

HUNGARY

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Hungary and Its People.

The development of the intellectual life of the Hungarians.

By Prof. Zsolt de Bróthy.

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

OUT of the primaeval darkness the form of a rider stands out clearly before our eyes, as somewhere in the wilderness by the side of the Volga he sits immovable, and looks about him. In his peaked kalpak, in his mantle of panther skin, his muscular frame seems as though it were grown to his diminutive horse. With eagle's eyes he regards to its limit the never ending plain, every portion of which is brilliantly lit up by the rays of the sun.

He is calm; he is not afraid, nor fantastical; he only concerns himself with what he sees and his eye practised in the strong light of the sun sees everything in the wilderness within the circle of the horizon. His quiver hangs upon his shoulder; his Persian sword is by his side; he watches for the enemy. If only one or two appear, he at once engages with them; if they come in a band, he carries the news to the rest. For these, for the rest, he watches carefully, and is resolved to run all risks. He looks into that distance which



Photo Strelisky.

H. R. H. Archduke JOSEPH and Son.

tion, those natural and moral influences characteristically manifest themselves which made themselves felt in their primaeval circumstances and took root in their souls. They were a nomad people of the great wilderness, and the nature of the plain which surrounded them with its vast extent, its pure illumination, and its small variety of colour, developed rather the force of his observation, the clearness of his insight, the liveliness and certainty of his apprehension and judgment, than the desire to make acquaintance with the

might seem to be beyond sight; in a distant black spot he recognises the eagle as he swoops down, his god's swift, strong and pitiless bird. This is a good omen; he pats his horse's neck and rests his hand with confidence on the hilt of his sword. He awaits what is to come and feels, knows that the community will have need of his strength.

The picture of this solitary horseman explains much not only of the way of life of the primitive Hungarians, but also of the nature and development of the Hungarian mind. In the whole mental life of the Hungarian na-

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unknown, the capacity for drawing near to it, the imagination and together with its sports, he plunging into the flood stream of sentiment. Even counting the strangers who had been thrown upon them, their numbers were very few; the struggle for existence, the war maintained rather against men than against nature, laid claim to, occupied and developed all his outward and inward faculties. Not only the Greek and Arab writers of the IX. century, but also the first period of their life in this country proves that they lived, at least to a very large extent, by plunder. Continually engaged in wars and owing so to say all that they had to their courage and their skill, the qualities called into play by the wars in the wilderness, personal courage, straightforwardness and ready decision became their characteristic traits and their ideal, and have remained such to this day. These traits it would seem are due or were due to the Turkish elements, which blending with the more numerous Ugrian mass formed it into a nation and gave it its name. (To be continued.)



Society Notes

THERE WAS, in the late days of the old year and the beginning of the new, a crowd of gossipers and highspirited promenaders in Kcssuth Lajos Street. There were not come merely to look and be looked at, to go from the Astoria to the Klotild in regular aimless and endless procession, but to stand before the windows of one of our modists, where a placard in green and gold faced the spectator. «Calico Ball, Ritz, Jan. 5th» and beside it, to right and left, behind and before, gorgeous and delicate costumes, specimens of what one really ought to wear. The event was to be exclusive. That was enough. Everybody fell into a calico fever, for not to appear simply conveyed the reasonable inference that one had not the entrée to «exclusive circles».

For charitable purposes the Ritz is a great asset. On this occasion its gallant manager, Mr. Emil Püspöky offered the hall free of charge, and his act will not be forgotten. Rarely has there been such a scene in the Capital. A pure Irish dance. There was, in every corner, on staircase, in hall and corridor nothing but emerald. The «Wearing of the Green» was never so honoured out of its proper home and setting by Killarney. The List of M.C's and Stewards was formidable, indeed. It contained well known names, the Van of progress,

shall we say? — Count Julius Batthyány, Messrs Bieber, Haász, Ivánka, Szerviczky, — all cavaliers of the new school, capable, courteous, willing, busy and, let us add, supremely happy. A man should have the right to a certain modest satisfaction at the success of his own untiring efforts, particularly if those efforts be directed in the holy cause of charity.

The real column of the edifice, the pillar about



A new generation. The Heir-presumptive and his first-born.

which everything pivoted was the charming Baroness Herczel who surely never knew how much she could do till she tried — and succeeded.

★

Tátralomnicz is booming. There *are* people, good people, indeed, who leave the Capital in Carnival Season and yet expect to go to Heaven. These people are in Lomnicz, literally falling over each other. Could one have more «close companionship» and «clinging to one another» than when a hob-sleigh upsets and unceremoniously discharges its

freight on the roadside? It is one way of scraping acquaintance to be pitched out into the arms of a stranger, who, for reasons of his or her own has «dropped» out of the race by the wayside. At this season young ladies literally fulfil the description of their shy adorers. They are «white angels» and their «snowy necks» and «negligent pose» answer all the requirements of the novel situation. But elsewhere appear the results of these breathless activities, — all the winners, without the starting price.

Dr. Béla Jankovics is one of those who has shaken off the dust of the Ministerium for the flakes of Lomnicz. The cares of office seem to rest lightly enough upon him as he watches his little ones — (children are *always* 'little ones') up to their necks in pure joy and pure snow. The evening society consists usually of the Minister, Leo Lánczy and his wife, Prof. Csarada, Garibaldi Pulszky, Julius Muzsa, M. P. Hajdu and wife, Major Bárdi, Littke, Melczer, Cornides, Almási-Balogh, Petz, Vuk, the one-time Consul, Pözel of Prizrend and Úszküb memory and Baron Dallwich and his family. I forgot to mention the presence of the two new gods — Bridge and Tango.



Dr. William de Lers.

SINCE the retirement of Messrs Kálmán and Stelina from the post of State Secretary in the Board of Trade and Commerce, that post has been vacant. For it there was, as all men knew one possible candidate and one only. That candidate was the subject of our portrait Dr. William Lers who has now received from the Crown the appointment.

For 20 years Dr. Lers has served the State to such good purpose that his reputation has gone beyond the borders of Hungary and even of Austria. His expert knowledge added to the rarer power of knowing how to handle men have made him a powerful and leading factor in our commercial life.

In all movements of recent years, in the politico-economic section, in foreign commercial treaties as in home policy his hand may be traced. It will fall to his lot in future, as in the past to evolve and carry through the commercial agreement with Austria. The work is, needless to say, in the stage of progress which the conjuncture demands.

Dr. Lers now takes charge of all Commercial

and industrial sections and such is his experience of these and cognate matters that no doubt exists as to his ability to conduct them to the advantage of the administration. He will, doubtless, do what many of his possible successors fear, — so raise the status of his office that he will be hard to follow.

Withal the new State-Secretary is comparatively young. He was born as recently as 1869, entered the service of the State in 1892 and has steadily



Photo Strelisky.

Dr. WILLIAM DE LERS, the new State Secretary, Ministry of Commerce.

advanced. In the time of Hieronymi, — and no man had a better nor surer eye for potential capacity than that lamented Minister, — Dr. Lers was practically entrusted with the work and responsibilities of a State Secretary and frequently was called upon to represent his chief at gatherings, congresses, and international meetings. Nor have his activities been confined within even this wide area. As a writer on technical subjects his reputation has long been «exported». As a lecturer at the Vienna Consular Academy, and the Budapest Oriental

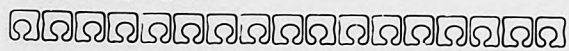


GEORGE DE SACELLARY M. P. Court Councillor.

Academy he is well known; scarcely less so as a *privat docens*, in International Law at the University.

It is not unnatural that with such a record various distinctions should have fallen to his lot. He was ennobled by the Sovereign in 1906 and took predicate of Szepesbela; received, moreover the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Francis Joseph and possesses various European and even transoceanic distinctions.

Dr. Lers' future lies all before him. He is now, in point of years, as statesmen and administrators go, a mere youth. We shall watch, with more than customary interest, his future career and trust that we shall have many other occasions to note his continued progress.



Mr. Court Councillor Sacellary.

MR. GEORGE Sacellary M.P. who is equally popular in (politically) independent, economic, social and sporting circles, has been nominated Court Councillor, in recognition of his services in the varied domains of sport and charity. The new Councillor represents Dorog in Parliament and is a considerable figure on the Stock Exchange. His is a well-known business amongst our many banking firms and the honour conferred upon him affects,

through his person, business life in general. Mr. Sacellary is a member of the Athletic Council, President of the Hungaria Rowing Club and the Budapest—Csepel Athletic Club which latter has greatly flourished under his guidance. In the domain of charity the new Councillor, headed the Fund for the Children which now amounts to nearly 20,000 crowns, by a donation of 2,000 crowns.

We take the opportunity of presenting to our readers the portrait of Mr. Sacellary to many of whom he is personally known.



Hungarian treatment of Roumanians.

FOR SOME TIME past a lively controversy has disfigured the pages of the «Westminster Gazette» on this subject. Amongst others partaking have been Mr. Shrubsole and, of course, the egregious Seton Watson, the Scot whom nothing, apparently will induce to mind his own parochial affairs.

The origin of the hubbub was a par. in a recent issue, inspired Heaven knows where, since we can conceive of no earthly reason why the «Westminster» of all Journals should concern itself with Hungary. The paragraph set out complaints of which we are weary, as to Roumanian children and the Magyar language.

We have one answer only and it is a pity that writers and statesmen who have the courage to legislate have not the courage to state boldly what it is they are doing and why.

I, myself have no such scruples. The blunt truth of the whole of this and similar matters involving Scotus Viator's particular pets the Slovaks (who are constantly fooling him to our very particular satisfaction), the Roumanians, the Serbs, the Ruthenes, and various other cliques who enjoy our hospitality is this. If they live in Hungary they are Hungarians. If they are not the best thing would be to expropriate them and send them packing across their respective borders, Hungary is one State. If it is not it ought to be. The people who have made Hungary and maintained it and now rule it are the Hungarians. When I say Hungarians I mean Magyars who are in a majority absolutely. And, as Count Mailath has before pointed out, the Magyars are determined at all costs (which includes the grave risk of offending peripatetic Caledonians) to be masters in their own land.

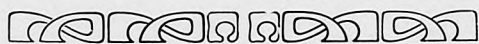
The *tu quoque* of Mr. Shrubsole that there are 100,000 Hungarians in Roumania for whom no provision is made educationally has absolutely no basis whatever. He also has missed the true point. Taking the statement to embody the exact truth to what does it amount? To this, that a great number of Hungarians live in Roumania and expect

to remain Magyars. That will never do. If they have passed over into Roumania they are lost to us and whether they are compelled to learn the Roman, the Cossack or the Korean tongue does not concern us in the slightest, — concerns us no more than does the educational fate of some millions of Hungarians who have emigrated to America. There is no such being as an extra-territorial Magyar carrying his national rights in his pocket for production whenever the conditions of his new home seem to menace his individuality. When in Rome let him do as Romans do and not presume to dictate as to how he will be treated.

As to Mr. Seton Watson he is in much the same situation as the Puritans who forbade bear-baiting — not because it gave the bear pain but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. The peculiar cast of his North British mind, its lurid and venomous constitution, causes him to find perennial pleasure in pursuing his *bête noir*, the Magyar. He will never persuade us that his heart is consumed with love of the Slovak and the Croat, the Serb and the Rouman. It is rather consumed with hate of the Magyar. He is like a vulture. At one moment hovering over the remains of (Protes'ant) Slovaks, no sooner does instinct warn him that a bigger corpse is to be found elsewhere than he spreads his pinions in the direction of Agram. Agram was a great find. He grabbed in the filthy entrails of this Titus-Oates-cum-Pigott affair with the unholy joy of a nature which revels in rot. When he found nothing he wrote a book.

The Westminster Gazette has erected him into an authority. It quotes him. Well, a man may tell the strict truth — and still be a liar. It all depends how he tells that truth. And what motive any Scotsman could have for telling the truth in any form I don't know. The truth rarely pays.

C. Townley-Fullam.



King Carnival.

WE ARE like bad tennis-players and find «balls in the air». It is a busy season. In addition to old friends, — events which come as regularly as Christmas bills and discharged far more punctually, — there are one or two new functions here and there. It is natural. The young men who go to a «Jogász Bál» must also look out for opportunities to tango themselves into knots in less exclusive, that is to say, more general societies where colloquia are not in such universal demand.

The first Saturday was fairly busy. To begin with there was the Buda Israelite Ladies Association, — a clumsy title. Under the Presidency of Mrs. Samuel Grünwald assisted by Drs Grotta, Szabolcsi and

Szende, and under the ministrations of the regimental band of the 23rd assisted by L. Kóczé junior, there might be seen more than 150 couples on the floor at once. It was gay whilst it lasted and it lasted till it was light enough to find one's way home.

The «Corn» Ball, — not that only people with corns danced, — was duly installed in Lloyd's and presumably marked «A1». Mr. Béla Kiss provided the incitement for, one would hesitate to say how many people, to forget their troubles. Mr. Court Councillor J. Simon Vice-President of the Exchange and Mr. B. Wahl, Councillor on the Committee of the Bourse represented that Institution, whilst Mr. Alex. Fullmann carried out arrangements. There were no pronouncedly agrarian dances nor did the everlasting tango find much favour.

The Central Catholic Circle has now published its season's programme. What with Balls, Children's Parties, Social evenings, Suppers and Concerts, the Circle is apparently full. But as most of these functions are dated for the future we shall have another opportunity of referring to them.

Amongst future events are the Széchenyi, Catholic and Jurists' Balls all of which will receive due notice. The Széchenyi and Jurists' Balls are under the patronage of Royalty whilst the Catholic Ball counts at the head of a long list of Royal Patrons the Sovereign himself.



Royal Betrothal, The two daughters of the Czar.

Feminism.

WE HAVE received a copy of the address of Mrs. Gabriel Ugron jun. née Baroness Lily Szalay, as an introduction to an organising meeting at Marosvásárhely. The translation has been kindly supplied by the Countess Alexander Bethlen, a well-known worker in the cause.

Ladies and Gentlemen.

One of the shining lights amongst our modern

beg permission to join you in the spreading of the idea of feminism, having been so very much impressed by the truths uttered at the Feminist Congress in Budapest this summer.

A vast and splendid vista opens up before our mind's eye when we turn our attention to the future, to the triumph of feminism. We see the picture of a world better, more perfect and more beautiful, in which man and woman will no longer fight separately, one against the other, jealous of their respective rights and labour, but will strive onwards, hand in hand, with combined forces, united by the grand ideal of making life better, more beautiful and more worthy of mankind, in the true and perfect sense of the word.

It does not fall to the lot of all to be able to lead their own independent lives, to be able to work out their own individuality and so to free themselves from the trammels and fetters of Society, nor does it lie in the power of all to find their happiness and satisfaction in the founding of a family with congenial companionship surrounded by children.

We, who are happy and contented, have the duty of working and fighting for those who, worn out by the struggle for their daily bread are incapable of bettering their condition or of furthering their own interests and those of their children. It is only thus that with joint forces we shall be able to solve the problems of life, for the world does not consist of mankind divided into two camps of man and woman but of mankind as a whole, whose parts are composed of the two sexes.

And like as to a building which can be raised with safety and boldness only if the walls supporting its arches, its roof and its turrets are well balanced even so can the manifestations and evolutions of life, may even life itself go forward with security and reach ideal heights only if all its component parts, resting on a common basis, each part the complement of others, all parts, endowed with equal rights advance, closely united, forward and upward.

It is a fact proved by statistics, that in those countries where the rights of women are so far recognised as to enable women to use their influence in the framing of the laws, the moral standard of the population has risen rapidly.



Chapel in the outer Hívösvölgy where lie the remains of Duchess Alexandra Pavlovna.

poets, Peter Altenberg says in the preface to his poems:

«Keep not for self, nor for one other the good thou hast found upon the toilsome path... Share it with all? Give up faint-hearted caution which confides but in a kindred soul. Be strong; scatter the good broadcast.»

I am upheld by these words of the poet as I try to conquer the shyness which overwhelms me at this moment of bidding you welcome. Although I am conscious of my temerity in addressing you to-day, when leaders in deed and word have honoured us by their presence and with their addresses, I still

It is therefore necessary that women should have the right of voting and of being elected, and this not as a goal but as a means to an end in order that they should take their part in the framing of the laws and in the founding of social and humanitarian institutions as well as in helping to smooth the rough path leading to ideal heights and even in the hewing out of those paths.

However conscientiously and with whatever untiring energy a woman may fulfil her duty when she finds that, at every turn, lack of power to exercise her rights lies like a deadweight upon her actions she cannot produce such sound work nor achieve the results her work might certainly call forth were her rights not so restricted.

Just as we cannot command the sun to stand still in the heavens, nor bid time to stay its course, so we cannot restrain progress and thus break the law of evolution. We cease to exist the moment we no longer evolve and go forward.

I therefore hope and trust that the time is not far distant when we women shall be in a position to take the place due to us; by the assertion of our rights we shall share the work of men and help in the regeneration and uplifting of our homes, our country and the whole human race.

As Longfellow says in his beautiful poem «Excelsior».

(We are, as we have often shewn, heart and soul with this Movement. The more do we regret that its protagonists should very often make assertions which only give a handle to our enemies.

Statistics which prove that «in those countries where the rights of women are so far recognised as to enable women to use their influence in the forming of the laws, the moral standard of the population has risen rapidly» are false and misleading. They are false as regards Utah, and most other American States. *Editor.*)

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

## My Poor Oligarch!

From the diary of a fencing-master. — By *Joseph Hajnóczy*.

III.

THE DOCTOR assured me, the baron had fainted, but had not met with any serious accident and that there was no cause whatever for alarm. He had to give up his exhausting pleasures for some time and make some change in his manner of life. He seemed rather feeble for some days, yet



The Duchess ALEXANDRA PAVLOVNA consort of the Palatine JOSEPH.

wanted to repeat our strange outing notwithstanding.

We were just sitting down to table one night, when the baron suddenly looking up from his paper and turning to one of his servants said: «Lendl how many hours does it take to get to London by the shortest route!»

«I will look it up. I hope your Honour does not mean to go?»

«No, the fencing-master is going.»

«I? what for?» I could not help exclaiming. «Fog is of still less interest to me than the moonlight.»

«By way of Dover you reach London in four days. You take the night express. Lendl furnish the master with time tables and plenty of money, so that he may not stand in need of anything.»

Well what was I to say to all this? They made me travel without troubling themselves in the least, whether I was willing to do so or not. They dealt with me, as with some courier, saying: «Saddle your horse and hurry to reach London as soon as you can! But why just to London?»

«Master, you are right, such boxing as ours, is properly speaking no boxing at all, it is too incorrect even for beginners. If we are to box, we ought to understand something about it, and therefore you must go to London. Go and see the best master there. What's his name Lendl? «Yes! Thomas Jones. You will pass some weeks with him, and will bring your knowledge back with you, so that we too may profit by it. — You, yourself stand sorely in want of it, for you cannot boast of high qualifications in boxing.»

And with that I packed up my things, ran through the time-tables, went down to see the steward, by whom I was well supplied with money, took leave of my employer and set out on my journey.

## IV.

I thought I should arrive in a world, where you could cut the fog with a knife and was greatly surprised to see on my arrival in London a bright clear spring day, and the sunshine by no means differing from ours.

Strolling about in the English Capital, and threading its vast and crowded thoroughfares, I almost forgot my mission of having come here to learn boxing.

After dinner, with the approach of evening I found myself standing at the door of Thomas Jones's school. — The famous pugilist had not yet come home, his scholars however had already begun boxing as I stepped in. Well thought I, if boxing is nothing but this, it was rather a pity to have come into this strange world, for I know as much myself.

Just then, the master came accompanied by a gaunt long figure, whom he addressed as Mr. Hobson.

He was visibly flattered, that his fame had spread so far as to bring me to him, and he assured me I did not come in vain and that my trouble should be richly rewarded.

«Well, let me see your way of boxing» I cried. It did not take a minute and he and Hobson were facing each other.

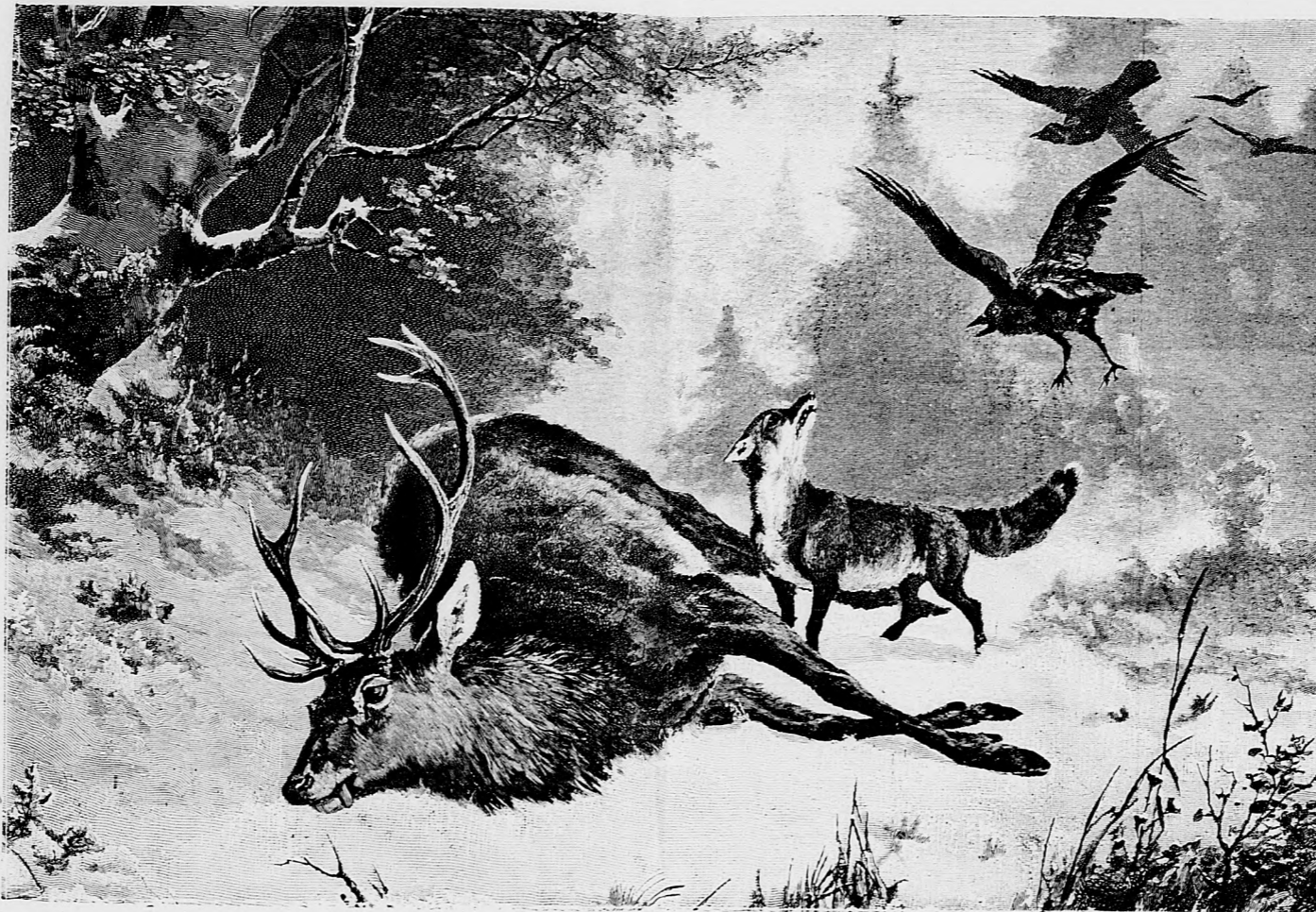
I was almost ready to laugh, when I saw them, the short Jones and long Hobson were a droll match indeed. They met, displaying admirable skill on either side. But though the little master wished to prove, that his fame for boxing was well deserved, the other was intent upon the same purpose and did not yield. Just when I was thinking Jones

beaten, he was at it again, staggering his totally vanquished partner with a final but decisive blow.

«Time» cried Hobson.

Two minutes interval. A dapper looking servant approached, with a basin and immense sponge, with which he began to wash the face of Hobson, removing the stains of blood from his lips.

The master was smiling indifferently, while Hobson was looking at the tooth he had lost.



Forest Scene in Winter.

The round had not gone according to rules. Jones had taken advantage of an undefended moment — in a word — it didn't count.

Hobson would claim his broken tooth once more on the field of battle, he declared.

Never did I laugh so heartily. I was delighted with the thought of what merriment it would excite, when I told the story at home.

While I was smoking a cigar in the next room, on my return I found the two already engaged in their fight, full of fire and heat, as if nothing had happened.

My days were passing quickly and not entirely uselessly. I admired my master, and found out his little weaknesses, so he gladly occupied himself with me, teaching me his principal tricks. He

educated me thoroughly so that, as he put it, I could keep my ground under whatever circumstances.

I was already beginning to look down upon Hobson, when my probation time of six weeks expired and homesickness was depressing me.

At our departure Jones shook my hand warmly assuring me that I could boldly face any antagonist now, and having the technique of boxing at my fingers' end, for he said, the training of his school

Who cared for my being tired, that my eyes were full of sleep, and that my tongue was heavy?

I was to speak of everything — but principally of boxing.

Of course of boxing. The baron was reminded by this, that it had been the chief object of my mission, put down his glass and said: «Let us see now what he knows?»

Sleeves were turned up, I defended myself vigorously but somehow got no chance of approaching my opponent, tired as I was in mind and body, and forgetful of the practical advice of Jones.

The baron was soon ready with his criticism.

«He knows nothing of boxing. You understand no more than you did before, let him pay back your fees, master.»

«Don't I? Well baron, by way of showing my knowledge, I was just illustrating the past.»

«Is the future to follow then?» asked the baron smilingly?

«Yes, now for the future.»

Everyone looked on in strained attention, and silence, whilst the baron and I prepared for another round.

Scarcely had a minute or two elapsed, before a low moaning was heard — a consequence of my training at Jones' school. The baron caught his lips, bit his tongue, and stamping his foot on the ground acknowledged my ability!

«Your grip is strong, you had an excellent teacher! Master I congratulate you — now we can go on boxing» cried the Baron.

I was looking out for James the old sportman-valet, hoping he would bring a sponge and basin. He did not come, then only it struck me, that this was not Hobson but baron Alfred, my employer.

The gentlemen congratulated me by turns, only the doctor asked reproachfully, what the baron had done to me, that I should make him thus incapable for ever...

\*

Neither of us was aware of the baron's serious accident. The blow was rather strong, for on receiving it, he stumbled and fell knocking his head against something.

The doctor defined it as concussion of the brain, to which our noble baron seemed likely to succumb. — The castle ringing with merriment on other occasions was quiet as it never had been before, and grave faces were to be seen on all sides.

As for me, my conscience was tormenting me grievously.

The baron was lying on his deathbed, his breath coming heavily, the perspiration standing in big drops on his brow, every line of his noble features was pale and distorted by pain.

We were sitting within earshot of the sickroom. Now and then the dying man raised his eyelids scarcely able to lift his head, suppressing his pain

would be everywhere acknowledged — I could even travel with broken teeth.

And I travelled home.

## V.

On my return I found the baron and his surroundings in excellent spirit. I arrived in the evening fatigued and travel-stained and sought my own room longing for rest after the wear and tear of the long journey. However it did not take half an hour when the news spread in the castle, the fencing master has come back. It reached the ears of the baron into whose presence I was immediately ordered.

Going through the usual form of welcome, I was pressed on all sides to relate where I had been and what I had seen.



Bear photographed in open ground.

with superhuman and heroic endeavour, but sweeping about with his arms as if attacking and defending in boxing.

The silence was so acute, that we could hear him gnashing his teeth, and muttering incoherent words in his delirium.

With almost superhuman strength, he suddenly raised himself and leaning his head on his hand he spoke with a faint and expiring voice.

«Master nearer, that's right, sit down here. Your Jones is a noble fellow, upon my word. What a grip he must have, how magnificent his boxing is! Tomorrow, or after tomorrow, we will repeat it»...

Coughing choked his words, pain contorted his features, and foam covered his lips.

The doctor touching his pulse, made a gesture indicating — «It is finished». (The end.)



## Art, Science, and Literature

### Petőfi Society.

The 38th Annual Meeting of this Society took place on Jan. 6th in the Great Hall of the Academy of sciences. Present were: Archduke Joseph Francis, Baron Hazai, Baron Ghillány, George Lukács, Dr. Bárczy, Dr. László Gopcsa, Dr. Béla Erődy, Ármín Barát, Julius Pekár, Julius Wlassics Jnr, Francis Herczeg, Emil Ábrányi, Mary Jászi, Anton Váradi and many others. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Zoltán Ferenczi. The Secretary's Report having been accepted. Dr. Francis Ferenczi

read «Pictures from the Sahara» by H. R.H. the Archduke Joseph, whilst amongst other presentations were a poem by Emil Ábrányi, story Francis Herczeg and poems, M. Szaboleska. The Commemorative Speech was delivered by Mr. Ödön Jakab.

### Fine Art Society.

The Zichy Winter Exhibition is now closed and was succeeded by that of the English Engravers which will remain open till further notice.

### Programme of the Art Gallery.

The New Year's Programme of the Gallery is roughly as follows. At the end of the month, synchronising with the closing of the Exhibition there will be a fête of a family character in honour of Julius Benczur who attains his 70th year this month. It is now 30 years since the State School of Painting was established under his direction. The Archduke Joseph has promised to preside at the Commemorative Sitting and Count Julius Andrássy will speak.

In February the Jubilee Exhibition of Stephen Csók will be installed. All the works of this celebrated artists, whether in Museums, foreign or home, or in private hands will, as far as possible be collected. This will be followed by the Spring Exhibition for native artists only.

### Archduke as an Author.

We have had occasion to refer more than once to the occasional incursions into literature of the Archduke Joseph. A recent volume of His Royal

Highness is now attracting a good deal of attention and has made its way by sheer literary excellence. Royalty is so accustomed to flattery that scarcely one member of the reigning House may do anything which other men do without being assailed by a chorus of approval independently of the intrinsic value of the work. In this case we are very happy to be able to say that the book is finding a ready market in circles which do not come into touch with Royalty, solely on its merits as an interesting and at times amusing production.



Current News

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.: József 49-92.*

The King's New Year.

On New Year's Day the King received in Schönbrunn where he passed the change of the year the customary greetings of T. R. H. Francis Ferdinand Charles, Peter, Leopold Salvator, Francis Salvator,

Frederick and Charles Stephen. At 11 a.m. the principal Court and Military dignitaries had audience of the Sovereign with the like object. In the evening the King gave a dinner-party in the small gallery, at which were present the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and consort, and other members of the reigning house.

The Duke Montenuovo, Chief Master of the Household also gave a dinner in the Hofburg to the following:— Princess Trautmannsdorf, the Counts Thurn, Wimpffen and Attems; Count Berchtold, Archbishop Piffl, Schissl, Bilinski, Kroatin, Count Stürgkh, Baron Burián, Bienerth, and other civil and military dignitaries.

The Royal Visit.

The Emperor-King Francis Joseph has conferred the following orders in connection with the visit to England last month of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand:—

Sir Derek Keppel, Master of the Household Grand Cross of the Order of Francis Joseph.

Sir Walter Campbell, Groom-in-Waiting to the King, Grand Cross of the Order of Francis Joseph.

Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, Equerry to the King, Iron Crown, Second Class.

Lord John Hamilton, Iron Crown, Third Class.

The Hon. John Fortescue, librarian, Windsor Castle Knight Commander of the Order of Francis Joseph.

His Majesty has also conferred upon the Duke of



Charging the Boar.



**„The highest honour is due the oxygen treatment.“**

THESE are the closing words of an article on «The importance of Oxygen» written by the well-known physician Dr. Walser, Cannstadt, and published in the «Kneipp-Blätter», a periodical devoted to the movement of curing without medicaments and by means of the «plain life».

The knowledge that excellent results are to be expected by the proper application of oxygen to all disorders due to insufficient oxydation such as, gout, rheumatism, disorders of the nerves, stomach, bowels, liver, kidney and further diabetes, impoverished blood, artery sclerose, constipation etc. is as old, as the knowledge of the existence of oxygen itself. But it required more than a hundred years before any practical benefit could be derived from this knowledge. In modern times, however, the oxygen treatment has produced results which are in many cases most surprising as stated by the patients themselves.

An official, for instance, writes us: «Regarding the treatment which I began about Easter, I am delighted to be in a position to state that the cure has been a wonderful success. After two or three days I could put aside the two canes, which I required for weeks to be able to move about the room. One week later I could walk rather fast. Your preparations have brought about in a few days, what other cures could not attain in months.»

A student, Phil. S. writes: «I am a strict believer in your method and ask you to send me... for a friend, a student of medicine, who knew me before the cure by your treatment, as a melancholy person and was greatly surprised to notice the undisputable results achieved by your method.»

Prof. D. H. reports: «I do not feel well unless I use your preparations.»

Dr. D. writes: «I am much pleased to be in a position to report most gratifying results on myself from the use of your oxygen preparations constipation disappeared at once and there is daily normal movement of the bowels, though I have not taken any of the preparation for about a month Diurese went up greatly and the action of the heart became regular. The pulse beating before the cure at the rate of 102 per minute, went down on the second day to 80 and later to 76 per minute. There is further to be noticed a loss of fat which makes moving about much easier.

Sleep, formerly irregular, became quiet and free from dreams, so that I could sleep for eight hours without interruption. Besides, the cure had most gratifying effect on the mental conditton. I am thoroughly convinced of the value of your preparation and can recommend it to anybody. It surely has a great future in tropical countries, where diseases due to insufficient oxydation are prevalent. I have already recommended your preparation to the French missionary and shall continue to recommend it wherever I can.»

Dr. P. states: «the preparations are again intended for my personal use and for my family. The results attained have been so satisfactory that the treatment is continued.»

Dr. H. informs us: «The results achieved, which must have been due to the oxygen treatment, have been truly marvellous, and so I intend to...»

Dr. F. says: «The patient (diabetes) has used up the powder and has been free from sugar for the last two weeks.»

If you are interested in this treatment, apply for full information, which will be given free of charge by the Institut für Sauerstoff-Heilverfahren Berlin, W. 35. Ct. 3.



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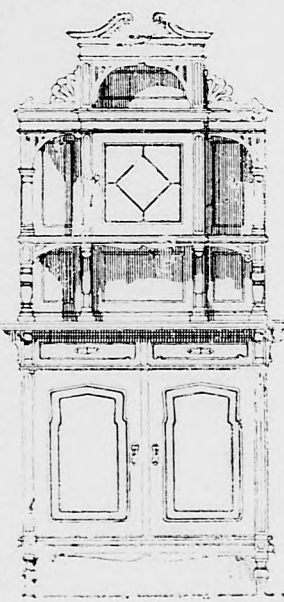
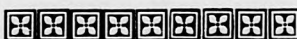
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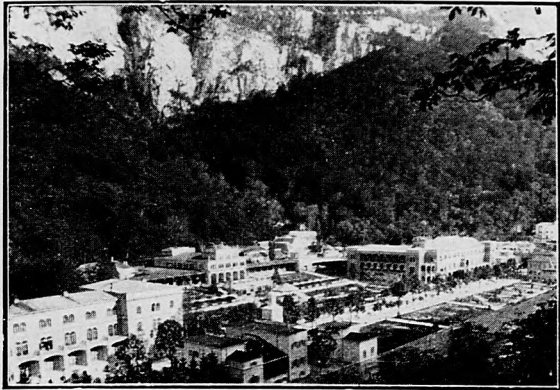
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4. Hungary: A Sketch, by Julius de Vargha.
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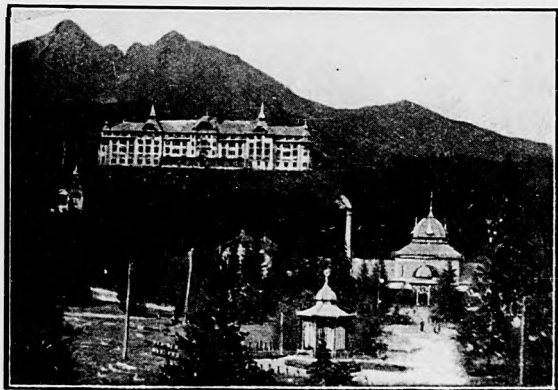


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Thermal Baths and Health Resort, the property of the State, situated in the country of Krassószörény, at an altitude of 168 metres, in the picturesque valley of the Cserna, amidst wooded hills rising to a height of 1200 metres. Twenty minutes from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

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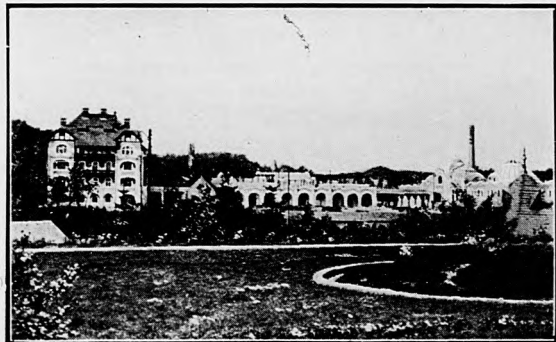


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