

HUNGARY

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Hungary and Its People.

Hungarian Finance.

Ezeréves . . .
. . . Magyar-
ország . . .

THE FIRST state debt started by the Hungarian finance minister was the loan of 1867, which was issued at a rate of 72.22 per cent. for the purpose of making railways and canals to a nominal amount of 170 251,200 crowns. The nominal rate of interest was 5 per cent. but in consequence of the low rate of issue it increased actually to 6.92 per cent. on an average. Applied to similar purposes were the nominal 5 per cent. Gömör mortgages in 1871, of 13,248,600 crowns with an issue price of 79%, further the so-called 60 million loan, and in 1872 to defray the deficit which appeared in the State budget a new loan of 108 million crowns was issued at 74 per cent. All three loans were converted in 1888. In 1870 the present premium loan of 30 million crowns consisting nominally in premium obligations for defraying the costs of the Budapest quays and bridges and of the Danube works connected therewith, was started and for this purpose 48 million crowns were employed.

To the same date belongs the loan for the redemption of the tithe paid on wine, amount-



Photo J. F. Langhans.
Mr. and Mrs. BÉLA DE MATKOVITS, Lord Lieutenant of Ujvidék.

ing to 51.4 million crowns and since paid and the loan for redeeming the novale lands amounting to 4,270,000 crowns, which latter was comprised in the great conversion of 1892.

While this debt had to a great extent the nature of an investment, the 6 per cent. 306 million silver loan was floated at an issue price of 86 per cent. in 1873-74, principally under the influence of the confusion in finance which arose in the beginning of the seventies. All these loans bear the mark of the undeveloped credit of the land. The issue price of the loan is a low one, the interest paid on it a high one, each loan offers a special guarantee fund consisting of railways, state property &c. The uncertain relations of standard produce the effect that the paying back of capital and the paying of interest must be secured either in effective gold or in silver which was of equal value at the time with the gold.

It was an important step in advance when despite the unfavourable financial condition of the land and the reserved attitude of the European money market,

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we achieved the possibility of creating such stocks as had formerly been floated in many of the western states.

(To be continued.)



A Journey Through Hungary.

THE BALATON and its district yield us two important economic products which make the lake a prominent factor in economics as well as a favourite resort of pleasure-seekers. The branches of economics practised here are fish-breeding and wine and fruit culture. Viticulture is most prominent on the slopes of the northern shore. Strong table wines and dessert wines are produced here: of these that of Badacsony is of first rate quality.

It goes without saying that in a sheet of water of this extent as abundant in fish as the Balaton — called by consciousness of natural pride the «Hungarian Sea» — fishing is everywhere the rage. From the bottom of the lake Roman harpoons have been brought to the surface by the nets of the fishermen of to-day: the Magyars when they conquered the country hastened to take possession of the lake: in fact quite three quarters of the fifty townships now sharing in the proceeds of the water were in existence as far back as the days of the Árpád Kings and several letters-patent of the first King St. Stephen mention the fishing colonies and the grant of the same to vassals. The noblest breed of fish found in the Balaton is the «fogas» (a kind of perch-pike) which surpasses all fish of the same species living in any European lake or river for flavour and is much in demand abroad too. There are, besides large numbers of carp, sheat-fish and pike: a peculiar breed is the shad, which resembles the herring, swimming about like the latter in shoals.

The fisherman of the Balaton district who have developed into a special type of humanity were in older times united in sects or associations (bokor) possessed of precisely defined statutes: and they went out fishing in boats made by hollowing out trunks of trees, with large casting nets and drag nets. Very much in vogue, too, was harpooning, a method used for catching spawning fish resorting to shallow water or larger fish. Everywhere hoopnets were placed, ingenious constructions of plaited wicker work to trap heavy fish. Such may be seen even to day on the Little Balaton.

Ever since the whole lake has been under the control of a joint stock-company composed of the landed proprietors, measures have been taken to artificially increase spawning. Instead of the clumsy contrivances used before, two little steamboats are now employed to drag a

net 600 meters long: and the ancient fishing implements have been housed in the Keszthely Museum.

Winter life on the Balaton is interesting too. The winter fishing on the huge sheet of ice, is a remarkably picturesque and, to lovers of ethnographical peculiarities, an instructive sight. The Balaton is soon frozen over, during a severe winter so firmly that it will bear carriages.

The sheet of ice contains dangerous cracks. Sudden changes of temperature split the ice with a noise like the roar of cannon. The large ice-fields separate: the cracks are again frozen over and in



Millenium Memorial near Bányhida.

a fog or during a snow-storm when it is difficult to make out one's whereabouts the brittleness of the thin coating of ice in such places is a constant menace to the safety of pedestrians. The expansion of the ice due to change of temperature causes the two sheets of ice to overlap: and at such times hummocks are formed. The lines of these latter have been located from year to year in practically the same place: consequently they are influenced not only by atmospheric conditions but also by topographical formations. When the ice on the fringe of these

hummocks has become softened, broad impassable channels are formed beside them, or the ice on their sides gets so thin suddenly that even pedestrians cannot venture on it: and this open water is called a crack by the people of the Balaton.

On Sunny winter days the wavy ice-covered surface of the Balaton presents an enchanting spectacle; this picture becomes superb when, in spring, the north wind carries away the ice and drives it sometimes right up to the railway embankment where it is piled in high prisms but its beauty and bustling life is most charming in summer when its shores fill with bathers.

The Balaton Railway continually hugs the shore of the lake as far as Mount Badacsony, where it doubles proceeding then straight to Keszthely and Balaton-Szentgyörgy. Though for the most part confined to valleys the Balaton line of the State Railways completed in 1909 affords us such a variety of landscape scenery as makes it one of the most interesting and enchanting in the country. Passing through a superb cutting it reaches the head of the Balaton at Aliga: and after traversing a short tunnel from the wall of rock some 40 meters high we suddenly catch sight of the glittering sheet of water below us meeting in the infinite distance like some mighty ocean.

From this point the line descends gradually to the shores of Kenese.

Beyond Kenese in a pleasant verdant inlet at the northern extremity of the Balaton, lies Balaton-Almádi a health and summer resort frequented in particular by the inhabitants of Veszprém but also by many Budapest families. It contains a hydropathic establishment, a sun-bath, (Rikli system) and institutions provided with the appliances required for the Knapp-method of cure. It is, at the same time,



The Harbour of Komárom.

a steam boat place of call and anyone who has the time is specially advised to journey the whole length of the Balaton to Keszthely by boat, for only is it possible thus to get a clear view of many of the most beautiful spots. The next station on the line is Alsóörs, from where a loop-line leads to Veszprém, an ancient episcopal seat lying on the line from Czellödömök to Székesfehérvár. The loop-line abounds in superb bits of scenery and is very interesting. A romantic picture is that presented by the ancient town of 14,000 inhabitants built on five hills, with Castle Hill and its churches in the centre. The town is cut through by a fairly deep and winding valley, in which, surrounded by gardens flows the Séd Brook. It was in this neighbourhood that St. Stephen won his final victory over the heathen insurgents, in memory of which he founded the bishopric and built a Cathedral, whilst his consort, Queen Gizella, established the first Hungarian girls' training college, which was put under the control of Greek nuns. Of all this there are but few traces to-day. The only relic of St. Stephen's time is the little Gizella Chapel standing beside the bishop's palace. Of the ancient fortified castle, which, for a long time felt the yoke of Turkish dominion, only a few bits of wall are to be seen. The fire-tower, the lower part of which was a Turkish minaret, built at the bottom of Castle Hill, just above the Market-Square is, in part a relic of Turkish times. Of peculiar interest are the buildings on Castle Hill with their hanging gardens, several of the canons, residences, the Bishop's palace, the imposing Secondary School of the Piarists and the large prison attached to the law-courts. On Castle Hill there also stands the recently rebuilt Cathedral. In addition to these numerous churches and monasteries serve to enhance the interesting character of the narrow



Conservatories in the Archdukes Josephs Garden at Alcsút.

zig-zag streets. Near Veszprém on the Czellőmölk line is the famous china factory of Herend. On the same line and in the vicinity of Veszprém at Hajmáskér is the largest artillery range in Hungary. It has no equal even in Austria.

Between Veszprém and Székesfehérvár stands the market town of Várpalota with its ancient fortified castle, and, in the woods hard by, the ruins of the whilom shooting-box of King Matthias. At Alsóórs the train enters a wider hollow with gentler slopes abutting on it. The slopes, sprinkled with ornamental press-houses and several tiny hamlets, below which the jagged shored lake is smiling, many points remind us of the neighbourhood of Spalato or of Italy: in particular of Lake Trasimeto between Rome and Florence.

At Chopak is the entrance to a lovely gorge, the so-called Nosztor valley, through which the carriage road from Balatonfüred to Veszprém winds its way through thickly foliated rocky walls and dark oak-forests. In the narrow defile the rushing stream has been regulated by sluices, converting it into a mass of trout ponds.

Balatonfüred, one of the principal steamboat stations has long been famed as a health resort, with its alkali mineral springs. Besides the lake it possesses warm baths and others with water containing carbonic acid. Its ornamental buildings, its pretty plantations; its protected situation and the panorama it offers — bounded by the curiously shaped ridge of hills and ancient double-towered Church of the peninsula of Tihany — render it even to-day the Queen of the Balaton watering places, in point of beauty.

In the promenade attached to its mineral spring



State Stud-Farm at Bábolna.

stands the bronze statue of Alexander Kisfaludy, the great Hungarian poet. Balatonfüred is also the centre of the yachting sport of the lake and is the seat of Stephanie Yacht Club. Besides its charming valleys the place most suited for an excursion is Tihany, accessible by carriage or boat. The peaks of the lime tufa left by its ancient geyser, astonish not only expert geologists but all lovers of nature. On one of the peaks stands the abbey of Tihany. The crypt of its double-towered church is the same as

was erected by King Endre I in 1052. Here Endre was buried. His simple tomb-stone is still to be seen in the church. Of the famous Tihany «Echo» probably everybody in Hungary has heard. In former times this echo repeated 16 syllables perfectly distinctly but, as a result of the planting of trees and of building this interesting freak of nature is no longer so perfect. The petrified shells of Tihany which are remains of the Pontine Sea of Pannonia are washed out from below the high eastern cliff walls by the rain which spreads them all over the shore, where the waves of the lake roll them over and over and wear them down to the shape of goats' claws.



An English Story about Hungarian Emigrants.

TO OUR BROTHERS, — black and white, — in the primal forests and other hells of Alabama I have seen to bleed to death by hundreds in this inhuman and munderous work, I dedicate this book.

These terrible lines form the preface of Mr. Alexander Irvine's book, which is, to us, a very interesting and beautiful novel appearing last year in America under the title of «The Magyar». The work shews in terrible dramatic form and picturesque colours those horrors which beset emigrants who go to the modern slave Colonies in the Southern States.

Irvine is one of the most popular of modern American writers; the one chiefly followed in the great magazines. He is the prophet of the Social resolution and the new building up of America.

Irvine's newest novel «The Magyar» with the subtitle «A story of the Social Resolution» cannot be counted as belonging to the typical American novels whose basis is pathos. Its contents are not fit for the cinema drama but form a wild and strong protest against inhuman scoundrelism perpetuated in the Southern States against workman of foreign origin who are enticed thither — a protest against illegalities experienced at every step in the forest, mines and other works of West Virginia, Alabama and Texas. The story is

not of one incident. There is no material, no plot such as distinguishes an English novel. It consists of a collection of stories of the tortures inflicted upon Magyar and other alien workers, of the struggles to the bitter end, of instruments of torture—physical suffering—found in American prisons and used with the savagery of Inquisitorial days in a free land!

The book is interesting because what we have, for decades preached, in words and writing, these finds echo in competent and authoritative quarters. The question is looked at not by us who might have presumptive reasons for trying to discourage emigration but by an American citizen writing in the full knowledge that these horrible relations of Spanish cruelty and savage inhumanity reflects

The Temes in Flood.

THE WIND HOWLED, the rain sheeted down, though it was nearly high summer and presently the train came to a standstill. Outside there was hoarse shouting and peasants running about with flaming torches.

«The Bridge is down» said one old lady smoothing her skirts and preparing to die with dignity. «The Bridge is down, and nothing can save us.»

It was not quite so bad as that. Presently the conductor wandered through on a mission of consolation.

«Water on the rails, river in high flood, bridge unsafe» said he in reply to half a hundred excited questions, with the Magyar equivalent for «Keep your hair on.»

It seemed, then, we were not going to heaven



The Town-Hall, at Győr.

deep discredit upon his own nation race and people. Therein lies its true value.

It might be a wise thing if this book were translated into the Hungarian, Slovak and Roumanian tongues and distributed through-out the land, in libraries, clubs and homes. Still wiser would it be for some authoritative and unbiassed person to write a short preface warning our people of what fate they may expect if they leave a Fatherland in which physical torture at least is unknown to go to that industrial Eldorado where Money as God and Man is less sacred than the meanest sparrow that flits irresponsibly over those vast chimneys whose smoke is regarded with as much attention as human life.

If this be Industrialism in the New World, God send us a return to our pastoral habits in the fair land of our fathers.

«Hungary» is the best medium for advertising.

but only back to Temesvár, which some people prefer. The Engine-driver, a man of large faith did not intend to do either. As the torch-runners came down the line they howled something which he evidently understood for presently the engine moved slowly ahead and the swish of angry water grew louder. Another stop: the line was awash.

«It will be higher before morning» observed the old lady but no one took any notice of her. Everybody who could cram his head out of the carriage windows was getting comfortably wet in satisfying a lively curiosity.

Again the engine started but this time a funeral would have been ashamed of the pace. Slowly, very slowly it approached the bridge and now the roaring of the waters was something to be remembered. A moment and the wheels enter water, but the bridge itself is, as yet, quite sound. Another moment and we are over, leaving behind a small cataract.

My station was Gátalja — without a *gát* (dam).

Here things were worse. The Berzava looked like a large inland sea, covering roads, fields, streets, covering, in effect this village and Szigetvár. Immediately on alighting a note was put into my hand.

«We cannot send for you to-night» wrote my host. The Bridge is down and the road through the fields under water. The bearer will lead you to the inn and we will send a carriage to-morrow, *if possible*».

I went to sleep that night as I used to do years ago, with the sound of rushing waters in my ears. The next morning it began to rain! Apparently there was not enough insistance about. And it rained and rained. Going up to the station to see about baggage I overheard the Station-master giving his opinion. It was worth bearing.

«We haven't seen the worst of it yet» he said. «She'll come up two feet before she goes down». This was fine. I might as well have been Robinson Crusoe. I had picked up a Man Tuesday and goatskins seemed not out of reach, but as for any hope of getting to Szigetvár otherwise than by sea it was out of the question. Szigetvár was living up to its high traditions. A Sziget it was. As for the Vár it could not well be taken except with a Fleet, a thing which we have not, as yet, come across.

Towards noon the boys came down — boys can go anywhere, and we set out prospecting. Twice came the inevitable *cul de sac*: the third time we found about a foot or so of water spanned by a single rail. It meant either half a dozen yards of tight-rope walking or getting bogged trying to win through. We chose the air passage and came out all right, without a splash. Having got so far there would have been little sense in turning back so on we went, getting over, dodging round or bullocking through till we reached home.

But the flood is still rising and I haven't got my baggage yet. That, of course, is no great matter. Englishmen are not tied to their baggage.

Szigetvár July, 1913.

C. T. F.



Oxford

FEW ENGLISHMEN, few even who have never cast their eyes on the place, can regard this name without an emotion such as possesses the enthusiast of Post-Raphaelite days who, filled with tender memories of the glories of Italy, is brought for the first time into contact with their rays. Oxford may be the home of lost causes, but to thousands it is Mecca. To it turn the thought of thousands that,

scattered about the world from Fyi to Singapore, carry on the white man's tradition and the white man's burden. It is the last vision of many whose work is laid aside for ever; it is the immediate hope of many that look for the last time upon initials cut into the trees bordering the playing-fields, and say a regretful good-bye to sixth-form study and tuck-shop.

How many have lain within its shadows from the «day of the foundation of the City» till this present fading term. If that goodly company could be gathered together upon some celestial plain it would form an assembly surpassing in interest the Homeric host.

And now the thoughts of Englishmen are drawn to the grey towers which shelter the King that is to come. Here in Magdalen College the Prince of Wales has been installed for one year. But that one year

is to be extended to two for both King and Queen are so satisfied with reports not only of the Prince's well-being, not only of a diligence, an aptitude for work, a general capacity, but also of the politeness of kregs, punctuality, an obedience, a reverence for law, which augur well for the future of the Dynasty, that they desire to extend the original term.

In England where even Democracy is aristocratic it must be pleasant to see the future sovereign accepting as equals and comrades his fellowstudents now mixing in the rough—and—tumble of football, now following his house-boat on the tow-path and shouting with pure boyish glee at some triumph of his friends. It really must be so. The Englishman consorts with the princes of his House on terms of semi-equality or not at all and thus things happen in that strange land of England which could happen nowhere else. It is not so long, counting by mere years, since Prince Ranjitsinghi, the present ruler of an Indian State, was the idol of England. He was, however, a Cambridge student.

It has been said that the Universities of England — and in this select fraternity we number traditionally, two only, Oxford and Cambridge — are the only places in the world where youths are educated. At Bonn and Heidelberg, at Upsala and Bologna, at Sevilla, and Harvard students learn and learn thoroughly. Things are induced into them. At Oxford and Cambridge things are educed out of them. Thus the wide difference in effect and — may we say — utility? between the course at one of the typical Continental Universities and that at one of the classic English seats.

In Oxford, as in Cambridge, one may meet, at any time, Japanese and Hindus. French and Swiss



The Prince of Wales.

Danes and Spaniards, in short, representatives of all cultural nations. It is not that there are no good universities at home. It is simply that the Oxford course puts a kind of polish, a hall-mark, upon a man which is rarely to be mistaken in after life. There are, of course, in the world such things as bounders and wasters, and specimens of these classes have been seen at both great foundations but, as a rule, in the ruck the average specimen turned out at one period bears a mortal similarity to him who is turned out at another — a clean limbed, clear-featured, strong-hearted ambitious youth, ready, like Wellington's Army in Spain, to go anywhere and do anything.

No wonder then, when our iconoclasts take the war-path and make for some venerable image or tradition old as the foundation itself, a howl of execration goes up from thousands of throats whose owners, scattered over the habitable globe still look back with regrets upon the days that are no more. To them, as to many others inarticulate, change would be sacrilege and desecration.

A recent writer in a Hungarian newspaper mentioning the things which most strike the foreigner in Oxford adverted to the use of the bicycle. An Englishman, being told that this pastime is now practically interdicted in good circles in Hungary, would stare with astonishment. It is a thing he sees at all times and all places. It is true that the cycle has been turned to ignoble purposes, diverted from its rôle as an instrument of physical development to serve the needs of industrialism and advertisement, which simply means that it, like any other power engine, is put to use. But it would be a poor argument to suggest that a thing once proved to be useful is no longer adapted for pleasure. To mention one instance only. If that were indeed so there would be no more yachts. In any case Oxford students are not so severe in their judgment. In the old City the cycle forms one of the most popular forms of locomotion for students as for others. The Prince rides: the grocer's boy rides, everybody rides; including even the girls.

It would be well if someone whose advice were worth taking should take the Hungarian paterfamilias into his confidence, in his own tongue, and suggest that beneath the turrets of old Oxford there is

room for his son, and that in the mind of that son there is room for just that kind of training for which the Englishman, nursed from his cradle in grand and hoary traditions, is entered in one or other of the historic Colleges of the finest University of the world.



The Lady at the Round Table.

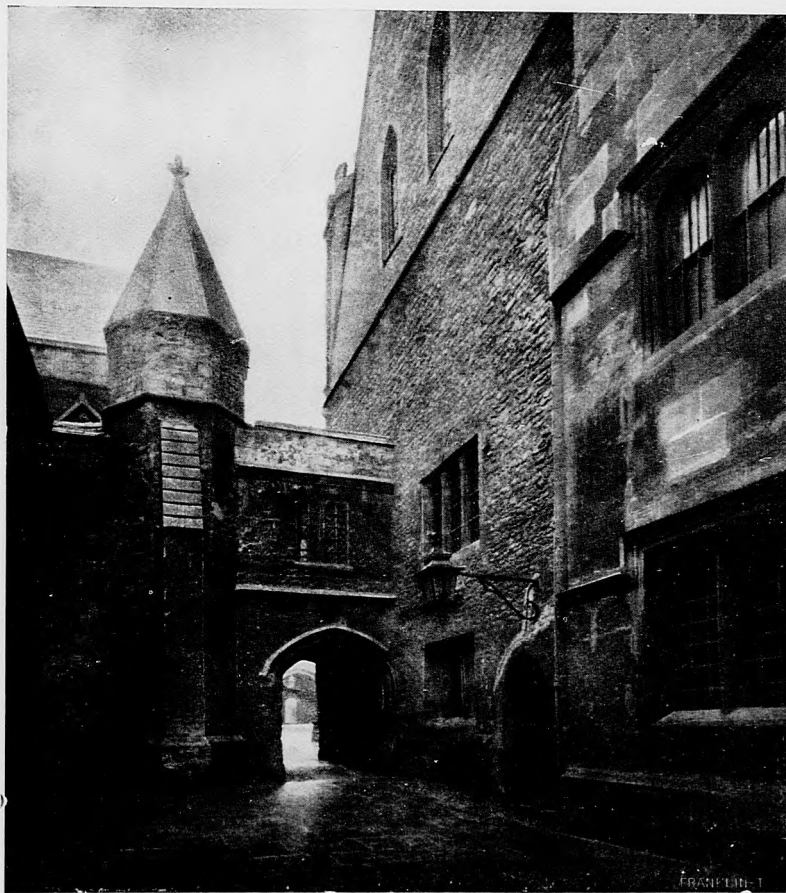
Where rules may not be broken.

A letter from Budapest.

IN ENGLAND a rule is a rule except when there is an exception. For example, there is a rule at most of the Stores and at Mudie's Library that «Dogs Are Not Admitted.» Yet you and I know that *our* dogs are not the dogs meant; that they are the exceptions, and therefore we take them in with us and nobody interferes.

In Hungary, to which country I have wandered during a short holiday trip on the Continent, it is not so. Rules are made to be kept. Whether or not this means that the Hungarians are a more law-abiding and order-loving people than ourselves I do not know.

I only know that, after various disputes with officials and police, I arguing in my strange broken German and they in that language which nobody



Pictures Vasárnapi Ujság.

Court of Merton College, Oxford.

ever learns unless they come to this country — I am keeping the rules.

My first difficulty was at the opera. Of course one does not take a hat to the opera, but one wears a cloak, and one takes a special delight in keeping it on while walking down the aisle to one's seat, that is—if it is a handsome cloak. The other night a friend and I, being so pressed for time that we could not don our proper evening gowns, decided to wear our smartest bodices and cover over our street skirts with our cloaks. We planned the whole thing most diplomatically. We would sail down the aisle majestically, remove our cloaks when we were seated, spread them over our laps, and lo! how would anybody ever know that we were not wearing evening gowns? The official turned us back and directed us to the cloak-room. In our best German we assured him that we did not wish to be rid of our cloaks. He gesticulated and said many things to us in Hungarian. We replied, at first in earnest, then in angry fashion. We appealed to some Hungarian ladies about us, asking them to explain to the usher that we needed our cloaks for warmth, but they reminded us that in the stalls we should find the place «sehr heiz.» Finally, I took one of these ladies into my confidence, explaining that we were English tourists and had not had time to array ourselves entirely for the opera; that, indeed we wore street skirts with our evening bodices. She seemed to appreciate the situation, but when I asked her to tell our trouble to the lordly usher who stood at the entrance, she sadly shook her head and informed me that we must obey the rule. Then we went back to our hotel, put on our full costumes, left our beloved cloaks in the cloak-room, and lost the first and second acts.

But we had kept the rule!

It is the same about wearing hats, not only at the theatre but at certain public buildings which are under the control of the Government. I had known this latter rule before I came to Budapest, and so I had provided myself with one of those little silk straw caps which sit flat on the head and, if they are the colour of one's hair, can scarcely be told from it.

They merely look as though one's hair were done in an especially flat and simple manner. The Great International Suffrage Congress is on at Budapest now, and so with my ticket in my hand I started to go up the stairs of the hall that is known as the Redoute. A woman walking ahead of me, though hatless, had her hair done in a very

pronounced manner and with a high ornament in it. Her style of coiffure was such that it obscured the view of those who walked behind her, yet the official allowed her to pass without protest. Then came my turn to hand out my ticket. I felt very cool and comfortable in my brown cap, precisely the shade of my hair, but, alas! in a moment of vanity I had stuck a tiny pink silk moss rosebud on the side. Immediately there arose a commotion amongst the officials at the entrance staircase, and



The Hunts Company. X The Prince of Wales, Oxford.

three different men demanded that I should go to the cloak-room and remove my hat. They spoke in Hungarian and in German, and I pretended not to understand, trying to pass them. Then one pointed to my moss rosebud, made a gesture which seemed to say «Off with this woman's head!» and I was directed with much politeness to the cloak-room to remove the offending bit of headgear which transgressed the rules of «No Hats Allowed.»

It is because I fancy some of my readers may one day visit this wonderfully beautiful city of Budapest as ignorant as myself of the fact that rules are

meant to be kept and not to be broken that I tell of my hat and cloak experience. When you are told that there is a rule against anything don't argue about it. Accept it and abide by it and be comfortable. In Germany, in Austria, and in Hungary rules are rules, and though *your* hat is not a hat, that makes no possible difference. There are laws in some of the cities that hatpins shall be protected by guards. You may be one of those women who have a knack of pinning their hats on with ordinary

hear of it as a hot city, an expensive city, a wicked city, and a dirty city. I came here expecting to find the heat, the expensiveness, the wickedness, and the dirt, yet here I am in a really cool place with always need for a light coat. I find hotels and pensions delightfully clean. It certainly is no more expensive than is Paris; and as for wickedness—at least it does not seem to be thrust upon one.

I had heard also that it was an ugly town. It was in London and Vienna that I heard that. Yet there is scarcely an American or English woman here who does not declare it to be one of the most beautiful cities she has seen on the Continent. Some make no exception, and declare it to be the most beautiful city they have visited.

In the matter of modern improvements and household conveniences, it is more nearly like an American city than any town I have seen. In the shop windows you note the latest things in the way of gas and electricity ranges! The flats are arranged somewhat in American fashion, with steam heat radiators and other conveniences. Even in the moderate-priced pensions and hotels you find the daintiest of bedrooms, with the latest kind of fitted wardrobes, so you need not bring with you your little folding dress-hangers.

*

Budapest, both male and female, just now talks of but one subject, and that is Woman Suffrage. That is because of the Congress which is being held here. Hungarian women have been preparing for the Congress for at least a year. Some of them, who never heard of woman's advancement before, have heard of it now, and are preparing to make their menfolk hear about it. There were some English people who inquired a short time ago why the greatest Women's Congress that has ever been known should be held in Hungary, where women were supposed to be

indolently contented with their lot.

The fact is that the women of Hungary are neither indolent nor contented. I have found hundreds of them who are exceedingly enterprising and ambitious, and if Hungary ever frees herself from Austria the women will take a great part in securing that freedom.

Enid.

The Referee.

little fancy pins, two inches in length. The points may not even be seen, much less be felt, by the passer-by who runs up against you. Never mind that. Get a hatpin guard and in some way fasten it on your pin as a guarantee of good faith. The law is that your hatpin shall be guarded, and if a small pin is used for the fastening of a hat, then it is a hatpin, you know.

*

I have spoken of this wonderfully beautiful city of Budapest. Until I came here I had never heard it called beautiful. Not many travellers come to Budapest unless on business bent. In England we

«Hungary» is interesting and instructive: *Inland* subscription 14 korona, *Foreign* 16 korona per annum post free.

Confessions.

By Olga de Szende-Dárday. Translated by the late Mr. Francis Philip Noth.

A garden party at the house of Baroness Locsoghy

Colonel Cavallar is leaning against the door-post looking at the dancers in the garden-parlor. He is infinitely bored.

Baroness Locsoghy (age 50: faint traces of beauty much freshened up: smiling and excessively fat. Approaches the Colonel with a mincing gait): Ah,



St. John's College, Oxford.

my dear Colonel, allow me to present you to the handsomest widow in our set. But, in fact, you will need no introduction, for Mrs. Dezsery knew you very well long ago in her girlhood, and will be delighted to talk old times over with you.

Cavallar (age 40: handsome: bright, steel-blue eyes: aquiline nose: military bearing): What was Mrs. Dezsery's maiden name?

Baroness: Leonie Tarkeöy. Her father owned a chateau at Simond.

Cavallar: Yes, yes: and our regiment was at Arad.

Baroness: Well, well, I see you too have a lively recollection of those beautiful times (looks back and winks at the Colonel, who is following her.

Presently stops in front of a lady, who is sitting under a clump of palms). My dear Leonie, here is Colonel Cavallar, who, though a confirmed old bachelor, still enjoys the society of pretty women. I leave you to one another. Where two good old friends are exchanging reminiscences, a third party can only be in the way. (Away winking and laughing).

Leonie (age 35, in the ripest perfection of her beauty. Raven hair: pale, regular face: splendid shoulders. Her sad velvety black eyes fall on the Colonel): I am much surprised, dear Colonel, at you still remembering me. Eighteen years ago I was still too young.

Cavallar (much impressed with her beauty): Oh, Madam, the charming bud already gave earnest of the splendid flower that was to be. How could I forget Leonie Tarkeöy? I see you still before me in your white ball-dress.

Leonie (with animation): Yes, yes. I got it for my first ball. My father gave that ball in honor of the staff officers of the departing hussar regiment. Oh, what a heavenly time I did have! Only one thing marred it — that your regiment left... and we parted.

Cavallar: Yes, and you gave me a white carnation from your corsage.

Leonie (startled): Oh, do you remember that?

Cavallar (with increasing warmth): Remember it? I have it with me *now*. It has never left me. (Produces his pocket book and takes from it a dry pressed flower. Leonie is so much moved, that her hand trembles, when she takes the flower. so that she drops it.

When the colonel stoops to recover it, but cannot find it, she takes a flower from her corsage and gives it to him.)

Leonie: Take this one in its place, and let it be as if the first one had bloomed again.

(A year later. Leonie is now Mrs. Cavallar).

Cavallar (walking nervously to and fro in the room, with his hands in his pockets): Do be reasonable! I do not deny, that I like to talk with Mrs. Mirmont, but...

Leonie (sitting in an armchair and wiping her eyes with her lace handkerchief): But how can I help feeling hurt... Oh, Harry, is this your fidelity after 18 years of love?

Cavallar (testily): No more, I pray you, about that musty love of mine, which perhaps never was real.

Leonie (staring at him): What? was not real?

Cavallar (earnestly): Well then, no. It was *not* real, I was *not* in love with you eighteen years ago. I just vaguely remembered a lean young girl...

Leonie (feverishly): And the ball... and the white dress?

Cavallar (shrugging his shoulders): The ball? Why, there always is one, when a hussar regiment leaves a place: and very young girls always wear white.

Leonie: And the white flower you showed me?

Cavallar (sullenly): It wasn't white. It was a pink carnation, which a pretty American Miss gave me, when we came by the same boat from Ancona to Fiume and I walked the deck with her one

Baroness Locsohy winked and smiled so much, that I felt flattered at your carrying a vivid recollection of me from garrison to garrison and from one end of the empire to the other and I hadn't the heart to tell you the truth. I assure you it has been a great bore to have to keep referring to this love which never existed — it made me feel too old. And now it seems that, for each other's sake, we have been both sprinkling a grave in which nothing lies buried.

Cavallar (draws a chair close to Leonie and sits down. He speaks with much feeling): So it was with me: I was so tired of those old times. That faded back ground of a sentimental past, spoiled even your beauty. And then, I must also



Beagle pack in Oxford Streets, Oxford.

whole moonlight night. My producing it was merely a stage effect.

Leonie: But what was your object, in all this humbug?

Cavallar (languidly turning away): Hm! It's all the fault of that stupid Baroness Locsohy. She told me confidentially, that you had remembered me all those years, and, then I liked you so much, that I pitched in head over heels like any hussar. But there was not a word of truth in the whole business.

Leonie (with a sigh of relief): Thank God!

Cavallar (turning suddenly): Thank God? Leonie, what do you mean?

Leonie (with a smile, half wicked half listless): Oh, dearest Harry, don't get angry! I was not the least in love with *you*, either, 18 years ago. I just remembered that a fair haired lieutenant visited my father for the shooting season, and was present at my first ball: and we danced a lot together. But

confess it, I did for that reason seek the society of women, who don't mind in the present and not in the past only...

Leonie (cutting in): My sweet Harry, you are a hundred times handsomer, more interesting and manlier, than when you were a little half-fledged lieutenant. (Nestling closer to him.) Let us begin all over again Harry!?

Cavallar (taking her in his arms): Kiss me, sweet! but a new fresh kiss, not dull and lukewarm like the others.

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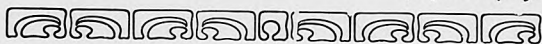
Lonely Days.

Heavy the day drags to a close,
 (And to day I have not seen you!)
 Dark looms tomorrow, with wealth of woes,
 (And tomorrow I shall not see you!)
 Yesterday sank in the sea like lead,
 And the dead of yesterday buries its dead,
 And the birds of yesterday far have fled;
 (Yesterday last I have seen you!)

The sun creeps over the leaden sky;
 The wind is chill and lonely.
 The morning breaks, with a mournful sigh;
 Of Two is now One only.
 And I must await the weary train
 Of Minutes and Hours and Days again,
 Till a far-off Sun shall lighten my pain;
 I must wait, while my heart is breaking!

Could I sleep till you come, and dream the while
 (Ah! dream that we never parted!)
 I could answer, with mine, your wondrous smile;
 But now I lie broken hearted!
 Could tomorrow pay for the loss of to-day
 It were not sorrow you went away,
 Could the earth for one lost kiss repay;
 It cannot since you've departed!

J. J. Dempsey.



Current News

New American Ambassador.

President Wilson has nominated Mr. Frederick Courtland Penfield Ambassador to Austria and Hungary.

International Suffragists at Budapest.

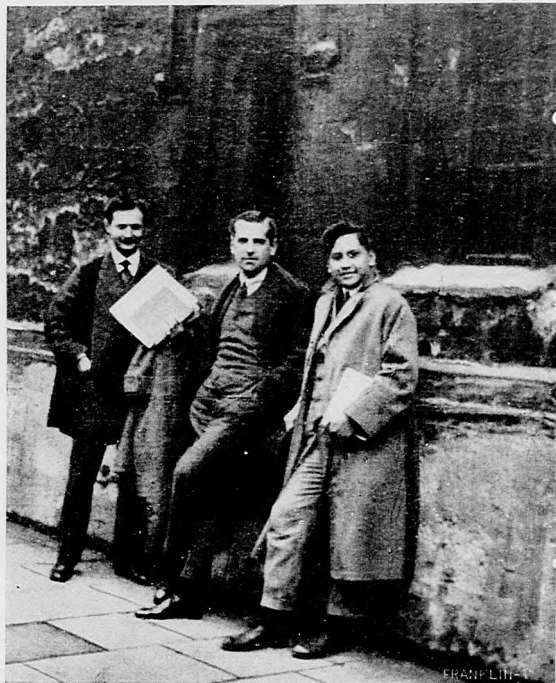
Telegram sent for Mr. Asquith. The Congress at Budapest of the Men's International Alliance for Women's Suffrage has sent a telegram to Mr. Asquith in the following terms:—"Recognising that the representative institutions of Great Britain are regarded as models by many nations, this Congress deeply regrets that the British Government has not succeeded in redeeming its promise of giving facilities for passing a Women's Suffrage Bill, and trusts that Great Britain will be among the very next nations of Europe to grant political justice to women."

Our Ambassador's Dinner in London.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden and the Duke and Duchess of Teck honoured Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, with their presence at dinner in the Embassy at Belgrave-square, last week. Among the other guests were the Duchess of Marlborough, Viscount Haldane, Viscount Morley of Blackburn, the Earl and Countess of Ancaster, Lady

Katherine Somerset, Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Irene Denison, the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Beckett, Sir John and Lady Lister-Kaye, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, Mrs. Astor, Miss Yznaga, Miss Muriel Wilson, Earl Curzon of Kedleston, Prince Kinsky, the Hon. Reginald Fellowes, Mr. Drexel, Baron Franckenstein, and Count George Festetics. The dinner-table was decorated with pink roses, and during the evening Boxall's Band played a selection of music.

The scene in the ball-room was a brilliant one, among those noticed being the Marquess and Marchioness of Crewe, the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, the Marquise d'Hautpoul, the Marquess and Marchioness of Lincolnshire, Earl and



Students, at Oxford.

Countess Cadogan, Earl Spencer and Lady Adelaide Spencer, the Countess of Dudley and Lady Honor Ward, the Countess of Londesborough and Lady Irene Denison, the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith and Lady Margaret Scott, the Earl and Countess of Leicester and Lady Bridget Coke, Count Elston, Countess Potocka, the Countess of Airlie and Lady Mabelle Ogilvy, the Earl and Countess of Granard, the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, the Earl and Countess of Ancaster, the Earl and Countess of Kenmare and Lady Dorothy Browne, and the Earl and Countess of Lytton.

Hungarian Painter in Holland.

The best of the paintings and portraits by Mr. Rudolph Kiss at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond-street, London are those that show the response of a southern temperament to northern scenes—of a Hungarian painter working

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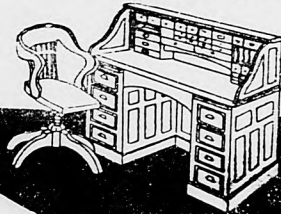
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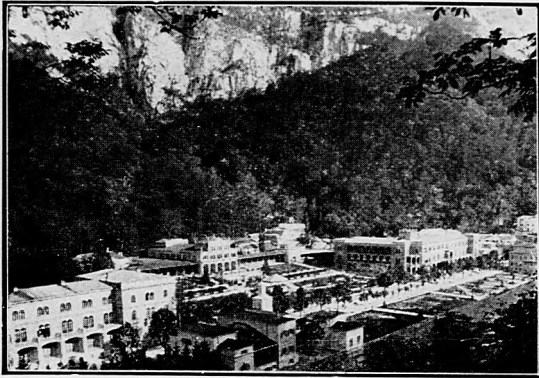
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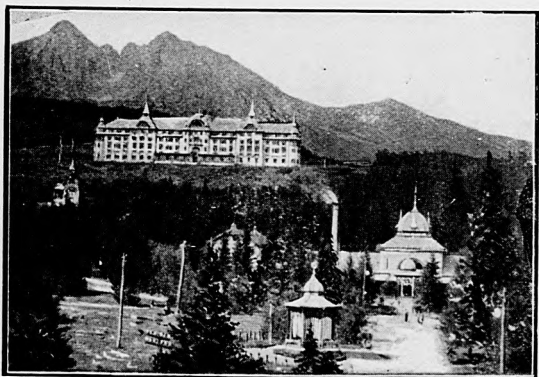


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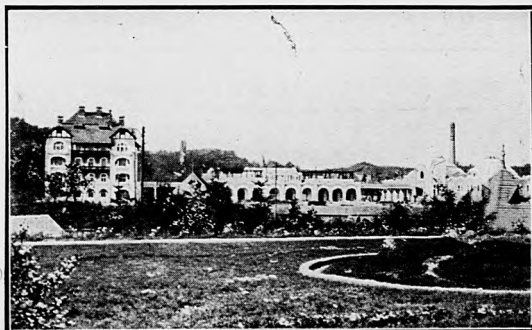


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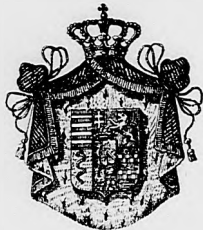
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