

HUNGARY

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EDITED
BY

EUGENE GOLKONYA



A Christmas Greeting.

Good King Wenceslaus looked out
 On the Feast of Stephen,
 When the snow lay on the ground;
 Deep and crisp and even.

Once, before the seasons had changed, there stood at a London terminus, on the Morning of the Nativity, an old man watching with still piercing eye the long procession of happy families taking their slippery way to church, and stepping out to the rhythmic chiming of the bells. Presently there came round the corner another party treading insecurely the frosty path, a party of intoxicated youths singing the carol of the Bohemian King. The crabbed old man looked on in silent disgust and wonder. «Then I remembered» he said «that it was the birthday of their Redeemer!» It was old Carlyle.

But times and seasons and manners have changed, some for the worse some for the better. Such sights would not now be witnessed, nor dare one look for the snow covered path and the frosted window, the keen piercing air and the pure symbolic white of Victorian days.

It was such sights that the Arch-Priest of the Merry Season, Dickens, delighted to pourtray. And he made them go hand in hand with joy and benevolence, the melting of hearts and the kindly charity of thought and deed proper to the season. Surely St. Dickens would not be out of place. He it was who taught us the inner meaning of things, who put heart into the despondent and pity into selfish breasts, who brought out in strong relief, on this day of days, the Brotherhood of Man, and the kindly rays which warm, cheer and illuminate.

For that influence may the world be ever better. May we remember that the Nativity was an event personal to each of us, that when

She, the Holy
 One, became a
 Mother in Israel, the Child was
 not all her own, but One for whom the world
 had waited since the days of the Promise.

«As to thee, so to me»

And bound up with the Day of the Nativity is the fulfilment of the Promise, not to a nation or a people or a sect but to all mankind, each individually. May we be worthy of the heritage. May we celebrate the day in all pure joy and honour, in peace and charity, in high, ennobling thought and in freeing those human impulses which make us, in the midst of content, not indifferent to the pain we can assuage and the misery we can relieve.

To our readers in all classes and climes, as to that vast Brotherhood that we cannot reach, we offer, in all true fellowship, in peace and hope, *sincere wishes for their happiness and joy.* May

«all the good the gods do send»

descend in full measure upon them, on this, the day of days.



The Jubilee of "Hungary".

HUNGARY can now look back upon ten years of work. Since its establishment it has always striven to bring nearer to the American public, and in general, nearer to the spheres of interest of the English-speaking peoples, our own native land, its natural beauties, public treasures, historical past and the present condition of its cultural and social life, as well as its economic strivings.

As some proof of the interest and value of this Journal it may be pointed out that the British and American Press frequently take over our articles and news and are thus enabled to eradicate many preconceived but erroneous notions. We have certainly contributed, and in no small degree to the removal

of many misconceptions. The result is that there is observable a distinct recrudescence of interest in all phases of our national life. Misconceptions are often the result of prejudice or misrepresentation, but still more often of simple ignorance, as when, even now, occasional contributors address us as «Budapest. Austria». Our political organisation is another barrier but this, we hope, as a result of ten years of ceaseless effort, has been in considerable degree removed.

Altogether we may claim to have aroused the sympathetic interest of the English-speaking world and turned its wondering attention to institutions whose like are not to be found anywhere. Of this we are constantly being reminded.

It would ill become us to attribute to our unaided efforts results so full and so encouraging. We have to acknowledge with deep gratitude that this, our purposeful activity, would never have borne fruit in such bountiful degree had it not been for the help and sympathy of contributors and the public of two worlds. All sections of society, all classes of institutions, all authorities have helped us. If, from all these we were to make almost invidious selection, our thanks should be specially extended to the Heads of Government Departments and sections and to a class which has on many historical occasions shewn its willingness to offer sacrifices for the nation — the magnates of Hungary, for whose unfailing support we tender special acknowledgment.

But this, our Tenth Anniversary, important though it may be for those immediately concerned, is little

in comparison with the life of the nation. We must go on: we cannot rest. If, however, amongst those forces moving constantly and steadily forward, for the benefit of our native land, Hungary may be counted as playing however small and unimportant a role we shall consider that sufficient encouragement to proceed in the path marked out. Alone we can do little. We turn then with trustful hope to the public of two hemispheres to support our efforts; to associate themselves with us in our pioneering labours by extending our sphere of activity.

Our last and best thanks are due to a host of contributors who have so materially assisted us to maintain the character of our Journal.



The Royal Visit to Windsor.

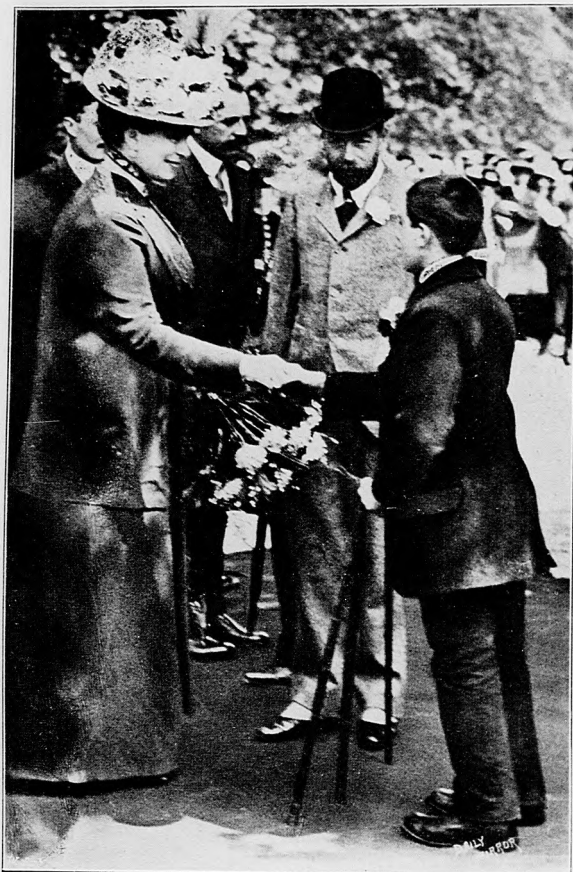
THAT the heir to the Thrones of Austria and Hungary should be the guest of our King at Windsor was an event which the Press and People of Britain had long desired; an event which, when it materialised gave deep satisfaction to Public Opinion, throughout the Empire.

If it be that the initiative came from our Gracious Sovereign, people will have additional reason to say that the tradition of courtly diplomacy for which King Edward VII was famous is continued by his son and successor. A return to good relations between Great Britain and Austria Hungary is much to be desired at the present grave



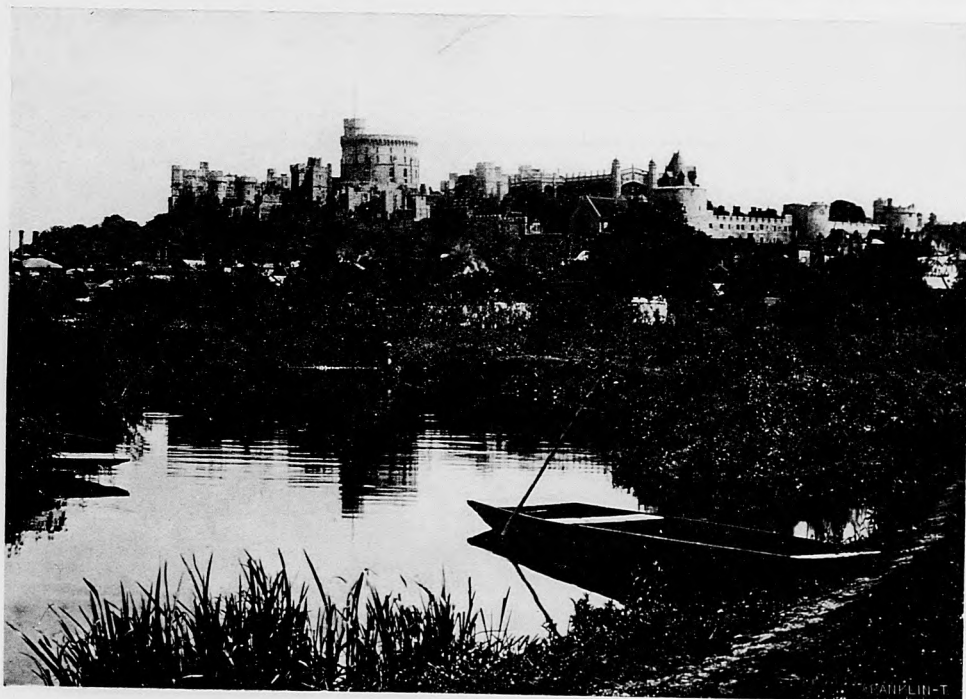
T. R. H. Archduke and Archduchess FRANCIS FERDINAND and children.

crisis in the world's affairs. Not that there has been any interruption in the cordiality between the two Courts, or in the substantial sympathy between the two Empires. Only last month the German and Austrian nationalities celebrated the centenary of that tremendous battle in which the Austrian Field-Marshal Prince Schwartzburg was Commander-in-Chief of the combined forces of Austria and Hungary, Prussia, and Sweden against the domination of the great Napoleon. The Battle of Leipsic was the greatest battle which Europe had seen for many centuries; and it was nothing less than the incorrigible and obstinate ambition of Napoleon which had again forced the House of Hapsburg to draw the sword for the last liberties of Europe. In the triumph the England of the day was a sympathiser all the more enthusiastic



King GEORGE and Queen MARY and the Cripple Lad. Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary's kindly interest in a Crippled Lad, to whom His Majesty had previously presented artificial Limbs.

that at the same moment Wellington was breaking his way across the Pyrenees after having swept the French marshals out of Spain. Little more than a hundred years before, on the day of Blenheim in 1704, an English army and one of the very greatest of English commanders, the Duke of Marlborough, shared with Prince Eugene and an Austrian-Hungarian army the glory of defeating another French attempt at European ascendancy and the conservative genius of the House of Hapsburg limited the aggression of the greatest of the Bourbon kings just as it was afterwards to face and destroy the domination of the revolutionary Emperor. In many essential matters the policies of England and Austria and Hungary must always be conservative. The signs are not only propitious, but the necessity may be getting urgent, for a



Windsor Castle, London.

better understanding between two empires like England and Austria and Hungary, which have decidedly

Hungary appeared to be ill-appreciated by our votaries of Pan Slavism, the Austrian and Hungarian re-



Houses of Parliament. Westminster, London.

no desire either to filch the possessions of other peoples or to jeopardise their own. English people will not grudge Count Mensdorff, the courtly and statesmanlike Ambassador of the Dual Monarchy, his legitimate satisfaction at the recent visit. In difficult moments, when the prudent policy of Austria and

presentative maintained an admirable union of firmness and moderation.

London, November 1913.

H. G. R.

A. E. Dick, Dentist — Fogorvos V., Marokkai-utca, 2. Budapest. Telephone 10—19.



The Mansion House, London.

The Sights of London.

«Earth has not anything to
shew more fair.» *Wordsworth.*

LEST ANYONE should think that it is my purpose to talk of hobble-skirts, suffragettes or ladies, with shawls for bonnets, calling, *en passant*, for twopennorths of gin, — all of which are «sights» in a more idiomatic sense: — lest the impatient should imagine that elements which might more fitly adorn a guide-book or might find place in a narrowminded encyclopaedia, will be offered for their absorption it will suffice to say that no man can afford to be commonplace.

Catalogues have their uses. That of Chancery Cases is of great interest to people who are greatly interested. That of Marshall and Snellgrove is a golden manifestation to at least half the population. That of Virtues is of academic wonder to every layman who may have leisure to sin and be thankful. That of books is of deep moment — to authors.

But, having repudiated all these, to our muttoms! Hungarian visitors who have only their few remaining years at disposal might, perhaps, not find time to make the acquaintance of London on the Baedaker plan. As no other plan is available and the title of this article requires justification to the severely logical people who expect some con-

nection between heading and text I propose to take them into my confidence and tell them as little of the obvious as need be.

The vast loneliness of the great city is a theme which might fitly occupy the pen of a Chesterton. To the stranger, craning his neck to see the Dome of St. Paul's: peering across Green Park, reverently standing by the tombs of Kings and «Princes dead in Israel» in the Valhalla of a race, there comes a perfectly justifiable conviction of personal unimportance. In no other place can a stranger come by a sense of his own proper proportions in the scheme of things. London teaches humility at least.

«What are your impressions of London?»

How many million of times has that question been asked? How often has an intelligent reply resulted.

The man who had the courage to come to England in November on pleasure which could not be put off tersely and truly observed that his impressions were «foggy». It cost him nothing to tell the truth although he came from Szeged.

Another visitor was most impressed by the crowd; so much «impressed» that he lost his watch and chain and could not move for two solid hours. He was, however, far more impressed when a policeman brought him his property six hours later and has dedicated the rest of his life to finding out



Dr. BÉLA DE JANKOVICS, Minister for
Public Instruction.



Fine Art Museum, Budapest.



Christ distributing Bread. — Bartolomé Estéban Murillo. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

how it was done. His task is the harder. The immensity of the traffic is of course a «Babu's wonder» to Londoners themselves, but custom blunts surprise. To the foreigner, perhaps, not the traffic itself, nor the variegated masses of peoples and colours from the shores of all oceans, but the regulation of the life is the most lasting memory. He sees, and predicates inextricable confusion, but it never happens. There is a policeman who governs as absolutely as a Jockey Club. There is a white-gloved hand more instantaneously powerful than Imperial ukase. There is, in the forefinger of that hand, more authority than was ever collected in a human document. A flash and London stops dead. An old woman is to be piloted across the road. A wave and a world lives again. It is *not* wonderful at all. It is simply the genius of the English for being governed. That you cannot teach and cannot learn. It is in the blood. It is

reverence for law *but law made by themselves, for themselves.*

The policeman himself *is* wonderful; perhaps the most wonderful product of a nation not silent in the councils of the world. He is *in petto* England herself: he is a microcosm of her strength and obedience. He is, in the main, a courteous gentleman, brief in speech, swift in action, brave when the occasion warrants, a master of languages, a father of lost children, a doer of deeds. He is obeyed as Caesar was not obeyed but yet with a difference which distinguishes him from all Continental bureaucracies. He is, and knows himself to be the servant of the public. He feels himself one with the army which he well knows to be *subordinate* to the civil population. There is honour in service of course but uniform in England is always the badge of a servant and no man will wear it who is not at the moment on duty, — not even officers, not even the Sovereign.

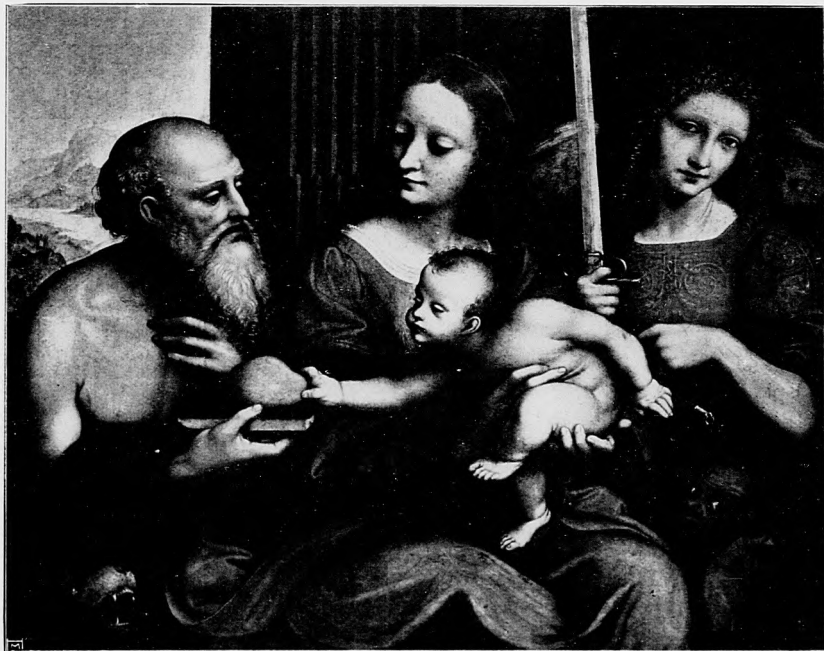
Many stories illustrate this side of London life. When President Loubet rode with King Edward down London streets the King suddenly asked.

«Do you know who is King of London?»

The President was, for the moment unplussed. He had the Continental ideas of the Lord Mayor and knew that the Sovereigns must receive permission of that functionary to enter the City in State, but yet —

«Your Majesty, I suppose» he replied.

«I? oh, no! Do you see that man in blue over



Mary with Child. — Giam Pettrino. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.



Eszterházy Madonna. — Raphael. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

there? If he lift one finger this carriage must stop.»

And whether there were telepathetic sympathy between two democratic minds, that of Edward and «Robert», or not, it did happen that the white gloved hand shot up and it certainly happened that the Royal coachman pulled up. Dr. Szaszovsky, some years ago, when chief assistant of the *Vörös kereszt* (Red Cross Hospital), went to London and found himself in a cyclonic disturbance which absolutely blotted out his vision. He could not see a lighted

match in his hand. This was the time when blind men made untold shillings leading gentlemen to their lost homes. After wandering about apologising to lamp-posts for cannoning against them he found himself literally in the arms of a policeman.

«Please can you tell me the way to Bloomsbury Square? he asked.

Now it was Dr. Szaszovsky's fate to speak English so perfectly that everybody knew him at once for a foreigner. (If there is a language which Englishmen cannot speak it is English.)

«French or German?»

«Neither. I am a Hungarian.»

«*Második balra*» (Second to the left) was the instantaneous reply of the policeman as he turned away to resume his anxious watch.

And *második balra* it was.

Dr. Szaszovsky never tires of telling that story.

But truly that is nothing. There are districts in London where, in the Magistrate's Court, cases are heard in Hebrew and Italian. The parties are, let us say, Jews. The evidence is given in Yiddish, the policeman states his case in Yiddish and no interpreter is needed.

But the policeman is not at all a bespectacled student of Babel. He does not pore from right to left over Chaldean script. He learns practically. And his learning impairs no physical faculty. He wears, likely as not, the Egyptian medal, the Khedival Star, Burmah, Ashanti, Warzistan, China, Soudan or Transvaal decorations. Medals are not given lightly in England. All these represent active service cam-



The Virgin on the Steps. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest. — Italian Renaissance.



The Holy Family. — Francesco Francia. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

paigns under incredibly hard conditions. He may be a musician, member of a band scarcely less celebrated than that of Lieut: Rogan. He is an athlete. The London Police team wear the medals of the Olympiad. And in the main he is a gentleman. I never see a London policeman that I do not raise my hand and give him, in all admiration and gratitude, the full military salute.

As to the traffic, people accustomed to that of Budapest might reasonably ask how it is that blocks are so rare. What is to prevent a wheel dropping off a coal cart in the fairway, or a failure of electric supply to the trams? Nothing of course. But English wheels have a certain self-respect. When they feel themselves on a precarious tenure they do not, like Budapest wheels in similar situations, cry «Kismet» and lie down. They nurse themselves carefully through the day and sever their ties only when safe at home. Electric energy does sometimes fail and things occasionally go wrong with the mechanism. But in that event drivers do *not* congregate and discuss Tottenham's

last loss or Chelsea's win over some belated Preston. People do *not* get out and go home, certain that there will be no further movement till the Friday following. That kind of thing may and does suit Budapest and her Oriental haste, but in London, if all else failed, the spectators could move that car out of the way if it were only into a side-street. Not for nothing was «S'oth» made one of the seven deadly sius.

One of the most wonderful and sadly interesting sights of London used to be the congregation of miserables huddled up under the arches or about the embankments at night trying, poor devils, to induce stone to forego its properties and become a non-conductor of heat.

«It is not now as it hath been of yore.»

Less, far less hopeless is the outcast today. For a man who knows him, a man now a Minister but who once went to prison for the faith that was in him, has long been working to remove this damnable sight from English as from foreign eyes. Mr. John Burns has now reached all but the waster, and ingrained Bohemian vagabond. Of an even less reputable sight, the white Slave evil, the «cat», — the prison

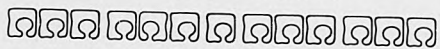


Madonna with Child and St. Antony of Padova. — Filippino Lippi. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.



Mary with Child. — Giovanni Antonio. Boltraffio. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

whip, — and a recent Act of Parliament are doing much to mitigate horrors which, from their very nature, intimately bound up as that is with human nature itself, can never be wholly eradicated.



The Art Treasures of the Nation.

IT RARELY occurs that any Journal can, within the limits of one issue, find space for any collection which could justify the ambitious title of this note. But the conjuncture is so peculiar, a mixture of Jubilee and Christmas, that we have made an effort to produce a striking review of some of the best known and oldest of our artistic values. If all are not included it is only because man cannot live by bread alone.

The selection is peculiarly catholic and international. It ranges from the pre-Raphaelite, pre-Renaissance times to the most modern. No nationality nor no school is excluded including the famous

Pálffy collections. Our readers will thus have a kind of birds-eye view of the treasures which private rather than State enterprise has secured as a splendid heritage for the nation.

*

Amongst the works belonging to the Pálffy collection recently bequeathed to the nation is that of the Madonna and Child attributed, but erroneously, by the custos, to Hans Memling. This is not of the Rogier von der Weyden school but rather illustrative of the work of Petrus Custus, pupil of Jan van Eyck. The conception, arrangement, Madonna type, distribution of colour all prove the close connection between master and pupil.

Of somewhat later date is another Madonna which attracts the beholder by its appearance of homely simplicity. The little Jesus is drinking red wine from a glass held to his lips by his mother. This picture is the work of a South Holland master, known in the history of art as the «master of the death of Mary». He may, perhaps, be identified with Joos van der Beke, otherwise known as Joos von Cleve who worked under the influence of Quinten Massys and Patinir. The infant Jesus



St. Katalin of Alexandria. — Marco Basaiti. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

sleeping is another from his brush. Another Madonna of the same period shews certain David Gerard characteristics though the name of the painter is unknown.

The panorama of Haarlem by Jacob van Ruysdael in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin is duplicated by another Haarlem artist, Philips de Kornick. The love of the Dutch for cloud effects is shewn by a second picture upon which infinitely fine silver-grey tones are drawn. Upon this little work Jan von Goyen exhibits his happiest vein.

Of genre paintings in the various Dutch schools there is a whole group in which Jan Steen, Jacob Ochtervelt, Frans Mieris and Dirk Hals are all represented. Adriaen von Ostade shews us quite different surroundings, life of a peasant family. Not less lively are the efforts of Jan Miense Molenaar's «Man with the pipes» and the «Trac-Trac Players» of David Teniers, Junr.

The section of the Fine Art Museum devoted to the Italian copper-etchings of the Renaissance is rich in varied and very valuable treasures. Of these many examples are from Marc Antonio Raimondi. A good opportunity is thus afforded for comparison with the German collection exhibited last year. This German art whilst apparently hesitating for a long time



The Trionfo Madonna. — Carlo Crivelli. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.



Virgin Mary with Child. — Petrus Christus. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

to take any decided line, at length launched out into unexplored and remarkable paths. The development of the Italian genre was of course upon an orthodox line, at first not more than an exponent of the forms of painters and sculptors. Rarely, indeed, an artist of the calibre of Pollajuolo or Mantegna did enter the fraternity with sporadic zeal but there never was anything to compare with the whole hearted enthusiasm of a Durer.

One of the finest specimens of the Italian art is the etching «The Virgin on the steps» after Raphael. Another depicts the great Macedonian, Alexander, in a new role.

Turning to the Venetian School of Painting, one of its characteristic creations is a sixteenth century canvas depicting Saints Louis and Andrew. There is, in this a suggestion of the School of Verona of Bonifazio. This master had many pupils and maintained a flourishing studio for the cultivation of ornamental painting. Here were prepared many of the Camerlenghi decorations. Here it was the custom for the retiring officials to present the picture of their respective patron saints to the Institution. In time their numbers assumed great dimensions but the portraits are now distributed amongst the galleries of Vienna, the Academy of Venice, the Palazzo Reale and the Palazzo Ducale.



Golgotha. — Hans Memling. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

A specimen of these we reproduce. It was bought by Count Pálffy in Valencia in 1857.

It is, indeed, owing to the fact that Count Pálffy bought according to his own taste, which was catholic and not at all eclectic; and refused to bind himself to any particular school or nation that his collection is so representative in many ways. That



Madonna with Child and Angel. — Correggio. — Fine Art Museum Budapest.

it is not fully so is shewn by the fact that Hungary is represented by one work only, — the «Study of a Head» by Francis Eisenhut. Most of the works are genre and landscape and very few indeed, historical. One such is the portrait of the famous French general, Eugene Cavaignac, by Gabriel' Lepaulle.

A good representative of the Belgian School is the «Sheep in the Meadow» of Eugene Verboekhoven the Belgian Landseer. From Holland we mention the work of Israels «Katwyk Orphan Girls» which was exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1886 and next year formed one of the features of the Paris Exhibition. Piloty's great work «Nero before the ruins of Rome» is a splendid representative of German Art, and scarcely less famous is the picture of his pupil Lenbach, «The Arch of Triumph of Titus».

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, our debt to Dr. Gabriel Térey, Court Councillor, Director of the Fine Art Museum, for much of the above information part of which has appeared in the Vasárnapi Ujság.

In response to a message of congratulation from the City of London to H. M. Francis Joseph on the sixty-fifth anniversary of his accession, the Lord Mayor received a most cordial reply from the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador.



The Dreams of the Violet.

From the Hungarian of Michael Tompa.

AWAY down in a cool and shady valley, perfumed by the breath of flowers, there grew a purple violet. As she raised her sweetly scented head, and peeped from underneath her green canopy, she murmured:

«How very lonely it is down here! How I wish I were a pretty rose tree growing high up on the mountain side, where I could see all that is going on, and bask in the bright rays of the sun, who scarcely knows of my existence, judging from the straggling little glints he sends this way».

So soliloquising, the little violet fell asleep and dreamt that her wish had been gratified.

She had been transformed into a rose bush,

By Sheena.

and transferred to the mountain side in full view of the valley below. Her strong green stems were weighed down by a wealth of beautiful blooms, which were the admiration of all who passed by. Butterflies flicked her petals, and bees swarmed around her, and sucked honey from her perfumed cells. The sun's golden rays kissed the pale pink tips of her silken blossoms, and she felt so proud and happy.

But one day the sky became suddenly dark and leaden, and ominous sounds, like long-drawn sighs, rose from the valley. The wind was speaking. With a great bound he sped whirling up the mountain side, carrying destruction, and uprooting giant trees on his way. When the rose saw him approaching, she shook herself in alarm, and prayed fervently that he would pass her by. But alas! the wind is no respecter of persons; he caught her up in his strong arms, shook her fiercely, and scattered her pretty petals in all directions. When she found strength enough to pull herself together, she was without form or beauty, an object of derision, on which caterpillars and other insects were already beginning to feast. How sad and unhappy she now felt!

With a start she awoke, and gave a great sigh of relief to find that she had been dreaming. Her contentment, however, was not long-lived. Again she grumbled at her lot and cried:

«How I wish I were a convolvulus, so that I could twine myself round a tree, and be quite safe from the freaks of the wind!»

Then gentle sleep came again and overpowered the discontented little violet, and she dreamt that she was a convolvulus plant entwined round a giant tree in the wood, her clustering white and blue cups opening with the sun and closing with his setting. All her fellows paid her fine compliments, and again she felt very gratified and happy.

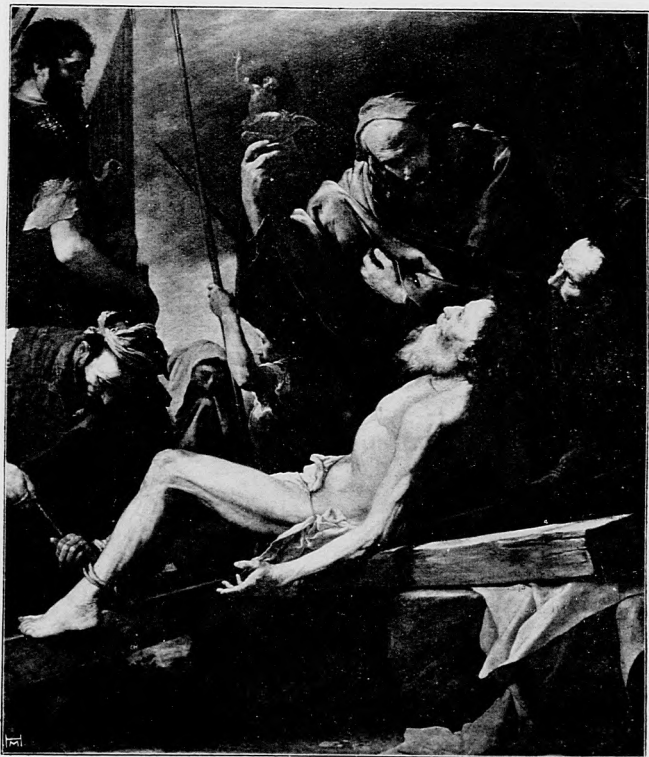
But one day the arrow of God, accompanied by a great rumbling noise, descended and split the tree asunder. As it crashed to the ground it carried the frail convolvulus in its embrace, and so crushed and maimed her that she could not hold up her head, and wished only to die.

Then the violet awoke, but she was not so thankful as she ought to have been after two such warning lessons. Ere long she was again consumed with the spirit of discontent, and said:



Christ laid in the Grave. — Pedro Sanchez. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

«I know now that I cannot be a rose, for the wind can blow me away and utterly destroy me; neither can I be a convolvulus, for the lightning can fell my support, and I can be crushed, and even killed. But surely I can be a lily, planted in a garden, fair, white and fragrant, and guarded by kind friends against storms and wind and rain.



St. Andrew's Martyrdom. — Giuseppe Ribera. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

Yes, if I could only be a lily I would be happy.»

So saying, the violet fell into a slumber, and dreamt that her wish had become a reality. She was a tall, graceful lily, perfect in form, and grew in a beautiful garden. A lovely young lady tended her with great care, and kept away everything that would hurt her, or spoil her beauty, and all the other flowers paid court to her. Visitors were brought into the garden to admire her, and she was intensely happy.

One fine day, when she had just reached the

With a startled moan the violet awoke once more. She had learnt her lesson at last, and thanked God with all her heart that she was still only a little violet, and more than contented to be allowed to grow unseen, where the great Creator had placed her, a fitting emblem of modesty and sweetness.

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

«Adria» Notepaper is the best. May be obtained from all Stationers and Book-sellers.



A National Memory.

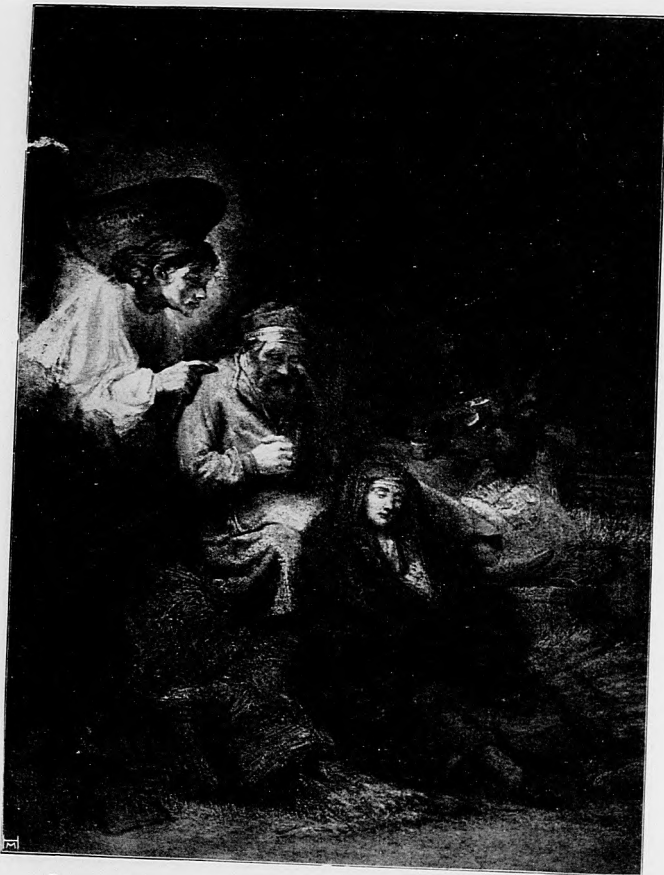
«Hungarians in the American Civil War.» Eugene Pivány. Illustrated. Reprinted from «Dongó» Tenth Anniversary Number. Cleveland. O. 1913.

MR. PIVÁNY has done a service to the nation he has never forgotten and, at the same time a distinct service to History. For a reason which will be stated presently it is a grave pity that, in order to establish some comparative test, no one has hitherto seen fit to dissect the marvellous personnel of the great Southern Army and furnish us with the broad general outline of the «national» incidence which went towards its constitution. We know that black fought by the side of white to rivet his own chains. Thus the «colour scheme» is to hand. But in regard to Mexicans, Indians, British, Spanish — all the variegated racial types which met in Ole Virginy, we feel keenly the loss of statistics.

That, of course, is not the fault of Mr. Pivány who takes his stand by the North. One might as well quarrel with Wallace because he was not Darwin as complain because a man takes one side of a question only. Let the South look to the South.

It is, of course, a platitude of history that the question at issue between North and South was, in its essence, something far removed from a mere domestic question of slavery. If Slavery had been the sole or real instead of the subsidiary and ostensible bone of contention the North must have been in a very discreditable position. To sell its slaves for good money to the planters of the South and then raise a cry for the abolition of slavery was, to say the least, sharp practice almost approaching in dishonourable intent to the Repudiation of earlier years.

The cause was far deeper, far more honourable, far more in consonance with constitutional principle



Dream of Joseph — Rembrandt. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

zenith of her beauty, her young mistress came slowly towards her, clad in deep mourning, and looking very sad, without either a greeting or a compliment: she cut off all her beautiful flowers and carried them into the house. There everything was so quiet and mournful that the poor lily shivered, as in anticipation of some evil. Entering a darkened room her mistress opened a long-shaped box, and laid the flowers on the dead body of her brother.

The poor lily thereupon began to gasp for breath, but her struggles were of no avail. Shortly afterwards the lid was securely fastened down, and crushed and bleeding she lay, her sweet white petals resting sadly and alone with the dead.

and practice. It was the old question of Federal Authority *versus* State Rights. — Alexander Hamilton *versus* Aaron Burr. And Hamilton in his re-incarnation as Lincoln, once more won against the soul of Burr transmigrated into the body of Davis.

It is on this account that one is puzzled to understand the attitude of Magyar refugees. These were to be found in overwhelming numbers on the side of the North. Now the North wished the South to remain in the Union which the South had joined, (by individual States) of its own free will. For what, then, did the Magyar fight under Bem and Görgei? For the right to withdraw from a Union to which it had voluntarily adhered. And for what did he fight in America? For a principle exactly opposite. For the side of Austria against the side of Hungary. For the right of one partner in a Union to compel the adhesion of the other!

The truth, I suppose, is that the Magyars in America found themselves the victims of that most insistent of all forces, association. They lived in the North and amongst Northerners. They had seen Kossuth's triumphal procession down Broadway and the fanatical friendship of Northern crowds. They were grateful and when their friends were in trouble they did not bother about abstruse political riddles, but, with the grand enthusiasm which is part of the Magyar nature, showed their gratitude, and enlisted by the hundred. It was not magnificent — but it was war.

Indeed Mr. Pivány says half as much himself. «Hardly any of them had settled in the slave-holding states: consequently, hardly any of them enlisted in the Confederate Army.» One conspicuous exception was Colonel Estván, who had served under Radetzky in Italy and seen more difficult service in the Crimea. But even he was a Union man and took the first opportunity to throw up his commission.

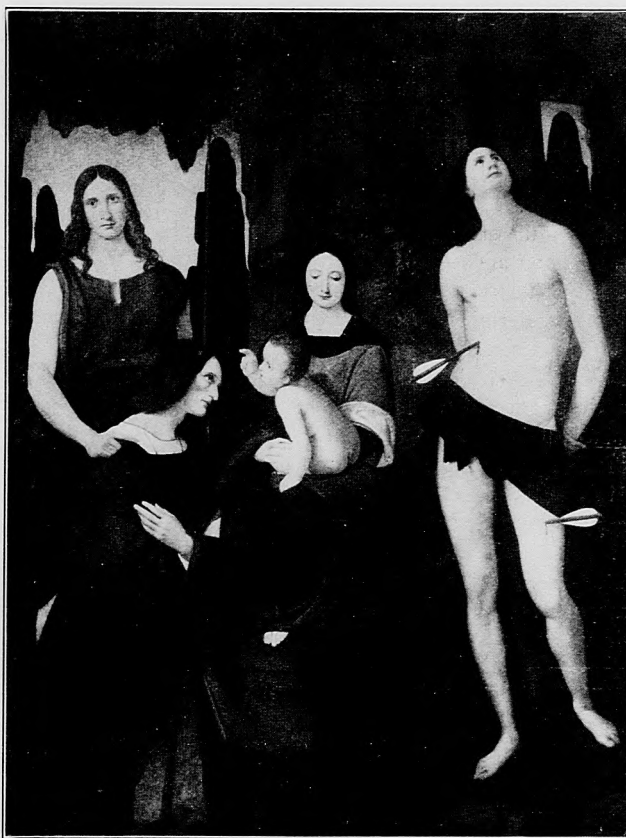
The fate of the man born of cannibal parents is to hanker after human funny-bones; of a man born in Turkey to be a fanatical believer in Mahomet; of a man born in England to imagine that he has a political heritage. And the fate of the Magyar whom circumstances find in the States at the breaking out of the war was to fight for a cause which he had fought against in his own land — a cause whose loss in the Old World gave the reason for his own presence in the New.

Mr. Pivány estimates the total effective roll of Hungarians on the Northern side to have been somewhere about 800, of whom between ten and twelve per cent were officers. Of these 22 were army, as distinguished from regimental officers, and of the remainder 15 were field-officers. For the benefit of such as do not love «filthy technicalities»

I might explain that all ranks above that of lieutenant-colonel belong to the army whilst field-officers include the two highest regimental ranks of lieutenant-colonel and major.

General Stahel commanded an army corps. To the Cross of Bravery won at Branyiszkó he added the Medal of Honour for Piedmont (1864). General Asbóth, an old Kossuth man, was given a division and various district commands. Schoepf also had a division whilst five others the junior of whom was Colonel Zsulavszky, led brigades.

But of all the services freely given and freely acknowledged that which combined the valuable



The Lodi Madonna. — Boltraffio. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

and the spectacular in what has come to be known as the American Balaklava was the magnificent dash of the Guards at Springfield. Here, under their fine light cavalry leader, Col. Zágonyi, they successfully s'ormed a garrison, 1900 strong, and posted on a hill!

The answer of a free people to this glorious deed was — insult. Sensitive as the Greeks in the Persian War, as the States General against Louis, as the Directory in the Italian Campaign, the Northern authorities, scenting some unconstitutional ambition in Zágonyi's General, the active Frémont and apprehensive of the wisdom of leaving under his command a body of men whose headlong dash and brilliant success had been so signally proved,

promptly disbanded the Guard and relieved Frémont of his Western command.

True they offered Zágonyi the colonelcy of a regiment but the man who had proved his skill, dash and physical courage was now to shew a moral courage far more valuable. Out of loyalty to Frémont he declined, nor did he serve again until his old commander had been offered another post.

Mr. Pivány has done his task well. There is none of that rhodomontade and adjectival gloss which one might reasonably expect in the glorification of fellow-countrymen, but a plain, serious and valuable story, an adjunct to history and a fair and manly appreciation of service freely offered and bravely carried out.

One is struck by a simple thought. If these Hungarian refugees — less than a thousand — could and did accomplish so much on foreign shores, what, rightly led and properly equipped could they not have accomplished in '48 assisted by the hundreds of thousands who remained at home?

The stuff was in them. They proved it in exile! C. Townley-Fullam.

Fábri és Társa Budapest, IV., Párisi-u. 2. szám Ékszerészek és aranyművesek. — Versenydíjak és ajándéktárgyak dús választékban.



The Virgin. Hans Baldung Grien. Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

The long row of carriages each drawn by four horses with silver trimmed harness, was a thing to be remembered, and those few who had admission to the church talked about the splendid toilets, the magnificence of the gentlemen in their superb magnate-costume with jewels of inestimable value, the masses of white flowers and the tall slim bride wrapped in her precious veils, who knelt at the side of her silver-haired groom like a shining lily. Those who stood near when she came down the aisle had a vision of a beautiful face which was just as white as the veil hanging over it: of trembling red lips and a pair of lustrous dark eyes in which curious, restless little flames came leaping up as she looked over the crowd as it seemed, into the unknown mists of the future. There were those who pretended to know that the bride's family was near ruin, and this union meant the saving of a very fine old name; — and now and again one could hear the whispered name of a well known, young, university professor: Dr. Torday.

The whirl of life had hardly swallowed up the gossips which involved the names of the Count and Countess Ugraj, when they were reopened by the Count's death.

*

On that glorious spring afternoon, when the old town was again buzzing round the well worn topic, to which now a new flavour was added, two men were leaning over the rail of an old mossy stone bridge in the beautiful old garden of the Záray-mansion.

The trees were all very proud in their beautiful new gowns of young green, even the tall dark firs seemed to have brushed and cleaned their shining needles and the air was full of that sweet and bitter poignant smell of the spring the remains of last year's dead leaves and the strong clean scent of violets. A bluish, purple mist crept among the trees, and fiery red rays of the dying sun came stealing through the branches, As they fell on the dark greenish water, it seemed as if several red-gold ribbons were threaded among the tiny little frills of the rushing water.

One of the two, a very tall broad-shouldered man with a clean shaven strong face, thick silver-gray hair parted at one side of his wellformed head, and the collar of a catholic priest, said presently:

Obstacles.

By Katinka de Kendeffy.

EVERY morning paper contained the news of the death of the Count Ugraj one of the most distinguished and richest noblemen of Transylvania, and there was no Casino nor no softcosy corner of a drawing-room in those old mansions which were for many a century the residences of some of the oldest aristocrats of the country, in which this news would not create excitement. And surely there was hardly a house where newspapers were read in that beautiful old town, where people would not talk about it. For everybody well remembered that other day of excitement hardly one year ago, when rich and poor old and young streamed towards the magnificent old church of St. Michael's to have a glimpse at the greatest wedding celebrated for ages. Here the rich old Count Ugraj had been married to the loveliest young lady of Society. The unequal union was a strong topic for gossip and the wedding itself a thing to be talked about for many weeks after.

«I am sorry for her all the same, she seemed so well settled and quite happy.»

«Happy! Good gracious! How can you use that word! exclaimed his companion a similarly tall but slender man. His iron-gray eyes which seemed to pierce everything, shot flames at the priest, his sharp cut face, framed in a short pointed black beard, twitched with indignation. — «Happy in such a union! The man over sixty. The girl barely twentyfour. And such a girl!»

«My dear sir it is the very thing I meant: such a girl such a clever, strong minded woman, who can find beauty in every situation life places her in. Besides, the knowledge that she saved her family—»

«Never yet made up for a woman's lost love», threw in the Hon. John Záray.

The priest looked sharply at his companion; his deep set blue eyes seemed to ask curiously «What do you know about this, for you can not be merely gossiping, like all the rest; you are not one of those!»

«You needn't look at me like that», continued the Hon. John, «true it is your privilege to be the confessor of the Countess Ugraj—I too, might know things — No, my friend, I am not repeating gossip. You know it is not my way, but I am a writer, and it is my business to pry into peoples' souls.»

«Surely you —» began the priest, but Záray interrupted him.

«It is to you only that I am talking about this; a writer may be indiscreet by prying, but never commit the sin of giving things away. To you it is different. Besides, you dragged it from me by saying she was happy.»

«But surely», began the priest again: «the whole thing is only a trick of your fertile imagination — You may have a sharp insight into souls, but—»

«No dear friend, it is more than that. Come let us sit down on the bench over there; the sun will soon fall as low as that opening among the firs, then the water will look like a river of melted copper. I always come and watch it at this time of year, later the sun sinks further, so this is a thing

only to be seen in spring. — Well, we were talking about the Countess Rose Ugraj, and I wanted to tell you what I knew about —»

«Her girlish dream?»

«No, your reverence, I don't think it was a dream. I will tell you about it if you will listen.»

He lit a cigarette and without waiting for a reply, began to talk:

«You know that Countess Rose is my wife's best friend, and whilst staying here she first met Professor Torday, who was a university-companion of my brother-in-law. You know the Professor, you know the kind of man he is, strong and healthy in mind and soul, a brilliant and attractive personality in spite of his great reserve. I remember the evening when they first met. I don't know why, but I couldn't take off my eyes from that fascinating couple as they stood at the open window in the twilight of the summer evening and the dim light of the pearl-shaded lamps of my wife's yellow drawing-room. Once I passed near them and I heard him say:

«This question about the strength of personality is after all relative. For who can say that diamonds are not hard? And still we know that they can be scratched with a thing similarly hard —»

This struck me even then as symbolic for I know them both, and mentioned it to my wife, but she laughed and said she knew her friend, she would never look at a poor man. But I couldn't help observing them, and I saw it as it came slowly, very slowly nearer. You see, they fought hard against it so this mysterious power had to make great detours, years had to pass, till it reached them, I mean, till it reached their knowledge, for I think they were caught the moment they first met. They became very good friends, so I am perfectly sure she told him about the distress of her family and her ardent wish to help.

She was staying again with us when Count Ugraj asked her to marry him. She accepted without hesitation, — but I saw her telling it to Torday. I saw her lips quiver when she tried to look without flinching into his eyes. And I saw him getting deathly



St. Jacob of Compostella. — Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.



Portrait of Doge Marc Antonio Trevisani Tiziane. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

pale but bowing low and heard him say in a rather thick but firm voice:

«I wish that God may bless you».



A Portrait. — Sebastiano del Piombo. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

He paused, but the priest was silent. In his mind's eye he saw the lovely woman who was now free again, and he was afraid of what the future might bring her. Záray went on.

«And then there came the day when she had to go home for the official engagement. It was a glorious afternoon in May. The air was heavy with the scent of the lilies-of-the valley. The big lilacshrubbery over there, was in full bloom. Everything was as soft and green as it can be in May, and the long alley of may-trees covered with their sweet scented flowers, looked like a snowy white tunnel under the glittering blue sky. The whole world seemed to be full of the song of nightingales, full of love and longing. You know what a dreamer I am, — I can hardly bear the overpowering beauty of such a day, and still I seek the place where everything reaches, the highest point of it. Do you know the big verandah on the south side of the houses which is covered with wistaria? The thick old branches hang over a corner and hide it from the French window. This is the nook where I hide myself on such May afternoons. That day my thoughts were full of the horridness

of this forthcoming marriage.»

«You can't say it was horrid» The priest tried to interrupt a story he know ever so well, being the chaplain of Ugraj-court, the confessor and friend of the young countess. But the Hon. John could not be deterred from relating something when once started. Without heed of the interruption, he went on» I lay there, deep in thought, when I heard steps in the room behind, the little blue drawing-room leading to the rooms occupied by Rose when she was here. Thinking that it was Rose going to her rooms, I didn't move. A few minutes later, I heard again hurried steps, a short knock at the door and just when I stirred to get up, I heard Dr. Torday's voice calling out in a hoarse low voice:

«Rose!»

I assure you I had no intention of prying, but I was so struck by the note of vibrating passion and despair which rang in the single word he probably never said aloud, that I couldn't move for the moment and after that I thought it would embarrass them most awfully, had I betrayed by my appearance that I had heard the first words; so I had to be witness to the whole scene.

«O, why did you come — why did you come? said a strained, desperate voice, which I with difficulty recognized

to be that of Rose, so strange and unfamiliar was it. And I couldnt help turning a little to the side, where through a gap in the wistaria I could see the French window. Rose happened to stand in the middle of the room, and I could see her pale face, her tightly folded hands and the look in her eyes which I shall never forget.» And again she said:

«Why did you come? Why have you to make it worse? Do you think it is so easy to trample upon one's own heart?»

His back was towards me, I couldnt see his face, but I heard him utter a low, passionate cry, in which overpowering joy and agonizing pain mingled, and I saw him rush towards her with outstretched arms. But she fled behind a table and the words came in short, broken sentences over her trembling lips:

«No, you mustn't — you mustn't. — It is all in vain—we both know it is, what is the good of it, if we make things more difficult—»

«But Rose, if you care — if you would dare to face life — a somewhat different life to your present one—»

«Don't, don't it's not me, you know it; it is the reputation of the family, it is for tradition, for the past of the name, the future of my brother, for the love of my parents, who could not bear to be poor.— You might call it a sacrifice, you might call it anything you like, for I am not cheated, I know what I am doing, and I want to do it, I want it with all my heart—»

«Your heart, Rose?» put in the man bitterly, but the girl defended herself fiercely.

«Yes, with all my heart, and you ought to help me rather than—» but her strength failed her and she fell sobbing on a chair.

The man was at her side.

«Rose, dearest — my beloved one, my all —» he stammered and tried to stroke her hair. At the touch of his fingers she jumped up. For a long, long moment they looked at each other, then she turned away and said very slowly:

«You had better go.»

He took his hat and moved towards the door. It seemed as if he carried the sorrows of all the world with him. At the door he stopped and turned.

«Rose» he faltered, «Rose.»

She turned towards him. I could see their faces, hers tear-stained, his haggard and drawn. Neither of them spoke, and the silence grow deeper and ever deeper



Cornaro Katalin. Queen of Cyprus. — Gentile Bellini. — Fine Art Museum Budapest.



Mrs. Barbara Murchison. Henry Raeburn. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.



A Portrait. — Bartolomé Estéban Murillo. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

round them. I could feel how it crept over the soft blue carpet, I could feel the presence of this great bewitching power, the sorcerer of hearts — and I could see how their souls met, how slowly, ever so slowly they separated again, and the flames died away in their eyes as if joy and happiness, as if Life itself would leave them —

Then suddenly he ran up to her caught her in his arms and for a long minute they clung to each other, but when he tried to kiss her, she hid her face and said gently:

«No, there must be something in life we never tasted, and those things are the sweetest and the best —»

A moment later he was gone, she went into her room and I crept away. I felt so ashamed and guilty, that I couldn't meet her that day. I went out and sent her a few snowy white roses, saying that I was detained and could say good-bye only like this.

It was nearly dusk when the Hon. John finished speaking. The sun had long ago reached the opening among the firs; the river of melted gold had long ago rushed away: some bats were fluttering towards the water.

Neither of the two men spoke for a long time, and it was Záray who broke the silence.

«That's why I am glad she is free again. The obstacle that stood between them, the ruin of the family, is removed.»

«Yes, but she is immensely rich and this might be an even stronger obstacle — for him», came the low answer. Then the priest added: «And that's why I am *sorry* for her».

Neither of them spoke again, but the red tips of their burning cigarettes could be seen long after, moving up and down the river side.

Once more the old trees wore their new gown of fresh young green, smiled proudly at the sky, on which flocks of flimsy white clouds float about, like soft winged doves; moving slowly towards the west they get a shining rosy hue from the sun which was already very low. Once more the alley of may-trees was covered with masses of white flowers and the lilac shrubbery seemed to burn purple through the caressing touches of the sinking sun. Underneath the bushes millions of sweet lilybells chimed a hymn whilst the burning orb prepared for its night's rest.



A Portrait. — Frans Hals sr. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

Under the sweet scented, lacy arches of the maytrees, a man and a woman came slowly towards the river.

The woman wore an expectant smile on her beautiful lips, and her deep dark eyes gazed into the spring day with a soft dreamy look. Sometimes she moved her arms and breathed deeply as if she would like to embrace or inhale all the intoxicating beauty of this spring day.

The man too wore a far-away look, but he did not seem to be so quiet and happy as his companion. A thick blue vein on the side of his clear cut shaven face, pulsed visibly; his lips were set.

She looked now and then at him, and the softness of her eyes grew even more velvety.

«I have been here a week», she said suddenly, «why didn't you come?»

«People talked —»

«Let then talk» she said laughingly, «I don't mind —»

«I do, because — but let us drop this, I should like to tell you something.»

He paused, and she looked at him, the smile on her lips growing ever more expectant; but he did not meet her eyes and continued hesitatingly.

«You know that I got an invitation



A Portrait. — Thomas de Keijsers. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.



A Portrait. — Jahn Vermeer Van Delft. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

from the University of Geneva? I have decided in the matter —»

«Well?» she urged him on.

«I — have accepted.»

She stood still for a moment. The glow left her eyes and the smile froze on her lips. But the next moment she was radiant again.

«O you!» she laughed; «what a clumsy strategy you men follow' why, wouldn't it be simpler to say straight away what you want? Besides — did you think it really necessary to find out how I would take it?»

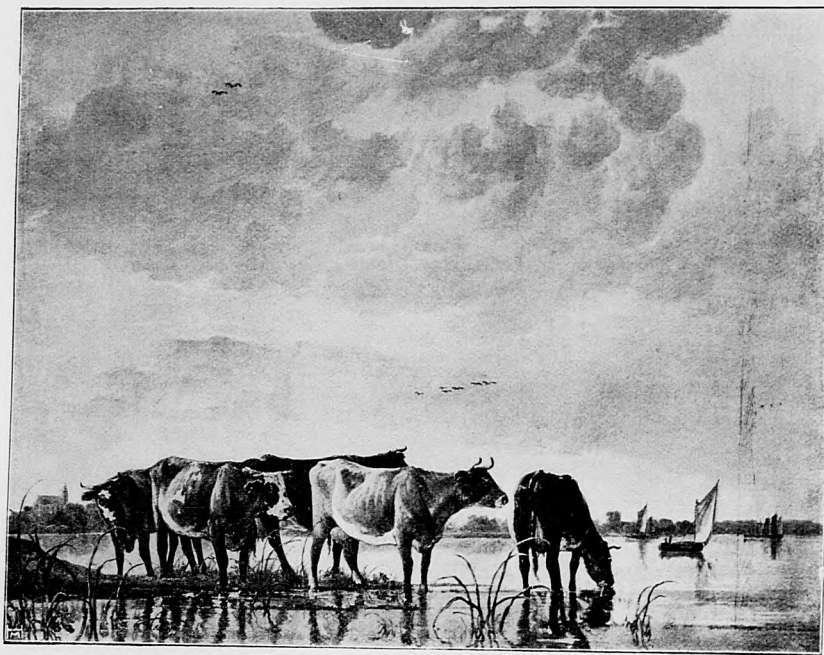
He looked straight into her eyes now as he said gravely:

«Countess — I — meant it —»

The colour came and went in her face, her hands caught nervously at a near bush, but she could not take away her eyes from his.

«Why — but why?» she ventured at last to ask.

«Because I must leave you — because I can't stand it any longer — because I am going mad;» broke forth the passionate torrent of his words: «Rose — Rose — why had it to happen? Why have we to undergo the trial again? Why? —»



Cows drinking. — Aelbert Cuyp. Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

«I don't understand you George — What do you mean by all this? O, you know, it; why do you orce me to say it again? You know how I love you! George, the sacrifice was fulfilled but God was good, it has not to last too long — George, you know that I am free, what do you mean by saying that you must leave me, what do you mean by trial? George —;» she grasped his hands but he tore them away, and turning aside he groaned:

«Why can't you understand, why can't you see it Rose? I could have fought hard for the woman I love, but I can not live on her money —»

«George, how can you take it this way? cried Rose bitterly.

«I didn't use to — it never entered my head — at first. But then I heard people talk and I remembered — and was thankful that the realization didn't come too late — What a hell it would have been — No Rose, it can't be, I have fought hard, and now I have made up my mind.»

She didn't speak: and began to walk on slowly with dragging steps. He followed with head turned away, for he didn't want, he couldn't look at the beautiful figure he felt might be his, and knew he could not take.

When they reached the mossy, old stone bridge, the red rays of the dying sun, poured the hearts blood of their master into the water, and it seemed as if melted hot copper and thick red blood would mix and run noisily between the mossy stones. A nightingale tried its wedding song in one of the laburnum-bushes, and the spirit of Spring and Love got once more into the veins of the woman. She turned and stretched her hands towards him.

Flames of love and longing of passion and pain leaped up in the depths of the man's eyes, but he

set his teeth, and turned away.

Her hands dropped, she shut her eyes from sheer pain. When she opened them again, he was far away.

«George!» she cried out in uncontrollable despair.

He turned round and saw her standing on the old bridge — in the hot red flood of the last rays of the dying sun.— The tall slim figure clad in a gown of black lace with masses of golden hair twisted round her head which glittered and shone in this glorious light like a halo. Coils of sparkling rays were dancing round the one woman he loved, as she

stood there in the middle of all the glories of the spring —

But he pressed his hands to his eyes, turned and soon was lost among the trees.

The Countess Ugraj steadied herself on the mossy rail of the bridge, and bent low above the water. But she did not see how the colour and glow faded away from the water — and when she straightened herself and was conscious again of her surroundings, it was quite dark. The trees looked like black giants, there was no gleam over the water, a cool wind swept over the bridge, and bats were fluttering noiselessly towards the solitary figure.

And the beautiful, immensely rich widow of the Count Ugraj, thought that the garden looked like her life, Everything in it was great and majestic, but glimmer and light had faded away —.



Our Reading Table.

The Hungarian Fairy Book.

Nándor Pogány. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. J. Fisher Unwin. London. 1913.

Paint me the *psyche* of a race; I will deduce its *epos*.

It is inevitable that the people of the later migration, dropped promiscuously into the fabric of a European Society, itself in course of transition, and baptised by the scruff of the neck should, under the influence of monastic legend, incorporate with its own tradition and folk-lore ideas altogether at variance with its own spirit. It is thus easy for the student to separate not only periods but ideas in

Hungarian legend and to apportion them to the plateaux of Asia, the fair land of Meotis, and the land of the Volsungs respectively.

Although the charming collection of Mr. Pogány may take rank with that of any country in regard to beauty and interest, we should have liked to see some attention paid to these historic divisions. That is, perhaps, ungenerous criticism in view of the fact that the title properly indicates the scope of the volume, which does not profess to contain the saga of a nation, as do the Kalevala of our Finnish cousin or the great Scandinavian records, but simply offers a collection of stories, legendary, historic, imaginative yet not truly characteristic.

Undoubtedly the most interesting, because truly racial, are those which deal with the birth of the nation from Hunor and Mogor, the burial of Attila, and the story of Botond, the Roland of the Army. The Milky Way must be treated separately. This we consider to be the most weird and terrible of all purely national legends. The conception of Csaba, son of Attila, leading his spectral army, the bodies that cast no shadow, back to their far-off home in Asia for sepulture; the rising from the dead of those old warriors to battle for their kin attacked in Transylvania, above all their appearance in a moonless sky as they passed across the firmament led for the last time by Prince Csaba, is one unparalleled in the saga of any people.

«Learned men call this the Milky Way but the *real* name is... the *Hadak Utja*, The Path of the Warriors.»

If Mr. Pogány's book contained nothing but the four stories mentioned, it would still deserve to be mentioned in company with any of those over which Mr. Andrew Lang spent such loving care.

A really great feature of the book is the work of Willy Pogány. This artist is one of the most unconventional we have ever met. Outside the ranks of our first-rate painters I doubt if anybody could be found with sufficient originality and decorative genius to compete with him. On every page something new, but nothing bizarre. Delicate workmanship, wonderful breadth of conception

and a truly national genre distinguish a work of which it may be said that it is a true and natural adjunct to the text.

If Mr. Fisher Unwin have produced this as a Christmas present for children we hope to hear shortly of a second impression.

*

Religion in Hungary: Count T. A. Vécsey. DD. *Catholic Review*. Oct. 1913. London and Oxford.

Count Vécsey appears from the tone of his paper to be moving with the spirit of the times which of course, does not at all suggest that he is tainted with Modernism so much as that the polemics of this age have a temperate and reasoned character in contradistinction to the fulminatory denunciation of the days of the counter-reformation; and that the author's sketch of the ecclesiastical side of Hungarian life is marked by a certain refreshing breadth of view.

The author traces the history of the Church in Hungary from the time when St. Stephen concurred in the conversion of his warriors down to this present. With the merely historical part we have nothing to do. But that part of the sketch dealing with Catholicism as a force, in modern times is of vital interest whether considered ecclesiastically, canonically, politically or socially and it is upon this part that I desire to offer a word of tentative but friendly criticism.

In the forefront of all questions and issues occupying the attention of earnest-minded Catholics there stands that of the relations between Church and State. The State appears ever to be encroaching upon domains which, for ages, have been looked upon as belonging to the Church. In no direction is this more apparent than in the questions of Marriage and Divorce.

Those questions formed the subject of the cele-



Landscape after Rain. — Salamon Van Ruijsdael. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

brated ecclesiastical laws of 1894. All Catholics, almost without exception, concur in denouncing these not only as an attack upon the Papal authority but also as factors making for spiritual degeneration.

«It was enacted that civil marriage was always to precede the religious ceremony: the laws regarding mixed marriages were removed from the control of the Church; people were allowed to declare themselves 'without religion'; divorce was made easy and cheap.»

Thus Count Vécsey sums up the provisions of the Laws of 1894.

As to the civil marriage itself the Church holds,

man could concur in seeing such a man forced by law to subscribe any creed in which he did not believe. That would be bigotry and intolerance, whether on the part of the State or on that of any Sect.

The Church's teaching on divorce comes to us with no uncertain voice. She teaches that man may be divorced for good cause, though that was a question which perplexed St. Augustine to the end of his life.

Count Vécsey complains that «divorce was made easy and cheap». That is not at all logical. *Given proper cause*, is it not of manifest benefit that difficulties should be removed? And should divorce be the prerogative of the rich? If it be admitted in

principle, *as the Church does admit*, that divorce is recognised by canon law, the manifest desideratum is that it should be both «easy and cheap».

Perhaps Count Vécsey's strictures refer rather to re-marriage. That is a totally different matter, but it does not come into consideration!

The revival of Catholic activity in Hungary is outlined with strict impartiality. The Church is gaining. Protestantism is lax.

Jewry is quiescent. All people should, then, rejoice that there is one organisation, at least, whose high ideals are still maintained, whose courage never fails and who devotes herself with ardour to the spiritual welfare of an all but materialistic generation.

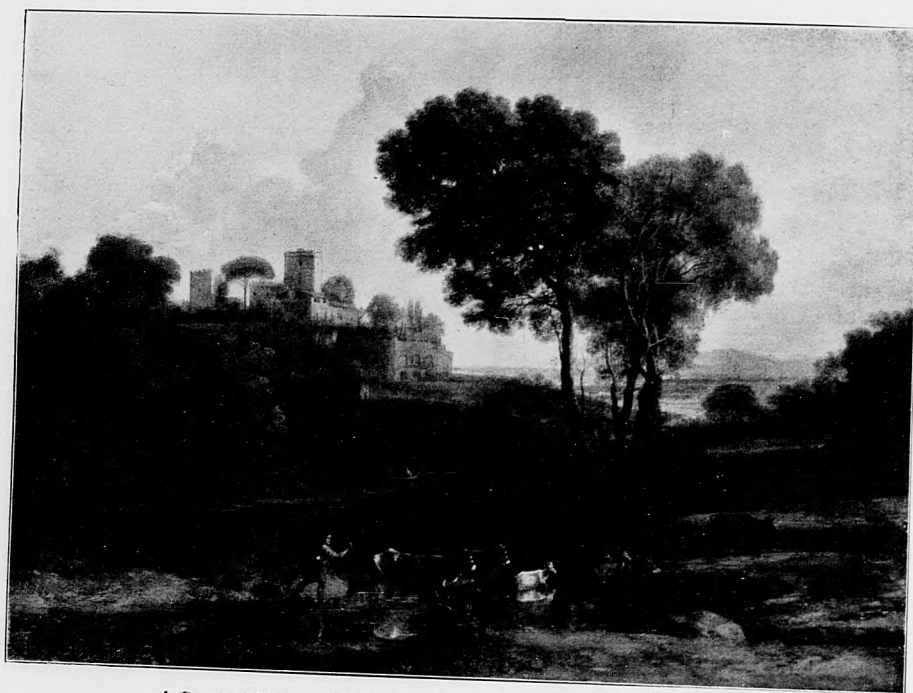


A Revolution in Food Supply.

HIGH UP in a top room of Mansion House Chambers, London, E. C., an idea is being matured which, if all that the originator claims for it be true, will revolutionise our daily life.

The man with the idea is Mr. Alfred Williams. The idea is to grow wheat in factories, thereby reducing the cost of the loaf to a quarter of its present price.

Mr. Williams is an unemotional chemist, born in Wales, and possessed of a profound belief in



A Roman Villa. — Claude Lorrain. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

whether rightly or wrongly, that it is no marriage. Be it so. There is nothing to prevent the celebration of the religious ceremony afterwards.

The laws regarding mixed marriages are, upon Count Vécsey's admission, very favourable to the Church «One blessing in disguise», he says. Count Vécsey seems to look upon this provision not so much in the light of a question of abstract right or wrong, as in that of the extent to which it benefits or does not benefit the Church. Civil marriage is wrong because the Church loses: the mixed-marriage contract is right because the Church gains.

That people should be allowed to declare themselves without religion appears to be a matter beyond the mere question of Church and State. It concerns the liberty of the individual, and in this affair the Church can have no *locus standi* whatever, save in that broad sense which permits her to use her beneficent offices in a proselytising sense, no sane

his own invention — that is to be expected when he tells you that he has eaten his factory-grown wheat — and he contemplates the prospective subversion of society with perfect equanimity.

Explaining the why and the wherefore of his idea to a «Daily News» representative, he began by pointing out how at present the world is dependent for whatever it grows on geographical and weather conditions.

«Put a seed in the ground», he said, «and even after the absorption of the moisture you have to wait for a reasonable temperature condition before the wheat will sprout. I have been all through Siberia. If they had three weeks' more sunshine there a year they would reap far finer crops.

«I point to another natural limitation — the limitation of sunshine, I have travelled all through Ohio, and have seen thousands of acres of splendid wheatlands inundated with water. The water has frozen, and the crop has been destroyed.

«Then, again», Mr. Williams proceeded», «there is the great waste in nitration under present methods. Of the nitrates put into the ground only a small proportion ever gets taken up by the roots of the crop that is sown».

Mr. Williams hopes to rise superior to all these limitations of nature. In the first place, he says that the soil is responsible for very little of the weight of a plant; it is the carbon from the atmosphere which gives it its weight.

On this point, Mr. Williams asserts that he has discovered a method of using electricity as a combination of discharge and radiation. This, he says, takes the place of light waves, and facilitates the breaking-up of the carbonic dioxide in the air, thus setting free the carbon to feed the wheat.

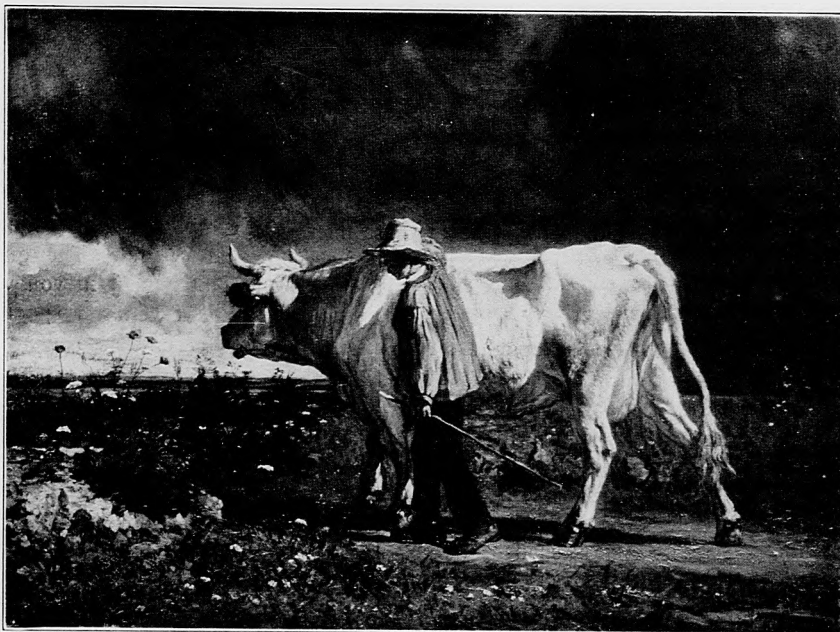
«That means», says Mr. Williams, «that the cereals I plant receive all the sunshine they want».

Under present methods of growth, the soil, of course, is essential for nitration. But Mr. Williams does without soil. He claims to obtain sufficient nitration by means of a certain solution which is his own secret, and he further claims that by this method there is none of that loss in nitration to which reference has already been made.

Here is this remarkable chemist's plan of culti-

vation. Expensive wheat lands are banished as unnecessary. Instead, he builds a rough structure of several floors — a sort of factory. Upon each floor he puts some soil — in reality, he points out, it does not matter whether you place sand or fine gravel there, the only object being that it should act as a support for the stalks and provide the necessary amount of dampness. Then the sand or the gravel is impregnated with the nitrate solution, and the seed is planted. The radiation is supplied by wires and tubes, and in two months there is a bountiful crop!

«Yes, six crops a year, and tenpence or a shilling a bushel to cover all the cost», says Mr. Williams, «as compared with a present average of about four shillings.»



Herdsman. — Constantin Troyon. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

«What will become of the great wheatgrowing countries?» «The Daily News» representative asked.

«They», Mr. Williams replied cheerfully, «would be ruined at a stroke».

The discussion turned on the effect on the world of corn grown indoors. The ruined wheat countries, said Mr. Williams, might take to stock raising. But such a large addition to the cattle supply would bring down the price of meat. Indeed, so far as the food of the people is concerned the golden age would have dawned. The cheap loaf would become an electioneering anachronism, and the waving cornfields only a poetic survival.

But there is another side. «Wheat corners» would no longer be possible, and in this country we could no longer be starved out by a foreign foe. That fact, in its turn, would mean that the Naval Estimates should come down with a run.

All these possibilities did not move Mr. Wil-

liams. He has actually grown wheat by his method, to say nothing of oats, lettuce and mustard and cress. Not only that, but he has eaten some of his own wheat, and he affirms it does not differ in taste from the ordinary article, or, for that matter, in nutritive value.

So far cucumbers alone have offered a successful resistance to the chemist's wiles.

The Birmingham Daily News.



Grand-parents.

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

Morning.

Grandmamma: Age 60: may have been pretty in her youth, but this has become such a side issue in her life, that she has perhaps quite forgotten it. She is giving a five month's old baby its bath, and is looking weary and careworn. A bouncing wet-nurse sits on the sofa munching chocolate.

Grandpapa: (age 65: white mustache: ruddy stout good-humored old fellow. One of those men who think that when they feel well, everybody feels well, and consequently consider themselves good men. He enters noisily.): Well! good morning! Aha! the little soldier is having his bath. A fine child, never cries; one never hears his voice.

Grandmamma (quietly, and looking sidelong at him): We sat up all last night with him; he cried so.

Grandpapa: Hm! Good Lord! in that case he does not take after his father. Our babies never so much as whimpered; not so, Mother?

Grandmamma (with a shade of irony in her

smile): You forget my dear Vincent that when little Lajos was born you removed to the other end of the house to the room on the further side of the house door, where, of course you could not hear him. And we were also anxious for little Géza. He was so irritable.

Grandpapa (fidgeting): That was so long ago, so long ago! I had forgotten. Where is my little Iréne?

Grandmamma: She was taken last night with congestive head-ache, from sheer fright; she thought baby was going to be sick. She is asleep in the room.

Grandpapa: Poor little thing; she has a tender heart, Well; just let her sleep. Now I am going to have my breakfast; let them serve it at the end of the garden, under the big walnut tree.

Grandmamma: But, dear Vincent, I have already had the table set for you in the porch. I have so much on my hands today. Rosina has to wash baby's clothes because Irene wants the nurse to rest (bitterly). It seems the poor girl lost her sleep.

Grandpapa: All right! let nurse rest (winks good-humoredly at the nurse). But I don't see why I can't have my breakfast under the big walnut.

Grandmamma: Because, dear, we should waste a lot of time. The girl would have to stay and wait on you until you were through; because you would leave silver spoons, sugar bowl, everything; and there are so many gipsies about; and the walnut tree is just over the hedge from the highway. If at least you could bring the things in...

Grandpapa: Well! I declare! as if I were going to lug spoons and trays! Deuce take such housewifery. How fussy you are! Well, then, come with me yourself. In that way you won't have any work to do and you can fetch in your precious

stuff. A happy thought never occurs to any one but me.

Grandmother (with resignation): Very well. I come.

(Hands the baby to the nurse and follows her gay husband.)

Noon.

Grandpapa (Gaily shouts from the hall toward the nursery); Come, Mother, there you are again playing with



At the Physician. — David Teniers. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

Baby. What becomes of our dinner?

Grandmamma (taking off a long floury kitchenapron and washing her hands): We are a little late today. The cook quarrelled with the nurse for spattering her newly-scrubbed floor with Baby's bath-water; and her high-mightiness the nurse threatened to quit on the spot if I did not give Rosey immediate notice. Irene began to cry and insisted on my sending Rosey away, because, if the nurse was irritated, the child would be in danger of its life. Rosey, of course, immediately packed off, and I have had to cook the dinner. My good, faithful Rosey!

Grandpapa: No great loss, that old woman. (Pinches the nurse's plump rosy, cheek as she stands near the window.) A quicktempered little woman, our nursey.

Grandmamma: You must needs flatter her for all the trouble she has given me! You might go into town this afternoon and get sister Lina to find me a cook.

Grandpapa (with a loud laugh): I say, do you take me for a servant-girl broker? No, no! that is woman's work. Besides, I am going to the vicar's (at Lelle) to play a rubber or two.

Grandmamma: But in that case, I can't have the carriage.

Grandpapa: Of course; you can just as well do this half hour's walk into town on foot. The exercise will do you good keep you from getting fat.

Evening.

(Grandpapa and Grandmamma are sitting together after supper. He in a large rocking chair, smoking a cigar. She, sleepy and tired waiting to be allowed to get to bed.)

Grandpapa (hearing from the neighboring room the crooning of the nurse): Dear me! By Jove! I have hardly seen Baby all day. Fetch him in, Mother, and let me have a chance with him.

Grandmamma: But nurse is putting him to sleep. If I bring him to you, he will not soon get to sleep again.

Grandpapa: Well, can't he sleep in the daytime? Come, come, bring him.

(Grandmamma fetches the child from the other room. Grandpapa takes him and tickles the little fellow till he crows with delight.)

Grandpapa: After all, a baby like this, is a great joy in the house, isn't it?

(Grandpapa while playing with the baby lets the



Peasants at Dinner. — Diego Velazquez. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

hot ash from his cigar fall upon its face, at which Baby roars outrageously. Grandpapa nervously hands the child to this Grandmother.)

Grandpapa: Oh take him, take him; my ears are bursting.

Grandmamma: Well, you see. You don't know how to comfort him. Now it will be an hour before we can get him to sleep.

She goes off with the child. Grandpapa pours out a glass of wine and rocks while smoking. He thinks how simple it would be if his son Géza should also come home with his children, already somewhat older. How they would romp. Géza plays piquet, his wife is a handsome, amusing woman. The house would be full of guests. That would indeed be a lark. Grandmamma, while softly dandling the fretful baby and giving the nurse her orders for the night, is thinking and thinking how she has just had to part with her good old Rosie, and must now train a new maid again. And if her son Géza comes with his wife, his children and the fastidious French governess who would on no account put her hand to anything, the house work will be so increased that another hired-girl must be provided; and alas! the sides of bacon and every other sort of provender that they will waste! It will be last year's farce all over again, with her husband. He when he returns from his afternoon walk will immediately take the children into the pantry and stuff them with «powdered»-bacon, jam and cake, so that, by and by, they cannot eat anything but sit and poke at their victuals, and whimper. She will have to sit silently while her fault-finding daughter-in-law complains of her greasy cookery, which, nevertheless, the bishop praised so highly when he came on his tour of confirmation.

She will have to cook special dishes for the children, and all that, while the cook grumbles. And if one of them falls sick and tosses feverishly in bed with an attack of indigestion, they will immediately rout out Grandmamma, because the younger woman is all ready with a fainting fit or a paroxysm of tears. And how delicate these modern young women. They invite half the county to a houseparty, will dance the csárdás, until the dawn, will drink brandy, champagne, plum brandy... all that does not hurt her one bit. On such occasions Grandpapa speaks of her as a woman, and applauds and encourages the flushed young woman to still greater improprieties.

Grandmamma sighs with bowed head as she pushes the perambulator to and fro. She reckons that she is already sixty years old and that none of her family have passed the three score and ten. And then a great peace comes over her old heart and she joins her hands over the little baby carriage and sends up a fervent prayer that the Lord will grant long, long and happy lives to her loved ones... that, at least after her own release it may be granted her to be still alone a long time.



Art and Literature

A YEAR AGO there appeared in serial form, in the columns of the «Vasárnapi Ujság», a novel «Rozsda», by Olga de Szende-Dárday, whose portrait we publish. This novel has now been published in book form in two volumes and, in that form, will certainly arouse as much interest as previously. As a woman's novel its essential interest will be for feminine readers. Its problems are

peculiarly feminine as is the stand point. The work contains a severe criticism upon the modern education of girls and upon the social spheres in which they move and points out the way in which they may make their lives more independent and sure.

The portrait of the authoress appears in this number.

Winter Collection at the Gallery.

Dr. Béla Jankovich, Minister for Public Instruction opened this show in a very spirited address, on Nov. 22nd last.

Messieurs Kacziány, Szlányi, Lajta and Szamovolszky conducted the Minister round the Exhibition which will remain open till January 22nd: during the interval a special feature will be the Promenade Concerts held every Thursday.

If the brilliant opening, graced as it was by the presence of nearly all our social lions, be any indication of the interest taken in this year's Exhibition, it should go upon record as one of the most successful ever held.

★

Count Michael Zichy's works of art have now all been lodged in the National Salon. The collection includes the original illustrations to the poems of the Duchess Mary Lermontoff and the great oil-painting «The Prisoner», — the martyr Count Louis Batthyány.

The Committee receive only such authentic works of Zichy as have never yet been exhibited. The Exhibition was opened on the 7th December.

★

The Ernszt Museum consistently pursues the path it has marked out for itself. All its exhibitions have an internal value, viewed in an artistic sense whilst one or two provide the public with aesthetic pleasure.

The greater part of the collection here belongs to the Museum of the Capital and came into possession of the town by means of the magnanimous bequest of Count Eugene Zichy.

The present exhibition is a happy blend of old and new. Mányoky and Kupeczky of the XVIII century being contrasted with one of our most modern painters — Szinyei-Merse, and altogether it may be said that the effect is very striking.



Married Couple. — Bartholomaeus Van der Helst. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

Society Notes.

THE NAME OF Tassilo Festetics has a great renown throughout Europe. We could not ask to be more worthily represented abroad than by the Keszthely magnate whose chronological tree brings him into relationship with royalty, whilst through his wife Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton he is related to the first families in Britain.

The Duke is Master of the Palace, Knight of the Golden Fleece and was raised to Ducal rank in 1911 — the solitary Hungarian Duke! The explanation is perfectly simple. All our other Dukes are of the Imperial Creation.

The following year the name of the Duke was removed from the Almanac de Gotha and placed in the Court Calendar from which we see that his wife a Hamilton had her first marriage with the Prince of Monaco annulled by the Holy See in 1880.

Of the Duke's marriage with Lady Hamilton there has been issue three daughters — the Princesses Fürstenberg, Windisch-Graetz and Countess Ella and one son, Count George.

The life of the family at Keszthely is reminiscent of France before the Revolution: often there are Royal visitors who return delighted with the Castle, furnished in the English mode and the truly regal Hungarian hospitality.

The Duke himself spends much of his time in England where he has—and had—hosts of friends, including the late King Edward.

*

The Tango is still going strong. It has passed through all stages and is now on the last rung, First the exotic, then the social domesticated, then the Music-Hall, Cabaret, Orfeum, Mozi (cinema) and lastly the Aristocratic Dancing Academy to which resort barbers' apprentices and butcher boys.

It is still worshipped in the Temple of the Ritz where, in place of Vestal Virgins, there are High Priestesses.

Tango teas, tango ties, tango toilettes, tango acrobats, tango advertisements... Isn't it getting a little too much.

The man who dances it semi-professionally, has now been saddled with a sort of a nickname which does not shew much originality. He is the Tan. I suppose his partner must be the Co-tan! Indeed she is. It is a trigonometrical certainty.

Rózsavölgyi & Co. Budapest, IV., Szervitár tér 5. Court Music Publishers. Hungarian Music and English Booksellers.



Portrait of Mme Cean Bermudez. — Francisco de Goya. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

Personal Notes

THERE was recently held in Alcsuth, in the Institute founded by the Archducal family to which she belongs, a celebration in honour of the Archduchess Elizabeth Henrietta.

*

The hunting party at Kisjenő, the seat of the Archduke Joseph, included Prince Henry of Prussia, younger brother of the German Emperor.

*

Hearty congratulations from the four quarters of the world poured in upon the Duke Edmond Batthyány-Strattman who recently celebrated his 88th birthday in Körmend.

*

The Countess Gabriella Andrassy-Pálffy, widow of Count Emanuel Andrassy spent her 80th birthday amongst her children and grandchildren. Of the children, the only son, Géza, married Countess Eleonora Kaunitz. Of her daughters Irma is the wife of Prince Nicholas Eszterházy; Adelaide married Prince Géza Odescalchi; Nataly, Count Bart. Széchenyi and Caroline, Count Eugene Karátsonyi.

*

We have much pleasure in presenting the portrait of the Countess Aimée Colloredo, once of Cincinnati. This charming lady is a well-known figure in

British, Irish and American Society and *persona grata* at the Court of St. James.

★

Count Szécsen has again taken up his duties at the Embassy in Paris whilst the Marquis Pallavicini has returned to his post in Constantinople.

★

We are now represented in Athens by a new Ambassador, or rather Minister-Plenipotentiary, Julius de Szilassy, who has hitherto served in the Foreign Office. The new Minister to Belgrade is Lieut. General Baron Giessl, whose predecessor, Count Forgács has been recalled to the Foreign Office.

★

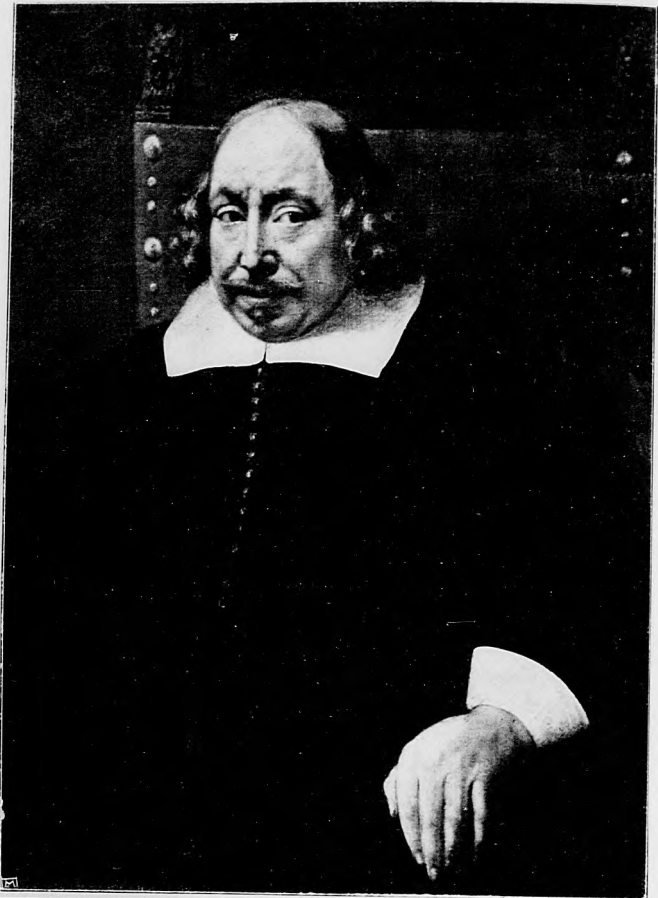
Sir Oscar Montlong has succeeded to the direction of the Press Section of the Foreign Office. The referent for Hungarian affairs is Ivan de Praznovszky Both gentlemen, by their previous successful labours, fully deserve this promotion.

★

The Cathedral of Szombathely was the scene of a very beautiful and fashionable wedding when Lieut. Baron Emmeric Rohoncy, of the Hussars, led to the altar the Baroness Eva Szegedy-Erisch.

★

That well-known philanthropist Mr.



A Portrait. — Jacob Jordaens. — Fine Art Museum Budapest.

George Sacelláry M.P. has given 2,000 Cr. as a Christmas present to the children of the unemployed. With other donations this amount is now over 12,000 Crowns. We hope that this, one of the latest examples of well-directed consideration, will be widely followed.



English Etiquette.

SOME TIME ago about 260 visitors from foreign lands, comprising amongst them seventeen different nationalities attended a holiday course of instruction in «etiquette» at the University of London.

Miss Violet Partington, one of the women instructors of these classes, said:

«One German girl was greatly surprised when told that she must make the first sign of recognition when meeting a man acquaintance in the street. 'I think it most immodest,' she said. 'The man always bows first in my country.' A German youth is much puzzled by the custom of walking on the outside of the path when with a woman. Here are some



Man playing Flute. — John Kupetzky. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.



Albrecht Dürer, Portrait of Himself(?) — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

of the questions asked and the answers we give:—

«Should you take soup from the end of the spoon, as in Germany?—No, you must take it from the middle.

«Should you leave your hat and stick in the hall or take them into the room with you?—Never leave your hat and stick in the hall. It is too familiar and suggests you have the run of the house. (A German thought this absurd, as a stick is very uncomfortable in a drawing-room.)

«It is polite to make a call after dining?—It is very polite.

«After dinner do you thank the hostess by saying, 'The Blessed Meal Time' as in Germany?—You do not thank anybody.

«Who rises first after dinner—the man or the woman, or do they both leave together, as in Germany?—The women always leave first, the men remaining in the dining room.

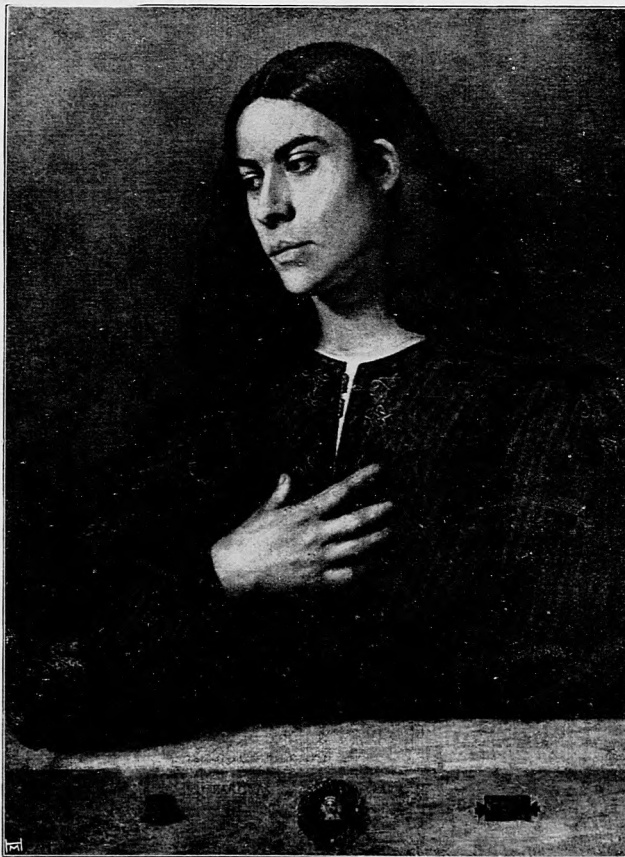
«Do women take off their hats when they go to afternoon tea, as in Germany?—Never at afternoon tea; but you may for luncheon.

«French and German women think it

a great waste for a wife to leave two cards (her husband's as well as her own) when making a call. In France it is only customary for the caller to leave her own card, turning down one corner if she calls in person. The Japanese are the most polite. One man who on leaving the house was accompanied down the stairs by a daughter of the hostess wrote the daughter a letter of thanks.»

As to walking on the outside of the path when escorting a lady we should have thought the reason fairly obvious. The inside path is safer. There, though there may be, in the give and take of the street a little temporary inconvenience from passers-by the lady is at least safe from the dangers of traffic. In London, as anyone will readily admit, a position near the kerbstone is one of comparative anxiety in view of the vast traffic and ceaseless movement.

The «Egészségére» of the Hungarian, after a meal is a pretty custom but the best course would be for the hostess to have the cook up, as the person responsible, and that harassed functionary could very appropriately hope that the guests or family should retain good health after



A Portrait. — Giorgione. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

her or his warm ministrations. The victim of chronic indigestion might then vent his malevolence in the proper quarter, but we are afraid it would be as water on a duck's back.

In general, as kings feel with kings and thieves with thieves, national barriers break down before the demands of etiquette. The cosmopolitanism of the gentleman is generally of that charitable cast which makes him accommodate his manners and bearing to those of the people amongst whom he



Ceres. — Michele Pannonio. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

may happen to find himself. The story of the Prince Consort in Buckingham is a sweet commentary upon this obvious text. He once attended a farmers' dinner and with the true politeness of kings began to shovel peas down his throat with a knife as his fat, prosperous but rather bucolic company did. It did not hurt him; he died a natural death but his was the finest exhibition of true etiquette of which we have ever read.

Etiquette is the «Congruous Art», a combination of custom and convention. A breach of etiquette is thus mere incongruity, lack of correspondence, but a crime nevertheless. In the times of the Inquisition in the Netherlands it was a glaring breach of etiquette to try a prisoner before con-

demning him, as in the wars of the Jews it was a *faux pas* to spare woman and children. The Red Indian who, out of some insanity of tenderness forebore to kill his old mother, the army of Don Frederic which left a citizen living in Haarlem; that of Tilly which left a house standing in Magdeburg, — all were guilty of breaches of etiquette, conduct not conformable with the custom of the times, and were neither more nor less blamable than the servant who leaves two cards for one or, going to the nearest bar, forgets to leave any at all. The good citizens of Budapest who use knives and forks as a Lancer uses his lance or a hay maker his pitchfork, may do so in perfect safety because their neighbours will not remark anything uncommon. Sometimes the 'spirit of the place' is of equal service with the spirit of the times.

The mania for leaving cards for «self and George», for 'marking the cards' by turning down corners has its comic side. It is related of the lady of a pompos Church dignitary that, starting once upon this eternal round with a new footman, she sat back in her carriage with a formidable list on her knees.

«One card here, John.»

«Two cards.»

So on through half a world. Arriving at length at some Dowager Countess of Pumpernickel —

«Two cards, John.»

«Very sorry m'lady. Only the Queen of Diamonds left!»

His was an uncommon mistake. An experienced man would have known that there could be no virtue in an ordinary pack. He should have brought a Bezique Pack.



Current News

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.

This Journal was started with the object of bringing **Hungary** before the British and American people in order that this country might be thoroughly known and understood by the English speaking people.

«Hungary» was established in 1903 for promoting intercourse between *Great Britain, United States* and *Hungary*. The Editor of this journal is at all times willing to give information with regard to places of interest in Hungary and on all matters appertaining to Hungarian arts, industries, commerce and travel.

After kind perusal, you will greatly oblige by drawing the attention of your friends to the contents of this journal, which possibly will interest them so that they may desire to have the regular issue forwarded.

Back numbers may always be obtained from the publisher of «Hungary».

«Hungary» will be sent *post free* for 14 crowns, to England 13s/4d., to America 3½ Dollars per annum, payable in advance. Cheques, Postoffice Orders, and Postal Orders should be made payable to the Publisher of «Hungary», at VIII. Csepreghy-utca 2., Budapest. Telephone 89—52.

During the Holiday Season our Subscribers may have their copies forwarded, if they will so good as to furnish us their holiday address.

Owing to the large amount of interest attracted by the **special contents** and **artistic illustrations** in «Hungary» it has been decided to publish the complete issues from 1903 to 1913 ready bound in a beautiful **Album**. Reduced **Price 14 Crowns**, England and America **16 Crowns** per copy (13/4) Post free. *Orders should be sent early to the manager of «Hungary» VIII., Csepreghy-utca 2. Budapest — Tel.: 89—52.*

Notice.

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.

King George and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

King George who, as is well known recently extended an invitation to the Crown Prince to a shoot, intends shortly to return the visit by coming to Konopist. Reports of the meeting are strengthened by the circumstance that Sir F. Cartwright, immediately upon the leaking out of this news, presented to the King his letters of recall.

New Italian Consul-General.

We are informed from Berlin that Mr. Marton Franklin, lately Councillor in the Italian Embassy to Berlin, has been nominated Consul-General to Budapest. The new Consul-General will shortly take up the duties of his office here. His successor will be Baron Chiaromonte-Bordonaro who, has hitherto served as Councillor of Embassy in St. Petersburg.

The Pope and Tango.

Several bishops have addressed questions to the Vatican as to whether confessors should give absolution to Roman Catholics who dance the tango.

The reply of the Vatican is that the tango must be considered as an immoral dance, and consequently prohibited to Roman Catholics. Several bishops in Italy have forbidden women wearing slit skirts to attend religious ceremonies in churches.

Austria-Hungary's Naval Programme.

The Estimates for the first six months of 1914 will not include any credit for the four new

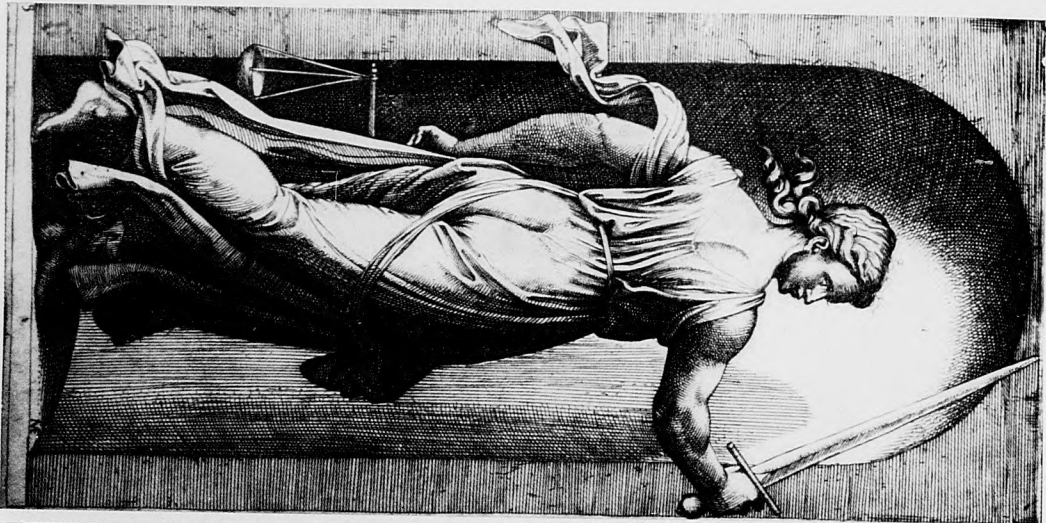
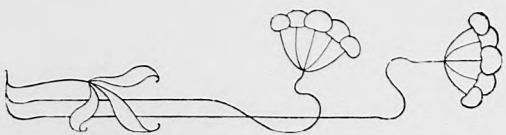


Water Carrying Girl. — Francisco de Goya. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

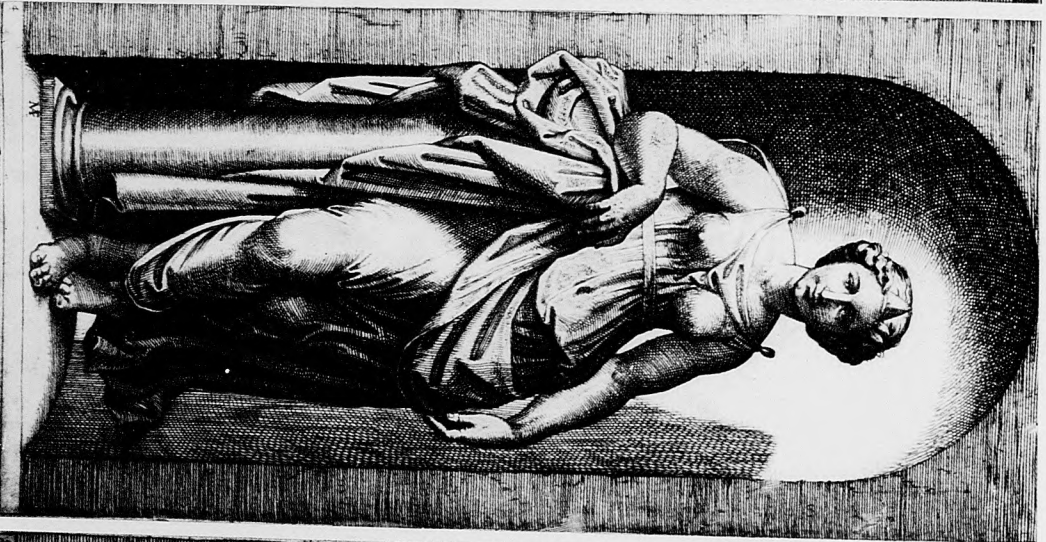
«Dreadnoughts». The first instalment for these will only be inserted in the Budget for the fiscal year beginning July 1st, 1914. The Admiralty has no intention of going beyond Admiral Montecuccoli's program of 1911, according to which the Monarchy is gradually to build sixteen large battleships. The proposed four new «Dreadnoughts» are to replace three antiquated ships of the Monarch class, and one ship of the Habsburg class.

The Royal Automobile Club.

A delightful evening was given last week by the above club at their premises in the King's Palace. The main feature of the evening was the Cinema reproduction of the Tátra-Adria tour and the Flying



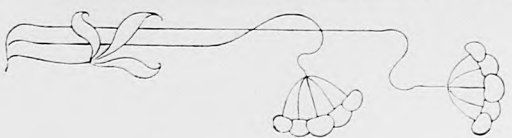
Justice.



Strength.
Fine Art Museum, Budapest. — Italian Renaissance.

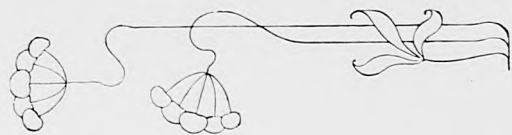
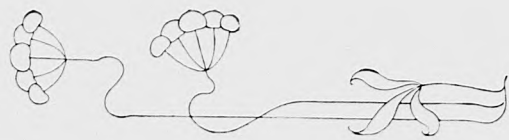


Temperance.





Alexander the Great reads the works of Homer. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest. — After Raphael.



contest arranged by the club during the current year, as well as the Dieppe Match, the Grand Prix and the famous hunting at Parnó was put on the canvas. While Mr. Stephen Illés Editor gave a humorous entertainment. A brilliant banquet at the Ritz Hotel followed the interesting soiree, among the guests present were: Count Alex. Andrassy P.C. President, Count B. R. Zichy and O. T. Bláthy C.C. Vice-Presidents and Dr. A. Szelnár gen. Secretary.

Visit of Archduke Francis Ferdinand

Effect on our relations with Dual Monarchy. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand has been enchanted with his stay at Windsor. The invitation extended by the King to enjoy his Majesty's hospitality and the sport afforded in the incomparable surroundings of the historic castle have been a source of delight, says Reuter's special correspondent at Windsor, while the absence of ceremony on the occasion of this visit have made his Imperial Highness's journey to England an inefaceable memory.

The sympathetic attitude of the public and the evidences in the newspaper Press of a desire that this occasion should prove of international value have been much appreciated. Although the visit has been entirely a private one, the opportunities afforded for contact with British Ministers can only be productive of great and lasting good in the happily excellent relations existing between the Governments of King George and of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph. The sympathy of the Emperor for Great Britain is well known, as is the desire of the peoples of the Austrian and Hungarian Monarchy always to live in friendship with England.

The King has conferred the M.V.O. on Herr Paul Nikitsch, secretary to the Archduke, and upon Lieutenant Mares, a member of his suite.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, before leaving Windsor Castle, presented a number of gifts to the chief officials, including watches and pins with the Royal monogram.

Estate-Owners of Debreczen.

Some Hungarian towns own large tracts of territory which have not yet been economically exploited. Thus the Royal City has at disposal some 25,000 cadastral hold of arable land and pasturage. The area of the Hortobágy, the great pasture plain is 42,000 hold.

The City is now attempting to float a loan of proportions commensurate with the task of exploiting these gigantic reserves. As an aid to this the Royal Hungarian Minister of Agriculture has undertaken to provide a system of irrigation canals. These should certainly result in the appreciation of the land through which they pass.

Mr. Francis Kossuth.

On the occasion of Mr. Kossuth's engagement many members of both Houses of Parliament personally or by telegram, many gentlemen from abroad, France, England, Italy, have sent their congratulations. May we add ours!

★

Dr. George Ottlik, elder son of the State-Secretary for Agriculture, Iván Ottlik, has successfully passed his final examinations and will shortly proceed to take up his work in the Diplomatic Service, probably in Sofia.

★

Congratulations fall to Professor Aurél Szily younger son of Professor Adolf Szily, the well-known eye-specialist, upon his accession to the coveted academic distinction. Dr. Szily has had an extraordinary career. It is only eight years since he took his Doctorate at the Budapest University. After further study he joined the staff of Dr. Axenfeld of Freiburg as fourth assistant, and within three years became chief assistant and private docens. By special decree of the Federal Authorities he has been enabled to practise in Germany without taking a German degree, an almost unheard of honour.

As a tribute to his remarkable work at the Medical Congress in London, his colleagues of the Faculty have, by unanimous vote, submitted his name for the academic title. Professor Szily is now only 33



Portrait of Admiral Hughes. — Joshua Reynolds. — Fine Art Museum, Budapest.

years of age. One must go very far back in the records of Hungarian science to find a parallel to



FRANCIS KOSSUTH. — Count JULIUS ANDRÁSSY.

the case of a Hungarian born and bred becoming Professor, in Germany, of all places, at an age when most men are at the outset of their career.

Charity Bazaar.

On Dec. 2. H. B. M. Consul-General, Mr. Max Müller, in conjunction with his American colleague opened a Bazaar in the Ritz Hotel for the benefit of the funds of the British-American Home. The Band of the Hotel played selections during the evenings of the two allotted days.

The Bazaar was visited by many hundreds of people, of all nationalities and it is to be hoped that the result will repay the efforts of those ladies and gentlemen who so kindly rendered moral or material assistance to the good cause.

An Amende.

During the course of the current year we have made some inroads, in connection with our illustrations, upon the text of Mr. Nicholas Markó's articles: The Treasures of Galgóc and the Jászóvár Provostry, which appeared in the Vasárnapi Ujság. We now desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to this gentleman and to say that it is only owing to the mistake of the translator that the name was omitted.

Mr. Francis Hopp.

Mr. Hopp, the celebrated Hungarian traveller has, at the age of 82, once more started upon a tour



Count ALBERT APPONYI. — Count MICHAEL KÁROLYI.

of the world. This time his objective is Saigon, a place which, strange to say, he has never yet visited.

It is not very long since Mr. Hopp returned from his last journey but he is still unsatisfied and has set out quite alone upon a pilgrimage which few men over fifty would be found to undertake. We can only wish him bon voyage and a safe return.

Monument to the Emperor-King Francis Joseph.

A Triple Alliance Memorial. In celebration of the 65th anniversary of the accession of the Emperor Francis Joseph, which falls on December 2, it is intended to erect a monument to his Majesty in Vienna. The monument is to be regarded as a token of homage and gratitude on the part of the nations of the Triple Alliance towards the only survivor of those who founded the Alliance. The first meeting



Dowager Countess MANÓ ANDRÁSSY, née GABRIELLA PÁLFFY. 80 years of Age.

of the committee, at which the President of the German Reichstag was present, took place the other day. Austrian, Hungarian, German, and Italian artists will be invited to submit designs for the monument.

An American-Magyar.

From a recent number of «Barrels and Bottles» we see that a distinguished honour has fallen upon Mr. Julius Kessler, once a Hungarian, now an American citizen. The Distillers' Securities Corporation has elected him President. It is significant of the character which Mr. Kessler bears in American business circles that when news of this appointment leaked out the stocks went up from 93³/₄ to 191¹/₄ and the bonds from 54 to 65.

Apparently the appointment is a source of satisfaction to everybody. It is recalled that in the panic of 1907 it was Mr. Kessler who saved the day. It

is noted, too, that never before has this vast Corporation bowed to a single will. But the fact which gives most confidence is the determination of the new head to accept no salary until the results of his directing efforts have been made manifest. That shows us a man who believes in himself and men who believe in themselves, in business, begin, in no small time to make proselytes. We congratulate our old compatriot and shall follow his career with new interest.

Year's Dress Bill 375,000 Crowns.

«What all classes of women spend yearly on dress» was the subject of interesting statistical addresses delivered at Chicago the other day before a convention of dressmakers.

It was agreed that the yearly dress budget of «a few wealthy Chicago women» amounted to \$75,000 (£15,000), compared with \$200 (£40) expended by the average factory girl.

The following table of dress expenditure was prepared by the convention:—

A few, \$75,000 (£15,000) each.

One hundred leaders of Chicago society, \$50,000 (£10,000) each.

Ten thousand others, \$5,000 (£1,000) each.

Well-dressed women, \$1,500 (£300).

Suffragettes, \$500 (£100).

Church workers, \$500 (£100).

Social workers, \$300 (£60).

Lady typists, \$275 (£55).

Fifty factory girls, \$200 (£40) each.

It was the opinion of Mme. Phair, president of the convention, that the average wealthy woman might dress well on \$5,000 (£1,000) a year. Mme. Phair devoted the burden of her remarks to working girl dress expenses. She stated that the girl wage-earners of Chicago spend half their total earnings on dress. Of this sum 50 per cent. could be saved if girls would learn to sew and make their own gowns.

Kaiser's £30,000 Train.

The Kaiser's special train, in which he travelled from Penzing to Vienna last month and which is in pale blue and ivory white, has caused some curiosity here, as it forms a great contrast to the special trains used by the Austrian and Hungarian Imperial family, which are very simple and quiet.

The train cost £30,000 without fittings and furniture, and consists of six carriages, weighing sixty tons each. The dining-room is lighted with electricity, and the saloon floor is made of wood which was thrown across the Rhine by Julius Caesar more than 1800 years ago, and which is still in a good state of preservation. The saloon is furnished with tables and chairs made from real cedar of Lebanon presented to the Kaiser by Abdul Hamid,



Countess ANNIE PÁLFFY-DAUN.



Princess LOUIS WINDISCH-GRAETZ. Photo Strelisky.



Countess AIMÉE COLLOREDO.



Miss KLARE MAKRAY. Photo Strelisky.

the ex-Sultan Turkey. The carriages have special springs to avoid vibration.

The Police Commissioner and the Protection of Animals.

The Society answering to its British parent, the S. P. C. A. has selected a staff of 83 certificated inspectors. The Commissioner has issued an order to the District Offices that he has issued such certificates and desire the co-operation of the Police in removing all difficulties which may impede the good work.

We have waited for some time for a move in this direction. Few more scandalous sights may be witnessed in this City than the frequent spectacle of overloaded waggons, emaciated horses and impossible burdens making for steep gradients. But in thanking Dr. Boda we recognise that he cannot do everything at once. *Festina lente.*

Anniversary of a Royal wedding.

There recently took place in the Buda fortress a very interesting family fête. It was naturally of a character intime but this fact did not detract from its public interest nor did anything but increase the feelings of love and respect which the whole of Hungary feels for the popular inhabitants of the Fortress, the Archduke Joseph and his consort, Augusta.

Twenty years ago great and general interest was aroused in all parts of the land by the news that the eldest son of the Archduke Joseph, grandnephew of our King was to be united with the Princess

Augusta. And certainly not less interest is aroused by the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of that event. Relatives of the Sovereign and relatives of each other, the two Royal children as they were twenty years ago have never lost their hold upon the loyalty and affection of a people amongst whom such virtues are traditional and constant. We have no sentiments other than affection and we hope sincerely that this may be only the first of many similiar celebrations.



Sport and Pastime.

Blackburn which was at one time carrying all before it in the English League has had a bad time recently, having been twice defeated and drawing twice. Its nearest rivals are Manchester and Bolton.

*

The celebration of the Jubilee of the establishment of the National Gymnastic Society took place a few days ago. As the oldest of our institutions to it we owe many of our gymnastic triumphs in the past, whilst its influence is constantly being felt through the work of a succession of teachers turned out from time to time by the parent body.

*

Inman, who became English Billiard Champion two years ago, has been challenged for the title by Stevenson, the ex-holder, Grey the Australian phenomenon and Reece. It is probable that he will lose to one or other.

*



Photo Strelisky.
Countess LOUIS BATHVÁNY.

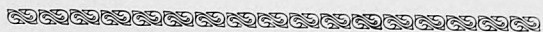
The Hungarian Olympic Committee has accepted the new rules relating to organisation, as proposed by the Hungarian Athletic Association and other Sport clubs. The mover in this matter was the ever-popular Lord Mayor Dr. Stephen Bárczy. The Hungarian Engineers' and Builders' Society has been requested to prepare plans for the Stadium.

★

The flat-racing season is over in England. Mr. Joel occupied the place of honour amongst winning owners, Wootton, father of the brothers Frank and Stanley, jockeys, was the most successful trainer whilst Maher secured most winning brackets. Neither Frank nor his brother will ride again. They intend to take up their father's profession as trainers.

Skating on Margaret Island.

The Hungarian Athletic Club (M. A. C.) has put its beautiful skating lake in order so that, at the earliest opportunity advantage may be taken of the frost. For students the season ticket is eight crowns, but the general public will be admitted upon the usual terms.



Development of Commerce in Hungary.

ONE HALF the world does not know how the other half lives. But all the world knows that Hungary lives from the cultivation of the soil. She is agricultural and pastoral. Now agriculture and industries do not thrive well together. Any country which is mainly agricultural is permeated with traditions of the land, usage, facilities, the one point

of view. One can thus understand how difficult it is to change the character of such a land, without striking a serious blow at its main supports.

A stroke of the pen or an Imperial Ukase, valuable those these may be in themselves, are not sufficient. Nor, in the best of circumstances, can one altogether lose sight of the rivalry between agrarian and industrial interests. To reconcile these interests; to allow due scope to industry whilst preserving the national source of wealth and characteristics in the problem which confronts our statesmen.

The view taken in Hungary is that industry is an infant. It cannot walk alone. And the State, the universal father must take it by the hand, lead it from step to step, support it and watch it until it can fend for itself.

Only a belief in some such view could reconcile us to the system which the State has inaugurated. That system, translated into plain colloquial English, would read «grandmotherly legislation».

We say 'reconcile'. That conveys more than we desire. Nothing at all can reconcile us to the elaborate system of rebates, grants, exemptions, facilities and freedom from taxation outlined in the Act of 1907.

Our experience is that this system, whilst it brings certain temporary and one or two permanent advantages, reacts in the end upon the prosperity of the country which practises it. There are more students of Adam Smith and Ricardo in this country than at home. It is a wonder some of these have not pointed out the defects obvious to the most casual enquirer.

The system implies three things: — a bureaucracy



Photo Strelisky.
Countess JAMES ZICHY.

in which any hall-porter in uniform may justly say «*L'etat c'est moi*»; a people in a state of tutelage; false political economy.

The formation of the proletariat was a phenomenon which escaped notice in Hungary by reason of the fact that landless labourers were employed upon great public works till the nineties. After that the question of unemployment became acute. *Industrialism will not solve it*. Small-holdings, parcelling of great estates, release from mortmain — these do their part but the towns still increase, not normally as the result of births and deaths but from accretion

Home production should be cheaper. Wages are lower, there is no cost of transit.

In 1899 a bill was passed by the Hungarian Parliament «for granting State favours to encourage home industries». We quote the following important passages:

(1). Enterprises Eligible for the Receipt of State Favours.

The following factories, hereafter established equipped with modern appliance, viz.

a) Factories for porcelain or stone ware, fire-proof bricks, glass plates, plate glass, and bottles,



Photo Strelisky.

Countess EMIL DESSEFFY, née Countess ELLA
BATTHYÁNY.



Photo Strelisky.

Countess LILLY ALMÁSSY.

of numbers from the land. You cannot make artisans of these people. They are labourers. You must catch them young and educate them first.

We think, then, that the rebate system should not apply to the foreigner. For this we do not want foreign capital. There is capital and to spare at home. What we want is foreign workmen to teach our youths, to work our factories, until we can do it ourselves. Why should the *bare cost* of labour be paid by the foreign capitalist and the *profit* go to swell the national wealth of another country?

If we have gone so far in the road to industrialism how is it that British and American agricultural machinery cannot be driven out of our markets?

as well as industrial settlements with equipment for marble quarrying and cutting.

b) Rolling-mills for metal plates (except iron plates); factories for metal pipes (except cast iron pipes), metal wires, wire nails, zinc ware, needles, pins, tools, doors, windows machinery for tool-making, and engines for the manufacture of new material; factories for producing lamps, fancy metal ware, and hard iron castings.

c) Factories for tools, educational instruments, pianos and harmoniums.

d) Factories for paper, paper materials, wall-paper, and cellulose.

e) Factories for india-rubber and wax-lights.

f) Factories for carding, spinning, and weaving of silk; spinners, weavers, dyers, and bleachers of wool, and woolen goods, of cotton wool and goods made thereof; knitting factories, binding braid and lace factories.

g) Mining undertakings where electro and acid process is employed.

h) Producers of artificial manure, malt, dextrin, dyes, vegetable and mineral oils, glue, chocolate; salted, cured, and smoked meats, and kindred products, provided the latter be for export.

(2) Nature of the State Favours.

a) Exemption from income-tax, from mining tax, and from all taxes otherwise payable by firms bound to keep accounts, and from all supplementary communal rates, dues payable to Chambers of Commerce or Industry in respect

b) Exemption from payment of any duties and of any purchase or acquisition of, transfer and registration of title to, any freehold land or buildings; and where public companies are or have been formed (exemption from) stamp duties on contracts or other documents, and on the issue of shares and stocks, whether at their formation and registration or upon an increase of capital.

The Minister of Commerce, the Ministers of Agriculture and of Finance concurring, is authorised to grant these State favours, and to fix the period for which they are granted, the limit being fifteen years.

These are the principal provisions of a measure of which we have yet to see the practical benefit to commercial development. Thus considering the liberal facilities granted by the authorities, ample op-



Baron JOHN HARKÁNYI, Minister of Commerce.



Photo Strelisky.
Countess ILONA KEGLEVICH.



OLGA DE SZENDE-DÁRDAY.

of such taxes and, finally, from the general supplementary income-tax.

portunity is afforded for capitalists for a safe and sound investment. But time solves and judges all.



Baron Frederick Harkányi.



Count P. Szápáry.



Count Ed. Pallavicini.



Count Géza Andrássy.



Count Charles Korniss.



Baron Imre Fejérváry.



Count Augustus Zichy.



Count Alex. Andrássy.



Count Eugene Csáky.



Baron Ernő Dániel.



Count E. Hadik-Barkóczy.



Count John Zichy.



Count Aurel Dessewffy.



Count Paul Teleky.



Count Anton Széchenyi.



Count Aladár Zichy.



Count Joseph Teleky.



Count Alex. Teleky.

Photos Prof. Koller sucsr. — Erdélyi. — Strelisky.

The Hungarian Working Magnates.

Hungarian Magnates and Work.

«When it is a question of money the Count is also a democrat.»

IT IS NOT long since the Magyar aristocrat began to be interested in economic production. Formerly he had looked upon business with high disgust: such activity moved his contempt. In those days life was a more easy matter and there was little inducement for the masters of millions to concern themselves with active work. Perhaps the old aristocratic cast of thought has become democratized and has assimilated the truth. The energy of the upper classes is both wise and necessary, serving, as it must, the national economic needs.

Whatever be the cause of the transformation it is a fact that it has taken place and it is good that this should be the case. If it have not, as yet, assumed remarkable dimensions the beginning has been confident enough. We will deal with the old



Dr. ALBERT DE BERZEVICZY, President of the Academy of Sciences. Photo Erdélyi.

aristocracy because it is their economic roles which are really characteristic and interesting.

Who are those Hungarian magnates who, having behind them great names and brilliant pasts make the city their home, manage their own affairs and draw their own profits from their work?

We have, chiefly in the provinces, aristocrats of great names who, for the support of local economic interests take part in merchant's work. These are mere dilettantes: they work from passion, boredom, or local interest. There are also great aristocratic economists who, often to the full extent of their considerable means sow and reap systematically with the sagacity and energy of a banker of our Coburg Leopold. Some, we have, rich and popular, distinguished and industrious who take active part

in every kind of great undertaking. Amongst these there stand out five in especial: Marquis Edward Pallavicini, Counts Imre Károlyi, Charles Korniss,



Hungarian Academy of Sciences.

Ladislaus Teleki and Baron Imre Fejérváry, Count Károlyi is a banker, sugar manufacturer, and much else. So are Fejérváry and Pallavicini. These have part in all important undertakings in the Metropolis and provinces.

Counts Teleki and Korniss are the ornaments and pride of the Hungarian aristocracy. The latter is engaged in anything between twenty and twenty-five businesses. As for Teleki he deserves the name of Working Magnate. He is the most popular «husbandman» in Transylvania and the Capital. He is President of a Bank, President of various industrial undertakings, Member of an Insurance Board, Hygienic Commission, and Traffic Company. He is engaged in every one of the more important charitable movements.

Count Alex: Teleki is also a many-sided man and is occupied in many metro-

Andrew and Ferraris are occupied with Hungarian insurance and navigation companies.

The Széchenyi family is represented in the business world by about eight members, — timber merchants, bankers and agrarians. The name of Csáky is well known in upper Hungary. Alex and Géza Andrassy are no strangers in the world of insurance. The Szapárys — Paul, Peter and Ivan, the Radvánszkys and other names are now beginning to be known, some at home many abroad, as representing gentlemen who, having no particular necessity to engage in business do so from various motives. Batthyány, Ghillány, Dessewffy, Hadik, Harkányi, Tisza, Daniel, — indeed one could simply take the Hungarian «Debret» and paste leaf after leaf of it on paper, the majority of names being those of magnates who

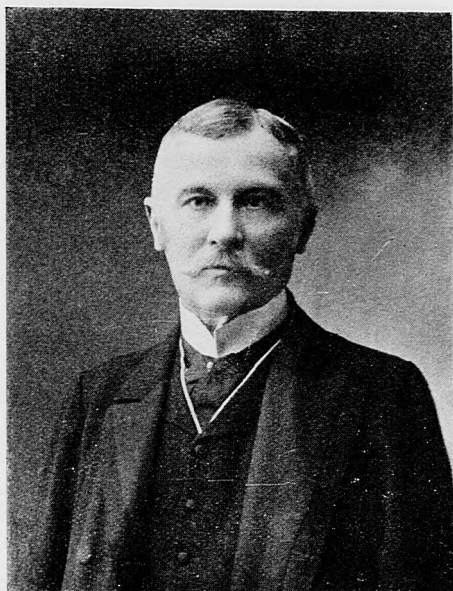


Photo Erdélyi.
Mr. JOHN MARX.
President-General Manager R. H. State Railways.



Photo Erdélyi.
Dr. M. DE DOMONY.
General Manager R. H. River and Sea-Navigation Co.

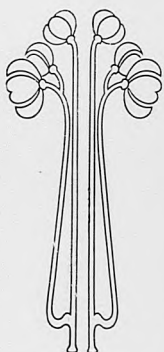


Photo Erdélyi.
Mr. GARIBALDY DE PULSZKY.
General Manager Kassa-Oderberg Railways.

politan works. In addition to him there are seven other members of the Teleki family who are deeply engaged in business. Paul, Arthur, Adam, Samuel and Joseph are occupied principally in Transylvania.

The Zichys also shew much aptitude for business. John is engaged in Insurance and in banking. Géza, Leopold, Augustine, Aladár Raphael, Emanuel,

having forsaken old traditions are now busily occupied in taking their station at the head of the commercial world. If the *aristos* be the born and accepted leader of the people it is fitting that his qualifications should be such as command esteem and respect. In these days of serious training and more serious competition it is a good

sign that our own leaders, social political and economic should be found putting their hands to the plough and taking upon their shoulders part, at least, of the burden which falls so heavily upon an agrarian people in a state of transition.



Lecture by the Lord Mayor.

DR. STEPHEN BÁRCZY, the Lord Mayor, recently delivered an extraordinarily interesting lecture upon «Housekeeping in the State, the City and the



1.

1. *Dr. Stephen Bárczy*
Lord Mayor.

2. *Julius Rózsavölgyi.*

*

3. *Dr. Theodory Bódy.*

*

4. *Count Géza Festetics.*

Deputy Mayors of
Budapest.



2.



3.

Family», before the members of Catholic Matrons' Association. The lecturer had a distinguished audience consisting chiefly of ladies.

In what, asked Dr. Bárczy, does the household Economy of the State and of the City differ from that of the home? This exposé was followed by the query «what, then, is to be done?» Is it better to begin today, or to morrow, the consideration of the plan of campaign upon the whole terrain of state, political and social life. To-day, of course. And after that war must be made upon



4.

paterfamilias with the saving virtues of the French «smallman».

The value of the lecture no less than the personal popularity of the lecturer received its proper acknowledgment, in sustained and generous applause.

The New Deputy-Mayors.

The new Deputy-Mayor Dr. Tivadar Bódy was recently entertained, by the Lipótváros Casino, in celebration of his accession to office. The function was well attended.

Mr. Samuel Bródy greeted the new Father of the City,

thanked him for his work and recalled how popular he is in the Capital, but particularly in the fifth arrondissement. The Deputy-Mayor in returning thanks reminded his hearers that he began his career there and had spent 20 years of hard work. Dr. S. Glücksthal expressed regret that in recent times dissonant voices should have disturbed the harmony of the City.

Altogether a very happy and successful evening was spent.

Dr. Julius Rózsavölgyi and Count Géza Festetics were also féted, by the Terézváros Casino upon their accession to their new dignities. Unfortunately Count Festetics was unable, on account of illness, to be present but his colleague Dr. Bódy responded to the toast both for himself and for the absent one.



The Hungarian Railways.

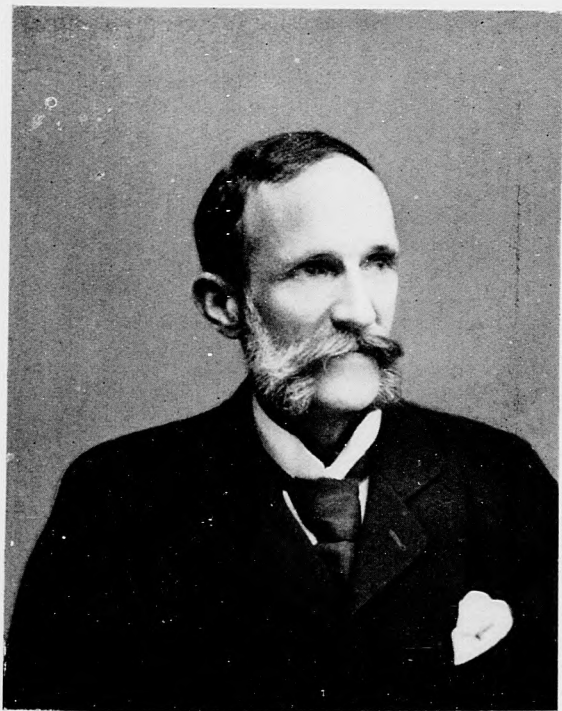
THE FOLLOWING speaks for itself; Slowly and gradually these little misconceptions are being removed and this is due, in great measure, to the efforts of the signatory.

«The World's Railways.»

(To the Editor)

Sir.—In your article on this subject, based on a recently issued White Paper, it is mentioned that «Austria-Hungary» is included in the list of countries in which «private lines are predominant, but State-owned lines are many».

With respect to the Hungarian railways quite distinct, be it noted, from those of Austria it should be known that of the 12,900 miles of



Professor ZSOLT DE BRÓTHY.



Dr. ALEXANDER POPOVICS.
Governor of The Austro-Hungarian Bank.

railways in Hungary, only 2,055 miles are owned and worked by companies.

All the remainder are under the management of the State, which also owns more than 5,000 miles.

That benefit accrues to the travelling public from State ownership in Hungary is obvious from a comparison of the fare from Budapest to Fiume by the State line with that of the private line between the same points.

The second-class express fare by the former is £1 2s. 4d., while on the privately owned line it is £1, 10s. 9d.

I venture to suggest that the White Paper would have been more instructive if the railways of Austria and Hungary had been separately classified.

W. H. Shrubsole.



Winter Life in the High Tatra.

WITH the advent of November, the mind turns naturally again to winter sports, and the wise are debating the merits of this or that health resort before making an early but final choice. The claims of the High-Tatra must in no way be overlooked before deciding a resort.

To facilitate the means of communication with the High Tatra, Mr. John Marx, president of the Royal Hungarian State Railways, and Mr. Garibaldi Pulszky, managing director of the Kassa-Oderberg Railway, have taken counsel together, and the result is a new express train, which runs between Budapest and Poprádfelka during



Piktüres Vasárnapi Ujság.
I. Winter Sport in the High Tatra. The Ladies Four.

the summer and winter season, carrying first and second-class compartments and a dining-car.

Sport Programme.

The Tatra Club's summer programme includes horse racing, pigeons shooting, tennis and golf matches, while in Winter, shooting, skating, tobogganing, ski-ing and bobsleighing is indulged in. The horse-races are under the patronage of the Minis-

ter of Agriculture, Baron Emerich Ghillány, who offers several prizes. In the pigeon-shooting competition prizes are offered by Archduke Frederic and Archduchess Isabella, Counts Csekonics, Casimir Zichy, Baron Nicolas Vecsey, Count and Countess Széchenyi, Count Joseph Károlyi, Count Alex. Nákó, Count Nicolas Bánffy, Count Nicolas Wenckheim, Baron A. Harkányi, Baroness Paul Senyey, Count Eugene Karátsonyi, and many others. Prizes are given for golf and tennis tournaments.

In the Carpathians Hungary possesses a mighty mountain chain extending from the Danube and Tisza to the confines of Poland, Russia and Rumania. Its best known part, which is frequented by a large number of foreigners, is known as the High Tatra extending in the form of a crescent for a distance of thirty-two kilomètres. Its rugged, fissured, granite rocks, perpetually covered with snow, that rise above a dark green zone of thick pine forests, rank among the most enchanting of Nature's beauties. The highest points are the Francis Joseph Peak (2,863 mètres), Tátralomnicz (2,834 mètres), Mount Krivan (3,696 mètres), and Mount Tatra (2,765 mètres).

At a great height, deep, crystal-clear lakes present glittering mirrors playing in light and shade. At



II. Winter Sport in the High Tatra. Bob-Sleighing.



III. Winter Sport in the High Tatra. The winning three.

every step bubbling streams and, in some places, mighty waterfalls roar and blend with the stillness of the dark pine woods.

On the southern slopes of the Tatra a series of watering-places, with excellent hotel accommodation, have been created, which attract pleasure-seekers longing to enjoy «Nature's Eldorado», not only in summer but in winter also.

Mountain Scenery.

The gigantic rocky wall protects the southern slopes from the north winds, and after the snow has fallen a long period of clear weather follows. A cloudless blue sky forms an enchanting canopy over the white snow world, while the sun's rays are so warm that visitors are able to enjoy all the beauties of winter in a summer atmosphere. The High Tatra is, indeed, a worthy rival of mountainous Switzer-

land. Among the mountain lakes already referred to may be mentioned the Blue Lake (the highest of all, situated at a height of 2,280 metres) and Lake Csorba, on the spurs of the range.

The High Tatra region is girdled by a splendid highway of thirty-eight kilometres known as the «Tourists' Road», constructed and kept up in good order by the Hungarian Carpathian Society. It extends from Lake Csorba to Barlangliget, touching all the most popular resorts, including the three Tátrafüreds, Tátralomnicz and Matlárháza.

The journey may be made by electric cars, which is heated in the winter.

The flora in the woods and meadows is manifold. Anemones violets, edelweiss, forget-me-nots and various other flowers, generally found only in gardens and conservatories, are here growing wild in the greatest profusion, delighting the eye and perfuming the air. At Poprád there is a Carpathian

museum, which everyone ought to see.

«Hungary» is the best medium for advertising.



IV. Winter Sport in the High Tatra. The winning five.

Agriculture in Hungary.

Wanted an Exporters' Association.

SOME TIME AGO, when the proceedings of the British Ministry of Agriculture were under review by the experts there was published an article accompanied by a map which latter contained perhaps the most ingenious contrivance yet seen for bringing to the mind of the practical agriculturist not the possibilities of Agriculture, upon which most people are agreed, but the actual state of affairs in regard to produce and breeding.

Thus the map was properly constructed geographically but instead of rivers, mountains and other features there were the actual drawings of the things to be seen. The whole formed a series of pictures. In the centre of Berkshire there stood the portrait of a sheep, so exceedingly life like that he looked the most sheepish thing on the page. The East Riding of Yorkshire produced the



Photos Prof. Koller Sucesr.
Baron IMRE GHILLÁNY, Minister of Agriculture.

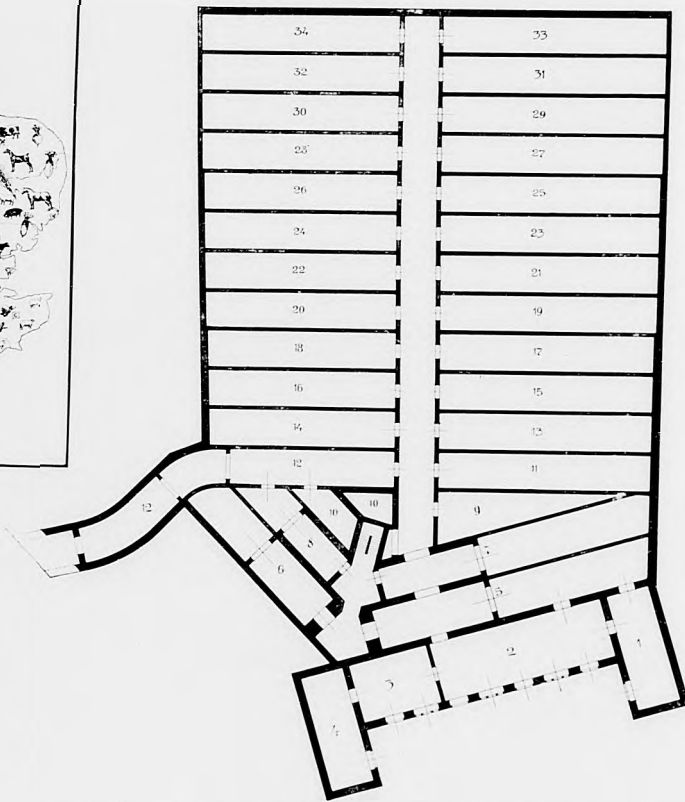
of course all considerations of scientific production are merely antecedent conditions. The sole question is the proper economic realisation of assets. In this aspect the whole matter is transferred bodily to the industrial domain. At such a season this consideration is peculiarly appropriate, in regard to live-stock. Hungary, for many years past has sent, and continues still to send vast consignments of turkeys and geese to the London market. Since cold-storage came into vogue, since the difficulties incident to collection and forwarding have been simplified, the cargoes have continually increased both in mass and value and it is a peculiar pleasure to be able to record that the Hungarian turkeys, like Hungarian wheat, occupy a very high place in the estimation of British consumers.

Yet I am certain that all has not been done that could or ought to be done. The true principles of Co-operation are not yet understood, or if understood not properly acted upon by consignors. All that Hungary can export is taken at current prices, so that the question is not so much economic sale, or the reduction of terms in face of competition but simply a reduction in cost incident to produce, Thus any gain in this department would mean a direct gain to the producer, that is the Hungarian breeder,



horse, and so on. Cow and wheat, turkiup and pig appeared exactly where statistics said they ought to appear. If some such device could be used by our Department I think it would be of good service not only to home agriculturists but also to foreign consumers.

When one comes to regard Agriculture not so much from the point of view of the producer but from that of the exporter,



I. Plan of the R. H. State Wine Cellars, Satoraljaiújhegy.



II. R. H. State Wine Cellars, Sátoraljaujhely.

Photos by Erdélyi.



III. R. H. State Wine Cellar at Sátoraljaujhely.



IV. R. H. State Cellars at Sátoraljaujhely. — Pasteurisation and filling.



V. R. H. State Cellars at Sátoraljaujhely. — Bottling Department.

more attention to scientific methods of collection would give him greater profits without at all endangering his market.

In the working up of farm produce Hungary is fast coming into line with Denmark and Switzerland. With regard to the market in England there is always the question of distance. Now it is my theory that the extra outlay in that direction need not handicap the farmer here as might, at first sight appear. There is a great market for Hungarian cheeses amongst the lower-middle-classes of Eng-

land, that is, the bulk of the population, the artisan, the shopkeeper etc, and if Hungary were to make a serious attempt to satisfy that demand it is certain that it would succeed. The price need not be prohibitive. The extra outlay for transport could be neutralised by economic production and co-operation, not the mere coming together for this one specific object but as one wing of a great Co-operative movement which would take in the farmer, the industrial, the viticulturist, in a word — *the Exporter*. It should be obvious that vis-a-vis the foreigner, (the consumer) all exporters belong to one body, having all the same interest in *kind* if not in *degree*. If *A* sell ten pianos, *B* a hogshead of Tokaj, *C* a million quintals of wheat, *D* half a million turkeys,

values may vary, but the object of *A*, *B*, *C* and *D* is exactly the same. It is to produce as economically as possible; to sell as favourably as the market will allow; to forward expeditiously and usually from a *common centre*. People with common interests should combine.

There should be an Exporters' Association with ramifications throughout the country and whether goods go *via* Fiume or Pozsony, by land or sea, the despatch should be conducted on Co-operative lines. I do not know if Count Joseph Mailáth has turned his attention to the subject of co-operation as affecting the Exporter but if not there still remains a field for his socioeconomic activities.

The State Wine-Cellars in Sátoralja-ujhely.

IT is conveying no news to say that in the matter of quality Hungarian wines hold their own with those of any part of the world. If they have not found their recognised place upon the markets of the world the fault is with our traders who do not push our finest wines.

One difficulty, apart from this is the fact that the more celebrated wine-districts had only small quantities at disposal. The first thing to do, therefore, was to collect wines from all quarters and treat them in a uniform manner. Count Béla Serényi, ex-Minister of Agriculture, determined to build cellars of great capacity in the most famous wine districts. One of these is the Sátoralja-ujhely Cellar which will be opened this autumn.

This cellar will solve the three great requirements:—quantity, uniform handling and evaluation.

The cellar was planned as to its viticultural properties by the writer of this, who has kindly supplied us with this information, and as to its technical details by Mr. Kálmán Hubsehl.

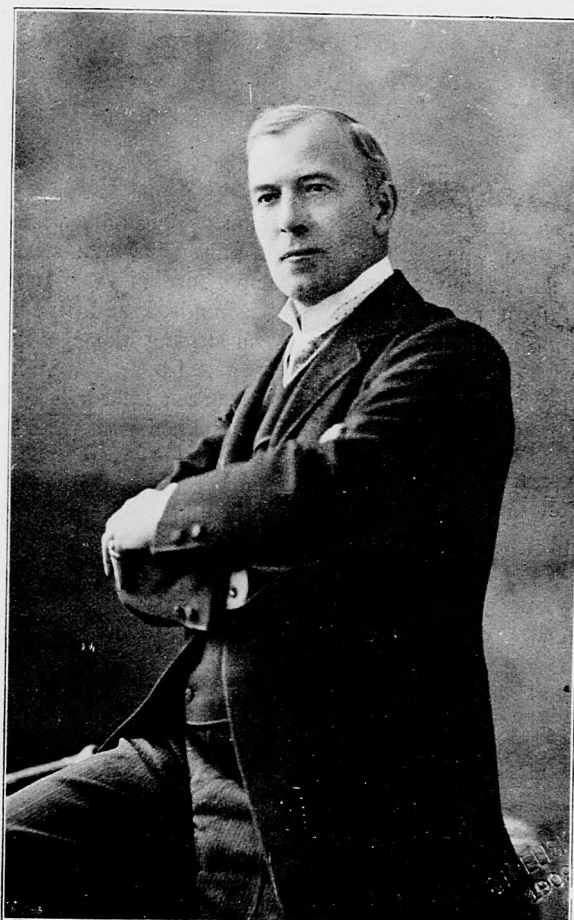
The total length is 863 fm. breadth, only 4.2 m. capacity 20 hectolitre barrels may be placed in two rows,

the total reaching 15,000 hectolitres which, however may be increased by more economic use of space.

The whole plan of the buildings, includes besides the actual cellars, various anterooms, tasting rooms, offices, guest rooms and accommodation for the Director and his staff. The buildings is of the Hungarian type closely resembling the old fortress towers which may still be met with in various parts of the country. This tower overlooks the beautiful Tokaj district.

A much better idea of the whole construction may be had on reference to the illustrations which accompany the text.

Alexander Rác
Chief Superintendent.



Mr. EUGENE GOLONYA. Editor of «Hungary».

Strelisky.

Mental activity and longevity.

IT is a well-known fact that great thinkers are as a rule remarkably long-lived, and a celebrated English physician says that in order to attain long life the brain must always be active.

Mental activity, however, is dependent upon the state of health and the basis of perfect health is good digestion. It may therefore be said that for the full development of mental activity and the attainment of long life it is most important that the greatest attention should be paid to a good digestion.

The man whose digestive apparatus is in perfect order, eats well, sleeps well, his temper is serene he works well and plays well, and all the while, in common parlance, «he does not know he has a stomach». One noteworthy thing is the strenuous way in which he resists and shakes off maladies of all kinds.

It is therefore easily understandable why all who suffer from bad digestion are always on the lookout for suitable aperient medicine. The long continued use of drastic purgatives is most injurious, and without a doubt, the best of all aperients, are the so-called «bitter-waters», of which the world-renowned «Hunyadi János» Water has held the foremost place for over half a century. Nothing else reacts so favourably upon the various functions of the body when disarrangement is felt than a small glass of Hunyadi János Water first thing in the morning before breakfast. This famous water not only cures much illness, but prevents it as well. For instance, it often works wonders in fat and plethoric patients, especially where there is also a tendency to gout. It is a godsend to many persons suffering from overwork and lack of fresh air and exercise, to many of whom it has brought a fresh lease of life.

Weinberger Jenő sport-üzlete

Budapest, IV. ker., Magyar-utca 1.

(Kossuth Lajos-utca sarok.)

Vivőszekők, turista-felszerelések, football-, torna-szerek, hó- és jég sport és minden egyéb sportcikk.

A Hungarian Village.

NOTHING is more pleasing to the exile than to hear his mother tongue. Here in this little village in South-Eastern Hungary. I am singularly blessed. There are only some two or three hundred inhabitants, but there are almost as many languages spoken—Hungarian, Roumanian, Italian, Greek, German, and English. A dumb man would be a pleasing oasis. We English-speaking people are in the majority. There are no fewer than nineteen families of returned emigrants from Chicago

to whom English is a step-mother tongue. They are kindly, genial people, so innocently proud of their accomplishment that they mass themselves of an evening beneath my window and talk English for my benefit. Broken English I could stand; but English with American and Hungarian accents fighting for mastery is shattered, not broken.

As villages go hereabouts this is an exceptionally prosperous one. As much as tenpence a day is earned by most of the men, and this for a day's work varying from twelve to seventeen hours. Mere boys can earn twopence a day hoeing weeds in the fields.

The men are clad in wide white linen knickerbockers and gay wool-worked leather waistcoats. Their feet and legs are bound round with rags, a broad flat piece of leather turned up at the edges serving as a shoe. A heavy sheepskin overcoat completes their attire. Throughout their tropical summer or Arctic winter their costume remains the same. The Hungarian peasants' indifference to temperature is remarkable. With the temperature at a hundred and five in the shade I have seen them striding along with their overcoats hanging capewise from their shoulders, and in the winter I have seen little lads of five or six, wearing only a short linen vest reaching to their hips, sliding on the ice.

Only on Sunday do the women wear boots. Thick, heavy things, reaching to the knee, many of them are heirlooms handed down from mother to daughter. They are, however, only worn during the «Church Parade» in the village. As soon as a girl starts on a walk of more than fifty yards she promptly removes them and slings them round her neck. During the severest winter, with the snow six inches deep on the ground, these girls will plod along unconcernedly in their bare feet.

Black bread, with a small piece of fat bacon as a relish, is the main food.

I can buy a goose for ten pence, which is my staple diet. Occasionally, from a neighbouring village, an itinerant butcher will wander in with a couple of young lambs hanging by their four legs from a pole. It is eleven miles to the real butcher. When you get there, unless you have been told, you don't know he is a butcher. The only clue is a neat board outside with various joints painted on it. I remember the first time I went shopping. I had had some argument with the cook respecting the monotony of her dishes. I said I would make a day's excursion and get some different meat.

When I went into the shop I had a feeling that I had entered a bank where I had an overdraft. It was beautifully cool though, inside; more like a mortuary. There were several safes round the room, a couple of chairs, and a little writing table.

I wasn't overawed in the slightest; but for some reason I took off my hat when I entered. The proprietor, looking like a bank manager in an alpaca frock coat, invited me to take a chair.

He said he was desolated, he only had beef on the first Thursday in the month—market day. Except on market day the carcasses were sent direct to the county town; all he had was the inside.

I thanked him very much, and said I'd rather have some pork. He was really overwhelmed to hear this; his pork days were the second and fourth Wednesdays. In the end he admitted that all he had in his safes was lamb and geese.

It is advisable to make an appointment before you visit a butcher in Hungary.

From the «Star».

Laptulajdonos és felelős szerkesztő: GOLONYA JENŐ. ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Printed by STEPHANEUM St. Stephen's City printing Co. Ld., at Bpest.
Responsible Proprietor and Editor EUGENE GOLONYA ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ VIII., Csepreghy-utca 2. Budapest.

Közgazdaság. — Financial Notes.

Belvárosi Takarékpénztár R. T. IV., Kígyó-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. Fiókin-tetek: Budapest, IV., Múzeum-körút 1., V., Nádor-utca 25., V., Lipót-körút 32. VII., Erzsébet-körút 41., VIII., József-körút 50., VI., Andrásy-út 30. Vidéki fiókok: Fiume, Kolozsvár, Kassa, Pozsony. Közraktárak: Budapesten és Barscon.

For Prospectus apply: To the Manager of the Bank.

A téli idény beálltával a Pesti magyar kereskedelmi bank az utazó közönség figyelmébe ajánlja a bank központjában (V., Fürdő-utca 2.) és összes fiókjaiban berendezett legújabb szerkezetű tűz- és betörésbiztos *safe deposit* rekeszeket, amelyekben a bérlő értéktárgyait *saját zára* alatt őrizheti meg és kezelheti, csekély díj ellenében.

Nagyobb értéktárgyakat, ú.m. ezüstműveket stb. lepecsételt ládákban és csomagokban a bank szintén átvesz megőrzésre, valamint kiállít *hitelleveleket* minden városra és fürdőhelyre.

A Foncière pesti biztosító-intézet életbiztosítási osztályánál a folyó év szept. 30-áig ajánlat 20,279.334 korona biztosítási tőkére és 13.528.87 korona jára-

dékra nyújtott be, 3703 kötvény 18,619.849 korona tőkéről és 12.928.87 korona járadékról állított ki. A díjbevétel 5,336.831 koronára rúg. Haláleset 230 jelentetett 1,035.880 korona összegről. Egyszermind utalunk ama különös kedvezményekre, melyeket ezen hazai intézet (alapítva 1864-ben 4 millió korona részvénytőkével, nyereség és díjtartalékai és évi bevételei körülbelül 69 millió kor.) az életbiztosításnál nyújt: 1. Hadbiztosítást díjpótlék nélkül a népfölkelők védkötelezettjeire nézve a teljes biztosított összeg erejéig. (A katonai szolgálat egyéb kötelezettjeire nézve mérsékelt díjpótlék mellett.) 2. A feltételek értelmében a biztosítás érvényének megtámadhatatlansága még az esetben is, ha a biztosított párbaj vagy öngyilkosság folytán halt volna el, vagy ha utólag kitűnnék, hogy a biztosított a biztosítás alapjául szolgáló ajánlatban lényeges körülményekre nézve tévedett. 3. Évenkénti nyereségfelosztással egybekötött biztosításokat eszközöl. A biztosításnak három évi fennállása után a biztosításra jutányos feltételek mellett a) kölcsönt ad, vagy azt b) visszavásárolja, vagy c) minden további díjfizetés nélkül tőkésítést eszközöl, anélkül, hogy a félnek utóbbiért folyamodnia kellene.

Austro-Hungarian Companies. According to a British Embassy report, the number of limited liability companies founded in Austria and Hungary last year was 523, the aggregate capital invested in which was £3,595,000. Altogether there were at the end of 1912, about 1,960 limited liability companies in Austria and Hungary, representing an investment of £19,500,000. The Balkan crisis only brought about a decrease of £153,700 in capital invested compared with the previous year, but did not affect the number of companies founded, which were 39 in excess of the 1911 total.

A Budapesti Központi Tejcsarnok Szövetkezet tartotta Barcza Károly elnöklésével rendes évi közgyűlését. Az igazgatóság jelentése szerint a lefolyt üzleti év eredménye kielégítő volt. A szövetkezet ez évben közel 33 millió liter tejet hozott forgalomba, a tavalyi 28 millió és az ezt megelőző évi 24 millió literrel szemben, úgy, hogy a szövetkezet tejforgalma az utolsó két évben majdnem kilenc millió literrel emelkedett. Ezzel kapcsolatban a berendezés megfelelő kiegészítése vált szükségessé és egyszermind a fióküzletek száma 180-ra szaporított. A közgyűlés meleg szavakban búcsuzott el elnökétől, Keglevich Gábor gróftól, ki egészségi okokból válik meg állásától, valamint Harkányi János bárótól, ki kereskedelemügyi miniszterré történt kinevezése alkalmából mondott le igazgatósági tagságáról. Az igazgatóság e két kiváló érdemes tagja másfél évtizeden át működött közre önzetlenül a szövetkezet fejlesztésének, a fővárosi tejpiac konszolidációjának és a mezőgazdasági érdekek helyes irányban való védelmének munkájában és ezért Thék Endre szövetkezeti tag indítványára a közgyűlés őszinte háláját és köszönetét jegyzőkönyvbe iktatta és elhatározta, hogy mindkét lemondott igazgatósági tag arcképét megfesteti. Végül az igazgatóságba megválasztottak Barcza

Károly (elnök), Beer Henrik, domonyi Domony Ödön, Teleki Tibor gróf és Hirsch Albert dr., a felügyelőbizottságba pedig maglódi Wodianer János (elnök), Grünwald Vilmos, Serbán János és Schlichter Izidor.

A Magyar-Cseh Iparbank f. hó 18-án d. e. 1/210 órakor (Budapest, V., Sas-u. 27.) rk. közgyűlést tart az alaptőke felemelése ügyében.

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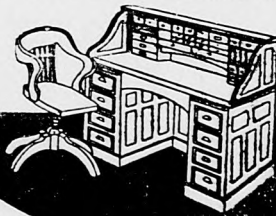
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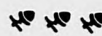


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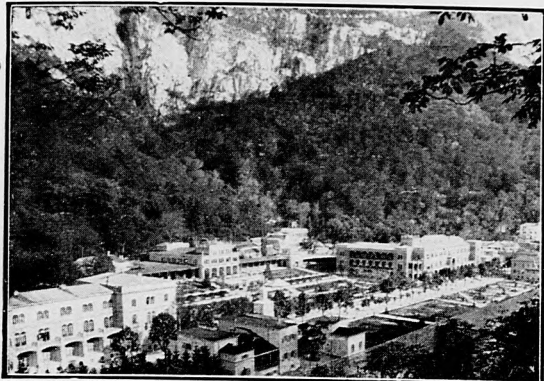
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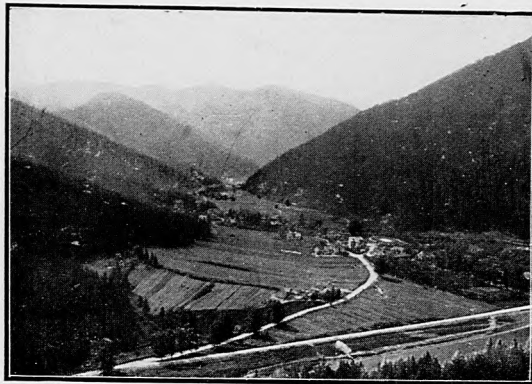
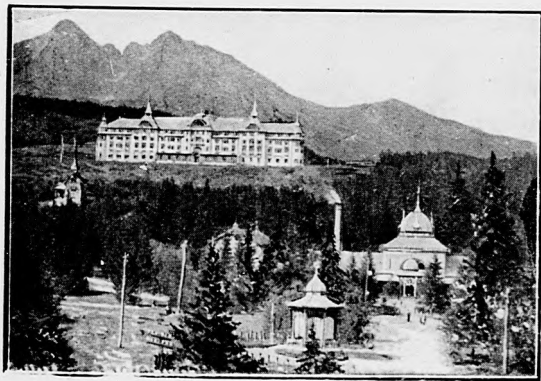


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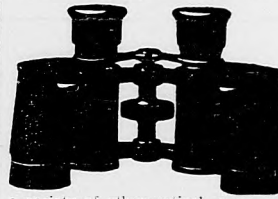
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