

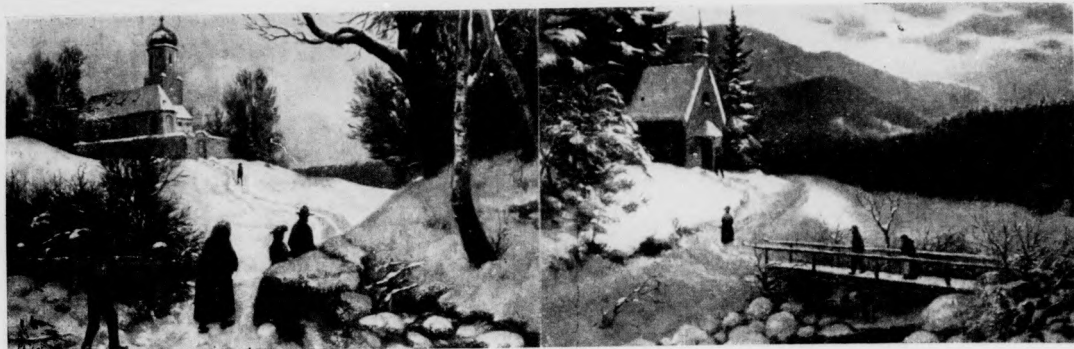
HUNGARY



Good Luck

1 Kor.

MEM



To our Readers: A Merry Xmas.

FOLLOWING our usual custom we address a few words of greeting to our subscribers far and near on the occasion of this, the most important festival of the Christian year. May you all be happy, in your homes, in your public relations, and in all that goes to make life prosperous and enjoyable.

May our country also be happy and prosperous in the coming year. The solution of many important political problems is awaited with keen anxiety by the Hungarian Nation. May the deliberations of our king and statesmen be over-ruled for good by a gracious Providence.

The salient characteristic of Christmastide is — Peace. «Peace and Good-Will», as the Eastern shepherds sang, has been re-echoed right down the centuries, and no land but has caught up the refrain. International peace, national peace, industrial peace, individual peace, without peace there can be no happiness. Forgetting this, nations have oft sought the shadow instead of the substance. The constant prayer of all the churches of Christendom is for «peace in our time». May this prayer be granted, and may «Good-Will to Men» reign from pole to pole. May the blessing of the Almighty rest on our beloved people and on the whole human race during this joyous season sacred to the celebration of the Divine Birth.



«A Merry Christmas.»

Picture Gallery.

(Winter Season.)

WE WERE glad to find that the winter exhibition of Hungarian painters surpassed the previous season, as regards the number, style, and execution of the pictures. The official opening of the gallery took place on the 13th inst. and the exhibition building rarely witnessed a more brilliant spectacle of beautiful ladies and of gorgeous dresses. Standing alone amid the waves of invited guests, I often felt at hazard whether to admire more the art and beauty displayed on the canvas or that exhibited by living representatives of youth and beauty combined.

In general this gallery boasts of more *mental* qualities than the preceding one. Hungarian painters begin to direct their attention more and more to the execution of themes which require more intuition than to landscapes pure and simple. It is a pity that in spite of the disproportionately great talent of Hungarians they still feel the want of established Masters. In painting, as in literature, they still exhibit an unjustifiable feebleness to walk alone.

The rapid strides which Hungarian painting has made in the last thirty years justify our oft expressed hope that the time is not far distant when Hungary will possess a new claim to pride: her, national art.

From the units of the gallery I cannot omit to mention Mr. Mendlik's beautiful seascape («*Storm in the Bay of Biscay*») and Baron Mednyánszky's «*Ocean*». The baron seems to have two ways of expressing his thoughts in pictures: one is extremely good, the other extremely bad. Very sweet is Mr. Komáromy's «*Miss But-*

terfly» with all the gracefulness wonder, and delicacy of far Japan.

His seascape: «*Night in June*» seems to me a bit rigid. The waves appear to have frozen in the mild breeze of June. (!)

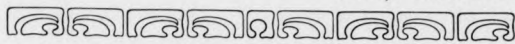
One of the oldest landscape painters, Kézdi-Kovács László, exhibited a very fine, well-conceived picture: «*Winter Dream*». Personally I preferred Mr. Arthur Heyer's work, a large canvas «*Electra's Vision*» to all the rest. I have seen the East and have mused over its wonderful colours. Heyer's canvas brought much of my Eastern memories back to my mind. I was not struck by Mr. Nagy's: «*Peace on Golgotha*» The picture betrays a great amount of rivalry which hindered the artist from executing his theme in a style becoming its sacredness.

Among the small number of sculptures I liked Mr. Moiret's «*Well*» the best. His theme, the embrace of a loving man and wife, is not new, but there are topics which always will appeal to our heart. Mr. Spanyol's tender and sweet «*Mother*» falls in the same category. The subject is trite and we feel unvoluntarily that the artist played a welcome trick on our feelings and captivated our criticism. I must confess I do not understand Mr. Penteley Molnár's «*Thirty pièces of Silver*». The dress of the figures reminds us of Hungarian history in the XVIth century. The purport of the picture is biblical,

and the racial characteristics of the men painted are Turkish. I expect the painter thought to test the sagacity of members of the Society for Biblical Research. They got a hard nut to crack!

There are some painters who have made it their aim in life always to paint fire. Skutecky has already presented us half a dozen furnaces, all throwing a reddish glare on the workmen and all appealing to women and children. I think we have had enough of furnaces. Kacziány painted a pretty sea-scape «*The Hiding Moon*». Ujváry, Bossnay, Fejér and others contributed valuable canvasses and heightened the interest of the gallery. We hope that those of our readers who stay in Budapest, which is now putting on her winter garment, will enjoy a visit to the winter gallery.

Dr. J. Germanus.



Prince Henry of Prussia in Hungary.

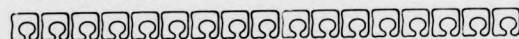
PRINCE HENRY of Prussia, brother of the German Kaiser, last week paid a visit to Count Géza Andrassy at his lordship's magnificent Betlér estate. His Imperial Highness was met at the railway station of Igló by his host and a number of local dignitaries, who had the honour of being presented to the prince. Among them were Cornelius Folgens, burgomaster of Igló, Dr. Aladár Willand, chief



The Visit of the Wise Men to Bethlehem.

district magistrate, and police-captain John Matolcsy. His Imperial Highness was vociferously cheered by the crowd who assembled in the vicinity of the railway station. Among the house-party invited to meet the prince were H. R. H. Archduke Joseph, Prince Louis Windischgraetz, Count Tassilo Festetics, Counts Julius and Alex. Andrassy, Counts Imre and Joseph Karolyi, Count Paul Szapary, and Lőrincz Rohonczy. A hunting excursion was arranged at which two bears and two wild-boars fell to the prince's gun, and a bear and a boar also to the Archduke's account.

At the conclusion of the Betlér visit, His Imperial Highness joined a hunting party in his honour on the estate of Count Paul Szapary at Sorok-ujfalu. Among the distinguished guests invited to meet the Prince were Count Agenor Goluchovszki, ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Stephen Barczy, Burgomaster of Budapest, Alex. Erdödy, Paul Draskovich, Counts Princiczky and Herberstein and Captain (*retired*) Loránd Fráter.

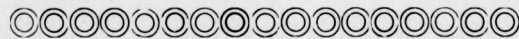


To Louis Kossuth.

Light of our father's eyes, and in our own
 Star of the unsetting sunset! for thy name
 That on the front of noon was as a flame
 In the great year nigh thirty years agone,
 When all the heavens of Europe shook and shone
 With stormy wind and lightning, keeps it fame.
 And bears its witness all day through the same;
 Not for the past days and great deeds past alone.
 Kossuth, we praise thee as our bandor praised,
 But that now, too, we know thy voice upraised,
 Thy voice, the trumpet of the truth of God,
 Thine hand the thunder-bearer's, raised to smite,
 As with heaven's lightning for a sword and rod
 Men's heads abased before the Muscovite.

London, 1877.

Swinburne.



Kálmán Mikszáth.

KÁLMÁN MIKSZÁTH M. P., whose name is at the present time on the lips or in the minds of every Hungarian, was born at Körtabonya, in Nógrád county, on the 18th January 1849. His literary career began with the publication of some small humorous sketches. The measure of success attained by this venture resolved him in coming to try his fortune in Budapest. This was in 1874. For the next few years he was engaged in journalism and authorship with varying success. In 1878 he went to Szeged, on the staff of the *Szegedi Napló*; and while here he witnessed the great inundation caused by the overflow of the Tisza, which resulted in awful destruction and loss of life. In 1881 he returned to Budapest as assistant-editor of the *Ország-Világ*, being connected also with the *Budapesti Hirlap* and the *Pesti Hirlap*. In 1887 his

attention was turned to politics, and he was elected for Ilyefalu, a constituency previously represented by Jókai. Many of his works have been translated into French, German, Swedish and Servian while «*Szt. Péter Esernyője*», «*A jó Palócok*», «*Step by Step*» (now appearing in our columns), and numerous shorter works have been published also in English.

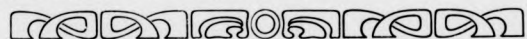
At the recent festivities in honour of his literary jubilee, Count Albert Apponyi presided over a distinguished assembly including Dr. Ignatius Darányi, Minister of Agriculture, Julius Wlassics Ex-Minister of Public Instruction, Kálmán Fülepp Lord Mayor, Michael Zsilinszky and Madame Zsilinszky, Bishop Julius Firczak, Arisztid Dessewffy, Prof. Julius Sággy M. P., Andor Kozma, Julius Pekár, Prof. Zsolt Beöthy, Julius Benczur, Victor Concha, Dr. Ladislav Gopcsa, Zoltán Ferenczy, Julius Vargha, and Prof. Akos Timon.

Count Apponyi spoke in the warmest terms of Mr. Mikszáth, whom he characterised as Hungary's greatest living litterateur.

Professor Zsolt Beöthy afterwards paid a high tribute to the author's merits, stating that he was one of the finest poets Hungary had ever produced, while as a writer of Hungarian legends he was incomparable.

A movement is afoot to present the popular writer with the title-deeds of the house and property in and on which he was born, and further to alter the name of his birthplace to Mikszáthfalva.

First English Dentist Charles Lyon, VIII.,
 József-u. 18-20. Budapest. Telephone 115-76.



The Peace of Europe.

Chapter I.

«You will appreciate the importance of the commission with which I am about to entrust you when I say that upon its success depends the peace of Europe».

Such was the startling and dramatic announcement made by the Minister as he gazed searchingly into the clear-cut features of the young man about twenty-five years of age standing before him in His Excellency's private room.

«Believe me, Excellency», returned the young man gravely, «I am deeply sensible of the honour you confer upon me in singling me out for such important service to the State; and your Excellency's confidence shall not be misplaced. Still, with all due respect to your Excellency, I may say I think it possible you over-estimate the difficulties of my task. To me it seems rather simple. All I have to do, when I leave here, is to take the 10-15 a. m. train for Vienna. Arrived at my destination, I at once proceed to the Foreign Office and place into the hands of the Foreign Minister a certain official document».

A complete

..... Story

«My young friend, you speak like one new to the Diplomatic Service; an older and more experienced man would know that it is invariably in these apparently simple tasks that great danger lies. In these critical times, when the Great Powers are as one gigantic mine, only awaiting the application of the spark that will cause the explosion, the risk is increased a thousandfold. Our capital is infested with spies of all nationalities, and very little that transpires here is unknown to them».

«You may trust me to elude their vigilance», replied the young man, with an air of selfconfidence.

The Minister smiled: «I have confidence in your zeal and honour, Mr. Szilassy, but the time is short and it is absolutely essential that Count Arlberg should have the message this very afternoon if war is to be averted. More I am not at liberty to say; my lips are sealed as to the contents of the despatch to be entrusted to you for delivery».

«It shall be done, Excellency».

«Very well. When it is an accomplished fact your future will be assured, and anything in my power to grant shall be yours for the asking».

A faint flush rose to Imre Szilassy's brow as he realised what that promise meant to him, who for years had loved in silence the Minister's beautiful daughter, Countess Ilona Szentkereszthi, but who, sensitively conscious of his inferior position, had not dared to speak to the Count on a matter so gravely personal. Now, however, an opportunity was to be given him to prove his mettle; and, if all went well, on Christmas Day he would openly declare his love for her to her father.

The Minister opened a secret drawer of his writing-table and took therefrom a pocket-book,

which he opened and held out for the other's inspection. Szilassy bent forward and saw that it contained an official document with a government seal affixed to it, also a folded sheet of ordinary note-paper and two or three postage-stamps. His Excellency, closing the pocket-book, handed it to his companion.

«The document is there», he observed. «I have considered it well to place it in such an ordinary receptacle as a pocket-book, together with a few articles of no importance. Deliver the pocket-book just as it is to Count Arlberg». Szilassy placed it in the breast-pocket of his inner coat, over which he buttoned his heavy winter coat, and then turned to go. The Minister laid a warning hand upon his shoulder.

«I need not emphasise the necessity for you to exercise the utmost possible caution», he said.

«You should regard even the most trivial occurrence with suspicion. Trust neither man nor woman — especially woman. In this matter it were better for the time being, to regard even your best friends as your enemies and the enemies

of your country. — Now, good bye, and good luck».

Chapter II.

When Szilassy arrived at the Western Station the train was in, and most of the passengers were already comfortably ensconced in their corner seats. Walking along the crowded train, peering through the carriage windows in his endeavour to secure, if possible, an empty compartment, his eyes lighted upon the graceful fur-clad figure of Countess Ilona, standing at the door of a first-class compartment.

She gave him a smile of greeting as he approached. «This is indeed a pleasant surprise», she said. «I had no idea of meeting you here».



KÁLMÁN MIKSZÁTH M. P.

As he raised his hat in response to her welcoming words, the suspicion passed through his mind that the meeting might not be so unexpected as she would have him believe, but that she might be there at her father's instigation to keep a watch upon his movements. Her next words, however, dispelled this suspicion, for she turned to address someone already seated in the compartment:

«Mdlle de la Vallière, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Szilassy».

She moved slightly to one side as she spoke and revealed a vision of feminine loveliness that for the moment caused Imre's usual mental balance to desert him. The strange lady's exquisitely pro-

During the next few minutes Szilassy heard the story of the mission on which the two girls were bent, from the lips of the charming little lady in white.

It appeared that she was formerly a school-fellow of Ilona's, having spent some time with her at an educational establishment in Paris. Since that period, however, they had lost sight of each other until now; when it chanced that Mdlle de la Vallière and parents had received and accepted an invitation to spend Christmas in Hungary. Having called on her quondam school-friend some days previously, she had persuaded her to accompany her that morning as far as Pozsony, where she



Scene in the High-Tátra.

portioned form was robed in white, and from beneath her Merry Widow hat, golden ringlets strayed over a faultless brow. Her large blue eyes, full of the appealing wistfulness of a child, looked out of a face as seemingly pure and sweet as that of the Madonna. She held out a daintily gloved hand to the young man with a smile that illuminated her features with almost dazzling radiance.

«I am so glad to meet you», she said, in tones seductive in their sweetness; «so pleased that Ilona and I will not have to travel alone».

She moved aside that he might enter, and he gladly availed himself of the companionship thus offered him, assuring himself that he could not possibly desire a safer escort than the daughter of his Chief and her friend.

As he seated himself by Ilona's side, opposite Mdlle de la Vallière, the train began slowly to move out of the station.

would have the pleasure of introducing her to her parents, Count and Countess de la Vallière, who were most eager to make her acquaintance. At the conclusion of this narration she turned to the young man with almost childish pleading in her voice: «Do you not think it very selfish on my part to take Ilona from home on the very day before Christmas?»

Szilassy very gallantly returned that he had already formed the opinion that she was the very essence of unselfishness, and that in carrying off the Countess Ilona she was only fulfilling her unselfish intention of giving pleasure to that young lady.

«For that chivalrous speech, Sir, I thank you», said she merrily, «and to prove my gratitude I will make you an acceptable gift on this cold day — a cup of hot coffee».

Slipping her hands out of her muff and taking

off her gloves, she busied herself with a small spirit-lamp and kettle, and in a remarkably short space of time presented a cup of steaming coffee to him and Ilona and then poured out another for herself.

As Szilassy handed back the empty cup he exclaimed appreciatively, «That was indeed nectar for the gods!».

«Ah, yes. We French know how to make good coffee, don't we?» — and then she plunged into a description of the gay life she had spent in the French capital.

After a few minutes Ilona arose with an appearance of drowsiness on her countenance and retired

on the off-side was wide open, and the breeze was wafting thickly falling snow-flakes right on to his face.

The lady in white was nowhere to be seen, and Ilona remained still in her farther corner, apparently gazing out of the window on the snowbound waste without.

For some moments Szilassy sat in a vain effort to collect his scattered wits, vaguely wondering what had become of Mdle de la Vallière; then, as his senses gradually cleared, a faint doubt crossed his mind that he had been the victim of some hoax. He thrust his hand into his inner pocket, with unspeakable relief as his fingers came



Ice Sport on Lake Balaton.

to a seat in the farther corner of the compartment. To his amazement Szilassy himself found a difficulty in stifling a yawn. «I must really beg your pardon, Mademoiselle», he said, «but I feel unaccountably sleepy».

Mademoiselle's eyes opened wide in innocent wonder. «How strange!» she observed naively, «I suppose it must be the coffee; I feel drowsy myself too».

The young man had the consciousness of striving to reply, but there was a peculiar buzzing in his ears, and his voice died away in an inarticulate murmur.

Chapter III.

Szilassy was aroused by something wet and cold falling on his face, and he opened his eyes wearily and gazed about him with a dazed expression, his head throbbing like fire. The carriage window

in contact with the precious pocket-book. He drew it out and opened it, only to start back with a cry of horror... *The letter with the official seal was missing!* The sheet of ordinary note-paper and the postage-stamps were still there, *but the all-important document had been stolen while he slept!*

He unfolded the sheet of notepaper with feverish eagerness and examined it in the vain hope that, after all, it might prove to be an important missive; but the first glance undeceived him. *It was simply the letter of a child, written to thank her uncle for certain gifts of toys.*

He replaced it in the pocket-book, and buried his face deeply in his hands as he realised that he had been *duped*. This girl with the face of an angel — this friend of his Chief's daughter — had been too much for him; his reputation was gone and with it his hopes for the future; and what added to his mortification was the recollection of

the Minister's warning, and he shuddered at the thought of the peril in which his lack of caution had placed not only his own country but half the European Continent.

He started to his feet and crossed over to Ilona. «For God's sake», he cried hoarsely, «wake up». But she made no reply, and he then knew that she also had been drugged.

He opened the window and let the snow-flakes fall upon the face of the sleeping girl, and presently she opened her eyes, which gazed up dreamily into his own. «Where is your friend?» he demanded somewhat angrily, — «that woman who has worked my ruin?»

«What do you mean?» she returned, a note of terror in her voice.

«I was on Secret Service», he explained hurriedly; «sent by a certain Minister, and I concluded that I could have no safer company than that of the same statesman's own daughter. But I have been fooled, and that adventuress has robbed me of my papers to make God knows what evil use of them».

The girl sprang to her feet trembling with bewilderment, the picture of agony and grief. As she rose, Szilassy stooped and picked up a piece of paper that had fallen from her lap. He read thereon as follows:

«Dear Ilona, — Don't be alarmed at my strange disappearance. I am accustomed to these unceremonious exits; they are a part of my life. I hope you will enjoy your nap. Tell your friend he gave me very little trouble. I got possession of the document much more easily than I anticipated — Yours, Lottie».

«O my God!» ejaculated the young man, as the signature recalled to his mind the handwriting a specimen of which was to be seen in the Secret Service «museum».

«Do you know», he said, addressing Countess Ilona, «that your precious friend is none other than Lottie Petersen, with a host of aliases, the notorious female spy?»

«I — I do not understand», she stammered.

«Read that». Thrusting the pencilled note into her hands, he sank down heavily upon the cushioned seat, a prey to conflicting emotions.

At one wild moment he thought of stopping the train, but on second thoughts he saw the uselessness of such a course. He knew by the familiar aspect of the country through which they were passing that they had already left Pozsony behind, where their travelling companion had alighted, and they were rapidly nearing Marchegg.

Countess Ilona's voice broke upon his reverie. «Believe me», she began appealingly, «I was quite unaware of this woman's real identity. I have been as much her victim as you have. I can now see why she was so persistent in begging me to accompany her to Pozsony, and why at Budapest she asked me to stand in front of the door of the compartment to prevent anyone else joining us.

She was evidently cognisant of your movements, and she used me as a — a decoy». A shamed flush suffused her cheeks at this humiliating confession, but it passed unnoticed by the agitated man.

«I exonerate you from all blame in this miserable business, Countess», he said; «it is I only who was a blind fool».

«In trusting me?»

«Yes. Your father himself warned me to regard my dearest friends for the time being as enemies conspiring against me. But I was too confident of my own powers — and this is the result!»

«What will you do now?»

«There is but one thing I can do», he responded bitterly, «and that is to report the theft to Count Arlberg, leaving out, of course, all mention of your name».

She faced him with pale cheeks and heaving breast. «I am quite prepared to take my share of the blame for this morning's work», she said.

«I do not doubt it, my dear lady; but in the crisis this robbery will bring about, such a thing is not to be entertained. Your father is a tried and trusted statesman, who enjoys the confidence of the nation and of the empire. If it were known that *his daughter* were even only indirectly concerned with this terrible calamity, their confidence would be shattered, and I dare not think what the result might be».

«And you alone must bear all the censure?»

«It is the only thing I can do; and it is but my just punishment, for I can plead no extenuating circumstances».

She held out her hands with an impulsive gesture, but he looked past them into the liquid depths of her eyes.

«Had things gone well today», he said with labouring breath and ill-concealed emotion, «I had intended to ask you something, Ilona».

«What?»

«Your dear self».

«And now — ?» she questioned, in a choking voice.

«Now — robbed of my honour, how could I ask my Chief to give his only daughter into my keeping?»

«But I will tell my father the truth».

«You must not», he replied imperatively. «His trouble will be sufficiently great, without the needlessly additional knowledge that *you* are implicated in the affair».

«This is too much» She walked to the window that he might not witness the expression of agony that crossed her beautiful face.

«Ilona», he said, huskily and somewhat haltingly, «is it possible that you return my love?» She turned towards him, and though she uttered no word, in her large despairing eyes he read his answer.

In the silence that followed this mutual declar-

ation the train drew up at Vienna, and without a word Szilassy gravely assisted Countess Ilona to alight, and they mingled with the good-humoured cosmopolitan crowd. It seemed that on every face

choking break in her voice, «I shall wait here until you return». He escorted her to the first-class waiting room, and then with bared head and bowing low over her finger-tips, he turned away.



Winter Scene in the High-Tátra.

Photo by H. R. H. Archduchess Izabella.

was the joy of coming Christmastide, while only their own two hearts were chilled by the wintry snows of their affliction.

«You had better take the next train back», he suggested.

She shook her head.

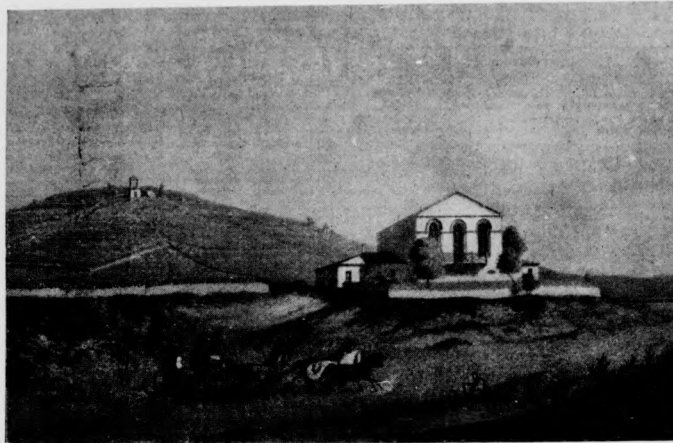
«No», she replied, with determination, and a

Chapter 19.

Imre Szilassy was ushered into the Foreign Minister's presence with outward calm and inward trepidation.

Count Arlberg's handsome old face lit up with satisfaction as he beheld the young man.

«Ah», said he, «I was afraid lest something



I. Baron Waldbott's Disznókő Vineyard, Tolesva.

might detain you, and (*looking at his watch*) my train goes in an hour's time.

«I regret to be the bearer of bad tidings, Excellency».

«*What?*» The Austrian fell back a step or two — «*You have the document?*»

«I — — I regret — —».

«*It has been taken from you?*»

Poor Szilassy hung his head in silent assent.

«How?»

«*Lottie Petersen*».

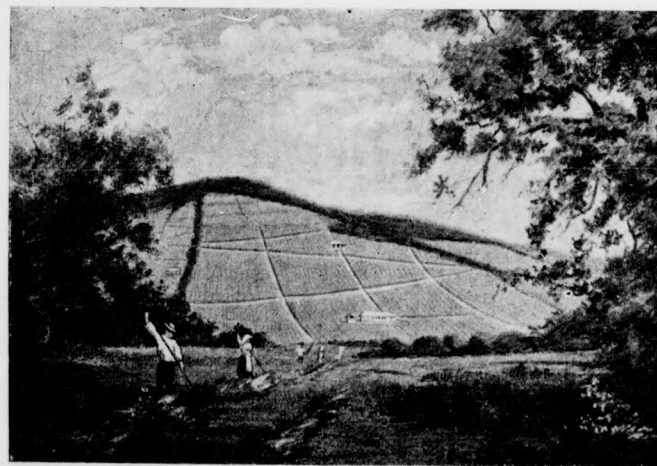
Beads of perspiration broke out all over the old man's brow, and his rage was terrible to witness. «The very worst thing that could have happened to either your country or mine was to let those papers get into the hands of that accursed woman».

After some minutes of painful silence, during which the minister struggled successfully to regain control over his emotions, he asked: «In what did you carry the despatch?»

«A leather pocket-book, Excellency».

«Was that taken too?»

«No, Excellency; only the official letter. Otherwise I have the pocket-book just as I received it from



II. Vineyard of Szentvér, Tolesva.

Count Szentkereszthi». The Foreign Minister impatiently held forth his hand for the pocket-book, and opening it, his fingers trembling with ill-suppressed nervous excitement, he abstracted the child's letter. He held it near the glowing coals in the fire-grate amidst a silence that might have been felt, and presently a cry of mingled triumph and relief rang through the room.

«*See!*» The Minister held the missive towards Szilassy, who saw with amazement that under the action of the heat the infantile scrawl had quite disappeared and in its place a long series of

strange characters resembling hieroglyphics had been brought out.

«*But the sealed letter, Excellency?*»

«Ah, that was only a *dummy*, my boy, but it has served its purpose well in calling attention away from the *real document*».

«Then am I to understand, Your Excellency, that my commission is successfully fulfilled after all?» asked Szilassy, thrilled with hope, though his face was almost bloodless in its pallor as he awaited the portentous reply.

Laying a paternal hand on the young man's shoulder Count Arlberg said quietly, «*In this seemingly insignificant piece of paper lies the fate of half Europe*».

Chapter V.

When Szilassy arrived once more at the Railway Station and entered the waiting-room he found it deserted by all save Ilona, a drooping white-faced figure of despair. She raised her head at the sound of his foot-steps.

«At last you have come», she said sadly.

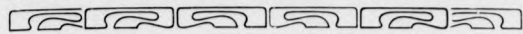
«Yes», he answered calmly, taking her listless hands in his own. «And I have just sent off a telegram to your father to wish him the *Compliments of the Season*».

«How could you do such a thing in present circumstances?» she asked in evident mental anguish.

«My dearest», replied the young man, «*It was the signal agreed upon between us to acquaint him with the successful accomplishment of my mission*. It seems it is not I who have been duped after all, for the stolen letter was but a dummy; the real important message was on that simple-looking sheet of note-paper scrawled on by a child».

«*O Imre!*» She broke out into a low laugh of delight, and he drew her closer until her head rested

upon his breast. «As surely as the sun shines through storm-clouds», he whispered tenderly, «joy has emerged from our despair, and the dawning Christmas shall, with God's blessing, be but the forerunner of many joyful Christmastides that you and I shall spend together». *Arnold De Lisle.*



Tokaj-Hegyalja and its Wines.

III.

THE VINEYARD of Gyapáros, which has an area of 5 acres, situated between two vineyards belonging to the Crown, is also the property of

The cellars of Baron Waldbott, of which there are several in Toicsva, and also in Gyopáros and Erdőbényes, deserve special mention in our columns. The largest is that on the Gyapáros estate, which is in fact the largest in all Tokaj-Hegyalja. Built quite recently, it is of modern construction of perpendicular lines, without vaults.

The ceiling of the cellar at Kincsem, however, though cut into harder rock, had to be covered with a vaulted roof in order to prevent small pieces of stone becoming detached and falling down. In front of this cellar is the pressing-house, with a spacious room measuring 75 by 33 feet. The interior equipment of this building answers



III. Grape Selecting for Tokaj Wine, Toicsva.

Baron Edward Waldbott. Owing to its highly favourable position it has been named «the pearl of vineyards», which name it still bore even while the property of Count Szirmay.

Disznókő, on the outskirts of Mádzombor, is also a possession of the Waldbott-family, which has assumed quite an importance of late on account of its famous wines, known all over the world as the fiery, sweet, aromatic Mád wine. In a year or two it is expected the whole vineyard will become fertile, as its reconstruction is still in course of progress, and parts of it have already been reclaimed.

The vineyards of Erdőbénye have not been replanted as yet. This place has a charming situation, and the wines produced here probably exceed in bouquet and flavour any Tokaj ever tasted.

in every respect to the requirements of modern viticulture, the grapes being pressed by hydraulic power and the juice being carried by tubing direct to the cellars below.

An interesting relic of a past age is the «Idol press», of the time of Rákóczi II, which originally stood in the Erdőbénye press-house, but which was brought to Toicsva only a few years ago.

The cellar under the castle, for bottled wines, has a capacity for 60,000 bottles of Tokaj.

The annual production of the Waldbott vineyards amounts to 2000 hectolitres in favorable years, though they have occasionally yielded as much as 3000 hectolitres. The bulk is sold wholesale, a small portion being however drawn off into bottles bearing the Waldbott trade-mark and placed on the market.

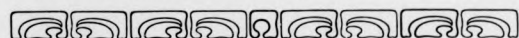


IV. Cellarage, Tolesva.

Great importance is attached to the rational development of Baron Waldbott's vineyards, and his chief ambition is to sustain the fair fame of Tokaj wine throughout the world.

Joseph Ede Rigler & Co. Ld. Paper Manufacturers, Budapest. Central Establishment: VI., *Rózsa-utca* 55. Branches: V., *Erzsébet-tér* 19.; IV., *Egyetem-tér* 5. and 6. Warehouses at *Nagyvárad* and *Rustschuk (Bulgaria)*.

«Adria» Notepaper is the best. May be obtained from all Stationers and Booksellers.



Bimbó's Christmas.

London, December 1909.

BIMBÓ was the ne'er-do-well son of a well known Hungarian family, who went to London to try his fortune. He had no business at his finger ends and when his money was gone, he found a semi-gentlemanly kind of employment in the Great Exhibition for a while and this at least kept the «wolf from the door». At times he would charm his friends and companions with his violin, on which he could play with some degree of skill. But the Exhibition closed, and Bimbo with many others, was thrown out of employment. A compatriot paid a weekly sum of three crowns for Bimbó's sleeping accommodation in the east end, and Bimbó picked up a precarious living in the neighbourhood. Weary and hungry he sought out a lady who had spoken with him about his future in London. At her house he received a good meal, some money, and a good deal of advice which Bimbó although grateful was in no mind to accept.

He was proud of his noble ancestry. How could

he work like a labourer with such a name as his; he must find his living in a gentleman-like way and that was by petty gambling. «I would rather play a violin in the street than descend to such means as you devise to gain a few pence», said his adviser.

Bimbó winced, He had a good open countenance and one that stood him in good stead on more than one occasion.

I am sorry I am so disappointing to those who would help me, and I will not come

again till I can take the advice you give me, he replied.

So Bimbó went, and nothing was heard of him for weeks. Even a letter offering him a good situation had been returned with the legend «Gone away». All enquiries failed to find «Bimbó».

It was Christmas Eve. A thick, sulky, yellow, fog hung over the metropolis and enshrouded every thing in gloom. The arc lamps showed but a sickly hazy glimmer in the great darkness.

Around the dining room fire an anxious party of young people stood discussing the non-appearance of a conjuror who had been engaged to provide the evening's fun.

Uncle Tom, a merry Colonial colonel who had just arrived was trying to invent some way, out of the difficulty. Why not have a dance? he said.

At this the young people shouted with glee — But a musician — how were they to manage.

Uncle Tom offered to whistle, but that wasn't acceptable.

«Suppose we have a street organ» suggested Uncle Tom.

«Oh, that would be lovely if we could find one» chimed the children.

«Get my great-coat and I'll see what I can do» and a dozen little feet pattered off to bring the furlined coat for dear Uncle Tom.

Colonel Fraser was everybody's uncle now, and he had never been long kept in a tight corner without devising a means of getting out, so the children trusted him and waited with breathless interest, hoping every moment to hear him wheeling a street organ round the garden, or at least bringing a musician from the Suffragette band which was serenading Holloway Prison.

They had not long to wait; a violent pull at the bell sent them all tumbling upstairs to see what

OUR NEWLY WEDDED.



Photos by Strelisky, Imperial and Royal Court Photographer.

MAGY SOKSZOROSÍTÓ MŰIPAR R.T. BUDAPEST.

- 1. Count and Countess Armand Csáky
- 2. Count and Countess John Pongrácz
- 3. Count and Countess Cristopher Dégenfeld

- 4. Baron and Baroness Julius Malcomes
- 5. Count and Countess Nicolas Dégenfeld
- 6. Prince and Princess Louis Windischgraetz

- 7. Count and Countess Conrad Dégenfeld
- 8. Count and Countess Géza Csáky
- 9. Baron and Baroness Tiberius Fiáth
- 10. Count and Countess Hugo Oberndorf

- 11. Count and Countess Edmund Zichy
- 12. Count and Countess Joseph Teleky
- 13. Count and Countess Arminius Bethlen
- 14. Prince and Princess John Lichtenstein

- 15. Count and Countess Paul Eszterházy
- 16. Count and Countess Nicolas Keglevich
- 17. Count and Countess Felix Chamaré

- 18. Count and Countess Paul Ossich
- 19. Count and Countess Géza Zichy
- 20. Baron and Baroness Paul Inkey.

Supp

Uncle Tom had commandeered. When the door was opened the colonel was found halfpushing half dragging a young fellow into the brightly lighted hall.

He clutched a violin under his arm and looked about in a half frightened way.

«Don't be so scared, lad.» This isut Holloway Prison.» You've made a bargain with me. Music for the night in return for a suit of clothes and a jolly good supper, eh?»

Yes, said, the youth.

«Well then, children, run along tell the mater to get ready for the dance and we will be with you in a few moments.»

The Colonel led the youth into a room and said. «I like you now I see you, and I'll like you better when the fog's washed off, so apply as much hot water as necessary, and then you can help yourself to a suit. My boy has gone into the Navy, and has no need for these.

«I must see my sister and explain, in case those young beggars put their foot in it.»

When Bimbó, for he it was after all, was taken to see the Colonel's sister, it was to meet a friend.

Well, Bimbó, what good fortune brought you here?

I have heard from my brother some details, but not all.

I am here madame according to promise, Bimbó, said smiling.

And his friend understood.

Thank you, Bimbó, This is good news indeed. My brother has taken a great fancy to you, and after the holidays offers you a good berth which should give you a good start at anyrate.

Another Christmas will soon be here. All the

actors at that scene a year ago are one year older, but Bimbó seems the youngest of them all. He is honest and happy in his business and has found out that true nobility is not born of titles and coronets.

Sheena Macdonald.

Porfi testvérek férfi- és női-kalap különlegességek rak-tára a «walesi herceg»-hez. Budapest, Váci-utca 25. sz. English Hatters.



Winter in the High Tatra.

THE HIGH TÁTRA has once again donned her wintry garb, and opened her winter amusement resorts for the enjoyment of the leisured public.

The main centre of this charming region is Tatra-Lomnicz, a well-known Hungarian health resort, reached through some of the finest scenery imaginable. It is the property of the Hungarian State, and has been, and still is, the object of the Agricultural Minister's (Dr. Darányi's) special care and attention. He has spared no expense to make Tatra-Lomnicz one of the most modern rendezvous. The Sanatorium is a worthy monument to the Minister's efforts. There are many excellent hotels, with all that refinement, taste, and comfort can offer. The roads are excellent, thanks to Dr. Darányi, facilitating excursions in the mountains, and glorious views are afforded on every hand. The mountain air is of the purest, scented with the perfume of the pine-woods.

One of the most popular provisions for winter amusement is the 8 kilometre bobsleigh track at

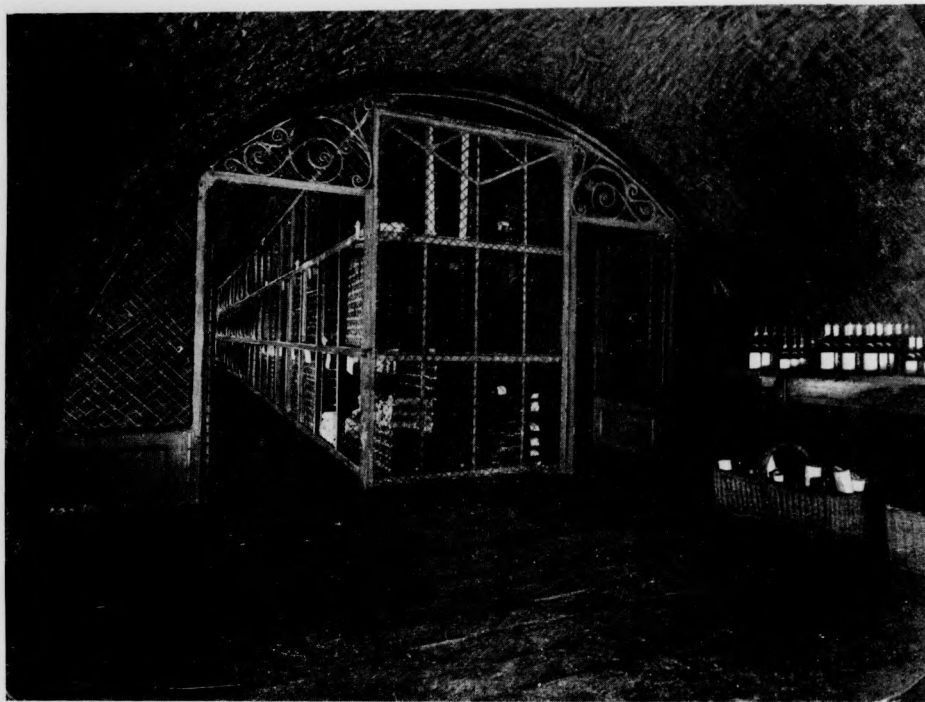


V. One of the Wine-Cellars at Tolcsva.

Tátrafüred. There is a great influx of foreign visitors for the Christmas Holidays, and in February great international matches in all branches of winter sport will take place.

Situated on the northern slopes of the High

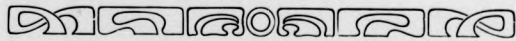
monarch. Hungary at that period was in a state bordering on anarchy. Justice was nowhere; the miserable peasantry could hardly exist for the exactions and tyranny of their lords. Peculation, bribery, and general corruption prevailed in high



VI. Wine-Storage Cellar, Tolcsva.

Tátra mountains, at an altitude of 3000 feet above the sea-level, and encircled by immense pine-forests, Tátrafüred is securely protected from the cold north and east winds. It has a perfect Alpine climate, pure air, unusually rich in ozone, and an equable temperature. It boasts a new bathing establishment, built in 1904, equipped with all the latest hygienic and sanitary improvements, and furnished with the greatest comfort and taste. It has also 3 alkaline springs, much frequented by patients suffering from anaemia, and by all in search of rest and peace for jaded nerves.

All Nature, indeed, combines to make the High Tátra region delightfully attractive.



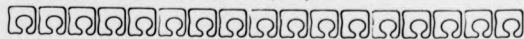
Our Reading Table.

«*The Strange Story of Rab Ráby*», by Maurus Jókai 6s/- Jarrold & Sons, London EC.

Of all the romances of Jókai that have been done into English none are more entertaining than «Rab Ráby»; and this must have an interest even for those who, on principle, do not read novels, for *the story is true*. Rab Ráby was a Hungarian nobleman who lived in the reign of the Emperor Joseph II—that well-meaning but unsuccessful

places. The decision in a criminal trial was always given in favour of him who could «square» the judge. Human life — except the noble's — was held very cheap; the payment of about three guineas freed the «master» who had killed his «servant»; in short, these were the «bad old times». Rab Ráby constituted himself the champion of the rights of the peasants, and though he had the Emperor on his side, he paid a heavy penalty for his rashness. Poor Ráby was as one born out of his time. We cannot withhold our sympathy for him, and wish that his zeal in a just and humane cause had met with a better reward.

Wikus Károly czukrás: Budapest, IV., Deák Ferencz-utca 17. czég gazdagon fölszerelt karácsonyi kiállításának megtekintését melegen ajánljuk.



Törley's Champagne.

Now that Christmas is so near our readers will be preparing their wine lists, and we doubt not that Törley's champagne will occupy the place of honour therein.

The firm has made rapid strides since Joseph Törley laid its foundation forty years ago. At pre-

sent the factory is equipped for the out-put of a million bottles of wine annually. The enormous extent of the cellars, two storeys in height and connected by elevators, the floors supported by massive pillars, the storage-room of 16,000 square yards, the 80 horse-power steam-engine which works the ventilators, the electric dynamos, the elevators, pumps, etc. are all objects of attraction to visitors to the factory.

Törley's famous «Talisman» brand is known throughout the world. Last year the firm were awarded the *Grand Prix* of the Hungarian Exhibition at Earl's Court; the *Cross of Honour* with *Certificate* and *Gold Medal* at the Lemberg National Jubilee Exhibition; *Gold Medal* at the Kisvárdá Exhibition, and other distinctions for excellence of quality of their wines. Arrangements are in progress for the appointment of a sole agent for London; so that ere long Törley's wines will have become a familiar commodity of British consumption.

There is no denying that the proof of the champagne is in the drinking. Törley's famous «Talisman» the «King of champagne» is delivered free in England at 60/- per doz. Address: Joseph Törley & Co. Budafok, Hungary.

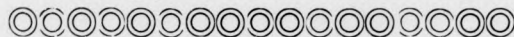
«Hungary» is the best medium for advertising.

NOTICE

The subscriptions for the year ending Dec. 31, 1909 having expired, in order that we may be able to carry on our cherished mission, we shall be grateful if our readers will kindly continue their patronage in the future and send in their further subscriptions by return of post.

*

«Hungary» will be sent to subscribers **post free** for **14 Crowns**, England **13 Shillings and 4d** and America **3½ Dollars per annum**, payable in advance. **Cheques, Post Office Orders** or **Postal Orders** should be made payable to the Publisher of «Hungary», and addressed VIII., Csepregy-u. 2. Budapest. Telephone: 89-52.



Topical Notes

Our Frontispiece.

Our beautiful Christmas frontispiece has been specially executed for us by Madame Flora Udvardy-Némethy, the well-known painter.

Our Centre-piece.

An assemblage of **Our Newly-Wedded Couples** is presented to our readers, the collection



A Snow Monument: King Matthias.

Photo by R. Balogh.

Xmas presents and souvenirs. Marton Alajos cs. és kir. udvari szállító, IV, Váci-utca 10. cég gazdagon felszerelt karácsonyi kiállításának megtekintését melegen ajánljuk.

having been made at great pains by the Editor. If desired, this portrait group may be obtained separately, on Art Paper, Bordered and Mounted, ready for framing, an interesting Souvenir. Securely

packed between boards, price 3 crowns, post-free. Or the same, as in our Christmas Number, carefully packed in tube, 50 fillér, post-free; or abroad, 6^d post-free.

An English Honour for Szerényi.

One of the oldest learned societies in England, The Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Commerce, have elected State Secretary Joseph Szerényi as an honorary member. The President of this Society is King Edward; Vice-President, the Prince of Wales. Many distinguished foreigners are honorary members, among the more recent additions being King Manuel of Portugal.

Vereinigung für Staatswissenschaftliche Fortbildung under the leadership of Professors Gebauer and Harms. This is an important German society, whose president is Prince Bülow, the ex-Chancellor. It was founded in 1902, for the study of social and criminal law, and with a view to the accomplishment of its aims it sends its special committees to study the operations of law abroad. Our guests have found many useful and interesting things here; and it might be well if we followed their excellent example and compared notes. Receptions were arranged in their honour by the Lawyers' Club, the Law Union, and the National Casino. As a diversion from their more



Winter Amusement in Tatra-Lomnicz: Making a Snow Man.

Photo by Jelly.

Archduchess Augusta.

Her Royal Highness who, with her younger children, has been spending some months at Kis-tapolcsány, has now returned to Budapest.

New American Ambassador.

Mr. Richard Kerens, a millionaire mine-owner of St. Louis, has been appointed American ambassador at Vienna. Mr. Kerens is a Catholic.

New Japanese Ambassador.

Mr. Akidzuki, hitherto Japanese Minister at Brussels, has been appointed to represent his country as ambassador at Vienna.

Visitors from Berlin.

Our capital appears to be a favourite investigation ground for official bodies from all foreign lands. During the past week we have been honoured by the visit of 88 members of the Berlin

serious programme our German guests paid a visit of inspection to the Sugar refinery of Baron Hatvani Deutsch at Hatvan; and also, under the ciceroneship of Ministerial Councillor Charles Deininger (Agricultural Ministry), to the Hungarian State Stud-Farm at Mezöhegyes, which afforded them extreme pleasure.

Dr. Hennyei Feted.

The Postal and Telegraph employes have set themselves to celebrate in suitable manner the completion of Dr. Wm. Hennyei's 25 years of official service. Géza Baló delivered a brief congratulatory speech, after which the various officials of all grades offered their greetings. Many congratulations were received also from persons outside the service who recognise the efforts which Dr. Hennyei has always displayed in the public interests. A cordially worded letter on the auspicious occasion has been received by Dr. Hennyei from

Francis Kossuth and Joseph Sztérényi, State Secretary in the Ministry of Commerce.

Strelisky's Christmas Display.

An interesting show of photographs and photographic reproductions may be seen at the establishment of Mr. Strelisky, Royal Court Photographer, Dorottya-utca 9.

Bishop Prohászka against duelling.

On the 7th. inst. Dr. Ottokár Prohászka, Bishop of Székesfehérvár, delivered a lecture on «*Duelling*» in the New Town Hall. The bishop was listened

Academy. It was announced at the chose that a legacy of 4000 crowns had been bequeathed by the late Julius Kautz for the promotion of agricultural science.

Death of Madame Damjanich †.

Another link with the past has been broken by the death on the 30th. ult., at the age of 90 years, of the widow of General Damjanich. The daughter of a Servian landowner, Emily Csernovits was a pretty young lady when in 1847 she was united in marriage to John Damjanich. Alas! barely a year elapsed ere her husband was torn



Winter Amusement in Tátra-Lomnicz: The Snow Man.

to with great attention as he in scathing terms denounced the barbarous and foolish methods now in fashion of settling «*affairs of honour*». Happily the popularity of this legalised murder is now on the wane, thanks to the International Anti-Duelling Society and the efforts of enlightened men all over Europe.

The Academy of Science.

On the 2nd. inst. a special general session was held in celebration of the 150th. anniversary of the Academy. Dr. Albert Berzeviczy presided, and in his opening speech referred in grateful terms to Francis Kazinczy, a great benefactor of the institution, of which he was member from 1830 till his death in the following year. Tributes of gratitude were not withheld also from such eminent scientists as the Frenchman, Barbier de Meynard, and the Dutchman, De Goeje, who were both honorary members of the Hungarian

from her side by the War of Freedom; and on October 6th. 1849 he gallantly met his tragic fate as a martyr to his country's liberties. This supreme grief the young widow endured with a spirit of resignation. For some years she hid herself and her sorrow from the world's gaze, but in 1861 she put herself at the head of a movement for training young girls in household duties. Thus the Housewives' Association came into being. Madame Damjanich's last wish was that no costly wreaths should be placed on her coffin, but that the money equivalent should be given to the orphan asylum.

Another Musical Genius.

Sasa Colbertson, barely 15 years old, the son of an American father and a Russian mother, has during the past week created a furor in Budapest by his violin performances. The scene of his triumph was the Lloyd assembly-room, where his

renderings from Vieuxtemps, Tartini, and Paganini delighted a crowded house.

The Transylvanian Museum Union

celebrated its 50 years jubilee last week at Kolozsvár. Count George Bánffy representing His Majesty, Count Apponyi, Minister of Public Instruction, Count Nicolas Bánffy and numerous legal and civic authorities were present.

The Tokaj Vintage.

The Tokaj-Hegyalja vintage, which commenced at the end of October, is now completed. It seldom happens that the weather is so beautiful and warm as it has been on this occasion. About 180,000 hectolitres of wine is the estimate for this season's vintage.

Skating-Rinks.

The undermentioned skating-rinks are now opened for the winter season: The Városliget, the Polgári Jégpálya, Tattersall's, the Buda Torna-Egylet, and also the Népliget and Thököly-ut Rinks.

Christmas Show at the Industrial Art Museum.

On the 1st. inst. at 4 p. m. a free exhibition of Christmas novelties and Swedish specialities was opened by State Secretary Victor Molnár at the Industrial Art Museum. A number of distinguished persons were present, including Alexander Náray Szabó, Ministerial Councillor, Dr. Paul Majovszky, Ministerial Secretary, Friis Beck, Swedish Minister at Vienna, Countess Louis Batthyány, Arthur Altschul, Swedish Consul-General, and Court Councillor Endre Thék. These were received and conducted over the exhibition by Eugene Radisics, Director of the Museum, and George Kálmán, Manager of the society. Miss Agnes Branding lectured daily on the art industries of Sweden.

Bread for Poor Children.

The Free Bread Union has placed 100,000 loaves at the disposal of the authorities of the elementary schools of Budapest. These will be distributed in portions, as required, among the poor children who have to come hungry to school during the winter months.

The Shakespeare Committee.

At a meeting of the Shakespeare Committee of the Kisfaludy Society on the 2nd. inst. under the presidency of Professor Zsolt Beöthy feeling reference was made to the recent decease of two members of the Society — Paul Gyulai and Denis Szüry, after which the president announced that steps would be taken to get the Hungarian Shakespeare publications into the library of the Weimar Shakespeare-Gesellschaft; and also the interesting news that the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon had consented to place the Hungarian flag on the Shakespeare monument in the Town Hall.

The Committee has arranged for the translation of «*The Taming of the Shrew*» and «*Richard III*».

£ 24,000 For M. Paulhan.

Tempted by an enormous offer, M. Louis Paulhan, the aviator, has provisionally agreed to go to America and perform a series of flights throughout the continent for a period of six months.

M. Paulhan is to receive for himself £4,000 a month. In addition all his expenses will be paid, and his two assistants are to be engaged independently. Thus M. Paulhan stands to earn £24,000 net by the trip. This offer is unprecedented even among the large sums which have of late been paid to aviators.

M. Paulhan leaves France in and will start his flights in California early in January.

Curious gas spring.

A spring of natural gas was lately discovered by shepherds at Kolozsvár, in Hungary. A shaft was subsequently sunk on the site of the discovery, the violence of the escaping stream of gas increasing the deeper the shaft was sunk. At a depth of 650ft. large stones were thrown up by the force of the stream, and the noise of the escaping gas could be heard seven miles away.

Large electricity works are now being erected on the spot. The gas escapes at the rate of 6½ cubic feet a second and with a force equal to 20,000-h. p.

Laptulajdonos és felelős szerkesztő: GOLONVA JENŐ. ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Printed by STEPHANEUM St. Stephen's City printing Co. Ltd., at Bpest.

Books given away gratis and post free by the Agricultural Ministry.

Livres donnés gratuits et port payé de la part du Ministère d'Agriculture.

We are asked by the Ministry of Agriculture to acquaint our readers that the undermentioned books (in English) can be obtained Gratis and Post free by any persons interested in the subjects of which they treat. Applications (indicating the particular books required) should be made to «Hungary» Office Csepreghy-utca 2, Budapest. The books will be forwarded direct from the Ministry.

1. The State and Agriculture in Hungary.
2. Agricultural Hungary.
3. The Economical Report service in Hungary.
4. Guide of the Party of English Agriculturists Visiting Hungary in May-June 1902.
5. Law of 1907. (Juridical Relations between Employer and Farm Servant.)
6. Law XLVI. of 1907. (State-aided Erection of Agricultural Labourers' Dwellings.)

On peut obtenir aussi gratuites sur demande les publications francaises sous-mentionnées :

1. La sériculture en Hongrie.
2. La viticulture en Hongrie.
3. Lois les plus récentes de la Hongrie relatives aux ouvriers agricoles.
4. Instruction relative aux travaux de revision decennaux de la gestion forestiere.

5. Historique de la question des experiences forestieres en Hongrie.
6. Organisation des écoles spéciales de gardes forest.
7. Organisation du service des inspections royales des forêts et leur sphere d'action.
8. Organisation du personnel employé dans le service des forêts dominicales.
9. Circulaire concernant l'établissement simplifié de plans d'aménagement.
10. Lois XXXI. de l'an 1879 sur les forêts.
11. Instruction relative aux plans d'aménagement.
12. Pays de la Couronne Hongroise: catalogue spécial des forêts.

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Rare Bargains.

Gentleman leaving the country desires to dispose of the following:

Splendid real Wedgwood China Set; Princess Plate Tea-service; Splendid Sheffield Plate Tea-service; Cut Glass Toilet Table Set; Cut Glass Liquor Set, 3 bottles in Walnut Stand, with lock; Cut Glass Liquor Set, 3 bottles in Walnut Stand, with glasses; Two double Vegetable Dishes; Finest Princess Plate Breakfast Tray; Finest Cut Glass Cruet Stand; Two Original ebony-carved Elephants; Old Indian Bronze Tray, finely engraved; Old Indian Tea-Kettle; Old Indian Vase, engraved; Three Plate Cups, very finely engraved.

**Inspection kindly invited. Kennedy, Király-
utca, 70. IV. 29. Lift.**

Books for Sale.

Gentleman going away will sell cheap his library containing large quantity of English, French, and German books, either the whole or in parts.

**Kennedy, Andrássy-ut 50. in the Court
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Purveyor to the Imperial
and Royal Court, 2022

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

Useful pine-wood for sale.

Notice is hereby given that the R. H. Ministry of Agriculture is prepared to receive offers by sealed tender for the purchase of 2951.15 m³ of useful pine-wood produced in the districts of the Superintendency of Woods and Forests in Erdőbádony, Besztercebánya and Zólyomlőpese.

The pine-wood for sale is divided into 8 lots, consisting of 303.28 m³ measuring 12—19 cm, 783.78 m³ measuring 20—28 cm, and 1864.09 m³ measuring 29 cm, and upwards, all delivered free at the wharves. Tenders will be opened in the Council Chamber of the R. H. Directorate of Woods and Forests in Besztercebánya at 10 A. M. on the 29th December 1909.

Printed tender forms and envelopes, conditions of contract, and all particulars regarding the assortment of woods and minimum bids, may be seen at, or obtained on application to, the R. H. Superintendency of Woods and Forests in Besztercebánya.

Budapest, November 1909.

The Royal Hungarian Minister of Commerce.



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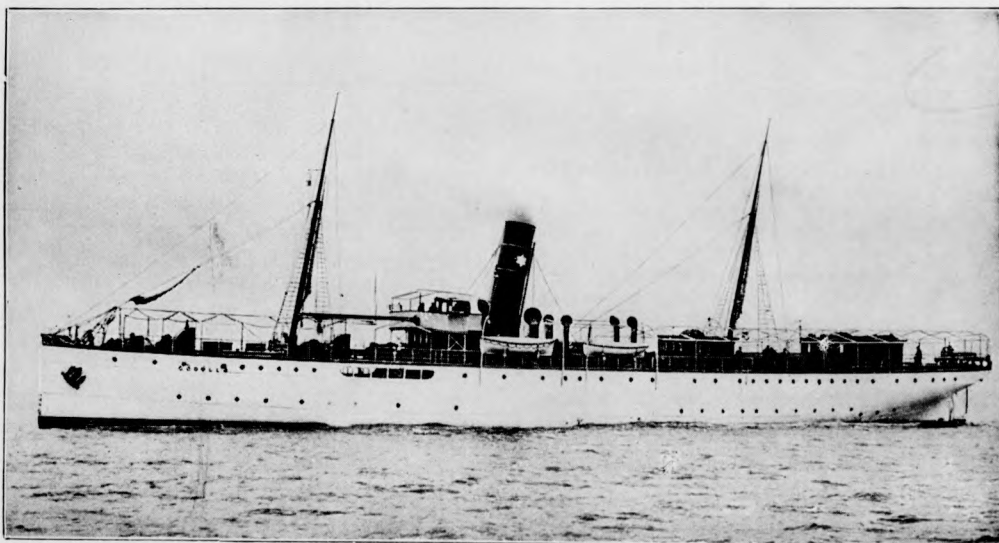
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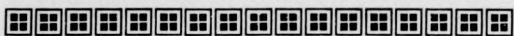
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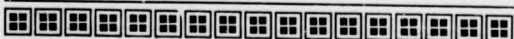
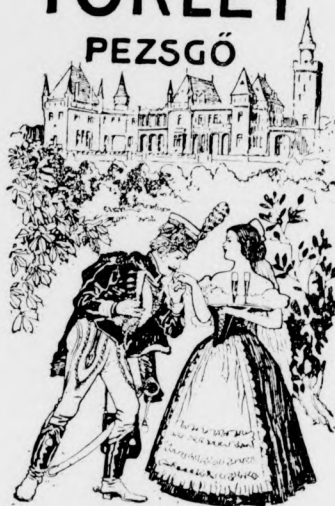
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