

1624

# HUNGARY

Budapest Monday January 1, 1906.  
An Illustrated fortnightly Society Journal.

VOL. IV. No 3.

6 600

## 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...

XIX.

Now fancy the effect of such military training, with all its crushing efficiency, on the mind of a young Hungarian not belonging to the Magyar race, whose racial instincts are worked upon by unscrupulous agitators in a sense adverse to patriotism, and whose soul is apt to waver between the hissings of these agitators and the patriotic teaching conveyed to him through the channels above mentioned. What can that effect be but an impression that those are deceived or deceivers who talk to him of his Hungarian mother country as an ideal to be cherished above everything upon earth; of the Hungarian State as the highest authority on earth; of the Hungarian language as a symbol of that same authority to be honoured and cultivated as such by all good citizens: and that those may be right who denounce all this as the idle pretensions of a race no better than his own. The odds are great that such must be his impression when his most absolute devotion is enlisted for symbols not representing Hungary, when an authority takes hold of him in a firmer grip than he will ever feel

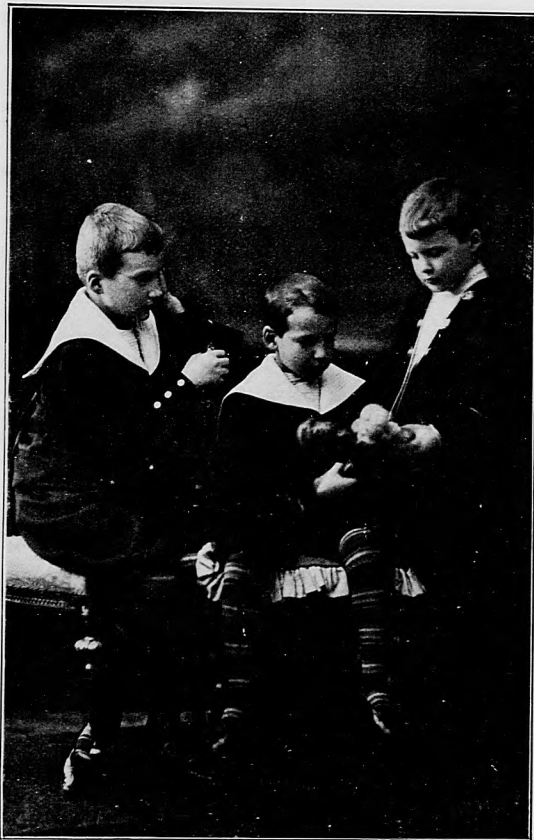


Photo by Strelisky.

H. I. AND R. H. THE ARCHDUKE JOSEPH'S CHILDREN.

again which is not Hungary's when that authority speaks a language which is not Hungarian, and when all this conveys to him an idea of a «something else» more powerful than Hungary, and as the perfidy of agitators never fails to suggest, perhaps, destined to turn against her in due time. That «something else» by-the-by, is an old acquaintance of ours: it is the Pan-Austrian idea, which, defeated on all other points, seeks a last refuge in the army (as some Austrian politicians are candid enough to own) not without entertaining hopes of regaining

lost ground though the educational agency of military training. Should this hope be well founded should military service really succeed in rearing up votaries of that idea among our fellowcitizens that would be for us one stringent reason more for enforcing military reform and that without a moment's waiting or hesitation.

We cannot reasonably be expected to look quietly on at the inoculation of the souls of our citizens with an idea which we took such pains to drive out of our institutions through three centuries hard labour, patience and suffering.

RESPONSIBLE PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR  
EUGENE GOLONYA,  
VIII., CSEPREGHY-UTCA 2. BUDAPEST.

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

Telephone 89-52. Single copy 60 fillér.

## NEW YEAR 1906

Come closer, dear old friend, that I  
 May take your hand in mine;  
 Your every look, and word, and touch,  
 Cheers up my heart like wine.  
 Now hand in hand, yours firm and strong,  
 Mine feeble, worn and thin,  
 We two will watch the old year out,  
 And see the new year in.

We did the same last year, you know,  
 When I was well and strong;  
 We did the same when we were boys,  
 And life and hope were young.  
 We did the same when, launched in life,  
 We found it full of care,  
 And we shall do the same again,  
 You here, I elsewhere.

Not face to face as heretofore,  
 Not hand in hand again,  
 But heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
 By thought's magnetic chain.  
 You will not see this poor, pale face,  
 When next new year doth fall,  
 Nor hold my hand in yours, but I  
 Shall answer when you call.

My life ends with the year to-night,  
 The poor old dying year;  
 I go to meet an awful change,  
 All calmly, without fear.  
 We know there is no death, old friend;  
 I shall but pass along  
 A lonely road, where you are not;  
 But love has made me strong.

*"Passing the love of women".* Yes,  
 Our love has been; but hark!  
 The bells clash out from countless towers  
 Their music through the dark.  
 Ah! whisper once, before I go,  
 Of love, of peace, and cheer;  
 So, not to death, but grand new life,  
 I go. — So dies the year.



## THE CASTLE OF VAJDA-HUNYAD.

BY MARGARET SÓLYOM FEKETE.

XXIX.

AT LENGTH, reduced to the last extremity, they consented to enter into negotiations, which were concluded by a treaty, equally honourable to both parties. It was stipulated, that Vienna should retain all its ancient rights and privileges. On the day of St. John, the Austrian State tendered the oath of allegiance to the Hungarian king. Frederick now fled from one country to another and used to console himself by repeating the words: «Happy those, who can accommodate themselves to the unalterable!»

The Turks in the meanwhile did not refrain from attacking the borders of Transylvania and the Turkish robbers infested the country as far as Nagyvárad. Orchards were cut down, harvests plundered and all the other modes of annoyance peculiar to this barbarous warfare were put in practice by the invading armies, as

they swept across the face of the country. The fortress of Szabács afforded the Turks an easy means of egress. At length Matthias himself marched against this stronghold, defended by 5000 janissaries, all resolved rather to die, than to surrender their posts. Matthias sailing in a boat, accompanied by a single soldier, reconnoitred in person the fortifications and bulwarks of the tower, in order to make out its weakest side; the king was recognized, an arrow struck his armour-bearer, sitting in front of him, but undaunted by the perils of his situation, the king continued his researches. The Hungarians succeeded in running a mine beneath the fortress and after a desperate struggle with great slaughter on both sides, the gates were taken by storm. Matthias displayed the most intrepid spirit in these alarming scenes; he visited every

part of the works in person, cheering his unrelenting «Black army», the first standing army in Europe, by his presence, his dauntless courage and resolution. Towards the morning the dread-

ful alarum died away in the distance. 5000 janisaries covered the battle-field. Ali Bey, in the meanwhile swept with a large army, amounting to 100.000 men, across the surface of Transylvania ravaging it by sword and pillage. The administrator and vajda of this country, Count Stephen Báthory, of a brave and unre-

lenting disposition, claimed the assistance of Paul Kinizsi, the ban of the county of Temes. The latter was a miller's son, whom King Matthias surprised in one of his excursions, toss-

ing a mill-stone from his right arm to the left. The king availed himself of this great bodily strength, the more, as it soon became evident, that this formidable power was linked with an equally great and noble soul. With Matthias reign commenced a new era of nobility, when rank and knighthood were won by a man's own merit and not that of his ancestors; he accordingly promoted him to high official distinctions, constituting him the ban of the county of Temes. Báthory ordering his banderols into line of battle, summoned the valiant Széklers, lead by Anthony Kende and the hardy Saxons, marshalled by Csuka — to his assistance.

It was on the 13<sup>th</sup> October that the two armies met on the little

plain, conterminous with the Maros, in the County Hunyad, stretching from Alvincz to Szászváros, bordered on each side with wild and romantic looking mountains.

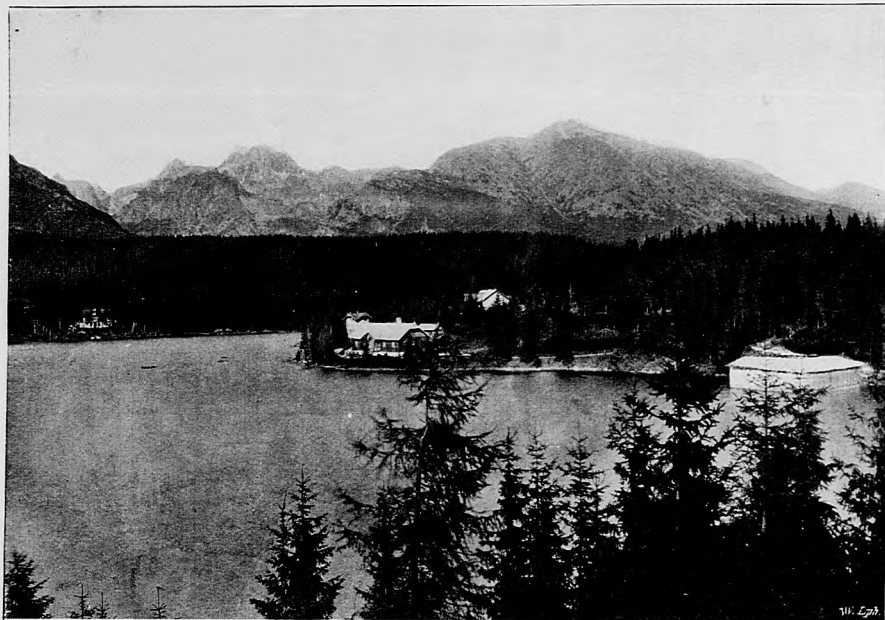
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THE CSURGÓ FOREST.

By A. Feszty.

Count Stephen Báthory, of a brave and unre-



A PORTION OF LAKE CSORBA.

### Present Day Italy

*The story of the Nations. Modern Italy* by Pietro Orsi. Translated from the Italian by Miss. M. A. Vialls. London. Fisher Unwin.

THIS work is in no wise inferior to its predecessors either in point of excellence or in surpassing interest. The duty of interpreting Professor Orsi has fallen upon Miss. M. A. Vialls a valued contributor to the «Daily News» and to these columns. It is a pleasure to be able to testify to the grace of diction and power of clear expression which seem to distinguish «Alicia's» labours in prose rendering no less than in original poetic composition. It is a return to the vigorous Saxon beloved of John Bright. The volume before us owes much to «Alicia's» evident admiration for Italy itself no less than for those pioneers who stood so long in the perilous breach, in the King's name, and enabled him, the greater Man of Destiny, to celebrate the last of the Roman triumphs on that memorable day of July 1871.

It is admiration worthily bestowed; shared, we believe, by every man old enough in his generation to remember, or susceptible of being moved by the sustained passion of a drama second, and in some respects corollary to the greatest in the picturesque history of Christendom.

The drama is played out.

«The tumult and the shouting dies  
The Captains and the Kings depart.»

Remains then to offer the few observations which the scope of this review affords upon the development of that work which was, to Machiavelli, an idea; to Alfieri, a dream; to Napoleon a phantasy; to

Metternich a farce; to the Church blasphemy; but to the Savoyard, to Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi, *Ultima Thule*.

To appreciate properly the magnitude of the work one must take into account not only the history and traditions of Italy herself, and of her separate organisations, their geography, and climatic conditions but those movements in the sister-states which for good or evil have left their impress upon the

course of the evolution of Europe. Foremost amongst these stand the maritime enterprise of Spain, Holland and England at the close of the Middle Ages; the Reformation in Germany and the Revolution in France. But for the first of these a confederation of States upon the Hellenic model, in contradistinction to the old Roman idea of a centralised state, might have resulted. As to the influence of the Reformation it is impossible to forecast the trend of events had the Papal Court been free to consolidate and possibly extend its temporal dominions. But had the French Revolution developed in accordance with the declared principles of its original leaders, principles to which both Fox and Burke were committed Italy might have been a Republic to day.

But in any event the States of the Church could not have been suffered to exist. At some time or other the Reason of Man must have revolted. Sooner or later he must have risen against a government, the negation of government, a something neither oligarchical nor theocratic, a moral cesspool, blighting a fair land which was to the clergy a Paradise, and to its people a hell forgotten even of Dante, but remembered by Voltaire.

The three events happened and changed the face of a world. Venice and Genoa no longer commanded from the Adriatic and the Gulf. The Church had been shaken to her foundations. The colonists of America and the citizens of France had burst their bonds. What man has done man can do, and never was the value of precedent more sensibly felt.

From that era the hope of unification merged into possibility. But the difficulties were great. Consider then how deeply the sense of nationality, of brotherhood, must have struck which could appeal

to those who aspired to create, out of a geographical expression, Italy the Nation.

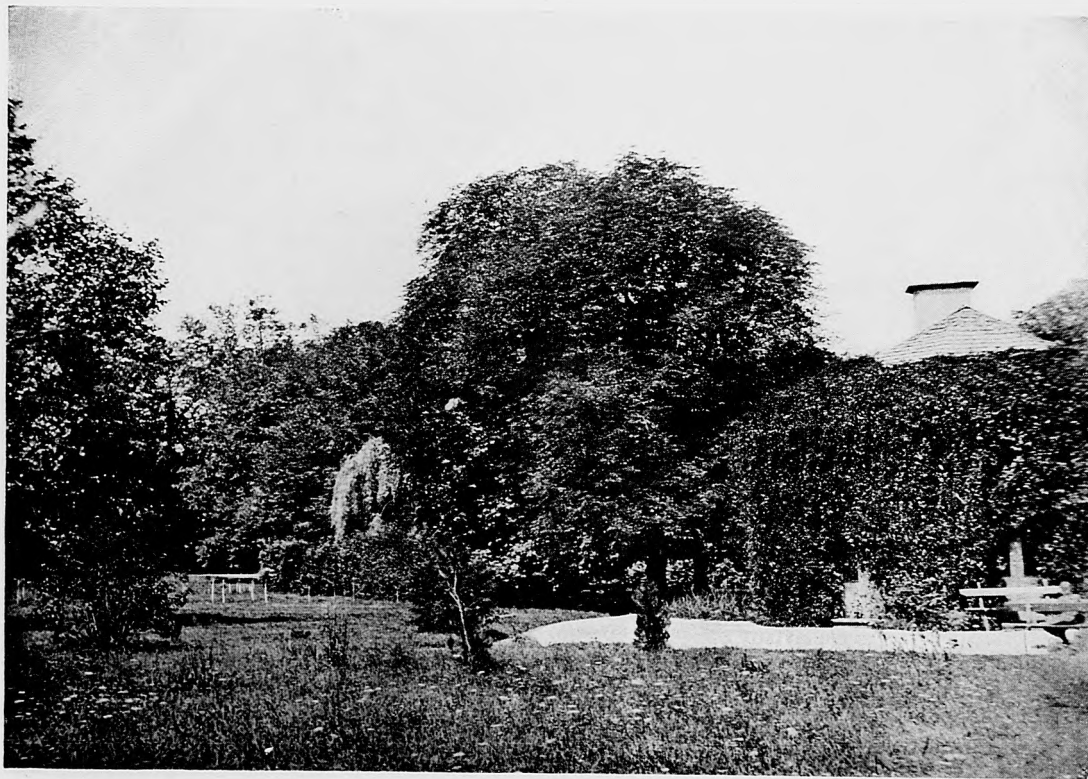
How could elements so superficially incongruous coalesce for one moment? Small indeed could have been the hope that Venice with her centuries of glorious achievement and Conciliar rule; Genoa with the memory of her commanding past; Florence bathed in the long glories of the Medici era, steeped in the very spirit of the Arts; Milan, metropolis and home of Emperors; Naples, Queen of the South; Rome «lone mother of dead empires» would voluntarily yield pretensions long supported by force of arms or sanctified by prescriptive right, and descend from the dignity of States to the status of Cities.

Assuming for the moment an altruism so high how could the more serious menaces of the Church be overcome? Mighty in the faith of millions, dating from the strong son of Charles Martel, winding across the middle of the Peninsula stood **Kephas** the Rock unassailable, and behind her, France the enigma. Yet again; there were the signatories to the compact of the Holy Alliance, that instrument to whose articles Wellington declined to pledge Great Britain upon the ground that «they were not sufficiently precise»: Russia, Prussia, Austria, all reactionary, all fearful of the spread of principles fatal to absolutism. Was ever earthly combination so powerful?

Yet the march of circumstance accomplished all. Down in turn fell the barriers. Russia was far away. Prussia dreaming of German unity could not logically repress a hope born upon the same plane.

There remained Austria, France and the Church. Still fortune favoured the brave. Prussia fell upon the two Empires and now the solitary barrier, the last hope against human progress, the Church — *Semper eadem*, bowed her proud neck, and **Italy**, youngest of the nations, arose.

In politics there are no constant factors. The enemy of to day is the ally of to morrow; thus it would seem that the really acute difficulties were to be overcome in Italy herself. The main points of difference could not after all outweigh the points of agreement. Name, race, tradition do not vary and these the Italian, — Tuscan or Roman, Neapolitan or Florentine, possessed. He needed what Israel now needs, a country, and a Fatherland lay ready to his hand, the depositary of the grandeur, the glory, the majesty of an ancient race. He saw that with the passing of the Middle Ages, Hellenic ideals and archaic forms had lost their moral force. With the advent of the new France he beheld the rare spectacle of absolutism in transition: In the rise of England he saw the physical advantages of a coast line. When Temporal Power fell into abeyance he looked out upon an Italy united for the moment under a Corsican. He narrowly missed what Sweden had acquired and has since retained, a dynasty founded by a Marshal of the Grande Armée. Thus everything pointed in one direction and the eyes of men insensibly turned to Rome. She who had exchanged «the she-wolf's litter» for an immoral priesthood lay inert under the most contemptible tyranny that has ever revolted the soul of Man.



A PORTION OF THE TOWN-PARK.

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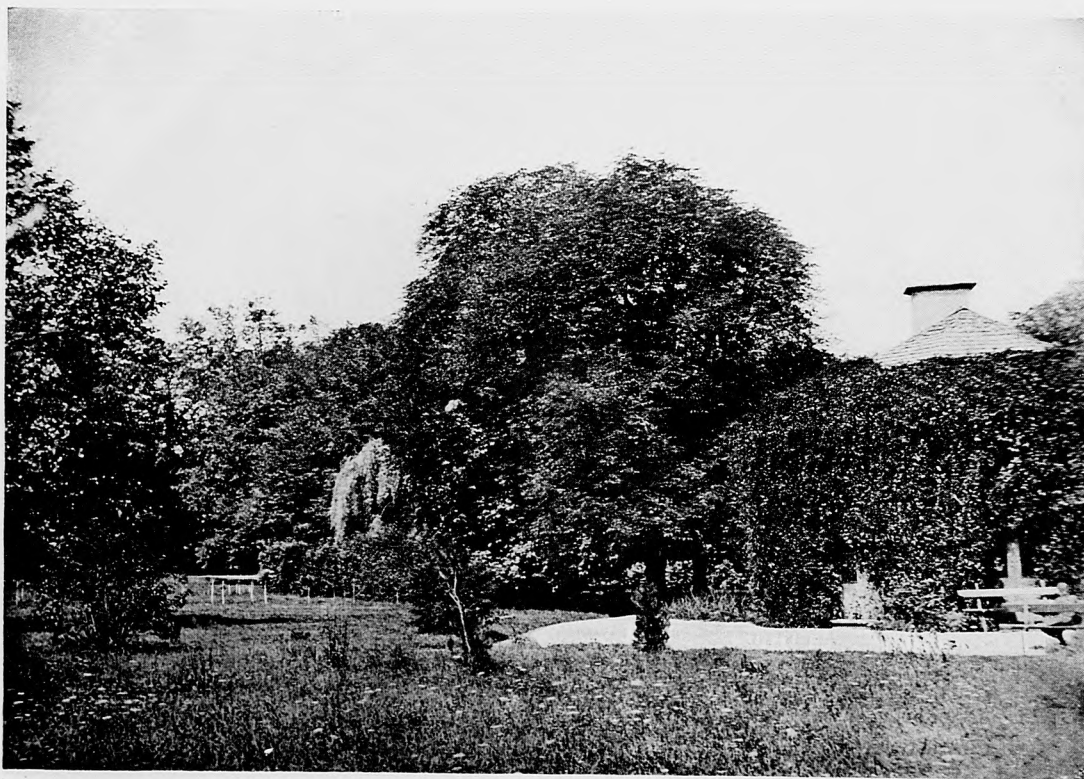
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A PORTION OF THE TOWN-PARK.

Memories of long ago inflamed the imagination. During the course of twenty-seven centuries she had furnished mankind with a microcosmic cycle, the archetype of all worlds. The picture was Rome, the background the universe.

From the time when Romulus is supposed to have begun that great war upon the old Iberian and Pelasgian stock, Rome has stood forth the visible symbol of the triumph of Aryanism. Before her have bowed the Copt and the Semite. She has known such diverse embodiments as have surely never before nor since graced or disgraced a nation—Democrats and Dictators, Oligarchs and Tyrants, Caesars and Popes, Conscript Fathers and Captains of Mercenaries, the Goth and the Hun, Jove and Jehovah. Her mark is over all. She has lost and she has won, but whether riding serenely on the wave or groping in the abyss, whether thundering her dread commands or bowing to the storm, whether in the glory of majesty or in the «depths of some divine despair» she has been an object of veneration or hate, never of indifference.

It was fitting that she should once again hold the sceptre of the land to which still clung the «fatal gift of beauty», nay, it was imperative. She who had seen her glories «star by star expire», who had, notwithstanding, exhibited the eternal triumph of West over East, was founded to better purpose than to serve as the fattening ground for a horde of lazy rubric-exploiting priests. For the fifth time in history the mind of man rose up against sacerdotal pretension, for the third time it triumphed and it is given to us to hope that amidst all the changing panorama of a moving world the triumph will be permanent or will retain its force until, in the accomplishment of his cycle, Man shall begin slowly to recede from his zenith and shall once more yield to decay that civilization which has been won, lost and won again.

The names of Cavour, Garibaldi and Mazzini, of Charles Albert and Victor Emanuel are enshrined in imperishable annals with those of the demi-gods of old who, in field and forum, served the state and placed the laurel and the crown upon the shining brow of her, majestic, magnificent and eternal, who, from her seven hills, gazed proudly out upon her horizon what time the sun rose and the sun sank and the gates of the Temple of Janus were closed.

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## An American Night.

By: ALEXANDER HEGEDŰS JUNIOR.

WHEN I walked through the narrow aisle of the sleeping car to take possession of my compartment, a feeling of revulsion took possession of me; the whole car appeared to me as it were a crypt, beneath which wheels had been placed that it may roll along. On both sides of the car were seen little receptacles, just large enough to put the body of a human being.

Disgusted, I crawled into one of these holes, covered by a curtain, which then enclosed me.

It was dark, so dark that I could hardly see how to get into my sheets. Around the window's edges only there appeared some faint gleams of light. I raised the window shades and looked at the scenery which spread itself before me bright and lit up by the pale moon, which, like an opalescent lampglobe, shone with her pale light among the white cloud-banks on high.

When I rested my head upon my pillow and in my half-sleep looked out of the window at the passing scenery, I really believed that I was reviewing through the glass cover of my coffin the world which to me was for ever lost. I made an effort to see more clearly, and, while the front view became somewhat more distinct than the back view, the mist did not seem to rise, and it lost none of its mystic appearance.

I felt as if we were getting ever and ever farther away from the land of the living, and the barren plain country seemed also to be dead; there appeared from time to time only a broken-down fence or a crownless tree, standing, as if it were a ghastly skeleton. I felt that there would come a big sheet of water which would put an end to the land of the living, we passed through a forest, the trees crowding each other before my eyes and then again came the barren, plain low-land into view. The wheels of the car beat with a peculiar noise, as if the earth had rolled away from beneath them.

I rested myself on my arm and I saw a big sheet of water surrounding the car, and as if in a death-struggle, ran all the more swiftly toward the centre; the moon lit up the way, the store of the water was no longer visible and to me it looked as if all would be lost. Sleep came over my eyelids my head fell and rested on the pillow. My visions dissolved. When I looked out of the window, I saw a great Cinematograph ceaselessly roll before me the ces-

nery of the country. The pictures changed quickly as if driving each other and I had to be alert in order to see them all. Then my brain grew weary, I felt as if my brain were cracked by being tossed about. At first a stream which seemed to rush up toward me spread itself widely open, as if the shores had merged into the horizon. In the centre I saw isles, reefs and forest-covered isles, upon which the trees seemed to have grown with the primitive vigour of ancient days and were immensely numerous as if they had tried to crowd each other out of

peacefulness into the abyss below as if it were resembling a human being with no will power whatever, tamely submitting to the inevitable. At the foot of the fall, where the water broke into sprays, there arose a white film like a bridal veil which no longer resembled water or air, only a kind of a white, misty vapor which then dissolved. It had a feathery appearance as it rose from the depths below high up toward the down-flow of water, where it merged with the misty air.

It was so beautiful so extraordinary, some-



A PORTION OF ERCSI FOREST.

existence. One of these mighty trees which had really been crowded into the flowing stream, caused the water to form an angry whirlpool.

The water ran wildly about and seemed to emit a peculiar sound; it ran to the end of the valley and then fell into the depth below. I beheld the valley-falls: the moving wall of water seemed as high as St. Gellert Mountain's rocky Danubian shore, but the wall was beautiful and smooth. The flowing stream waves flowed into waves, only at the bottom of the valley did they part in magnificent disorder and they looked like the dishevelled strands of a woman's hair. The whole stream fell with solemn

ing which human beings can conceive as existing only in a hereafter life, became, free of all human interference it seemed as an unearthly miracle, which seemed to be derived from the mythical forces of antediluvian times.

A wondrous something which man cannot increase or potentiate is the power — of the moon. «The midnight moon came from the east» she displaced the ragged cloudlets around her, and with liquid rays shone with great effulgence on the Niagara. And the stream, as if it were a mass of molten silver, ran brightly shining towards the fall, where it sank down, sprays of finest silver-sand arising from the rocky reefs. And from this inconceivable whi-

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teness which was born there among the rocks there arose in a semicircle, a pale rainbow, which the moonrays had painted. A boldly-arched, moon-rainbow, which gently rose from the Niagara, embraced the stream, and leaned with the other arm upon the Canadian shore, a nimbus in which silver substituted white and into the yellow of which starry sand grains were put. Never anything more beautiful! A view created only by a superhuman force — unconsciously!

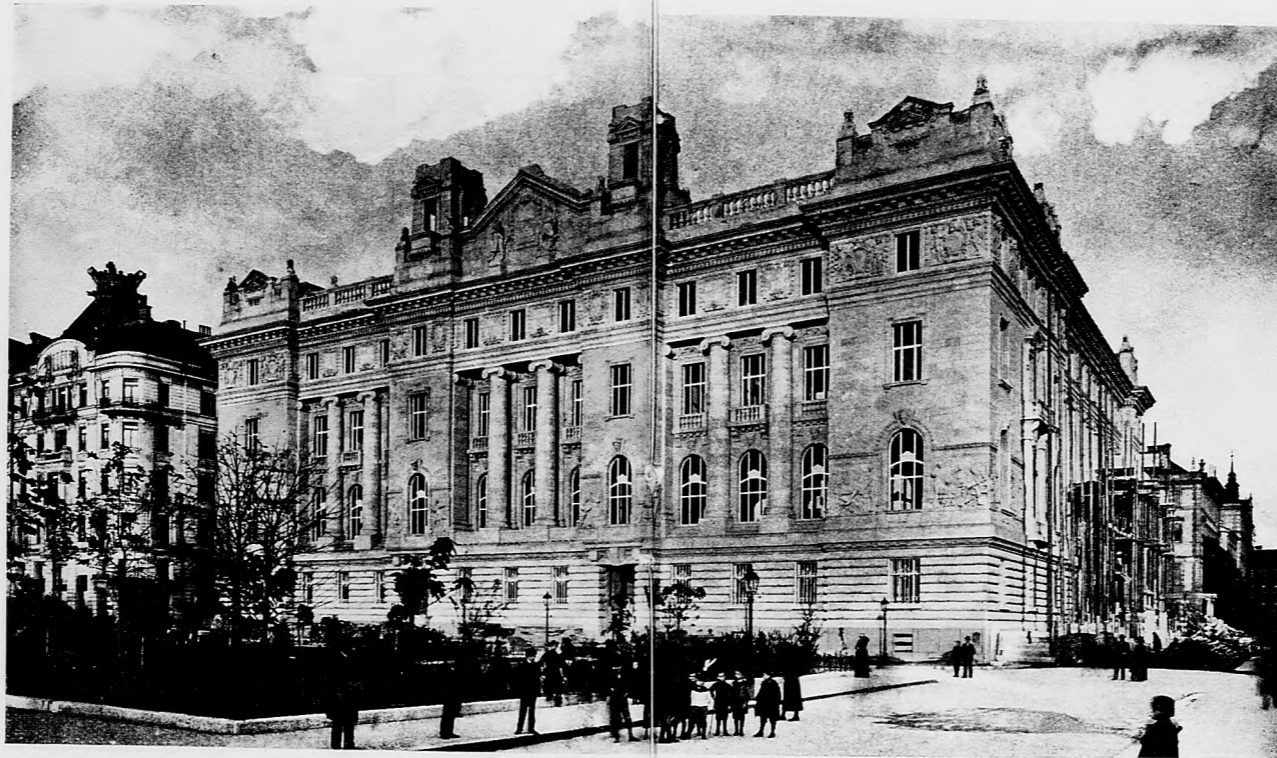
When I no longer saw aught of the falls, the water of the river turned into a scraggy inlet where once again it sprang and rose into the air and for a distance seemed to flow backward, as if yearning to return to the fall, then it ran into the rocky inlet where it created mighty, heaving splashes as if each wave wanted to turn a somersault before it passed on. When it left the valley pass it was quiet and peaceful, as if it had exhausted all its force. It is annihilated in joining the Ontario: it had again become an insignificant water without any will, without any creative force.

The cinematograph ceased; formless darkness showed that it rested. After a long while, it brought to my view expansive prairies and yellowish fields upon which blood-red grass seemed to grow, apparently all lit up by the first rays of the dawn. When the scene was fully lit up by the rising sun, small cottages began to appear, at first only an occasional one, then more frequently and in groups. Not long afterward rows of wooden houses were the only things I saw. Almost all of them alike in form, in color, eternally the same, made of beams and boards; doors and windows of narrow measures, like so many houses built of cards and erected presumably in a hurry, to last only the time one enjoys its view. Here and there a church with its spire would spring into view, to quickly withdraw and be lost in the wooden built city. It was a peculiar city of shanties; their sight had lasted an hour and yet we had not arrived in the heart there of. It was like baker's dough, ever and ever spreading, but thick like card-board.

In the heart of the city there was a wooden fence which reached far into the groups of houses and enclosed a space large enough for another city. The fenced-in territory was divided into narrow sections, in which living animals were hurled together and which slowly threaded their way toward a big building to the side of which they stepped one by one out of their gangway. On one side entered the beau-

tiful, smooth-skinned oxen, on the other side of the house rumbling cars carried off in receptacles the blood and the carcase the meat.

A mighty guillotine was at work in that high building in the heart of the city, preparing to satisfy Americas... stomach. Around another big house, a mighty herd of Yorkshire pigs were grunting in the enclosures and walked slowly toward the yellowhouse, from which they were afterward carried in greasy tubs and in boxes, as fat, hams, pig'sfeet and knuck-



THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN BANK IN BUDAPEST.

les, bacon and spare ribs to satisfy the hunger of the city.

A wooden door, which dashed by the window, closed this island of blood from view.

Above there was a board and on that board an inscription: «Union Stock-Yard».

The wooden houses again assumed their place, but they no longer seemed to be very small.

They looked as if they had grown some what, and they constantly increased in size; in place of wood there came brick and stone and when these had grown to colossal heights the brick and stone also disappeared and the whole appeared to be a mass of iron, which

stood indestructible, having planted its feet deep into the earth.

My bloodless brain was totally exhausted, the cinematograph stood still, the last pictures of the iron buildings did not disappear however, the pictures remaining there before the window. It seemed that the spectacle was over.

A door opened, I heard dragging footsteps around me, and the conductor yelled aloud, so that, affrighted, I jumped: «All out, Chicago, Central!»

faction etc. Although the question of the Hungarian word of command did not meet with the approval one had hoped for, and, probably because looked at from an entirely outside point of view as the general plaint of the speakers was not against Hungary in particular, but rather in favour of a great universal language or two or even three languages which could be universally understood. Those of course who knew Hungary from within stood to their guns on the point that if a nation gives up its language it gives up to a great extent its national character. Miss Vials ended with her pet theme the Hungarians themselves, their trials and courage, and their unbounded hospitality, to which she charmingly states she can but do scant justice.

Had Hungary a few more champions of the same caste as «Alicia» of the Daily News, I vouch for a warm and lasting sympathy and friendship from all corners of our Island home towards our brave and noble friends the Hungarians.

In the discussion that followed an Indian visitor Mr. Yusuf Ali said he would like to cordially endorse all that had been said in the paper about Hungarian hospitality. He had himself visited Hungary last spring, and had never, he said, met with such kindly and generous treatment from foreigners anywhere as from Hungarians.

Commenting on the economic conditions of Hungary, the speaker, who occupies an important post as magistrate in his native country, remarked on the strikingly interesting parallels to be found between India and Hungary. In both the agricultural question was a pressing problem; in both too, the question of language was a burning one, and each contained a compeer population of different races inhabiting the same country. Mr. Ali's remarks were so noteworthy that it is to be hoped all interested in Hungary may enjoy the opportunity of hearing more of his views on this point, which by the way, he is eminently qualified by his studies and travels to give. It may be added that he also takes a great interest in the question of prison-reform and the treatment of juvenile criminals now arousing so much attention among Hungarian Sociologists'.

Mr. Lajos Simó also gave some very interesting information on the different nationalities inhabiting Hungary, and shed much light on a question which at the present time Englishmen know very little about.

Although the remarks were delivered in French they were thoroughly understood and appreciated by the majority of those present. In parliamentary language this may be considered Mr. Simó's «Maiden speech» but we hope in the near future he will share his knowledge with us and give us a clear perception of some more of the burning questions which are now convulsing his beloved fatherland.

We are glad to note that four members of the «Daily News» staff are candidates for seats at the forthcoming parliamentary election. May their suc-

### London Notes

London, Dec. 18, 1905.

OUR GOOD friend Miss Mary Alice Vials gave a most interesting and comprehensive paper on Hungary a few evenings ago to a highly intellectual gathering at the house of Miss Toynbee.

Starting with the High Tatra and its attendant beauties Miss Vials carried her hearers deftly from mountain to plain through the wonderful ice cavern of Dobsina the Salt mines, the opal mine, and many other wonderful Sights of the beautiful home of the Magyars, and also steered her craft through the political shoals with all the skill of one who knows'.

That the paper was one of engrossing interest was evidenced by the fact that numerous questions were asked concerning the government, products, freightage, the language, the people and causes, dissatis-

cess be assured, and their voices ring true and clear as a clarion through the columns of the great truth-loving and wholesome journal their represent.

SHEENA MACDONALD.



### The Mistletoe.\*

With ivy and with holly  
The hall is all bedight,  
Where each is ripe for folly,  
The damsel and the knight.

The Christmas board is bending  
With loads of choicest fare,  
And plate and crystal blending  
Cast a thousand candles' flare.

There, Mistletoe's pale berry,  
Of old, the Druids' charm;  
Love's emblem to the merry,  
Preserve us from all harm!

Oh kindly institution  
Of Yuletide, frank and free:  
Thy ancient constitution,  
A realm of love and glee.

For now's the time of courtship,  
Now kissing is the law;  
When knights the damsels worship,  
And dames the knights adore.

Like berries of the holly  
The damsels' cheeks do glow,  
For all true knights of folly  
Lurk near the Mistletoe.

No struggles will avail then  
To shirk that ancient rite  
However coy the maiden  
When caught by errant knight.

For where no joys are missing,  
Could ending be more fit,  
Than kissing, kissing, kissing  
Till the star of Morning's lit?

L'Envoi: —

And so I'll wish you, one and all  
Your share of the Mistletoe.  
And may it yield you, at your call,  
Its joys unmixt with woe.

December 25<sup>th</sup>. 1905.

Spencer Cusker.

\* Left but for want of space.

### Impressions of Hungary.

SLOWLY but surely a better knowledge of Hungary and Hungarian affairs is penetrating the hitherto barren wastes of American and English newspapers. Every visitor to Hungary means a new set of interests both for the country and the individual; thus is it that a new basis of public opinion will largely be formed.

It is interesting to note that the English tour arranged last year by the Editor of «Hungary» was not altogether unproductive in this direction, for in the divers parts of the British Isles whence the party was gathered, has appeared in the local papers conceptions and impressions immensely favourable to Hungary. Dr. Harvey in writing to the «Liverpool Post» after speaking of the markedly courteous bearing of the Hungarians, says: — «There is so much whole heartedness, and enthusiasm, and warmth, and spontaneity in the welcome you receive that you feel at once you are in touch with a people of noble and generous instincts. They are quick, intelligent, passionate, demonstrative, warm-hearted, kindly people».

It is clear that the writer has caught the true perspective of Hungarian character for he goes on to say: — «And of the people themselves, the most striking characteristics were intelligence strong, deep patriotism showing itself most obviously at the present moment by an intense dislike of and determination against being, as they termed it, «Germanised». We were over and over again struck by the thoroughness with which they entered into any work they had initiated, by their keen desire to educate themselves thoroughly in every branch of education whether general or technical; by their readiness in adopting new ideas, and at the same time improving upon those of countries possessing a more highly specialised civilisation.

There are agricultural colleges scattered throughout the country, where the training is of the most thorough and upto-date character, far ahead of anything we can boast of; there are schools of horticulture, of arboriculture, of apiculture, in numberless places.

The Government is keenly alive to the wants of the country and to the best modes of meeting these wants. «We mean to become a great country», was said to us by the principal of one of these agricultural colleges.»

An impression of this nature circulated through the medium of such an influential journal in England must bring its due meed of help to Hungary.



*Notice to contributors.* All contributions should reach the Editor *not later* than the 10th or 22nd of the month, otherwise it is absolutely impossible to catch the edition.

### The Crisis.

THINGS are going from bad to worse in Hungary. The negotiations for a settlement of the dispute between the King of Hungary, and the majority in the Hungarian Parliament have broken down utterly. The policy of allowing things to drift can be continued no longer, and decisive action of some kind must now be taken. Inspired with the hope of averting the crisis which now appears to be at its height, the King intimated his willingness to accept

of Ministries turned for a succession of years. That it is the cloak for a more exigent programme is sufficiently obvious. We may be certain that the most conciliatory Ruler in Europe would not hold out on a mere point of symbolism. His career as Emperor-King is a long record of Statesmanlike concessions to jealous nationalities and jarring factions. But he is on this occasion so deeply impressed with the significance and ulterior purpose of a seemingly innocent movement that he has confronted it with an absolute Veto. He is well aware that



THE TARPATAK WATERFALL IN THE HIGH-TÁTRA.

a Ministry from the ranks of the Kossuth Party as well as the other parties in alliance with it provided only that some responsible member of the coalition group could lay before him a programme of which he would be able to approve. Nothing however has as yet been done to pave the way towards a settlement.

Even more perplexing is the misunderstanding between the King and the majority, though by no means the whole body, of his Hungarian subjects. The cause of the dispute is trifling. The Magyars insist that the military words of command in the Hungarian Army shall be given in the Magyar language. They regard the use of German as an insult to their race, and seem prepared to go to any lengths, short of sedition, in pressing their claim. On this and no other apparent issue has the fate

in taking this absolutist line he is endangering the popularity of his House in not the least loyal or energetic part of his heterogeneous dominion. Assuredly he has counted the cost to himself and the not improbable peril to his successors. Yet he thinks the object for which he is working—the complete unity of his Army—worth the sacrifices imposed on himself and his Dynasty.

Messrs. **Rigler Stationers Limtd.** Their well known native speciality of superior quality *note paper* may be obtained at all good firms of Stationers. *Rigler's* book and stone-printing appliances are fitted with the latest modern improvements (Adv.)

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American  
Notes . . .

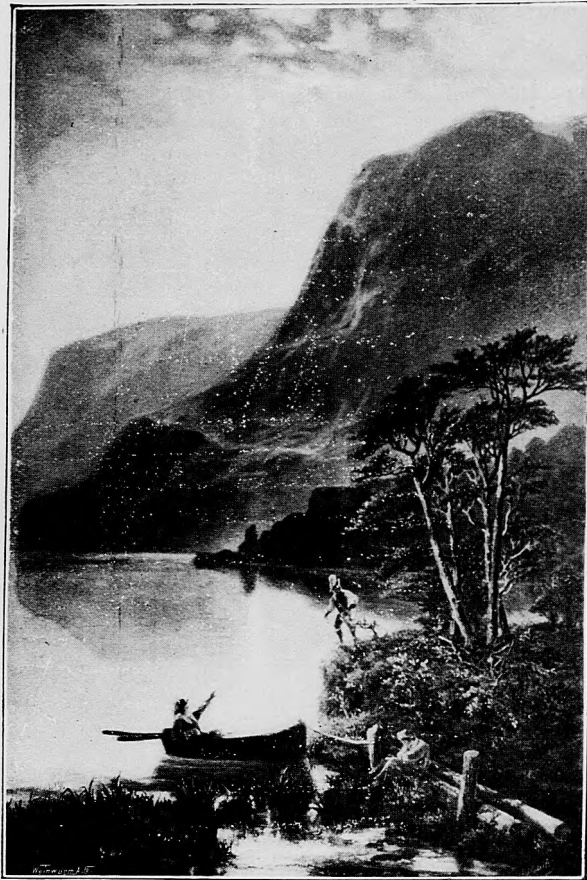
New-York, December  
10th, 1905.

IF ANY one wishes to give a true picture of the life of the Hungarians, he decidedly must begin his report with entertainments, balls, theatrical shows, which are arranged by different Hungarian associations in rapid succession. This time of the year, the gypsy bands are kept pretty busy, their unique play is echoed through the Hungarian colonisation and the Yankees are unable to express their admiration at the sight when the national dance the lively «csárdás» is produced. It gave me a pleasant surprise when I noticed in to-days New-York World Sunday Supplement an illustration showing a Hungarian pair dancing the csárdás in national costume.

We are indeed progressing, our nation draws the attention of other Countries day by day; their curiosity is fully justified.

Coming back to my starting point I must remark that the most prominent amongst all Hungarian associations is certainly the Hungarian Republican Club, said Club has been honoured by the visit of President Roosevelt, last year, and on this occasion the President assured us of his sympathy toward all Hungarians. Other Hungarian associations are mostly based upon mutual benefit in case of sickness or death, giving a clear proof of the fact that our nation is well organized in the far West and in spite of the different tendencies they follow, all agree in one thing that we like and respect our adopted fatherland, but ever will love our native fatherland.

New-York was greatly aroused and agitated by the visit of Prince Louis of Battenberg, nephew of King Edward, who with his fleet, consisting of several warships and gunboats anchored in front of New-York in the North River. — The American people were surprised at the democratic manner of the Prince, in fact his loyalty and amiability will make a lasting impression in the mind of the people. He frequented public amusement-



THE DUNAJECZ LAKE.

resorts, theatres etc. and there was a great procession daily when visitors were permitted to go on board of the warships. — A remarkable statement of the Prince is circulating in the City, namely one newspaper representative asked the Prince, what his opinion is about the stronghold of New-York. The Prince in reply said: «Why I can blow New-York to atoms with these vessels, and it would not take longer to do so, than my cook to fry an omelette for me.» However this statement is doubted by the American marine experts. A newspaper published a cartoon the other day, regarding this conversation. The picture shows John Bull (England) and Uncle Sam (United States) conversing on board of a

warship, John Bull says: «I can blow your City to atoms from here and it would not take longer, than my cook to fry an omelette for me». Uncle Sam replies: «And what would I be doing in the meantime?»

★

I cannot let the opportunity pass by without mentioning in my closing lines the great event which will take place on Sunday December the 17th. A permanent Hungarian Theatre! Who could dream of such an extravagance! And yet the idea is completed, the necessary preparations done and every sign predicts a performance, which was never seen here before. The play will be Alexander Petőfi, the famous poet's «János vitéz», the roles are in the hands of first class actors. The title alone, shows what difficult task they took up. A noble aim, for which every Hungarian must give a helping hand that our victory may prove to be a glorious one. I shall give a full account of the performance in my next report. Let me close my lines with the old saying, «United we stand, divided we fall».

ALFRÉD K. SCHWABACH.

★

The Hungarian Literary Society, one of the largest organizations among the Hungarians in New-York, last Saturday introduced the season of

merry-making with a Hungarian peasant ball in which the thousands of Hungarians in New-York participate during each winter.

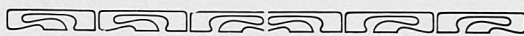
The Hungarian New-Yorkers delight to dress themselves in the costumes of the old country, and at the ball all the familiar types to be found in a Hungarian village are seen.

While the dances of this country will have a large part of the programme, there will be found every third or fourth dance the favourite and national dance of the Hungarian people. It is called the Csárdás. It is always danced by a man and a woman and consists chiefly in keeping perfect time to the music with the feet and body. The dancers stamp their feet in time with the music, and with the jingling of the spurs on the boots of the men, a noise is produced that fairly drowns the music.

There are nearly 75,000 Hungarians in New-York, and there is not one but knows the National dance «Csárdás». The Hungarian population in the United States is about 2,000,000, which is distributed very generally mostly in the mining fields of Pennsylvania and the West. Cleveland has, next to New-York, most Hungarians of any city—about 40,000.

New-York's Hungarian population is so large that it has been forced to spread over the entire

city, but there is a very large and interesting colony on the east side of the city, between Fourteenth and Houston streets. All along Second avenue, between those two streets, can be found the coffee houses and restaurants of the Hungarians. There they congregate to eat and drink, play chess, sing their songs, and dance their «Csárdás».

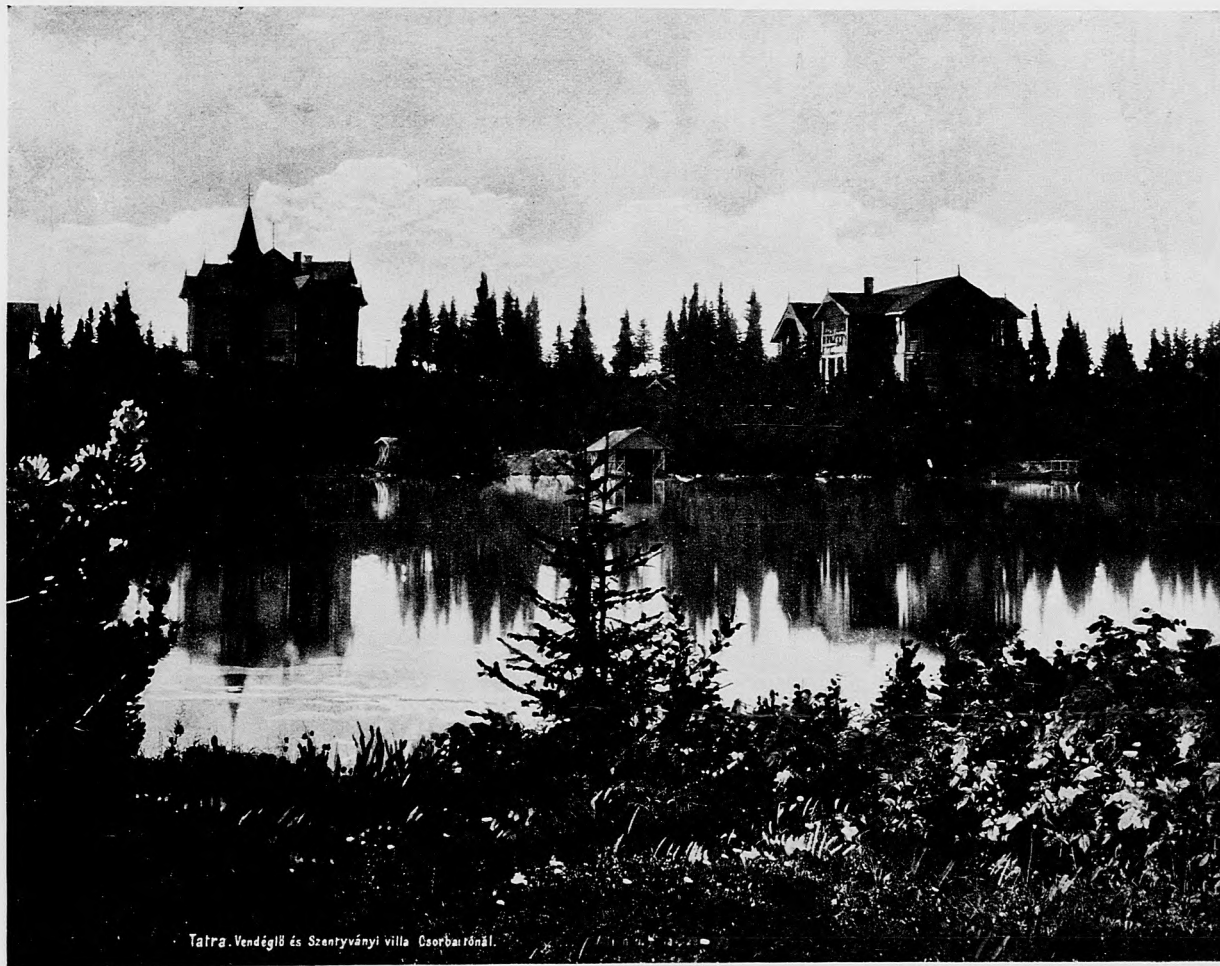


#### TOPICAL NOTES

HIS MAJESTY the King spent Christmas as usual at Wallsee with H. I. and R. H. the Archduke Francis Salvator. — His Majesty returned to Vienna last Wednesday feeling all the better for the change.

★

After the recent frost which lasted for several days the ice of the skating rink in the Town-Park having become 5 inches thick the Budapest Skating club opened the gates to its members and the elite public of Budapest last week and skating is being indulged in by the sport-loving public. Our champion skaters are having daily practice in a separate enclosure on the ice for the coming international skating match which is to come off this month or the first week of February.



Tatra. Vendéglő és Szentványi villa Csorbatónán.

LAKE CSORBA IN THE HIGH-TÁTRA.

### Carnival at the Riviera.

An excursion is being arranged to the Riviera on February 6 en route touching Milan and Genoa. Particulars and detailed prospectus to be had free on application to the Central ticket office IV., Vigadóter 1, Budapest.

\*

According to the latest statistics, the emigration from Hungary via Fiume within the last twelve months no less than 120,000 persons left their country for the United States of America.

\*

In trying to preserve the life of a cart-horse, the property of the Lambeth Borough Council, no fewer than 300 bottles of «Double stout» had been administered it as medicine.

\*

A short notice of the late Mr. Spencer Tucker has been unavoidably left over for our next number.



## Ecclesiastical Notes in Budapest.

### 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. Jan., 1906.

M. R. SHARP.

\*

THE 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, Jan. 1906.

JAS. T. WEBSTER.

## Important notice for Tourists.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the increasing number of inquiries from the travelling public, «Hungary» has established a special Department for the use of English and Americans visiting this country.

A register is kept exclusively reserved for Hotels, Pensions, Schools, Business Houses etc. in all parts of Hungary.

Strangers are therefore invited to apply personally or by letter, when every information and assistance will be afforded them free of any charge whatever.

Address: THE INFORMATION OFFICE «HUNGARY»  
VIII., CSEPREGHY-U. 2, BUDAPEST.  
TELEPHONE 89-52.

### Stranger's Guide to Budapest.

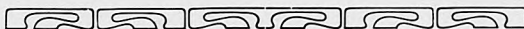
BRITISH CONSULATE. Váci-körút 26. 10 to 3. — American CONSULATE. Mária-Valéria-u. 15/a. 9:30—12:30 P. M.

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.*

*Scotch Church.* Hold-u., Service Sundays at 11—15 a. m.  
Church of England in the Hotel Hungaria. Service Sundays at 11—30. a. m.



## NOTICE

THIS JOURNAL has been started with the object of bringing **Hungary** before the British and American people in order that this country should be thoroughly known and understood by the English speaking people.

\*

After kind perusal, you will greatly oblige by drawing the attention of your friends to the contents of this journal, which possibly will interest them so that they may desire to have the regular issue of the same forwarded.

Back numbers may always be obtained from the publisher of «Hungary».

Laptulajdonos és felelős szerkesztő: GOLONYA JENŐ. ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
Printed: by STEPHANEUM St. Stephen's Society printing Co. at Budapest.

### Branch Offices of "HUNGARY".

ENGLAND: Representative C. MAC DONALD *London* 9 Carleton Road, N.

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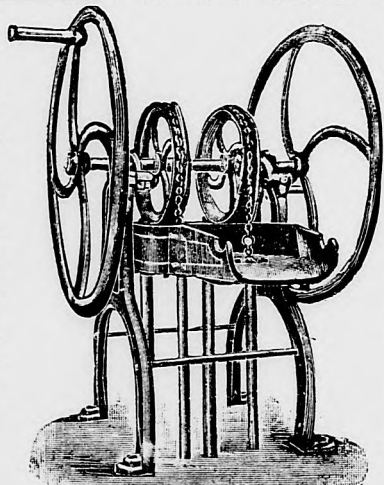


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### Művészi Clichék

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A «Standard» kötvényeinek nevezetesebb előnyei: Kétségtelen biztonság. — Alacsony díjak. — Szabad világkötvények. — Kötvények érvényben tartása díjzések elmulasztásánál. — Tőkésítés és előre megállapított visszaváltási érték. — Megtámadhatatlanság. — Fel-tétlen fizetés öngyilkosság esetében egyévi fennállás után. — Szabad háboru-biztosítás népfölkelők részére.

— DIJTÁBLÁZATOK KIVÁNATRA KÜLDETNEK. —

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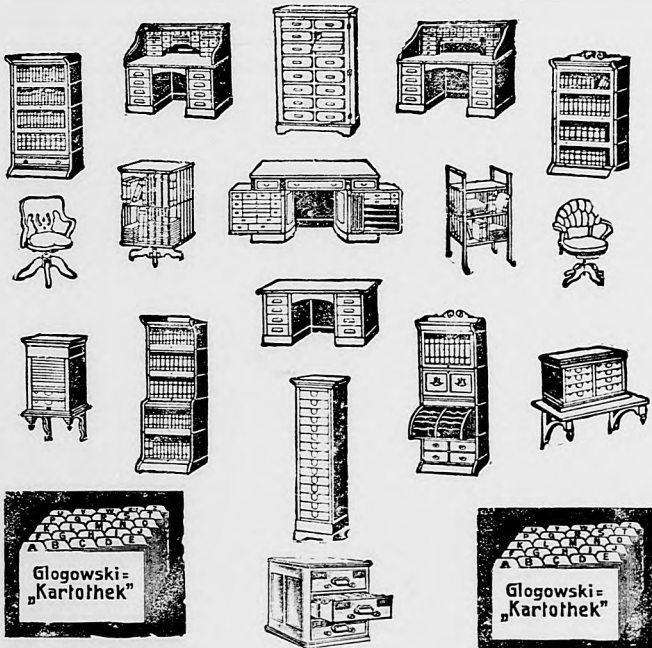
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