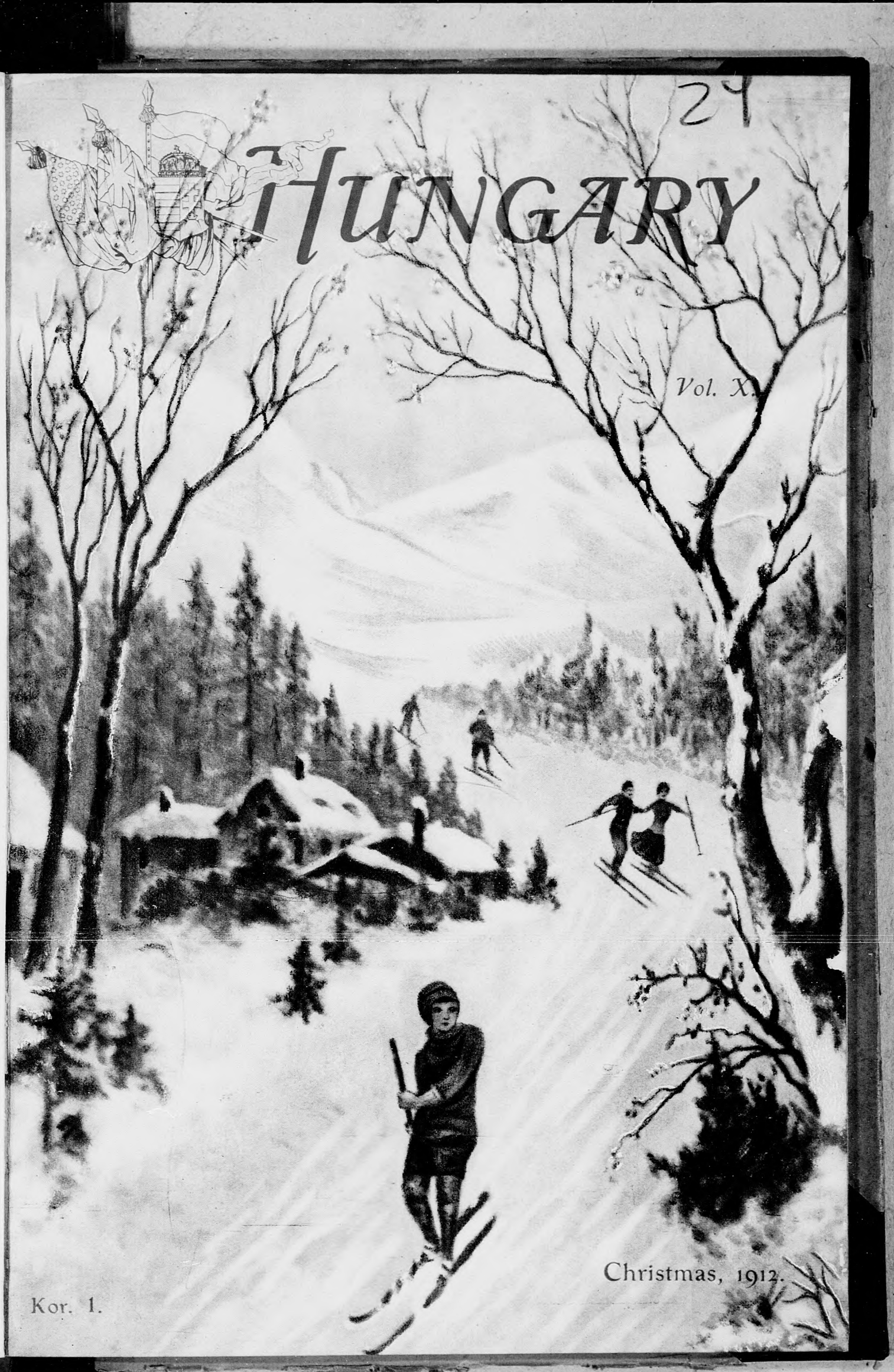


29



HUNGARY

Vol. X.



Kor. 1.

Christmas, 1912.

A Merry Christmas.

CHRISTMAS, the season of joy and mirth, is here again before we have time to look round; and while winter follows winter we shall always have a welcome for Father Christmas, whether he comes in furs or mackintosh. We welcome him the more heartily because, however the cynic may scoff at the tyranny of custom, his is a genial and gentle despotism.

Not being *compelled* to be merry at Christmas, we have all the more inclination so to be.

But in this mundane sphere our joy will always, we fear, be somewhat chastened by circumstances. It is a pity that, at this peaceful season, there should be «wars and rumours of wars». In the Balkan lands many homes have been plunged into mourning during the past two months. With the political events — their right or wrong — that have caused the wholesale bereavement of families, we have nothing to do; we can only feel *sympathy* with the suffering ones at this time, to whom it was «not theirs to reason why».

We may and should also hope and pray



Venite adoremus Dominum!

that the miseries of war may not be brought upon this land of Hungary, or upon her people. May peaceful counsels prevail and the sword be allowed to rest in its scabbard, and the harshness and bitterness of party strife give way before the spirit of good-will with which the Christmas season is identified.

The gospel of peace and good-will is no illusion, but it rests with every one of us to prove its truth, and there is no better time to begin than *now*. Now, when violent antagonism and remorseless intrigue are rife.

With these thoughts uppermost in our mind

Ten years later he married — just for a home. He wished nothing more, and he certainly got nothing more.

His wife was an insignificant common-place woman, the kind of creature that from early youth expects a suitor as one day she expects to die; and she gave her hand readily enough when Lars, tired of bachelor life, asked for it.

She was a very good housewife, there was no denying it, and did her best for her husband, just as he did his best to make up for all that his heart was obliged to deny her. In thought feeling and taste the couple were as far apart as earth and sky. Lars had a poetic nature, while his wife was



Juvenile Magyar Pastoral Players.

Pictures Vasárnapi Ujság.

we wish all our readers at Home and abroad a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



The Holy Flame.

SHE SPURNED his love and said uncompromisingly that she could *never* love him. That was twenty years ago, on a bright balmy day in spring. What he then offered her was not the shallow emotion of a young lad, but the deep and sacred passion of a man of thirty. Yet Maud rejected it: Lars could not forget that fact. He sought distraction in feverish work, but in vain. He attended amusements, but the music merely aroused the slumbering desire of his soul. He knew that Maud was still living in a far-off land, that the deep sea separated her from him, and yet he felt as though she were walking at his side, as when he confessed his love in the majestic silence of that spring day.

indifferent, cold, with no outlook beyond her house-keeping duties.

On one occasion the lady was enthusiastic over a new piece of needlework while her husband was telling her of a catastrophe in which upwards of a thousand persons perished. Pretending to be listening attentively, she was all the time thinking only of what coloured cotton she should use next. Lars finished his recital nearly weeping with sympathy for the unknown bereaved ones, when his wife remarked with perfect *sangfroid* «Poor people! But we can't help them, can we?»

Ten years after their union Lars' wife died childless, in the comfortable belief that she had rendered her husband quite happy. Her demise affected him only with the thought that he had lost a companion and was again alone in the world. It was then Christmas — foggy and grey. Now it is bright, budding, balmy spring. Lost in thought, Lars strode the velvety grass, until at length he reached the grounds of an old castle just outside

the town. Here he flung himself down on a rustic bench to repose. Everything was quiet and peaceful round about; only the low hum of the busy town could be heard through the dense foliage of the trees. On the opposite side of the avenue the first spring-flowers timidly lifted their heads. In the distance the warm breeze sougled through the branches like the mournful strains of a violin; while two amorous butterflies chased each other in the odorous air. Awaking spring was redolent with new life, yet Lars felt like an autumn leaf that falls to earth and is trodden under foot and forgotten.

His old happiness had gone and the dark shadow of his married life oppressed his spirit. All his

«It was not yesterday when we met at, Maud», he was saying, with his feelings well under control, lest he should alarm his long-lost ideal. He felt as though he had met her across the Borderland and that they were floating in the realms of the spirit-world. Time and place no longer existed; the holy flame still illumined his heart as of yore.

He realised from her shabby attire that she had made the acquaintance of that grim spectre, Poverty. «I have often thought of you, Maud», he proceeded gently. «I have longed for you, having still something to say to you.»

The woman was silent; she did not speak, but signs of doubt were eloquent in her face.



«At the Inn», by Jan Malenaer († 1668), (From The Szent György Czéh Christmas Auction Sale.)

hopes lay buried, and now he wandered forlorn through life's devious way until Death should claim him and mercifully give him to drink of the waters of Lethe.

The sound of approaching footsteps awoke him from his reverie. His eyes were rivetted on the greensward, yet he *felt* that a woman had passed him by, and seeing the bench occupied had passed on. Lars looking up, recognised her. It was *she*... Maud, whom he had never forgotten and who had said she could never care for him. Her black dress was torn, her countenance was rather aged, her look uncertain... yet, certainly it was she. «So she is still living and walking her Calvary alone, as I!» he mused.

Last time they had met she was young, beautiful and proud... and now broken, with lack-lustre eyes that look on the world and see nothing worth living for; she did not even appear to notice that some one was at her side and whispering soothing words into her ear.

«I dragged out my weary existence with a woman I could not help but despise. I bore the cross with resignation and hope, because I *knew* we must meet again — if not on earth, in heaven, the haven of all our desires, where all the knotty problems of our lives are smoothened out. If that was but a vain dream, at least I thank you for inspiring it in me.»

The woman's head was now hidden in her hands and convulsive sobs broke the calm stillness.

«Why do you weep?» asked Lars, his accents vibrating with sympathy. «Perhaps you are unhappy», as he led her tenderly to the seat.

She answered not, but scalding tears rained down her pinched and colourless cheeks.

«It hurts me to see you like this. Won't you confide your trouble to me? I am not what I was twenty years ago... a hopeless life works a change in the finest feelings... but I am your friend still — perhaps more than a friend, since my soul has been cleansed in the fire of tribulation, and no

one can realise what that means but he who has suffered. The holy flame — real love can do all things. Maud, won't you let me lighten your burden by sharing it? Human life is short, but love is eternal, and forgiveness is a nobler thing even than love. If you are lonely, orphaned, come into my heart; its doors are open to you. Boldly cross the threshold; you will find neither anger nor hatred there, but only the truest affection and confidence.» He grasped her hand, as though he would steady her trembling fingers.

Maud sat beside this strong man as one in a dream. In imagination she saw herself a little girl in the small white village-church; at that period she used to fancy clergymen were supernatural beings — now she had no faith in them at all. The voice of the man by her side reminded her of the organ, its cadences rising and falling. She recalled her first love, pure as the lily, whose object was a young clergyman. She saw in imagination the sunny rays of that bright summer day in the church, when the scent of the wild flowers floated in through the open windows. She now felt faint, and could not have put her thoughts into words, had she wished.

«My sentiments towards you at this moment, Maud, I cannot describe», pursued Lars. «Friendship is a cold word, and love does not quite express what is in my heart. Our souls have grown up together like the tree from its root. I have found you — if I should lose you again my heart would break.»

At last she spoke. «I had no love for you when

I was young», she said with a broken catch in her voice, «and I cannot love you now because every tender feeling has been crushed out of me; but I could fall down on my knees and worship you, for, having lost my faith in God, you have rekindled its fires in my breast once more. Let me be with you then for the brief span of mortal life still remaining to us. Though my soul be weighed down by sin, your love has taught me the lesson I had long ago forgotten — that God will pardon the penitent and open heaven for me.»

It was the darkest hour of that spring night, and Maud could not see that the man sitting beside her had silvery locks — this man who had lost none of his love for her during the long long years that had intervened.

Lars had at length reached the goal of his desires. His would be this woman for whose love he had yearned as the thirsty desert-wanderer for the cooling spring. He was calm and a great peace had come into his heart.

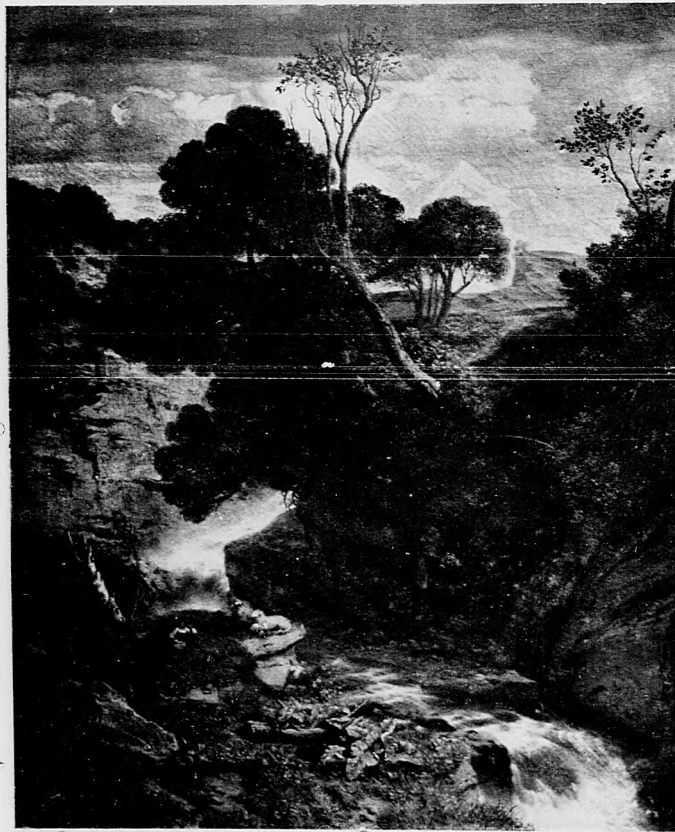
«Come!» They rose, and he led his long-lost, new-found ideal to his domestic hearth. A. E.



The Academy of Science.

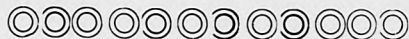
AT THE latest session of the Hungarian Academy of Science, presided over by Dr. Ignatius Goldzieher, an instructive lecture was delivered by Elemér Császár, a corresponding member of the Academy. It was entitled: «*The Impression on Hungarians of German Poetry in the XVIIIth Century*», and dealt with the result of the lecturer's researches into German literature from the Peace of Szatmár till the Martinovics Conspiracy in 1795.

During the half century from 1711, proceeded the lecturer, there was hardly a sign of German poetry in Hungary; a couple of short poems represented its slight hold on this country. The German language was not studied to any considerable extent, and Latin was the medium of conversation among the educated classes. After the Peace, the German language spread but slowly: the Protestants did not speak it at all, while the Catholics, though they understood it, declined to speak it. The rise of the Hungarian national literature saw also the progress of German in Hungary. The literature of the Fatherland now began to be translated into Magyar and to find readers here. In the sixties we were deluged with German poetry; while twenty years later, in Kazinczy's time, a great re-awakening of culture was manifested and our own writers took up the



Landscape, by Albert Zimmermann. (From The Szent György Czéh Auction Sale.)

German style and copied German ideas. The conclusion of the address was the signal for loud applause, after which a private meeting was held for the discussion of the business affairs of the Academy.



Lectures on Hungary.

A DELIGHTFUL lecture was enjoyed by a large company which assembled on Tuesday evening at Whitehaven to hear a lecture by Mr. W. H. Shrubsole, F. G. S. of London. The lecture proved quite an educational treat, and was quite a revelation to most as to the attractions of a country, practically unknown to the average Britisher. The lecturer spoke on the confusion of Hungary with Austria. We should recognize its independent status as it is equally independent with its ally Austria. Hungary, it was claimed, was the oldest constitutional country in the world next to Britain. Its Magna Charta the Golden Bull, dates from A. D. 1222. By means of an extremely fine set of coloured slides, graphic pictures of Budapest, the capital, and of Hungarian scenery, the lecturer held the attention of the audience without weariness. The character of the public buildings of Budapest was surprising, and were in advance in many respects to our own. The various social agencies were a model to the world and the bold experiments made had called forth world-wide interest. They were able to finance economically bold schemes of social reform by means of their land system, the State and various village communities having vast holdings of land. Some of our own social experiments had their genesis in Hungarian experiments. The State care of children and the Borstal treatment of criminals among these. Their agricultural department was the finest in the world. Agriculture was fostered by co-operative agencies.

The cultivation of wayside fruit trees and the protection offered to useful birds were examples of intelligent administration. Many of the Hungarian villages were models, self-governed, financed out of common funds with revenue from the common lands. Crime and poverty were absent from such. A warm welcome awaited British visitors, Britain being regarded as the best friend of Hungary. The lecturer received a warm vote of thanks on the motion of Ald. G. C. Bennett, who presided.

From Whitehaven Mr. Shrubsole crossed to Ireland, where he was engaged for lectures at Wexford, Dublin, Limerick, Cork, and Nenagh. This month he is lecturing in various parts of England.



«Music», by Carlo Dolci. (From The Szent György Czéh Auction Sale.)

A Christmas Tale of Woe.

I.

ADOLPHUS Fitzclarence Browne was a wonderful creature. He was my cousin. Not that he was therefore wonderful. That is only the reason I happen to know all about him. You see, his mother was my mother's sister. His father was «something in the City». He lived in Camden Town; and irreverent boys made rhymes about «Adolphus Browne of Camden Town». His parents called him, «Fitz»; perhaps because he gave people fits. Rude people called him «Dolly», just to put him in a wax.

Now I could look down on Adolphus from a superior height. Because we lived on the top of Highgate Hill; and Highgate Hill as all the world knows is a much loftier eminence than Camden Town. The latter is not exactly a Paradise for boys longing for cricket and football, and so in holiday time Adolphus used to join us at Highgate as much as possible. For in those days our native village was quite countryfied.

Perhaps it ought to be said that we both attended the famous old Cholomeley School on the top of the hill. In term time Adolphus had practically no time for play, except during the dinner hour, having to hurry home for tea and evening lessons. In holiday time we had the run of the school field, and of the bathing-pond — one of the famous seven, down Fitzroy Park — where also we skated in winter.

Now Adolphus, as I said, was a wonderful creature. In school he was superlatively demure; which caused the masters to keep their eyes on him, and was to my thinking a mistake. He would have had more fun, if he had been a little more natural. Out of school his ideas were summed up in one word «Larks!» That, you know, generally means the quintessence of mischief.

Let me just tell you some of his little games. At school of course he tried putting cobbler's wax on the master's chair, horse-hairs in the master's cane, tin tacks where some unhappy wight was sure to sit on them. But then we all tried those things more or less. But the Headmaster did not wield the birch in vain; to tell the truth, he caused us pain. (Excuse the rhyme.)

No, it was out of doors that Master Fitz was free to display his marvellous talents. Just a sample. We were playing cricket, some twenty of us; and my cousin having had his innings was idle for a bit. «A little idleness is a dangerous thing» says the poet — Shakespeare, I believe, or some other fellow. So Fitz, what does he do? why, he collects a few odd stumps, bats, wicket-keeping gloves, coats and trowsers — several boys had changed into flannel — hauls them somehow on to the top of the pavilion, and there erects a sort of guy, or scarecrow. Somehow he had managed, perhaps unintentionally (?), to make a fair likeness

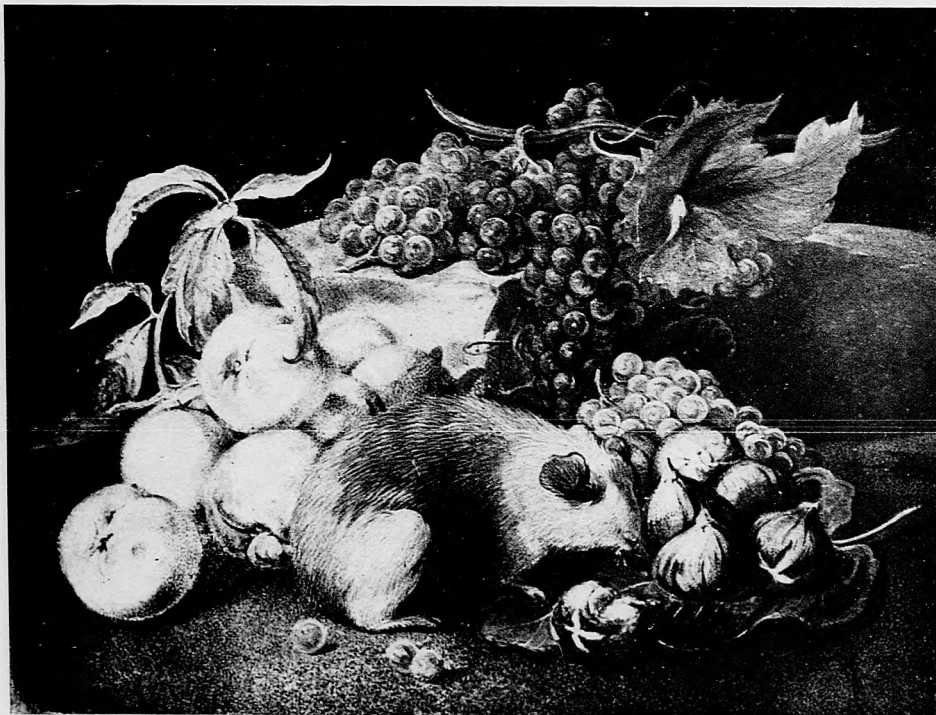
not find their things. Old Richards soon caught sight of his simulacrum (you know, they taught us Latin, or they thought they did), and he stormed and raved, and carried on, and vowed he'd tell the Head and have us swished, or the field should be closed. We were not frightened. It was holiday time. The Head we knew was in the sunny south. Also we hadn't done it, and didn't know who had. Seeing Fitz had gone of course we guessed, but wild horses would n't have dragged it out. (N. B. I wonder if wild horses ever do.)

Then when we were playing football vigorously, or sometimes when we were bathing, my cheerful cousin had a most delightful knack of mixing everybody's togs, so that when we had to scurry off in a hurry, there we were in a glorious jumble, squabbling, and fighting and tearing and pushing, till pandemonium, or the monkey-house at the Zoo, were not in it at all.

But the mischief-maker did not always get off scot free; and when little Johnson accidentally upset him into the pond, when he had just got his shirt and pants on there was a yell of joy from many of his victims.

II.

But it is really time to tell you about that Christmas. It so happened that pater and mater had found it necessary to take my small brother and sister to



Guinea-Pig and Fruit by Anna Maria Arengs. (From the Szent György Czéh Christmas Auction Sale.)

to old Richards, the ground-man. Then he quietly made off home — skeddaddled in fact.

Well! when old Richards came to turn us out and lock up, there was a hullabaloo. Boys could

a warmer climate in November; and those disgusting kids were enjoying themselves at Sandown; I. W. while we were swotting at school, or pretending to. I was glad to be sent to Uncle Browne

in Camden Town instead of remaining in our empty house, so dull and drear as it was, and being badgered by a lot of silly servants, whose chief notion was to get you off to bed quick, so as to

green-grocer's, and Uncle brought a fine Christmas Tree from town. We even gave up skating on Christmas Eve to dress the Tree and the house.

Christmas Day came at last. We all went to



Tisza Embankment, Szeged.

make an evening of it. However, one was sent home, on board wages one had to go to Sandown and the cook remained as caretaker, being a reliable middle-aged party, friendly with the constable in the evening, and the butcher's and baker's men at other times.

So there was I quartered along with Adolphus down in Camden Town, going to and fro to school everyday. Uncle Brown wasn't a bad sort, but it was surprising how tame Fitz was when his papa was at home. We had to be pretty quiet, because Uncle was generally pretty weary of an evening, and we had our home lessons to do.

Then in the middle of December, what did those blessed kids go and do, but catch the measles. Well! it was a bore! But it couldn't be helped; and so it fell out I had to spend Christmas in Camden Town. I was vexed; because we always had such a jolly Christmas at home. Grandfather and Uncle This and Aunt That, who had no homes of their own, used to come and make everything so jolly lively.

However, we had to make the best of it; and under directions from Uncle and Aunt Browne, Fitz and I worked very hard when Christmas came to decorate the house, and prepared for the usual merry-making. We tramped right away to Bishop's Wood to get holly; we went up to my home and got some ivy and yew; we bought mistletoe at the

church in the morning, servants and all; for we were not of those who think the world any the better for neglecting religion. After church we spent a couple of hours in greeting friends, and walking to Parliament Hill and back, while the Turkey and Plum-Pudding were getting ready. Then we came home to dinner, and didn't we tuck in neither? Uncle Charles and his wife, Aunt Maude, were there too; in other times they would have been at Highgate. We had a jolly time, really; though I could not help feeling a little sad, when we toasted absent friends in a glass of good old port. Dinner lasted from two o'clock till about five; what with carving the turkey, and setting fire to the plum pudding with all other light excluded, and eating dessert and drinking toasts, and pulling crackers, and dressing up in paper caps and what not. And then we ran off to church to join in some carol-singing, and about six o'clock were back again for the great event of the evening — the lighting of the Tree.

The tree was a good size of the ordinary kind, covered with flags, candles, oranges, and small presents for everybody, the larger being on a table close by. Of course the children must do the lighting; and my two small cousins, Mary and Anna would insist on taking their share in climbing she ladder and lighting the candles. Mary was on the top of the ladder. Adolphus, either out of mischief



Klauzál Square, Szeged.

or because he was impatient, suddenly gave the ladder a tilt. Mary lost her balance, shrieked, clutched the nearest branch, and down they came — ladder, Mary, tree and all.

And alas! Mary's dress caught fire. Uncle Charles in the twinkling of an eye had the hearth rug round her, but the mischief was done. The poor lassie was sadly burned, and had hurt herself in the fall, and moaning piteously was carried upstairs to bed, and Uncle Browne was off for the doctor. Fitz, sobbing bitterly, and I helped Uncle Charles to gather up the ruins.

Mary got better, but she bears the marks to this day. Can you wonder that Christmas stands out in our memories? or that my cousin Adolphus became shy of larks? M. R. S.



A strange Sentiment.

Translated by the late *Francis Philip Nash*.

By *Olga ...
... de Szende
Dárday ...*

ALADÁR ZSARÁTNOKY — age 30 to 40: tall, elegant, handsome man. Regular, pale face: thick hair prematurely gray: black eyes: coal-black moustache. Deep furrows around his well-shaped mouth give him a scoffing, cold expression. Dressed in a comfortable velvet smoking-jacket he is lounging on a broad divan, which is covered with a Turkish rug. He is examining his slender, pale, well-kept hand while smoking a cigarette.

Enter Béni Szikray — age 28, middle sized, healthy-looking man. His light-brown hair cut and dressed in English style, his moustache trimmed short, and, generally, his English dress and carriage, belie his honest, lowland Magyar origin. Barely touching in an absent way the three long, white fingers which Zsarátnoky offers, he sits down

without a word in a deep leather-covered arm-chair, rests his elbows on his knees, his chin in the hollow of his hands and stares sadly in front of him with a pair of excessively blue, girlish eyes.

Aladár (turns on the divan and looks Béni in the face): Well, Béni, what's the matter? In debt, or in love?

(Béni looks at Aladár in a tragic, sad, reproachful way.)

Aladár: Ah, the look of a stricken antelope — ergo in love.

(Béni passes his hand over his brow and nods assent.)

Aladár (sits up, and from a small hanging cupboard carved in arabesques, which hangs above the divan, produces brandy and cigarettes, which he sets on the table): Come! fill up, and light a cigarette. Then frankly speak out what you have to say. Or, if you have nothing to say, and only desire silent sympathy. I will stretch out again and go on smoking.

Béni (tosses off a pony of brandy, and turns toward Aladár): Ali, you have the reputation of a lady-killer. Give me some advice. How can one conquer a woman?

Aladár (laughing): To such a vague question it is not easy to give a concrete answer. All depends on the individuality of the person. I must first know whether she is a woman or a girl.

Béni (scornfully): Bah! a girl! does one have to conquer a girl! You just ask her hand, and that's the end of it.

Aladár: There speaks the rich youth hunted to death by the... But do you believe every girl would forthwith come for the mere asking?

Béni: Of course. If she comes, well and good. If not, then not quite so good; but at least I know how I stand with her. But how can I be sure about a married woman, how I stand with her?

Aladár: I shrewdly infer that the object of your passion is a married woman.

Béni (fidgeting): Yes, hm! considerably married.

Aladár: An ambiguous answer; but I am discreet. In lieu of further question, I am going to set before you a few types of conquests (lights a fresh cigarette and lies back). Women, though much alike, may yet be grouped according to their temperament and disposition. For example, there is the sentimental woman. She loves to give consolation. To her you should complain of some great misfortune in love, and she will quickly comfort you.

She will tenderly spread her compassionate soul over your aching heart, like something warm — a crochet cotton comforter, say — and pity you: O how prettily she will pity you! Then, after due lapse of time, you confess that you have torn the unworthy ideal from your heart, and that her gentle image shines there in place of it: but that, again deceived, you would die of it. Be sure she will see that you don't.

Béni (sadly): She is not like that.

Aladár: Then, to proceed. The sentimental type has a variant — the reformer. If you are said to be a gambler, she prays the cards out of your hands; if you are called a wine-bibber she trades a kiss against a glass or two. If you have the name of being heedless, wasteful, and dissipated she will kindly redeem your soul at the cost of her own damnation.

(*Béni* shakes his head.)

Aladár: Then, then in another genus. Her you can approach only with great respect and deep homage. You never give her to understand that you see in her your own dear mother. Something between a marble statue and a Madonna. You must be embarrassed, awkward in her presence. She will end by taking pity on you, and encourage you. These women, though still beautiful are slightly *passée* and somewhat damaged in reputation. This is why they insist on so much deference.

(*Béni* shakes his head energetically.)

Then again, a very interesting type is the enigma — the Sphinx. To her you must say that you cannot understand her, that she is to you an unsolvable riddle, and her soul a labyrinth. In this way you can reduce the little country-ladies, who are, of all, the least riddle-like; but fresh and desirable, though without taste in dress. They are so possessed with the idea of their mysteriousness, that they very soon put the thread of Ariadne into your hand and make you free of the labyrinth.

Béni (laughs, and then grows serious again): No, not like that. This one is a real riddle, no sham enigma.

Aladár: In

that case there remains the romantic lady. This kind you can win only by doing something foolish for her sake — something heroic and somewhat unlawful. For example: if you were a soldier and under arrest in your room, you must desert to dance the forbidden cotillion with her. Or you must climb some giddy height to pluck for her a little dirty-white edelweiss: or you must fight a duel for her, or elope with her in a snow-white auto. In short, you must do something that will make you seem a knight errant in her eyes.

Béni (with vivacity): This type comes nearest to her, were it only because she is forever declaring that now-a-days knighthood is dead among menkind; that she envies her grandmother, because, in that age, it was worth while to fall in love with a man. She regrets those thick-haired, curly-headed men conscious of their merit, and cannot bear the sigh, of their descendants. She affirms that we are all made on one pattern that, as a rule, we have no hair or, if we have any, we crop it to the very roots from laziness, or from want of aesthetic feeling; so that, seen from behind, our heads look like cabbages. We carry ourselves so badly, so crookedly, that she is sure we go on all fours when alone, for comfort's sake. According to her the present fashions for men also preclude all poetic illusion — it is impossible to wait languishing at a lattice for a person who resembles a tube. A tube on his head — that is a stove-pipe hat — his coat another tube, his arm and legs in tubes, brrr! She declares she could fall, with a gush of emotion, on the neck of a warrior in shining mail, who, defying storm and wind should gallop over the drawbridge; but that all sentiment falls flat when she must wait for her



Tisza Bridge, Szeged.

chosen one to take off his over-shoes and deposit his umbrella in the anteroom.

Aladár: Your idol must be an uncomfortable piece of goods. Well, why does she not fall in love with an army officer, if she must at all costs have sheet iron to be enthusiastic about?

Béni: On the contrary, she treats officers just as she treats us. She declares that now-a-days an officer of hussars is no more heroic than a financier; that our Attilas are broader behind than in front, and most of them so dwarfed that their big sabre pulls them out of shape.

Aladár: Where did you meet this little monster?

Béni: My evil star brought me home — really home, that is to my county, where there is a sort of small bathing resort among the pines. My rela-

dust cloud there emerged a group of bicyclists. First, bending over the steering-bar of her machine and dressed in a dark-blue, close-fitting coat, with a Tam O'Shanter cocked on one side of her head, came a dishevelled laughing hoyden. Behind her some half-dozen ragamuffins between 21 and 28 years old, also on bicycles. They were all shouting, laughing, making an uproar. «I wish you good day» shouted uncle Berci. The little blue-coat, by way of answer, raised the little brass horn which hung at her side, and, turning toward my uncle, blew a blast in his direction. The next moment the whole route was again only a cloud of dust. «Well, what do you say to that?» asked my uncle Berci, beaming all over. «What», said I, «is this rude cub your fairy? Indeed she is no fairy but an out-and-out hoodlum. And all those other ragamuffins... «Oh, they are her body-guard. Those are fellows she orders about; they run her errands, bring her the news and clean her bicycle».

In the afternoon I made the fairy's acquaintance. It was rainy and the company crowded into the bowling-alley. There the little woman was behaving outrageously. She settled the sides, made fun of the unskilful and all that sort of thing. She had a private brand new bowl of her own, with which no one was allowed to play. One of the ragamuffins wiped it clean after each game. When I was presented, she hardly noticed me. She assigned me a place, wrote down my name and went on giving her orders. I took a good

look at her and did not find her beautiful. Her curly hair was black, while her skin was snowy white, save a fleeting glow flushed over it. Her eyes were large and brilliant; her nose delicate and saucy; her mouth large and ruddy; her teeth magnificent. Somehow she gave me the impression of some little noxious wild beast.

Next day it cleared; and an extempore excursion was started. I found myself by the side of the little dark creature on a narrow mountain road. To my great surprise the conversation on turned on serious subjects, and she betrayed wide views and great cultivation and reading; but all through the conversation I had the uncomfortable feeling that she perhaps was making a fool of me, laughing at me and just toying with the subject.

A week had hardly gone by when I felt that I was in competition with her body-guard of ninnies. I, an old bachelor, found myself climbing a tree



The Palace of Culture, Szeged.

tives had summoned me from abroad on a matter of selling some property; and after the Nestor of the family had recovered his health at Pocskond, they transferred the whole family-council to that place. You know I never spent a summer at a Hungarian watering-place. Fancy what I suffered on the hard leather sofa of the Pocskond hotel, on a creaking bed, and among the uncomfortable deal furniture. Fortunately the air was excellent and the surroundings lovely. I had hardly been a whole day in the place when all my relations and acquaintances there began to ask insistingly if I had seen the fairy of Pocskond, and were angry when I confessed that I had not. On the third day I was walking with my uncle Berci when he suddenly twitched my arm and pointed to a great cloud of dust on the highway. «See, there she comes» he cried. «Who?» I asked. «The fairy of Pocskond.» I gazed with great curiosity: and from the midst of the

after pine-cones for the perverse little woman's sick squirrel and taking part in every sort of childishness. The bright-eyed, shiny-haired, little dark devil did not treat me with the least distinction. When after a fatiguing quest, I hurried to her villa to offer my booty, she would just thank me civilly, accept my offering, and in my presence invite her hoodlums to supper, while she laughed at me for being all over dust.

She made fun of everything and everybody in general. I remember with what expectation Pocscond prepared itself for the reception of the instructors who led a detachment of the general staff school of manoeuvres across the mountains, stopping at Pocscond one day to rest. It might have been expected that the little dark woman would try to be serious and behave herself. What was my consternation when, on going in the afternoon to the tennis-court, I heard great peals of roaring laughter, and saw the fairy of Pocscond in a short white tennis costume, in which her slender figure looked even more childish and undeveloped, standing and holding out a long stick over which their Excellencies the two Field-Marschals, the bottoms of their red-lined coats held up under their arms, were jumping amid great noise. And the little devil laughed and looked, Oh so pretty! with her flushed face and gleaming teeth. Honestly I could have flogged her. Indeed I never could decide what I should prefer to do — smother her with kisses, or beat her.

To love in general she turned a deaf ear. She said she was incapable of falling in love with a man, because she knew, from long experience, that it would be a bore. She might fall in love with a *toreador*, for at least she could tremble for him day by day, and would feel sure that anyway the bull would toss him some fine day. Moreover, if she should fall in love with me or with one of my sort, she would have to curb my over-good appetite lest I should grow fat and gouty.

Well, at last, I saw that it was not good for me to be where she was. So, I quickly settled my family affairs and immediately left, without taking leave. I thought that if I resumed my habits of life and my usual diversion, the remembrance of that pale, black-haired little *kobold* would not very long pursue me; that compared with the lace trains of the ladies of the great world at Ostende or Trouville the short petticoat and Tam o'Shanter of the little hedge-jumper would pale in my memory. I was mistaken; she was present everywhere. I looked at picture cards in a show-case, presently out of

every one of them the fascinating little face, with its treacherous glance, was smiling on me, whether the fairy or devil pictured on the card had blonde, black, or auburn hair. At the hotel, the squatting Cupid on the label of the wine bottle before me, sat exactly as she used to sit, on her expeditions, with her elbows on her knees, on some rock or tree trunk by the way-side. At the music-hall some gesture or smile of every somewhat attractive little *diva* reminded me of her. Once when I was turning the leaves of an old prayer-book of my mother's, in which the hand-painted initials interested me and the lily-bearing angel kneeling at the Virgin's feet also recalled her to my mind, I was angry that I came near tossing the sacred book across the



Tisza Embankment, Szeged.

room. I had travelled helter-skelter through many lands; and at the beginning of this winter I returned here to Budapest. I was obliged to attend a certain large official party, and feeling bored, I was wandering from one crowded room to another when suddenly my eyes fell on a delicate profile, a little head fixed proudly on a fine slender neck, well formed shoulders, a slim figure and youthful dimpled baby arms. The little lady was dressed in an admirably tasteful, soft, lustrous white silk dress, the train of which she drew behind her through the dense groups with the calm dignity of a queen. Her face I could not see. I strove to reach her side. I was curious to know what language she spoke: for I thought her a foreigner. Coming up behind her, I heard her speak in delightful French with one of the consuls; and I almost cried out when I got in front of her and recognized the Pocscond fairy — the rude, unruly, ill-mannered

little demon — looking like the frost queen. I was delighted to advance and greet her with the same free-and-easy manner to which I had been accustomed during the summer. She, with a gesture of infinite distinction, held out two fingers of her gloved hand and inquired, with extreme politeness but with cold indifference, after the precious health of my country cousins. I gnashed my teeth in impotent rage; but found it impossible to stir one step from her side. When toward midnight I escorted her to the supper room, I took two glasses of champagne from the tray of a passing waiter, and offering her one I asked her to drink with me. She complied; but, as she drank, I saw the corners of her mouth curve mockingly; and over the rim of the glass came again that bright glance that drives me mad. I saw, I felt she was again laughing at me. I could have choked her, or wrung her little white neck!

Aladár: Your affair is certainly complicated.

Béni: But now comes the real complication. Fancy, I heard, a week ago today, that her husband was dying. By this time he is perhaps no more.

Aladár: Well, was the poor soul ever really

alive? Since he was never mentioned, I believed that he had not existed for a long time. How could it be? Was he always travelling, or what?

Béni (serious): It is a sad story. My little dark torment was scarcely grown to womanhood, when her parents in their wisdom, married her to a steady young man. There was an old friendship between the two families and the connection was greatly desired on both sides. They dismissed the poor little girl's ideal — an army officer — and forced her to marry this model young man. Two weeks after the wedding, the parents received a despairing telegram from the Riviera. When they arrived there they found the young husband a gibbering helpless idiot in an invalid chair. He had been struck by apoplexy, and it appeared that he had softening of the brain and spinal disease of long standing. The exemplary steady young man, who was so regular at daily church service, was really an ignoble hypocrite and a make-believe saint. Secretly he had lived a life of the most abominable dissipation of which his present condition was the result. As he could not be properly cared for at home they placed him in some sanatorium, and his wife, the unhappy young creature was taken home by her parents.

As she had not loved the husband who had been imposed on her she naturally soon recovered; but her disgust and sad experience had killed all poetry and all feeling within her. Her vigorous spirit remained gay; but she developed a taste for mockery amounting to absolute cruelty.

(*Aladár*, who has been attentively listening to this narrative, rises and nervously walks to and fro biting his moustache. At last with a somewhat hoarse voice he asks):

Aladár: And you now wish to marry her?

Béni (passing his hand through his hair with a gesture of desperation): Can I tell? Yes, and no. I do not even know if she would have me. I do not even know whether I should have any joy of her. (He hides his face in his hands): Oh, do I know what I want anyway?

Aladár (coming close to *Béni*): I do not ask from curiosity: but is her name not Lola Tövisy?

Béni (looks up surprised): So you know her?

Aladár (putting his hand gently on *Béni's* shoulder): Poor boy! and you love that woman?

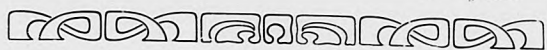
Béni (his hands pressed together



Statue of Paul Vásárhelyi at Szeged.

so that his fingers crack): Love her? / I love her?
I *hate* her!

Aladár (very pale): My friend, there is no hope for you. I have hated her for more than a year.



Progress of the Hungarian Wine Industry.

AFTER THE «Phylloxera» catastrophe the re-habilitation of our vineyards was taken in hand with great energy and determination by Dr. Darányi, the former Minister of Agriculture who endeavoured not only to renew cultivation on a fresh basis but also to secure a more reliable and standard production by raising the level of our «cellar management». To this intent, the Minister did not begin with half measures, but set about procuring the best ways and means to benefit the economic interests of Hungary in these respects by founding institutions and societies for instruction in viticulture and the treatment of stored wine. Count Béla Serényi, the present Agricultural Minister, is also fully cognisant of the great importance of the future of our wines and no expense is spared, where improvement is necessary to develop the wine industry throughout Hungary. We can already boast of having two institutions, one in Budapest and one in Budafok, whose equals are not to be found in any other country; and although only established in recent years the results obtained from them are most promising and satisfactory. The brilliant success of these institutions has been the cause of a steady increase in confidence; many who have obtained their instruction in these schools have found most profitable employment as «Cellar Masters», thus establishing a uniform expert manipulation in all that appertains to Hungarian wine-production.

From the first year of this reconstruction production has continually been augmented, while at the same time a standard flavour is maintained, varying only to a very minute extent. The great change thus effected has evidently overcome one of the greatest difficulties encountered in our export trade, which was responsible for the sudden decrease experienced in the little export we once had.

The production of very light table wines with a delicate flavour, has developed rapidly from the sandy slopes which yearly prove so lucrative, till wine has become very plentiful and cheap. Growers, for a time would not sell, and the little that did get on the markets was bought in by the merchants, all in hopes of realising better prices at some later date, till at last all cellars were filled and at present an enormous quantity of wine, ranging from the age of 2 to 9 years and even more, is to be found in many of our cellars.

We are now placed in a position to meet foreign



The Synagogue, Szeged.

demand on another footing from that which was possible some years ago. This wine as we have stated, with a minimal variation in its properties enables us to supply foreign markets with regular consignments, having identical properties and the same standard qualities.

Measures have been taken to increase the home consumption; such as the abolition of Inland Revenue Duties and increasing the duty on the importation of Italian wines, but still our production increases so fast that we are literally forced to seek markets abroad. True, the Government has had a lion's share in the promotion of export trade but we fear the producers and merchants have themselves been slow to work.

The greatest and most important factors conducive to creating an extensive business are quality and price; these form no obstacle to us now, but on the contrary, place us in a position to enter all markets and build up a substantial connection with any nation in the world.

Having full confidence in the quality and competitive prices of our wines, especially since recently the law passed came into force to prevent the adulteration of our wine, our first task is to make our varieties known and when once this has been accomplished our future interests are assured. To do this many projects have been placed before the different societies and committees concerned and some are still under consideration but we may say the time for propounding theories is past, the *practical* solution alone remains. Of all the proposed schemes for export the following seems to us the most practical and easiest of accomplishment: the formation of a company with a view to the establishment in each country of sample warehouses stocked with the different sorts of wines, where the



Pictures Vasárnapi Ujság. Photos by Julius Jelfy.
Winter Sport in the High-Tátra: Daughters of Count Aladár Zichy.

public could come to taste the varieties we are able to supply. By this means we should accustom and familiarise foreigners with our wines, till finally, the demand would force the merchants — in order to retain their customers — to keep our wines always in stock.

As we have stated in former numbers, while we are trying to export in cask we are losing much business that might be secured if the same efforts were directed towards exporting in bottle, which is the only way we may expect to build up a good trade abroad.

Only recently in the neighbourhood of the railway station of Sátoraljauhely the great wine cellar built at the expense of the agricultural Ministry has just been completed, having been in course of construction for the past year and half.

The acquisition of such an establishment supplies a long-felt want of the wine-growers of the Tokaj district, who — from the architectural point of view alone — are disposed to regard it with considerable pride. Furnished with all the most modern appliances, it has a private siding for facilitating railway connection. The main cellar is seventy meters in length, with 24 subsidiary parts each of which is twenty-five meters long and correspondingly wide. Besides these are six other smaller cellars; the whole area affording storage accommodation for 15,000 hectoliters of wine.

There can be but little doubt that this excellent edifice will also prove a great boon to the people, and stimulate them to renewed endeavour to maintain the Tokaj wine cultivation as one of the most important industries of Hungary.

Fully equipped as we are now to enter all markets, we hope that our growers and merchants will see the steps necessary to be taken, and give outside people the pleasure of enjoying our wines, thus benefiting them physically and us economically.

Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus London. Vienna Stephansplatz 2. Tickets for all parts.

Winter Life in the High-Tátra.

THE HIGH TÁTRA, this delightful health resort has once again donned her wintry garb, and opened her winter amusement for the enjoyment of the visitors who have arrived in unprecedented number.

The chief centre of this beautiful health restoring region is Tátra-Lomnicz, familiar not only to Hungarians, but to all our Continental neighbours, and even to health and pleasure seekers from England and America — reached through some of the finest scenery imaginable. This huge winter resort is the property of the Hungarian State, and is constantly the object of the Agriculture Minister's (Count Béla Serényi's) special care and attention. He has spared no expense to make the Tátra one of the most modern rendezvous. The Palace Hotel is under the able management of Mr. Árpád Láng who has had several years experience as managing director in America. During the whole winter season, but specially at Christmas all the Hotels are filled, and often private dwellings have been drawn on to receive the overflow.

The natural beauties and magnificent splendour of the High-Tátra mountain scenery are a universal attraction. No grander scene can be conceived than the dazzling snowy glory of the «eternal hills» and pine forest in winter-time. Like millions of giant Christmas trees the snow-clad pines sparkling with the brilliance of gems in the rays of the warm sun: for notwithstanding it is winter, warm sunlight is enjoyed and the climate is of unconceivable mildness, sheltered all round from the wind. The roads are in excellent state, 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.

Besides the Palace Hotel at Tátra-Lomnicz the next prominent is the Grand Hotel at Tátrafüred, furnished with every modern luxure and convenience, central heating, electric light, lift etc. Another attractive and delightful resort is Tátra-széplak and Lake Csorba constructed with a view to keeping pace with the rapid advance of the age in which we live. Sport of every kind is indulged in, thanks to the able management and organisation of the Tátra club, the winter programme is: Shooting, skating, tobogganing, ski-ing and bobsleighing.

Both the State Railways and the Kassa—Oderberg Railway have co-operated in administering to the requirements of the High-Tátra tourists. Pullman cars have been put on the line with sleeping and dining accomodation; and from now till the 15th of March the Kassa—Oderberg local railway will be brought into use for the exigences of winter sport.

Cheap season tickets are being issued between Hungary and German Stations and Poprád-Felka to Tátra-Lomnicz. The new electric Tram-cars are now run between Poprád-Felka to Tátra-

Lomnicz, the three Tátrafüredek, Tátraszékplak to Lake Csorba, a distance of 25 kilometres.

Few watering-places and health resorts offer so many attractions as these, and it is no wonder that the fame of the High-Tátra is rapidly making its way into every European country.



Our Reading Table

«In the Carpathians.»

By Mrs. Lion Phillimore (Constable & Co. London).

THIS RECENTLY published book contains a brightly written account of a journey from London to Brassó, by the authoress and her husband; a journey, which because of the slow method of progression adopted for part of the distance, occupied nearly three months.

From a prefatory note we learn that the wish to make this tour arose from reading some eulogistic verses respecting the gypsy musicians of Hungary. Yet, strangely enough, a route was planned on which but little gypsy music could be heard. The narrative shows that a still stronger desire was to get away for a time from the artificialities of civilization and to enjoy close contact with Nature in a wild, forest region.

There was also a longing to visit Cracow «the last capital in Europe untouched by civilization». Thither, therefore, our travellers went, via Berlin,

get into Hungary by rail, with the intention of going on by the same means as far as Máramarossziget, and from that place to begin a long carriage drive to Brassó.

But they were told that to get from Zakopane to Máramarossziget by rail it was necessary to go to Cracow and Lemberg, and as they assumed that erroneous statement to be true, the travellers altered their plan, and bought a Polish covered cart in which by the aid of a single horse to continue the journey around the Carpathians to Brassó.

Avoiding the High Tátra because of its fashionable resorts, and under the guidance of a Polish lad who could not speak Hungarian, the travellers turned northward and followed the course of the Dunajec for some distance before crossing the frontier into Hungary.

Being provided with sleeping bags and two small tents, and having bought at Zakopane some tin pots, plates and pans, they cooked food when hungry, quenched their thirst at the nearest stream and at nightfall, whatever the weather, composed themselves to sleep under the canopy of Heaven.

As the journey was continued eastward and the route lay as far north as Orló, Bártfa, Mezôlaborcz and N. Berezna, only cross-roads (or none at all) were available, and there were rivers to be forded, deep gullies crossed, and various other obstacles to be overcome. In crossing one river, the cart was overturned, and on another occasion a wheel came off with unpleasant results. The rivers were found



Winter Sport in the High-Tátra: Archduke Albert Ski-jumping.

stayed a few days, and disenchanted, left to go to Zakopane.

From thence they had expected to be able to

to be very useful for bathing and washing clothes in, and the natatorial exercises of the authoress often afforded much amusement to astonished peasants.

About three weeks after leaving Zakopane, the covered cart reached Máramarossziget. There, the courteous főispán, Baron Perényi, entertained the travellers, gave them good advice and helped them

shelter of a roof under which to pass the night. But the accomodation in a private house at Bártfa and in a hotel at Máramarossziget left much to be desired and was considered much inferior to that



Winter Sport in the High-Tátra: Bobsleighting.

to secure the service, of a Hungarian as guide and protector, for the remainder of the journey by road.

From Máramarossziget the tour was continued along a State road (wrongly termed by the authoress a *Kaiserlicher road*) to Borsa and near to the Bukovinian frontier, then down through the eastern border contries to Tusnád and finally to Brassó, which was reached in sixty days from Zakopane. Here the horse (now lame) and the cart were disposed of, and the novel and adventurous tour came to an end.

The book contains plenty of evidence that during the journey, even in bad weather, our friends revelled in the freedom of the open air and unlimited access to running water for bathing purposes.

There is also evidence that they had much unpleasant experience. The cross country roads over which they went for many days were often little better than tracks with deep ruts, and frequently were intersected by gullies.

The camp fire attracted many strangely clad visitors, some of whom for various reasons were very undesirable.

Their slumbers in the open were disturbed at times by wild animals sniffing at the sleeping bags—the howling of wolves, and occasionally by gendarmes. But the last named, wherever encountered, always proved to be civil and helpful. Sometimes our travellers were supposed to be gypsies, and once were suspected of being horse thieves.

All along North Hungary and to a lesser extent in Transylvania, Jews were much in evidence and most persistent in wanting to buy something from those whom they took to be travelling traders.

Only twice or thrice did the travellers seek the

of a forest glade, or even the roadside. The book has been written with much literary grace and skill and should greatly interest all who may read it. Illustrations would however have added to its value.

A noticeable defect is that many of the place names are incorrectly given; for instance: Bártfa is mentioned as Bardyjow, Bardfeld, Bardfelt and Bartja, and never once by its proper name.

A full list of the misspelt names would be too long for insertion here.

Probably after the book has been read, the question will arise in many minds whether all the Slovaks and others whom the authoress met with in the mountain districts are qualified to exercise aright the electoral privileges which some are claiming on their behalf.

*

«Hungary» by H. Tornai de Kővér. A. & C. Black, London.

In Black's series of «Peeps at Many Lands» is a little volume bearing the above title, which contains a good map and twelve excellent illustrations in colour, by Andrian and Marianne Stokes. Its thirteen chapters cover the whole ground and give a graphic portrait of Hungary in a nutshell: its history, costumes, folk-lore, life in the Lowlands and the Highlands, schools, animals and birds, the far-famed gypsies and their music, curative baths, and industries. According to the author, the peasants living in the country villages carry their conservatism in the choice of partners to the verge of the ridiculous. We read that they «will never dream of taking a partner from another village, and it has often been noted that, generation after generation, they marry a girl living in the same street or im-

mediate neighbourhood, this going so far that when a young fellow is found courting a girl in some other street the young men of that street will beat him» — for poaching on their preserves apparently. When finally tied up, however, we read that they usually «marry those allotted to them by their elders»: so it seems of little use to attempt to stray from the fold. Those desiring interesting information on this, unfortunately little known, country will do well to procure a copy of this work.



Science and Literature.

Session of the Shakespeare Committee.

The Shakespeare Committee of the Kisfaludy Society held a session on the 27th ult, at the Academy of Science. Dr. Albert Berzeviczy in the chair. The publishing committee announced that their «Shakespeare Annual» would appear early in this month and that it had been decided to invite subscriptions for the volume from the schools and libraries of the country. A third Shakespeare matinée is being arranged.

The Kisfaludy Society.

The Kisfaludy Society held a session last week, under the presidency of Zsolt Beöthy, when Julius

Dr. Julius Sebestyén and Dr. Aladár Bán. Several short addresses were delivered, by Edmund Jakab, Dr. Sebestyén, Andor Kozma, and lastly Julius Pekár. In the evening members met for supper at the Continental Hotel.

The Geographical Society.

The Geographical Society also held a session on the same date, Dr. Francis Schafarzik, professor of the Polytechnic, in the chair. Interesting addresses were delivered by Dr. Tivadar Kormos, Julius Éhik, Dr. Francis Pávai Vajna, Dr. Chas. Papp, and Professor Louis Lóczy. At the conclusion of the meeting the Secretary announced the gift of 1000 crowns to the Society from Mr. Béla Inkey.

To our Contributors.

This Journal is not intended to take any position with regard to party politics, Hungarian or otherwise. On all such questions it will maintain an impartial attitude. But the Editor is open to accept signed contributions from individuals of all shades of opinion, each writer taking full responsibility for the expression of his views.

Nothing personal will be admitted to our columns.

Joseph Ede Rigler & Co. Ld. Paper Manufacturers, Budapest. Central Establishment: VI., Rózsa-u. 55. Branches: V., Erzsébet-tér 19.; IV.,



Winter Sport in the High-Tátra: A Skeleton Bobsleigh.

Vargha, the secretary, made reference to the valuable researches of the «Folklore Fellows» (an international scientific organisation). The sum of such knowledge has been added to considerably by two members,

Egyetem-tér 5. and 6. Warehouses at *Nagyvárad* and *Rustschuk (Bulgaria)*.

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

Fine Art

Successful Artists.

The following prizes have been awarded at the Winter Exhibition of the Fine Art Society. To Zoltán Csáktornyai, the Röck Szilárd prize of 2000 crowns for his painting, *Men sitting at table*; to Stephen Réti, the George Ráth prize of 2000 crowns for his painting, *Interior*. Mr. Réti was also the fortunate winner of the Lipótvárosi Casino prize, which enabled him to spend two years in Rome.

*

At the hunting exhibition in connection with the Ernst Museum the other day Zoltán Szász took an important step aside from a conventional view that has obtained since the days of the ancient Greeks. Lecturing on *Feminine Beauty*, he had the hardihood



Winter Sport in the High-Tátra: Bobsleighting.

to claim that *man* (and not woman!) is the beautiful sex. Strange to say this heterodox opinion was «warmly applauded» by his audience.

*

An arcade has just been added to the observation tower (the Elizabeth Memorial) on the Jánoshegy, the walls of which are to be richly embellished with scenes in mosaic from the life-story of the late Queen. Messrs. Dezső Kölber and Victor Tardos have been entrusted with the important work, which, however, cannot yet be commenced owing to the dampness of the walls.

Art Purchases by the Agricultural Ministry.

At a session of the art committee of the Agricultural Ministry, presided over by State Secretary Ivan Ottlik, it was decided to purchase the following pictures now on view at the winter exhibition of the Fine Art Society: *Scene on Lake Balaton* (Béla Spányi), *Autumn Morning on the Downs* (Ignác Ujváry), *Evening* (Oskar Glatz), *At the*

Well (Béla Erdőssy), *Turkeys and Fowls* (Géza Vastagh), *Campanulas* (Ritta Boehm), *Reaping the Maize* (Valeria Telkessy), *By the Side of the Wood* (Julius Thury), *Stag in a Clearing* (Arthur Heyer), *Scene in the Park* (Eugene Koszkol), and *A Lonely Mill by the Adriatic* (Tivadar Zemplényi).

Exhibition of Indian Art in London.

The Gaekwar of Baroda, the prince who made himself conspicuous at the Delhi coronation ceremonies through his failure to greet the King-Emperor George V with the marks of respect prescribed by court etiquette, has given to the Victoria and Albert Museum at London his splendid collection of Indian paintings of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries. From the historical and artistic point of view the works are invaluable. London hopes that the Gaekwar's excellent example may be followed by other princes of the Indian Empire.

The Artists' Club.

The Artists' Club founded some time ago has its quarters at Rózsa-utca 61, which is the Zichy Palace, given by the count of that name to the City of Budapest for the purposes of a museum. There artists and art-lovers meet for mutual intercourse and the discussion of matters of interest to the craft. The annual subscription is 120 crowns. The Club's membership roll includes many highly distinguished names.

Pension Opera, Budapest, 21. Andrassy Road.

Tel. 82-14. Select Boarding House in fashionable part of City. Excellent Kitchen. Special regard for comfort of guests. English, French and German conversation. Baths, Electric light, Lift. Terms moderate.



Topical Notes

Subscriptions Due.

We beg respectfully to remind our subscribers that their subscriptions expire with this issue. We hope all will favour us with a renewal at an early date, accompanied if possible by an extra subscription on behalf of a friend. For nothing rejoices our hearts so much as a tangible appreciation of our Journal, which it is our constant aim to improve in literary matter, illustrations, and general excellence of get up.

The Editor.

«Hungary» will be sent *post free* for 14 Crowns, to England 13/4d. to America 3 1/2 Dollars *per annum*,

payable in advance. *Cheques, Post-Office Ordres, and Postal Orders*, should be made payable to the Publisher of «Hungary», at VIII., Csepregy-utca 2. Budapest. Telephone 89—52.

His Majesty's long Reign.

The 2nd. inst. was the sixty-fourth anniversary of His Majesty Francis Joseph's accession to the double thrones of Austria and Hungary. Many festivals, mostly of a religious character, signalled the happy and auspicious event; the principal taking place at St. Stephen's at Vienna, the Coronation Church of St. Matthias in Buda — both these functions being attended by the chief court dignitaries and military and civil officials; while a solemn

William Festetich, Prince and Princess Charles Windischgraetz and others. The «bag» for the first two days numbered 5500 pheasants.

Shooting at Kisjenő.

A three day's shooting party was given by T. R. H. Archduke Joseph and Archduchess Augusta at Kisjenő in the closing days of last month. Among the guests were Prince Philip of Coburg, Court Councillor Adolf Libits, Count Mark Pejacevich, Baron Nicolas Vécsey, Baron Simon Révay, Count Nicolas Bánffy, Antony Mocsanyi. T. R. H. the Crown Prince was expected, but wired his inability to attend. It is probable however that His Royal Highness will be present at the Christmas meet, when



Winter Sport in the High-Tátra: Archduchesses Izabella Maria and Gabriella.

thanksgiving mass celebrated in Rome was attended by the Austro-Hungarian ambassador and embassy staff as well as several cardinals and high dignitaries of the Church.

Festetich Racing Colours in England.

Prince George Festetich's horses, *Juvis* and *Patriot*, are now in England and will take part in all the races of the season. *Patriot*, whose dam was *Patience*, is in training for the 2000 guinea stakes next year.

Shooting party.

The shooting party given last week by Prince and Princess Tassilo Festetich was attended by Count and Countess Wilczek, Count de Danay, Countess Julia Draskovics, Count Morice Esterházy, Count and Countess Antal Sigray, Baron and Baroness Joseph Inkey, Count Alfred Potocki, Count

the Feketegyarmat and Bánkut covers will be shot over. The «bag» for the three days included 2964 hares, 6680 pheasants, and 259 partridges.

Christmas Tree for the Orphans of Teachers.

The Hungarian Teachers' Orphanage Society has issued an appeal to the charitably disposed for contributions to the Christmas Tree Fund, for giving the little ones a good time on the 24th. The festivities will be held at the Orphanage, I., Alkotás-utca 44, to which donations are asked to be kindly sent.

A Royal Goldsmith.

Among the interesting specimens of craftsmanship now on view at the Museum of Industrial Art is the goldsmith's work of Archduke Joseph Francis, the youthful son of T. R. H. Archduke Joseph and

Archduchess Augusta. The young archduke is a most painstaking worker, going twice a week to the industrial school, donning his «overalls» and taking his place among the other students. His Royal Highness, who is at present learning enamelling, has expressed his intention of attending the ceramic class next year.

Charity Bazaar.

On Wednesday and Thursday last week a bazaar was held in the large hall of the Protestant Theological Academy, under the auspices of the Susanna Lorántfy Society, for the purpose of raising funds for a hospital. The chief patronesses were Princess Julius Odescalchi and Countess Alexander Teleki while Baroness Géza Radvánszky, Countess Stephen Tisza, and Mdme Aladár Szilassy were responsible for the arrangement of the stalls, which left nothing to be desired. The articles for sale included a great number suitable for Christmas and New-Year's gifts.

Christmas Fair.

The Budapest Girls Society yesterday opened a Christmas Fair at the National Salon, which is continued today, from 10 till 1 and 3 till 7 p. m. There are many beautiful specimens of needlework ornaments, dolls, and toys of all kinds may be procured to delight one's friends and children this Christmastide. Christmas is especially the children's feast; let us do our best to render them happy.

Pöstyén in Winter.

The Thermia Bathing Establishment has now arranged for cures to be taken *in winter* as well as in summer. Since the winter season set in there have been upwards of 300 visitors, while fresh arrivals are announced daily.

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

Közgazdaság. — Financial News.

A Budapesti Központi Tejcsarnok Szövetkezet november 30-án tartotta gróf Keglevich Gábor elnöktete alatt XXIX-ik évi rendes közgyűlését. Az igazgatóság jelentése a szövetkezet további nagyarányú fejlődéséről tesz említést. A tejbeszállítás a tavalyi 23·9 millió literrel 28·1 millió literre emelkedett, a lefolyt üzletév összes tejforgalma tehát 4·2 millió literrel volt nagyobb a tavalyinál, amely emelkedés legnagyobb részben a közvetlen kicsinybeni forgalmat illeti. A fióközletek száma is ehhez képest 166-ra emelkedett. E nagymérvű fejlődés a szövetkezeti vezetőség ama sikeres törekvéséről tesz bizonyosságot, hogy a termelő és fogyasztó érdekeit összhangzásba hozva elégtse ki.

Belvárosi Takarékpénztár R. T. IV., Kigyó-tér 4. és Koronaherceg-u. 2. Budapest.

The share capital of Bank is kor. 16,000,000 and the reserve fund kor. 4,000,000. The Bank undertakes every kind of banking transaction; English cheques, letters of Credit etc. may be cashed. *Safe Deposit.*

Magyar Leszámitoló és Pénzváltó Bank (Hungarian Discount and Exchange Bank) V., Dorottya-utca 6. Budapest. Established 1869.

Fully paid-up Capital 50,000,000 crowns. Reserve Fund 10,000,000 crowns.

All kinds of banking business transacted. Mortgage Department, Warehousing Department, and Safe Deposit.

The Bank's 4½% Mortgage Bonds are specially recommended to English capitalists, the present price being 88 crowns 75 fillér. This is the safest investment in Hungary.

Branch Offices: V., Dorottya-utca 6. Fióköntézetek: Budapest, IV., Muzeum-körut 1., V., Nádor-utca 25., V., Lipót-körut 32., VII., Erzsébet-körut 41., VIII., József-körut 50., VI., Andrassy-ut 30. Vidéki fiókok: Fiume, Kolozsvár, Kassa, Pozsony. Közraktárak: Budapest és Barcon.

For Prospectus apply: To the Manager of the Bank.

Pesti Magyar Kereskedelmi Bank. The Hungarian Commercial Banking Company (Pester ung. Commercialbank) Estb. in 1841, whose head-quarters are in Budapest, V., Fördő-u. 2.

The Bank undertakes every kind of banking transaction; English cheques, Letters of Credit may be cashed etc. etc.

The share capital of this Bank is K. 65,000,000, and the reserve fund K. 107,000,000.

Branch Offices: in Budapest: II, Fő-u. 4, II, Margit-körut 4, IV, Károly-körut 2, V, Szabadság-Tér 16, V, Váci-körut 74, VI, Andrassy-ut 21, VII, Lövdöde-tér 4, VII, Erzsébet-körut 26, VII, Rákóczi-ut 84, VII, Rákóczi-ut 32, VIII, Baross-u. 112, VIII, József-körut 53, IX, Várház-körut 5.

Calderoni és Tsa. Budapest, V. kerület, Gizella-tér 1. (Haas-palota.)

Ladies Opera glasses. Field glasses. Prizma glasses and binocles by Zeiss, Busch and Goerz. — Barometers and Thermometers. — Patent spectacles and folders with the very best glasses, mounted in gold, silver turtleshell, nickle, and mother of pearl, and a variety of other optical goods. Magic Lanterns, Photographic Apparatus and dark room at disposal. Materials and Chemicals of every description kept in stock. Váci-utca 50. English spoken.

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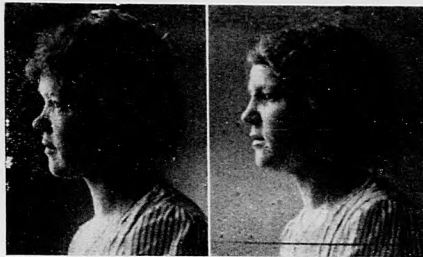
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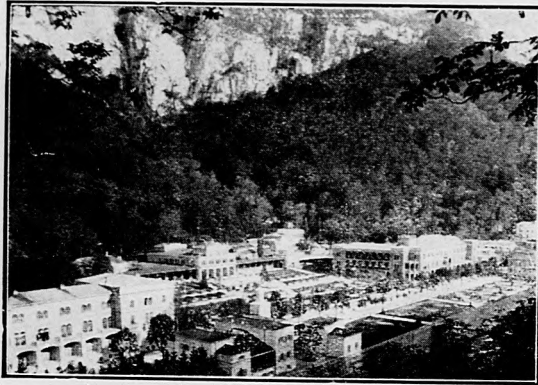
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**Hercules =
Baths ...**

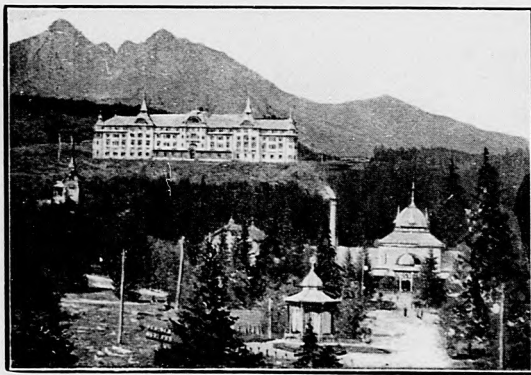
Thermal Baths and Health Resort, the property of the State, situated in the country of Krassoszőrény, at an altitude of 168 metres, in the picturesque valley of the Cserna, amidst wooded hills rising to a height of 1200 metres. Twenty minutes from the State Railway-Station. Natural saline and sulphurous springs at 56° Celsius. The saline baths are an excellent remedy for general debility, anaemia, neurasthenia, kidney disease, scrofula, and swollen glands. The saline and sulphurous baths are most efficacious in cases of gout, rheumatism, and ichoria, Excellent table-water. Hydropathic treatment. Eau de régime. First-class Kur-salon. Most agreeable climate, magnificent vegetation. The Season commences in May, but the Establishment is in part open all the year round. Moderate charges. For further information apply to the **Manager, Royal Hungarian Baths, Herkulesfürdő, Hungary.**

Railway Time-Table :

9-40	2-40	11-30	Dép.	Budapest-Ouest	Arr.	12-50	1-30	6-35
6-53	12-34	8-29	Arr.	Herkulesfürdő	Dép.	3-45	3-24	8-35
0-15	—	—	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	—

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Railway Time-Table :

10-45	Dép.	—	—	Budapest Est	Arr.	6-50
4-04	Arr.	—	—	Kassa (Ránkfűred)	Dép.	1-10
4-10	Dép.	—	—	Kassa	Arr.	1-00
6-30	Arr.	—	—	Poprádrelka	Dép.	10-35
6-47	Dép.	—	—	Poprádfelka	Arr.	9-27
7-35	Arr.	—	—	Tátralomnicz	Dép.	8-45

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**Fenyő- ...
háza**

Railway Time-Table :

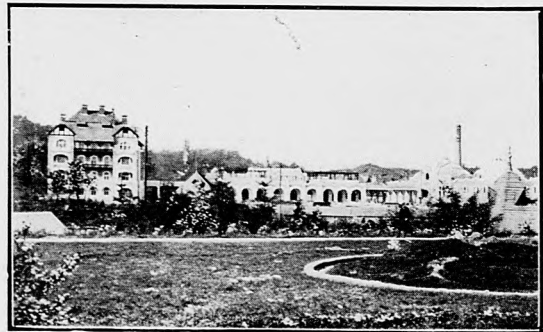
7-05	5-15	Dép.	—	Budapest-Est	Arr.	7-10	9-50	9-15
1-47	4-25	Arr.	—	Ruttka	Dép.	8-30	11-24	2-43
2-30	4-42	Dép.	—	Ruttka	Arr.	7-50	7-57	2-28
3-04	5-27	Arr.	—	Fenyőháza	Dép.	7-01	7-14	1-56

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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.	6-50	1-00
7-10	2-28	11-20	Dép.	—	—	Kiskapus	Arr.	6-15	12-33
8-12	3-34	12-38	Arr.	—	—	Vizakna	Dép.	5-14	11-37



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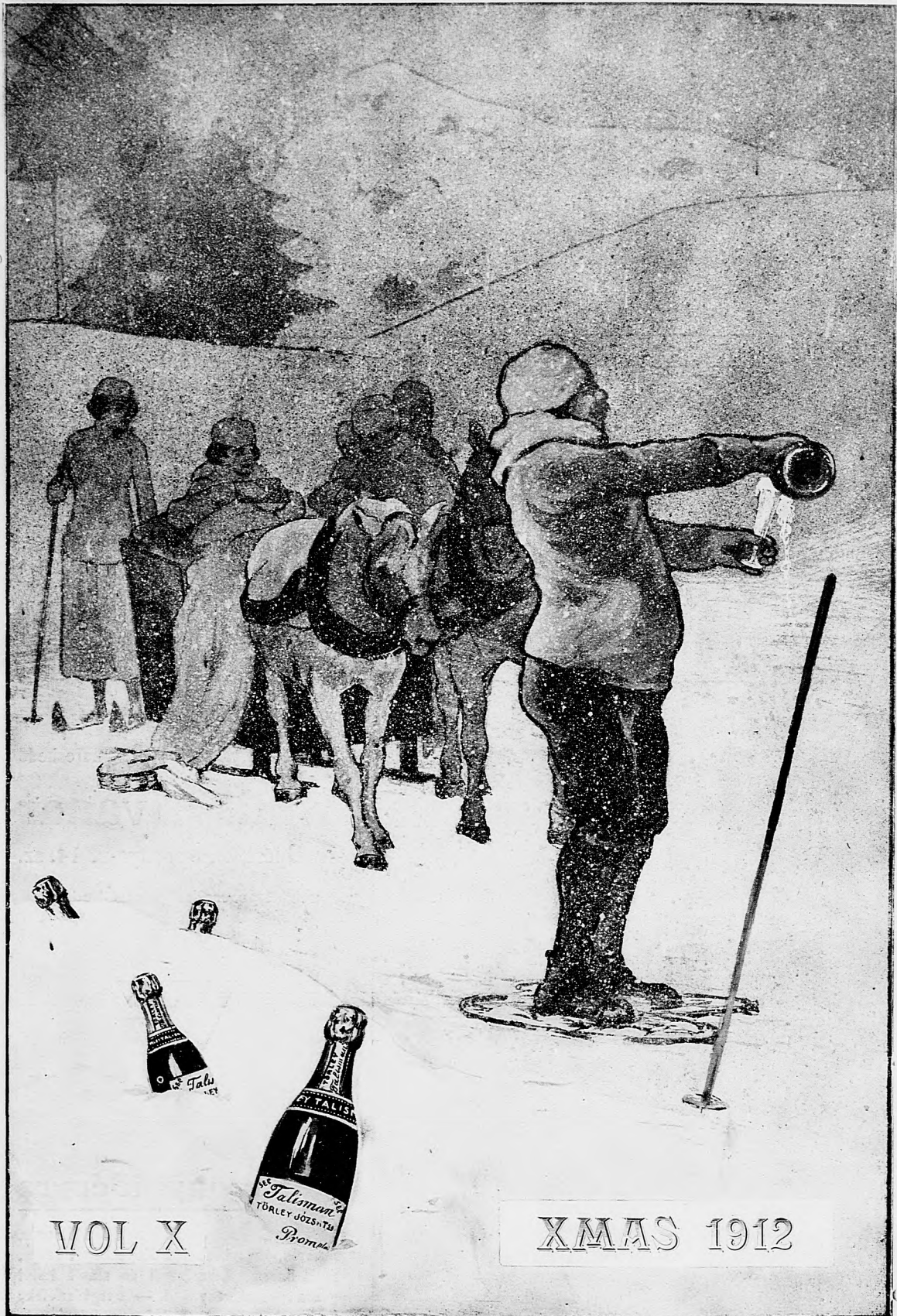
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VOL X

XMAS 1912

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