

1624

M. N. MUZEUM KÖZVETÁRA  
Hírlap-Ényvtári  
Növedéklapló  
1902 év. 1292. sz.

# HUNGARY

Budapest Wednesday January 1, 1908.  
An Illustrated Fortnightly Society Journal.

VOL. VI. No 1.

## New Year 1908.

«*Le roi est mort — vive le roi!*» The heralds have proclaimed the new prince, who has come into his heritage with every manifestation of joy and welcome. As we watched the dissolution of the Old Year, we listened for the joybells announcing the birth of the new.

And who cares now for the dead and gone old monarch? Only such whose loves and hopes are dead and buried with him.

The Young King has ascended the throne, and all around is pure and sweet and meet for his reception. His own reputation is as yet un-sullied. New calendars, new blotting pads, and many other things have been inaugurated in his honour. Time has turned over a new leaf; and the Young King's court is happy and gay with the flowers of promise.

Yet spite of the oft reiterated sentiment of

«*Freedom based upon the People's will*»,

the joyous echoes of the bells have scarce died away ere the strife has begun. Already the sob of death and the cry of the hungry and oppressed mingle, though faintly as yet, with the welcomes showered upon the new Monarch. Among the poor the struggle for existence, among the professions the struggle for fame, among the rich the struggle for titles and distinction, among politicians the struggle for power — so the world wags, as in the time



THE ARCHDUCHESS HENRIETTA ELIZABETH.

of the late poor old King. We scarcely realised twelve months ago that the King we have just buried — then so sturdy and young — who was sung by the poet and limned by the painter — could ever grow old and die. Yet now is he entered the land of shadows where grim Death awaits us all. This democratic power is no respecter of persons. The imperial master of millions and his humblest subject must equally bow before him. Store up wealth as we may, we shall not escape him. «Naked we came into the world,

and it is certain we can carry nothing out.» Human life is short; and since, in the words of Longfellow, «the grave is not its goal», let us so order our lives that the world we have entered may be just a little the better for our having been born into it, and that when the last great enemy appears we may meet him with the serene smile of a good conscience, having fought the good fight and come off more than conquerors through Him who loved and gave Himself for us.

May this be the portion of every reader of «Hungary». May each of us in our respective spheres labour strenuously, according to the measure of our power or ability, for the advent of another New Year — the New Year of Brotherhood, when men shall recognise that political frontiers, though ne-

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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.



ARCHDUCHESS AUGUSTA AND ARCHDUKE JOSEPH.

cessary in governmental economy, were never intended to divide men of good will. In an *entente fraternelle* these artificial walls, like those of Jericho, will fall down. We of «Hungary», whether Editorial Staff, Contributors, or Subscribers are working along definite lines to that end. May we press forward, not doubting that God in His goodness will vouchsafe us to see and taste some of the fruit of our labours in the coming years.



### Looking Backward!

IN REVIEWING mentally our work of the past five years, we find amidst all our joys and sorrows that we have ample cause for thankfulness. Much of the seed sown has fallen into good soil and produced a harvest of happy results. We must not, however, allow our readers to suppose that we are here alluding to the financial aspect. Our enterprise has from the first been conducted as a patriotic duty, and not as a profit-making concern, and we have laboured on our self-appointed task, with alternate cheer and discouragement,

«Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn(ing) to labour and to wait!»

It is important that our readers should know, that they should realise in some measure, what has been accomplished by «Hungary» since its birth five years ago, in order that they may be in a position to say whether it has justified its existence. If their verdict be favourable — as we hope —

we respectfully appeal that their approval may be expressed in the tangible form of renewed subscriptions, and of subscriptions from new readers — those who are acquainted with our work, but who have not as yet acknowledged it. There are many such, for every month a considerable number of free copies are despatched to ladies and gentlemen, hotels, clubs, and other public resorts all over the world.

If the success of our publication be measured by the letters of commendation and congratulation we receive, then we have indeed succeeded; for almost every post brings us various highly commendatory epistles from ladies and gentlemen whose claims to distinction in their several spheres cannot be assailed. Often have we been sorely tempted to publish some of these pleasing communications, but from simple modesty we have forborne.

Since we first made our bow to the reading public, we have been enabled, through the medium of «Hungary» to bring English, Americans, and Hungarians together in social and friendly intercourse. This intercourse has in some instances led to business relations and commercial enterprises to the advantage of all the parties; while in other cases visitors to our country, brought over through our medium, have reluctantly parted from us with the best impressions, expressing the highest appreciation of every-thing they have seen and experienced during their sojourn within our borders.

Though not exactly a journal devoted to philanthropy, yet «Hungary» was the medium through which many English sympathisers rendered timely assistance to the poor sufferers on the occasion of the terrible fire at Gyöngyös two years ago.

And from the patriotic point of view we can appeal to the goodwill of our countrymen, for one of the most important services we have rendered our country has been strenuously to unearth and to combat the hydra-headed misrepresentations and falsehoods that have appeared from time to time in the foreign, and especially in the British press. Generally this has been no easy task, for every lie, however atrocious, has been based upon a truth; and, as every one knows,

«A lie which is *all a lie*  
Can be met and fought with outright,  
While a lie which is *part of a truth*  
Is a difficult matter to fight.»



### Hungary on Her Defence.

HITHERTO the Hungarian Parliament has maintained an attitude of dignified silence with regard to the scandalous charges levelled at her by the foreign press. Now, however, we think the time has come when she should speak out, and publish to demonstration that

she is not the tyrant and oppressor that her enemies seriously ask the neighbouring nations (particularly England) to believe.

It is good, however, to find the Austrian Premier the other day making a speech in the Reichsrath in which he pleaded that the House should take steps to put an end to the animosity existing between Austria and Hungary and bring about a state of friendship between the two nations. We have to record, alas! with regret, that this laudable recommendation found but little favour with the assembly.

In the midst of the debate on the Ausgleich the Czech and Slovak members made themselves most conspicuous by the ferocity of their accusations against the Hungarian nation. Baron Beck, who has distinguished himself as the prime mover in this campaign of calumny, now finds that, like Manfred, he has created a power he is unable to control, and that the several political elements in the Austrian Parliament are using the tools with which he has furnished them for their own purposes and not at all for the Baron's. From the way in which Hungarian internal affairs are discussed in the Austrian Reichsrath, a stranger might well suppose that this country was without law and order, whose citizens were at the mercy of blackguards who hound them with gendarmes, and whose working-classes were the veriest slaves of brutal masters. This,

in the eyes of the most superficial, observer on the spot, is *too comical*.

Mr. Koloman Széll, ex-Premier of Hungary, speaking a few days ago at the banquet of the Constitutional party, said it was particularly painful that the British press should misrepresent the situation in this country. The Magyars were accused of acting towards the various sub-nationalities with great severity and injustice. Agitators represented themselves as oppressed, and circulated the calumny that they were being robbed of their mother-tongue. It was especially painful that these calumnies should find an echo in many English organs. In Hungary the British nation had always been regarded with sympathy and admiration, as intervening everywhere in the cause of right and justice, liberty and civilisation. He enjoined on his audience always to cultivate the sympathies of Great Britain. It was a meritorious task to meet biased and hostile misrepresentations with truthful information supported by a statement of facts, and thus enlighten public opinion in England with regard to Hungary.

We are quite sure that the British press is *misinformed* in this matter, and are far from attributing their present unfriendly attitude to malice afore-thought. The Hungarians desire above all to enjoy the good opinion of the English people and especially at the present



LAKE CSORBA.

time in view of the forthcoming Hungarian Exhibition in London, by which we are sincerely hoping to form still closer ties of amity for the benefit of both nations.



### A Singular Experience.

(A Narrative of Remarkable Adventure founded on fact.)

IT WAS towards the end of December and all conditions of men, from prince to peasant, were preparing to usher in with accustomed festivities, the New Year so fraught with hope for old and

from the mountains to the westward. The murky sky and general atmospheric stillness — the wind having suddenly dropped — betokened the proximity of one of those heavy downpours of rain so prevalent at this season in that elevated region.

Seriously considering the desirability of returning to the Palace, the Marquis was aroused to the consciousness of two female forms tripping briskly along somewhat in the rear of his vehicle. Ordering his driver to slacken to walking pace, the carriage was ere long overtaken by the strange wayfarers.

A hasty scrutiny in passing, prompted by curiosity quite natural in the circumstances, convinced the Marquis that they were ladies; their elegant attire,



SCENE ON THE KASSA-ODERBERG LINE.

young. Boundless hospitality prevailed on every hand, and the chieftains set the example, in banquetting and hunting parties, for the less exalted to imitate on a modified scale.

The Marquis of L—, a nobleman of ancient lineage, deemed worthy of a matrimonial alliance with Royalty, who had filled with distinction various diplomatic appointments, was with his royal consort the guest of the Sovereign Prince of one of the Balkan States.

Signs of approaching storm were evident this early morning, as the Marquis, attended only by his coachman, was driving along the country road some miles outside the capital. The only object of this desultory excursion was the desire to obtain a forenoon glimpse of his host's rural dominions, with perhaps a thought of the benefit to be derived from the invigorating breezes that usually blow

albeit such as was ill-suited to contend with a rain-storm, conveyed the impression that the forlorn ones had overnight assisted at some social function and by some unaccountable mischance had missed their conveyance. The ladies being now a little in advance, the Marquis gave the order to overtake them, and this done, with his accustomed gallantry his lordship begged them to do him the honour of entering his carriage, and to allow him — considering their present lack of protection from the unfriendly elements — to escort them to their home.

Without discovering the least intention to explain their situation, so unusual for ladies of their apparently exalted rank, they accepted his lordship's offer with a profusion of thanks, and soon were cosily disposed among the soft cushions which formed part of the complement of the royal coach.

Indicating the direction of their residence, which

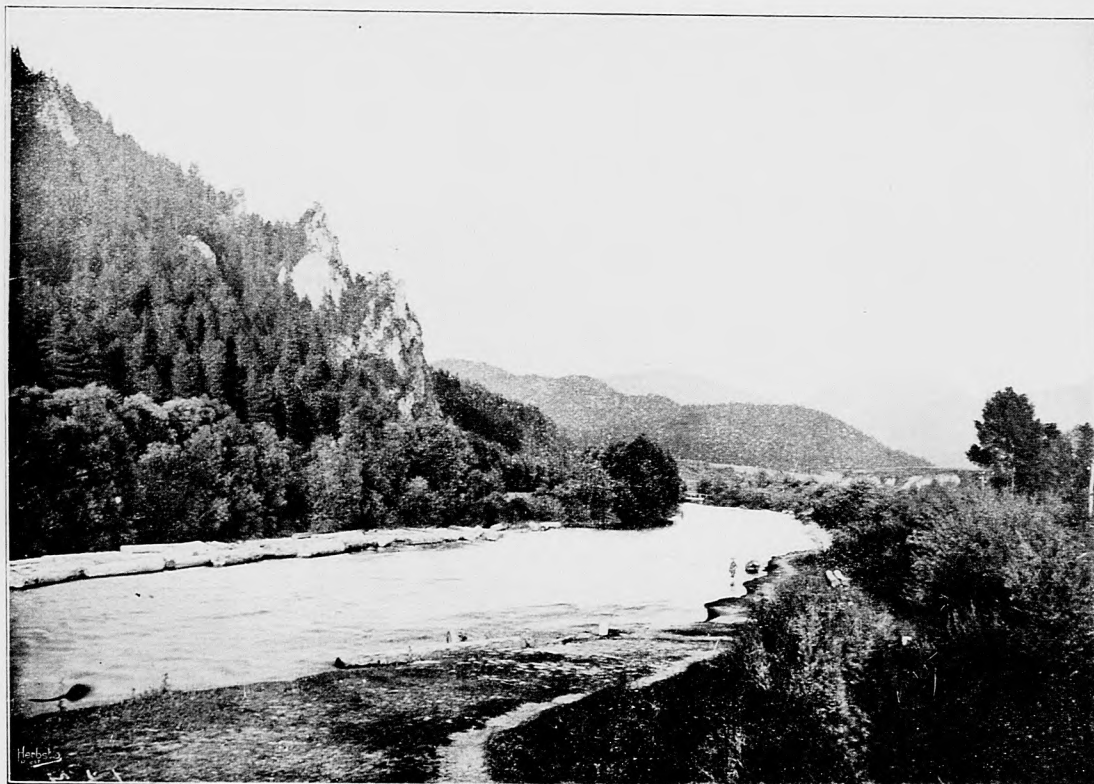
they observed was some miles distant, the coachman whipped up his horses and the time passed quickly in agreeable conversation until —

«Behold our home, Sir!» from the ladies, almost in unison, brought to an end a delightful drive. Here, in the midst of charming woodland, like a pearl surrounded by emeralds, rose above a battlemented terrace the glittering pinnacles of a white castle in beauteous Byzantine style, recalling the period when the Moslem Turk held sway from the Golden Horn to the gates of Vienna.

The equipage dashed through the huge portals into the spacious courtyard, in the centre of which

Inky clouds obscured the sky; heaven's artillery roared and rolled across the firmament, the wind rose once more to a hurricane, and vivid lightning-flashes revealed only a universal mist. The gale tore up the pine-trees by their roots, and flung them prone to earth. The scene outside the castle walls was absolute desolation, which inspired the timid with terror. The rain descended in torrents, and soon cataracts were coursing down the distant hills in all directions, until the broad plain was covered with the chaotic forms of crumbled debris.

Without loss of time, therefore, they sought the welcome shelter of the castle. Ascending a staircase



THE VÁG VALLEY.

a marble fountain of weird design cast up its liquid sprays to fall back like glistening diamonds into the broad circular basin, in whose limpid depths disported innumerable gold and silver fish.

The first to alight, the noble Marquis assisted down the unknown fair ones, and would then and there have taken leave of them; but an invitation, even had it been expressed in far less seductive terms, to honour their abode with his presence for a brief hour at least, was found irresistible. Indeed, the air of romance enveloping the whole episode, together with the mysterious charm of this isolated mansion, tenanted apparently only by a couple of frail women, attracted his lordship in a degree that in ordinary circumstances he would not have thought possible. To this also must be added the important fact that the long-threatened storm had now burst in all its fury.

of snowy marble, escorted by his fair hostesses, the Marquis, passing through a gallery crowded with lovely statuary, was ushered into spacious apartments, the floors of which were of the same snowy marble, dazzling in its pure whiteness, and the wall-hangings of satin of oriental design. The lofty ceilings were painted magnificently after a style suggestive of Tintoretto; the walls garnished with Turkish trophies and triumphs, while the saloons were the repositories of priceless works of art, of porphyry, jasper, malachite, of gold and silver, and other precious stones and metals, as though Eastern and Western culture had combined to contribute their best to beautify this lonely abode. The upholstering of the furniture was of the same rich material as the hangings, and the gilding, although evidently centuries old, was as bright and burnished as the costly equipment of a modern

royal palace. It was all so wonderful that time sped with fleet wing; and his lordship, wrapt in attention as the history of various curious objects was related by his charming cicerones, scarce noticed that the storm had now given place to blue sky and fleecy clouds. What, however, especially rivetted his gaze was a gold card-case, with coronet and monogram in diamonds of the first water, the scintillating gems almost blinding him. He begged leave to inspect the jewel more closely; and, afterwards, replacing it, he observed that «he had seen nothing of the kind more chaste in design or exquisite in workmanship in all his life». «Indeed» said the Marquis, «I have seen many beautiful things in gold and diamonds, but that case of yours, ladies, is unsurpassed, and, I should think, unsurpassable. I know of only one thing that at all approaches it» — and hereupon he drew from his coat pocket his own card-case, the wedding-gift of his royal and imperial mama-in-law, with the royal autograph and his lordship's own Christian name inscribed thereon in diamonds. An ejaculation of wonder and amazement escaped from the lips of the ladies, who in turn held and admired the Marquis's precious possession, at length restoring it to its noble owner.

Expressing his profound thanks to his companions for the pleasure their chance meeting had afforded him, his lordship begged now to bid them adieu. With the mutual exchange of compliments, the Marquis re-entered his coach and was soon bowling along the plain towards the capital city, whose sun-gilded spires and pinnacles were soon descried standing out in bold relief against a background of lovely blue sky.

\*

«My dear Marquis, we thought you were surely lost, or come to grief in some way», said the Prince, grasping the former cordially by both hands. «We were thinking seriously of setting our police machinery in motion with a view to finding you. Come, tell us what detained you, Marquis.»

«I have been the hero of a most interesting adventure», began his lordship —

«Indeed!» rejoined an animated chorus of ladies and gentlemen who thronged around, and in a moment the Marquis was the central figure of a courtly group eager for the recital.

«How delightful!» «Bravo!» «Quite romantic!» were a few of the many punctuations supplied to the nobleman's narration of his experiences during the forenoon.

«And the card-case —», his lordship was saying — «even more beautiful (may I be pardoned for saying so) than my own — Her Majesty's most cherished gift!» Here the Marquis's hand moved involuntarily in the direction of his breast, and a look of blank dismay, of affright even, overspread his noble countenance *as he felt an empty pocket!*

«You are ill, my dear friend», said the Prince, noticing the ashen pallor but not as yet understand-

ing the cause, «this morning's excursion appears to have upset you somewhat. Let us persuade you to retire to your room and rest for a few hours».

«Your Highness», answered the Marquis gravely, «I have just made the painful discovery that my jewelled card-case is missing. No loss could be, to me, of such importance as this, and until it be recovered — as I hope it may be — I cannot avail myself of your Highness's kindly suggestion that I should rest».

The story of the Marquis's loss soon passed from mouth to mouth, and produced a state of consternation among the assembled court.

A quite natural suggestion was to make a thorough search of the carriage, in the expectation that the missing jewel would be found in some obscure corner thereof. And in this quest, not only servants but court guests assisted, displaying great vivacity and enthusiasm. All efforts were, however, without avail, and a state of unrest and mystery pervaded the whole entourage. Small groups might have been observed, here and there, discussing in subdued yet animated tones the remarkable disappearance, and the chances of recovery of the lost article, which generally, in view of all the circumstances, were considered to be somewhat remote.

«My friend», said the Prince, «we all feel your affliction very deeply and share your grief. We hope that your property may soon be found again; but what puzzles us not a little is that no castle, palace, or dwelling of any kind whatever exists within a radius of many miles around the locality you visited this morning.»

All enquiries among the native aristocracy present but tended to confirm this view, expressed with such emphasis by their princely host.

«But I must surely believe the evidence of my senses», answered his lordship. «Besides, there is my coachman, who can bear witness at least to the fact of the existence of the castle and its inmates, with whom he also has spoken».

The servant was summoned, and related a story whose parts fitted exactly the narrative of his noble master.

«Most mysterious!» rejoined Count D—. «I believe I know the district better than any one else here, seeing that it forms part of my family estates; but to the best of my belief the only trace of human habitation on that spot is a heap of ruins of a mediaeval stronghold.»

«Let George (the coachman) drive us back at once to this uncharted castle», cried the Princess. «He can, of course, remember the way, and maybe an enquiry of his lordship's mysterious lady-friends will result in the re-possession of the lost card-case.»

Accordingly a party of excited ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by the Marquis, drove out at a gallop to re-visit the scene of the morning, Count D— among the number.

A sharp drive of an hour and half brought them to a spot whereat George declared the Castle

*ought to be.* No dwelling, however, not even a shepherd's hut, was visible, the horizon at all points of the compass enclosing nothing but level maizeland.

Excitement soon gave way to dejection, for all sympathised with the Marquis in his irreparable loss.

Count D— eventually pointed out the ruins, almost hidden by the tall maize, of the ancient castle previously alluded to; and half-apologetically suggested to the Marquis that, as they were only a few hundred yards distant, they might as well visit them ere returning from their futile quest. Too depressed to care whither he went, his lordship allowed himself to be led away by the Count.

## A College Education at Home.

I WISH it were possible to show boys and girls who long to get on in the world, but who feel that they are crippled by the lack of an education, that it is not such a difficult thing to get at home a good substitute for a regular course at school or even a college course.

The trouble with most young people is that they look upon a college education as something very formidable. They regard it in the same way as most people look upon a fortune,—



LAKE SZOMOLNOK.

The ruins reached, one may imagine the Marquis's stupefaction at discovering that *the ground-plan of the now demolished edifice agreed in every particular with what he remembered of the magnificent marble halls and gilded corridors he had trodden less than eight hours before!*

Bewildered almost to swooning, he was aroused to the full possession of his reasoning faculties by the sudden ejaculation of the Count —

«Eureka!»

«What?» — and rushing forward with a cry of astonished joy *the Marquis beheld his lost treasure reposing innocently on the top of a shattered column!*

By what psychological law can this incident be explained?

ARNOLD DE LISLE.

that it is useless for them to try to get rich; that they have nothing but a few pence or a few shillings, and it would be useless for them to try to build up a fortune on such little beginnings. They do not seem to realize that the first hundred shillings saved may mean more to them than thousands after they get a good start and are well established, for the first shillings saved are like the seed which the farmer sows, which is a thousand times as valuable to him as the same amount of corn left in the crib, because it may multiply itself ten thousand times.

If boys and girls could only realize that a college course is simply made of single hours



## Joseph Kiss's Jubilee.

THE PETŐFI SOCIETY commemorated on the 15th unto the 40th Anniversary of Joseph Kiss's first appearance on the poetical horizon, the Society having taken upon itself the responsibility of celebrating the occasion in a worthy and dignified manner. No doubt the festivities have somewhat disturbed the tranquillity and simplicity of the poet's habits — no doubt he would have modestly preferred unostentation and repose, but we authors and journalists must insist on the merits of our great men being recognised and their work duly appreciated *in their lifetime*. There is such a thing as *ante-mortem* immortality, and it is wrong to leave our debt of gratitude to be paid by our children's children over the graves of our renowned countrymen.

Joseph Kiss's forty years of literary activity have marked an epoch in the history of Hungarian literature, and his works are read with admiration over the length and breadth of our land.

The function was opened by a meeting at the Academy of Science, Mr. Francis Herczeg presiding. Afterwards a banquet was given in the poet's honour by the Society of Journalists.



CASTLE RUIN, ÓVÁR.

We unite our congratulations to those of his numerous friends, and wish Mr. Kiss a long life in which to enjoy the love, admiration, and respect of his countrymen.



### ODE

By HELENE VACARESCO.

The moon loves the river, darling, and the river loves the sand  
And I love thy voice, thy silence and the shadow of thy hand.  
When the moon shall sink for ever in the arms of rivers deep  
Then for ever will the shadow of thy hand have gone to sleep.  
And my heart that loves the shadow shall be nought but dust  
or flower,  
But moon, river, hand, and shadow that have quivered but an  
hour.

Must again arise and glisten and float over heart and stone,  
May be in some other garden whose name is yet unknown.

Bucarest, December 1907.



### Topical Notes

H. R. H. Archduke Joseph gave a shooting party the other day on his Kisjenő estate. Many royal and distinguished guests were present. The first day's «bag» consisted of 978 pheasants, 82 hares, partridges, etc.

\*

In the course of last month there was a gathering of sportsmen on the estate of Marquis Alexander Pallavicini at Pusztaszer. The distinguished company present included Prince and Princess Charles Schwarzenberg, Count Agenor Goluchovsky, late Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prince Francis Rati-bor Prince Mark Ottinger, Count Charles Traun, Count Joseph Széchenyi, Count Géza Apponyi, Marquis Alphonso Pallavicini and others.

\*

Mr. Nicolas Zsolnay, principal of the famous Zsolnay factory at Pécs, and president of the recent Exhibition in that city, has been decorated by H. M. the King with the Middle Cross (with Stars) of the Francis Joseph Order. We cordially congratulate Mr. Zsolnay on his well-merited distinction.

\*

Now has the season arrived when all, old and young, may be seen enjoying the health-giving winter pastime, skating. There are seven

ral skating-rinks in Budapest, but the principal rendezvous of the *élite* of the capital is the Budapest Skating-Club in the City Park. Here, amidst agreeable environment and to the accompaniment of music, thousands indulge to the full the pleasures afforded by King Frost. And amid their arctic surroundings Ice Balls and Ice Carnivals are in vogue during the whole winter.

\*

Writing to the «*Daily News*», on the relations of Hungary and Austria Mr. Shrubsole, F. G. S. observes:

«The Hungarians do not desire separation from Austria, or from the Holy Crown. What they ask is that their perfect equality with Austria shall be recognised in all inter-State transactions. I state his confidently, after much intercourse with all classes in Hungary. I also believe that if Austria would admit this equality, a really friendly union could be secured, whereby the two States combined would be materially and morally strengthened. It is of interest to note that in recent years and up to the present time, Hungary has expended on the affairs which she has agreed to share in common with Austria only 8 per cent. of her yearly income, and the remaining 92 per cent. on her own individual affairs. I can give official figures in proof of this statement if necessary.»

Mr. Shrubsole submits that Hungary has made remarkable progress during the last forty years, which it is eminently desirable public opinion in his country should recognise. To bring about a better state of feeling between the two nations which form the dual monarchy is a great and glorious work.

#### Proposed British Home in Budapest.

To consider the above subject a preliminary meeting was held on the 16<sup>th</sup> ulto in the Mission Hall of the United Free Church, Hold-utca 17. Mr. Reginald Beckett presided over a large and representative assembly of Britons, mostly of the fair sex, while several Hungarian sympathizers also were present. Among the more prominent attenders we noticed the Rev. J. T. Webster, the British Consul, Mr. F. Seymour Clarke, and the British Vice-Consul (Dr. Ignaz Brüll). After considerable discussion an Honorary Committee of ladies and gentlemen was appointed. Miss Mary Bertram, to whom the honour of initiating the movement is largely due, is Hon. Secretary. A word of praise is due also to Miss Minnie Clouting who has so ably assisted Miss Bertram in the arduous task of «breaking ground». A second meeting will be called some time in this month, when the Hon. Committee will no doubt have some interesting information to impart. For the present we have pleasure in stating that Mr. F. Seymour Clarke (British Consul) has promised a donation of 500 crowns towards the expenses of the movement.



TRAINING FOR THE TOURNAMENT.

Many people in Hungary will be glad to hear that in accordance with an order recently issued by the British War Office, the Hungarian National Anthem has been added to the Official book of the music of the «National Anthems of all Nations», from which it has been omitted ever since the book was published nearly 20 years ago.

This official acknowledgement of Hungarian nationality has followed representations on the subject by Mr. W. H. Shrubsole, F. G. S. London, who has since supplied the necessary copies of the «Hymnus».

The book referred to is also used by the bands of the British Navy.

\*

*Notice of Appointment* of Honorary Secretary to the Rationalist Press Association, Ltd., for Hungary. Dr. O. M. Reich, of V., Lipót-körút 24, Budapest, has accepted the above position, and will be pleased to hear from persons interested in the Association's objects of educating and liberalising human thought.

\*

#### A Fact Worth Knowing.

The great and important class of hotel proprietors has not produced so many enthusiasts for the Communist ideal as some others, perhaps; but the comprehensive proposal now put forward by one of their number makes up for a good deal. The following is translated from «L'Organe International des Hoteliers»:

Hotel (situated in a mountainous region much frequented at present). House of the first order; modern comforts; central heating; exquisite French cuisine; superb view; large gardens; delightful terrace. The proprietor fixes no prices, either for rooms or meals. The visitors have only to call a

the office before their departure and pay according to their judgment, their conscience, and their sense of equity. The new system will be tried for one year.

\*

#### Budapest in London.

In connection with the proposed Hungarian Exhibition in London a private meeting was held a few days ago in Budapest, under the presidency of the Burgomaster, Mr. Stephen Bárczy. Various influential gentlemen attended. Among other things it was resolved to transport to London, for the Exhibition, the famous circular painting by Árpád Feszty representing the Millenary National procession.

The picture measures 2400 square metres, and shows all the most interesting points of the city of Budapest.

\*

A few hours before the time fixed for the execution of a native for murder at Umtate, Cape Colony, the condemned man's step-brother publicly proclaimed that he was the murderer and could not see his innocent relative hanged. The victim of the error knew who committed the crime, but resolved to keep the secret and suffer death.

\*

«Never use the word hopeless to the children placed in your charge. Teachers may be hopeless, but children never.»—Bishop Welldon to the ladies about to leave

Warrington (England) Training College.

\*

The ancient large German porcelain pipe is going out of fashion in Germany, being supplanted by the short British pipe, according to a Foreign Office report.

\*

A new treaty of commerce



'AT HOME' ON THE ICE: CITY PARK.

between France and Canada will shortly be signed by the Governments of the two countries.

\*

A woman of 25 has been appointed «gravedigger, bellringer, and organist» in the Danish town of Grenaa. She is the first woman gravedigger in the land of Hamlet.

\*

For the eighth year in succession there was again no business at the Petty Sessions at Saffron Walden (England) where Judge Willis is Recorder, at an annual salary of £ 40.

\*

Silas Mainwaring, a policeman, of Matamoras, Pennsylvania, who recently stopped a motor-car for scorching, was kidnapped by the driver and carried over the border to New-York, where he was without authority. He had to walk 10 miles to get back to his beat.

\*

The vital statistics of New South Wales for 1906, show that the deathrate was the lowest on record, being 12 per cent. below the mean rate for the last 10 years, while the birthrate was 27.04 per 1000, showing a steady improvement since 1903.

\*

The Persian delegates at The Hague Conference wish to replace the Red Cross by the Sun.

\*

A fine impression in colours of Bartolozzi's well-known print of Miss Farren (Countess of Derby) realised 580 guineas at a London auction recently.

\*

Archbishop Bourne is not to get his red hat at present.



A MERRY SKATING PARTY: CITY PARK.

Our Illustrations

H. R. H. Archduchess Henriette Elizabeth, attired in gala costume of white satin, almost hidden by the thick embroidery of gold brocade. The bodice of moire lace; the sleeves also of similar material, which, with the mantle, were heavily embroidered with gold brocade, and trimmed with swansdown. Her coiffure was of cloth-of-gold, decorated with pearls.

\*

Their Royal Highnesses, Archduchess Augusta and Archduke Joseph shooting, on the Kisjenő estate.

\*

Five of our illustrations show scenes on the railway line between Kassa and the Tátra. The route, now through winding valleys shut in by

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.

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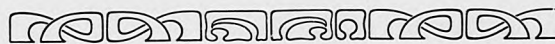
IN CONSEQUENCE of the increasing number of inquiries from the travelling public, «Hungary» has established a special Department for the use of English and Americans visiting this country.

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\*

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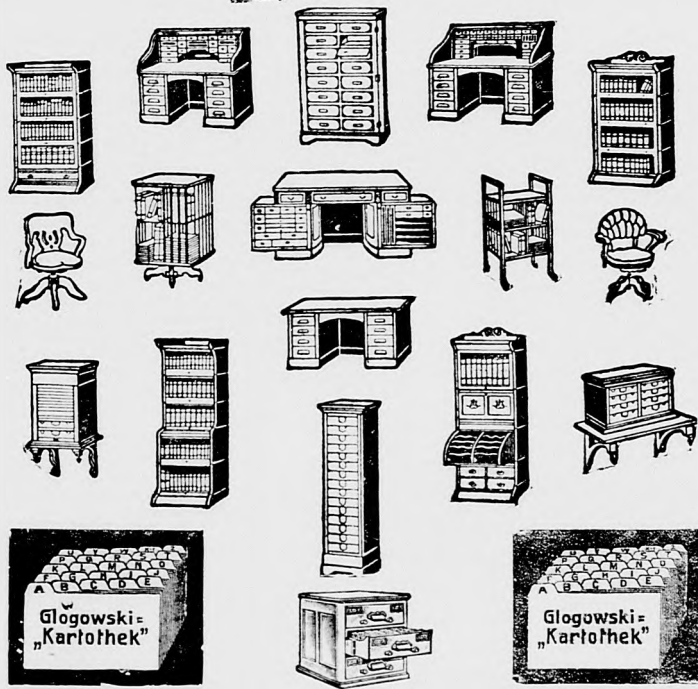
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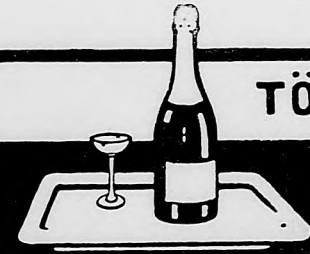


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