

Ethelinda Deering Frey
Book 5, Munich (December 30, 1910) to Dresden (January 15, 1911)

[p. 1]

December 30, 1910, Friday

"Full knee-deep lies the winter snow
And the winter winds are wearily sighing."

We braved both the snow and the wind this morning to get to the Glyptothek. It was not a very long walk and we were soon there. As we have done everywhere, we have asked for an English catalogue. They did not have a regular catalogue but they lent us a slip which told practically everything.

There were rooms of Assyrian and Egyptian sculpture of all periods but one of the best things were the figures from the pediments of a temple of Aphaia in Aegina made about 480 B.C.

They have been restored most wonderfully by Thorwaldsen and now seem nearly perfect. The stiff bound lines are the characteristic style of the Greeks of [p. 2] period yet they are all in perfect symmetry and each in its proper place.

Behind on either side are two models showing how the complete pediment ran and giving an idea of how the building would have looked. They certainly did wonderful things in those days.

In another room "The Barberini Faun" or "Sleeping Satyr" found in the moat of Hadrian's tomb is attributed to be a Greek work of about 300 B.C.

The drunken Satyr is lying or rather half sitting in sleep. One hand hangs loosely over and the muscles there as well as over the whole body stand out strongly. The wildness of his life and his drunken revelries are shown plainly on his face while the whole position of the body [p. 3] represents deep slumber, every muscle being relaxed in his powerful body.

The other things were also very interesting and all of course were educational.

We spent quite a good deal of the morning here and in the afternoon we set out again to see the town but we went in to the Post Card store on the corner and then started down that street but the driving snow and wind were too much for us and we walked just in a square getting back to our door again in about fifteen minutes.

We spent the afternoon quietly and the evening we passed away by playing Bridge.

[p. 4]

December 31, 1910, Saturday

We were planning to go to the Residence this morning so went — but we didn't get in. There was a notice up that it was closed until the sixteenth of January. Isn't that provoking! But then we can't expect to see everything in one trip as we continually have to remind ourselves.

Then we paddled along Theatiner Strasse until we decided that we had better paddle in to a sho store so that we could paddle the streets.

We had on our big "Palmer" boots which were a perfect consternation to the people. They could fit Mother but they had to get boys or men's rubbers for us. Gracious but they were big. At least though they kept the wet out though they looked and felt like [p. 5] antiquated ships lost at sea.

We went down to the Rathaus to renew old acquaintances and knowing that there ought to be a concert hanging around somewhere at noon time we went in to the central court yard but we heard nothing. The inside is good looking though.

The Frauenkirche is very near to this so we went in to again renew acquaintances. It looked very much the same inside – the coffin with its black covering and black pall were alone lacking. The king rested quite as quietly in his tomb as before when we saw him.

We took the street familiar to us when we were here in the summer and which led us by the Hotel Leinfelder and on to our pension a good ways farther along on Barer Strasse.

After dinner we started out again [p. 6] going first to St. Bonivards or as it is often called the Basilica being built in the style of the Romanesque churches of the earliest period. King Ludwig I sent the architect to Rome to study and everything is carried out on the old lines. The roof of the outside portico is supported by columns of brown stone – inside there are four rows of tall marble columns highly polished and carved with representations of the Last Supper. These columns are arranged two rows on either side of the wide central isle. The roof above is the open beams which are painted gold and brown and through which one catches a view of the azure painted ceiling dotted with gold stars.

In one of the side chapels to the right is the tomb of Ludwig I. [p. 7] From there by way of Arcis and Sophien Strasses (by the Glass Palace) Lenback Platz (by the Synagoge) following Max Burg. Str. till we turned into Karmeliten St. and reached Promenade Platz from where we went into Maffei and Theatiner Strasses to our aim Maximilian Strasse.

Maximilian Strasse certainly is perfectly beautiful, in summer with warm weather and warm sunshine and in winter with snow and a bracing wind. We walked the full length, at least as far as the Iser "rolling rapidly" in spite of the big cakes of ice which were trying to block it up.

The monument was in sight and we walked over to the other bridge to look at the golden figure poised so gracefully [p. 8] between heaven and earth the gilding blended and softened by the grey sky behind. A simile of peace lifting its proud head to the low bending skies.

As we walked up Prinzregenten Strasse we turned often to look at the gilded figure for we could see it all the way up.

We went into the Prinzregenten Tea House and had our tea to make us warm once more. They by way of V.d. Tann Str. we got on to Ludwig's Strasse. We walked along facing the great arch surmounted by the lions until we came to Ludwig's Kirche.

It was just time for evening mass so we passed in with the others. All the church was dimly lighted only in the great central aisle did the [p. 9] light conquer the shadows which lurked in the side isles playing hid and seek with the great pillars.

All the seats were taken by the kneeling worshippers and the great central isle was nearly full of standing and kneeling people. It was the last day of the old year and many people were gathered together all with the feeling of worship which bound them together and all they to God the father.

"And you, if you should never see my face again,
Pray for my soul,
More good things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.
Where fore let they voice rise like a fountain for me night and day.

[p. 10] For what are men better than sheep or goats.

That nurture a blind life within the brain
That, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those that call them friend.

For so the whole wide world

Is everyway bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

We stopped only a few minutes and stole out just as the chanting began.

This was the last of our sight seeing. We took Schelling Strasse which brought us directly out on Barer Str. a little above Neue Pinakothek. We went into "Krause's" a little above the Alte Pinakothek to get some pictures. I guess they have about every picture in the [p. 11] whole gallery.

I got a print of the dear little one of the children "with the warder of St. Peter's tower, Munich" thereby making the first hole in my money that Aunt Alice gave me for Christmas.

It was only a few steps farther to our pension and it was lucky for we were all sufficiently tired unto our needs.

We got to bed late so that it was not a long matter to stay awake to watch the old year out. At twelve the bells of the Frauenkirche pealed out telling to the world that another year was slowly going and the new year was coming to take its place bringing with it new pleasures, new sorrows, new developments, new experiences, and new incidents in life.

[p. 12]

"Ring out, wild bell, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

[p. 13]

"Ring out the want, the car, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

[p. 14, Two stacks of color postcards, half of which are now detached. Top: "München. Marienplatz mit neuem Rathaus."; "München"; and, "München – Propyläen." Bottom: "München total vom Maximilianeum"; "München, Friedens-Denkmal"; and, "München – Siegestor"]

[p. 15]

January 1, 1911, Sunday

We were a divided party to-day. Katharine and Mother went to the National Museum and Helen and I went to the Alte Pinakothek. We were the first ones to get home although we came just a short time before dinner. Mother and Katharine came in a little late but radiant for they had found the Museum very interesting. They insisted

that Helen and I ought to go and go we did. We climbed into a carriage drove quickly to the Museum and started in going first to the left for they told us that the most interesting things were in that direction. And indeed they were interesting. There were some rooms all fitted out with the furniture of a certain period or a certain king. The tapestries, beds, chairs, tables and little articles [p. 16] were all in keeping.

We had very little time so we were obliged to hurry. One of the most interesting things we saw was Shiller's desk and a letter he had written to his mother.

They had little wooden models of Munich at different times and if we had had time it would have been very interesting to study them.

The ivory work was beautiful and some of it marvelously executed. There was one group representing Abraham about to kill Isaac. In one hand in hold the knife which he was about to plunge in to the victim. The other hand is uplifted and his face is turned backward and up. Above him is poised won-[p. 17]derfully gracefully the angel. It was the poising of this angel that was a wonder to us. Only one of folds of the garment touched Abraham and seemingly the whole figure was held by just this one connection.

It is useless to try to name the things we saw and anyway we were obliged to go so hurriedly that my ideas are rather dazed.

We went down some stairs in one course of our journey and were in a little room all fitted out as a chapel with a huge alter piece.

From the armory we were obliged simply to walk right through the rooms turned our heads like a machine set at fifteen power and making our feet go along for already the curtains were drawn [p. 18] and we didn't wish to be locked in. It was too bad but it means another thing to look forward to seeing another time. We had taken Katharines "Guide to Munich" gotten up by "Bruckman" (No. 97-100) and while riding back read some of the things we should have seen. On the third floor are representations from the life of Christ with little ivory figures and ivory scenery. They will be something more to see.

We stayed quite quietly until it was time for us to go out to tea. Two English ladies from Australia had asked us to go to tea at a little tea room on Promenade Platz to celebrate New Years day so Mother and Katharine and I left Helen quite alone [p. 19] and went out into the cold, cold world.

The tea was excellent and the company interesting so that we talked quite a while over our tea and then walked home slowly.

Then we started in to pack and kept it up quite steadily before and after supper so as to have both trunks and suit cases ready for the morning.

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January 2, 1911, Monday

Breakfast at half past seven this morning!

Our carriage was at the door for us at half past eight and we bid good-by to the Baron and Baroness the former most gracefully kissing Mother's hand. She had her glove on however.

The trip was a long one. From nine to seven forty five and what is more, in spite of having traveled quite a good deal I was most deathly car sick. I ought to be ashamed of myself.

Most of the way we had the compartment all to ourselves and luckily but about half past five a couple of German men filled in the other two seats. Most luckily I wasn't sick after that—or Helen either—[p. 21] We went to the Kaiser Wilhelm Hotel, had a beef steak supper and went immediately to bed.

We are in Dresden at last!

[At the bottom of the page, a sepia toned postcard: "Dresden, Hauptbahnhof"]

[p. 22]

January 3, 1911, Tuesday

When we were through breakfast which was about eleven o'clock we went to hunt up addresses. We went first to find the one given us by Miss Willard where a friend of hers stopped this summer. It was:

Frau. Paula Schörke

5 Nurnberg Platz

With the aid of our maps we found our way quite easily.

Frau Schörke can talk very good English, for she was governess to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's children for some time. It seemed like a very cosy place and after we had reflected on it during dinner we decided to go.

The first thing of next most importance was to find Cook's and ask for the mail. [p. 23] It was funny, when we asked for it to see the sort of satisfied look come over the clerk's face. When he had handed over the big bundle he looked as though he was glad to get rid of it. We weren't in the least loth to receive it.

After tea we went to our new home to get settled. Mother has a room in a pension on the same floor by next door to us. It is nice to have her so near.

The girls we were introduced to to-night looked nice. There were three Bugariens (by the way I didn't remember where Bulgaria was) Elena _____, Luba _____, and Nadegda _____, a German girl Johannes _____, and an English girl Jessie Waddell. They played music in the evening.

[p. 24, Contains the handwritten autographs of thirteen young ladies, including three Bulgarians, as well as Ethelinda's traveling companions, her sister Helen Virginia Frey and Katharine Deering.]

[p. 25]

January 4, 1911, Wednesday

Frau Schörke had said that she called the girls at six o'clock so we woke up so as to be all ready for our bath! when she called us. Just think what luxury, we can have a bath every single morning, shower and all.

But — we weren't called until nine. It was vacation and anyway we found out from the English girl that it was usually seven and not six that we were called. That isn't nearly as bad.

I had a lesson this morning beginning with "M. L."

I think Frau Schörke is going to be a very excellent teacher and she is personally very nice.

We spent the afternoon in Mother's room reading and studying. They read aloud from a German book [p. 26] this evening and we sewed.

January 5, 1911, Thursday

I had my first recitation and most unluckily it came just when the others were gone out skating. I know I shall like the German very much.

Just think! we didn't have dinner until two o'clock so that we weren't through much before half past three. Needless to say, we were hungry enough when it did come to have eaten everything in sight.

We wandered around the shops on Prage, Str. They are very fascinating.

Two English girls Nancy Cotes and Mary [blank space] came back from their vacation. Both seem very nice — Reading —

[p. 27]

January 6, 1911, Friday

To-day is Twelfth-night so there were no lessons. There is much to be seen in the line of pictures and we made the most of our opportunity by going as soon as breakfast was done.

The castle, opera house and art gallery are all near together the royal church also.

They are all buildings of the greatest importance and it is nice to see them together. The Zwinger or art gallery is a beautiful building. It was built originally as a square court yard to be the entrance to a magnificent palace. But the plans for the palace were never carried out.

The entrance room has Murillo's Madonna which, however I do not care for so very much because of the expression of the face. [p. 28] There is a large picture "The death of St. Catharine which as one studies it, becomes more beautiful. St. Catharine is lying on a couch her face pinched and white but with a peaceful look on it. Behind are her mourners their faces marked with anguish and tear stained. In front is a procession of martyrs wearing the crown and carrying the palm. It is in the face of St. Catharine and the mourners behind that one finds the beauty.

There is one picture by the stairs of St. Agnes in the place of infamy. She is kneeling her face turned upward with the sweetest trusting, innocent expression. Her hair falls all around her serving as a complete covering from all eyes.

[p. 29] Some of the other pictures in the room were good but the subjects were too horrible to look at. It made one fairly sick.

One other however was very fine. It was that of St. Francis praying for guidance as to whom he should select for pope. Through the open doorway were the red coats of the cardinals, a bright touch of color to relieve the greyness of the foreground.

In the room to the right were Ruben's pictures and also Van Dycke.

Ruben's "St. Jerone" was beautifully carried out. Not only the figure of the old man lost in admiration of the cross and what it signified but the lion was painted as fine as the most renowned of animal painters could have done it. The fur looked soft and [p. 30] yielding to the touch and the nose was so velvety it made one wish to stroke it. Then too every little minute detail was perfect. The little sprig of ivy crawling up the stone, the grass and weeds the trees in the background all were perfect to the minutest detail.

One picture facing us as we entered is a very familiar one. It was that of Ruben's two sons. They are both leaning against a pillar; the elder dressed entirely in black except for the white ruffs at his neck and wrists is standing carelessly his feet crossed and one arm throw protecting across the shoulder of his brother.

The younger boy relieves the dark tints of the picture by his blue doublet through the slashes of which appear yellow. [p. 31] His yellow bows at waist, end of his short full pantaloons, knees and on his slippers. He is quite ingrossed with a bird which he has, and does not seem to be posing for his picture at all.

There are numerous other pictures there of Rubens but we did not have time to examine them all carefully.

There was a dear little one of Van Dyck's representing a mother, all dressed in black holding a dear little child. The child had the sweetest faced, so prim and yet with a lurking look of liveliness behind it. I promptly fell in love with her. There was also one of Van Dyck's numerous pictures of the children of Charles I. One never gets tired of these little people no matter how many times one sees them.

[p. 32] We went in to the room beyond but did not stop except for a very few minutes for we wished to go to the Sistein Madonna. We retraced our way to the first room went up the steps, through the Rotunda containing tapestries the upper ones of which were taken from the Raphael's cartons. We then went down some steps and came in to another series of rooms. Naturally we looked as we went along. On one of the walls was a picture by Michelangelo da Caravaggio called "The Gambelers" which was starred for its coloring. The background was very dark while in the foreground sat the two players one on either side of a small table. The different colorings of their cloths were dull but yet showed fairly brightly [p. 33] because the background was so dark. Each had a small pile of money before him and each was wrapt in the game. One had evidently just made a good play and was looking at his opponent to see what he would do about it. The other was lost in very earnest contemplation of the cards in his hands. Behind his shoulder appeared the face of a friend who looked cross eyes or else was leering at him. He had a dark cap on and his dark mantle muffled the lower part of his face and his clothing. He evidently was giving advise.

In the next room were several large pictures of [blank space] which every time you looked at you saw something new. [p. 34] In the same room was a neud picture of

sleeping Venus by Giorgione. It is one of the most beautiful if not the most beautiful neud figures there is. It represents the Venus lying at perfect rest on a white cloth that is spread on an open field. Under her head is a raised pillow of some sort covered by a rich red cloth. All the muscles are in perfect relaxation and the line of the body starting from where the left arm shows down over the body to the left foot is said to be one of the most beautiful lines ever painted. It is believed that the background of the fields distancing to the mountains and the old castle was possibly painted by Titian and indeed the whole picture was attributed to him at first. The face of the [p. 35] sleeping Venus is sweet, tender and a mixture of human and god-like-ness. A very lovable face at any rate. There was a Venus also by Palma Vecchio but although it was good when one forgot the other picture one did not like it so well.

On the right wall in the next room were four of Corregio's. The one we looked at hurriedly knowing that they much time ahead of us was "The Holy Night." It is one of the best known pictures. The Child lies on a bed of straw enfolded by the arms of Mary who seems to be lost in the love of her baby. All the light in the picture comes from the babies face.

The woman standing by the pillar is blinded by the light and has her hand up to shade her eyes. [p. 36] The other two figures are shepherds one of them of abnormal size. In the corner of the upper part of the picture are the moving forms of the angels. Joseph is seemingly trying to lead a donkey away who was attracted by the light. The picture gives one the impression of great restlessness for almost everyone is doing something. The background representing the open hilly country is dark but beyond the farther hills is the break of morning. A piece of color arrangement which is called very excellent.

We did not stop for any more pictures but went directly to the room of the Sistien Madonna. It is all by itself set in the old alter piece of gilt. We had expected it to be wonderful but we were fairly [p. 37] taken off our feet.

The Madonna bearing the child comes forth—as the curtain is drawn back—from the midst of light, from the midst of heaven. She comes walking on the clouds her movements free and dignified. The wind and the swiftness of her motion causes her garments to blow backward. Her feet walk on the clouds but they do not sink and she pauses on the clouds which cover the earth. The Christ Child in her arms looks out at the world with big, wide open eyes. It is a perfect babies face. The eyes are serious and calm. One can imagine that he is thinking of the great task before him, that he knows the suffering and anguish he is to go through to redeems the sins of the world but that he takes [p. 38] it calmly and willingly knowing that by this act he redeems all souls.

The Madonna's face is sweet and dignified. She comes as the barer of the Savior of mankind and as such her dignity and her pride yet pride mixed with humbleness is fitting.

At the left of the picture is Saint Sextus. One hand is laid on his breast the other is making a gesture as if beseeching and calling the Virgins attention to the sufferings of the people or as if calling the attention of the people to the coming of the Virgin at his intercession to her for them. The lower part of his body and his feet are lost in the

clouds for he is not so divine as the Virgin whose feet rest on the clouds without sinking. [p. 39] His face with its grey beard is turned upward with awe and reverence. His bishop's diadem is near his side.

At the right of the picture is St. Barbarie. She, like Sextus is partially sunk in the clouds but her face is turned away from the Virgin, and her eyes are downcast. She is blinded by the light which comes from the centre of heaven. Behind her shoulder is a corner of the tower which is usually painted with her because of the legend.

The two little cherubs in the very foreground are the completion to the picture. They are the dearest of dear little beings having apparently escaped from heaven when the Virgin came forth. I couldn't help thinking of something I had [p. 40] heard before hand. One of the little cherubs says to the other "What shall we have for dinner?" The other says "Let's think." That seems to express their expressions to a perfection for they look like roguish little fellows.

In the real picture the little cherub faces in the background do not show very plainly yet they are quite distinguishable without being pronounced. Raphael is excelled by no one in his effects of spacing, depth and symmetry and this picture is his masterpiece.

Every little detail is carried out, even the shadow thrown across the Virgin feet and in the symmetry Raphael has left off the wing from one angel because it would have spoiled the proportion. Yet one is never [p. 41] conscious of the lack. One is only conscious of the coming of the sweet, dignified Virgin, bearing the Saviour of the world – straight from the depths of heaven – to you.

One more picture we hunted up and that was the Holbein's Madonna for Mother has so often thought of it that she wished to find it. It represents the Burgermaster Meyer and his family as under the protection of the Virgin. She standing clothed in a black robe, a crown on her head and her hair flowing over her shoulders, in the centre of the picture holding a little baby. On one side kneels the Burgermaster, a young boy and a small child. On the other are the three female members [p. 42] of the family.

The Virgin's robe seems to pass over the shoulders of the devotees thereby taking them under her protection. It was painted at the time when a good deal of Germany was turning Protestant and the Burgermaster was fearing for the souls of himself and his family.

The little baby which the Virgin holds is a sick looking child. There is a legend that the little Christ Child has taken the sickness from the other little child also there is another legend that the Christ Child is the well little baby and that the Virgin has taken up the little sick child. But there is no known authority for these suppositions. It is a very sweet representation, however. [p. 43] It was getting late so we left and took a car home getting there just about in time for dinner.

After dinner we all busied ourselves helping Frau Schörke get ready for tea, for she had invited the friends of the girls and her friends.

The folks came about half past four and we all had tea very sociably together after which the girls gave a repetition of a little German play they had given at

Christmas. It was very bright and well acted. Music followed that. The girls are all musical and take music.

After supper the Christmas tree was lighted and we were given crackers from it to snap. They most of them had whistles and horns and so forth [p. 44] in them but I was fortunate enough to get a little harmonica which really could make a few sounds.

Then we blew the candles out and set to work. This is the fourth Christmas tree we have seen lighted. One at the school, one at the Hotel, one in Munich and this one here.

We took off all the ornaments and fruit, knick-knack and everything we could lay hands on—and that was a pretty good deal for the tree was heavily loaded with candy cookies, apples, oranges etc. — but no pop corn.

The Heer Schörke took the axe and chopped the limbs off one by one giving them to us to take the tinsel from. The tinsel that they used is very [p. 45] pretty. It is long pieces which hang down. It is not the fat ropes which we use but thin little pieces.

When the limbs were all cut off and carried away we moved the chairs back, and joining hands danced around the bare stalk singing "Tannenbound."

So our first twelfth night was celebrated and we saw how nice a German holiday was.

[p. 46]

They say in the heavenly mansions
That beauty will show us her best;
Her rarest Madonnas and cherubs
And Angels we've dreamed of as blest.
And while they are telling the story,
I wonder if she will forget
To come for our lovely Madonna,
The one that her Raphael set
On the clouds to await her fair coming,
With Cherubs to open the way,
And saints that eternally worship
The light of the heavenly day.

"If this be thy mission, San Sisto,
O Queen of the art of this world,
May I in that heavenly mansion,
Again see thy beauty unfurled!"

Elizabeth Porter Gould

[In between pages 46 and 47, five tipped in pages with colored art postcards, some labeled with handwritten inscriptions: Raphael's "Madonna" (unlabeled); detail of the Madonna by Raphael (unlabeled); detail of the cherubs from Raphael's "Madonna" (unlabeled); "Der Falschspiele" — Michelangelo da Carravaggio"; "Die Madonna des

Bürgermeisters Meyer / Nach Hans Holbein, Dresden"; "Coreggio's "Holy Night" (now missing); "Van Dyck, "The Children of Charles I"; "Ruben's Two Sons"; "Marie mit dem Kinde / Dresden, Murillo"; and, sepia toned "Ruben's 'Saint Agnes'""]

[p. 47]

January 7, 1911, Saturday

To-day was Frau Schörke's birthday so we didn't have any lesson and afterward we learned that she doesn't have lessons on Saturday anyway.

We went down to the Post Platz for Mother to try and cash a money order. We did have a time of it. We didn't know where to go and couldn't make ourselves understood when we did get there. Finally we found that we couldn't get the money until something else came from America.

We had wasted a good deal of time. At length we got out of the building and tried to take a different street which would bring us on to Prager Strasse. We got a little muddles so Helen went up to a policeman and said "Wo ist Pr-r-r-r-ager Str-r-r-r-asse?" [p. 48] The policeman replied "Keep right straight ahead. You speak very good German." Helen had made such a valiant attempt to speak German with rolling her "r"s and then the policeman had replied in English!

We wasted practically the whole morning just by doing this and going by the shops on Prager Str. took up quite a while also. We three went with Frau Schörke and the other girls to the Central Theatre to a little fairy play called the "Christkind." It was the dearest little thing.

The first scene opened with little children dancing around a huge snow man in the centre of the stage. But soon they got tired of their play and got talking together of how they wished they could see [p. 49] the Christkind.

The girl who seemed to be the eldest and the leader proposed that they ask the snow man. So they go to him and earnestly ask him where to find the Christkind. To their freight he really speaks to them and says that he doesn't know where the Christkind is, but to ask the queen of the fairies. He disappears through the ground and the queen of fairies springs from the ground while her attendant fairies appear from the woods on either side.

They dance a pretty dance then the girl put her question to the queen but the queen doesn't know and tells her to go to the king of the elves.

She and her fairies disappear leaving the children quite dazed. They wonder how they can find [p. 50] the king of the elves and as they pick up sticks to put in their baskets they talk together. At length as if by some impelling force they look up and there stands the king of the elves who has come walking out from the rocks. They are a little bit frightened at first but the eldest girl speaks out and puts the all important question.

The elfe king claps his hands and the rocks split open showing within a cave in which are grouped at work many little brown clad elves. They all come out and dance around the children, singing.

The Elfe king tells the child to go to Father Petros who keeps the door to heaven and paradise. [p. 51] But the child says, how shall she get there. The king tells her to turn and there coming into sight is an airship. The child climbs in and it starts off leaving the other children gazing after her.

The next scene she comes in to sight in her air ship. She is among the clouds and gradually as she apparently goes higher to the top of a mountain recedes. Suddenly it becomes quite dark and it begins to thunder and lighten. Her air ship sways by the force of the storm. The storm king and his friends rush toward her to seize her. They spring up toward her and for some minutes during which lightening is vivid and the thunder loud, they make frantic attempts to seize her [p. 52] It is in vain and suddenly the storm begins to lessen and the king and his friends disappear through a grey mist which seems to surround them everywhere.

The king of the fog has conquered them and now appears in his grey clothing. He is a jolly old king and listens to the girls wish to find the Chriskind. He makes a sign and there appear dancers all dressed in grey and with soft grey scarfs. They did a scarf dance that reminded me a little of the stuff we had to learn at Territet only they did it much as it should be done and the result was very pretty.

He sends the child onward with good wishes for her safe journey. [p. 53] The next scene represents Paradise. The music to this scene is very pretty.

Father Petros is asleep in a chair in front of the gate over which is written Paradise. A newspaper is laid loosely across his lap. As he lies thus a little opening appears in the clouds which form the wall around Paradise and a little face appears. The child calls out "Father Petros, Father Petros" in a musical childish voice.

The old man starts from his sleep and looks all around him to see who calls. Finally he gets up from his chair, his great keys clinking from where they hang at his belt and toes to search among the clouds.

[p. 54] The child has left the opening and has stolen out from behind the gate. She was the dearest little thing imaginable. Surely not more than ten years old if she was that much. She was dressed in blue with gauzy wings.

Father Petros turned and saw the saucy little angel who had stolen out of Paradise and promptly gave chase to drive her back in. She ran laughing just beyond his reach and then when she stood still and let him scold her she would watch him out of the corner of her eye and when ever he made any attempt to touch her she would dodge just beyond his reach and run away laughing.

In one of her races she came [p. 55] to where she could look down on to the sky and the earth and she evidently saw something coming for she called to Father Petros and he also gazed away. She returned in to Paradise and came back with a telescope which Father Petros took to look through. Evidently he was quite excited and didn't know just what to do. In a few minutes it became apparent what he was consternated about for the air ship came in to sight.

The little girl explained her predicament but Father Petros didn't seem to feel that it was right that she should see the Christmas Child.

The little angel pleaded and the girl pleaded but Father Petros said he must think. Then the girl asked if she might [p. 56] look in to Paradise and she had a hard time getting consent. At last however Father Petros unlocked the door and pushed it a little ajar so that she might see in a little and hear the music.

The child gazed in awe for a while till all at once the little scamp of an angel rushed with both arms outspread and flung the door wide open. Out came pouring a whole throng of little angels all dressed in blue with gauzy wings. They were the dearest little things. Father Petros was in despair for he was supposed to keep the little angels locked in Paradise.

Try as he would he could not get them in. They danced all around him but were [p. 57] quite set on staying outside. They brought forward his big arm chair, made him sit down in it and then all begged him to help the girl get to the Chriskind. He could not very well hold out against their pleading and so he gave his consent.

Santa Clause now appeared on the scene and said that he would take the girl to the Chriskind so they both got in to the air ship and started away; the angels all waving good by. Then Father Petros chased the angels in and was about to lock the gate when he turned and saw one little angel standing all alone. The child surly wasn't more than six or seven.

He lumbered across to her picked her up and put her [p. 58] under his arm, spanking her with his great key which was nearly as big as she was and shoved her through the crack of the door. Then he locked it, placed his chair before it and went to sleep once more.

The next scene was the great hall where the Chriskind was. She sat on a throne with one or two little angels near her, the little girl who had gone so far to find her, beside her and at her feet a queer sort of clown. He was dressed like our circus clowns only in green and yellow.

In front of the throne were all sorts of toys, tin soldiers, french dolls, horribles to represent nut crackers, and every variety of these things imaginable. Each one in turn came forward and did a special fancy figure until the clown shoved [p. 59] them away.

He was just like one of these paper things that you can pull a string from behind and the arms and legs will double up. He did it splendidly. I don't see how he could be so limber. When the other toys were off the stage, in came running from both sides nurse maids wheeling little babies. They did look so cunning! The nurses also did a fancy figure with the carriages. Then they went out only to return with huge bottles set in a box in which was milk.

The nurses had no sooner set the boxes down than each child got out of her carriage, toddles off to the bottles seized the nipples and the milk disappeared like magic.

The children toddled back to their carriages, and the nurses came and took [p. 60] them away.

Then the Chriskind came down from her throne and got in to the air ship with the girl and they started off.

The last scene was the same setting only in winter. The children came on to the stage and with them the father and mother of their comrade.

They pointed this out as the spot where the child had left them to go off in the balloon. The sad and weeping parents searched in vain for any trace of their lost child and the church bells began to toll for her mysterious death, apparently.

In the midst of this sadness there came a cry from the children and there, coming in to sight was the air ship with the girl and the Christkind.

[p. 61] The sadness was changed in to joy and the curtain went down on happiness all around.

It was all a cute, merry, bright little play and the angels you felt like hugging on the spot. All of the actors and actresses were children and Frau Schörke said many of them came from good families in Dresden. Frau Schörke went out this evening so we wrote and enjoyed ourselves generally.

[p. 62]

January 8, 1911, Sunday

We went to the American church which is very near here, this morning.

We looked hard to see if there was anybody that we knew but we failed to find any acquaintances. The service was good and the sermon very excellent but oh I long for the time when we shall hear a service not an Episcopal one and a good plain straight forward talk.

In the afternoon we went for a walk with Frau Göldner in the Grosser Garten. It is simply huge. One could walk for hours and even then not have been all over it. It must be perfectly beautiful in summer with flowering green trees, green grass and the ponds. We got home about four and spent the afternoon and evening writing.

[p. 63]

January 9, 1911, Monday

We had lessons this morning, both French and German. I like Frau Schörke ever so much for a teacher but Mademoiselle I think is going to be quite strict. I studied all afternoon.

To-night we went to our first opera here. It was "Freischütz," the music being by Karl Weber.

The story goes thus:

Max a hunter is in love with Agathe the daughter of Cuno, head forest ranger.

But his fate depends on a shooting match to be held on the morrow and for which Agathe is the prize.

The first scene opens in the green before the tavern. Max is sitting at a table at one side drinking and in a downcast mood. All day in his shooting he has been most [p. 64] unlucky and the pheasants are mocking him showing him the target and taunting him. The chorus of the pheasant men and womens voices was very excellent.

Casper, the comarade of Max, a gloomy fellow who is in league with the devil tells him that he knows how to forge bullets which will hit that at which they are aimed.

Max resists temptation knowing that this can not be done by fair means, but Casper from drugs which he pours in to Maxes beer glass get Max intoxicated.

Then he calls the aid of the devil who appears at the back of the stage and at whose appearance the clouds pass over the sun throwing a [p. 65] slight shadow on all.

As he passes out of sight again the sun shines forth in all its brightness.

Max drunk by the false drugs which Casper has put in to his glass and mad with despair for fear that he might not succeed on the morrow is not wholly gained over, but he is wielding to the vices of Casper who hopes to free his own spirit from the devil by the substitution of that of Max.

He hands Max his gun and tells him to shoot. Max takes it and without aiming specially, fires.

A loud cawing is hear and down tumbles a huge eagle of a rare species.

Max is quite astounded and is altogether won over to Caspers [p. 66] proposition.

They part with a mutual agreement to met at midnight at the Wolf's Den where the bullets are to forged.

The second scene is in the sitting room of Agathe who is seated sewing on her bridal gown. She also is a little downcast and fears, she knows not what. Her cousin Aennchen, however, is quite the opposite and tries in every way to cheer her up. She weaves a wreath for the bride from some roses which the hermet had given Agathe but this does not cheer her in the least for she remembers the warning of forecoming evil which the hermet had given to her.

The appearance of her lover, however does a great deal to quiet [p. 67] her fears but they are renewed two-fold when she learns that he must go the Wolf Den to fetch the dead carcass of a deer which he said he had slain.

They bid each other good-night each with forebodings of ill to come.

The next scene represents the Wolfs Den. All is dark except the water fall which falls with an unearthly sound and shines with an unearthly glimmer. As our eyes got used to the darkness we could distinguish the form of Casper who was going through certain performances.

At length he held his scull up and blinking the eyes called on the evil one. Three times he did this and at the third time there rose a smoke and up through a rocky cave near [p. 68] the waterfall rose the form of Zamiel as he was called.

Casper begged that he might be allowed to forge the bullets which should hit the target.

Zamiel agreed to his forging six of the bullets which should hit the mark the victim of the seventh he reserved for himself.

He then disappears and a small brasier with lighted coals and a flask rises out of the earth.

He drinks from the flask and blows the coals in the brasier meanwhile getting impatient for the coming of Max.

Max appears on the cliffs at the opposite side of the stream. But he is terrified by the wierdness of the time and place. The moon is obscure, the water fall has lost its

glimmer, an owl hoots, thunder and lightening [p. 69] come from the clouds and he sees ghostly forms flitting about.

Casper calls to him to come but Max sees the form of his mother appear on a high rock as if to warn him not to proceed farther. Casper calls to Zamiel for help and the figure of Max's mother is replaced by that of Agathe who appears on the cliff a wreath of white roses on her head. She seems distracted and looks as though about to throw herself over the cliff.

Max gains courage through his desperation and strides across the beam spanning the stream. He drinks from the flask Casper offers to him but declares that Casper must forge the bullets. Casper tells him to stand still and have courage no matter what he may see or hear. [p. 70] He then begins his work taking the necessary materials from his pouch.

As he commences the moon becomes totally obscured and as he calls out "One!" the echo repeats One! Wild birds fly around him. Two! Echo, Two! A wild boar with fiery eyes rushes from the woods across the scene.

Three! Echo, Three! A hurricane creaks and bends the trees, the beam over the torrent falls and the waterfall glimmers with a ghastly light.

Four! Echo, Four! The sound of cracking whips and rolling wheels are heard and four wheels of fire dart across the stage.

Five! Echo, Five! A shadowy chase pursuing a stag passes through the air with cracking [p. 71] of whips and discordant cries.

Casper, Six! — Oh horror! — Echo, Six! — Oh horror! The sky is suddenly dark, meteors dart through the air and rocks and trees are torn up while fire comes from the earth.

Casper falling on the earth calls to Zamiel and says Seven! Echo, Seven, seven!

Zamiel coming in a cloud of red smoke from the earth, "I am here!" Max and Casper fall on the earth writhing and so the curtain goes down.

The next scene is in Agathe's house. She comes in to the room dressed in her bridal gown and goes to her little altar to pray before her bridesmaids come in.

She has dreamed all night of evil to come on the morrow and is very downcast. [p. 72] Her bridesmaids come in to crown her with the wreath of myrtle but when they go to take it from the box it is a wreath of white roses the sign of death.

They place her in a chair take a staff to which are attached different colored bands and dance around her singing. The music of this part is very pretty.

Then they go out with her and conduct her to the match.

The last scene represents the open green before the tavern. At a table on a raised platform sit Prince Ottocar his knights, Kuno and Max.

The prince gets tired of the feasting and orders the match to begin. He wishes the bride to be present however but Kuno begs that she be excused since her [p. 73] presence might disturb Max's aim. So it is and Max stands forth to give proof of his skill.

He is commanded to shoot a white dove but at that moment Agathe appears crying out that she is the white dove. Max does not hear but takes aim and fires.

Agathe staggers and her bridesmaids run to her thinking her shot.

Max is in despair but all is well for the holy hermet had drawn her aside and she only had fainted from fright. The seventh bullet however has claimed its victim and Casper is breathing his last breaths.

Zamiel comes up through the earth but appears to Casper only who sees that all his scemes are ruined and that his soul [p. 74] will now pay for its wickedness. Even with his last breaths he calls out to Zamiel, thereby shocking and terrifying his listeners.

The prince demands and explanation of Max who confesses his sin in wielding to temptation. The prince tells him to leave his country forever but Max, Agathe, and all the peasants beg for his pardon.

Not until the hermet speaks does the prince show signs of relenting. He turns the judgment over to the hermet who says that man sins once in his life and if for the following year Max lives without sin then shall all be forgiven to him and he may marry Agathe.

The curtain goes down all [p. 75] singing their thanks to God who had manefested himself so mercifully through the hermet.

This play didn't come up to our "Tannehäuser" in Munich and we were a little disappointed but Mother warned us that we had one of our best first so that the others mightent seem so wonderful at first.

Ottile Schott played Agathe and though her voice was very good, she was stiff in her movements. Minnie Nast was the cousin and she was just as good as one could possibly wish for.

Julius Puttlitz took the part of Casper and Fritz Soot that of Max.

These are not considered the prima donnas by any means so we must not judge by first appearances.

[At the bottom of the page, glued over the final paragraphs, a sepia toned postcard, "Dresden, Kgl. Opernhaus (Semper 1871-1878)"]

[p. 76]

January 10, 1911, Tuesday

We had a lecture on art to-day in place of our German lesson but we had our French lesson just the same. This afternoon we went down to Cooks for mail then we went on down Prager Strasse for me to buy a pair of white gloves.

Coming back we passed a big store and what did we spy but marsh mellowes!

We hustled in quicker than scat and invested in a pound. Just think! they cost seventy five cents a pound!!!!

We had quite a time when we got home for Katharine had received a most mysterious bundle which we wished to open and then there were the marsh mellowes to toast over Mother's lamp.

Ruth had sent the two girls each a dear little croched bedroom [p. 77] jacket as the bundle revealed itself.

We had a fine time with our marsh-mellows and took some in to the tea table and had a lamp brought in by which we toasted them and passed them around.

Then we had to hustle to get ready for "Hoffman's Erzäkunger." The first scene of this play opens in the wine room of an old tavern. Hoffman and his companion Niklaus are seated drinking with their companions. Hoffman is downcast and his friends inquire in to his troubles. He then promises to relate to them his tree love adventures and the curtain goes down as they are seated around a bowl of fiery punch.

The next scene is in a big room in the house of Spalanzani a physiologist to whom Hoffman has come as a student his [p. 78] real motive being that has seen at a distance the daughter of Spalanzani and has fallen in love with her.

This daughter, Olympia, is really nothing more than an automatum which Spalanzani and his confederate Coppelins have manufactured.

Spalanzani thinks he can make a lot of money with her and so buys Coppelins share of her giving him a draft on a Jew whome he knows to be bankrupt.

He is giving a ball for Olympia at which he means to fool Hoffman. To accomplish this purpose Coppelin advised Hoffman to put on a pair of [p. 79] spectacles which make the doll look quite like a real doll.

Hoffman not suspecting anything takes the spectacles and puts them on so that when Olympia appears he things her a human being and falls in love with her.

He is quite enchanted for she is made to sing and walk about.

When they are left alone together he declares his love and is not discouraged by her "Yah, Yah." When it comes time for the dance he offers himself as her partner. For a while the dance goes well but before long Hoffman gets quite dizzy and falls down thereby breaking his glasses.

Olympia keeps right on dancing however for something [p. 80] has gone wrong with her machenerie and she can not be stopped.

Suddenly she stops and falls in to the arms of the butler who carries her out.

Coppelins comes rushing in at this point. He has discovered the falsity of the draft and hurrying to the room in which Olympia was carried breaks her to pieces as one can tell by the sound of breaking wood. Spalanzani is quite heartbroken and as to Hoffman he is made fun of by the assembled guests. So ended his first love affair.

The second scene is laid in Venice at the palace of Guilietta. The music here is very alluring bewitching and altogether pretty.

Hoffman is in love with [p. 81] Guilietta but he has a rival in Schlemihl.

Gulietta is entirely under the spell of Dapertutto, Hoffman's evil genius, who is a wizard.

He excites her pride by saying that Hoffman has spoken disparagingly of her so she decides to flirt with him so that he will fall in love with her.

There is a love scene which follows and when she feels that she has fascinated him enough for her purpose she leaves him with a few words which arouse his bitter jealousy against Schlemihl.

He meets his rival and chalanges him to a duel, Dapertutto offering his sword to Hoffman.

Hoffman kills his rival but as he stands over the [p. 82] dead body Guilietta passes in her gondolier before the loggia where he stands. Dapertutto is with her and she sings a mocking farwell to her deserted lover.

The third scene the house of Ruth Krespel whose beautiful daughter Antonia has inherited her mother's voice and also her mothers tendency to consumption. She is forbidden to sing for her father knows it would be fatal. She is engaged to be married to Hoffman but her father sees in this union a danger for her health for Hoffman is a musical man and encourages her to sing.

Krespel has forbidden his old servant to admit anyone while he is away but the servant who is a little deaf does not understand Krespel [p. 81] and so joyously admits Hoffman.

Antonia sings for her lover but when they hear Krespel returning she goes back to her own room but Hoffman hides in an anteroom determined to find out why Antonia is guarded over so carefully.

Soon after Krespel enters Dr. Mirakel who is a demon and has acted in the other two love cases as Hoffman's evil genius, comes in also. Krespel is afraid of this Dr. whom he thinks killed his wife by his drugs and now wishes to kill his daughter.

The following scene is ghastly for Krespel no sooner drives Dr. Mirakel from the room by the door than he steps out from behind the cupboard or rises directly up through [p. 82] the floor.

He is dressed all in black with bottles tied on his fingers and these he rattles while making his arms move in the most frightful manner.

Hoffman learns of Antonia's illness from their talk and as soon as the two men have left and she comes back again he persuades her to promise not to sing any more.

She then is seated all alone when Dr. Mirakel appears through the floor near her piano. He goads her to sing saying that the medicine in his bottles – which he rattles – will cure her. She endeavours not to and her mother speaks to her from the picture on the wall warning her not to sing but it is no use for [p. 83] the demon's will is too strong and she sings until she falls into her chair exhausted.

Dr. Mirakel his purpose accomplished disappears through the floor as her father and lover rush in. They have arrived only in time to hear her last sweet words of farewell as she dies in their arms.

The last scene is back in the wine room of the tavern where Hoffman and his comrades are still sitting around the dish of punch. They thank their poor heart-broken comrade for his three stories with cheers and so the curtain goes down for the last time.

The part of Hoffman was taken by Johannes Sembach a tenor [p. 84] singer who once had a very fine voice but who strained it too much and who had lost quite a little of it.

His comrade Niklaus was played by Frau Bender=Schäfer whose soprano voice blended very finely with the men's voices. She was dressed as a man, of course.

Olympia was played by Marie Helderfer, Guilietta by Margarethe Siems and Antonia who was awfully sweet was played by Minnie Nast.

The vilian [sic] or Hoffman's evil genius in all three cases was played by Friederich Plaschke whose base voice was perfectly superbe.

[p. 85]

January 11, 1911, Wednesday

We had French and German lessons to-day and we had a scramble to prepare them on account of our disappation last night.

Katharine and I stayed in all the afternoon and about tea time she went to bed not feeling well.

Frau Schörke was out this evening so Helen and I stayed over to Mother's for a while.

January 12, 1911, Thursday

French came at nine o'clock and I had German at eleven thirty.

I stayed in all the afternoon studying for we have a French translation for tomorrow and I find it very hard.

I have had no translation work at all in any language except a wee bit of Latin so my first work is very difficult.

To-night we went to Wagner's [p. 86] [two indecipherable words written in German script, "Flying Dutchman"]. We sat for the first time in the parquet and as there were no large people in front of us we could see very well.

The first scene represented a rocky harbor, high cliffs on either side and the waves rolling in at their base.

A ship, driven by the storm comes to seek shelter here. The sailors make all fast and then go down below to get some much needed rest. They are tired from their struggle with the sea which has battered the ship up a good deal and they are disappointed at not being able to get back home which is within a few miles from this small harbor.

Only the steersman was left to guard the boat. [p. 87] Alone for a while he sang to himself but gradually his sleep overcame him and he slept with the rest. A ship with blood red sails came at a terrific rate around a cliff, came to a standstill and from it climbed a man dressed in a black short underkilt low, round and open at the neck, a black over mantel and a black hat covering his long black hair. His beard was full and black and his eyebrows were black also.

From his song one learns his history. He is the "Flying Dutchman" doomed to rove the seas in his phantom ship with his pirate crew. Every seven years he is allowed to come on shore to search for someone who will love him faithfully for by faithful love only can he be redeemed from his endless wander-[p. 88]ings.

Often he has saught death in treacherous whirlpools, often he has plunged himself in to the sea but all in vain there is no death for him. So this is one of his periods when he is allowed after seven years to come on earth to seek for constant love.

He leans against a rock brooding when Deland, the captain of the other ship, comes up from the cabin to note the weather. He sees the strange craft anchored near his own and wakes the sleeping steersman.

The steersman seized the speaking tube and calls out to the ship. There is a long pause during which there is not seen a sign of life on the ship. Again the steersman calls and again the long prolonged echoes [p. 89] are his only response.

Still once more he calls but the captain seeing the Dutchman stops him from continuing it further. He calls out to the Dutchman who, during all this time has been standing motionless apparently lost in melencholy.

There is a wierd pause the only sound to be heard the beating of the waves against the rocks and the whistling of the wind through the rigging of the ships.

At length the Dutchman answers giving no definite answer however as to his home and port only asking for harbor here.

Deland coming ashore gladly is willing to allow him to share the small anchorage saying that sailors help each other. He is mystified by the Dutchman [p. 90] saying that no harm has come to his ship from this storm or any other that has raged about it as he has traveled in all climes and to all countries.

He offers to give to Deland all the treasure his ship contains if in return he will give to him the shelter of his home.

This Deland willingly offers but then asks to see the goods which his vessel contains.

At a sign from the Dutchman two of the black dressed, strange men bring a chest ashore which the Dutchman opens for Deland to see.

Deland is fairly taken aback for in the chest are precious stones such as he never set eyes on.

Gladly he offers to the strange man the shelter of his home in [p. 91] return for these treasures.

He Dutchman's joy is unbound when he learns that Deland has a daughter and he offers all his treasures in return for the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Deland is quite as joyfull to think of getting so rich a son-in-law and agrees to the bargain.

The duet between the two, each one happy, is perfectly beautiful for Plaschke's voice is so strong and full and deep.

The weather has cleared off and so Deland makes his ship ready and sails off, the Dutchman promising to follow his at once.

The curtain goes down as Deland and his crew sail away and the Dutchman goes on board his own ship.

The next scene represents a large [p. 92] room in Deland's house. The walls are nearly bare so that a large picture of a man dressed all in black and with a black beard and heavy eyebrows setting off his pale face is very noticable. One recognizes it at once as that of the Flying Dutchman.

In the room is seated Mary the old nurse and housekeeper of Senta, Deland's daughter. Around her are grouped the maids all seated and busily spinning at the same time, singing.

Senta herself is seated in an armchair her spinning wheel idle before her and gazing at the picture of the "Flying Dutchman" [written in German script].

The spinning song is very pretty it so light and airy and the spinning wheels keep time to it. [p. 93] The maids sing but Senta is absolutely lost to all around her. Mary scolds her for her idleness and tells her to stop dreaming over a painted face but all to no end for Senta's compassion has been roused for the fate of the Dutchman and she longs to do something for him. In this state of mind her spinners and their song annoy her so she tells them to put their wheels by and listen to Mary who knows the legend of the Flying Dutchman. Mary refuses to relate the tale so Senta says she will do her best to tell it.

When Ostend who plays Senta opened her mouth and sang we were all swept away. I never expected to hear such singing in all my life and it doesn't seem as though there can be another like her for as her [p. 94] voice soared with clearness, fullness and strength she just carried on along with her.

It was gloriously wonderful. The maids grouped around her listen to her story with interest. As she goes along she gets more and more excited until she sinks back in her chair her eyes fixed again on the picture. She startled Mary and all the maids by suddenly crying out that she will redeem him with her love and faithfulness even if she die for him.

Erik, her lover is standing outside the door and hears her cry as he enters.

He is nearly heart broken and his joyful news he announces gloomily. It is that her father has arrived.

This awakes everyone, even [p. 95] Senta who is quite joyful at the news. Mary is consternated and drives the maids out of the room to prepare food and make the house ready for the master's home coming.

Senta is about to leave when Erik holds her back to plead his love once more and begs her to plead to her father in his favor. Senta will give no definite answer nor can she rid Erik of his jealousy for her dreams of the Flying Dutchman.

She tries to arouse the pity she feels for him in Erik's heart but the more she speaks of him the more desperate Erik gets and as she at length sinks in to her chair he comes close to her to tell her of a dream he has had. Senta seems to go in to kind of a trance and to be dreaming [p. 96] the dream herself.

Erik represents to her a rocky coast with a strange ship anchored at rest. On the shore stood two men one was Deland the other the Dutchman. He saw Senta come from the house to greet her father but on seeing the stranger she fell at his feet. He raised her and held her in his arms – and then she sailed away with him. Senta rouses in the wildest ecstasy and cries out that she will be his forever.

Erik in horror rushes from the room

Alfred von Barry who played the role of Erik is about totally blind and knowing this we watched to see a faltering on his part, but there was not the slightest which shows how [p. 97] well he knew the stage.

Senta stand lost in thought dreamily regarding the picture when the door bursts open and in comes the Flying Dutchman and Deland. Senta gives a cry and then stands spell bound looking at the Dutchman who is returns fixes her with a steadfast gaze also without either speaking a word.

Deland is taken aback that Senta does not greet him and approaches her but without taking her eyes from the face of the Dutchman she breaths a blessing for his safe return and then in the next breath asks who the stranger is.

Deland makes his explanation and tries to get his daughter to greet the stranger but to his perplexity she is motionless and [p. 98] speechless.

Then he tries to draw an answer from the Dutchman as to whether he like his bride but the Dutchman is quite as lost as Senta.

Deland's perplexity is too funny for anything. Finally he decides to leave the room and gradually withdraws gazing first at Senta and then at the Dutchman who are as motionless as before.

At length he gives up in despair and leaves them to get acquainted by themselves.

The following scene is beautiful with Plaschke's deep base and Ostend's clear high soprano. He asks her if she can give her constant love and can love him enough to go through all hard-ships and all trouble.

She, whose pity has changed into love swears to give her [p. 99] true devotion unto death.

Deland coming in to call them to the feast is very happy to find affairs progressing so well and the curtain goes down as they are about to leave for the feast.

The last scene represents the home harbor with the two ships anchored at rest. It is a clear night and the ship of Deland is lighted gaily by colored lanterns. The sailors on deck are making merry after their long toil on the sea. In contrast to this vessel the Dutchman's ship is dark and gloomy and a deathlike silence rests over all.

The maids from Deland's house come in their bright costumes, bringing with them food and wine for the sailors.

They see the strange boat, so silent and dark and approach it to rouse [p. 100] the sailors and give them of their food and wine.

They call and call repeatedly meanwhile the sailors mocking them but the same deathlike silence rests over all. They get a little frightened by the uncanny silence and the grim looks of the ship and finally retire in terror giving their baskets to the sailors in Deland's boat.

The sailors drink the wine thanking their neighbours who have made it possible for them to have more.

Suddenly the sea by the Dutchmans becomes very rough the sky darkens, it lightens and a blueish light burns from the mast of the phantom boat.

All around everything is as peaceful as before. It is only by [p. 101] the Dutchman's boat that the disturbance of the elements arises. The ghostly crew are now seen on deck looking more ghastly than before.

Their voices as they sing conquer over the tempest which howls around them. The crew of the "Norwegian" as Deland's boat was named endeavour to sing louder than crew of the Dutchman's boat but they are silenced by the rising storm and the frenzy of the other sailor's. They are overcome with horror and making the sign of the cross go below. At this the crew of the Dutchman give a wild laugh of scorn.

As quickly as it rose, the tempest dies down and all is as quiet as before. A thick darkness envelopes the phantom ship. [p. 102] Senta comes from her house quickly followed by Erik who has heard the news that she is plighted to a stranger.

He reproaches her for breaking her vows. Senta is taken aback for while she had loved Erik she did not think she had many any vows. She hesitates and Erik coming forward takes her in his arms pleading his cause. While they are thus the Flying Dutchman comes out of the house and he thinks she has proved unfaithful. He reproaches her and she struggles to free herself from Erik's embrace and to declare to the stranger that she is faithful.

But it is in vain. The Dutchman makes a sign to his crew to prepare the ship to sail forth. Senta cries out that for long [p. 103] before she saw his face she knew and loved him.

The Dutchman says she cannot know his name.

He says "The Flying Dutchman—I am he" and with these words he jumps on to his boat which immediately starts out.

Senta with a cry tears herself away from Erik and rushing to a high cliff calls after him: "Praise thou thine angel throned on high! Here stand I, faithful, till I die!" With that she jumps in to the sea. At the same moment the phantom ship is seen to disappear under the waves. The kneeling people see in the rising sun the forms of Senta and the Dutchman rising to heaven.

So by love she has redeemed him.

[p. 104] We went home from this opera with a perfectly satisfied feeling. We could wish for absolutely nothing better.

It came up to Tannhäuser and for the woman's singing it surpassed it.

Ostend was simply glorious and Plaschke put his whole soul into his singing.

Outside of the stage it is known generally that he and Ostend are in love with each other but it is one of the rules of the opera house that no two married singers can sing so they must remain apart.

From beginning to end we hardly drew breath lest we should lose one note from the perfect measure.

[p. 105]

January 13, 1911, Friday

I studied all the morning on French which came at half past eleven and all the afternoon I spent on preparations for my German lesson which I had after tea.

January 14, 1911, Saturday

We started out quite early in the morning going first to Cooks for the mail and then walking on down Prager Strasse to the Scholosz.

We wished to go through the Green Vault so passed through the gate guarded by two soldiers and coming in to the second inner court at the right found the entrance door in the farther left hand corner.

We paid our admission fee and then went in to an inner room to wait for a guide. We did not have long to wait and started out with only two [p. 106] other people in our party. They were Americans and women and could not understand any more German than we could. We managed with Mother's guide book, the little German we all could make out and the little English the guide knew.

The things in the Green Vault are certainly treasures not because they were on the whole beautiful because they weren't but because of the beautiful jewels employed and the amount of time and care spent on their execution. There were drinking flasks and mugs in all sorts of shapes and materials.

In one room were many many huge ostrich eggs hollowed out for flasks. [p. 107] The cabinets set in with garnets and all colored stones, the dishes of ruby glass (which are nearly priceless) and the dishes formed from amethysts and agate all were valuable.

One could not say always that they were on the whole effect so beautiful. Costly gems were set in to them but sometimes too many were employed and much simpler effect would have been more beautiful.

The crown jewels however were perfectly magnificent, rubies, diamonds, pearls, amethysts, topazes, emeralds and in fact all kinds of stones.

They were all displayed for of course there is no one to wear them. It is unfortunate that the queen ran away yet she may be more [p. 108] happy.

The jewels were a combination of quantity and quality which one is not always happy enough to possess in all things.

In another side room were queer little figures some of them cut entirely of a precious stone one having its body of a huge diamond.

They were grotesque little things but one would never call them beautiful.

One thing in a window case that we noticed was a bread plate made of ivory. It was perfectly marvelous in its fines of detail and design. The tiny lines and crumbs of bread were wonderful.

Another thing that he showed us was a clock representing an ivory tower around the [p. 109] outside of which was a spiral passage. The guide started something and a small ball starting from the top at a small door rolled down around this passage way until disappeared in a hole at the bottom. Then while a bell struck the ball went to the top and would start the process over again. The time from which it left the top to the time it got back again was supposed to be just a minute.

I timed it and although it is an old time piece yet it was quite correct.

There were other beautiful clocks too but not all of them were in running condition.

There was a small pagant scene representing a court scene in China or India. [p. 110] The guide told us that it took eight men working for eleven years to complete it. Just imagine spending so much time on something of minor importance to the world in general at least.

Some of the things represented practically a whole life time.

From the Green Vault we crossed the court yard to a door in the right corner and passing up a pair of stairs came by a low doorway in to the castle. There was a guide to take us over the rooms showed and we had the chance to see all the gorgiousness of the different drawing rooms and of the huge banqueting hall.

A large banquet was to be given that evening and [p. 111] we saw the table laid for it and the big dishes for flowers.

In a small room beyond is quite a good deal of china both Japanese and Chinese.

It was a real palace but not a barren, cold one for the sunshine streamed in through the windows and danced gaily on the rich furniture and hangings.

It was about twelve when we came out again in to the open air so we went to the schloss platz to hear the military concert.

The American ladies who had been with us told us that the king and his family sometimes came to the windows to listen so we kept a close watch of the "fensters." Sure enough the king, the crown prince and the three [p. 112] princesses all came to listen and we had a fine chance to scrutinize our first royalty.

The king had on a military uniform but he stood quite far back in the room talking vociferously with another man. The crown prince is very good looking and the three princesses with their golden curls seemed very dear.

They stayed for only about half of the concert then made a bow to the assembled people and left for lunch maybe.

When the concert was through we went to the tram halt and got on board a number 16 for the end of Reichs Strasse.

This afternoon Jessie Wardel invited us to go to Weisser Hirsch so that we, with her mother and father might spend time together.

[p. 113] We, meaning Mother and we four girls, met Mr. and Mrs. Wardel in front of the Grand Hotel and then walked down to the Hauptbahnhof to take our tram no. I. We took this tram to the end of the route then got in to a fenicula and went up to the top of the hill. We got fine view all the way, of Dresden and the Elbe.

We had a short walk passing one house that Mr. Wardel pointed out to us particularly because in the yard were all kinds of fruit trees. These trees had been trained on stiff rod forms so that they made all sorts of shapes. Mr. Wardel said that when they were in leafage and had fruit on their branches, they presented a most interesting appearance.

[p. 114] The bob or luge coarse was not a very long one but Mother considered it quite a delightful one because there was not the slightest danger.

We went down a number of times Mother and Mr. Wardel too but we could not have much more than three quarters of an hour at it for we got there late.

We stopped about five going to a small place to have tea and then taking the electric car no. XI (I think). We changed to no. 16 in front of the Schauspielhaus and soon reached home.

In the evening we had reading so we other folks sewed.

[Glued on top of the final paragraphs, a black and white postcard: "Wintersport Weisser-Hirsch"]

[p. 115]

January 15, 1911, Sunday

We have so much to see and really so little time to see it in for everything is closed after dinner and we have only Saturday and Sunday mornings.

This morning we went to the art gallery to make the acquaintance of a few more treasures. I went upstairs through the gallery of modern paintings so find Hoffman's "Christ in the temple."

At the head of the stairs are three good pictures one representing Moses' grave is done mostly in grey tints representing the high mountains of unconquered mystery.

"On Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In the vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulcher

[p. 116]

And no man saw it ere.
For the angels of God,
Upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there."

The picture gives one the idea that it represents a place where no foot of man has trod and the silent angel standing as if to guard Moses' tomb is a part of the great unbroken silence. It is a modern picture and must not be compared with the old masters for it doesn't stand comparison.

The centre picture represents the interior of a room. At the back are grouped little peasant children in homely hand spun clothes and big shoes. In the foreground is a crucifixion of life size at the head of which on either side are the [p. 117] burning candles.

Bending over the crucifixion is a nun whose sweet, calm face is set off by her tight black head covering. The conception is better than the execution for like quite of few of the more recent painters not enough time and care has been given to it.

On the right of this is a picture of an old farmer standing at the head of his horse in the evening light. All his attention is bent on lighting his pipe and the light of the match in his hand lights also his face.

We went to the door at the right looking as we went but not spending very much time for close examination. There was one dear little picture that we had already seen copies of in many places. [p. 118] It was called "A message from the outside world."

The picture centers around the figure of a nun clad all in black. She is seated at a window her elbows on the sill and her hands supporting her head. She is looking with calm serious eyes and with upturned face at the small strip of sky which she can see. She is doubtless letting her mind wander back to some past sorrow and she finds that she has not quite brought her will into entire forgetfulness but yet she is gazing up to the sky as if to pierce its blue with her wistful eyes. They are wistful perhaps for some joy which she has denied herself but they are calm for she knows that she can tell all her sorrows to a [p. 119] friend to whom she can go for strength, companionship and joy in the peace which is given to her and the knowledge which fills her soul.

Beside her is a rose, the message from the outside world, the thing which has revealed old wounds not all seared over and has started her train of thoughts.

Farther along there was a picture by G. Max representing a young girl clad only in a loose white robe kneeling on a raised altar or something of the sort which is covered with white. At her side is a letter which has been torn open hurriedly and has not been put way back in to the envelope. The girl's face lifted upward is very pale and her red eyes are the only relief. She is kneeling apparently pouring [p. 120] out her whole soul in prayer. Some great sorrow has come in to her life and she is going for comfort where she knows she will find it.

Still farther along is a large crucifixion picture but the room is altogether too small for it. In the next room to this we came upon the Hoffman. If my breath was taken away with the Sistien Madonna I was fairly swept away by the Hoffman for I never had liked it especially. I stopped and looked for quite a while and the longer I stayed the longer I liked it.

The Christ face stands out from the picture and is the object about which everything centers. It is an animated, earnest youthful face. He knows what he is talking about and he is not the least bit afraid of taking [p. 121] his ground for he knows he can prove his words.

The learned doctors are group about him a little amazed and thinking.

At his left is the figure of a doctor leaning against one of the pillars. He does not seem to care very much for the discussion. He evidently doesn't think it worth while entering into.

Another man is standing, a blue robe covering his figure, and is listening quite intently. His hand rests on the Bible stand. At the right in back is an old man clad in yellow. His long white beard and weak old eyes all make his character a good portrayal of his old age and also he appears to have a hypocritical look.

In the centre on the right is [p. 122] a man seated. His robe is green of a light tint. He has the Bible and is evidently listening to the Christ Child in order to find whether he will say something that can be proved against him by the Bible.

The other man is clad in a red robe which is worked out about as finely as any that we have seen.

Hoffman has made a beautiful picture but as you look at it it seems to have the possibilities of being something more than beautiful. He might have, by working out all of his robes and by paying much more careful attention to his flesh shadows made it one of the greatest of pictures. He has come so near and yet so far.

[Pages 123 through 136 are blank. There is a gap in the travel journals until February 27, which is the first entry in Book 6.]