

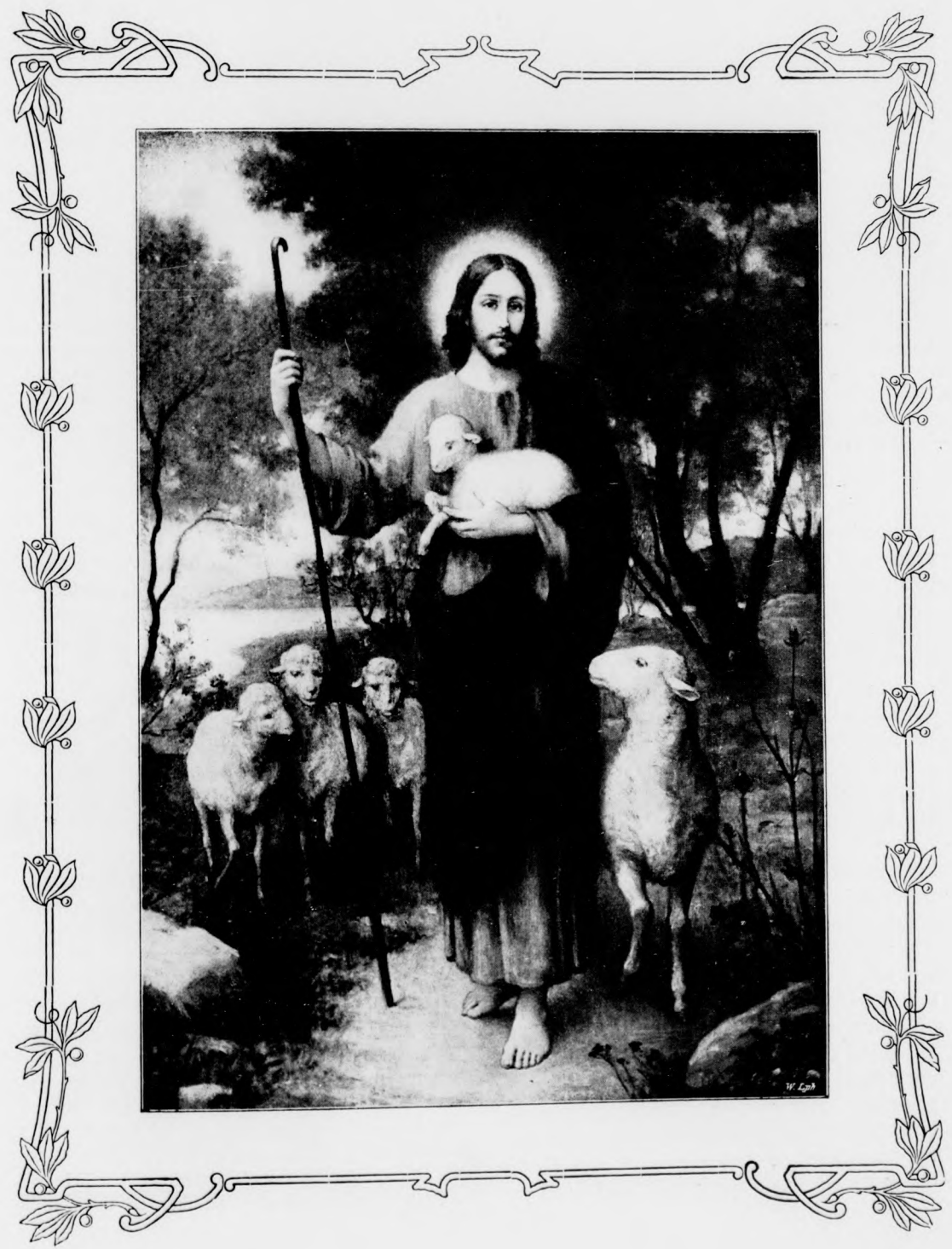
32

Easter.



HUNGARY

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Easter in Rome: The Pope blessing Hungarian Pilgrims in the Loggia of St. Damasus. Pictures from «Vasárnapi Ujság».

Easter Thoughts.

AGAIN we have been permitted to reach another anniversary of the Resurrection. — One thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight years ago Christ rose gloriously from the tomb, «the first-fruits of them that slept», and thus unlocked, as it were, the gate of life eternal to all mankind who choose to enter in by the appointed way. For as we read: «If Christ be not risen, we are of all men most miserable». Why? Because if Our Lord's resurrection were not an accomplished fact, there would be no ground for hope that any of us would rise. Disprove the Resurrection of Christ, and the whole fabric of Christianity falls to the ground.

As it was, however, the Resurrection of Our Lord, vouched for by unimpeachable testimony, was fraught with blessings, not only for Christendom but for humanity at large. It was an epoch ushering in hope for everybody, just as in the world of nature the shooting forth of the flowers and shrubs tells of the coming of Spring with its attendant gladness and joy.

A thousand voices are busy proclaiming the resurrection in Nature. The flowers are nodding at cottage door and on river bank, in many-hued garden and verdant meadow; their dead roots «clothed upon» afresh by the Divine Gardener, through dews, rain, and sunshine.

And the snowy white and blushing pink tree-blossoms swing to and fro in the scent-laden breeze. — They have now donned their new Spring dress, which will change into something richer and far more important in the time of fruitage.

Easter is especially the children's holiday. After the dreary days of Winter, when the little ones must either stay indoors or submit to much discomfort without, it is an inexpressible pleasure to them to be able to ramble in the green fields, to feel the joy of living, to breathe the healthful odours

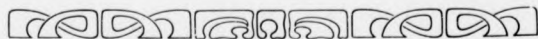
wafted from the hills, to watch the gambols of the young lambs, and to chase the resplendent butterfly.

*«Infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name».*

If they do not, that is our fault—an unpardonable fault if we call ourselves Christians.

Throughout this land Eastertide is marked by great festivities, solemn and otherwise. To describe the special services in the cathedrals and the principal churches of all denominations is not possible within the space at our disposal. They must be witnessed to be realised. The exquisite singing of the Resurrection hymns, the organ's triumphant swell, the flower decorations, the crowded congregations, all kneeling in an attitude of deepest devotion, present scenes at once grand and beautiful.

A. L. D.



A Lenten Sermon.

ANDREW PARLAGHY (age 34, tall, fine figure. His sun-burned face under a very white brow betrays the country gentleman. Bright blue eyes and large teeth which flash out white when he speaks, give a cheerful expression to his face. With some shaking of the head he surveys the up-to-date furnishings of his aunt's drawing-room. He disdainfully poises one after another of the spindle-

*Translated by
the late Francis P. Nash*

legged chairs, and smiles as he grubs among the innumerable variously colored silk cushions which lie about on the sofas and arm chairs).

Flora Elesy (age over 30. Her face is so bright and her style, her coiffure and her dress are so fashionable that her most intimate acquaintance can hardly decide whether she is or is not pretty. She greets Parlaghy with sincere pleasure) «Welcome, Andrew. How very late you redeem your word! You promised to come up to Pest for the Carnival, and you turn up after Ash-Wednesday. And I have been indulging the fond hope that you would be paying your court to a handsome rich niece of mine, and have already whetted the appetite of all the mammas with marriageable daughters. Well, my introduction is perhaps already superfluous, and you have, it may be, already made your choice among the young ladies of Darufalva».

Parlaghy. Dear Aunt Flora... (he breaks off his speech and stands contemplating Mrs. Elesy's slender, youthful figure) After all it is really too funny for me to be calling you aunt.

Flora. (smiling) Behave yourself! It will soon cease to be funny, and then I shall forbid your «aunting» me. Nay, you must prepare to have me call you «uncle» ten years hence. But now answer my question. So then the girls of your village and neighbourhood...?

Parlaghy. Pshaw! Aunt Flora, don't speak to me of them; they are all either ugly or stupid.

Flora. (seizing him by the ears with both hands) Andy, Andy! what talk is that? Learn, my boy, that there are no such things as ugly or stupid girls — that is, there are such, but you mustn't say so.

Parlaghy. Really! then how should I speak of them?

Flora. Allow me at once to take charge of your education for the metropolis. Observe now. If any one, being asked if Miss X is beautiful, answers that she is very pleasant and has very fine hair, or eyebrows, you may know that, except for her hair or eyebrows, she is decidedly plain. If he answers that she is a stunning pretty girl, this means she is stupid. If he adds that she is good and very domestic, you may be sure she is also commonplace. If, drawling out the word, he says she is pretty, then she is a nice girl but insignificant.

If he should chance to say briefly that she is handsome and dresses well, then the girl is stupid and vain. If he affirms that she is extremely cultivated and an acute observer, you may know she is sour and has an evil tongue; but if, raising his eyebrows he says with a sly smile «Ah! pretty, very pretty, very stylish; and gentlemen like her very much», then it is very certain that she is a flirtatious little piece and belongs to that class of which Marcel Prévost has so excellently sketched the character.

Parlaghy. Oh! Oh! Aunt Flora, you make me dizzy.

Flora. Well, then recover yourself and tell me why you did not come sooner.

Parlaghy. Many things detained me. I was interested in the elections; then I met with a small loss by fire, &c. &c. and so the carnival went by and I have only just been free to come up to Pest? And, alas! I should have so liked to waltz the whole length of the great hall of the Vigadó.

Flora. You could hardly have done that.



Photos. by Julius Jelly.

Easter in Rome: Hungarians from Kiskunfélegyház on the Steps of St. Peter's.

Parlaghy. Indeed! and why not? there were balls enough there, of course?

Flora. O yes! there were balls and you would have been in time for them; but let me tell you what a ball is, now-a-days, at Pest. See here (She goes through the motions of drawing on the table with the polished nail of her tapering forefinger). This, you see, is the big hall of the Redoute. Here in the middle stand a lot of men; here, all round, against the walls, sit the mammas, for whom numerals would do just as well, as their only business is to keep their girls' invitation cards and dance-

who night after night crowd the ball-rooms may be saying to her.

Parlaghy. Night after night, did you say? Well in my student days I should certainly not have been able to afford five florins a day for ball tickets.

Flora. (laughing) Five florins! O you simple rustic! Let me tell you that of this ocean of men who flood the ball-rooms hardly anybody, except a few notabilities, pays a single kreutzer. They all go on a so-called complimentary ticket — that is, vulgarly speaking, as deadheads. And when they



Easter in Rome: Hungarians from Keszthely on the Steps of St. Peter's.

programmes. Right in front of them, and turning their backs to them...

Parlaghy. (scandalised) Turning their backs!

Flora. Just so, turning their backs — stand four or five rows of men. In the narrow elliptical ring which this immense crowd of men leaves open, the nominally dancing couples walk. At the end of the ellipse they try once or twice to turn round, but they are so pushed and jostled that they soon abandon the attempt and resignedly walk the rest of the time. With such a system you may guess what a farce chaperoning is. At the beginning of the ball the girl leaves her mother on the arm of a partner, and never comes back to wake her up until supper time. The unfortunate mamma, all the evening through, does not know where the girl goes, what she is doing, with whom she dances, whether she is on the floor or in the gallery, or in one of the boxes or behind the organ, and she never thinks what foolish things the gilded youth

can do so day after day, what is more natural than that they should not trouble themselves much with dancing. Consequently most young girls, after one or two carnivals, do not care for public balls any more.

Parlaghy. A fine state of things certainly! but then the poor girls of Pest do not have a good time, I suppose.

Flora. Never fear. They not only have a good time, but I may say a tearing good time.

Parlaghy. Well, well!

Flora. You will soon see why; for the swell people while giving up the so-called élite balls, have taken exclusively to picnics and private balls. By private ball you must not, however, take me to mean our good old-time house balls, for which the furniture was moved out from a couple of rooms, a lot of chickens and turkeys sent up from the country, and the young lady of the house baked a lot of pies, only at most the ices coming

from the confectioner's. A key-board smasher pounded the piano and we skipped about joyously. Oh! things are different now. The 'house ball' now takes place at the Hotel Hungaria, or at the Casino, with lavish flower decorations, supper from Gerbeaud's, the Radics & Berk orchestra, French champagne and expensive cotillion favours. And when you consider that in a single carnival these anaemic young girls attend twenty or more such entertainments, drink champagne, and have a bouillon between six and eight o'clock before leaving the ball, you will see that «a tearing time» quite expresses the thing.

Parlaghy. Well, it seems clear that they do thoroughly amuse themselves.

said my friend, «but little Gigi seems to have waked up», and with this she disappeared; but as she left the door half open I heard her asking anxiously «How is my little angel? Won't you take something? some tea? some lemonade? Well then, rest a little longer, my poor birdie. It will be time enough if you get up at half past six. By that time Lizzie will have your pink dress ready for you. Indeed we shall be quite early enough if we get to Esztelen's by eight. Only, you must not keep it up till morning again».

Meanwhile papa Kölcsonffy came in — the very picture of an official loaded with cares. «We are having a gay carnival, are we not?» said I to



Easter in Rome: Hungarian Peasants from Bácska on the Steps of St. Peter's.

Flora. That too is open to a little doubt. I was calling the other day on the Kölcsonffys, whose daughter had just attended one of the balls I have just described. It was about five o'clock when I entered Mrs. Kölcsonffy's room and greeted her in my usual tone of voice, which I am sure is not shrill. She ran out to meet me all in a flutter with finger to her lips by way of hushing me, and whispered «Speak low, dear Flora; little Gigi is still asleep». «I hope she is not ill?» I asked much alarmed. «God forbid», said she, «but you know the poor little thing is so tired. Yesterday was the Pazares' ball at the Casino, and we came away at eight o'clock this morning. The day before yesterday was Miki Születlen's «picnic' at the Hungaria, and there too she danced until seven. Well, this is the carnival, you know. Yesterday I had to carry Gigi to the dressing-room, and today her feet are quite ruined». From the neighbouring room there came a plaintive sound. «Excuse me, dear»,

him, just to say something. «Ah! Ah! my dear lady», answered he, «the carnival of today is not what it was of old. How we bachelors used to dance in those days! And now... why yesterday my wife had to carry little Gigi to the dressing-room because she had no partner for the quadrille; and besides, the child had tight shoes on, and quite lamed her feet. And such a mint of money as the carnival costs! — such a mint of money!» And the rueful father nodded his grey head. While I reflected how at home after a ball — to be sure they took us home by three or four o'clock — they simply routed us out in the morning — every one of us had to attend to her work. It was the ruling principle at my parental home that if we amused ourselves one day we should work the harder for it another day. Such pampering, such nursing with bouillon and lemonade I never experienced in all my young womanhood, except when my twins were born. Yet it must be said

that after the carnival we were still fresh and well. Now you need only look at the girls on the Corso in spring. Their cheeks are green, their

portraits down to the small sketches a few inches square. Their excellence also is of varying degrees. The post of honour is no doubt justly awarded to



Easter in Rome : Hungarians leaving the Vatican.

eyelids lilac, their noses red and their lips ashen-grey.

Parlaghy. Dear Aunt Flora, excuse me for interrupting you, but has not your husband a railway-guide?

Flóra. Oh yes; but what do you want with it?

Parlaghy. I should like to see at what hour the next train for Darufalva leaves.

Flóra. Well, but what of your matrimonial schemes?

Parlaghy. I am going to look around a little more in the neighborhood of Darufalva.

Flóra (laughing). And which kind of girl are you going to choose — an ugly one or a stupid one?

Parlaghy (pretending to scratch his head). H'm — a stupid one I rather think.

Olga de Szende-Dárday.



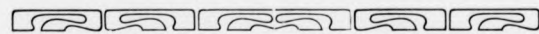
Spring Exhibition of Works of Art.

THE COLLECTION of paintings now on view at the Art Gallery (*Műcsarnok*) comprise the spring exhibition of the Hungarian National Fine Art Society, which was inaugurated by Count John Zichy on the 31st ult.

There are altogether 569 art-pieces, including a number of life size statues, statuettes, and busts, displayed in sixteen spacious rooms. The subjects of the paintings vary almost as much as the size of the canvasses, which extend from the 8 ft. × 5 ft.

Sigismund Vajda's portrait of *H. R. H. Archduchess Augusta* (357), while the least meritorious work is perhaps — but not being a professional art-critic, we refrain. Edward Margo's bust of *H. R. H. Archduke Joseph* (168) is another work that would command admiration anywhere. The landscapes 9, 103, and 349 are especially fine, as also are some Italian scenes and Edmund Tull's «*Market at Tunis*» (330).

As a demonstration of the artistic genius of our country we cordially recommend our British and American visitors to see this exhibition.



Preparations for the Coronation.

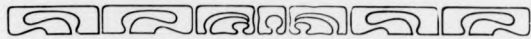
THERE WILL be a great invasion of foreigners in England this summer on account of the Coronation. Up to the present there are no less than 100,000 from America, 450,000 from Europe, and 10,000 from Australia. American millionaires are renting summer residences for the season at enormously high rates. From the beginning of May there will be a veritable shower of gold over London.

On the other hand the cost of the Coronation preparations will be very considerable. The British Government has voted £350,000 and the King himself has given £150,000 for the purpose. On the route of the Royal procession several windows have been let for £400 to £500 each, while in Pall Mall a house for the great day (June 22nd.) costs

Scene, by
.. Sigismu
Szöllösi
Translated
Katinka
.. Kende

£1000, and for each other day of the fetes £ 500. A seat in a window to view the procession costs £8 to £24. An ingenious arithmetician has estimated that the Americans alone will leave £5,000,000 sterling behind them.

The German Crown Prince and Princess, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz with his family will stay at Buckingham Palace; the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse at Marlborough House; the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden will be the guests of the Duke of Connaught; apartments at York House are being prepared for Archduke Charles Francis Joseph; while excellent quarters at other places will be at the disposal of the Turkish heir-apparent, Prince Jusuf Izzedin, Tsai-Cheng (eldest son of Prince Ching of China), Prince Alexander of Servia, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania.



A Simple Settlement.

Scene, by . . .
 . . . Sigismund
 Szöllösi . . .
 Translated by
 Ratinka . . .
 . . . Rendeffy

COFFEE-HOUSE in Andrásy-út. It is 12 noon, and the Coffee-house, never very full, is now quite empty, with the exception of a gentleman about 50 years of age sitting opposite the door. On the table before him is an empty brandy-glass and two empty water-glasses. The gentleman is *Uncle George*, a wealthy provincial, clever-looking, with kind blue

eyes, and brown hair tinged with silver. He regards the door intently. Presently a tall, elegant, fair young man (about 26) enters. He is so excited that he

does not see the gentleman at the table. His gaze flits uneasily about the room. This is *Tibor*, Uncle George's nephew.

Uncle George (seeing the young man enter, half rises from his seat. His face betrays astonishment. In a low voice he calls): «Tibor, Tibor!»

Tibor (startled, goes to the table, but does not sit down)

Uncle George: «Can't you see me? Wo'nt you sit down?» (*Tibor sits down.*)

Uncle George (after a short pause, scrutinising suspiciously his nephew's excited and flushed face):

«How soon you have returned!»

(*Tibor with a far-away look in his eyes makes no answer.*)

Uncle George: «Perhaps you have'nt been there? Have you?»

Tibor (shuddering, regards his uncle questioningly. In a low voice he observes): «I beg your pardon?»

Uncle George: «I said, perhaps you hav'nt been there?»

Tibor (dreamily): «Oh, yes!»

Uncle George: «Perhaps she was'nt at home?»

Tibor: «She was at home.»

Uncle George (after a pause, seeing that Tibor does not proceed):

«Yes!... It seems you are absent-minded, are'nt you?»

Tibor (frowning, answers with spirit): «I am not... certainly not!»

Uncle George: «Well! but wo'nt you tell me what has happened? Have you arranged matters?»



Jubilee of the Hungarian Journalists' Superannuation Institute: A group of Representative Press-writers of Hungary.

eyes, and brown hair tinged with silver. He regards the door intently. Presently a tall, elegant, fair young man (about 26) enters. He is so excited that he

Tibor (still absent-mindedly): «Yes... it is settled.»

Uncle George (with glistening eyes): «Really?»

Tibor (gravely): «It is».

(Both very silent for some time; Uncle George studies his nephew's countenance; Tibor is the image of despair.)

Tibor (at last): «It is incredible».

Uncle George: «What is incredible? What did you say?»

Tibor (excitedly): «It is incredible how easily it went off. — I could hardly believe it».

Uncle George (pleased): «Did it really? How nice?»

Tibor: «Incredible».

Uncle George (with irrepresible curiosity): «Then it went off easily? did it?... But how?»

Tibor (still dreamily): «I beg your pardon?»

Uncle George (testily): «My good boy, will you listen to me, or not? Did't you hear what I said?»

Tibor: «Yes, Uncle, I heard».

Uncle George: «Well, then, what did she say?»

Tibor: «What did she say? Oh, no'ing!»

Uncle George: «Nothing? Not a word?»

Tibor (huskily): «Nothing... it's all right».

Uncle George: «She saw the force of it, did she?»

Tibor (in a low voice): «Yes, but...»

Uncle George: «Was she very pale?»



The first Sign of Spring in Budapest: The Toy Balloon Seller.

Tibor: «Incredibly».

Uncle George: «Did you tell her? Did you tell her everything?»

Tibor (sadly): «Yes, I told her...»

Uncle George (with satisfaction): «In the way I told you — kindly?... It was the best thing to do, do't you think?»

Tibor (speaking with difficulty): «I told her everything».

Uncle George (seriously): «Yes, and...?»

(Tibor does not answer.)

Uncle George: «Any scene? Tears?»

Tibor: «Oh!»

Uncle George: «Nothing?»

Tibor (dreamily): «No. Nothing... nothing».

Uncle George (gleefully): «How splendid of her! She did't even cry! But you really explained everything to her?... that it *had* to be?... that if she really loved you she *must* do it?... that we are not really angry with her, but we have to do our duty — you told her all this?»

Tibor: «I do not know».

Uncle George: «You did't look her in the face, then?»

(Tibor does not answer.)

Uncle George: «Well, it was really nice of her to take it so calmly. But I *knew*...»

Tibor (surprised): «You *knew*?»

Uncle George (with animation): «Well, yes; but not exactly. It might have been different... but she was a good girl. I told your mother, when she came to me, that she was a good girl. But mothers are all alike. *An actress!!!* They regard every actress as a daughter of the Evil One».

(Tibor drums nervously with his fingers on the table.)

Uncle George: «But I told your mother she need't be so distressed about it... if she *was* an actress. For myself, I am very liberal on that point. There are good girls among them — quite honourable girls. Even actresses have hearts. And... I will tell you something else (I told your mother, too) —

if you were a very rich man, who could afford to flout conventions... it would not be such a dreadful thing if... if you *did* marry her».

(Tibor regards his uncle with gratitude)

Uncle George: «I am liberal, very liberal; but, my boy, I am sorry to say this case is different... very different. You are not rich enough. It would spoil your career... your whole future. I told your mother you were a clever boy. You are no longer a child. You will listen to reason. And this matter is an affair of *yours*, Tibor. It would have been quite useless for *me* to go to her — she would have had me thrown out; and right, too. Only yourself could manage the thing. One word of yours would go

Uncle George (*with warmth*): «You want to ask, did I love her? Yes, I *did*; upon my soul I loved her.»

(The bells of a horse-ambulance are heard outside. Tibor and his Uncle jump up as the car drives past the window.)

Tibor (*pale and hoarse*): «The ambulance car!»

Uncle George: (*also turns pale*): «Tibor!»

(Tibor rushes out of the Coffee-house.)

Uncle George: «Tibor! Tibor! Wait! Wait! I am coming.»

(Uncle George flings some money on the table and runs after his nephew.)

Uncle George (*catching hold of Tibor's arm*): «Tibor!... for God's sake!»



Easter Fair at Budapest: Thronging the Fruit and Sweet Stalls.

farther than a thousand of mine. Besides, that was the only proper way to go about it. I once had... Yes, I may as well tell you... *I had a similar experience myself once*».

Tibor (*his interest aroused*): «You, Uncle?»

Uncle George: «Of course! Why not, my boy? Do you think your case the only one that has ever happened? I once had to pass through a similar ordeal... and it was an *actress*, too!»

Tibor: «Really!»

Uncle George: «Yes. Exactly like yourself — only my case didn't end so well; there were reproaches, tears, threats to commit suicide. She even threatened to shoot me with a revolver. But yours was a *good* girl... a noble hearted woman. They aren't all alike.»

Tibor (*sadly*): «Yes, Uncle. Mine said no word except «Oh!... Yes... all right!» — not a word more.

Uncle George: «Well, I repeat, she was a good girl... After all, it was much better so.»

Tibor: «And you, Uncle?... Did you?...»

(Tibor answers not, but runs on, dragging his uncle along with him.)

Uncle George (*excitedly*): «What idea have you got in your head? You can't think that?... A good girl would never do such a thing... It cannot be. Impossible!»

(They reach the corner of a side street, where Tibor stops and looks imploringly at his uncle, who lets go of his arm and turns round the corner. But, struck by a sudden thought, he returns to his nephew.)

Uncle George: «It's nothing. Come on. Let us go.» *(Takes Tibor's arm again.)*

(Tibor tearing himself away, rushes into Eötvös-utca, where he sees a crowd round a horse-ambulance.)

Uncle George (*overtaking him*): «Tibor! Tibor!»

Street Boy: «She blew her brains out. She was done for in a minute.»

Gentleman: «I hear it was an actress?»

Street Boy: «Yes. Blew her brains out. There, on the third floor. They are bringing her down now.»

Uncle George (*grasping Tibor's arm more tightly*): «Now, Tibor, be strong! Be a man!» (*Tries to pull his nephew away.*)

Tibor (*dazed, allows himself to be led along*): «Oh! Uncle!»

Uncle George (*hoarsely*):

«Cold blood, my boy. — Cold blood!»

Tibor (*his head bowed on his chest, groaning*): «Oh! Uncle!»

Uncle George «Calm yourself, my poor boy — calm yourself. Be a man. It will pass».

Tibor: «But she is dead, Uncle George. She is dead!»

Uncle George: «Never mind. It will pass».

Tibor: «Pass, Uncle?... But she is dead!»

Uncle George (*mopping the perspiration from his forehead*): «Calm yourself, my poor boy — I will take you home. It will pass; everything passes. Only calm yourself. You must go home. But first let us take a walk in the Park».

(*They disappear in the direction of the City Park.*)

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Elizabeth Queen of Hungary.

Lecture by . . .
Miss Bella
Sárosi

IT is well known that the Lyceum Club is the largest and most magnificent of Ladies' Clubs in the world. It is at the same time the most enterprising, and this fact is due to its indefatigable secretary.

Some time ago it was decided to have what were called «circles» — that is to say, groups of members of different nationalities. It has its French, German, Spanish, Italian, and other circles; and quite recently a Chinese lady-doctor addressed a Chinese circle. The circle of most interest to us, however, is the Hungarian circle, and it was to this that Miss Bella Sárosi spoke. Many Hungarians were present, also many English who had been in Hungary and many more who had not. The lecturer was arrayed in Hungarian fancy dress, which was much admired.

The lecture itself was most interesting, delivered with that deep feeling, and reverence entertained by every Hungarian for the memory of their late beloved Queen.

Her early life, her meeting with Francis Joseph, marriage, and love for her children, her sad losses and subsequent wanderings in search of that which was not, and her cruel untimely death, were all graphically described. Perhaps the most pathetic note of all, and one which all Hungarians will echo, was at the close of the lecture, when Miss Sárosi said «God bless the King Francis Joseph for having given us such a Queen!» An Austrian lady (whose

name I failed to catch) proposed a vote of thanks; Mr. Diósy seconded, and showed that, although born and brought up in England, he had the history of his father's country at his finger-ends.

There can be no doubt that Hungary is becoming more and better known by these lectures, and we wish Miss Sárosi every success in her work, both



Portion of the Park, Somogyvár.

in introducing a knowledge of Hungarian Home Industries and in telling about her homeland and people. To Miss Powell, the energetic secretary of the circle, our best thanks are due, for it was largely owing to her splendid arrangements that the meeting succeeded so admirably. The tact with which she received the guests, and introduced them to each other, caused the whole to partake the nature of a family gathering, where every one felt at ease. *Sheena Macdonald.*

Our Reading Table.

Memoirs of Bertha von Suttner. Ginn and Co. London, 2 vols. 21s/-nett.

One must be blind to the signs of the times not to see that the cause of International Peace has made strides little short of miraculous during the

lives by stirring human consciousness, has to make its way slowly to public recognition through the stages of neglect, ridicule, and attack. The Peace Cause has been no exception to this rule. Its champions have worked like the heroes and heroines they were, suffering worldly loss, misrepresentation, calumny, and even personal violence, yet counting it all as a small thing if thereby the Cause might be carried a step nearer its final goal.

It is well that the world should know something about its apostles of peace. The time will come (*and that not many generations hence*) when their monuments will occupy as prominent places as do now those of Wellington, Napoleon, and other «popular» conquerors. For the present, however, we must make their better acquaintance through the medium of their biographies; and to this end we cordially welcome the *Memoirs* of Bertha von Suttner, one of the most interesting of our contemporaries.

Autobiographies are seldom trustworthy in the nature of things; it is natural that the writer, however conscientious, should be biased in favour of self, and thus unconsciously minimise some of his faults and entirely omit to mention others. Few who have lived to be three score and ten have not something in their past lives they would wish dead and buried without hope of resurrection. In Baroness von Suttner's case, however, her candour is delightful. She extenuates nothing, and tells us (as Countess Bertha Kinsky) of her somewhat numerous love affairs, engagements and breaches, until Mr. Right, in the person of the late Baron von Suttner (a gentleman seven years her junior) came on the scene and opened for her a new epoch of happiness, a new world of thought, in which the desire to serve humanity played a prominent part. Since 1877 the Baroness has devoted her life to the Cause of Peace. A prolific writer, her contributions to Peace literature have been numerous and valuable; though she will perhaps be best remembered by posterity for her Peace novel, «*Die Waffen nieder!*» — anglicised under the title «*Lay down Your Arms!*»

It is impossible in a short notice of this nature to present any adequate idea of the engaging interest of the Baroness's *Memoirs*. We hope they may be read and pondered over by a vast number of readers all over the world, being published in several languages; then we do not doubt that the work will not fail of its purpose — the incitement to humanitarian service — which induced Madam von Suttner to lay bare her history to the public gaze. *A. L. D.*

past decade. In the days of our fathers it was deemed as reasonable to expect to see the stars shining at noontide as the nations dispensing with war; and the persons who ventured to suggest the possibility of such a desirable state of things were regarded as mad visionaries, while the extremely few bold enough to advocate it were persecuted as seditious-mongers and (the irony of it!) *dangerous to the public peace*. Every cause that changes the current of human

The National Theatre.

Budapest, April 1, 1911.

NOWHERE in the world does Shakespeare — as a *living* dramatist — enjoy so sincere a popularity as in the Hungarian Capital. We are on the

the National Theatre has proved that there is no absolute need to have recourse to the second rate «modern» farces of foreign authors, and that Shakespeare is quite as able to provide material for calling into action the «risible faculties». The house was in a state of delighted transport from the rise



Easter Fair at Budapest: An al-fresco Buffet.

eve of an event practically unparalleled in the history of modern histrionic art, — the production of *thirteen* of Shakespeare's plays in succession (the series will be opened after the Easter vacation), with the assistance of Professor Bernard Alexander as *conferenciér*, «Hamlet» to be produced exactly as in Shakespeare's day,* without the attractions of up-to-date scenery. Last evening, we again had the ever welcome «event», — a Shakespeare *première*: «Twelfth Night», that charming comedy, with an almost exclusively new cast. Only Gabányi, the ever youthful Malvolio, was playing the part with which many of his supreme successes are inseparably connected. The momentary oppressiveness of a summer storm, ending in the perfect tranquillity of a summer evening; the sky relieved, even in the darker periods, by delightful glimpses of the pure blue sky of jollity and uncontrollable gaiety. No menace of tragedy; only the passing gloom of a seeming conflict of passions. Not a trace of the spiritual agony that called into being the tragic situations of «Hamlet» or «King Lear». The darker sides of the picture are but for a moment permitted to cast a shadow on the artist's canvas; the starting tears become the expression of unbounded hilarity. In reviving this comedy of human nature, in which the ridiculous in humanity is for ever playing in the foreground,

* I. e. as far as the results of research render such a production feasible.

of the curtain to the close of the third Act. The freaks of Toby, the unconscious stupidity of Sir Andrew, the self-conscious absurdity of Malvolio, and the frolics of Maria, kept the audience continually amused. Apart from his clever repartees, Feste's songs were some of the most delicate «titbits» of the whole performance. The greatest praise in due to Mr. Alexander Hevesi for the painstaking care with which he has collected old airs of the XVI and XVII century, and had them adapted to the Hungarian text. Particularly impressive was the plaintive song before the Duke in Act 2:

«Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid».

And it did Englishmen's hearts good to hear the play close to the familiar strains of «Should auld acquaintance be forgot», adapted to the touching farewell words of the Clown:

«When that I was and a little tiny boy».

The comedy is divided into 3 Acts, representing the three days of the action. This change, it must be admitted, though convenient from the point of view of *distribution*, strikes us as a little strained; at times it leads even to unnatural connection. But, from the point of view of the audience, it is a laudable innovation, and shows an intelligent interpretation of the author's original scheme.

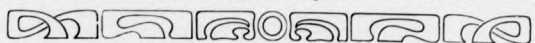
The manipulation of the scenery could not be bettered, the pauses are reduced to a minimum.

The acting was good all through. Special praise is due to Miss E. Paulay, who threw her whole spirit into the character of Viola, and to Mr. Gabányi (Malvolio), Horváth (Toby) and Rózsahegyi (Feste), who all succeeded in interpreting the intention of the creator of their characters. Mr. Kürti somewhat overdid the eccentric stupidity of Sir Andrew; but he succeeded in making the character what Shakespeare intended it to be — merciless caricature.

Arthur B. Yolland.

The Home of Art.

The Művészház (or Home of Art) opened last week with a most interesting collection of paintings by Hungarian artists whose names are fast becoming familiar to everybody. The village scenes by Sigismund Nagy are justly accorded the place of honour; while Magda Opper's paintings on leather, velvet, and cloth are second to none in beauty and refinement of technique. The collection should be visited during the holidays by all lovers and patrons of the fine arts.



London Notes

April 6th, 1911.

By Sheena
Macdonald

TODAY the Queen and two of her sons drove to Kensington to visit the home of her childhood. Her Majesty had intended visiting the Cripples' Home, but owing to an outbreak of measles there she

cess Victoria left for the Continent. King George and Queen Mary were at Victoria Station to see them off. A gale accompanied by a snow-storm was blowing in the Channel, and the Royal ladies had a rough passage. At Calais a special train was in waiting to convey them to Naples, where the Queen's yacht is lying. After visiting her brother, the King of Greece, Her Majesty will make a tour in the Mediterranean.

*

The membership of the Automobile Club — the new premises of which in Pall Mall have cost upwards of a quarter of a million pounds sterling — must be numerous and cosmopolitan, as among other luxuries there is to be a Hungarian chef. Hungarians of means need no longer despair of having a real Magyar meal. A *czigány* band may be the next innovation. At present the only place where one may be heard is, I believe, the Carlton Hotel. A Hungarian visitor to London was once invited by an official to dinner at this premier hotel; it cost £ 4—10s od for the two! Those who indulge in such dinners — to the accompaniment of Gipsy music — need long purses.

*

Baroness Orczy has just published another book, the scene of which is laid in France and England. Her *«Scarlet Pimpernel»* has been a grand success,



Easter Fair at Budapest: Toiling up St. Gerard's Hill (photographed from above).

decided to drive slowly past the Home, outside which a crowd of little cripples had assembled to cheer Her Majesty.

*

On Wednesday last the Queen-Mother and Prin-

but we should like to see something more about Hungary in her successes.

*

Among the Hungarians who attended Miss Sárosi's lecture I met two nice girls from Transylvania.

They are pupils of Channing House School, where for many years at least one Hungarian pupil could always be found. Although Miss Sharp's bounty is quite well known about Kolozsvár, it is not generally known in Hungary that Miss Sharp and her sister (both English ladies) have for many years taken a lively interest in Hungary and especially in the cause of Unitarianism. Some years ago Miss Sharp established a scholarship for Hungarian girls at Channing House School, in which she takes a very great interest. Each year since has seen a Hungarian girl-pupil there. This year there are two — Miss Jaeger and Miss Morvai — and they tell me they are having a real good time. Friends of Miss Sharp

Dinner at our Berlin Ambassador's.

H. E. Count Szögyény-Marich, our ambassador to Berlin, and Countess Szögyény-Marich, gave a ceremonial dinner on Saturday last. A brilliant company sat down, among whom were State-Secretary Kiderlen-Waechter, the Italian Ambassador, Signor Pansa with his wife and daughters, the Dutch Minister, Baron Geversan and his wife, Dr. von Stumm Ministerial Counsellor, Count Quadt, and numerous Court and diplomatic officials.

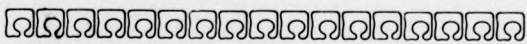
Banquet in Honour of Count Apponyi.

On the 6th inst. the Independence or '48 Party gave a grand banquet at the Országos Casino to



Easter Fair at Budapest: The Serpentine Road St. Gerard's Hill.

(besides the lady herself) provide homes for the girls at holiday times. The present two pupils are invited to spend Easter in Paris. Miss Sharp is very fond of her Hungarian girls, and their affection for her is very pleasant to observe.



Topical Notes

Holy Week.

Holy Week began in Hungary with Palm Sunday (known here as *Flower Sunday*). In ancient times each day of this week was regarded by law as a holy day; the serfs were exempted from work, and many of the better behaved prisoners were set at liberty. From Palm Sunday the church bells are silent until they ring in the Resurrection on Easter morn, when all serious persons flock to church.

welcome Count Albert Apponyi on his recent return from his American tour. The members of the Party gathered in force. In the speech that was naturally expected from him on the occasion, the Count thanked his friends for the honour they had done him and expressed his confidence in the future of his country. Other speakers were Alexander Szalkai, Stephen Zlinszky, John Tóth, and Kálmán Kovácsy. Before sitting down to table the hosts despatched a telegram of greeting to His Excellency Francis Kossuth, who was absent through indisposition.

International Press Congress at Rome.

The delegates of the various Press societies assembled in congress at Rome on the 3rd inst. Among them were Eugene Rákosi (editor of the *Budapesti Hirlap*), Ignatus Balla, Dr. Isidore Béldi, Eugene Faragó, Dr. Francis Fodor, Ferdinand Gerő, Dr. Nicolas Hajdu, Joseph Hevesi, Dr. Géza Kenedi, Dr. Henry Kőrösi, Mdme Sztankay, Mdme Zemléni

(Home Writers' and Journalists' Club), Dr. Arthur Bárdos, Dr. Ottó Bernát, Sigismund Lányi, Louis Puijesz, Imre Salusinszky, and Maurice Szatmári (Budapest Journalists' Union). The Provincial Journalists' Union and other organisations also sent delegates.

500,000 Crowns for Education.

By the decease on the 3rd inst. of Louis Patkay, a young landowner of Kecskemét, the Protestant College, the local Academy of Law, and the Budapest Society of Natural Science, benefit between them to the extent of half a million crowns. Mr. Patkay was well known for his thrifty habits and his interest in the spread of popular enlightenment.

Lord Mayor to Visit Budapest.

The Budapest Press is echoing the popular sentiment regarding the announcement of the Lord Mayor's visit to this city next September by expressing much gratification. Dr. Bárczy the Burgomaster of Budapest, says that he is very pleased that the visit has been arranged, and that a return visit on the part of the Budapest civic functionaries to London will undoubtedly take place.

The «Zeit» says that a remark reported to have been made by one of the prospective London guests to another, «Take five or six thousand pounds in your pocket to Vienna and Budapest» «gives some idea of the magnificent manner in which the guests intend to appear».

Sir Ernest Shackleton re-visits Budapest.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous antarctic explorer, visited Budapest last week, and in company with Dr. Loránt Hegedüs, M. P. and Mr. Alex Hegedüs, put in an appearance at the National Working Party Club. Here he met Their Excellencies, Count Khuen-Héderváry, Premier, Charles Hieronymi, Minister of Commerce, and Ladislav Lukács, Finance Minister, who cordially greeted the distinguished Englishman. Later Sir Ernest was entertained at the Országos Casino, to the library of which he presented an *edition-de-luxe* copy of his book.

The Fourth Shakespeare Matinée.

The Shakespeare Committee of the Kisfaludy Society held their Fourth Shakespeare session on the 26 ult. in the National Museum. Dr. Albert Berzeviczy presided, and there was a large and distinguished audience. The proceedings were opened by Dr. Charles Sebestyén, who spoke on «*Shakespeare and Nature*» Afterwards Emilia Márkus of the National Theatre, declaimed several scenes from «*Antony and Cleopatra*», showing the famous Egyptian queen as an affectionate, faithful woman. Madam Márkus's achievement drew frantic applause. The session closed with a reading, by Béla Várdai, from Louis Bodrogi's work. *The Wars of the White and Red Roses*.

Fifth Shakespeare Matinée.

The Shakespeare Committee of the Kisfaludy Society held their fifth matinée of the season on the 5th inst. in the National Museum. There was, as usual, a large and distinguished audience. George Lukács spoke on *Shakespeare's last dramas*, after which Marie Jászai declaimed a scene from «*Cymbeline*». Dr. James Salgó concluded with an interesting address on *Shakespeare's mentally afflicted characters*, with special reference to «*King Lear*» and «*Hamlet*». The audience testified their pleasure by repeated applause.

World's Fair at Turin.

Among the festivities that will commemorate the jubilee of Italian unity this year, one of the most noteworthy will be the grand exhibition, or World's Fair, at Turin, in which Hungary will take a not inconspicuous part. The Hungarian pavillion will occupy a good portion of the beautiful park in which the exhibition is to be held. The work of construction was proceeding satisfactorily until the recent strike somewhat upset calculations. In order, however, that no delay should be suffered by the Hungarian section, Dr. Alexander Moldoványi, the representative of the Government, sent out workmen direct from home. These, threatened by the strikers, had to be protected by a force of Italian cavalry and carabinieri. Everything is now proceeding in an orderly fashion. Dr. Moldoványi, with Messrs. Tóry and Pogány, the architects, are at present in Italy, superintending the arrangements for the inauguration on the 29th of next month, when the King of Italy will be present in person.

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Vaskapu (Ada-Kaleh sziget) és *Herkulesfürdő* gyönyörű
tájékára kellemes kirándulások tehetők a *Magyar Királyi
Folyam- és Tengerhajózási Részvénytársaság gőzösein.*

A *Kisduna-ágban* (Budapest—Dömös között) közle-
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30 perczkor, d. u. 12 óra 30 perczkor) utóbbi vegyes-
járat (V/16-tól csak Dunabogdányig II. és III. osztály-
lyal), továbbá d. u. 2 óra 20 perczkor és 5 órakor, utóbbi
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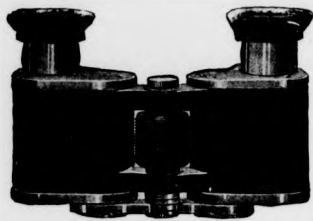
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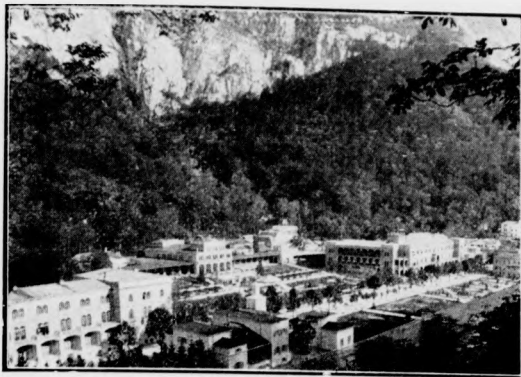
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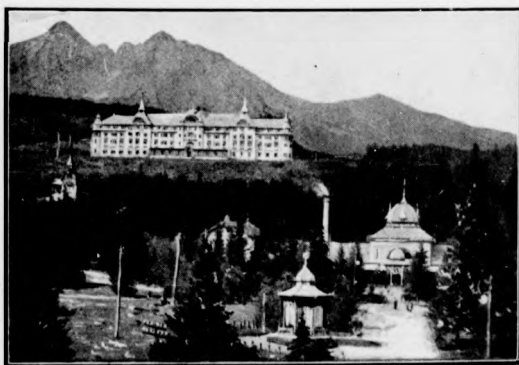
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| 6-53 | 12-34 | 8-29 | Arr. | Herkulesfürdő | Dép. | 3-45 | 3-24 | 8-55 |
| 10-15 | — | — | Dép. | Budapest-Ouest | Arr. | 7-15 | — | — |
| 9-25 | — | — | Arr. | Báziás | Dép. | 4-15 | — | — |
| 10-— | — | — | Dép. | Báziás Bateau | Arr. | 2-10 | — | — |
| 3-10 | — | — | Arr. | Orsova Bateau | Dép. | 6-— | — | — |
| 3-5 | 6-05 | 8-16 | Dép. | Orsova | Arr. | 1-00 | 1-42 | — |
| 3-45 | 6-44 | 8-55 | Arr. | Herkulesfürdő | Dép. | 12-30 | 1-45 | — |

Cátina Lomnicz ...

Winter and Summer Resort for the Air-cure, in the midst of immense pine-forests, situated at 848 to 1030 metres above sea-level. The mountain air is most strengthening and invigorating. Modern hydropathic treatment. The Palace Hotel is a model of comfort, lift, magnificent hall, luxurious dining-room, reading-room, numerous private villas, and land at moderate prices. Splendid view of the Poprád Valley and the glaciers. Music, concert, dramatic performances, balls, excursions in the mountains, horse races, hunting, tennis, winter sport. Summer Season, 15th. May till 15th. September; Winter Season, 15th. December till the end of February. Sun-baths without burning. Apply to the **Manager, Tátra-Lomnicz, Hungary.**



Railway Time-Table :

| | | | | | | | |
|-------|------|---|---|---|-------------------|------|-------|
| 10-45 | Dép. | — | — | — | Budapest Est | Arr. | 6-20 |
| 4-04 | Arr. | — | — | — | Kassa (Ránkfűred) | Dép. | 1-10 |
| 4-10 | Dép. | — | — | — | Kassa | Arr. | 1-00 |
| 6-30 | Arr. | — | — | — | Poprádfelka | Dép. | 10-35 |
| 6-47 | Dép. | — | — | — | Poprádfelka | Arr. | 9-27 |
| 7-35 | Arr. | — | — | — | Tátralomnicz | Dép. | 8-45 |

Thermal Bath and Health Resort, property of the State, in the valley of the Fátra, 450 metres above the sea-level, in the midst of mountains covered with pine-forests. Six modern hotels belonging to the State, numerous private villas, and land at moderate prices. Excellent table-water. Water conduit, irrigation, and electric light. Season, 15th. May till the end of October. Modern hydrotherapeutic treatment, pine baths, saline baths, and carbonic acid baths. Railway Station. Post-office, Telegraph-office, and Telephone Call-office. — Recommended for disorders of the alimentary tract, anaemia, chlorosis, gout, affections of the respiratory organs and nervous diseases. All particulars on application to the **Office of the Royal Hungarian Superintendency of Baths, Fenyőháza, Hungary.**

Fenyőháza ...

Railway Time-Table :

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------|------|------|---|---|--------------|------|------|-------|------|
| 7-05 | 5-15 | Dép. | — | — | Budapest-Est | Arr. | 7-16 | 9-50 | 9-15 |
| 1-47 | 4-25 | Arr. | — | — | Ruttka | Dép. | 8-30 | 11-24 | 2-48 |
| 2-30 | 4-42 | Dép. | — | — | Ruttka | Arr. | 7-50 | 7-57 | 2-28 |
| 3-04 | 5-27 | Arr. | — | — | Fenyőháza | Dép. | 7-01 | 7-14 | 1-56 |

State Salt-Baths, in the country of Alsó-Fehér, 424 metres above the sea-level, on the Nagyszeben-Kiskapus railway-line. Surpassing in curative results the baths of Aussee, Gmunden, Ischl, Reichenhall, and Nauheim. Six large lakes containing 30% of salt. A newly-constructed warm-bath establishment. Furnished apartments at the Hotel, in private houses, and inns. Post and Telegraph-Office, and Telephone Call-office. Further information on application to the **Office of the Royal Hungarian Superintendency of Baths, Vizakna, Hungary.**

Vizakna ...

Railway Time-Table :

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|------|---|---|----------|------|------|-------|
| 7-20 | 2-00 | 12-20 | Dép. | — | — | Budapest | Arr. | 7-40 | 6-40 |
| 6-20 | 12-22 | 9-44 | Arr. | — | — | Kiskapus | Dép. | 6-26 | 1-00 |
| 7-10 | 2-28 | 11-20 | Dép. | — | — | Kiskapus | Arr. | 6-15 | 12-33 |
| 8-42 | 3-34 | 12-28 | Arr. | — | — | Vizakna | Dép. | 5-44 | 11-37 |





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