

# HUNGARY

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## The Army question in Austria and Hungary.

By Count A. APPONYI  
F. C. M. P. Ex-President of the  
Hungarian Lower-House.

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

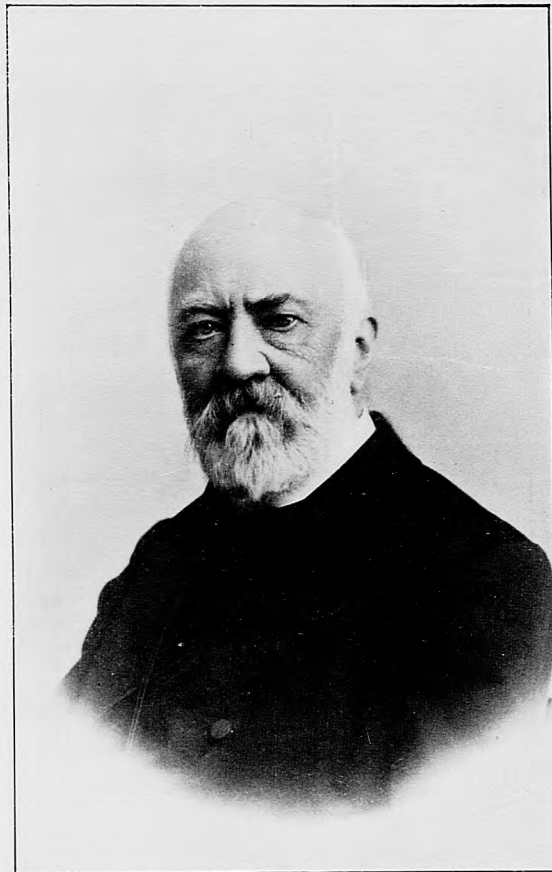
XVI.

**B**UT WHAT if this be not the case? What if a community is suggested to the young soldier broader than his nation — a power mightier than his state — a principle higher than his country?

What if all those feelings of dread, enthusiasm, and awe which military honour and military discipline breed draw his soul away from the idea of that country towards some object of allegiance different from her-or even exalted above her?

Military service then is no more a school of patriotism, but a positive danger to it. A nation with such a military system is not only missing a powerful element of strength, she is inoculated with an agent of weakness the like of which no man in his senses would suffer in his own body.

If this be generally true it is still more so in the case of Hungary. Less than any other country can Hungary afford to miss such an educating force, or to put up with such a disturbing influence.



CHARLES SZÁSZ. †

Hungarian. Our unity, then, is political, not racial but it is not on that account a mere legal fiction, it is none the less an organic product, a result of natural forces. Law which proclaims us a nation, one and indivisible, gives expression to a live fact, founded on history and tradition ten centuries old and on the numerical, economical and cultural preponderance of the leading Magyar race.\*

\* How such national unification has been arrived at in Hungary is a matter full of interest to the student of historical evolution. It was achieved by a process quite sui generis in Europe, and therefore little un-

To the problem of national independence, which for centuries absorbed the energy of our forefathers, recent times have added the problem of national unity. Hungary is a centralised kingdom, with no trace of federation in her political organisation. From the first moment of her existence her people have been in public law a homogeneous mass of individuals enjoying equal rights, bound to equal public duties, forming one political nation—the Hungarian nation.

But to that nation belong several millions of citizens whose mother tongue is not

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## Great Men of Letters.

Charles Szász (1829—1905.).

«How many are you then», said I  
«If they two are in Heaven?»  
The little maiden did reply,  
«O master! we are seven».

IN THE distinguished prelate who passed away on Oct. 15th Hungarian literature has suffered a sensible loss. Charles Szász was a man of considerable literary talents, fertile and many-sided in his productions, who was not content with writing original Hungarian works but put at the disposal of his countrymen the best achievements of foreign masters.

The late bishop's career was a very chequered one. Born at Nagy - Enyed in 1829, he followed his father, on the latter's appointment as Secretary of State for Public Instruction in 1848 under the first responsible Cabinet presided over by Count Louis Battyány, to the Capital, where he attended mathematical lectures at the University. On Jan. 1. 1849, he fled, together with the Cabinet, to Debreczen for some time subsequently the seat of the Hungarian Parliament. During the war of Independence he served in the ranks of the «Honvéds». After the

derstood by foreigners. A few hints may be given here, pointing out the contrast between the proceedings of our forefathers and those of other conquering races. Almost all States of Western Europe are born of conquest achieved during the great migration of nations; in all of them national unity has been effected by a fusion of races, the type of the conquered being generally predominant in the new racial product. Turkish conquest, on the other hand, founded on the theocratic principle, did not care for racial assimilation; it simply laid the new stratum of a dominating caste over the whole Strata, which though oppressed still remained what they had been and were fit for revival (as modern experience shows) wherever that super imposed stratum withdrew.

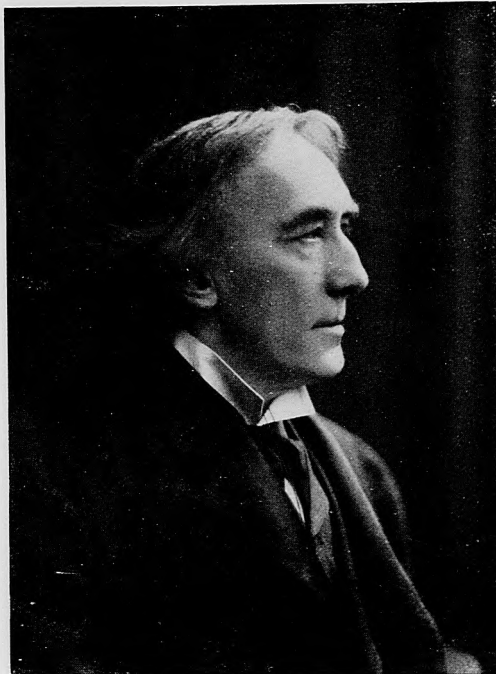
disastrous conclusion of the war, he was obliged to hide: and in 1851 he qualified for holy orders. It is curious to note that he was the colleague of John Arany, one of the lights of Hungarian literature, at Nagy-Kőrös where he declined to accept the chair for Hungarian Literature considering Arany far more entitled thereto. In 1854 he went as minister to Kézdi-Vásárhely, and in 1857 to Kun-Szent-Miklós, where he married for the second time, his first wife having died after a year's happy marriage. In 1864 he was elected M. P. for Fülöpszállás.

In 1867 he entered the Ministry for Public Instruction, in the service of which he remained until, in 1884, he was elected Bishop of the Dunamellék (Danube neighbourhood) Diocese. During his office (he resigned but lately) the Bishop was engaged in the organisation and the carrying out of reforms, the foundation of schools etc. and, in 1889, initiated the revision of the Hungarian Bible, in conjunction with and aided by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Bishop Szász was a member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences and was, in 1892, elected Vice-

President of the same. His long literary career began in 1840, when he published poems in the «Életképek» (Life Pictures).

His original Hungarian works — dramas, poems, prose works, ecclesiastical writings — many-sided as they are and affording, as they do, a striking, proof of his prodigious fertility and literary attainments, do not concern us so nearly as those works which have made many an English classic familiar to nearly every Hungarian home. He was a fertile translator — his inaugural address on being elected Member of the Academy was on the art of translating — and among the many gems of English poetry that have, through the late Bishop's instrumen-



*Wm. Andrews Reithing  
London 1844*

tality, become part and parcel of Hungarian literature none is better known than the simple, graceful poem of Wordsworth's, four lines of which head the present article. Thomas Moore, Burns, Lord Byron, Scott, Longfellow, Tennyson and Wordsworth, all are presented to his Magyar countrymen as Hungarians in translations that do the greatest credit to their originator. That the instigations of Petőfi and Vörösmarty to learn English did not have the desired effect, and that the Bishop made use of German translations in preparing his works in no wise discredits or diminishes the value of the undertaking. The translations of the English lyrics, of Tennyson's «*Idylls of the King*», of eight of Shakespeare's Dramas (*Othello, a Winter's Tale, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, The Tempest, Richard II. and Henry VIII.*) have become classics of Hungarian literature and form one more link in the mighty chain which, wrought by the efforts of our master-minds, encircles the whole cultured world. We may well be proud of the triumphs of our literature; among the sister literatures of the world which have contributed to this triumph none occupies a more distinguished and honourable place than that of Hungary, for the foremost leaders of the movement have been the master minds of a great and cultured people with a history not unlike our own. And among those who have transplanted the products of English genius to the congenial soil of Hungarian literature no mean place is due to the distinguished man who for nearly sixty years laboured for mankind, to the glory of the literature and scholarship of his country.

Master-minds are rare: and master-minds which have always a kind word for their less fortunate brothers, and sympathy for the foibles of their kind, are rarer still. Charles Szász may be included in both categories: and of him may be said with truth what Ben Jonson, with equal honesty and veracity, said of Shakespeare: «I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions and gentle expressions... These was more in him to be praised than pardoned».\*

Charles Szász, the poet-prelate, is no more: but, as long as the magic of English poetry retains its charm, his fame must be undying.

«He has outsoared the Shadow of our night.  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,

\* In the First Folio Ed. of Shakespeare's works.

And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again.  
From the contagion of the world's show stain  
He is secure; and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey . . .»

\*

#### The Viennese Press.

QUITE recently no small stir was caused in England by an article directed, covertly it is true against King Edward. This article which hinted at the English Monarch's designs upon the peace of Europe, appeared in the columns of the «*Neue Freie Presse*». The journal in question occupies a prominent position in Austria, and may be taken as a typical specimen of Austrian journalism. Attempts have since been made to rescind the tendency too openly betrayed and to object to the conclusions drawn therefrom by the indignant British Press, the mouth-piece of British public opinion: but these attempts must prove abortive at least if their object is to convince impassive readers.

I have, on more than one occasion, been bold enough to attack the English Press, or rather those members of the same who are content with keeping a permanent correspondent at Vienna. I hope the latest freak of an important Viennese organ will convince my readers that there was some truth in what I stated. It is *not* sufficient to possess a correspondent at Vienna which is *not* the capital of Austria-Hungary. I presume the majority of these gentlemen who are informing the English Press from Vienna are not at all acquainted with Hungarian or at any rate not sufficiently so to keep them in touch with the tone and feeling of the Hungarian Press. Consequently they are dependent on the Viennese Press for their information. I believe I am not saying too much when I declare that a Press, the leading organs of which are capable of such disgraceful tirades against the Monarch of a friendly State in matters which do not concern them nearly, is not reliable as a source of information on questions which drive home very hardly. I believe I am right in saying that the majority of Austrians shudder at the thought of an economic separation from Hungary and do not join in the cry of «*los von Ungarn*». Hungary is the great market for Austrian industry: and I doubt not that the barriers of economic separation would mean ruin to many thriving Austrian industries. The principle of any means to gain the desired end gives the cue for the misrepresentation of the true state of affairs and the English Press, dependent for its information on the Austro-Hungarian crisis on the one-sided source supplied to their Viennese correspondents by Austrian journalism, is unable to give a correct and unbiassed view of the situation.

The last few days have proved how a wellorganised Press manoeuvre can succeed in weaving a plot, the object of which is evident to every Englishman. Lord Lansdowne's resignation — not that

of the Cabinet — has been rumoured: and no stone has been left unturned in the attempt to accomplish the purpose. The Viennese Press is deftly handled: and the opinions and views so cunningly blazed abroad have had the desired effect of blinding the English Press, which informs the English public.

And this state of affairs must continue as long as the English Press thinks its work adequately done by keeping correspondents at Vienna only. After all there are two sides to the question. I do not wish the correspondents to look at everything from a Hungarian point of view: let them be merely objective, open to conviction; but, above all, let them beware of the snares of the Viennese Press, which is consciously misleading them. Let them profit by the now famous (or should we say infamous?) diatribes uttered at their very doors: the same should urge them to reflection. They have a serious and solemn task to perform: they must do it in the character of Historians. «History» writes Carlyle\* «strives by running path after path, through the Impassable, in manifold directions and intersections, to secure for us some oversight of the whole: in which endeavour, if each Historian look well around him from his path, tracking it out with the *eye*, not, as is more common, with the *nose*, she may at last prove not altogether unsuccessful.»

ARTHUR B. YOLLAND.



### Sir Henry Irving. †

TO LIVE in hearts we leave behind, is not to die. These lines of Lowell's sum up in no uncertain way the position Sir Henry Irving occupied amongst the theatre-goers of the world. He was no narrow-minded bigot who imagined that art, and dramatic art in particular, was the heritage of the rich and cultured; on the contrary no figure of the modern stage realised more keenly than the late Sir Henry Irving, that «life without art is brutality», hence the poor of all lands hailed him as a friend. As a dramatic artist he had his faults, faults of style, faults of enunciation; yet despite the physical limitations of the man, his career was one long triumph, a triumph accentuated by his marvellous personality. Friends were plentiful, comrades were generous, and an exacting dramatic public charitable. I shall never forget his «Louis XI», and his «Shylock», though perhaps the impressions of «Becket» are more vivid. Master alike of comedy as tragedy, the stage has lost a hero, and the whole world mourns for we are all actors. There is no mere nationality in art, and the National Theatre of Budapest, not a whit behind other countries paid its tribute to the «Grand Old Man» who for so many years delighted the world. It was a wreath of gigantic proportions, adorned

\* *On History* (Fraser's Magazine No. 10. 1830.)

with Magyar ribbons of extraordinary width, that Hungary sent as her token of regret at England's great loss.

The tremulous voice is still, the thin gaunt form no longer haunts the boards; but the spirit of his acting remains in the memories of a teardimmed world.



### Hungary's Weakness.

By: W. B. FORSTER BOVILL.

AT THE dinner of the Pilgrim Society in 1855, Wendell Phillips declared that «What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but action». Hungary to-day appears to be in need of some such Puritanical influence, for what strikes the student first of all is the almost sublime «*inertia*» of her peoples.

This limitation is not the sole product nor possession of the cultured few, but, alas, it strikes its roots deeply into the soil of the unfranchised many. So mighty is its influence that you feel it in the air, it has in fact become an atmosphere.

It is surely apparent to all that the great foe of progress is an indisposition to exert one's self: it is the barrier the individual so often erects, and from individual «*inertia*» the nation gathers its tone colour and the result is reaction. If one therefore, on so scanty a knowledge of Hungary, may presume upon an impression, it is this; that the salvation of Hungary depends upon men of action. There are Mazzini's and Cavour's in Hungary, but I have looked in vain for a Garibaldi. Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm. Where is that genuine, spontaneous enthusiasm to-day?

High and low have I searched but in vain. Action is never elusive hence I doubt its presence. From the chaos of high sounding phrases, from the canting epithets of party machinations, from the disruptions and distortions of political axe-grinders; a great man, and only a great man will be able to deliver the nation. Whence cometh he? How is he to be known? Character is invariably revealed by a crisis; but by such an assertion one would be driven by reason of the ever recurring crises to the inference that character is the absent quality. I will accept the inference and boldly state that the character demanded of a great man of action is not present in public life to-day. Mediocrity is rife, and with it comes a magnification of trifles. By the absence of character I mean the absence of that centrality which makes it impossible for a man to be displaced or overset. A great man, and a man of action in particular always gives us a sense of mass. It is not enough that the intellect should see the evils and their remedy. Action! Action! Action! It is of Action that Hungary is scant.

In the absence of such a man the Nation naturally devotes itself to affairs that are small and of no great moment. A man of action, excites, he in-

spires, he often repudiates intellect, but he burns and glows as with a divine purpose, and the dry bones of the nation are clothed again with flesh.

«The history of those gods and saints which the world has written, and then worshipped, are docu-

result that mental indigestion follows. The medical expert would prescribe exercise, and as exercise implies action the remedy is close at hand. So is it in the other realm, the race is growing tired of inaction, for a long period of inaction necessarily im-



A WATCHMAN IN THE MAZE-FIELD.

Sketch by A. Feszty.

ments of character.» What could not such a man of action achieve in Hungary to-day? Never did the stars in their courses more breathlessly await his advent. Never in history were conditions more favourable, to-day in fact is the appointed time. Newspapers are crowded with ideas, theories, views; and the world greedily gobbles them up, with the

pairs the fighting capacity of a nation, and soon the shadow of doubt appears which menaces all. We are told to remember «48». Yes! all Hungarians remember 1848, but do they recognise that it was an epoch enshrined in action? Gaze at the shattered remnant of warriors such as processioned the streets of Budapest the other day; they were the embodiment of

action; and is there no inspiration in their presence? Perchance it is but a memory, but God forbid that such a sacrifice should thus fade away. The nation awaiteth a sign, but the star hath not yet appeared in the East, hence wise men and shepherds slumber with their flocks. There is no hope of salvation to-day in Hungary until the thinker recognises his true function to be, to love, to act, and to suffer. Such a man will enable Hungary to breathe. It is one of the requirements of progress. The future presses. To-morrow cannot wait. Humanity has not a minute to lose. We must hasten. The man of action is not afraid to make mistakes, he is not afraid of criticism, he is not averse to the responsibility of constructive politics, he is beyond the mean and petty, and he is great by reason of his greatness. Modern politicians in Hungary are more fond of criticism than construction. The race must move forward, and not be for ever listening to the demagogue in the marketplace. When will the man arrive who will be able to manipulate all the talentforces of an aspiring democracy! If he would succeed he must know something of the «sublime inebriation of the martyrs» as Milton called it; he must shed abroad hope, sow the ideal, do good. The undying love of freedom for all peoples must dwell within the breast of him who would liberate a race. What an opportunity for such a democrat of action! Duty must not close its eyes. The man of action will be known by the clear plan or scheme that he presents. Most of us are to-day only acquainted with the shifting sands of the political sea. Tomorrow we see not the position of yesterday, whilst whither we journey is unknown.

Hungarians are waiting for a route, and for a guide before they start. It is not so much a reform that Hungary needs as a revolution, for as Lord Lytton when taking part in the debate on the Reform Bill of 1866 said:

«A reform is a correction of abuses: a revolution is a transfer of power».

But neither will ever take place until the entire nation recognises the responsibilities of action as well as the need of it.

## The Castle of Vajda-Hunyad.

BY MARGARET SÖLYOM FEKETE.

XXVI.

DURING the foreign wars however the Hungarian nobles, but ill brooking the ascendancy of a man, in their opinion so much their inferior in rank, soaring over the ancient aristocracy of the land, raised a formidable conspiracy led by Joannes Vitéz, the Archbishop of Esztergom, and Janus Panonnius, bishop of Pécs to depose Matthias from the throne. At the same time negotiations were entered into with the Polish king to secure for him the crown of Hungary. Ulászló the Polish king sent his son Casimir to Hungary, ready for the immediate invasion of the country.

The king accepted the news of this rebellion and treachery with perfect composure, convened an assembly at Buda caused the person of Vitéz to be arrested, sending at the same time his leaders Zápolya and the vajda Csupor, against Casimir to beleaguer the fortress of Kassa. No sooner was this rebellion known, than the high spirited Hungarian people rose almost to a man, in protection of their beloved king, who allowed with perfect indifference the small detachments of the Polish army to pass scattered

throughout the land. These forces were numerically not great, but comprised the flower of the Polish chivalry, while its deficiency in numbers was to be amply compensated by recruits from the disaffected party in Hungary; but Casimir's hopes far from being realized, he retreated with his handful of followers to Nyitra, entreating Matthias to leave him free passage to return into his country. Ulászló however, Casimir's father, forming an alliance with Frederick, Duke of Austria, approached at the head of an army amounting to 40,000 foot to retaliate on Matthias the perfect discomfiture of his son.



Sketch by T. Dörre.

PROTESTANT CIMETERY AT NAGY-KÖRÖS.

## London Notes

London, Oct. 21, 1905.

AGAIN the proverbial tactfulness of King Edward has been in evidence, but as a father this time.

It is well known that our Royal princesses do not covet the splendours of a throne and its attendant anxieties. Princess Maud would have much preferred the quiet, tranquil life she is now leading to having a diadem thrust upon her. Her objections however, have been overruled by her wise father, who sees great possibilities for good in his daughter's and her husband's acceptance of the Norwegian crown. Prince Charles of Denmark is already a favourite with the English people as well as his charming consort, and there is no doubt that the royal pair will fill their position as worthy descendants of the two great and illustrious royal houses they represent. Norway may pride herself on this her latest and probably crowning point of her diplomacy.

★

King Edward has had a very busy week, and London has consequently been rather gay. On Monday his Majesty accompanied by Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria laid the foundation stone of new Post office buildings on the site of Christ's College — the Blue-coat School—Newgate Street. Wednesday again saw his Majesty opening the handsome new roadway leading from the Strand to Holborn—Kingsway. Immense crowds thronged the streets as on both occasions Queen's weather pre-

vailed. Among the delighted spectators and participants in Wednesday's Royal function were our French visitors and 12,000 school children. It is worthy our tactful Sovereign that he should arrange the mid-day dinner hour as the time for Monday's ceremony to



Sketch by Ig. Roskovic.

TYPES OF HUNGARIAN PEASANTRY AT KECSKEMÉT.

suit thousands, who would otherwise have been at work an opportunity of seeing him. Thus our beloved Sovereigns by untiring devotion and thoughtfulness fulfil the sacred trust committed to their charge — a nations welfare. I know many Hungarians who

at this moment are praying, that our arch-peace maker and the greatest of the worlds diplomats may ere long extend his Royal influence towards their own fatherland and dispel the gathering clouds.

On the subject of introducing «János Vitéz» to the English public, Mr. Charles Manners is thoroughly interested, and is leaving no stone unturned in securing all information in connection with the production of the opera here. With his charming wife he has gone through the play, and writes, «Judging from the music alone (for Mr. Manners does not know magyar) it is indeed a beautiful work». If Mr. Manners only understood the forcible, suggestive, and caressingly soft Magyar tongue, he would indeed be charmed with the words as well. It will be from no lack of enterprise on the part of Mr. Charles Manners should János Vitéz prove impracticable for the English Stage-but let us cull hope from this most hopeful of Artists that János Vitéz may become an accepted and successful piece in the hand of the champion of English opera.

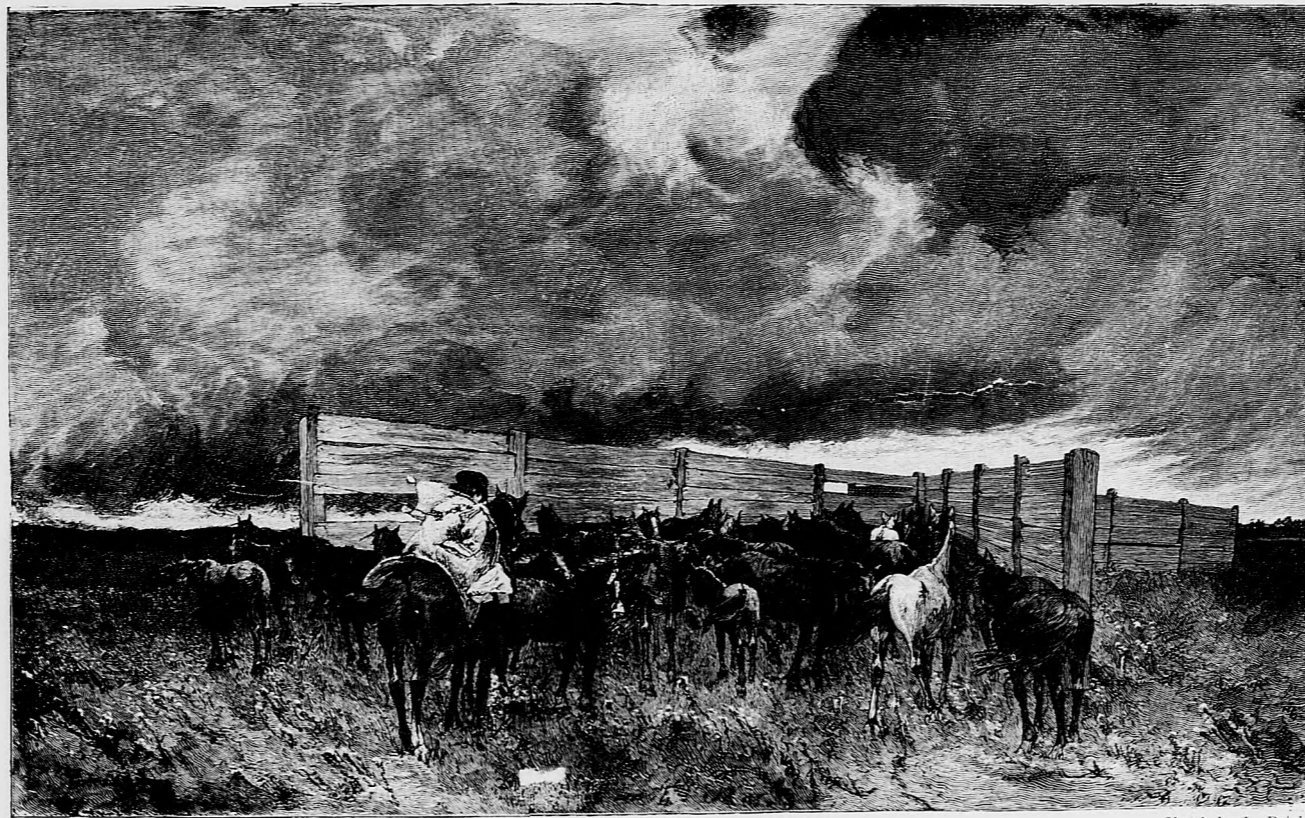
Apropos the animal lover's Bazaar which takes place at the end of November, I gratefully acknowledge the great kindness, and prompt assurance of help from Mr. Eugene Radisics in arranging an exhibition of Hungarian Home Industries. As I mentioned in my last notes, I trust merchants too will take this opportunity of introducing their specialities into England. Mr. Golonya at the office of this paper will gladly furnish any necessary information.

#### A Peace and Arbitration Society.

The Peace movement in England is making slow but sure progress. An interesting meeting was held at Hampstead the other evening; After the reading of the annual report by Miss Kati Pritchard, Mr. Maurice, the president, in a few opening remarks reminded his hearers that most great ventures had small beginnings and as the Society was assuredly on the path of right, success to its efforts must ultimately result.

Dr. R. S. Horton in supporting the extension of the Peace movement — Peace on earth, goodwill toward men — eloquently advocated as a means to this end, the disarmament to the extent of ninety-ninth, of all the countries of the world, by the mutual conference a consent of the nations, beginning with a united Europe. He urged his hearers to read, scheme, construct, and habituate Europe to be a United State. As an example, he instanced the great federation of Christian States in America — the United States — where through united effort it was almost impossible for one state to rise up in arms against another. We should, he said, teach ourselves manners towards nations. Nations were more sensitive than individuals, and the bigger the nation the more sensitive, although such was only skin deep. We should foster a kindly

feeling towards all our continental friends, and not try to rub them the wrong way. In deprecating the bellicose Press Dr. Horton emphatically asserted that the Press was not Public Opinion, but Public Opinion the Press, and suggested with amusing inconsistency that his hearers should try a few «Volleys» at the Press when their cry was for war, and see whether the Press would not bow to Public Opinion. The learned doctor warmly congratulated England and France on the «entente cordiale» which, he said, marked a new era in the world's history: no doubt. France would be a means of grace to



IN A STORM.

Sketch by L. Pataky.

England as England would possibly be a means of grace to France. We hope fervently that Dr. Horton's remarks will bear fruit and that before long England and Hungary will join in a deep and lasting «entente cordiale». The working for such an end on this side is only what we who know Hungary and her struggles from within consider due to our brave, noble, and old-time friends the Hungarians whose greatest desire is for Peace. COLIN MAC DONALD.

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## Fireworks

By DARLINGTON.

GEORGE CARPENTER and Norman Payne were sauntering homewards across the playing fields. The dusky hours of a chilly autumn day were drawing gradually to their close; and the two boys, limp and weary from a couple of hours fagging on the football field, were crawling back home (the 2nd master's house), with a view to a thorough good bath, and something good for «tucker» later on. We may here mention that the bathroom was a

«Well! let's remember the 5th!»

«Why! of course we shall, who wouldn't.»

«But I mean, let's have a jolly display of our own; no beastly masters or other blokes to interfere!»

«How can we manage it, you silly gowk? Where can we get the sticks, the wood, the tar-barrel, and the Russian for a Guy? — and the whole tommy-rot? — Besides who's going to pay for it? We have got no money.»

«Well! we needn't have a bonfire and a Guy and all that bosh; we shall see the procession of the bonfire boys and all that from the playground. But we want a jollification of our own. We only want a few crackers and Tasmanian devils and so on. I've got a threepenny bit now, which I saved from the collection last Sunday, and tomorrow's pocket-money day — that'll be another bob. — What have you got?»

«Oh, I don't know. I owe mother Nolegs three *d.* and I've got to fork out for a fives-ball — I expect there'll be about a brown all told.»

«Golly! you are a pauper! What do you want to tuck into such a lot of grub for? I wouldn't touch mother Nolegs' toffee with a barge-pole; and as for her puffs and tarts, they came out of Noah's Ark.»

George didn't quite see how to reply to this sally of wit, so he kept silence to avoid being further scored off; but, his arm all the while over Norman's shoulder, he continued to ruminate over Guy Fawkes' Day.

The two boys had been for nearly a year inmates of Staindrop House, over which ruled the Rev. A. G. Coleman, and his wife, especially the latter. It was the second House in importance at St. Swithin's Grammar School, Wambleside, in the County of Bressex. In their own estimation of course they were really Cock House, having won the football Cup, and tied with the School House in Cricket, and of course it was all a fluke that they were only second in «Stodge» or «Cram» as they called their Studies.

The younger boy however was the livelier of the two and beat his chum in class as a general rule. He was exceptionally quick with his sums, while his more stolid companion excelled in Latin and Greek.

They were in common parlance as «thick as thieves». The School ought to have called them «Damon and Pythias»; but for some reason or other preferred to call them «Huz and Buz»; and it was a standing problem as to which was Huz and which was Buz. Anybody who, lacking physical superiority, asked them the question was apt to repent suddenly.

On stated days all the juniors had to turn out on the football field, where they were posted with some reference to their capacities in various parts of the field. The game then played at St. Swithin's has long since disappeared from English Schools. It was

large one, containing a full-sized bath with taps etc., and 3 or 4 hip-baths besides; three or four boys used this together every morning, after the master had had his tub; and all of them (the boys) were compelled to undergo a sluicing once every week in hot water.

«I say» said Norman «Guy Fawkes' Day's nextweek.»

«Next week! how can a week be Guy Fawkes Day you silly chump?» replied George.

«You blooming idiot! you know what I mean. Next Saturday's the fifth of November.»

«Please to remember, the 5th of November Gunpowder, treason and plot. I see no reason why Baltic Fleet treason Should ever be forgot!» sang *George.*

really the Rugby game but so modified as to be somewhat less dangerous to small boys (for the then Rugby game, see Tom Brown's School Days). Eton, Harrow, and Winchester each had established a game of its own in which the use of hands was very much against the rules. The Harrow game was almost the same as the present Association. The Wambleside game was a clever adaptation of Rugby rules to the Harrow non-handling game.

For example, the goals were scored like Association goals; but you could get tries, and rouges and freekicks at goal.

But this explanation must be very wearisome to our readers. Suffice it to say that George was nearly always in goal, Norman nearly always forward. To be in goal was really heroic; for although there were always supposed to be two and often were three small boys there, they were as ninepins before Combes and Swan and Chambers and other big fellows of the fifth and sixth forms.

And on this very day no less than 3 times had Swan, leader of the whites, charged down on the goal of the reds, and regularly run over George's prostrate body, but — no goal had ensued. George was a regular little demon of passive resistance; he collapsed and rolled over and sometimes bled freely, was hacked and bruised, but the ball somehow was left behind. And so George was always in goal. Why, I remember once when in the first 3 weeks of his career at Wambleside two big fellows, Teverson and Williams, I think, got a little exasperated because all their attempts had been foiled, and agreed to go for George simultaneously. George was innocent of impending slaughter.

He as usual stuck his sturdy little body in front of the ball. The first shock brought him to his knees and Williams turned a somersault over him; but Teverson coming on at the same moment, George was down with all the breath squashed out of him.

We hung around him some minutes with scared faces — none so pale as the two big fellows. Swan got his head on his knee and yelled for water; and I know I saw some water (salt likely) on his cheek. Well! it was all right in about 5 minutes and George *wouldn't* go home; nobody but us boys ever knew about that.

This day then with Guy Fawkes' Day in prospect the two boys somewhat weary and bruised were going home to tea. On the way home they had to pass the village tuck shop kept by Mother Nolegs (her real name was Allhead — so they called her Nolegs); and here they could buy fireworks, and even gunpowder with which to manufacture squibs of their own. Now I may tell you that English boys used to be able to do, and therefore used to do, many wickedly dangerous things. Why, when I was a boy at this selfsame school, I bought a small tin of gunpowder, about half a pound; then with my particular friends, George and Norman among them, went off to the far end of the playing fields — about a mille from the school — and, selecting a con-

venient stile, laid a train of powder along the top of it, with occasional mountains in between. A moment later — a match was struck — a flash — a burning pain — and — well, I had no hair left on my face, Mr. Coleman took care that I didn't sit down in comfort for a week. But let us draw a veil over undeserved suffering.

Well, pocket-money day came round; and George found that he had no money at all to spend. He had anticipated all of it a week before, and being an honourable British boy, he had to pay his debts before indulging in (forbidden) amusements.

So Norman depended on himself for celebrating Guy Fawkes appropriately. Now of course you understand that there was a certain amount of public celebration of the Festal Day of this famous Roman Catholic the only one beloved of these Britishers — and our boys were always allowed to *look on* on these occasions, and indeed the School had a private affair of its own with accessories in which all the boys took part, more or less, *but* — under the supervision of the authorities. Hence every patriotic boy of any consideration was obliged to institute on his own account some less legitimate and more exciting celebration to work off his superabundant spirits. And so Norman went to Mother Nolegs and bought fireworks, e. g. squibs and crackers.

Now George had not contemplated any diversion except in connection with the recognised and authentic celebration. And Norman knowing well his chum's sentiments considered it more advisable not to report to him at all on the subject. And though it cost him a good deal not to let out his secret, to keep anything away from Buz — or was it Huz? — to answer his searching and guileless questions about pocket-money — still he did contrive so that George had no idea of the actual state of the case. But you know a secret is no fun at all till you let somebody else into it. And Norman was on tenter hooks. He couldn't tell anybody; and yet he couldn't enjoy his enterprise unless he did tell. His fireworks were really as if burning holes not in his pocket certainly — they had already done that — but in whatever it is that stands for conscience in a human boy.

Guy Fawkes' Day came and went. The boys of the town — i. e. the young men under thirty or thereabouts — organised a procession. All of them tried to disguise themselves in masks and various got up costumes; some carried torches; others coloured lanterns; nearly all threw squibs and crackers amongst the crowd, and so proceeded till they reached the Central Market, where by wise permission of the Mayor, and under halfunseen supervision of the police, they fired a pile of tarbarrels and brushwood; upon which they also placed their group, of which I remember Mr. Gladstone, Napoleon III and Dr. Kenealy.

But poor Norman could only look on. The boys were all confined to the House and premises — any firing of pyrotechnics from their side was strictly

forbidden and so the day passed away and Norman's fireworks seemed to be wasted. However he was not to be done out of them. On the Monday Mr. Coleman with his wife and family were to be out for the evening at some house party in the neighbourhood, so our young friend took the opportunity of letting off his private exhibition in the back garden, after football, and before lock-up — Strangely enough he had been ashamed to tell anyone else, and the display was absolutely in private. Not a soul saw his fireworks go off as far as is known except himself.

After he had finished, a new problem presented itself — he must hide the cases — How? Where? *Happy Thought* — it was his bath-night. So he smuggled the burnt-out cases up with him to the bathroom; and having finished his ablutions he deposited them in the bath, and allowed them to be gradually sucked down the waste pipe. So far, so good. The next day Norman was much surprised as he came in from morning school to be called up stairs. Mr. Coleman took him to the bath room. The bath was half full of water and the half-burnt cases floated on the top. «Do you know what this means» said Mr. C. «pe-e-e-s Sir!» he replied with chattering teeth. «Strip! Get into the bath» then he poured a jugful of cold water over poor Norman. And lest he should catch a chill when he had dried him with a very rough towel he applied the back of a hairbrush to the flat face of his anatomy.



### Hungarian-American friendship.

THERE are few parts of the world, where some few of our people could not be found. In America itself there are more than a million, whose dreams are of their deserted homes.

The echo of the melodies of the plain, the sight of the sublime peak of the Tátra, the sound of the Danube's and Adria's broken waves is still in their souls.

They have not yet broken ties with the old Fatherland.

How could they forget the ground, the very stones of which remind them of their national conflicts, and the glorious battles of a thousand years!

The Hungarian people, whose origin and relation have formed the subject of a search extending over centuries, are closely related to the Sumirs a people of high culture, living 5000 years ago in Assyria.

This is the view held by many scientists — as Lenormant, Hommel etc. It is also proved by the similarity of system in the two languages, and the similarity of the motives found in Sumir and Hungarian antiquities.

No wonder then, that this people, whose development of spirit arises out of ideas current amongst earliest peoples, has adhered to its nationality, notwithstanding the continual irruptions of Mon-

golian, German, Turcoman and Slavonian elements.

And its isolated situation made it incumbent upon them to preserve those distinguishing qualities which belong to the race.

Even the type of a Hungarian face, especially the expression of the eyes is different from that of other peoples.

Our music with its sublime depths, cannot be compared with the music of any other people. Our folklore is peculiar to us. Our national costume stands without a parallel in the whole world.

These are, of course, mere ethnographical characteristics.

These characteristics are neither appreciated nor understood, and the Hungarian nation has been subject to the virulent attacks of the Germanic and Slavonian elements simply on account of its dissimilarity.

Yet we have powerful moral support in the States and amongst nations having no antagonistic interests, and these look upon us with sympathy.

We may surely count among our most benevolent friends all the great English-speaking nations, especially the United States of Northamerica, who have suffered our brethren to share their rights and liberties.

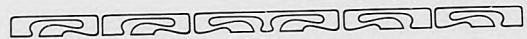
Therefore we are in duty bound to nurse our friendship for the Northamerican English nation and for this purpose let us establish constant intercourse social and business.

With this object in view the American-Hungarian associations have already arranged an imposing procession to the statue of Washington.

Then let the Hungarian nation take its wreath there with a handful of that earth, upon which our greatest heroes died. The high minded people of free America will surely comprehend the spirit which dictates this movement and may in time be brought to understand more of our people of their past and present, and of their hopes for the future.

Budapest, Oct. 21, 1905.

DR. MATTHIAS BOGNÁR.



### American Notes.

#### The first Hungarian in America.

HUNGARIAN emigration to America and particularly to the United States, has lately attained alarming proportions; tens of thousands of supposedly happy Hungarians are leaving their country annually to improve their fortunes in the new world where manual labor and skill is better appreciated than in «romantic and chivalrous» Hungary. While their exaggerated hopes are by no means fully realized, they form, as a whole, a thrifty and prosperous class; they have their own daily newspapers and weekly or fortnightly reviews, their churches and schools and hundreds of social and beneficial organizations. They have shown their fidelity to

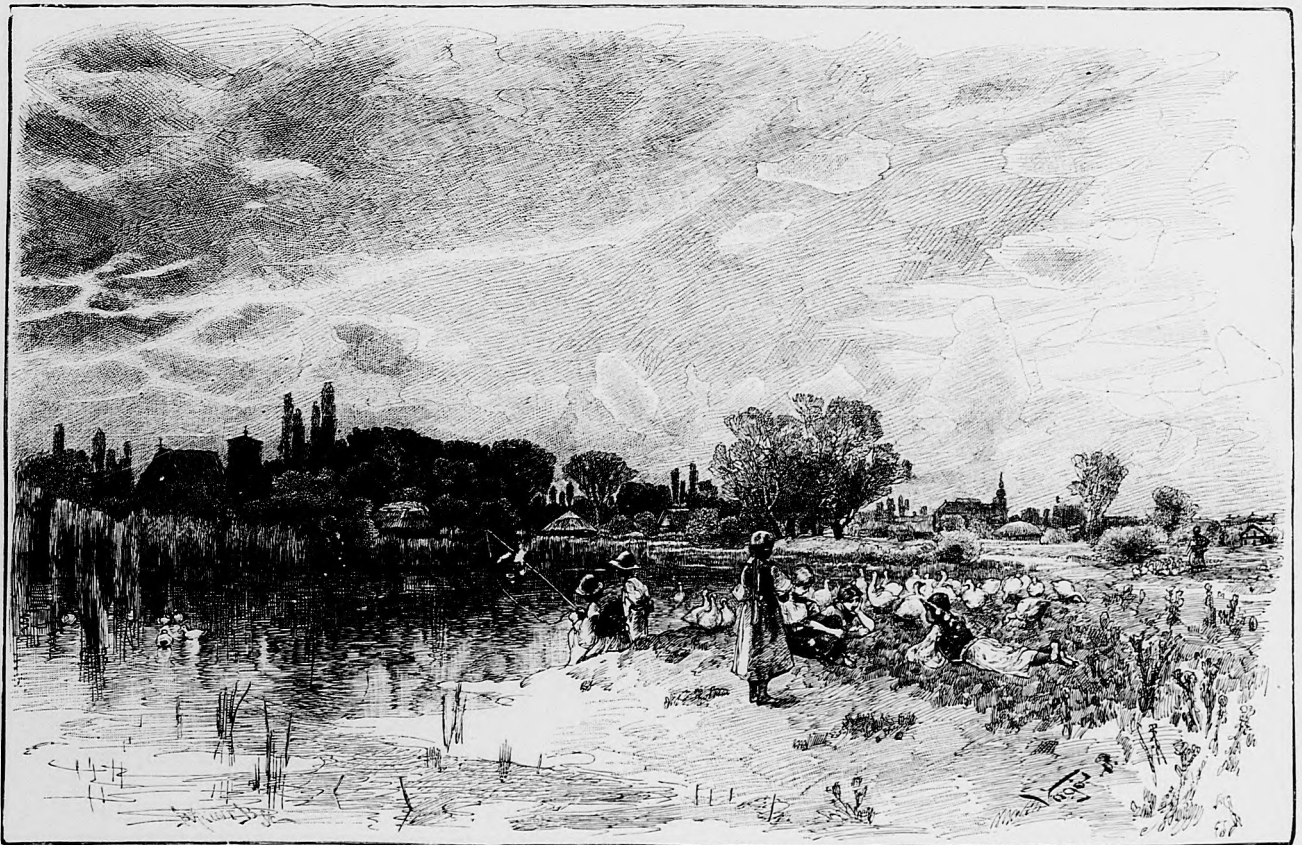
Hungarian ideals by erecting a bronze statue of Louis Kossuth in the city of Cleveland, a considerable part of which is familiarly known as «little Hungary», and intend to manifest their gratitude to their adopted country by presenting the Hungarian capital with a monument to George Washington, which will also be remarkable for the fact of being the only statue of the great hero of American independence in any monarchy.

We are so accustomed to look upon Hungarian emigration to America as of quite recent origin, which, for the numerically unimportant political emigration after 1849, it really is, that it will come as a surprise to most Hungarians, as well as Americans and Englishmen, to hear, that long before any Englishman set his foot on American soil, in fact centuries before Columbus discovered what later proved to be the western continent, there was in all probability a Hungarian who landed on American shores and caused the name of *Vinland* to be given to a certain spot, the exact locality of which has been and is still a matter of controversy among American historians.

Various theories, some of them very wild and fanciful, have been advanced by those who assumed that the ancient civilization, found in America, must have been imported from somewhere without. There we have the theory, a truly monkish one, of the «lost ten tribes of Israel», who are supposed to have

traversed the whole extent of Asia, crossed over into America at Behring's Strait, gone down to Mexico and Central America and turned there Indians. Others claim that adventurers of the once powerful Malayan empire settled in America in prehistoric times, while this ancient civilization is also variously attributed to the Phoenicians, the Chinese and the Japanese. A very admirable theory, the «Atlantic theory», has also been worked out by Brasseur de Bourbourg of a race that has dwelt on a large American peninsula, *Atlantis*, now submerged, of which the Canary Islands, Madeira and the Azores may be remains. All these theories are, no doubt, very interesting and fascinating, and must strongly appeal to imaginative minds, but the best that can be said of them is that they *may* be true, but lack satisfactory proof.

But when we come to the pre-Columban voyages of the Northmen to Greenland and North America, we stand mostly on solid historical ground. In the second half of the ninth century internal feuds caused many of the proud *Jarls* and their *Viking* followers, to whom the sea was no bar but a highway, to leave Norway and settle in Iceland where they founded flourishing colonies. In 876 one of the settlers named Gunnbjörn was driven by foul weather to some point on the coast of the then unknown Greenland where he and his crew contrived to pass the winter and succeeded next spring



THE UJVILÁGI PUSZTA (PLAIN).

Sketch by Paul Vágó.

in returning to Iceland. The tale of this adventure must have lived long in the memory of the Icelanders, for when in the year 983 Eric, surnamed the Red, was outlawed for killing a man in a brawl, he determined to search for the western land discovered by Gunnbjörn. He was successful and the ruins of seventeen little stone houses still to be seen near the present Julianeshaab are silent monuments to his daring and enterprise. All this, as also the subsequent expeditions to Greenland and the voyages thence southward to and along the coast of the red man's country are minutely described in the *Heimskringla*, a *saga*-collection or rather chronicle, considered one of the gems of Icelandic literature.

In the year 1000 Leif, the son of Eric the Red, — according to this most interesting and instructive narrative that, in many parts, is closely intertwined with the authentic history of Norway — manned a vessel and set out to discover new lands. There were thirty-five men on board all told and one of them was a «south country» man, named *Tyrker*, of whom Leif seems to have been very fond having known him since his (Leif's) childhood. Of this man the narrative says that «he had a high forehead sharp eyes, with a small face, and was little in size and ugly; but was very dexterous in all feats». After going on shore at a place covered with woods, which Leif accordingly named *Markland*, they put

out to sea again, and having been out for two days made land. They resolved to put things in order for wintering there and erected a large house. Leif divided his crew into two parts which took turns in exploring the country.

It happened one evening that a man of the party was missing and it was the south country man, *Tyrker*. Leif blamed his comrades very much and proposed to go with twelve men on an expedition to find him; but they had gone only a short way from the station when *Tyrker* came to meet them, and he was joyfully received. Leif soon perceived that his foster-father, as he called *Tyrker*, was quite merry. On being interrogated where he was and why he left his comrades, he spoke *at first* long in his *own* tongue, rolled his eyes and knit his brows, but they could not make out what he was saying. After a while, and some delay, he said in Norse: «I did not go much further than they; and yet I have something altogether new to relate, for I found vines and grapes». «Is that true, my foster father?» said Leif. «Yes, true it is», answered he, «for I was born where there was no scarcity of grapes». For this discovery Leif gave the country the name of *Vinland*.

This is as far as we need follow the narrative for our present purposes. The responsibility for suggesting that this man *Tyrker* (the name means *Turk*, an appellation frequently applied to different non-



Sketch by Baron L. Mednyánszky.

WINDMILLS AT FÉLEGYHÁZA.

Aryan races) was a Magyar, rests with Mr. Samuel Laing, a learned student of Norse history, who in 1844 published an English translation of the *Heimskringla* with some excellent comments on it. To which Professor Fiske, the eminent American historian, remarked that «to the Northmen a «Southman» would naturally be a German, and why should a German be called a Turk? or how should these Northmen happen to have had a Turk in their company? Mr. Laing suggests that he may have been a Magyar. Yes; or he may have visited the Eastern Empire and taken part in a fight *against* Turks, and so have got a sobriquet...» This idea seems to have prevailed in subsequent translations and comments; in fact, in the 1889 edition of Mr. Laing's work, «edited» and «revised» by Mr. Rasmus B. Anderson, the word «German» is substituted for «south country man», which clearly illustrates that strict fidelity to the original text or the author's meaning is a virtue rarely met with in «editors» and «revisors».

There is no satisfactory proof, as far as our narrative goes, for either of the suggestions. But the facts, that it was thought necessary to describe the man's exterior, that his stature, according to Norse standards, was small, that his looks, grimaces and gestures made such a grotesque impression on the Northmen, and that they called him a turk, seem to point rather in the direction, that he was not of a race kindred to the Northmen, but of a more distant, probably a non-Aryan race. Then the statement that «south country men» would be *naturally* Germans does not hold good; considering the geographical notions, or rather the dense ignorance in geography then prevailing, the Hungarians (and also the Cumani and Bissani who were at that time in constant warfare with the Russi and their Norse dynasty and thus could have easily gotten among the Northmen) may have been called «south country men» by the Northmen just as well.

And there is nothing impossible or improbable in the «Hungarian theory», as at that epoch, just before the conversion of the Hungarians to Christianity on a larger scale, bands of Hungarians warriors still made frequent incursions into the neighboring countries to the West and North. If our *Tyrker* of the Icelandic *saga* was really a Hungarian, he was undoubtedly a fit companion for the Northmen in point of daring and military prowess.

Philadelphia, Oktober 1905. *Eugene Pivány.*

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## TOPICAL NOTES

### The Re-election of the Hungarian Cabinet.

THE TEXT of the programme under which His Majesty the King has again appointed the Fejérváry Cabinet is already known. But yet it is too soon to say whether the present cabinet will promote or retard the movement of the statutory union between Austria and Hungary. We hope however, that the possibility of an amicable adjustment of the differences which have so long subsisted between the majority of the Hungarian Diet and the King will soon relieve the European Chancelleries of serious anxiety.

The Cabinet consists of the following members:

Premier as well as Minister of Finance and Minister in Attendance on His Majesty the King; Baron Géza Fejérváry. Minister of Justice: Bartholomew de Lányi. Minister of Commerce: Ladislas de Vörös. Minister of Home Affairs: Joseph de Kristóffy. Minister of Defence: Francis de Bihar. Minister of Religion and Public Instruction: George de Lukács. Minister of Agriculture: Baron Arthur Feilitzsch (new member), Minister of Croatia and Slavonia: Stephen de Kovácsévics.

\*

### Marriage.

The marriage of Albert Königés of Budapest, and Miss Cornelia de Adamich second daughter of Louis de Adamich, was solemnised according to Hungarian custom before the Lord Mayor, and at the Evang-Protst Church on October 21st. at Fiume. The bride wore a gown of ivory satin, the bodice draped with Brussels point lace. A wreath of real orange-blossom was worn and a tulle veil. Following the ceremony a distinguished gathering met at the house of the father of the newly made bride and partook of a most sumptuous breakfast. Amongst the many noted personages present were General Henry de Ivanossich, Eugene Golonya. Editor and Proprietor of «Hungary»: the former giving the young bride away, whilst the latter acted as best man. The Mayor of Fiume, Francis de Vio, Rev. G. Schmidt, Lady Ivanossich, Miss Andrina Chiotta, Mr. and Mrs. Königés, Mrs. Troyer, Mrs. R. Adamich, Mr. and Mrs. Batáry, Mrs. Golonya, sister of the bridegroom and Prof. R. Cimadori were also of the party.



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\*

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tents of this journal, which possibly will interest them so that they may desire to have the regular issue of the same forwarded.

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### Ecclesiastical Notes in Budapest.

**T**HE CHURCH SERVICES in the English language conducted in connection with the United Free Church of Scotland Mission are held every Sunday at 11.15 a. m. in the Reformed Church, Hold-utca (beside the Cultusministerium). All who understand the language are made heartily welcome.

The Ladies' Bible Class meets on Sunday afternoons at 3.30, and the Ladies' Work Party on Tuesday afternoons at 5 o'clock in the large hall, Hold-utca 17. In the same Hall Evangelistic Addresses or Lantern Lectures in the Hungarian and German languages are given on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. On Friday evenings at 7.30 Bible Lectures, also in Hungarian and German, are delivered in the hall, Kertész-utca 39. The Religious Tract Society's Depot at Alkotmány-utca 15, is open daily from 8 a. m. till 6.30 p. m.

Budapest, Oct. 1905.

JAS. T. WEBSTER.

#### Church of England.

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 Eszterházy). 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 usually evening service at Tata-Tóváros at 4 p. m. on Sunday. On the great Festivals and on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday special services are arranged. Oct., 1905.

M. R. SHARP.

### Important notice for Tourists.

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BRITISH CONSULATE. Váci-körút 26. 10 to 3. — AMERICAN CONSULATE. Mária-Valéria-u. 15/a. 9:30—12:30 P. M. Depot of the British & Foreign Bible Society is at IV., Deák-tér 4. — Agent, Mr. C. Wiederkehr.

Depot of the Religious Tract Society of London is at V., Alkotmány-u 15. — Superintendent, Rev. J. T. Webster.

The Depot of the National Bible Society of Scotland, formerly at Rudolf-rakpart 7, will now be found in the Tükör House, sometimes called the Tükör Palace, in Arany János-utca. *Andrew Moody D. D.*

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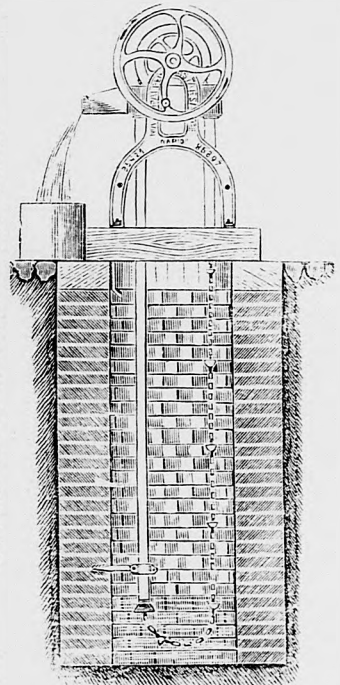
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készülnek HERBST SAMU photochemigraphiai műintézetében BUDAPEST,

VII., MIKSA-UTCA 8.

Egy és többszínű illusztrációk kereskedelmi — nyomtatványokhoz, szép-irodalmi és tudományos munkákhoz.