

HUNGARY

Budapest Wednesday June 1, 1904.

An Illustrated fortnightly Society Newspaper.

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The Corso — on the Banks of the Danube.

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

THE MILD zephyrs of Spring with its wakening and reviving magic draw the inhabitants of Budapest out upon the promenade on the banks of the Danube river. The human being that has been pent up throughout the long winter in hot stuffy rooms, its whole organism fairly gasps for the fresh free air, and we change our heavy winter cloak to light spring clothing and hurry to the riverside. The human instinct which the noise, the push and scramble, the air and humours of a large city, its misery and opulence in short its whole modern civilization could no longer oppress, drives the long room-imprisoned bodies with irresistible force to the Danube.

We find here one of the most wonderful creations of nature, one of the most exquisite of panoramas. In the middle of the stream upon the rolling waves the rays of the spring sun perform a veritable fairy-dance and gild the snow-white hulls of the graceful ships; on the right the last spur of the Alps: the *St. Gellért* mountain and the *Vár* hill crowned with the Royal Palace; while on the left is the young metropolis with its giant dimensions, with its pulsating life, and mighty palaces: all these create a picture of such artistic effect as only Naples or Constantinople can rival.

From the mountains of Buda comes a fresh spicy breeze, which, mingled with the vapours from the Danube, cleanses and revives the poisoned and smoky atmosphere. The horizon widens and the



Photo by Strelisky.

LADISLAUS DE LUKÁCS FINANCE MINISTER.

high walls of the tenement houses no more obstruct our view which extends across the broad stream over the imposing quiet of the Buda shore; on the *St. Gellért* mountain the grey of the dolomites alternates with the fresh green of budding nature; with the flat, depressed contours of the citadel on the summit this makes a never-to-be-forgotten picture with a romantic impression: here in the very midst of a large city a high, bald, skyscraping mountain! Beside it rises gradually, like a terrace, the *Vár* hill decorated with rich vegetation, the south end of which is crowned by the extensive building of the Royal Palace with its empty yawning halls. In vain all the luxurious pomp of the Palace, its refined completeness and the artistic arrangement of its furniture. For the greater part of the year the rooms remain uninhabited, and the Hungarians, yearning for their King are only stared at by the empty windows.

Below it extends the mightiest work of the past century, the Suspension Bridge crossing over to the Pest shore. In its time it was considered the eighth wonder of the world and one can hardly find its equal even now. We have lately built a new Suspension Bridge the *Elizabeth* Bridge which spans the broad river with a single arch and as a technical creation borders on the wonderful; from the standpoint of beauty however, it remains far in the rear of its older colleague. Neither the total effect of the large lines nor the

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harmonious solution of details can be compared with our first Suspension Bridge, which, as regards both the artistic and technical solutions is equally perfect.

The Pest bank between these two bridges comprises the *Corso*. Promenading to and fro we see here mostly the wealthier classes of the Inner Town and the *Lipótváros* district. Elegant toilettes, hats of the latest style, costly boas and other articles of luxury wander from the first class shops directly here to make the Hungarian women already world-renowned for their beauty still more attractive.

This great luxury, this refined development and extreme display keeps many away. Not every one wishes to be identified with the wealthy but gayer circles of the metropolis and one prefers to take a «constitutional» on less frequented walks.

Can one imagine a more beautiful landscape than that of the Buda bank and the Danube as seen from the Pest promenade? I have seen it thousands of times and as often it has filled my soul with pleasure and gladness. And if I could no longer find anything new in it, if it were possible that the impression which this sublime view makes upon me, were to become a commonplace to me, could I become untrue to this picture which has given me so much enjoyment and pleasure? A thousand times no! I come here every day, even when the driving rain, the winter's frost, the summer's burning sun keep all others away, and my eyes always discover new beauties and my soul always feels again sincere and rare enjoyment.

But the picture also changes with every moment of the different seasons of the year. A different perspective offers itself to us through the vibrating air of the hot summer from that of a foggy autumn day. Different is the picture during winter when the river is covered with drifting masses of ice or perhaps frozen over, when the leaden grey on the snowy covering of the mountains is arched by a dusky sky from that in spring when Nature reawakens. Different is the colouring and tone in the morning or forenoon when the rays of the rising sun beam over mountains and housetops from its appearance in the afternoon, when the sun sinks below the hills and mountains. The most beautiful sight is certainly that in the evening, when one can discern but misty vanishing contours, when thousands and thousands of lights are lit along the shores, the yellow light of which is tremblingly reflected upon the dancing waves of the Danube. Such a picture one cannot describe; and to paint it — only a *Böcklin* could be equal to it.

But this world-renowned master never was here to see us; as indeed there are still only a few foreigners who have any knowledge of the natural beauties of our capital. I have asked of strangers, who many years after have remained under the spell and effect of the impression, if they had thought but a single moment of the grand sight. Of all the wonderful things that they had seen they found that pic-

ture the most beautiful, which they saw from the windows along the *quai* when they, awakening in the morning, or, coming home in the evening, looked out upon the Danube and its surroundings. This panorama has brought many strangers back to Budapest as it also will attract many in the future.

Those who return hardly notice that this interesting picture is enriched with new details. The *Corso* remains, even if parts of it are changed, always the same in its main lines. With the erection of the Elizabeth Bridge and the new regulations for the Inner Town new districts were formed on both sides of the river.

An interesting contrast to the easy going chattering crowd on the upper promenade, is the gang of hard working wharf labourers of the lower *quai*, groaning under their heavy loads, and still, how very much do they belong to one another.



Dora d'Istria.

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

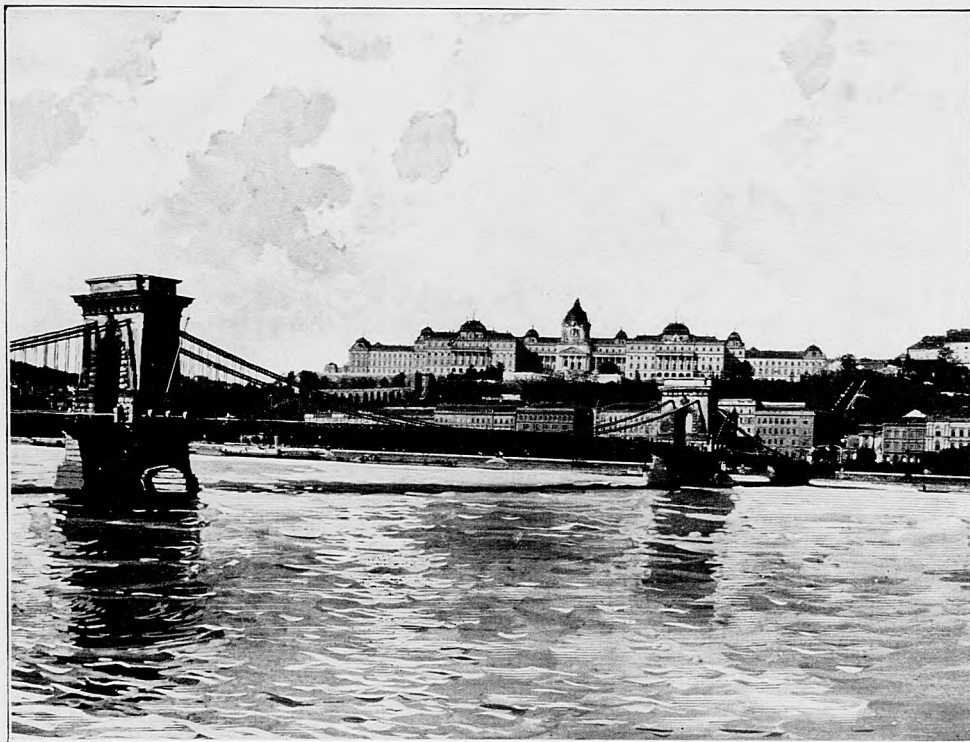
THE EMIGRATION and the loss of her fatherland, though it was only temporary, had insensibly to herself altered her character. The wound, she received was peculiarly severe and rankling; and to use her own words: time and changes could never entirely efface it.

Prince Michael proceeded with his daughter to Venice, where some of the inhabitants were preparing in secret and with a feverish excitement for the outburst of rebellion. Amidst these hot political movements, great was the number of those who, overlooking the numerous benefits with which Venice was endowed, by the Austrian Government, were agitated with secret discontent. The administration being informed of the fact, that the revolutionary parties were engaged, in gaining the multitude over to their rebellious ideas, the necessary preventive measures were adopted, to crush the revolutionary movements in their birth by an effective policy. But all these attempts proved abortive and the Venetian Revolution spread with an appalling fury, defying every obstacle, like the inundation of a powerful torrent, which the most formidable dykes cannot retain within the original riverbed; this revolution being merely an echo of the formidable revolution pervading all Europe.

An edict, issued by the Venetian Governor, Count Pálffy, forbade the Venetians under capital penalties to wear Italian colours. Some days after the publication of this edict, it happened, that the Princess Helen Ghyka appeared in a box of the theatre Fenice, dressed in white, with a

rose in her hair and a green ribbon round her slender waist. This demonstration was overlooked by her father, who as a strict observer of municipal edicts would have certainly forbidden it, had it not escaped his notice. The omnipotent Governor, Count Pálffy, hastened during one of the entractes to present his compliments and salutations to the Princess, especially upon the happy choice of the colours of her toilet. The Princess returning her thanks for his attention, could not refrain from asking him, why he

tion Prince Michael removed with his daughter to Dresden in order to assist at the first representation of «Rienzi» by *Wagner*. Shortly after they set off for Berlin. In both places they were received with particular distinction by the Royal Courts and likewise by the Imperial Court at Vienna. At Potsdam it happened that the King Frederick William taking a walk with the Prince Ghyka his charming daughter and Humboldt, perceived some monuments but recently transported from Greece and erected in the



ROYAL PALACE AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

inhibited the wearing of this beautiful tricolour, though it was so becoming? The Governor gave an evasive answer to this spirited repartee and uttering some flattering compliments, left the box in evident embarrassment; the Prince however cherished a grudge against his daughter.

From this circumstance it appears already (being confirmed moreover with more than sufficient accuracy by her whole life and all her works), what an unquenchable interest Dora d'Istria had in all national questions; especially in regard to the much dreamed of liberty of sorely oppressed nations, which she never ceased to further and assist with all the means at her disposal.

Prior to the explosion of the Venetian Revolu-

tion park. The King expressed a wish to become acquainted with the contents of the inscriptions. Humboldt addressing the Princess, asked her to translate them; a desire, she complied with instantly, with the greatest possible accuracy. On another occasion, the Princess was given a rose by the future Emperor, William I.'s own hand.

Prince Michael returned from Berlin to Bucharest, where Helen made the acquaintance of a young Lieutenant of the Guards at the Russian Legation, Prince Koljzoff Massalsky, descendant of the House of Rurikovich, whom she married shortly after, in 1849. Two children were born to them in the first years of their union, who died however in the course of a few months. As they had no more children and the perfect

congeniality of tempers, pursuits and inclinations which alone can render marriage happy, did not exist in their case, the gulf between them became impassable and nothing prevented them from being divorced after several years of conjugal life, though not according to church law, canonical impediments not permitting such an issue. (To be continued.)

We shall be *grateful* if our Subscribers will kindly continue their patronage for another six months, and hope to receive their further subscriptions by return of post. Copies will be forwarded to their address during the summer by post if they kindly intimate their desires in this respect.



Alexander Petőfi.

The Poet of the Hungarian War of Independence.

By: DR. ARTHUR B. YOLLAND.

AT OSTFI-ASSZONYFA Petőfi met his second ideal, Rose, daughter of Major Francis Tóth,¹ who lived at Csöngye, a neighbouring village: he made her acquaintance on the occasion of one of the excursions he made in company with a distant cousin of his, Samuel Orlay, who has left interesting reminiscences² of this period of the poet's life. The two young friends indulged in all kinds of sport, shooting, driving, and boating together. But, as it seems, Petőfi's relative was quite convinced of the fact that the young boy would never become anything but an actor, and so decided to get rid of him.³

The poet determined to be a burden to nobody: and so, on September 6-th, 1839, he left for Sopron, not, indeed, to join a theatre, but to enlist. He joined the Gollner Regiment,⁴ now the 48-th Foot bearing the

¹ We have still fragments of poems addressed to her, in which he calls himself Dalma. These appeared first in «Életképek» (Life Pictures) 1886 Jul. 30.

² «Adatok Petőfi életéhez» (Data of P's life), which appeared in the «Budapesti Szemle» (Budapest Review) in 1879 (XIX. 5.) Among other things, Orlay relates how P. quarrelled with him for daring to play his guitar in the presence of the loved one, and could only with the greatest difficulty be appeased. Petőfi frequently corresponded in later life with this young cousin: to this correspondence we shall refer later.

³ Another version is that P's father wrote to Salkovics to the effect that, as his son would never be anything better than a comedian, he should give him a florin or two and send him out into the world.

⁴ v. Dr. Francis Bayer's «Petőfi katonáskodása» (P's Soldiering) appeared in the «Koszorú» (1879 II. 272.).

name of the Archduke Ernest. Two days¹ before leaving Ostfi-Asszonyfa he wrote a poem of farewell to Samuel Petrics (Orlay), in which he praises his friend's guitar-playing, and declares that the only reward he can give is his verse, for that is all an «orphan boy» could win from fate. As may be imagined, military service² was the last thing in the world our poet would have liked to undertake. Loving liberty as he did, the restraints of military discipline, the servile work he was obliged, as a common soldier, to do, all oppressed him heavily. In a letter written to his friend Emerich Nagy,³ he cries in despair «I feel how deeply I have sunk, from the profession of a scholar to mix with uneducated unfeeling men, the prey of a rude tyrant». During this period of galling servitude Petőfi passed twice through Pozsony:⁴ once in January 1840, when he was probably sent out on special service⁵ with a small detachment of the regiment, and once in March of the same year,⁶ on his way to the Tyrol. The poet's weak constitution could not stand the severe trials of the service, and during the months of May and June he was lying in hospital at Graz suffering from nervous depression. (To be continued.)

¹ Sept. 4. 1839.

² Naturally later on the case was very different where P. was serving for a definite object, the liberation of his country. In the present case he merely served out of self-will, with no definite object in view.

³ Dated April 30. 1840. This is the only letter we have from the period of Petőfi's soldiering.

⁴ An important town near the frontier of Austria: called Pressburg by the Germans; and, as most of the geographical information of this part of Europe is obtained through the medium of German books and maps (whose information is, by the bye, very often most unreliable), it is probably best known to Englishmen as Pozsony.

⁵ He met his old friend Szeberényi whose name has been mentioned above. He refers to this meeting in a poem dated Pozsony, Jan. 21. 1840 (first published in the «Vasárnapi Ujság» (Sunday News: illustrated) 1880 Ns. 43. and 45.) and entitled «Bucsú» (Farewell). «My enjoyment within thy walls» — the poet addresses the town — «was not of long duration. And the hours flew swift as an arrow: but such hours the gods in heaven grant only to angels. I lived like a redeemed soul in Paradise, in the gentle, trusty circle of my friends... I must go!... perhaps for ever are you parted from me, beloved friends?»

Should fortune's caprice raise me on high
Or in want and misery let me lie
Till the coffin give me final rest
Warm love for you shall swell my breast».

⁶ V. Michael Kemény's «Emlékkatok Petőfiről» (Souvenirs of Petőfi), which appeared in the «Fővárosi Lapok» (Town Journal) 1877 No. 149. The fact is proved by the letter written Nagy, mention of which has been made above: «We arrived in Graz — which is about 20—22 miles from Sopron — on the 30th ult» (the letter is dated April 30.)

Maurice Jokai.

MAURICE JOKAI after having lived 79 years among us went away to Paradise on the 5th of May of this year. He shut his kind blue eyes which have seen many wonderful things we do not know of. *He* was in the land of dreams and wandered in the countries where people are good as angels and where they are bad as devils. He is our greatest novelist and every eye was full of tears when — with the sad tune our «honvéds» were blowing, — he was buried.

He was born in 1825 at Komárom and studied at the college of Pápa. After having finished his education he came to Budapest and wanted to become a lawyer. Fiery and young as he was he took part in the revolution of 1848 and was the chief leader of the youth on the eventful 15th of March. Soon he married a tragic actress from our «National Theatre» and wrote for periodicals. Afterwards he devoted all his time to writing novels which are the most precious volumes of Hungarian literature. His imagination was splendid. Never had a poet with a greater vehemence carried his readers to the greatest heights — and this with a wonderful facility. He is inexhaustible in creating typical characters and interesting scenes. His style of writing is truly Hungarian. He knows the secret of the manner *how* to tell us things; he makes us cry and laugh, love and hate just as he wants! If we take his book in our hand we are quite under his power, we live in him, far away from this world. He is always original and no friend of sentimentality. He is quick and fresh, — like baby's stories — always enchants but never gets tiresome. He often delights us with funny ideas; comic and dramatic scenes he draws with the same skill. We have no one who knows so well the character

of our peasants as he does. He takes his subjects from the life of his countrymen and always stays at home in our society.

He understands nature and paints its wonders in fresh and true colours. There is nothing artificial in his manners and he wins the sympathy of every one who has got a warm heart. The principal persons in his novels are always acting secretly, — that their deeds may be shocking and unexpected. His fantasy often carries him far away in the orient where he flies on the wings of dreams and creates a new, fantastic world.

But now — he cannot write wonderful stories any more — because he has gone. Death took him away after a short illness and he left a large vacant place... He, — who prepared us so many happy hours — has left us now in the deepest grief and mourning. There is nobody who can be as grand as this giant was — and his famous name will be immortal for ever. He



STATUE OF BARON EÖTVÖS.



FERENCZ JÓZSEF LOWER QUAY AND ST. GELLÉRT MOUNTAIN.

was our well-beloved favourite and keeps a great place in many a heart.

So he does in mine — which is full of sorrow for its lost idol.

MARGARET TROTZER.



Dr. Joachim's jubilee.

Mr. Balfour's Tribute to the great Hungarian Violinist.

Presentation of a portrait.

SIXTY years ago, within a few days, a thirteen-year-old Hungarian lad, wearing a short jacket and a turned-down collar, faced and conquered a critical audience at the London Philharmonic Society's concert and played Beethoven's great violin concerto in such a manner that the critics knew no superlatives good enough to describe the prodigy.

The other night the same artist, Dr. Joseph Joachim, now a portly man of seventy-three, with frosty and rugged beard and hair and a massive, intellectual face, played the same concerto to a vast audience in the Queen's Hall, expressing by it the thanks that his tongue could not utter.

It was a night of great triumph for the greatest living classical violinist — a recognition of sixty year's strenuous art-work, in which he always strove for the highest ideals. It was also the expression of that magnetic personal friendship which is inspired in audiences by great artists.

The Prime Minister snatched an hour or two from his parliamentary labours to present, with a felicitous speech, a fine portrait of the master which has been painted by Mr. Sargent. Sir Hubert Parry, on behalf of a large number of subscribers, read an address, which said that «the welcome we offer you is alike for the artist who commands every power of the trained hand and for the musician whose consummate knowledge and profound reverence for his art have uniformly guided his execution in the path of the sincerest interpretation».

The audience included the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and many of the foremost musicians of Europe. Enthusiasm was extreme from the moment that Mr. Balfour led the doctor on to the stage to the last item in a notable programme that illustrated Joachim both as an interpretative artist, a creator of music, and a conductor. It was drawn, appropriately, from the works of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms, the three great composers by whom his musical career has been most influenced.

«He whom we desire to honour», said the Premier, «visits us from a country whose greatest gift in the artistic world has been a musical gift. If the music of all the other nations in the world were destroyed we should be the poorer by many great masterpieces, but we might get on. If the music of Germany was destroyed

we should not get on. For two centuries they have produced composers not merely famous in their day, but whose works have stood the test of time, and so far as I can see, ever will be a part of the ordinary musical fare of the ordinary lover of music.

«That is a great thing to say of the work of any nation, and happy are they in the reflection that this artistic work is not bound by limitations of space and by the impossibility of duplication and repetition, like great pictures or great buildings. Nor yet is its diffusion limited by the barriers of language, which no degree of familiarity will enable us to traverse. Wherever there are ears to hear and interpreters to interpret, the joy which music is capable of giving may be enjoyed irrespective of nation, I almost said of age, and certainly untrammelled by barriers of space or language.

A debt of gratitude.

«But it requires an interpreter, and there, Dr. Joachim, we all owe you, directly or indirectly, a debt of gratitude not easy to be estimated. The changes in British musical taste, which have opened out new avenues of artistic joys, are not due to one man, or twenty men or a hundred men. But if we are to choose one who more than others has deserved the title of pioneer in this great cause, it is to you, Dr. Joachim, we should all look»

Mr. Balfour went on with a graceful expression of the fact that Dr. Joachim's visits to England were looked forward to not only as a great aesthetic pleasure, but with the feeling that a friend was coming among us. The great influence he had had on British music was due not merely to his high artistic qualities, but to that human affection which it was his peculiar and supreme gift to elicit.

«It is to the friend as much as to the musician», concluded Mr. Balfour, «that we now desire to pay all the honour which it is in our power to give you, and as some symbol, some permanent memorial of this memorable night, I beg to present you with a portrait, which will serve to remind you of the many friends you have in England.»

The portrait was then unveiled, and the great violinist,

overcome both by his emotion and the difficulties of a tongue which is still foreign to him, spoke a few sentences of thanks. He was most thankful that the Premier had done him the honour of calling him his friend. Speaking of Mendelssohn, he said: «It is great joy to think that he, who always watched like a father over my artistic career, was also the means of bringing me over to this country, which I have found a second home».

Series of triumphs.

Then, failing at words, he said: «I should like to try to give you pleasure, in some other way, and, if you will allow me, I will try to give you the piece that first I played in this country».

When the cheers had subsided, Mr. H. J. Wood led Dr. Joachim back to the stage, this time carrying his violin, and soon Beethoven's Concerto was played by the master with that incomparable triumph over great difficulties, allied with genius, that was foreshadowed in the young prodigy sixty long years ago.

The remainder of the concert was a series of triumphs by Dr. Joachim as conductor, artist and composer, and the occasion will remain a memorable epoch in music.

No one could complain of the enthusiasm and regard shown for the master at last night's reception and concert, but though laurel wreaths were handed up, the occasion lacked the pretty touch of sentiment which marked the musical festival held in his honour a few years ago. On the programme Beethoven's Concerto appeared with the name of the soloist. The orchestra started the overture and no soloist appeared. Then three graceful young girls, bearing Joachim's violin reverently, went to him in the audience and beseeched him to play his favourite piece. He laughingly consented, to the delight of the audience.



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.

*

With the Services on Trinity Sunday the English Church in Budapest terminated for the season. They will recommence

D. V. on the first Sunday in October. Letters for the Chaplain should still be addressed to the Hotel Hungaria or the Consulate.

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, 1904.

ANDREW MOODY D. D

Dr. F. D. Chester, Consul for the U. S. A. in Hungary has just been raised to the dignity of Consul-General by President Roosevelt.



Wit and Humour.

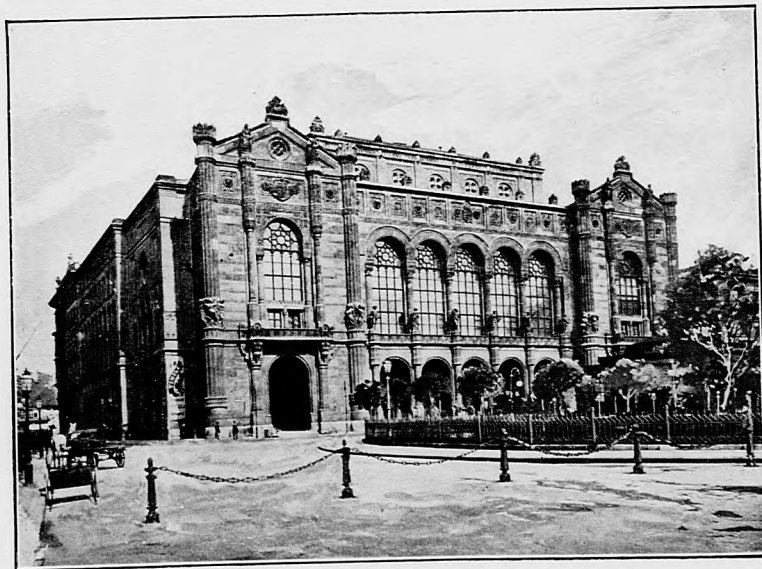
Shortly before the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan a reception was tendered to the Diplomatic Corps at Washington by Ambassador and Madame Ladislaus Hengelmüller de Hengervár. Among those present was also the Korean Envoy and when asked by an acquaintance what side his country would take in the ensuing struggle, the almond-eyed gentleman calmly made this question:

— Did you ever see a pair of dogs fighting over a bone?

— Why, yes!

— Well, then did you ever see the bone do any fighting?

RAMBLER.



ASSEMBLY ROOMS AND CONCERT HALL.

sport and . . .
.. Pastime.

THE BUDAPEST Spring Meeting was brought to a close on Thursday May 17th. There was a very fair attendance considering the very unsettled weather. Last-day meetings are generally of a very uninteresting character and this proved to be no exception. There were six events, the most important being the *Zár Handicap* of 10,000 Crowns out of eleven entries eight went to the post.

The Race.

Merry Agnes jumped off first followed by Székely, Cassandra, Retour, South Star, Kortés, Mindjárt and Fergeteg and so they ran for half the distance: when Székely took the lead with Retour and Merry Agnes well up. Half a furlong from home Merry Agnes challenged and Székely being unable to stall off the challenge won by half a length. A length separated second and third.

Zár Handicap. 10,000 K for the first, 3000 K for the second, 600 K for third; distance 2000 m.

Count Festetics's Merry Agnes	Janek 1
Mr. T. Petanovits' Székely	Aylin 2
Mr. A. Dreher's Retour	Adams 3

Also ran. (Winner trained by Planner.) Mindjárt (Bulford), Fergeteg (Lewes), Kortés (Huxtable), South Star (Walkington), Cassandra (Martinkovits).

Football Match at Pozsony.

The *Műgyetemi Football Club* journeyed on Monday May 23rd to Pozsony to meet their old rivals the *Pozsonyi Athletikai Club*.

The M. F. C. left Budapest with great hopes of breaking the Continental record for goal scoring, but «*Alas*» were doomed to disappointment. So bad was the weather that it was doubtful whether they would play at all, but like true Sportsmen they turned out. As could be imagined the game was of a rough and scramble kind, and the M. F. C. did very well in managing to scrape home by 1—0. Had it been fine I am of the opinion that their hopes would have been fully realized.

The Automobile Parade in Budapest.

A novel and pretty sight was presented to us on the *Stefánia-út* last week in form of an automobile flower *Parade*.

Some seventy automobiles took part in the Parade which extended the whole length of the *Stephania* and *Csömör* Boulevards. The centre of the procession was the Park Club where the King's Stand was situated.

The event aroused great interest and the crowds began to fill the neighbourhood long before the time appointed for the parade.

Members of the Court appeared at 3 p. m. but His Majesty did not arrive till half an hour later whereupon the interesting Spectacle commenced.

The Automobiles were beautifully decorated with all possible kinds of flowers in season.

Leading the procession was the motor of Baron *Frigyes Born*, decorated to look like a brilliant

white yacht, which was followed by the car of Countess *Keglevich* and her daughter Ilona, appearing like a veritable lilac-bush.

Among the most strikingly and beautifully decorated motors was that of Countess *Szapáry* which represented an enormous red fire-breathing dragon, the chauffeur taking the character of Mephistopheles.

Mr. Alfred Brüll's enormous car was decorated with



THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF HUNGARY FOR A CHURCH IN MEMORY OF THE LATE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

white roses and a model of the «*Turul*» balloon was composed of the same flowers. The King evidently enjoyed the charming sight and returned the salutations from the cars with great good humour.

After passing the judges' stand the battle of flowers began which however was more or less a failure, for owing to the cold hauteur of the participants the bombardment was not very vigorous.

Our next edition will contain the Portrait of Her Excellency Mrs Dr. Albert de Berzeviczy.

To the Editor of Hungary.

Correspondence . . .

My dear Friend.

I must heartily congratulate you upon the success you have already attained with your paper. I have received many letters from my friends both in England and America. Professor Drummond Principal of the Manchester College at Oxford writes: «Having read Hungary which you were so kind as

enterprise and promise to become a contributor to that journal».

Mr. Chalmers my fellow student a minister at Wakefield who visited Hungary some years ago and travelled all through Transylvania in particular and upon completing his journey published an interesting book entitled «*Transylvanian Recollections*» has also promised to become a correspondent to Hungary.

Mr. Fretwell a great friend of Hungary who translated M. Jókai's work «*God-is-one*» will also write for your paper.

Lt. General Joseph Palkovits who is a great admirer and a Patron of Hungary has sent numerous copies of your paper to all his friends abroad who warmly welcomed your useful journal and they all believe that it will have a great future; and a friend of the General Dr. Edward Cadic, Professor of History in Dublin University, wrote to him an interesting letter from which the following is a short quotation: «My dear General. Grateful thanks for the beautiful «*Hungary*». I see that your friends write English as well as yourself and «*Hungary*» is published in the «*Vernacular*». It is a feather in the cap of my Hungarian friends. How many Englishmen or Frenchmen could write Hungarian?»

Now my dear Friend, you can see and may thus be fully convinced that all these opinions and good wishes from such eminent authorities as the above, and many more whom I have not yet mentioned, only fully prove that the patriotic path that you have taken up not only strengthens your position but ought to give you fresh and still stronger ambition, with spirit to go fast ahead carrying on the mission you have so strongly in view thereby doing great service to the fatherland which we all so dearly love.

During my stay in the United States of America as a representative of the Hungarian Unitarians I delivered lectures in different towns and everywhere I was requested to repeat some poem or other and among them I recited our well known Author M. Vörösmarty's *Appeal (Szózat)* which made a great impression on the people present.

I enclose the same for publication.

Believe me my dear Friend Yours faithfully
Kolozsvár, May 25, 1904.

Prof. John Kovács.

*

As a footnote to professor Kovács's interesting enquiry into the cause of the spread of the English language published a short time ago it is gratifying to learn that by order of the Government of Saxony, the English language is in future to displace French as the first optional study in all Government Schools. The paper conveying this decision sets out in detail the reasons which have caused this edict to be published. Dr. Albert de Berzeviczy the Minister of Religion and Instruction might, we think, with advantage, examine these reasons, which appear to hold good in the case of our own country.

to send me. I beg to congratulate the Editor upon the splendid and clever idea of publishing that paper, thus bringing Hungary before the English speaking people in its true light especially those who know but little of your country and the noble Magyars».

My fellow student Mr. Andrew Wakefield also warmly welcomed the idea of printing an English journal in this country having such a noble mission as to bring Hungary before the people of England and the United States and concludes: «I offer the Editor of Hungary my heartiest good wishes and desire every success and a sure prosperity for his

We have consistently urged the compulsory study of English in Hungarian Schools, but should be satisfied for the time being if it were made optional and the Educational Standard of Hungary brought into line with that of the progressive German Kingdom.



The Cruise of the H. I. M. S. "Calabria".

A FEW days ago the Italian Royal Man-of-war «Calabria» arrived in Venice from China. This ship has really deserved her laurels for a very useful and interesting trip round the world and I am glad to give a short notice of her cruise.

She left the Venice dockyard on the 18th of February 1902 for the Antilles, where she had to take part in the naval demonstration against Venezuela, together with the English and German squadrons. She arrived before La Guayra in the beginning of May. A few days after she was sent to Havana to represent Italy at the ceremony of the inauguration of the Cuban Republic, which took place on the 18th of the same month, and Captain Castiglia was the first as senior foreign commander to shake hands with the new President Estrada Palma. But it seems that festivities were not to be her fate, and on the morrow she was ordered to go as fast as possible to Martinique, the French island which was then partly destroyed by the volcanic eruption of Mont Pelée. She arrived there in time to give during her stay valuable assistance to homeless people. Among them were three poor shipwrecked Hungarians, who had badly suffered by fire and ashes. The Calabria proceeded again to Venezuelan waters and took part in the energetic steps which the three allied powers were obliged to take against President Castro's Government.

Once this demonstration over, she proceeded to visit the ports of South America, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific, all of which possess large Italian populations. From Callao (Peru) she was ordered to the Far East, but on the way she had the opportunity of giving charitable assistance on account of another cosmogonic disturbance, the dreadful typhoon which so greatly damaged some of the Society Islands. She was on the 12th of January of this year in Tahiti (another French possession) when the intelligence arrived that the Paumotu Islands were almost destroyed by a cyclone. She joined two French boats there, the «Durance» and the Zelée, in visiting the archipelago and gave all possible assistance. The Captain told me that no less than 500 Maori, such is the name of the

inhabitants of the islands, had been drowned, and so great was the dread of the superstitious survivors that they refused to go fishing, which is their main trade, for the fear of the dead buried at sea.

The French Government was so grateful for the assistance offered by the Calabria in both cases, that the Minister of Marine referred to her in high terms in the French Chamber of Deputies, and the Government rewarded Captain Castiglia with the Legion of Honour.

From Tahiti the Calabria crossed the rest of the Pacific, visiting the Marshall Islands, and arrived in Yokohama on the 12th of March 1903. From Japan she sailed to China and arrived again, as already mentioned after a cruise of nearly 110,000 miles, a few days ago at Venice.

Galatz May 26—904.

WILLIAM GRÜNER.



On Duelling.

Duelling from a Social Standpoint.

THE FEAR of being thought cowards brings ninety-nine duellists out of a hundred into the field, says a celebrated English author. This sounds paradoxical. «The fear of being thought cowards» — by society, we may add; by which is meant, I suppose, the educated classes. Well, all I have to remark is, that, at least so it seems to me, there is a deplorable defect in the methods of education, and that society will probably have a great many lessons to learn before ceasing to encourage duelling by acting as umpire in so-called affairs of honour clearly outside its province. Many more promising sons, it is to be feared, and fathers of families will have to fall victims to the criminal offence of single combat at the verdict of tyrannical society as it is at present constituted, before this heinous practice is abolished.

The age of gladiators, when men were still in an uncivilized state, is gone by. With the ancients mental culture, on the whole, was at a very low ebb, and they had a sovereign contempt for life, priding themselves in the ostentatious display of arms, and glorying in butchering each other. They had nothing better to do.

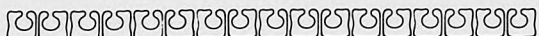
But now-a-days that state of affairs is entirely changed, and we are living in an age of advanced thought and comparative enlightenment. Education commences at an early age, and at least fifteen or sixteen years of constant application and study are required to complete it.

Under these conditions a man's life becomes of far more importance than it was in the dark ages. From an economic point of view too, it may be regarded as a valuable commodity demanding the enactment of new laws to preserve it, and to meet the exigencies of new conditions.

However, independent of all these considerations, duelling serves no sensible purpose. Suppose a man is grossly insulted by some individual who takes a delight in bloodshed, and social laws compel him to demand satisfaction at the hands of his assailant, and he is mutilated or killed in a duel; where, we may ask, does the satisfaction come in? The pet of society exults, and has gained his laurels at the expense of an innocent victim.

The only just way, in my opinion, of obtaining satisfaction for a gratuitous insult, is to resent it on the spot by chastising the aggressor.

TH. HIRST.



The Hungarian Anti-Duel League.

THE HUNGARIAN Anti-Duel League in the front of which we find many of the celebrities of our public life, sent out the following proclamation:

To the intelligent Society of Hungary!

We appeal to the intelligent class of society of Hungary to oppose all prejudice towards duels! The fight against this greatest prejudice of our times has spread almost over all of Europe. Hungary can not fall back from the efforts of the other states, as it is our country in which this tragic tradition has gained strongest foothold.

We have therefore founded a league which is to offer a bold front to this tradition. We know very well that we shall not be able to conquer this prejudice towards duels at once, but we feel sure that it can not resist long a united and unswerving stand and fight of the intelligent human soul and mind.

And we therefore invite all to join our league who are willing to participate in so noble and patriotic a strife.

We invite all the chivalrous gentlemen of Hungary upon whose shoulders the heavy load of its responsibility rests.

We invite all the ladies of Hungary to help us with tender hands to wipe away the bloody tradition of the past from the forehead of the nation.

We also invite the youth that they may accept fruitful belief in our fight for the future.

We have for this purpose laid our society upon a national basis and followed a foreign example. We demand nothing impossible

and do not want to force any one's conscience. We do not ask great sacrifices. The greatest sacrifice is there, where the intention is pure.

With united strength we want to declare war against the whole line of the big prejudice and folly. We want to prepare a practical reform of the laws and with peace-making hand stop the idle and useless spilling of blood. We sincerely hope that the result in the end will be to eliminate all the prejudices of duelling. And if God is with us, we will, with the help of our noblest patriots, reach our aim for the benefit of our fatherland.

The membership fee for one year is three Crowns. Application may be made to the Secretary Mr. Edward Gergely (Budapest, V., Dorottya-utca 6.), who will readily answer all information required.



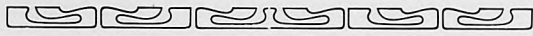
The Bull-fight at the Zoological Gardens.

REFERRING to our announcement in the previous number of this pending entertainment, we are sorry to hear from some of our friends that they have taken it too seriously. The promoters are not



ALEXANDER PETÖFI'S MONUMENT.

catering for blood-thirsty heathens, but for civilised and Christian Hungarians. It should be needless to say that the authorities would never allow the brutal horrors of a real Spanish Bull-fight to be perpetrated in our town. There will be nothing take place to frighten or shock the most timid child of the tenderest years.



Francis de Vecsey in London.

Queen and boy violinist.

AFTER his brilliant success in London the other day was a red-letter day in the life of little Francis de Vecsey, the marvellous boy violinist.

By the Queen's command his father and mother took him to Buckingham Palace in the afternoon, and there, before the Queen, Princess Victoria, and several of the royal grandchildren, he played Wieniawski's «Faust Fantaisie», and, at the Queen's special request, the Schubert-Wilhelmj «Ave Maria».

While the Queen took tea with Mr. and Mrs de Vecsey, little Francis played with her grandchildren in an adjoining room.

«What would you most like to see in the Palace?» asked one of the suite.

«Cannons», was the reply of the little violinist, and when he was shown some he wanted to know if one could really shoot with them.

Genius and jokes.

The critics of London are of one mind that little Francis de Vecsey, the boy violinist, is really a musical prodigy. Society has heartily endorsed the criticism, and the small Hungarian now finds himself the «lion» of the season.

This is quite disturbing to Francis's mamma, who, in trying to evade the evergrowing piles of invitations, pleads almost pathetically that her boy is not a «wonderchild».

As for Francis himself, he is so amused at the disturbance he had no wish to create that all he can vouchsafe about the matter is confined to a smile of uncommon width and fun.

A representative of «Hungary» yesterday discovered Francis at the Savoy Hotel cutting out pictures for his scrapbook.

«How do you like being a lion?» asked the interviewer.

The unexpected reply came quite naturally from the close-cropped, bullet-headed, bare-legged, sturdy youngster «I would much rather», he said, wistfully, «play bears».

And so saying, he leaped with confiding playfulness upon the journalist's knee, and made an onslaught on his immaculate tie. Order having been restored, he was asked, «Can you speak much English?»

«Oh, yes, sir», said Francis; «one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. 'Ow do you do. Happy life, sir.»

Then he lapsed into German, and continued gravely, «I will fetch my brother». Having upset a chair, he flung out of the room.

Solemn-eyed boy.

Two minutes later there entered a solemn-eyed boy, with long, curling yellow hair. The representative of «Hungary» mentally decided that this was far more like

a musical prodigy than the other boy, and rose to receive him.

The lad shook hands gravely, and then, without any warning, seized his yellow locks, pulled them off, and, with peals of laughter, dived under the table.

His mother hastily apologised, and explained. Francis, she said, declared that if he was to be a great artist he must have long hair, like Kubelik and Paderewski. In fact, occasionally, when he was fractious, he would get into a pet and declare that if he could not have long hair he would not be a musical prodigy any more.

But his mother, who is a charming lady of great good sense, will not hear of it. She points out to Francis that only little girls have long hair, and that a profusion of locks is very trying in hot weather.

So Francis goes crop-haired; but, by way of compensation, he has the wig with which an operatic friend presented him.

Francis altogether leads a life of a kind not usually associated with musical prodigies. He practises two hours a day on his violin, and occasionally watches the methods of greater and older players. But that is all the instruction he gets, for his parents are people of means, and they have no wish to force him.

To escape the round of gaieties that threatens little Francis, they will soon be going back to Hungary.

«He can romp there», said his mother.

«Come, too», cried the lion of the season to our representative, «and we can all romp together».



A Human Clearing House.

(Ellis Island, New-York, where most of the Immigrants to the United States are Examined.)

By: WILLIAM GRÜNER.

I.

A BRITISH Royal Commission has at last reported in favour of protection against the undesirable alien. At present it is well known that Great Britain, alone among the nations of the world, gives free admission to the criminal, the pauper, the lunatic, and the diseased from various Continental ports. No inquiries whatever are made into the moral and financial condition of their self invited guests. Now that the principle of restriction is accepted by the Government, it is interesting to examine the methods of foreign powers in keeping out the undesirable. At present, probably the most inquisitorial method of dealing with them is that of the United States.

America would not think of excluding the alien entirely — he is admitted to be necessary for the development of the states, and there is still room for many millions of new-comers. But she is very anxious to secure the right kind of immigrant. At present, she finds that the bulk of her annual contingent of three-quarters of a million immigrants come from the

wrong parts of Europe. Formerly, the vast majority came from Great Britain, Germany and Scandinavia. Now the majority are from Italy, Austria, Hungary and Russia. In 1882 the Teutonic countries sent to America 535,000 people. Last year their number had dwindled to 128,000. On the other hand, Italy, Austria, Hungary and Russia sent only 83,000 in the former year, but last year reached the large total of 457,000, or about 63 per cent of the total of all nations. This worries the American government. In the words of Commissioner Williams, America

requires Teutonic races, «because they closely resemble our own people in blood, traditions, and ideas of government». Had America drawn her early immigrants from the same stock as she draws those of to-day, she would not have enjoyed her present civilisation. For the great stream of immigrants to-day goes to cities, not to towns in agricultural districts. Seventy per cent of last year's consignment went to towns in New-York, Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts. Less than ten per cent went west, and two per cent south. In view of this fact, Ame-

rica wishes to make it more and more difficult to land in her dominions unless one proves that one is «likely to prove a real addition to the wealth of the country». Even now, one has to satisfy the authorities on many points before being regarded as desirable, and this applies to all classes of steamship passengers. In the case of a cabin passenger, first or second class, the process is rather an amusing one. When the ship has passed Sandy Hook, a group of officials from the Immigration Department board the ship, and seat themselves at various tables in the saloon. Passengers are requested to fill in a form giving certain particulars as to name, age, calling, destination. Other questions, too, of a startling character are expected to be answered. The distinguished author, for instance, must affirm that

he is «able to read and write», the youthful bachelor must boldly deny that he is a polygamist, the millionaire must state that he comes not from an almshouse, and is not supported by charity, the athlete that he is not a cripple, and the elderly statesman that he is not an anarchist.

If a distinguished personage is on board, a polite message will be sent to him requesting his attendance, before the general bulk of the passengers are examined. The examination itself is scarcely serious. The writer's own ordeal in a recent visit consisted of a discussion with the

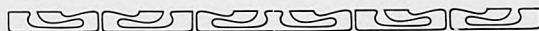
examining officer on the spelling of his name, which reminded him of some story or another.

Very different is the fate of the steerage immigrant who seeks the hospitality of Uncle Sam. He has to answer these questions, but in full seriousness. If there are really anarchists, polygamists, outcasts, criminals, most certainly, reasons the American Government, they will be travelling third class. Accordingly an island has been selected in New-York Harbour, at the mouth of the Hudson River, and on it erected a picturesque red brick structure, surmounted

by four gables and not unlike a large railway station. Through this «clearing-house» every third class immigrant to New-York must pass before admission to the mainland.

By permission of the Commissioner I was allowed to accompany a party of immigrants from a «North German Lloyd» liner at the opening of the immigration season last spring. The ship in question had arrived in New-York on a Sunday.

(To be continued.)



A Crisis at Sea.

A DELAWARE pilot, who was instructed to take out a vessel that was sailing for Genoa, noticed before he had gone many miles that the captain was acting strangely. Presently that individual savagely com-



FRANCIS RÁKÓCZY II.
FAMOUS HUNGARIAN RULER WHOSES REMAINS AFTER 170 YEARS WILL
SHORTLY BE BROUGHT HOME FROM TURKEY.

manded him to reverse the course of the vessel and take her back to the port of departure. He indignantly refused to do so. Then the captain pulled out a big stiletto, and said that if he was not instantly obeyed he would plunge it into the heart of the pilot. Perceiving he had to deal with a madman, the latter reflected that if he betrayed the slightest weakness his life would pay the forfeit. Turning to the captain, he said: «You are the master of this vessel, and, of course, if you give the word it will have to go back. But I would like to know where we are at present, and would ask you to go below and get me my marine glasses, which are on the table in your cabin». The captain obeyed with surprising alacrity, and as soon as he was below the pilot shut and locked the hatchway. Then he piped all hands on deck, and explained the situation to officers and crew. Three of four able-bodied seamen went below and tied the insane and now infuriated captain hand and foot.



A cs. és kir. szab. Adriai Biztosító Társulat 1903. évi üzleti jelentése és zárószámadatai, melyek ez év április 28-án megtartott közgyűlésen terjesztettek elő, a következő fontosabb adatokat tartalmazzák: Az életbiztosítási osztályban 51,634.879 korona biztosított tőkéről szóló ajánlatot nyújtattak be, melyek ellenében 45,523.303 korona biztosított összegről állították ki kötvények. A biztosítási átlag az év végével kerek 276 millió tőke- és 719.290 korona járadék biztosításokra rugott, minélfogva a tőkebiztosításoknál 20,958 564 korona tiszta szaporodás mutatkozik. Életbiztosítási díjakban 11,720.578 korona vételeztetett be, míg halálesetek, valamint a biztosítottak életében esedékes összegek s az esedékes járulékok 5,210.589 korona kifizetését tették szükségessé. A kamatláb leszállítására szolgáló pótdíjtartalék az idei 200.000 koronát tevő átutalás folytán 1,700.000 koronára emelkedett. Az életbiztosítási osztály díjtartalékai és díjtételei 1903 decz. 31-én 74,097,382 koronát tettek ki és a mult évhez viszonyítva 5,958.215 korona emelkedést mutatnak. A tűzbiztosítási ágazatban a díjbevétel 20,869.390 korona, az előző év 19,316.631 korona díjbevétele ellenében.

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HUNGARY

Budapest, Wednesday June 1, 1904.

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Budapest, 1904 május havában.

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(Utánnomás nem díjaztatik.)

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

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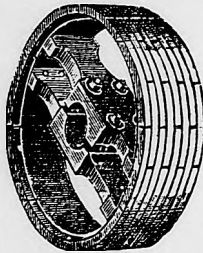
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