilty in the highest interests of the Fatherland, which have been compromised through the imbecility of a few excited malcontents. The journal *Embras* says that the appointment of Colonel Zorbas as commander-in-chief of the land forces will renew the oath of allegiance to King, Constitution, and lawful Government. The patrols in pursuit of the mutinous officers have received orders to use their weapons against the fugitives if any resistance to arrest is made. The steadfast attitude of the Cabinet in suppressing the émeute and the loyal attitude of the Military League find recognition in every circle.

THE AFFAIRE STEINHEIL.

All Paris is in a state of expectancy just now, for tomorrow (Wednesday) Mme. Steinheil will stand her trial. The charge is parricide, the victims being her mother and her husband. The French papers are devoting columns to L'Affaire Steinheil, as they term it. One journal has braved the terrors of the law by publishing the acte d'accusation of the Advocat-Général, Me. Rome, a voluminous document setting forth the ground on which the prosecution rests its case. More will be heard of this. One newspaper honestly admits that it failed to obtain any information as to the nature of the defence from Me. Antony Aubin, who now appears for Mme. Steinheil. The learned avocat politely informed the reporter that professional secrecy prevented him from opening his lips. Another paper professes to give its readers the line of defence in detail, but it evidently did not take the trouble to interview Me. Aubin.

The trial will open at the Seine Assize Court before M. de Valles, and, as above stated, Me. Antony Aubin, one of the leaders of the Paris Bar, an avocat who is standing counsel to many insurance companies, conducts the defence. He has been associated with several causes célèbres, the last being the trial of Ullmo, the ex-naval lieutenant, who is now expiating his crimes on Devil's Island. The Advocate General will conduct the prosecution. The crime of parricide in France the most heinous in the criminal code, and in case of capital punishment exceptional provisions are made. Until comparatively recent years the condemned, after hearing the sentence read at the place of execution, had the right hand amputated before being guillotined. Now the condemned has to appear bare-footed in a white robe and wearing a black veil.

The President of the Court has, it is stated, taken precautions to prevent an invasion of the "salle des assises," but, says a Paris contemporary, the women, in spite of all the barriers, all the judges, and all the guards, will find means to get into the Court. "L'eternelle curieuse Parisienne" may be repulsed at the door, but she will get in at the window. A great lady, or a woman of the world of 1909, would not only be disappointed, furious, and exasperated, she would even be dishonoured if she did not, in spite of all precautions, find a means of being present at the trial of Mme. Steinheil, at least such is the view of the Temps.

LATEST AMERICAN MAIL NEWS.

TO THE UNITED STATES. November 4.—Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, from Hamburg, mails due in New York November 13. Mark letters "Via Hamburg," and post not later than 1 o'clock p.m. tomorrow (Wednesday).

TO CANADA. For the information of Canadian readers it may be mentioned that a fast mail steamer of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company leaves Liverpool for Quebec and Montreal direct every Saturday. Letters intended for Canada by this direct route should be posted in Berlin and Dresden not later than 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursdays, and be marked: "Via Liverpool by Empress steamer." At the same time it should be remembered that Canadian letters can also be sent by one of the New York steamers, and that if mailed by steamers direct from German harbours they obtain the benefit of the 10-pennig rate for 20 grammes.

NEXT AMERICAN MAILS DUE IN BERLIN AND DRESDEN. Tomorrow (Wednesday), by the S.S. Kaiser Wilhelm II., left New York October 26. On Wednesday, November 3, or Thursday, November 4, by the S.S. Lusitania, left New York October 27. On Friday, November 5, by the S.S. La Provence, left New York October 28.

CURRENT ENTERTAINMENTS IN DRESDEN.

Royal Opera House.

Tonight, beginning at 7.30, ending about 10.15

Amelia, or: A Masked Ball.

Opera in four acts. Music by Giuseppe Verdi.

Cast:

Richard, Count of Warwick, Governor of Boston Herr Sembach. René Walther, his secretary Herr Scheidtmantel. Amelia, René's wife Frau. Siems. Ulrika, a fortune-teller Fräul. v. Chavanne. Oskar, a page Frau Nast. Silvan a sailor Herr Trede. Samuel, } the Count's enemies (Herr Lordmann. Tom, } (Herr Puttlitz. A Judge Herr Pauli. A servant Herr Büssel.

PLOT. Duke Richard is warned by his friend René (Amelia's husband) that there is a conspiracy to assassinate him. A certain gipsy fortune-teller, named

Ulrica—who has been sentenced to deportation by the court, but the order for whose expulsion the Duke refuses to sign—is thereupon consulted by Richard, who visits her disguised as a sailor and attended by his friends. While Ulrica is receiving them, the arrival of Amelia is secretly announced to her, at which she asks all to leave her presence. They obey, with the exception of the Duke, who hides. Amelia then appears, confesses to Ulrica her love for the Duke, and begs of the gipsy a potion to destroy this guilty passion. Ulrica tells her to go and gather a herb which grows at a lonely spot without the town, and the Duke mentally decides to meet her there. After Amelia's departure Duke Richard and his friends again appear, and the former asks the gipsy to tell his fortune. She prophesies that he will be killed that very day by a friend, and that the friend will be the next man who shakes hands with him. His friend René then appears, and shakes the Duke by the hand. Richard, in the next scene, meets Amelia as she is searching for the herb. She implores him to leave her, and is pleading with him when her husband, René, appears to warn the Duke of imminent danger. René does not recognise the lady present as his wife. The Duke departs and the conspirators appear on the scene, when a ray of moonlight reveals the identity of Amelia. Mad with fury and jealousy René decides to join the conspiracy himself. A meeting is held in his own house, at which he compels his wife to draw the lots as to who shall assassinate the Duke. The fatal lot falls to René himself. In the meantime, Duke Richard has decided to be faithful to his friend. The same evening he gives a masked ball, during which he is mortally stabbed by his wilful friend, René. Immediately after committing the deed René learns of his victim's decision to have remained faithful to their friendship, and is stricken with remorse. Composer: Verdi, born 1813, died 1901.

Table with 9 columns: Date, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Rows include Royal Opera House, Royal Theatre Neustadt, Central-Theatre, and Residenz-Theatre.

DRESDEN

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Otis Hunter, of Baltimore, Md., are spending some few days in Dresden preparatory to the resumption of an extended automobile tour throughout Germany and Austria. They have come by easy stages from Paris, and hope to extend their travels as far as Stockholm, given favourable weather. Mr. Hunter reports that the roads in Southern Germany, excellent as they are, are at present suffering from the drought. The hard roadbed at places is covered with small, flinty substances caused by the fracture of the brittle "top stratum," and automobilists are meeting with many punctures in consequence. While in Berlin Mrs. Hunt will take the opportunity to look up many of her friends. Three years ago she spent a very pleasant season in that city, and was deservedly popular among the American colony.

Mrs. Eleanor Walters, of Johannesburg, South Africa, is at present in town with her son. They will remain until Wednesday, when they leave for London and, subsequently, Cape Town. Mrs. Walters is the wife of Captain Walters, who played a distinguished part in the South African campaign, in which he held a command in a body of irregular British horse.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Myers, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mr. Charles Osmanney, of Fresno, Cal., are among the latest arrivals. Mr. Osmanney is a Californian journalist of repute, and has been connected with several Los Angeles and Sacramento newspapers.

The Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Chapman, of Vancouver, B.C., spent a day in Dresden last week on their way up from Munich to Berlin.

Mr. Ralph E. De Nuse is staying at Hettner Str. 8 as the guest of Mrs. Keyser.

The guards in the city today are furnished by the 1. Grenadier regiment No. 100, whose bands plays about 12.30 p.m. in the Neustadt.

CHURCH SERVICES: DRESDEN.

ALL SAINTS' (ENGLISH) CHURCH, Wiener Strasse. Tuesday, November 2nd. All Souls Day. 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion 10.0 a.m. Matins and Commemoration of all the Faithful Departed. 5.0 p.m. Choir Practice. Wednesday, November 3rd. 11.0 a.m. Matins and Litany. Thursday, November 4th. 8.0 a.m. Holy Communion. Friday, November 5th. 11.0 a.m. Matins and Litany. 5.0 p.m. Choir Practice. Saturday, November 6th. 10.0 a.m. Matins. Chaplain: The Rev. C. A. MOORE, M.A., B.C.L. Strehlener Strasse 21, II.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, Reichs Platz 5, at the head of Reichs Strasse. Friday, November 6th. Litany 10.0 a.m. Junior Auxiliary 3.0 p.m. This is the only American Church in Dresden.—All are cordially invited. 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 October, January, March and June. The Rev. T. H. WISCHT, Resident Minister

Hugo Borack

English spoken. Purveyor to the Court. English spoken. 4, See Strasse 4, corner of Zahns Gasse.

Combinations, Drawers, and Undershirts of Crêpe de sauté. Woollen underwear.

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Boys prepared for English and American. Special attention given to German by a German master. Boarders received.

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Pension Cronheim, Villa Eisenstuck Strasse 47, corner of Münchner Strasse. Modern style. Garden. Excellent cuisine. Best references. Moderate terms. German conversation.

THE INTERNATIONAL PHARMACY REICH'S-APOTHEKE ANGLO-AMERICAN DEPARTMENT MANAGED BY QUALIFIED ENGLISH CHEMIST DRESDEN BISMARCKPLATZ 10. CLOSE TO THE HAUPTBUNNHOF

DRESDEN MUSIC AND ART NOTICES.

This (Tuesday) evening at 7.30 o'clock Ignaz Friedmann gives his Liszt recital at the Palmengarten. His next, and positively last concert will be given in the Künstlerhaus a week to-day.

The single pianoforte recital of Herr Emil Sauer takes place on November 6 at the Palmengarten.

The Petri-Quartett (Herren Petri, Warwas, Spitzner, and Wille) will give a concert at the Palmengarten on November 8.

Luise Ottermann, in conjunction with Doris Walde, gives a song and duet recital in the Vereinshaus on November 13.

Tickets for all the above concerts may be obtained from F. Ries and Ad. Brauer.

In the first "Abonnementskonzert" of the Royal Conservatory on Friday, November 12, at 7.30 p.m. in the Vereinshaus, Herr Wernow (piano) will render Brahms' pianoforte Concerto in B, and Fräulein Schott Beethoven's Concerto aria "Ah Perfido!" Tickets may be obtained at the Königl. Conservatory, Landhaus Strasse 11, II.

Tomorrow (Wednesday) Miss Watson will begin a course of sixteen lessons on Greek Art which will be given twice in the week, on Wednesdays at 11.30 a.m. in her rooms at Gutzkow Strasse 33, II, and on Fridays, from 10-11 a.m., in the Albertinum (sculpture Gallery) The Wednesday morning lectures, which are illustrated by photographs, prepare for the Gallery lecture, in as much as the history and conditions of the classic land and its civilisation are dwelt upon at greater length than would be possible in an hour's lecture in the gallery, where entire attention is devoted to the study and analysis of originals and fine casts of the masterpieces. Since the history, art, and literature of a country go hand in hand, an effort is made to follow the development of the one under the influence of the others.

WEATHER FORECAST FOR TODAY of the Royal Saxon Meteorological Institute. Mild south-westerly winds, fine, cool, dry.

136. y.—One n Ville- y while ere in- occurred life, the is much empathy. eum of explosion many's en the e dead. al III., flights, Wesel. twenty l. ar- ncuvr- om 200 d about metres, vessels ed suc- ck fog a large of the a flight in com- o were so he or and ospital slight utually 'clock. y been royers nown. night, egara. dos is ed in there ut the iday's royers battle- ospital in Sa- muti- n and neers, led, Four, but loyal uring muti- ed by placed lamis Some aldos y bet t has royer filled, ed in ritish thens some he could their are by who done l ext in-com- mal-oint- f the King, ls in ders any tudeoyal n in

THE LATEST THING IN DREAMS!

(FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.)

I hardly know if dreams come within the scope of newspaper correspondence, but the personally-conducted tour on which I was taken by Morpheus—I think that is what they call him—in the "wee sma" of a recent morning was so remarkable that I propose to place it on historical record. Need I add that the dream was connected with flying-machines? Subject to correction from those readers who find congenial recreation in the study of dreams, I believe that I am the first child of civilisation to have a really coherent and consequential dream played out in the expanse of our new kingdom. Somebody was bound to have a dream about it sooner or later, and I find room for self-congratulation in being one of the first in the field. The dream commenced in the usual arbitrary and haphazard way of such things, and gradually slid into wonderful lucidity.

The fact that I have recently changed my brand of mineral water may have started the little leak in the wall of commonplace routine which divides sleep from consciousness, and thus opened a way for the broad stream of somnolent romance to rush through. I recollect that, first of all, I was in the company of Charles the First, who was in charge of a regiment of boy scouts. On the way to some destination which we never reached, we met Mr. Parnell, the Irish agitator and, in return for the information which he gave us, we rewarded him with twopence. This is all quite clear and straightforward, because I had been reading about the unholy influence of the Stuarts in Ireland and have also been interested in the proposal to form a regiment of boy scouts, "garçons éclaireurs," in France. As for the twopence, it probably represented the shortage in the change given to me by a too-enterprising waiter on the previous evening.

Charles the First, however, along with Mr. Parnell and the juvenile warriors, suddenly faded into the land of shadows, and I found myself in the Euston Road, London, with a well-packed week-end bag in my hand looking about for a method to reach the elevated platform, high above the site of the old railway-terminus. From there, quite naturally, I knew that I could take the aerial express for Paris. I followed a small line of people who had the appearance of voyagers and entered a sloping tunnel, the floor of which was in rapid upward motion. It was comical to a new-comer to see the little jump with which people sprang from the roadway on to the moving floor. It seemed like a new kind of game of the "follow my leader" type. There was one stout, old lady who gathered up her skirts and performed an extra long jump with all the solemnity of an elephant doing constitutional exercises. The luggage was simply dropped on to the floor of an adjoining tunnel and taken rapidly aloft. We were whirled swiftly up to the landing-stage. Our tickets were delivered to us by an automatic machine at the head of the tunnel. Under the eye of a neatly-clothed official, we

Wrote our Names, addresses, and professions in the order of our ticket numbers in a huge register close to the automatic machine, and then passed on to the aerial stage. It was a brilliant autumn day and I can still smell the cold freshness of the air. We were at a height of about 400 feet, with the vast panorama of London stretching away on all sides. Over Harrow, Hendon, and Highgate the morning mists still hung but, south to the Channel, the sky was clear and the blue, undulating line of the Surrey hills was crowded with new townships. The huge white ball on the next southern landing stage was just visible. It must have been somewhere near Croydon. There were quite a number of flying-craft speeding to and fro above the stretch of roof-tops. Some, covered with broad lettering, were obviously carriers of merchandise, others quite evidently aero-cabs or private "machines de luxe," and others, small official-looking craft, parading solemnly around certain limits at a dignified pace, were clearly police boats. Most of these craft were aerostats, with the gas-chambers sheathed in metal, and I saw few aeroplanes. Evidently aeroplanes were not yet commercially practicable. Far below on the roof of a hotel was a white horizontal sign, bearing the legend "Garage for Aerocraft."

The Euston stage had several platforms for arrival and departure and, as the estate-agents say, "all the usual offices." I was fascinated by the advertisements, and particularly by the image of a small, twinkling figure dancing about on an illuminated glass screen. The figure was supposed to be a passenger on one of the "main line" aerostats. He started his voyage with excellent pomp and good humour, but became suddenly afflicted with air-sickness. After writhing about for a moment or two in what seemed to be excruciating agony, he took a tiny bottle from his pocket, extracted a pill or tabloid of some kind, swallowed it, and immediately leapt to and fro with gestures of extravagant joy. Obviously the tabloid had cured the sickness. Above the glass screen on which this little mono-drama was enacted hung a large sign bearing, like the famous banner, a strange device:

"When you travel thro' the air,
Take of OXYTABS a pair;
They will stop that inward yearning;
(One for going, one returning!)"

Somehow I had never connected aerial flight with intestinal qualms.

I had a slight sensation of disappointment. The platforms were covered with advertisements, all of them striking and not a few artistic. "Nontox" was another sign which caught my eye. Evidently it was a popular beverage, with special attractions for automobilists. "It does not send you to the roadside for a snooze nor cause you to feel as if you had swallowed a balloon." Forceful, at any rate!

I heard the steady beat of a motor and an aerostat dropped down to the stage, gliding easily alongside the platform, to which it was secured with ropes, in the same manner as a ferry-boat. It swayed lightly to and fro, and heeled over to the near side as the passengers stepped on board.

The Passenger Accommodation

consisted of a huge saloon, divided in the middle by the engine space. There was but one class. A lookout was stationed in the bow and the captain occupied a glass-covered eyrie above the roof of the saloon. The saloon was fitted up in what we are accustomed to call American fashion. The ropes were cast off and we moved south again, almost without a tremor. I wondered how they had succeeded in deadening the throb of the machinery. Except for a slight pitching motion, which I saw was no friend to unstable stomachs, the vessel's progress was beautifully smooth and easy. There was hardly any sense of movement but, from the way in which other aerial objects whizzed past the windows, I saw that we were going at a tremendous speed. The hull of the vessel was rounded and the windows sloped outwards but, by standing up and craning my head downwards, I saw that we had already left the Thames far behind and were flying over the Surrey downs. We passed the Croydon landing-stage at about a mile to the east and, in a few minutes, the Channel came into sight. Along the English shore the townships were almost continuous.

I began to feel one or two slight internal qualms and wished that I had purchased Oxytaps. I endeavoured to distract my mind by reading the printed notices displayed here and there in the saloon. "Passengers are requested not to throw overboard articles of any description. Receptacles are provided for the purpose." "In order to keep the vessel evenly trimmed, passengers are requested not to over-crowd the forward or after portions of the saloon." "A gong will be sounded five minutes prior to arrival at landing-stages." Above the electric bell-pushes appeared another small notice:—"Conductor, one ring; steward, two rings; buffet, three rings." Long slim objects, rolled up in some green material and strapped above each seat, puzzled me for some time, until I caught sight of a large notice above the entrance:—"The parachutes are only to be used in case of emergency. Penalty for improper use, 25 crowns." The possibilities opened up by this last notice amused me considerably and I entertained myself with speculations as to whether one could get 25 crowns' worth of excitement from a parachute descent in open country. I rather thought that one could. Glancing out of the window, I saw that we were passing through a bank of pearly mist. The vessel was at a great height. Away behind us glittered the Channel. At this rate of progress we should soon be in Paris. I lifted my bag on to the seat beside me, and adjusted my hat and tie. It seemed that I had boarded a "through" aerostat. I wondered, idly, how they managed about Customs arrangements, or whether formalities of that sort had been abolished. Still peering out of the window,

I saw Paris loom up

in the distance. I could make out the heights of Montmartre and the church of the Sacre-Cœur, growing momentarily more distinct. We must have been travelling at something like 200 miles an hour but, except for the slow dipping motion, the vessel moved with perfect steadiness. We reached the outskirts of the huge city, but the speed did not slacken. I saw a big landing-stage to the west of us and became really alarmed, as the arrival-gong had not sounded.

An unreasonable fear, and perhaps a slight feeling of devilment, took possession of me. There were few other passengers in the saloon and they were all either reading or engrossed in conversation. I stealthily took down one of the parachutes and, slipping it from the green case, stepped through the central doorway on to the railed deck. The wind of our progress almost swept my feet from under me. There was no one looking. Carefully opening the parachute, I mounted the rail and sprang overboard. I dropped with sickening velocity. The blood surged to my

head in great waves and my ears sang unbearably. Then the parachute got to work and my pace slowed down to an agreeable drift. Glancing between my feet I saw that I was falling into the Luxembourg Gardens, and that spectators were running towards me along the different avenues. In another moment I was in the branches of a tree and, descending by easy bumps, struck the ground. The earth seemed unusually hard and, in addition, I became entangled in some soft material. The parachute was still firmly grasped in my right hand. I kicked and struggled to get my legs free, but the clinging stuff only heaped itself more thickly upon me. A great tide of realisation flowed into my mind and I ceased to struggle. I was lying on the floor of my room, entangled in the sheets and blankets, and my right hand was still clenched desperately to the bed-post. G. A. A.

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