

# HUNGARY

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## MAURICE JOKAI,

the Famous Hero and  
Writer.

Hungary's Novelist.

*Motto*: Every man must  
do his duty to his  
country . . .

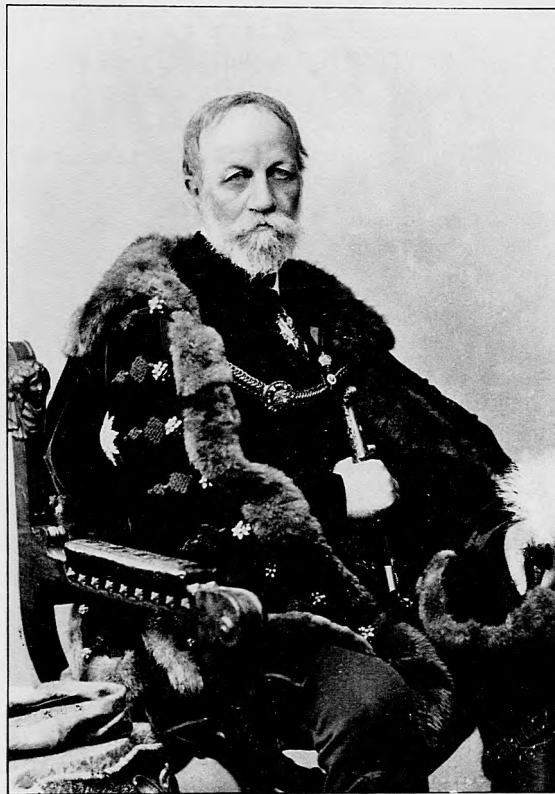
AN EXTRAORDINARY man was Maurice Jokai, the great Hungarian novelist. Maurice Jokai was born in 1825, he topped the record in the matter of literary output by producing over two hundred books and three hundred and fifty collections of poetical works.

His life was a romance, and all in connection with it and with him was fasci-

nating and unconventional. All his work has been dominated by a strange sense of humour. His romances are crowded with quaintly extravagant incidents and episodes. There is weird dreaminess; light, bantering romance; strange, awful tragedy; and occasional chapters that are masterpieces.

As may be imagined from the amount of work he did, Jokai commenced writing from an early age. At the age of nine two of his poems had appeared in a Hungarian paper. At seventeen he wrote a tragedy, «The Infant Jew», which was recovered and reprinted fifty years later.

Before he was twenty he had plunged into the storm and stress of the revolutionary struggle in Hungary; edited at twenty-one a Liberal paper and inspired his fellow-countrymen to



MAURICE JOKAI †

Photo' by Strelisky.

revolt, with the result that, when the revolution was quelled with terrible vengeance, he was among those condemned to death, a penalty he escaped by going into hiding.

### Realities.

Concerning this period of his life Jokai has written:— «Many maintain me to be an idealist as well as a novelist. The accusation is groundless. Neither the characters nor the situations in my novels appertain to the impossible, extraordinary as they may appear. I have couined

with strange people in the prodigious circumstances of life, and the supposed creations of my fancy are frequently nothing more than actuality. I was with the grandest heroes of the period in their victorious marches; I escaped after lost battles across the swampy region of the Hungarian steppes, conducted by insolent young peasants. At the sieges of Vienna and Buda, amid the terrible explosion of bombs, and at Világos I saw above my head a world fall in ruin.

«I participated in the deadly conspiracy of an oppressed nation. I have been an indigent hero, reduced to giving lessons in Hungarian for two florins a month. I have been the fortunate director of great enterprises. I have supported all the disasters

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destiny can inflict, and I have tasted all its favours. The gallows-rope has passed around my neck as well as the ribbon of a medal of honour. The glorious dust of exaltation has covered me with the blackest marks of calumny.»

#### Work in Exile.

During that time he was a student of law, and in company with a strolling player translated «King Lear», which was reproduced by the company of strolling actors with much success. It was this which led him while but a boy of seventeen to attempt the drama for which he gained a prize of one hundred ducats in gold, and which launched him definitely into a literary career.

The Revolution but temporarily stayed his pen. In exile he rapidly produced historical novels and dramas; and when Hungary obtained its Parliament, he started the first Hungarian comic paper, supplying both the articles and the pictures himself. This was entitled the «Hon», and for an ill-judged joke he again fell under the ban of the Government being sentenced to a year in irons, only part of which was remitted.

The energy of the man has been remarkable. Though so prolific a writer, he has always been studiously careful of details, elaborating his books with the skill and care of the artist. He was pre-eminently an historical novelist, and he unfolded the history of the past in a brilliant series of dramatic episodes.

The glamour of the Orient hangs over «The Lion of Janina» — the stern, terrible drama is vivid, gorgeous, instinct with life and reality, yet relieved by subtle touches of humour and slender threads of love intrigue. In «Midst the Wild Carpathians» he deals with Transylvania in the seventeenth century. In «Pretty Michal» he is among his own people; genial humour is interspersed with much that is weird, torturers, headsmen, and witches having an admirable set-off in more picturesque people; while there is running through it one of the most poetic love stories Jokai ever wrote.

#### Honours in Old Age.

In «Black Diamonds» he deals with the aristocratic and commercial side of life in Hungary; and in «The Green Book», by which he is best known in England, he writes of Russia at a time when Russian society and the Imperial army were seething with revolutionary emotion.

These and others of his writings have all

been translated into English. They form a fascinating library, and mark Jokai as a man who above all other authors knew by instinct how to play upon the emotions of his readers.

In January 1894 Jokai had his «jubilee», the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the appearance of his first book. On that occasion he received new proof of the affection which the entire Magyar nation felt for him. Among the multitude of gifts was a present from his countrymen of 200,000 florins (£20,000).

Another present took the form of one hundred pictures painted by the leading Hungarian artists, and all illustrating scenes from his novels. The first of these was by Munkácsy, who had been one of his close friends.

Among the other famous men whose friendship Jokai has enjoyed may be named Bismarck, Kossuth, Verestchagin, the famous Russian painter who was lost in the Petropavlovsk, the younger Dumas, Liszt, and Ibsen.

Since the University of Budapest conferred upon him the degrees of LL. D. and Ph. D. it had been customary to address and refer to the novelist as «Dr. Jokai».

Two years ago the Hungarian Parliament, after a very stormy debate, conferred a pension of £350 on our great national writer.

\*

Among Jókai's works which are translated into English which are many, we find the following very good translations: «*The Green Book, or Filldom under the Snow*», «*Debts of Honor*», «*The Lion of Jouina or the dast Days of the Janissaries*», «*Midst the Wild Carpathians*», «*The Days of Wrath*», «*Dr. Dumany's Wife*», «*The Nameless Castle*», «*Black Diamonds*», «*Pretty Michael*» and «*The Poor Plutocrats*».

\*

The Funeral, which took place amidst the mourning of the whole Hungarian people, was carried out on May 9-th at Budapest, with full ceremony at the expense of the Nation.



## Alexander Petőfi.

The Poet of the Hungarian War of Independence.

By: DR. ARTHUR B. YOLLAND.

HOWEVER THIS MAY be there can be no doubt what the result of pressure must have been on one so obstinate by nature as Petőfi. Filled with his passion for the theatre,

he left Aszód<sup>1</sup> in 1838 for Selmeczbánya, where he studied for about six months at the Lyceum. Though apparently a good scholar — he seems to have displayed special proficiency in literature — Petőfi's deep-rooted desire for the theatrical profession, which followed him to Selmecz, drew down upon him his father's wrath. All material support was denied to him, — his father threatened him with disinheritance, — and he was obliged to leave Selmeczbánya<sup>2</sup> and go to Pest on foot: this was in 1839. To the poet this must have been a terrible journey: driven from home, with no future to cheer him,

his parents, but especially to his mother,<sup>1</sup> it must have been a fearful wrench to him to have to leave them. At Pest the poet<sup>2</sup> met his father by chance, and was obliged to resort to a somewhat underhand trick to escape from him; being asked what he meant doing, he told his father he intended to go home and accompanied him to the house of a friend; then, allowing his parent to precede him, slammed the door and ran away to take his place, as Shakespeare had done centuries before, in the chorus of a theatre — the National Theatre. This deception practises on his father seemd



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Magyarország  
és a . . . . .  
. . . . . Nagyvilág

A Raft . . . . .  
. . . . . Excursion  
on the . . . . .  
. . . . . Dunajecz

friendless and forlorn, he was making his way to that town — even thirty years ago Budapest, the now beautiful modern Capital of Hungary, was but a small place — where an uncertain fate was in store for him: devoted as he was to

rather incompatible with that sincerity of which Petőfi himself wrote «God placed sincerity in

<sup>1</sup> From this period may be dated Petőfi's juvenile attempt «Búcsúzás 1838-ik évben» (Farewell in 1838), the earliest effort we possess of the poet's imagination. It was first published in 1885 in the «Magyar Szalon» (October No) The young Petőfi bids farewell to his school at Aszód and to all connected with it; especially touching is his farewell to his teacher Stephen Koren and his schoolmates.

<sup>2</sup> Here P. wrote «A hűtelenhez» (To the faithless), a souvenir of some childish love. The poem contains promise of the great poet of the future: and it is interesting to note that this poem, the object of which was Emma Cancriny, the daughter of the widow of an Evangelical minister, was favourably criticised by the President of the Hungarian Society (literary) of the school, Louis Szeberényi, who, in a work published at Szeged in 1861 («Néhány év P. életéből» — Some years of P's life: p. 8.), remarks that he had foreseen the promise of the poem.

<sup>1</sup> Of this devotion to his mother we have numberless examples in his poems: none is perhaps more touching than the verses written in 1843 and published under the title of «Távolból» (From afar) in the «Athenaeum» (Jun. 15. 1843). «How she embraced me, «he says», with trembling arms! How she begged and entreated me to stay! Had I then had a glimpse of the world, maybe her entreaties had not been in vain. By the light of the morningstar of our fine hopes the future seems a fairy garden; only when we step into the maze, do we remark our piteous error . . . Friends are going to my beautiful home; what message shall I send to my mother? . . . Tell her to shed no tears, for fortune favours her son — — oh, if she but knew of my distress, the poor soul's heart would burst». The poem has been translated into English by Loew (William Loew. «Gems from Petőfi and other Hungarian poets». New-York, 1881), but this translation is, unfortunately, not at my disposal.

<sup>2</sup> I have spoken of the poet from the beginning as Petőfi, in order to avoid confusion: as yet he still bore his family name Petrovics.

my cradle for a pillow, and I will take it to my grave as winding-sheet»<sup>1</sup> but when we recollect the treatment the poet had already received and his passion for his hobby we can forgive him for his cunning. In May 1839 Petőfi went to Ostfi-Asszonyfa with Peter Salkovics, who was a relative of his mother's; this man had the intention to provide for the poet's further education, but was prevented from doing so by the self-will of the young boy.

(To be continued.)

We beg to inform our Subscribers that with the present number the first six months' contribution terminates. We shall be *grateful* if they will kindly continue their patronage for another six months, and hope to receive their further subscriptions by *June 1-st*. Copies will be forwarded to their address during the summer by post if they kindly intimate their desires in this respect.



## Great men of Letters.

### I. Alfred the Great.

By: ARTHUR B. VOLLAND.

THE HISTORY of English Literature is bound up with the names of great men: almost every period could be called after some great writer,<sup>2</sup> and bears the stamp of his influence. Names like those of Caedmon and Cynewulf are mere myths; we know so little of them, and what we do know is mere tradition. But with Alfred the case is naturally different. He was a great king, a great warrior, a great statesman and, seemingly, a learned man. His victories over the Danes, his state reforms have nothing to do with our present subject: what concerns us is his effort to further the education of his people.

Alfred,<sup>3</sup> son of Ethelwulf, was born in 849 A. D. He became king in 871, but his literary activity dates only from the year 887 (according to Asser), ten years after his treaty with the Danes. During the wild tumult of the Danish ravages, all learning had been put an end to, and even the clergy had sunk into a state of

utter ignorance and intellectual decay. «I call to mind», says Alfred in his introduction to his translation of the «Cura Pastoralis» of Gregory I,<sup>1</sup> «that of yore there were wise men in England, learned in spiritual and worldly matters... now people go abroad to bring wisdom and lore hither, though we should never seek abroad what we can have at home». In this state of utter demoralisation, Alfred was the one man who could come to the rescue of his country: that he did so without any desire for literary fame is shown by his own words in his translation of the «De Consolatione Philosophiae»<sup>2</sup> of Boethius: «a man who desires to attain empty fame and vain glory should look around him, and see how wide is the expanse of heaven, how small the earth, though to us it seems large. Then should he feel shame, for that he will spread his own fame and cannot even reach the limits of this little world... Even if you succeed, you proud ones, in winning fame among all races, so that your names are celebrated in all manner of languages, if someone of you gain brilliant glory, great riches and high repute... Death asks not concerning such things, looks not at glory, but swallows up rich and poor, and thus makes them equal. Where is Wayland, where Brutus and Cato? ... What remains of them but scanty fame and a name that takes but a few letters to write?» These words prove quite clearly that Alfred was not led by any «desire of fame»,<sup>3</sup> any «need of satisfying a peremptory personal craving to write»: his object was merely to educate his people, to supply them with guidance and materials and set an example to those whose duty it was to furnish the country with translations of the best foreign works, a necessary exercise for a prose literature that was still in its infancy.

Whether King Alfred can be called the «father of English prose» is a doubtful point,<sup>4</sup> and one on which we need not dwell here: the important fact for us is that he is the first great figure in English Literature (we must be careful in using the term «Anglo-Saxon», lest it should mislead people into believing that this is some

<sup>1</sup> Koltai p. 9. The passage is from P's «Úti levelek» (Journey Letters) No. XIV. (written from Szatmár. 17. July. 1847): v. Havas V. 397.

<sup>2</sup> The most notorious exception is naturally the 15th century, the period of pseudo-Chaucerianism.

<sup>3</sup> For his full history, v. Asser's (Bishop of Sherborne) «Historia de rebus gestis Aelfredi» (London, 1848) and R. Pauli's «König Älfred und seine Stellung in der Geschichte Englands» (Berlin, 1851) translated by Thorpe (London, 1853).

<sup>1</sup> Pope from 590—604 A. D.

<sup>2</sup> Boethius, at first an honoured councillor of King Theodoric, was accused of conspiracy, and imprisoned; during his imprisonment he wrote the «Consolatio». He was executed at Pavia in 525 A. D.

<sup>3</sup> Saintsbury. Hist. of English Literature. 21 (London, 1898).

<sup>4</sup> It is probable that Baeda (672—735. A. D.) translated the Gospel acc. to S. John into Old English: the story is related in the «Epistola Cuthberti ad Cuthwinum»: but Baeda's work is lost.

different language), and that he wrote with the definite purpose of affording instruction to his people. His works are the following:

*a)* a Handbook (Handboc), referred to by As-ser in his «Historia», but unfortunately lost;

*b)* the translation of Gregory's «Cura Pasto-ralis» referred to above, especially interesting to us because of its introduction concerning the state of learning in England;

*c)* a translation of Orosius<sup>1</sup> «Historiarum ad-versum paganos libri septem», a kind of uni-versal history so common in the Dark Ages. Alfred's work is made especially interesting to us on account of the original introduction con-taining a narration of the voyages of Wulfstan and Othere, the former to the Baltic, the latter to Lapland and the White Sea. These original insertions are naturally of great literary and philological value as being genuine specimens of natural Alfredian prose, where the author is not hampered by any desire to reproduce his autho-rity faithfully;

*d)* a translation of Baeda's (v. supra) «Historia eccle-siastica gentis Anglorum», written originally, as its title suggests, in Latin. Baeda's work is especially interesting as giving us the tradition about Caedmon's inspiration: and Alfred may have given us the actual words of these «first beginnings of English poetry», when the shy and retiring servant of Hilda's monastery was called upon by a divine voice to sing of the first creation;<sup>2</sup>

*e)* the translation of Boethius mentioned above. This work has a most inter-esting literary history in England: it was translated by the great literary light of the 14th century, Dan Chaucer, and a comparison of the two prose works makes a very interesting study;

<sup>1</sup> Paulus Orosius, a Spanish priest, who wrote his work at the instigation of S. Augustine (417—8): he was an Anti-Pela-gian, and a friend of S. Jerome.

<sup>2</sup> In the original: «Sing me Frumsceaft».

*f)* a translation of the Soliloquies of S. Augus-tine,<sup>1</sup> Alfred's authorship of which has been dis-puted.

Besides the above-mentioned works, Alfred collected the laws of his predecessors (especially of Ina) into a code of his own, and doubtless had a great influence on the work of compilation of facts and dates called the Saxon Chronicle (Sainsbury mentions the rather amusing story that once at an examination a candidate, who evidently mistook the «Chronicle» for some daily paper, quietly remarked that «Alfred was editor»), a work which is not merely important as history, but also as preserving for us old

<sup>1</sup> 351—430. A. D.: The author writes of these books «scripsi duo volumina . . . de his rebus, quas maxime scire cupiebam, me interrogans mihiq[ue] respondens tanquam duo essemus, ratio et ego, cum solus essem; unde hoc opus Soliloquia nominavi, sed imperfectum remansit». (Retract. I. 4. 1.)

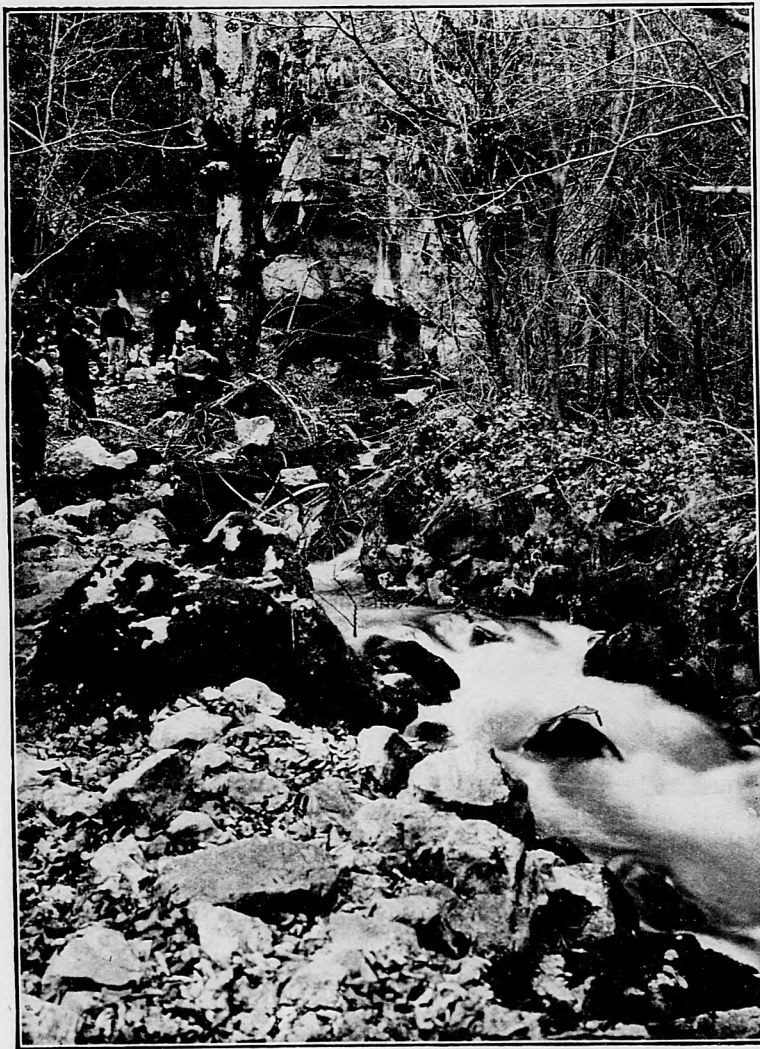


Photo by : Magyarország és a Nagyvilág.

THE STALACTITE CAVERN AT RÉV. (Main Entrance.)

epic fragments dealing with the Battles of Maldon<sup>1</sup> (or death of Byrhtnoth) and Brunanburgh<sup>2</sup> (Athelstan's victory over the Scotch).

In dealing with Alfred's work in general, we find that there is little in him that was original; nearly everything he did was a translation from Latin.

But such a thing was quite natural in an age when the vernacular was in its infancy, no attempts having as yet been made to adapt it to prose writing: materials were to be had in plenty in Latin, if anyone were enterprising enough to make use of them.

What was required was example, especially at a time when «very few on this side Humber could translate even an ordinary Latin letter into English, and not many on the other side... and only one<sup>3</sup> south of the Thames»: and Alfred was the only one who was equal to the task.

Each of his books had a definite purpose: Baeda should teach the English to be proud of their country, to learn its past history, and, while studying foreign works, to bear in mind that England once had great men, could boast of a glorious past: the «Cura Pastoralis» was to give the clergy the instruction necessary for them to fulfil their duty properly, and is therefore naturally addressed to Bishop Werfrith: the «Boethius» was to propagate moral lessons (v. the passage quoted above), being by no means slavishly translated,<sup>4</sup> but rather paraphrased, and filled up with original glosses and comments: the «Orosius» gave Alfred's people a view (such as it was) of universal history.

If Alfred had merely left us his Introductions to the «Cura» and «Orosius» he would deserve the place he holds in English Literature: these original works are of inestimable literary and antiquarian value.

But, as we have seen, he encouraged the use of vernacular prose as an organ of communication, thus preventing Latin from dominating in this field, and opening the way for that long line of prosewriters in English, who are one of the chief glories of our Literature.

<sup>1</sup> 991 or 993. A. D.

<sup>2</sup> 937 or 938. A. D. This poem was translated by Tennyson, or rather put into poetry after the prose translation of his son.

<sup>3</sup> Naturally Alfred himself. These words are from his Introduction to the «Cura Pastoralis».

<sup>4</sup> Of course this has been put down to Alfred's ignorance of Latin.

## The Stalactite Cavern at Rév in Hungary.

IT IS WITH pleasure and enthusiasm that we write these lines and publish the accompanying illustrations by which we make the public acquainted with a natural treasure lately discovered in our Fatherland.

It was in the month of December last year, when Mr. Charles Handel, a R. R. inspector and also an enthusiastic tourist, noticed that the brook, which empties itself into the *Sebes-Körös* river by a waterfall, flowed from an opening in an enormous wall of rock, as if it sprang from the very heart of the earth. He thought much over this striking phenomenon and determined to widen this opening with dynamite in order to secure some certainty as to the origin of the brook. He immediately wrote to Mr. *Julius Czárán*, a landowner and also an enthusiastic explorer, who is perfectly at home in the whole of the *Királyhág* mountains, and who for many years has been called «Duke of Olesásza» — and requested him to come and join him in fathoming the mystery of the rock.

Czárán at once complied. They caused blastings to be made which disclosed to them the *atrium* of the *Rév* Cavern and after further explorations, the wonders of the magic world of stalagmites and stalactites.

Since then Mr. Czárán had convenient paths for tourists made to the almost inaccessible cave, marking the way through the woods with signposts so that now the ascent to the cave is made comparatively easy. A more wild, romantic, and lovely forty minutes excursion can hardly be found. On both sides rise steep rocky walls; below in a narrow valley the railway track and the wildly rushing waters of the *Sebes-Körös* alone find room; the budding woods however which clothe the rocky mountains, were already at the Ides of March, the time we visited the cave, filled with singing and twittering birds, myriads of lilies-of-the-valley, violets, and warm sunshine... great free nature celebrated with us the glorious festival of Hungarian Liberty.

\*

The entrance to the cave is by the bed of a bubbling crystalline brook. We had to wade some 50 yards in two to three feet of water before the opening widened enough to give us foothold upon solid ground. The floor of the cave rises several meters and leads through highly arched and roomy halls, greater and smaller.

Here we strike upon the «Dragons», a shining white double-rock formation, which attracts our attention. The Dragons stand forth conspicuously against the dark back-ground of the sober rocky walls, the bluish ground colour of which, according to the kind and intensity of the artificial light thrown upon it, appears in the most different *nuances*.

Pressing forward, now through more narrow and again wider passes we finally reach the «Altar».

A stone slab between two coloured pillars gives this pretty stone formation the character of an altar.

a «Calvary» as they are also named. From this height we can but with great care descend to a place where the brook, gathering in a large caldron as it were, forms a lake.

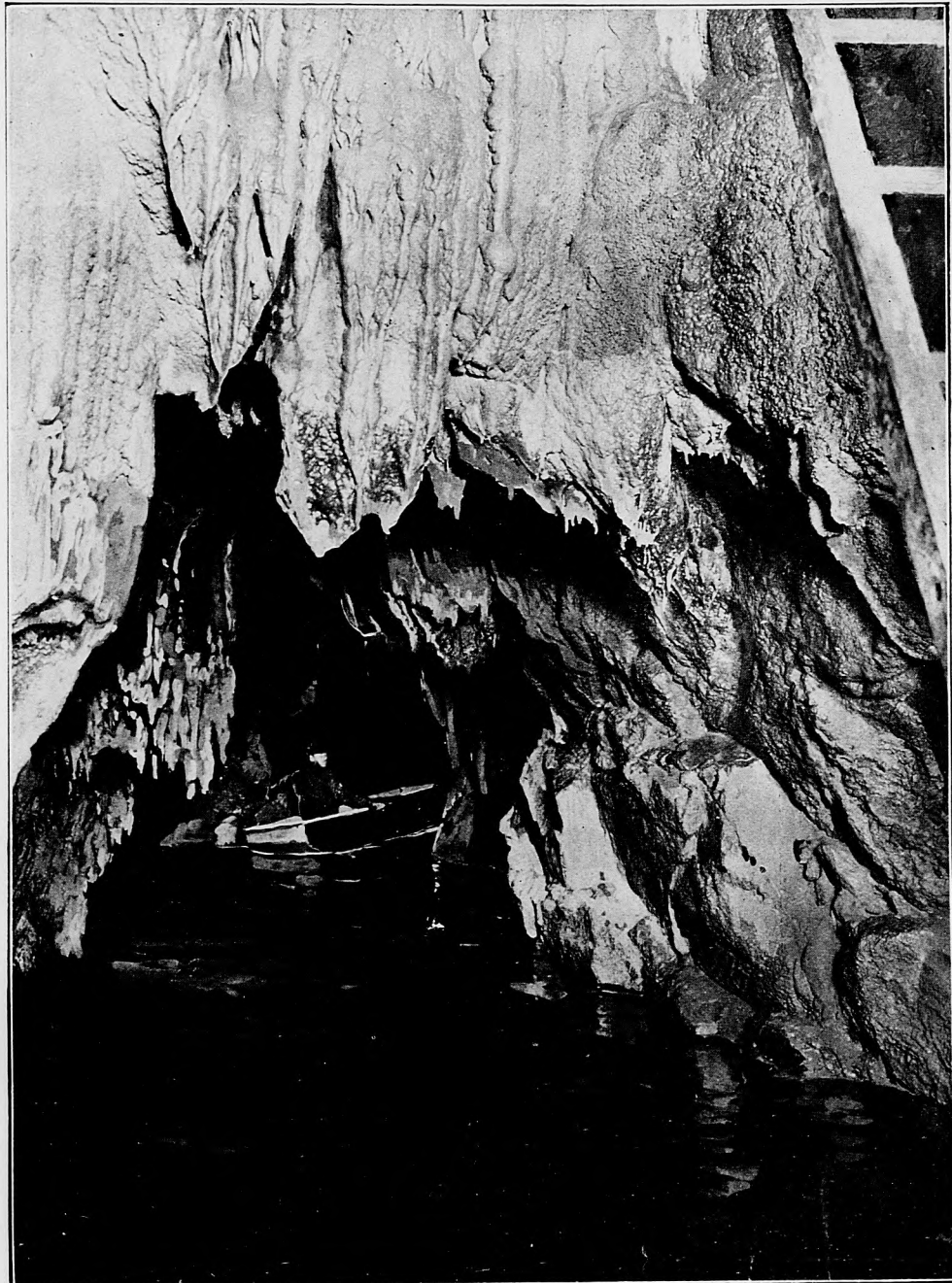


Photo by : Magyarország és a Nagyvilág.

THE STALACTITE CAVERN AT RÉV. (Interior.)

The pillars are of a yellowish red which inclines to prove that the water trickling down the walls contains iron.

Here the cave bends to the right whereupon in a highly arched room independent rocks rise to the left and right from the ground which remind us of

Here the water, transparent only in shallow places, has a depth of 4—5 meters and is of a dark, emerald green colour. The boards which are laid from one rock to another bend alarmingly under our weight and form a flooring of questionable safety. On these boards we could press forward but singly

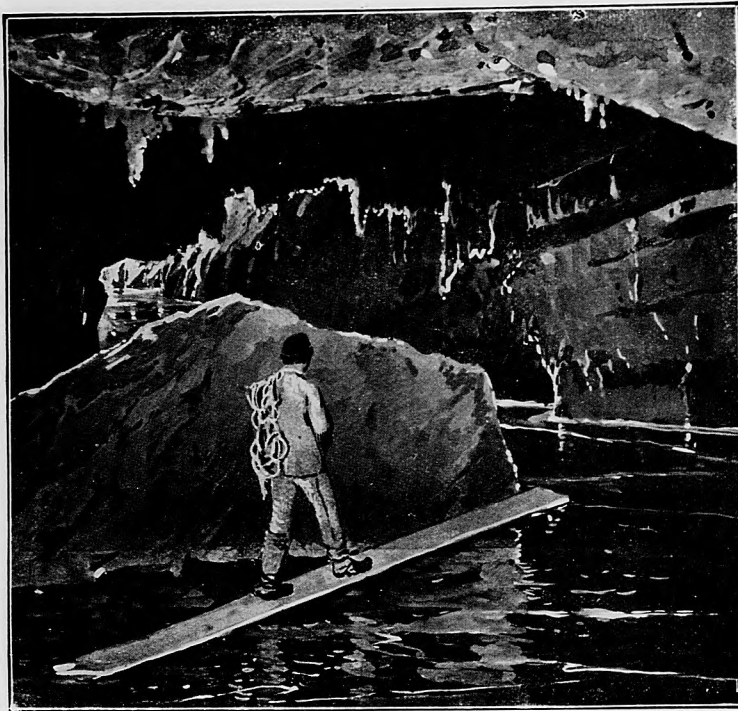


Photo taken by A. Desseffy.

## THE STALACTITE CAVERN AT RÉV. (The Exterior.)

balancing our steps assisted by our Wallach companions.

With a turn to the right, the path, if you can call it so, leads us to a spherical rock formation, which the discoverers christened «The Globe».

Extremely beautiful, and fairly surprising are thousands of fine clefts in the surface of the rock which is always covered with moisture sparkling in various colours in the light. From here the walls of the cave draw together into a long narrow passage where we again begin to find traces of stalactite formation. Contrary to what we noticed in the previous parts of the cave, where the stalactites are rarer but of unusually large dimensions, the stalactites and stalagmites are much more frequent here and also smaller, while at the end of the former the crystal water-drops shine like so many diamonds in the intense light.

Here however the walls of the passage become so narrow that we are forced to leave the boat behind.

The only way left to advance is the brook which however is several meters deep. Sending strong rays from an acetylene reflector into the yet unexplored regions, we learned that the continuation of the cave consists of a grotto whose walls and ceiling are covered with stalactite formations, in the middle of which is a smaller lake.

Beyond we could penetrate no further.

Enormous difficulties were presented in this the taking of the different photographs. We had to lug our machines through all kinds of impossible places and it was quite an art to be able to place our stands. Our

instruments always stood in danger of slipping, dropping into the water, being smashed; as it is they were damaged enough.

The temperature of the cave is fairly warm as is also that of the water although the latter, according to inhabitants of the immediately surrounding country, at the place of issue from the rocks is of an icy coldness even in summer.

After attentive search and exploration we discovered that there is not the slightest trace of vegetation or any living thing. During our stay of several hours in the cave we noticed neither fish nor worm nor frog nor even an insect; whereas as to bats they were present in innumerable quantities fluttering about in headless panic often striking against us under the influence of the strong acetylene and magnesium lights with which we

disturbed their quiet regions in so startling a way... The up to now passable part of the Rév Cavern is about five to six hundred yards in length, but the rest is doubtless much longer.

By the light of the reflectors we could see that there are several galleries which open on the farther lake. Who knows how far we shall yet be able to press forward! We believe that this cave, like the *Aggtelek* Cavern, extends over several miles.

There are in this district a number of suddenly disappearing brooks which again suddenly spring forth, to which fact heretofore little attention has been paid.

Thus there is about 10 kilometers from Rév, in the *Tízfalu* district, a cave which also is traversed by a brook. Since the discovery of the Rév Cavern repeated trials have been made, as to whether different articles thrown into the waters of the brook of the Tízfalu Cave are not carried through the Rév Cavern and into the Sebes-Körös river?

For a long time these experiments remained without a result until at last, almost accidentally, a bundle of hemp-fibre was discovered floating in the waters of the Rév brook, which bundle was some time ago thrown into the Tízfalu waters.

The suddenly disappearing Tízfalu brook is therefore without a doubt identical with that which crosses the Rév Cavern. It is very probable, that the other experimental articles were hindered on their way by different obstacles in the bed of the brook such as rocks etc.

Another brook not far from here, in *Csernőháza* in the *Jád* valley, also has this mysterious character

This brook suddenly bursts out from a rock with such force that it is employed to run a large mill; no one having the slightest idea as to its origin.

Besides these near the settlement of *Vársonkolyos* in the *Misit* valley, about 10 kilometers in another direction from Rév is another wholly unexplored cave which has the peculiarity that the insects, beetles and worms that live in it, are totally blind. Every year brings many noted naturalists from everywhere particularly Germany, to inspect and study this singular phenomenon.

As to the Rév Cavern we are of opinion that when it shall be wholly explored and made generally accessible it will become a world-famous natural treasure of our country!



### A Raft Excursion on the Dunajecz.

THE WORLD-TOURIST has many occasions to see the different curiosities and wonders that are to be seen. Among these they will hardly find one more beautiful or more singularly interesting, or one, in many points more exciting than the raft excursion on the *Dunajecz* River as shown in our illustration.

The excursionist leaves *Szepes-Béla* on a coach or automobile for *Szepes-Ófalu*. The road leads through the *Magura* mountains and offers the traveller a sight really worth seeing. In *Szepes-Ófalu* supper is taken and also here we stay over night. Early in the morning our trip is continued and about 6:30 we arrive at the «*Red Cloister*», the starting point of our raft-party.

The river *Dunajecz* contrary to the laws of nature, flows here, not downwards, but upwards from South to North. At the «*Red Cloister*» we find the raft men and their rafts already waiting.

Two or three hollowed trees, bound together and provided with comfortable seats, form the interesting conveyance, upon which we float along for over two hours.

Of the raft men, who are renowned

for their cleverness, one stands at the bow and another at the stern of the raft and put our original ship into motion by aid of long poles, with which they also direct the boat.

The *Dunajecz* with its sudden turns and bends continually offers new, surprisingly beautiful landscapes. Upon its banks high and steep mountains rise up into the sky. Every now and then, the river breaking on high granite blocks, rushes onward, gurgling and hissing. The raft men however, phlegmatically and with wonderful cleverness direct this primitive boat with admirable confidence and safety.

The rafts, which in some places must be pushed forwards with great labour and effort, will suddenly shoot into an eddy through parts of the river where perhaps a tall mountain seems to rise directly from its middle. A single push of their long poles and the boat flies on with almost dizzying swiftness into the right direction, and then before the eyes of the excursionist, who breathes more easily after the breathless shooting, spreads itself an overwhelmingly grand panorama of natural beauty. We must notice here however, that *these raft-rides are of absolute safety and that even the possibility of danger is excluded. There has never yet been an accident on these occasions.*

With this raft we arrive at the Polish village *Szczawnicza* where a coach awaits us to bring us to the *Bathing Resort Szczawnicza*. This bathing resort stands upon an European *niveau*. We dedicate about an hour to the inspection of this lovely watering

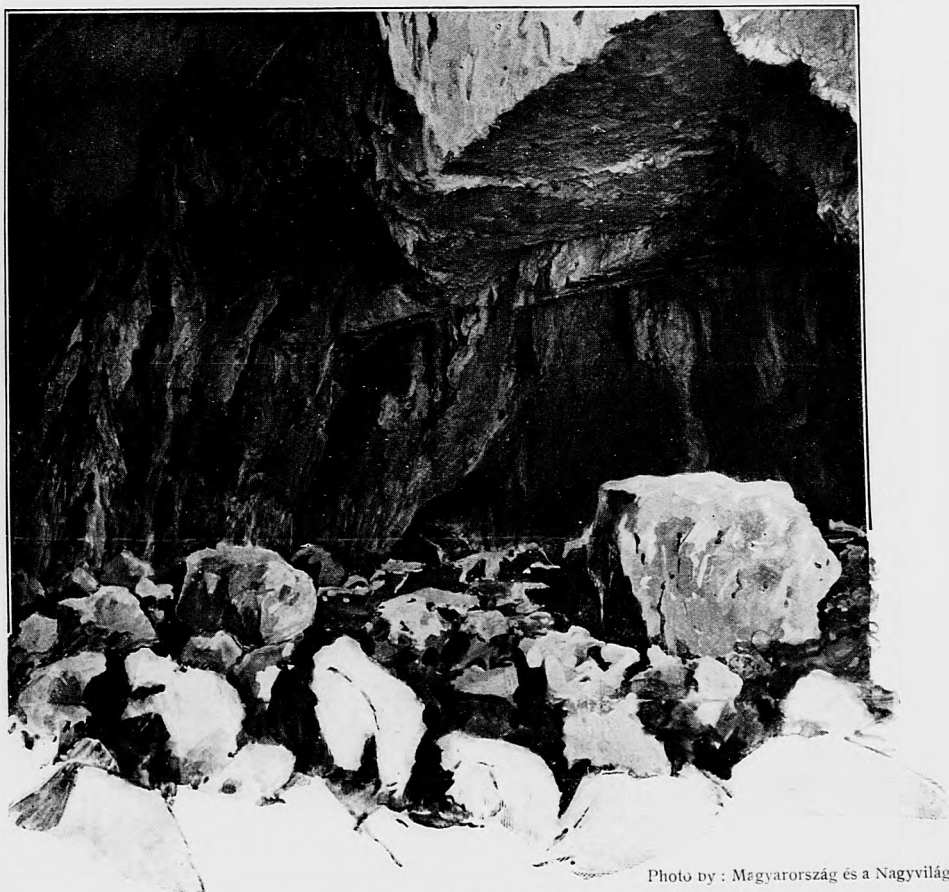


Photo by : Magyarország és a Nagyvilág.

THE STALACTITE «GREEN» CAVERN AT RÉV.

resort and return to Szepes-Ófalu by carriage or coach. On the way we pass the Polish palace ruins of *Czorsztyń* and on the other side the ruins of the Hungarian *Nedeczvár*. We dine at Szepes-Ófalu and arrive after a pleasant automobile ride at the railroad station of *Szepes-Béla* at about six o'clock in the afternoon, in time to take the train for Poprád-Felka.

The most practised master of the pen could not describe the different attractions and most interesting curiosities of the *Szczawnicza* excursion except in a very feeble manner. It stands unique in its grandeur and beauty which will in time attract travellers from all parts of the world.

When we bid goodbye to the mountains of the *High Tátra*, the many pleasures which our souls enjoyed, leave so deep an impression in our hearts, so pleasant a remembrance, that we shall never be able to forget it...



## Theatre and Music.

Opera House  
Operaház. ...

WE AGAIN have an illustrious guest at the Opera Miss *Sigríd Arnoldson* a singer of rare talent. The hearty, loud and long applause of the charmed audience at the opera the other night, proved their appreciation and admiration of her skill and personality.

In *Mignon* she certainly surpasses all that ever have attempted to play that part here. Her interpretation of the role is as complete in conception and execution as can be imagined.

Miss Arnoldson was ably assisted by Mr. *Takáts* and also Mr. *Gábor*.

\*\*\*

National ...  
... Theatre  
(Nemzeti ...  
... Színház)

«*A Mami*» the latest production at the National Theatre, was favourably received by the audience; or rather the brilliant acting of Miss *Teréz Csillag* was most acceptable.

The piece itself is full of improbabilities and its motive is below par. Nor does the author seem to have put enough study in to his characterisation.

Quite otherwise as to merit is one of Dumast «*Mr. Alphonse*». The parts were so well distributed that one really became interested. The play and its production was as faultless as could be. Mr. *Náday* is specially entitled to praise; he together with Mr. *Vizvári* played to perfection.

King's Theatre  
(Király ...  
... Színház)

The Management of the King's Theatre is certainly pushing. It brings on one novelty after the other and does well. The proprietors are making a good thing out of «*Le Sire de Vergy*» or as the Hungarian translator entitled it «*Én Te, Ő*» (I, you, he), «*The Consul-General*», «*Toreador*», and «*Aranyvirág*». Now, that Miss *Fedák* has returned there is quite a new spirit in all the performances.

\*\*\*

People's ...  
... Theatre  
(Népszínház)

The People's Theatre is running in its old groove of back numbers. We are very much afraid that in spite of Mr. *Vidor*'s heroic efforts, the theatre will go backward to such an extent that to raise it again will be next to impossible — without, a change of management.

Mr. *Vidor* should try to buck up and keep up with the times. Such pieces as «*Katinka gráfnő*», «*Bob herceg*»,

«*Lumpaczius*» etc. were all very good — some time ago, but the audience of today wants something new,—new!

\*\*\*

The *Hungarian Theatre* is getting all it can from the extremely popular and good «*Rikkancs*», and considering the full houses night after night, Mr. *Zoltán* the director, must be making something worth talking about.

The sad loss of Miss *Tomcsányi* who died in so terrible a manner is very much to be deplored. But we hope the management will soon fill up the vacant place left by the actress so talented, so unfortunate.

\*\*\*

Ho! for *Ős-Budavár!*

That charming summer resort in the Townpark is again reopened and under the very able management of Mr. *Friedmann* who has already for three seasons proven his vim and ability in making a success where his predecessors were total failures. There is nothing small about Mr. *Friedmann* or his ideas.

Mr. *Friedmann*'s chief effort is to make *Ős-Budavár* a favourite family resort, offering clean vaudeville shows, good music and healthful attractions for little money.

This season *Ős-Budavár* opens with an exceptionally good programme. The vaudeville stage is to present us in the first place the great «*Manhattan quartette*». How any one who heard this ripping quartette of singers has missed the very spice of vaudeville joy and pleasure.

They are incomparable, and in short — *great!* Then there are *Johnson and Deon*.

American negro dudes, also very good, and *Sleeds Company*, a lively parody, etc. etc. the whole a very promising programme.

In the gardens are as usual the innumerable gipsy and military bands, Italian streetsingers, interesting balloon ascensions in the afternoon and brilliant fireworks in the evening.

\*

*Circus in town!* We have in our capital a circus to which it is quite worth while to go. All the possible circus attractions are to be seen with a specialty of trained bears which is very exciting. *Circus Bektow* is quite a success.



## Dora d'Istria.

By COUNT GÉZA KUUN. Translated from the German  
By: MARGARET SÓLYOM FEKETE.

THIS PEERLESS woman is known in literature by the pseudonym of *Dora d'Istria*, which she made immortal. An extraordinary name indeed, if we consider it more attentively. *Ister* leads us to the mouth of the Danube; *Dora* however is the abbreviation of *Theodora*; if we do not take it in this light, it is then the plural form of *δωρον*, in which case this extraordinary composition conveys the meaning of «*Gifts of Ister*». In sooth, the ancient *Ister* furnished nothing more beautiful and useful at the same time, to Occidental Europe than the brilliant accomplishments and talents which graced the mind of *Dora d'Istria*.

This semi-Greek semi-Italian name suited

Hungarian...  
... Theatre  
(Magyar...  
... Színház)

Ős-Budavár.

its possessor well, expressing, as it were her aim of mediating between Western and Eastern Europe, to advance knowledge and diffuse learning in the East and to quicken the poetic sentiment of the West, realizing everywhere the ideal of contemporary times.

The woman, revered in literature by the *nomme de plume* of Dora d'Istria, was descended from the ancient Albanian princely family, Ghyka, being the daughter of the Prince Michael, whose brother Alexander X. ascended the throne of the Danubian principalities and reigned until the year 1848. Dora was born at Bucharest, in the year 1820, and received the ancient Greek name Helen at Baptism. She was very carefully educated and received her first instructions in Greek language and literature from Papadopoulos; in voice culture and music from Ciccarelli and Ronconi. In the art of painting she only perfected herself later under the direction of the illustrious artist Schiavoni. She soon made such extraordinary progress in this department, that after some years of assiduous and diligent study, she could venture to illustrate the well-known poetry of Heine, representing the ardent and burning love of the gloomy fir-tree to the radiant palm of the Orient. These pictures, being exhibited at St. Pétersburg, were rewarded with a silver medal. A young girl of fifteen she made her debut in literature with a metric translation of the Iliad. She began life under brilliant auspices. Of a celebrated and historical origin, which shed an additional lustre upon her extraordinary personal accomplishments and to which her careful education is partly referable, this august lineage could not save her from the ordeals of life; on the contrary it gave cause to the first great trial which cast a melancholy gloom over all her life, she and her father being compelled to quit their fatherland in con-

sequence of her uncle's deposition from the throne. This mournful circumstance connected with her early fate scored deep furrows in her memory.

(To be continued.)



## On Duelling.

### Duelling from a Moral Standpoint.

Pugnacity being a trait common to a great many animals of the male species, is also conspicuous in man, especially in his primitive state. However, the suppression of animal propensities in human beings, coming within the province of civilization, in process of time, we may fairly infer, that with its advancement, man will cease to resort to brute force altogether. Already now there are unmistakable evidences in support of this theory; as for instance,

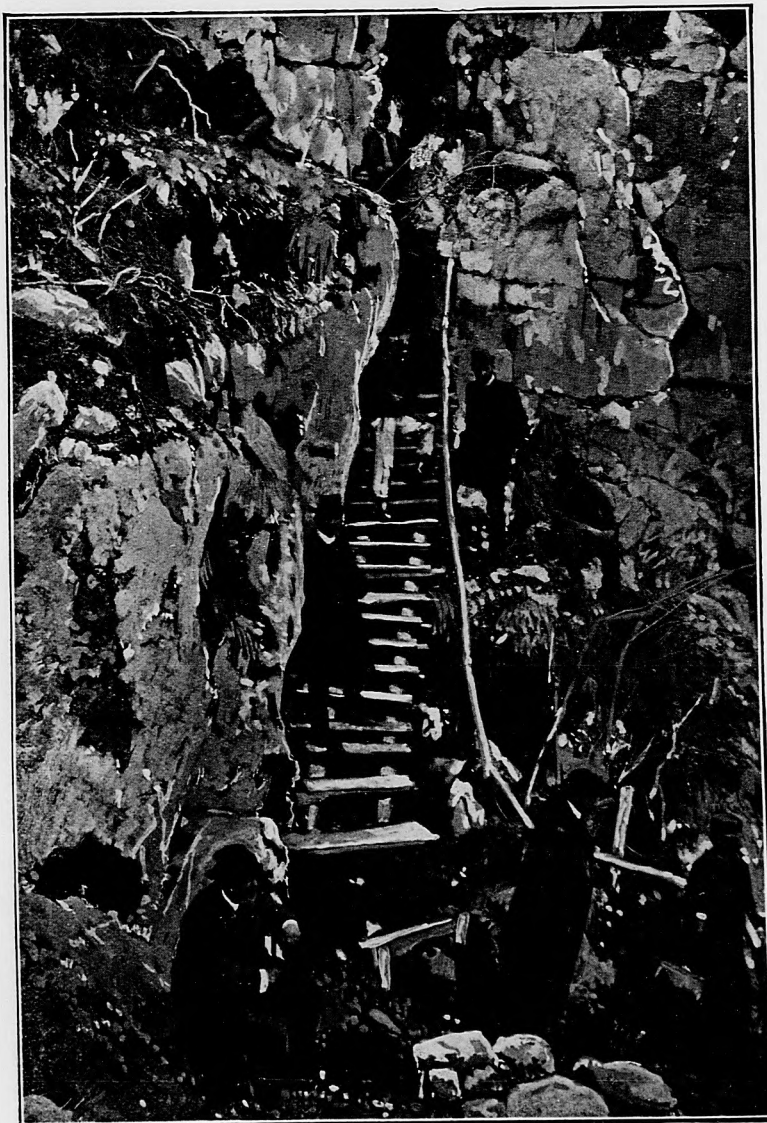
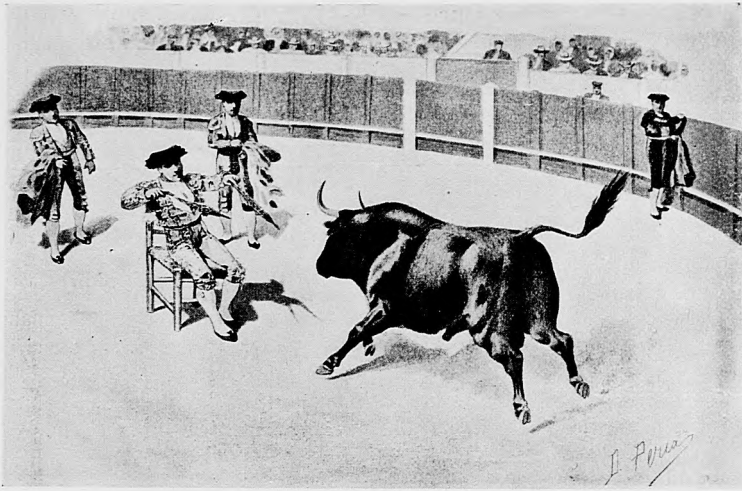


Photo by : Magyarország és a Nagyvilág.

THE STALACTIC CAVERN AT RÉV. (Tourists' Pass.)



A SPANISH BULLFIGHT.

the philanthropic anti-duelling-league, an association who have bravely imposed on themselves a task fraught with innumerable obstacles, one of which is the eradication of the deep rooted prejudice in favour of duelling.

And although the present members of the league may not live to see their praiseworthy labours crowned with success, at all events they have taken a step in the right direction, and are the pioneers paving the way for their successors to tread. They have also the satisfaction of knowing at least that ages yet unborn will have cause to commemorate their names as benefactors to their fellow-men. May they prosper, and reap the harvest of their humane efforts!

A wish in which, I feel sure, every well-disposed person will join the writer.

The Peace Conference, held at the Hague in 1899 is another evidence in support of the above proposition; inasmuch as their benevolent and humane object was to come to an agreement with all the great powers with regard to disarmament, and settle all international complications, and differences by arbitration: i. e. by appealing to reason instead of resorting to brute force; thus averting the horrors of bloodshed, and devastation perpetrated in war.

Among numerous other abuses to which duelling gives rise, is the bully, a kind of ferocious monster, who delights in intimidating and butchering men of milder dispositions. These hectors, whose proper place is behind the bars, in my opinion, are far more mischievous and obnoxious characters than the most depraved and abandoned criminals; for the former do

not come within the jurisdiction of the law, and have access to all classes, whilst the latter are confined more or less to locality and opportunities.

(To be continued.)



### Bull-Fight in Budapest.

IT IS REPORTED that a rare and unique sight will be presented to the public of our capital about the end of May and beginning of June. Among the mighty trees of the Zoological Garden a large arena is being built in which the *toreadors*, *pikadores*, *banderillos*,

*matadors* and *espadas* will introduce their wonderful cleverness and agility.

We are impatiently awaiting the coming off of so exciting an event as a bull fight, which heretofore has never been presented outside of Spain, and will be executed by Spain's most excellent company of bull-fighters. We are sure that not only the native but also the foreign public will visit our capital on this occasion.

A bullfight is to a Spaniard quite a necessity of life, without which he could not exist. Efforts were made to make laws abolishing this sport, but in vain. Men and women, large and small, all are enthusiasts in this game and a clever matador is a more popular man in the land of the hidalgos, than the ablest statesman.

If we look for an explanation of this fact we shall find that it is not only temperament which makes a Spaniard «enthuse» so. The proud hidalgo admires sport and gameness above all and can one find a braver sport than the nerve tingling proceeding of a bull-fight? Only he who has already seen the chief pla-



A SPANISH BULLFIGHT.

yers in their picturesque costumes and tight fitting knickerbockers, displaying forms of perfect manhood, only he can comprehend the Spaniards. Peerless cleverness, perfect muscles, eagle-eyes, and a sure hand and arm are the requisitions of a combatant, without which he durst not even stand in the arena. His mighty opponent, an enraged bull, knows no pity or compassion and it must be a man of nerve, who, in the most critical moment, when the bull makes a rush to gore him to pieces with his strong horns, can stretch the mad animal with one sure thrust upon the sands of the arena.

It is these wonderfully clever hidalgos who are now coming to visit us, and it is with feverish, impatient expectation that we long to see what we have heard and read so much about — a true and genuine Spanish bull-fight.



## SPORT.

### Miklós de Szemere's Shooting Contest.

THIS IS THE third shooting contest given by Mr. Szemere one of Hungary's most generous patrons of sport. Mr. Szemere's special hobby is shooting, and he does all that is possible to advance this art. He does it by arranging shooting contests on his grounds at *St. Lőrincz*, specially built for this purpose, and by offering valuable prizes to the winners.

In the last two contests the winners of all the prizes were foreigners, the first prizes being taken to our greatest chagrin and sorrow by Vienna boys. This year the first prize was also taken by a Vienna boy but the second we managed to keep at home.



A SPANISH BULLFIGHT.



A SPANISH BULLFIGHT.

The contest this season was quite a social event. Present were among other notabilities Count Goluchowszky the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Duke Lichtenstein, Count Elemér Batthyány, the president of the Jockey Club, Mr. Márkus, the lord mayor, Count Paul Szapáry and his charming wife and many others — the very essence of society.

At 9. a. m. when the contest began, arrived archduke August accompanied by Count Béla Batthyány. They were received by the host and given a warm welcome.

Of Mr. Szemere it must be said that he outdid himself in his hospitality which was *prime*. There was nothing left his guests to wish for. The buffet and wines were excellent and the turkish cooks, who were imported especially for this occasion, showed the excellency of their art of «*pilaf*» a sort of pastry cooking.

*Gulyás* and *halászlé*, Hungarian national dishes were served and much praised.

As to the contest itself it began at nine and ended about four in the afternoon. The first prize was a cash prize of 3000 Crowns the second 1000, the third 600, and the fourth and fifth each 200 Crowns; besides a golden medal to the winner of the first prize, silver medals to the winners of the second and third prizes and bronze medals to the rest of the prize winners and participants. The result was as follows, giving hits and percentage out of possible 20 hits and 80 points:

- I. G. Mineif (Vienna) ... 19—50
- II. Count Henry Apponyi  
(Budapest) ... 18—46
- III. Henry Winkler (Meran) 17—41
- IV. László Kovách (Vá-  
mosgyorok, Hungary) 15—36
- V. E. Kotchy (Budapest) 15—34

The third contest has therefore shown an advance it being, as I noted before, a Hungarian, who managed to secure the second prize, and we sincerely hope that in the future we shall take away the honours of the first prize.

\* \* \*

The Spring racing is now in full swing here. Society comes out day after day. Aristocracy and the court also frequently patronise the events and follow them up with visible enthusiasm. Up to now the weather has been ideal and all circumstances favourable.

\*

*Blocksberg* the winner of the King's Prize was quite an outsider and paid very well.

\*

Mr. Kálmán Szemere showed that he did not study American horsemanship and jockeying in vain. He lead *Rosenmontag* the other day to an easy victory and rode her in excellent form and style.

\*

Taral and Janek are both keeping up a hot pace and are eagerly fighting for first place they are both on top and have each 13 victories to their credit.

#### Church of England in Budapest.

#### Ecclesiastical Notes

THE ONLY SERVICES of the Church of England in Hungary are conducted by the S. P. G. Chaplain of Budapest, in the Hotel Hungaria at Budapest (by kind permission of the Manager) and in the Church at Tata-Tóváros (by permission of His Excellency Count Francis Esterházy). Holy Communion is administered on the first, third and fifth Sundays of the month at 8.15 a. m., and on other Sundays after Morning Prayer, which commences at 10.30 every Sunday. During the winter months there is evening service at Tata-Tóváros at 4 p. m. every Sunday. On the great Festivals and on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday special services are arranged.

Choir Practice after Service the third Sunday each month.

#### Reformed Church.

DIVINE SERVICE IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE is held in the *Reformed Church*, Hold-utcza on Sundays at half past eleven o'clock.

This service is conducted by the missionaries of the United Free Church of Scotland, and all who understand the language are welcomed.

Bible Lectures of an evangelistic character in the Hungarian and German languages are delivered on Tuesdays at 7 P. M. in the Hall, Hold-utcza 17, and on Fridays at 7 P. M. in the Hall, Erzsébet-körút 7. On alternate Tuesdays there is a Lantern Lecture.

Budapest, Rudolf Quai 8, May 1904.

ANDREW MOODY D. D.

## HUNGARY

Budapest, Sunday May 15, 1904.

«Hungary» is published on every 1-st and 15-th of each month.

Copies of this paper can be perused by travellers at all the best Hotels, Cafes, Restaurants and Clubs.

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All advertisements should be addressed to the *Manager* of this paper. On referring to or answering advertisements the number should always be stated.

#### Excursions to the High Tátra.

The Traveller's Bureau (Central Ticket Office of the Royal Hungarian State Railway Budapest Vigadó-tér 1.) arranges daily interesting excursions to the Tátra Mountains. The excursionists go with the mountain railway from the *Csorba* station to the *Csorba* Sea, cross the romantic beautiful roads among the Tátra mountains in a carriage, touching in their course *Tátrafüred*, *Tátralomnicz*, and a visit to the *Barlangiget Cave*.

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Bpest, V., Bécsi-utca, Deák Ferencz-utca sarok

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### Magyar királyi államvasutak igazgatósága.

73.167/C. II.

#### Hirdetmény.

Közvetlen útforgalom Ausztria-Magyarország, Szerbia, Bulgária és Törökország között. Az 1898. évi május hó 1-étől érvényes díjszabás I. részére 117. oldalán a H-24 tétel német szövegében a következő szavak: «auch in Form von Pappdeckel (mit Ausnahme von geleimter Holzstoffpappe, siehe dieses)», ugyanazon tétel francia szövegében pedig a következő szavak: «même sous forme de carton: pate de bois lisse (excepté le carton de bois cellé)» törlendők. Ezen módosítás 1904. évi július 1-én lép hatályba.

A magy. kir. államvasutak igazgatósága,  
a részes vasutak nevében is.

(Utánnymást nem díjazunk.)

70.706/04. F. IV. szám.

#### Hirdetmény.

Ezennel közhírré tételik, hogy a vasuti kocsikban és az állomási helyiségekben elhagyott tárgyak, u. m. bőröndök, táskák, kalapok, ruha- és fehérműek, botok, napernyők és esernyők stb. az alább felsorolt állomásokon árverés alkalmával azonnali készpénzfizetés mellett el fog-  
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Budapest, 1904. május hóban.

Az igazgatóság.

(Utánnymás nem díjazatik.)

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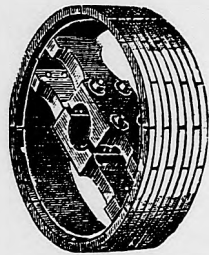
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