

HUNGARY

Budapest Wednesday June 15, 1904.
An Illustrated fortnightly Society Newspaper.

VOL. II. No 14.

Noteworthy sights of Hungary.

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

III.

THERE is an extensive lake region in this country, that of the *Lake Balaton*, the beauty of which is universally acknowledged. The «*Hungarian Sea*», the romantic environs of which have been christened the «*Hungarian Vale of Tempe*» by the late Maurice Jókai attracts with its glorious natural beauties thousands of foreign visitors to this country every summer. The *Tisza*, the typical

river of Hungary, slowly drags along through the low level land, while the Danube, in its lower course passes through the *Iron Gate*, which is renowned for its grand beauty.

In the Northwest of Hungary, again, the beautiful valley of the *Vág* crosses through a higher romantic region, historically memorable in many places. The *Vág* flows past numerous historical Castles and ruins which are on the summits of the mountains, such as *Trencsén*, *Árva* and *Liptó*, each of them having a story of its own in historical and legendary annals.

Next is the *Lake Csorba* in the *Tátra* district which is the highest inhabited point of Hungary. One is reminded of the scenery of the *Black Forest*, but in reality the *Vág* route combines the interest of both, and excels each in beauty.



Photo by Strelisky.

MRS. DR. ALBERT DE BERZEVICZY.

On descending from the Station we see before us the most lovely *Huss Park*, situated along the banks of the *Poprád* river. Here we often find a great number of tourists seated on the verandah of the large Hotel, — built in the Swiss style, — partaking of dinner and listening to the lovely strains of the *Czigány* band. One might indeed sit here a whole night by moonlight admiring the glorious views and the wonderful panoramastretching before the eyes.

But charming as this may be it does not by any means approach in interest the great treat which we have yet left in store.

When one gets up at sunrise next morning, it is advisable to take a carriage, which after two or three hours ascent of the mountains will bring us closer to the *Tátra*, and we shall see a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Nature has most lavishly bestowed her bounties here. It is a scene which can be neither imagined nor described, and it requires more than the ordinary mind not to feel overpowered by the sudden impression that this grand spectacle affords. One does not know where to look first. Shall one gaze rest upon the beautiful pine-clad heights, the summits of which glitter with their

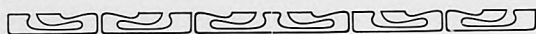
Publisher EUGENE GOLONYA,
IV., KAPLONY-UTCA 9. BUDAPEST.

SUBSCRIPTION: 7 crowns for 6 months; 14 crowns per annum. England and America 16 crowns.

Single copy 60 fillér

eternal crowns of snow, on which the violet hue of the rising sun is reflected, and on the numerous lakelets, waterfalls, and streams that glitter on the surface of the mountains like the stars in the heavens? Or shall one turn one's eyes down into the valley where the three different *Upper, Lower and New Tatra Füreds* are situated amongst pine and oak trees? No words can express the magnificence of the spectacle.

The district of this country is simply a fairy picture.



Dora d'Istria.

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

AFTER the decease of Prince Michael, Helen burning with glowing enthusiasm and unquenchable interest for the immense and beneficial influence of Western Europe upon the East and dreaming incessantly of the deliverance of nations, measuring everything by the idealism of a visionary standard, resolved on quitting Russia, where she had filled such a distinguished place by the side of her husband, being the favourite of the Imperial Court and all Society, though unhappily not until the final period of her residence at St.-Petersburg.

Her uncontrollable liberalism, disdaining all limits but especially some remarks which escaped her concerning the Crimean war, resulted in turning the Czar's favour from Dora d'Istria; and as notwithstanding the exhortations and preventive counsels of her friends, she continued to express her opinions too freely, she found herself in the event more and more isolated and neglected in the Russian Capital. It was reported, moreover that the Russian police gave her her passport, in consequence of her having proposed a toast to the three great Powers during the Crimean war; this rumour however is too destitute of positive evidence to have any weight with the historian.

From St.-Petersburg she proceeded to Belgium and thence to Switzerland, where she passed some years, devoted to her studies, meditations and the unlimited exercise of benevolence. She fixed her residence for a considerable length of time at Zurich and Aarau and published the ripe fruit of her contemplations and studies in a work comprising four volumes, and characterised (to use Frances Bremer's expression) «by the union of a strong, virile spirit with ardent sentiment». With a glance keen as the eagle's, she penetrated the tendencies of free

peoples, exulting in the undecayed energies of national youth and vigour; in the healthful institutions, as the consequences and results of this freedom, confronted with the despairing state of nations, suffering under the yoke of arbitrary despotism. A strong and vigorous mind and the powerful energy of a woman full of genius, manifest themselves in this book, known but in a very limited circle and by no means valued according to its true merit. With this work began the literary career of the Princess Helen, since known almost exclusively by the pseudonym of Dora d'Istria.

The Princess passed a part of the year 1860 in Athens, where she established herself in the house of her ancient master the Count Papadopolus, and it was in the garden of this house she first met Frances Bremer, in a laurel bower where the latter was presented to the Princess. The first impression she made upon Francis Bremer was that of a woman deliberating and weighing each of her words with great caution, instead of expressing her opinions freely. Later however, Francis Bremer recognised in her a woman, filled with noble sentiments, sensitive and humble, with whom suffering had grown into a habit, who suffered much without complaint, who, instructed by her past unfortunate experiences, exhibited some caution in her social relations, but never sought to hide her convictions. A most extraordinary character, of immense interior worth and much originality; a woman, made to be admired and to be beloved. As an authoress she is one of the most celebrated of our century. From all she communicated to her intimate acquaintances and by drawing conclusions from her own remarks, it became evident to Francis Bremer, how inexpressibly this soul, aspiring to the purity and warmth of spiritual life, had to suffer under a frigid zone, surrounded, as she had been, by an artificial society. None knew what she had passed through, what times of sad dejection and gloom. Frances Bremer mentions in her «Greek Itineraries», that she found her on one of her visits in a mood expressive of the greatest dejection and exhaustion.

(To be continued.)



«The little wonder.»

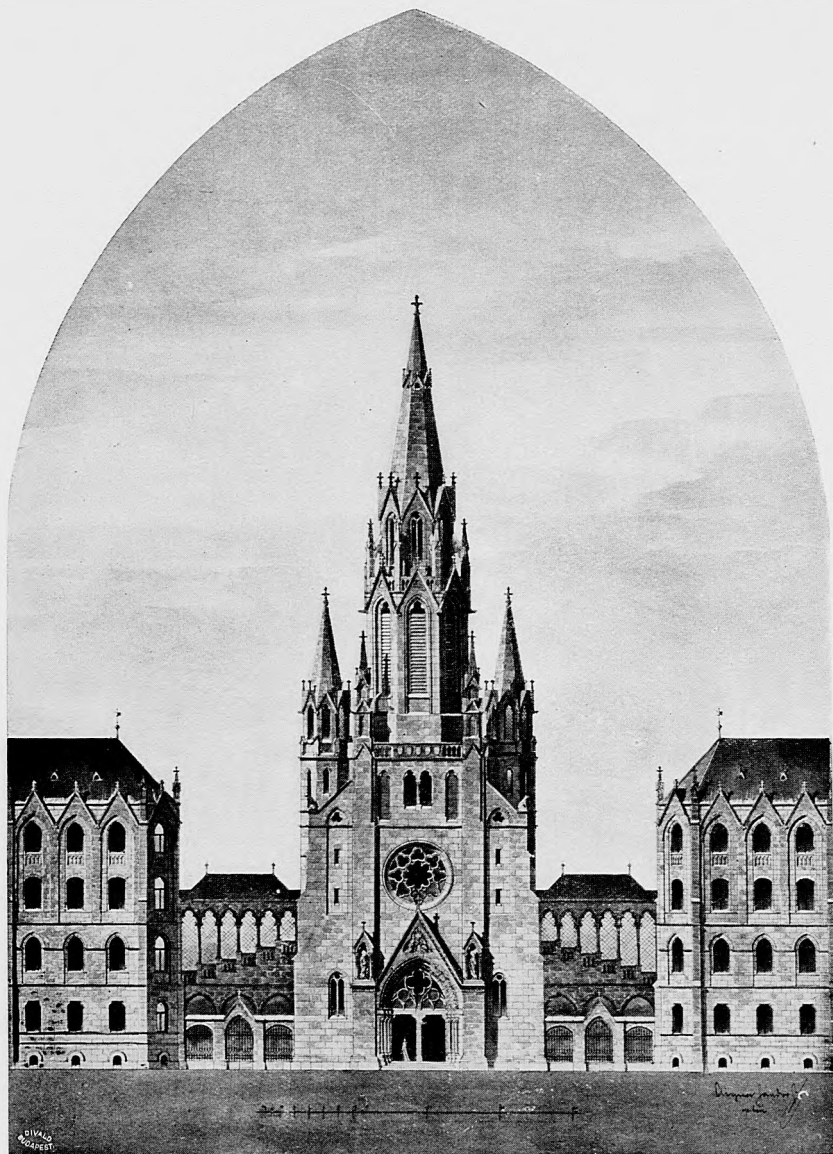
A violin Genius of eleven.

SARASATE recommended seven hours' practice a day for seven years to any one who hoped to play the violin properly. Francis de Vecsey, the little Hungarian, aged 11, who has come as a revelation to London, began practising at the age of

six, and never did more than two hours a day. His parents, who are in London with him, are taking great care of the boy's health and strength, and consequently he is limited to one concert a week.

He plays with the proficiency of a professor four times his age. Bach, Wieniawski, Paganini, and Hubay

ordinary maturity. If the boy were placed behind a screen, no one would believe that it was not a man who was playing. Francis de Vecsey, at the age of eleven years, has the firmness and decision of technique and the breadth and certainty of style of a grown man. There are the makings of a great



Queen
 Elizabeth

"Örökimádás"
 Church

(his master) offer no difficulties to him. He has received the commendation of the veteran Dr. Joachim, and has astonished the musical public of Berlin and Hamburg. The gifted boy, who made his English début at St. James's hall on Tuesday afternoon, plays from memory and with evident self-enjoyment.

Little Francis de Vecsey is the sensation of the season, and the enthusiasm with which his performances are received is tremendous. One of the most striking things about his playing is its extra-

ordinary musical interest. Dr. Joachim has paid this remarkable tribute to his juvenile rival: «When I consider his age and simple childishness, I must say that in all my long years of experience I have never met with such an extraordinary musical genius as this boy. It borders on the incomprehensible that this child should have learnt so much from his teacher (Professor Hubay) in two and a half years. Technical difficulties absolutely do not exist for this child.»

❧ Hungarian Poets ❧

The Clouds.

ALEXANDER PETŐFI.

Ha madár volnék.

Were I a bird my throne I'd build
Among the clouds supernal,
And all those flying shadows gild
With beams of light eternal.

Should we not love the heavenly host
That, grandly rolls, above us?
They pass and each in each is lost,
Yet lingeringly love us.

On me at least they seem to shine,
Their fender glances bringing;
These wanderers thro' the light divine,
They listen to my singing.

I've listened to the harmonies
Of those serene evangels,
Whose sound of music fills the skies
Like anthems of the angels.

Or children's voices — children bound
To heaven — in clouds I saw them;
Shadows of life and death around,
And earth far, far below them.

And then I watched the pale moon's face,
Whose melancholy beauty,
Soft clouds — the ministers of grace,
Watched in attendant duty.

And every fashion every form
Was graceful and attractive,
And seemed my inmost soul to warm,
With inspirations active;

With sympathies, which echo-ing fill
That soul with their own blisses,
And new emotions throb and thrill
Thro' all its deep abysses.

O how those clouds resemble well
Life's darkening and life's brightening,
To me of gushing tears they tell,
They tell of passion's lightning.

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.

A Human Clearing House.

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

By: WILLIAM GRÜNER.

II.

THE STEERAGE passengers had the mortification of seeing the cabin passengers landed, and speeding their way into the whirl of delights which lay behind that mysterious cluster of «sky-scrapers», while they themselves must spend another afternoon and night in their dreary quarters, before being ferried across to the island. From six to ten the next morning they waited patiently in the long, wooden customs shed as the officers went through their baggage.

When the immigrants leave the ship, ready to embark to the island, they are given into the charge of a steerage landing officer, whose business it is to see that all are passed on to the ferry boat, with their examined baggage, inspected at the island, supplied with the tickets for their overland journeys, food to keep them on the way, and finally deposited either safely in New-York City, or into the train at whatever terminal station they may have to depart from for the interior. The officer will speak many languages, and will shout out his instructions in each. «Get your baggage checks», yelled the official who was conducting me to the island, «we don't want nobody who hasn't got none», which he proceeded to translate into Scandinavian, German, Hungarian and Russian. The women are passed on to the boat first, with their children and baggage, then the men in less ceremonious fashion. Barrows of heavy baggage are piled on to the boat, the landing officer casts his eye round to see if any immigrant or package has been mislaid, and the ferry boat steams off to the island. The officer sighed in relief as he took me on to the upper deck.

«That's all right», he said, «The worst's now over. I've got to see that each one of those people gets through to the island, and on their journey afterwards. If it wasn't for me some of them would lose their luggage or themselves, and I should be responsible. We've known cases of people carried off to Frisco instead of Saint Louis before now».

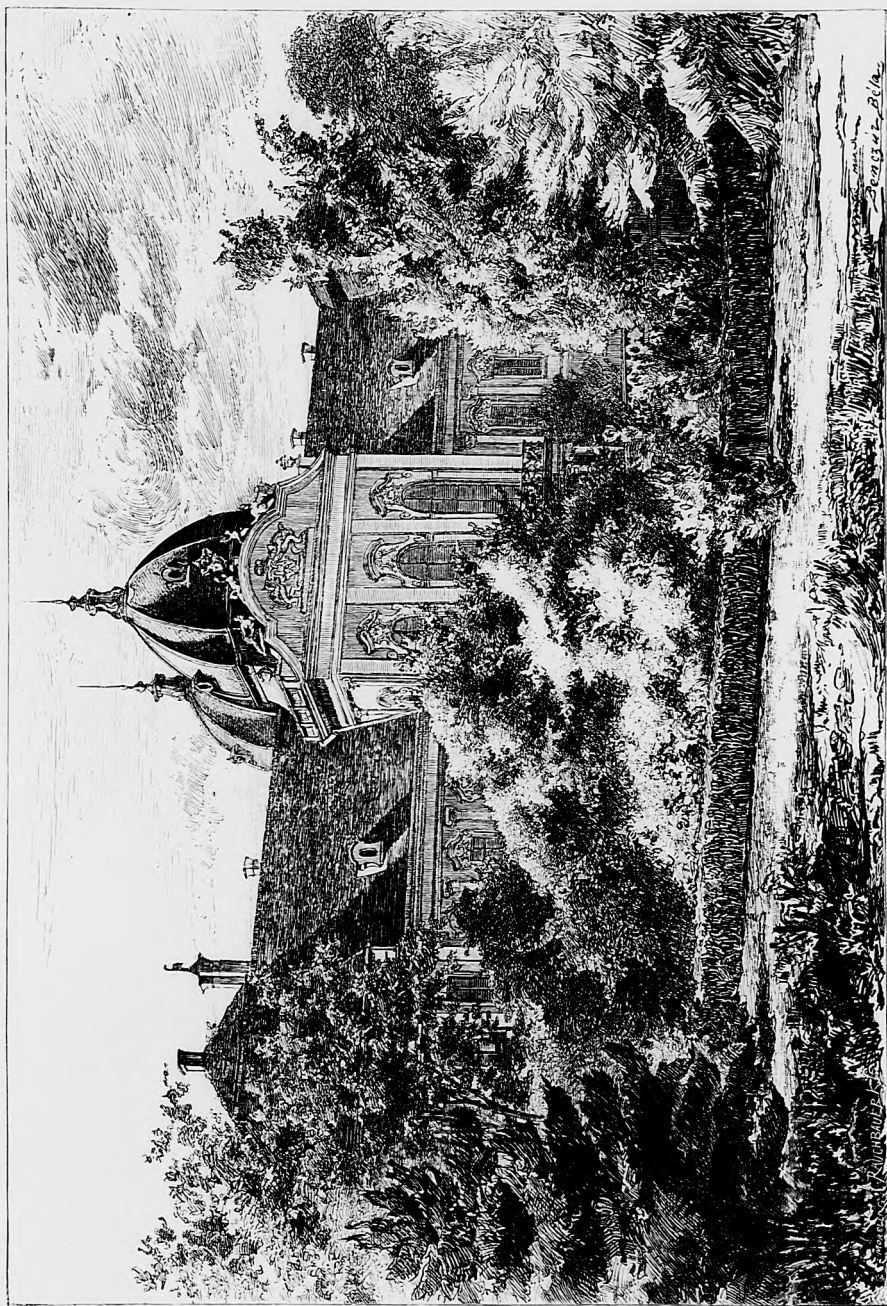
On an average Monday morning, when the immigrants arriving on a Sunday will probably be examined, you will find sometimes the output of half a dozen different liners waiting on the quay in front of the building, their bundles or portmanteaus in their hands.

The Briton, in neat black clothes and «bow-

ler» hat, rubs shoulders with the Turk with Fez and cigarette, the Hungarian and Cossack with their long strange pipes, the Slav in astrachan, the darkskinned, hatless Italian woman, the African, even the Malay. Conspicuous, however, will be the Norseman, tall, fair, blue-eyed, who is the most numerous class of immigrant carried on British steamers. Such a diversity of expressions is not often seen in any human crowd of faces. Some are bright and pleasing, others repulsive, some intelligent, others vacant, or obviously criminal. The Cunarders will deposit their comparatively smart and fresh-looking contingents — chiefly of British and Scandinavians, a French ship will disgorge immigrants from ports in the Republic, — Bremen, Hamburg and Antwerp boats a motley consignment of Germans, Hungarians, Poles, and central Europeans generally, while one will be pretty sure to encounter a large throng of Italians, Greeks, Syrians, or Turks from Mediterranean seaports. The interior of the building reminds one of another sorting place — the post office. Grilles about eight feet in height separate the immigrants from various officials, and a network of these wire partitions, resembling cages, incloses

this or that group, according to the stage in the examination he is undergoing.

I first entered an outer room in which a crowd of Mediterranean immigrants waited before being passed into the large hall for the medical ex-



THE ROYAL PALACE AT GÖBÖLLŐ.

mination. They smoked cigarettes, ate oranges and other fruits, laughed and talked in a jargon of tongues. There were batches of Italians, Greeks, Syrians, hustling each other together. This is one of the complaints against the Ellis Island depôt. An infectious disease may very

easily be spread through this mingling, and it is known that the medical officers in many European ports are not so conscientious in passing steerage passengers as they are at our own. How great this danger is, is shown by the fact that last year no fewer than seven hundred and nine aliens were returned to their countries as having «loathesome or contagious diseases». Of these only four were British, the bulk being either Poles or Russians.

(To be continued.)



Theatre and Music.

Opera House
Operaház. . .

A SPECIAL treat, Wagner's great trilogy the «*Ring des Niebelungen*» was given last week at the Opera. The performances were led by Dezső Márkus and it is with pleasure we ascertain, that now the Opera is able to present the heaviest music out of its own resources without having to call upon guests to play different rôles. The part of «*Siegfried*» was sung by our most excellent *Bochnicek* while Miss *Hermin Ney* shone as «*Brünhilde*». Praiseworthy was the singing and acting of *Viktor Dalnoky* in his rôle of *Alberich*, whose recital showed deep study of the part.

National . . .
. . . . Theatre
(Nemzeti . . .
. . . Szinház)

The best thing the National Theatre has given for a long time, Francis Herczeg's «*Bizáncz*» has become quite a favourite with the Budapest public. And it well deserves to be. The piece from a literary standpoint is excellent. The performance was well acted and gave many of the actors and actresses a chance to shine. That these chances were taken advantage of need not be said. The management of the National Theatre deserves much praise for its intelligent choice of repertoire, it endeavours to give the cream of drama and, as far as possible it succeeds. This wisdom and taste in the choice of dramas is displayed by the management in staging such pieces as «*The Admirable Crichton*», «*Miss Hobbs*», «*The Flirt*», «*Lady Windermere's Fan*» and many of Shakespear's dramas, etc. etc.

Hungarian . .
. . . . Theatre
(Magyar
. . . Szinház)

Mr. Eugene Zoltán the energetic young director of the Hungarian Theatre in conferring with the management of the «*Theatre de Variete's*» of Paris for the purpose of arranging for the visit of the latter's company to Budapest and presenting the ever charming Strauss operette «*Denevér*» (*Fledermaus*) with which the French company made so enormous a success in Paris.

The visit will most likely take place toward the end of June.

King's Theatre
(Király
. Szinház)

Now that Misses Fedák and Küry have left for a long vacation, the management of the King's Theatre has to resort to a new distribution of rôles. Naturally we miss the two stars very much, but then

their successors are able performers and do their best to please the spoilt and fastidious Budapest theatre-going public.

«*En, te, ő!*» is being given a long successful run, by which the management is certainly not losing.

The Gaiety Theatre made an attempt to make a hit with a Berlin theatre company but we are afraid it was not the success it was expected to be — by the treasurer.

The «*Neues und Kleines Theater*» with a fairly good company and headed by an indisputably good actor and director, Mr. *Max Reinhardt*, gave a repertoire of modern German pieces among which were Gorki's «*Nachtsyl*», «*Minna von Barnhelm*», «*Kabale und Liebe*», «*Mutter Landstrasse*», etc.

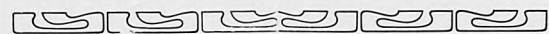
Although morally or rather dramatically a success, the box office must have found enthusiasm lacking. After a week's stay the management again put on a repertoire of good Hungarian comedies.

The Ós-Budavár management is trying its best, and succeeding as far as we can see, to offer a first class variety show in its beautifully illuminated gardens, and is making things interesting by arranging all possible kinds of outdoor attractions such as skating rinks, shooting galleries, gipsy and Italian bands, fireworks etc., etc., a veritable Coney-Island in miniature.

An interesting lecture was given at the *Urania Theatre of Science* last week entitled «*Spanvolország*» («*Spain*»), by Gyula Pekár the novelist, which lecture comprised an intelligent recital of personal experiences during the author's stay there. The lecture was cleverly illustrated by slides and moving pictures.

We learn that Góza Gárdonyi, the excellent author of «*A Bor*», («*Wine*») has dramatized his great historical novel «*A láthatatlan ember*», («*The Invisible Man*») It has been accepted by the management of the National Theatre and is to be produced early in the next season.

Mr. Adolph Mérei, lately secretary of the Hungarian Theatre, has signed a contract with László Beöthy, director of the King's theatre as manager. Mr. Mérei will certainly be a valuable acquisition to the management of King's Theatre.



Human statistics of the Cost of Walking.

«*Express*» Correspondent.

Gibraltar, June 11, 1904.

MR. PAUL DEUTSCH, a Hungarian journalist, has reached Gibraltar on a pedestrian tour throughout Europe. He started on Sept. 1, 1901, and has to complete the journey by May 25, 1905. Up to date he has covered a distance of 19,000 miles. He

says he has stepped 195,000,000 paces and has worn out 364 boot soles.

He has visited the Kings of Belgium and Roumania, M. Loubet and the King Francis Joseph.

During his walk he has lost over half an inch in height, 14lbs. in weight, and seven teeth.

The teeth came out through drinking polluted water in Siberia, which caused his mouth to become sore.

He has walked through Hungary, Roumania, Poland, the Ural Mountains, Germany, Holland, Belgium, England, France, Italy, and Spain, and is now proceeding to Barcelona, where he will embark for Constantinople, and continue the tour to Turkey, Macedonia, Bulgaria, Servia, and back to Hungary.

If he reaches home on the date agreed upon a well-known Hungarian Society will award him a prize of £6,500.



Reformed Church.

Ecclesiastical Notes

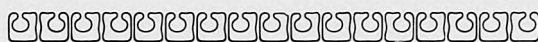
DIVINE SERVICE IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE is held in the Reformed Church, Hold-utca on Sundays at half past eleven o'clock.

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-utca 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.



How Bull-fighters live.

WE CAN ALL imagine the life of a bull-fighter as a romantic one; they are as a rule men of humble origin who make their way up in the world through their bravery and daring stand before infuriated bulls. Some have won fame and fortune. Of course there are some exceptions for we hear that Lagarto and Gueritta possessed a certain natural refinement, with a certain modesty based upon the consciousness of their own worth, while others get vain and conceited because perhaps, a Duke or Prince has shaken hands with them or a known millionaire has asked them to dine with him.

Bull fighters take degrees also in their profession as in others; they begin as chulos, and earn about £ 3 a week. When trained or qualified they take the rank of banderilleros, making from £ 5 to £ 30

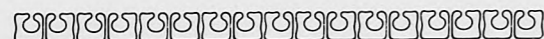


THE SIEGE OF BUDA IN 1686.

a week. But a first-class matador receives as much as £ 300 for a *single* afternoon's fight in the arena. Pouly perhaps makes about £ 400. The famous bull-fighter *Espartero* once received £ 500 for one performance. They seldom marry before they become matadors, and their wives seldom or never go to see their husbands kill the bulls. Not because they are nervous about their husbands, but perhaps for the same motive that often the wife of an orator has never heard her husband speak. Neither do they accompany their husbands abroad or even to provinces. A bride and bridegroom generally wear black on their wedding-day, the bride's young face peeps from under the folds of beautiful Spanish lace; everyone in Spain is married in black; but after the ceremony both bride and bridegroom change their dress for a brighter one. The bridegroom presents his bride with beautiful brilliants, which every well-to-do Spaniard does which they only wear for the first time on that day. When a professional bull-fighter intends to give up the Arena his wife or nearest relation cuts off his little pigtail, which all bull-fighters wear. By so doing he announces to the world his desire never to enter the ring again.

A really good bull-fight costs about £ 1,500 to 2,000; and good bulls are worth between £ 30 to £ 50 each, and as a rule, six are slaughtered in a single afternoon's performance.

MISS. J. SMYTH.



Wit and Humour.

WHILE in New-York the other day, I stepped into a Broadway book store with my friend, Mr. John de Nyiri, Secretary of the Austro-Hungarian Consulate at the Western Metropolis.

Finding a volume of Virgil on one of the shelves, John enquired:

- Is this a free translation?
- No Sir, — was the astonishing reply given by a keen-eyed clerk — it's fifty cents net.

It was in those early days, when I was a volunteer on the editorial staff of the «Egyetértés». At that time this paper never printed stories of fiction and when I essayed to write such stories, I went to the editor of another paper with my first effusion. This gentleman severely criticised this work and finally advised me to study standard authors, for instance Vas Gereben.

— If my story were printed — I asked — you would pay me five florins for it, would you not?

— About that — replied the editor, wondering what that had to do with it.

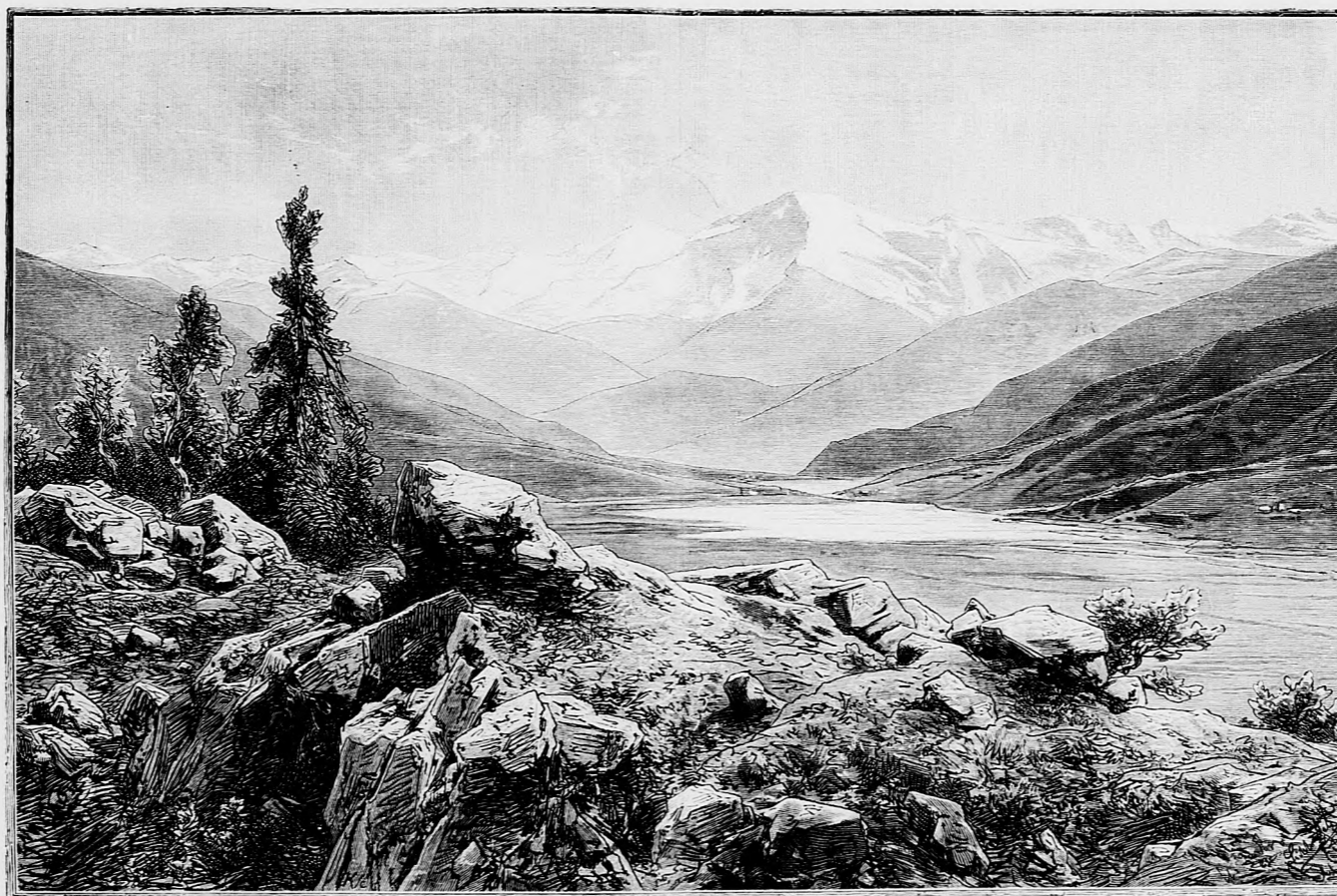
— Good day. I like to be pleasant and agreeable with everybody. I am even willing to dethrone Vas Gereben to please an editor — but not for five florins, not for that much.

Whereupon I casually departed.
But dethrone Vas Gereben I never did nor any one else on the Hungarian Parnassus.
Cleveland, June 5, 1904.

RAMBLER.

The Prussian Grenadier's watch.

A Prussian Grenadier used to wear a large leaden ball attached to a cord, which he wore instead of



FISH-POND IN THE HIGH TÁTRA.

a watch. Somebody had related this to the Emperor Frederick, and on one occasion during the parade Frederick asked the soldier to show him his watch; the man at first declined but ended by obeying his Majesty's order. «Well» said the Emperor «what time does this ball mark?» «It marks» replied the soldier «the time at which I should get ready to die for your Majesty». Frederick charmed with this answer took out his magnificent watch and presented it to the brave Grenadier.

Our next edition will contain the Portrait of His Excellency Dr. Albert de Berzeviczy, Minister of Religion and Education.

Sport and Pastime.

ON JUNE 2nd the B. E. A. C. held its annual Athletic meeting. On this occasion *Kálmán Csorna* made a new home record in the lance throw event, throwing the stick 37 m. 90 cm.

The long-jumping was excellent and in the high jump we find an old timer, *Lajos Gönczy*, who, although he jumped in his accustomed style fell a long

90 cm. (National record). 120 yds. hurdle race. *Paul Vargha* (B. E. A. C.), 17 sec.

High jump. *Lajos Gönczy* (B. E. A. C.) 173 cm. 3 mile race. *Géza Brugger* (T. V. of Eperjes), 17 min.

On the 29nd of June the M. A. C. will hold an international athletic meeting with the following events: 100 yd. dash, 1/4 and 1 mile races, 220 yd. handicap race, high and long jumps and weight throwing. Entries may be sent in up to June 18ch.

The official football season is over. We tried our strength against the Ö. F. U. (Austrian Football Union) and reaped laurels there.

We give below the position of the various clubs as issued by the Hungarian Football Union. As we see the F. T. C. took the championship again this year.

Club	Played	Won	Undecided	Lost	Gave goals	Received goals	Points
F. T. C.	8	7	—	1	30	5	14
M. T. C.	8	6	1	1	9	4	13
B. T. C.	8	5	1	2	17	7	11
M. F. C.	8	3	2	3	16	9	8
Postás	8	3	2	3	5	6	8
MUE.	8	2	3	3	10	11	7
MAC.	8	3	—	5	13	20	6
33 TC.	8	2	1	5	9	17	5
Föv. TC.	8	—	—	8	6	36	0

This is already the sixth annual national championship Lawn-tennis match which the *Budapest Lawn-tennis Club* has arranged this month, and it is with pleasure that we notice the enormous advance in style and *technique* that the competitors show from year to year. This year's playing was very superior to all previous matches.

The championship of 1904 was won by Mr. *Ede Tóth*, an enthusiastic young player who earned his title through conscientious hard work.

He plays carefully and with thought. His volleying is precise and certain, and he seems to have lost all the nervousness and timidity he displayed in previous matches, and fairly beat *Segner* who began strongly but weakened considerably toward the end.

Paul *Segner*, last year's champion displayed lack of training, his balls being usually too long and erratic. His drives for, instance, almost without exception fell far beyond the line whereas his smashes all landed into the net. He played carelessly and wholly without tactics. His defeat taught him the bitter lesson that to play in a championship match one must *train* and that *carefully*.

Ödön Schmid also shows great improvement in his plying but was beaten by *Segner* 2/2, 2/2.

Dr. Arthur Yolland, the champion of 1899, and

way below his previous record. Worthy of mention was *Paul Vargha's* victory over *Nándor Kovács* in the 120 yd hurdle (17 sec.) and *Joseph Nagy's* beating *György Wetzel* in the quarter mile race. The provinces were well represented. The winners in the different events were as follows:

100 yd. sprint (Junior race) *Felix Durand*, (M.F.C.), 11 1/5 sec.

Weight throwing. Dead heat. *Kálmán Csorna* (B. E. A. C.) and *Miklós Budkovszky* (T. V. E. of Eperjes), 10 m. 70 cm.

Long jump. *Paul Vargha* (B. E. A. C.) 6 m. 50 cm.

1/4 mile race. *Joseph Nagy* (B. A. C.) 56 2/5 sec., beating *György Wetzel* by 1/2 yard.

Lance throw. *Kálmán Csorna* (B. E. A. C.) 37 m.

1900, and who even to-day plays with best style and most daring, in fact the most sympathetic player we have, has, although having done almost no training to speak of, made an excellent showing.

Young *Zsigmondy* especially showed enormous improvement as compared with his past style and playing.

In the doubles event Miss *Margit Madarász* and *Tóth* had it all their own way against Miss *Katica Cséry* and *Segner*, whom they beat $\frac{6}{1}$ and $\frac{6}{0}$.

In the finals Miss *E. Szarvassy* and *Yolland* put up an excellent game especially *Yolland* who displayed masterly cleverness and ability.

The result of the whole event which was attended by large and brilliant audiences was as follows.

I. Singles.

1. Szentmiklóssy	Yolland	} Tóth	} Tóth
2. Yolland	$\frac{6}{3}, \frac{6}{2}$		
3. Tóth	Tóth	} $\frac{6}{2}, \frac{6}{3}, \frac{6}{0}$	
4. Takáts	$\frac{6}{0}, \frac{6}{0}$		
5. Zsigmondy ...	Segner	} $\frac{6}{2}, \frac{6}{2}$	
6. Pál Segner ...	$\frac{6}{4}, \frac{6}{3}$		
7. Schmid bye...			

II. Doubles.

1. Margit Madarász	} Madarász—Tóth	} Margit Madarász	
Ede Tóth			} $\frac{6}{1}, \frac{6}{0}$
2. Katica Cséry			
Pál Segner	} no game		
3. Etelka Rakoszy			} $\frac{6}{4}, \frac{6}{2}$
Ödön Schmid ...			
4. Erzsike Szarvassy	} no game		
Artur Yolland ...			

We have again shown and proved our superiority over the Austrians in Athletics.

At the *Great Regatta* held in Vienna on the 11th of June, the Hungarians took 7 first prizes out of the 13 given, and out of these seven the «Pannonia» rowing club took five and the «Nemzeti» took two prizes.

The victories gained by our boys were in the following events.

Junior Double «Nemzeti» club skiff — M. Mannó of the «Pannonia».

Junior Skiff-Leviczky of the «Nemzeti».

Double oar «Pannonia» 2nd class Skiff — L. Parnitzky of the «Pannonia»

Senior Eight — *Faubel, Gróf, Graepf, Mannó, K. Wampetich, Dr. Kirchknopf, D. Wampetich, Gillemot* (stroke) of the «Pannonia club.

Junior Eight «Pannonia» club.

Although the Austrians were aware of the strength of our boys they did not expect the thorough beating they received. The «Pannonia» crews particularly gave the Viennese something to think about. *Mannó* performed wonders inasmuch as after easily beating the Austrians in the Championship skiff race, he took part in helping to win the Senior Double and Senior Eight races. To an unfortunate accident it may be ascribed that we did not also win the Four championship; the «Pannonia» crew ran into one of the Viennese boats, and was disqualified.

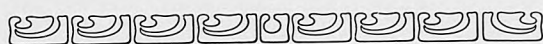
Alexander Petőfi.

The Poet of the Hungarian War of Independence.

By: DR. ARTHUR B. YOLLAND.

IN JULY Petőfi followed his regiment to Károlyváros, where he was terribly tried by the manoeuvres during August and September. Of his sufferings he has left us souvenirs in four poems written at the time¹, of these three are concerned with the poet's yearning for the love he was obliged to leave behind, while the fourth is a panegyric upon the bed which is the only respite from the agony and toil of a soldier's life, written at a time when the hour of liberty seemed near at hand. Passing to Zágráb, Petőfi again entered the hospital, where he perhaps wrote the Poem to his bed;² on January 21th, 1841, he left the hospital, on February 28th he was dismissed from service, at the instigation of a friendly doctor, as totally unfit. What a relief it must have been to the young poet, with his thirst for liberty and unrestrained independence, to escape from the galling servitude of military life. Petőfi left Sopron, where he received his «obsit», for Pápa, on a visit to his cousin Orlay. Some weeks later he was in Pozsony again, having a gay time with some old school-fellows. In April he was in Selmeczbánya; at the end of the month he paid a visit to his parents³ at Duna-Vecse, where he remained during May and June. He had determined to take up his studies where he had left off.

(To be continued.)



The Slums of Johannesburg

Transvaal.

TAKE my arm and come with me. Swiftly through the streets of Johannesburg, past the shops ablaze with light, past the loitering crowd that saunters idly, past the thronged theatres where bursts of melody and spasmodic cadences of applause reach the ear through opening doors.

Keep out of the light — the cold, white

¹ «Boszú» (Revenge), «Az őrágýhoz» (To the watch-bed), «Elválás» (Parting) and «Álom» (Dream).

² This we judge from the tone of the poem, which is brighter than that of the previous ones.

³ He had met them previously at Pest v. his letter written to Szeberényi, and dated Pápa, 1842, July 7. «I spoke last to you at Pozsony... from there I went to Pest to my parents. From Pest I went up to Selmecz for a certificate, and thence back to my parents.»

steadfast lights that line the mile-long streets; let us creep away into the sideways where are seen the tumble-down tin shanty of Ramsammy and the dirt-begrimed windows of Petrifski Isaac — behind which this very man is threading a needle by the light of a flickering candle. You will see him still at work when you return, this same Petrifski; well into the night he will

They did not object to unfinished work. The window-sashes were never painted, and some of the panes were never put in, and today, behind red-painted sashes and glassless windows the proscribed of Italy and Russia live happily enough. We are out of the range of the white merciless arc light — that disciple of Truth that emphasises our wrinkles and traces the



THE BATTLE OF ESZÉK IN 1687.

work, plying his needle and dreaming alone of — who knows what? Then he will draw a filthy blanket over his greasy form and sleep till the morning sun awakens him, and then again the needle and the day-long dream and the candle's successor. But our business is not with him; only we must pass the road in which he dwells before we get to the east.

Beyond, the houses grow bewilderingly various. Shops, leisurely started with some dim idea of being beautiful, have finished by becoming patchily tin. The builder has never finished. Unsentimental necessity grasped him by the throat, thrusting him aside to make room for a hundred aliens.

patches on our thread-bare coats. Here the light is more mellow, more pleasing. It is a yellow light and none too bright, and here are the houses of tin. This tin town is bright enough. There is music here. Vice, gilded thinly, has its votaries, its high priest, and its temples — little tin temples scented with Florida water.

The tin town continues beyond this, but the lower end is silent. So silent that you might think you had by accident happened upon a colony living up to the standard set by the moral Mr. Franklin. Early to bed they apparently are. No sound breaks the silence of the quiet night, no light gleams in any window, no smoke rises from the crazy courtyards. Early to

rise you know they are, for daybreak sees this little colony alive, with bamboo rod and laden baskets, chattering, running, loading, and trading. For this is the Chinese quarter.

and the gate grates open on rusty hinges, and we are inside. It is rather disappointing at first. There is nothing suggestive of the Flowery Land — no pagodas or tea-houses or joss-



PART OF THE ROYAL PARK AT ALCSUTH.

Knock softly on one of the iron gates. There is no answer. Here is a door, «The Hoki Laundry». Knock here, and if anybody comes invent some laundry urgently required by a fictitious client. But nobody will come.

Chinatown.

But I have not brought you here for the pleasure of knocking at an unresponsive door. I knew all along that it would not be opened to you. But in a few minutes the gates of Chinatown will be opened to us, and Chinatown, obsequious and smiling, will greet us with injured surprise and lamblike innocence. For the police are very close at hand; all the while we have been walking this way they have been shadowing us on either hand. You may not have seen them, but they have been close enough. And now — watch. They appear like magic from side streets and unsuspected alleys. In ones, in twos, in threes. And they are coming towards us. Did I tell you we have one of the chiefs of police with us?

There is no noise, no melodramatic whistle. A whispered word of command, and two men have scaled the iron gateway and have dropped into darkness on the other side. A second more,

houses, only three sides of a garbage-strewn square, ranged around which are the sordid tea-shanties of John. But it strikes you immediately that nobody is asleep. In fact, everybody is wide awake. A dozen Chinamen of all sizes and ages are sitting around a red-hot brazier, on which some mess is stewing, and all the little houses that have not lights have smouldering wicks — which is significant.

Somebody flashes an electric torch over the deserted hovel. The hastily-extinguished candle still glows, and its smell fills all space. There is a closed door in one corner of the apartment. The sergeant puts his shoulder to it, and the sergeant being a man of many pounds, it gives. There is a passage, and there are some steps leading downward, and there is another door outlined in light. This yields to a push. The Game of Tan-tan.

We — that is, you, the police, and I — do not apologise, even though we have obviously broken up what promised to be a successful evening. The curiously-coloured board supported on a trestle table, and the weird, pawn-like pieces scattered at our unceremonious intrusion, are implements employed in the game of Tan-tan. It is an institution that Ho-Ki, the

Chow, carries away from his fatherland, it is the outward and visible demonstration of his patriotism. John Ho-Ki, Wunhi, Ho-Ku, and Chow Kee, in no wise perturbed, sit around the wall of the dug-out in which this classical game is played. There are four vacant places at the board, and there is a trap-door near the roof to which a ladder ascends. The banker has departed. Gambling is a crime, even in Johannesburg, and the players fall in, outside, from whence they will march to the police-station with great docility.

There is another door leading from the gambling den. It is locked, evidently from the other side, but the sergeant's shoulder is better than a skeleton key. Crash! The room is bare except for a frame bed and a table. On this is a candle spluttering in its socket. On the bed lies a man who does not move, his eyes are half closed, his hand grasps a pipe, and the sickening stench of opium fills the room.

«Wake up, Johnny, where's your pass, eh?»

Leave them to arouse him, and follow the police captain to the joss house. The priest opens the door of a tin shanty, in no wise differing from the dozen about, except that the interior resembles for all the world a large-

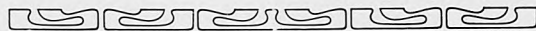
black-bearded god. Before the altar, joss sticks, wooden swords, spears, and tinselled baubles. Not so very inspiring, and certainly nothing to justify the unpleasant scowl of the priestly custodian.

Now back again to the opium room. There is a group of policemen round the bed of the dreamer.

«Can't you rouse him?» I ask.

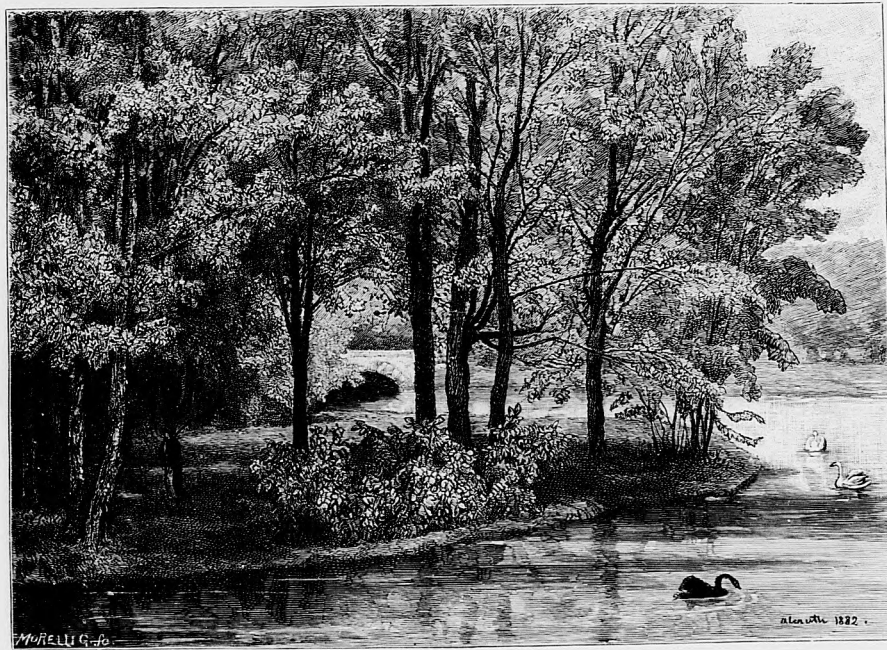
Then I look and see how unnecessary was my question. The Chinese have a pretty little cemetery of their own near Braamfontein.

WILLIAM GRÜNER.



Our Illustrations.

1. Her Excellency Mrs. Dr. *Albert de Berzeviczy*, wife of our Minister of Religion and Education.
2. The Queen Elizabeth *Örökimádás* Church (Rom. Cath.) of Budapest the foundation of which has just been laid by the King.
3. Fish lake in the High Tatra, a characteristic scene in that picturesque region.
4. The royal palace at Gödöllő, where our King who is a passionate hunter spends several weeks each year during the hunting season.
5. The siege of Buda — which was in possession of the Turks, in the year 1686. After several futile attempts of the United Powers the Hungarian army undertook to capture the fort, stormed and accomplished what a force many times their number failed to do.



POND IN THE ROYAL PARK AT ALCSUTH.

sized tea-chest turned inside out. Here, gold on black, certain moral precepts of Confucius crawl up the walls like so many auriferous spiders. On the altar is a small image of a

6. The battle of Eszék in 1687, another memorable event in the history of Hungary.

7. and 8. Parts of the Royal Gardens in Alcsuth, where H. R. H. the Archduke Joseph has a beautiful residence.

HUNGARY

Budapest, Wednesday June 15, 1904.

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				1510	8 45	sz. v.	Zágráb, Fiume, Pécs,					9	9 30	sz. v.	Szabadka
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				328	11 10	v. v.	Bosna-Brod							sz. v.	Becske
							Bécs, Sopron							sz. v.	Nagykálta
							Kassa, Csorba							sz. v.	Hatvan
							Ruttká, Miskolcz							sz. v.	

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Budapest, 1904. április hóban.

Magy. kir. államvasutak a részes vasutak nevében is.

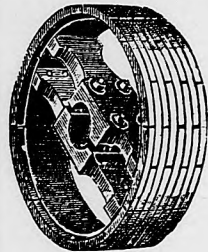
(Utánnyomás nem díjazatik.)

Szabadalmazott kétrészesű



fa-szijkorong- és létra-gyár

Kitüntetve Páris 1900.



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