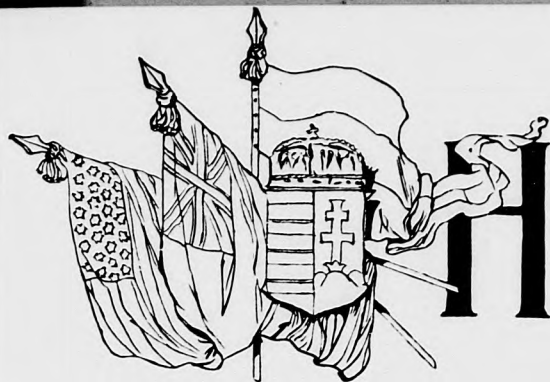


Budapest, Wednesday, July 15th, 1914.



HUNGARY

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Hungary and Its People.

The development of the intellectual life of the Hungarians.

By Prof. Zsolt de Beöthy.

Ézeréves . . .
. . . Magyar-
ország

THE greatest Hungarian of the century spent his youth in the circle of Pázmány and within the walls of besieged fortresses; he was Count Nicholas Zrinyi, the Ban of Croatia, the terror of the Turks, whom he defeated in many battles; he was known and honoured by the whole Christian world, and was the glory of his nation. The leading thought of his life was to drive out the Turks, but with our own force, so that we should not be obliged to purchase our freedom by slavery to the German. With a spirit nourished by travels in Italy and in the celebrated library at Csáktornya, with the literature of the ancient and modern world he discusses this thought in his political works and the way to carry it out in his strategic works. But the same thought gleams through his poetical masterpiece, the first ornament of the Hungarian epic muse: the *Obsidio Szigetiana* in 15 cantos of which the subject is the heroic death of his ancestor of the same name in the defence of Szigetvár against Suliman the magnificent. The traces



Photo by Szenes.

Count EMANUEL ANDRÁSSY.

in it of Virgil and Tasso are sufficiently plain, but it worthily competes with them as far as regards the majesty of conception, the excellent proportion of its composition, the force of its delineation, and the truth of its warlike pictures or at any rate may be ranged in the same line with them. The martyrs death of Zrinyi conceived in the spirit of the Catholic reaction, redeems before an angry God a nation sunk in sin, and turned away from the true faith. Zrinyi is the representative of old Hungarian heroism, his soul speaks out of the

verses of his great descendent, whose hero is at once devout and patriotic, his war at once religious and national, and perhaps more the last than the first. Contrary to its poetic motive he bears at heart still more than national unity the unity of the faith, and desires the renovation of the warlike virtues of his Hungarian ancestors for the liberation of his country, and the maintenance of her freedom. A powerful stream flowing in a constant direction of national feeling sweeps through the epic, like a storm-wind and carries the reader along with it: «such is the true Hungarian and it is only by such virtues that we can

save the country and remain Hungarians!» On account of its rough language, however, the *Zrinyias* did not produce a great effect when it first appeared in 1651. At the beginning of our century Kazinczy, as it were, raised it from the dead. The poet's laureate crown of of the *baroc* period did not fall to the portion of Zrinyi, but to his contemporary, Stephen Gyöngyösi, a country magistrate of the county of Gömör. In his stories drawn from the history of his own times, war and love, mythology and allegory are mingled together

Court and Society.

THE Common Minister of Finance, Mr. de Bilinski is staying for a few weeks in Lemberg. Whether his holiday will be interrupted by the tragedy of last month one cannot say, so unsettled are all things for the present.

The accident to Queen Maria Theresa of Bavaria was of such a slight nature that she was able to accompany the King to the Palace of the Bishop and now feels no effects whatever.

H.R.H. the Archduke Joseph and his family have



Cigar rolling.

Pictures Vasárnapi Ujság.

according to the *baroc* taste of the period. He sang the Venus of Murány, Szécsi Mária, whose besieged fortress the chivalrous Francis Wesselényi could only gain together with her hand; after that he celebrated the loves of John Kemény, later on Prince of Transylvania, and Anna Lónyai; of Emmerich Tököli and Helena Zrinyi. His value does not consist in any force of composition and characterization, but in occasional single picturesque sketches in sweet lyrical episodes and above all in his rich and poetic language and his tuneful Alexandrines, in which nobody equalled him till Arany came. By these means the fame of «the greatest Hungarian poet» surrounded his name or a whole century.

(To be continued.)

settled in Kistapolcsány for the usual summer residence. The Archduke himself is, of course, obliged to return according as the nature of his military duties demands but recent events have lightened the summer military programme.

The death of the Archduke occurring as it does at this particular moment has given the death-blow to the waning season. Until November Society is travelling, recuperating, shooting or resting in country houses and the Capital a place to get away from.

But this is great injustice to Budapest which, in summer, is as lovely a place as any visitor or inhabitant might desire to see. The Zoo and the Park, Margaret Island and Stefania Avenue furnish both recreation and delight. Some people indeed prefer to remain here and go away only in October.

Alex. Günther has been raised to the rank of Chief Consul in the Consular Service of the Monarchy.

★

The Church has lost a good friend and supporter and Society a well-known and genial personality in Baron Francis Gerliczy M.P. for Szeged who was exceedingly popular both in the House and in his constituency.

★

Baron Skerlec has had a busy time recently. Hurried visits to the Capital, to Vienna and return to Zágráb much diplomatic negotiation;—in effect the work which one usually associates with a crisis.

No less interest attaches to the person of the Queen-to-be, the Archduchess Zita. But as her marriage is a thing of yesterday the public of short memory has not had time to forget the descriptions and data concerning her which on that occasion were given to the world.

★

Amongst the Birthday honours the Earldom for Lord Kitchener stands out most prominently. Kitchener has served in many fields. First he was known as a simple soldier, severe and stern who overthrew the Mahdi at Omdurman. It has not until he negotiated the Treaty of Paardeberg that he was suspected of diplomatic traits. After duty as



Selecting and embellishing cigars.

The good thing is that he is being helped by the support of the best Croatian independent opinion.

★

The Father of the House of Lords, the originator and lifelong supporter of the Volunteer Movement, the Earl of Wemyss has died when well within sight of his «century.» The new «Father» is the old Duke of Grafton who, at 93 is still as young as some men at 60.

★

The really eloquent and remarkable tributes paid by Mr. Asquith in the Commons and the Marquis of Crewe in the Lords alike to the personality and the statesmanlike qualities of the late Crown Prince furnish evidence that the latter was well understood in England, better indeed than here. Very little could be added to them by people in intimate touch with Court circles.

Commander-in-Chief in India whose forces he reorganised he set the seal upon his fame by a masterly handling of administrative problems in Egypt. It is a pity he is unmarried.

★

The personality of the young Archduke Charles is receiving a good deal of attention in the Foreign Press. It is held that he has had no experience of affairs as yet, which is quite natural, but that he will quickly assimilate all that it is necessary to know, especially as he will be in more constant touch with His Majesty, the Nestor of Europe.

★

The wedding of Count Louis Szapáry and Countess Maria Eszterházy in the University Chapel brought together a very gallant concourse. It was a pretty interlude so late in the season; the event which brought out that Gala-dress now so seldom seen in

mass. There must have been half the aristocracy present. The spectacle attracted a goodly number of outside spectators who watched the guests drive off, after the ceremony, to the Casino.

★

«Feminism is the process of putting father out of business, of reducing the lord of creation to the status of a tom-cat,» declared Mrs. Catt a leading feminist, at a suffrage meeting in Philadelphia.

This is the Chapman Catt who presided at the International Woman's Suffrage Congress in Budapest last year.

★

For many years Mr. Chamberlain had ceased to be a figure in political life but he always took an active interest in politics and always sent messages in support of those who were fighting the causes which he himself had advocated during his latter parliamentary career. His loss will be much felt as that of an influence in favour of socio-political solutions which he was not destined to see carried to their conclusion.



☞ Tobacco ☞

TOBACCO, like love, has been the theme alike of masters of poesy and masters of prose. In the latter domain nothing more delightful in qualified fiction has ever been written than «My Lady Nicotine» of Sir J. Barrie now, happily still living to

sing the praises of the plant which is more than medicinal and scarcely less than divine.

The Invocation of Scott.

«Breathes there a man with soul so dead» has I am convinced, been twisted, by some clumsy commentator out of its original direction and made to do duty for patriotism, which, by the side of Tobacco, the *real* subject of praise is a sentiment of mean and narrow-minded appearance.

Whether Sir Walter Raleigh brought Tobacco from the Virginian Olympus or not is an academic point. No one would pretend it makes any difference. It might have been Cook and the Cannibal Islands or Csoma and Tibet. The principal thing is that it is here.

That there are such wonders of Nature as anti-smokers is not a matter of wonder in a world made up, as is ours of all sorts and conditions of men. It is commonly supposed that ladies are the chief enemies of this precious gift but one need not believe it. Any housewife knows that where tobacco or ash is there the moths do not come. Every virtuous mother of a family knows that the time to demand new dresses is after dinner when her other half has read the evening paper, has lit his second pipe and sits with slippered feet resting on the fender, reading his happy fortunes in the red blaze of his hearth. On the other hand is it not the non-smokers who keep the asylums open? Are such men not irritable, nervous, and liable to fret over little troubles that fall from the mind of the placid smoker like water from a thawed mariner?



Pressing into shape cheap tobacco.

The difference between these two classes is the difference between Ormuzd and Ahriman, between the cheery optimist and the jaundiced pessimist. They are, in temperament and outlook poles asunder and may they stay there.

The one solitary advantage that the non-smoker possesses over the gentleman is that his wind is usually better and he is thus able to run from his creditors or catch trains with more certainty and fewer signs of apoplexy. Catching trains is another affair. But it is just as much an art to miss a train as catch it and what earthly difference it makes whether one catches it or loses it is a problem beyond me. It will be here to-morrow or on Thursday week: any philosopher, that is any smoker has time to miss it again.

Let no man suppose that smoking is confined to inhaling poison and exhaling the innocuous residue. Smoking is an Art: a great and proven art whose apotheosis is in Castles of the Air invisible to the mere man who saves his money at the cost of his character.

In the freemasonry of the craft there are, however, unequal Degrees. Your dilettante consumer of the perfumed cigarette is usually a fool; often, in the language of the late revered Artemns Ward, A. Damphool. He lacks fibre and strength of character. Your smoker of the pipe—the briar-pipe—do not be put off with imitations—is a contemplative imaginative soul, indifferent to fortune, with occasional lapses into the gentle melancholy of the dreamy-eyed lotos-eater. Your cigar-smoker is an Apostate preferring convention to untrammelled choice; using means with which he has become endowed to prostitute his intellect before the Early triumph of Futurist Art. Such a man would paint the lily, (as did Liszt who turned into be-frilled and ornamental rhapsodies the simple beauty of the Peasant Song).

He has a touch of vanity, this man; and wallows in the trough of Fashion.

The term «Smoker» being, as it were, a patent of nobility should be allowed only to the Slave of the Pipe,—the briar-pipe, *not* the meerschaum which is a mere colourable imitation. I use the term slave advisedly. But he is the only slave who has it in his power to control his master and to liberate at will the Genie of the Bowl.

The pipe is hygienic, idyllic. It reeks, amongst other things, of home and family. It is, and not only amongst Red Indians, the Sign of Peace. It is a visible symbol which cannot fade away as do the little paper atrocities and gummed torpedoes. It ranks, with slippers, as one of the Lares and Penates and to clean it is sacrilege unspeakable. — Some day when time hangs heavy let me write the Ballad of the *Bagó*, the inspiring Duddle!

Some one or two of the illustrations explain how Tobacco is treated in this land. The others are added by way of sardonic commentary merely to



Preparing machine-made cigars.

shew how it can be mishandled. How, except in case of urgent need can one stuff a cigar into a pipe?

C. Townley-Fullam.



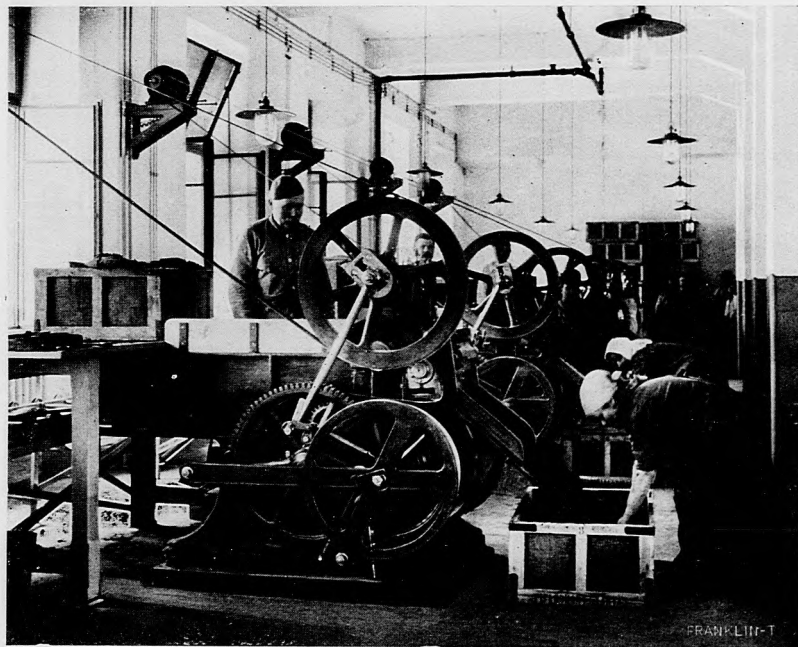
As 't was told to me.

By Miss Mary Roberts.

«We will begin first, if you have no objection, with a description of a man's personality—a Church of England priest of a somewhat important living in France, I want you to try and picture with me—this man as he sat before his writing-table, at the open window, one morning—in the year—;» my friend paused a moment, then add d rapidly; «it is as well, perhaps, that I suppress all dates and original names. We will simply imagine that he is sitting in his study one sunny warm day in June—with an open letter in his hand,» he went on hurriedly—not waiting for any comment on my part. «We will take an imaginary survey of his person, as he looms up in my mind. A man of more than the average height, well-built, and of commanding, striking appearance. Dark, clearly-defined eye-brows meet over a fair of dark, unfathomable eyes, clean, steady, and of a peculiar, penetrating intentness which stands him in good, stead—when interviewing guilty members of his flock. The face is clean-shaven, showing the rigid inflexibility of his granite mouth, and bringing into fuller prominence, the square chin, with its indication of indomitable will, and invincible determination. A man loved by all his parishioners—though come, perhaps, by the very

strictness of his tenets, may have feared more than liked, yet—with that very fear, mingling a reverence and respect for his personality, which speaks much for the purity of his life—the cleanness of his actions. Just now, his brows are bent in deep thought, and that something unusually perplexing is disturbing the customary serenity of the priest's mind, is obvious, by the knitting of the grand, high forehead, which gives such a majestic air to his countenance. We will tax our imagination a little further, by reading with him, the missive which is engrossing so much of his attention. And then we understand.

The letter is from an old school-friend of his, who has bequeathed to him, as his dying legacy, his five-year old little daughter, with the prayer,



Cutting cigars by machine.

that for the sake of the old happy by gone days, the priest will take charge of his motherless soon to be fatherless darling, and of the money which will be her's on her twenty-first birthday, if she lived to attain to that age. Through some inexplicable delay, the letter has not reached him at its appointed time, and to-day, judging from the date, will see the child's arrival at his house, accompanied by the faithful Ayah, who is to fulfil her dead master's instructions by bringing her nursling from India, and depositing her in her guardian's care. So the priest is given no opportunity, even had he so wished, of refusing the custody of his friend's only offspring.

Doubtless, mournful memories of far of childhood days are flitting through the thinker's brain, as he sits with one white hand supporting his head: possibly it is the remembrance of these, which is in his mind, as—later on in the day, he is called upon to greet his little ward, and perhaps their recollection renders him singularly tender in his manner

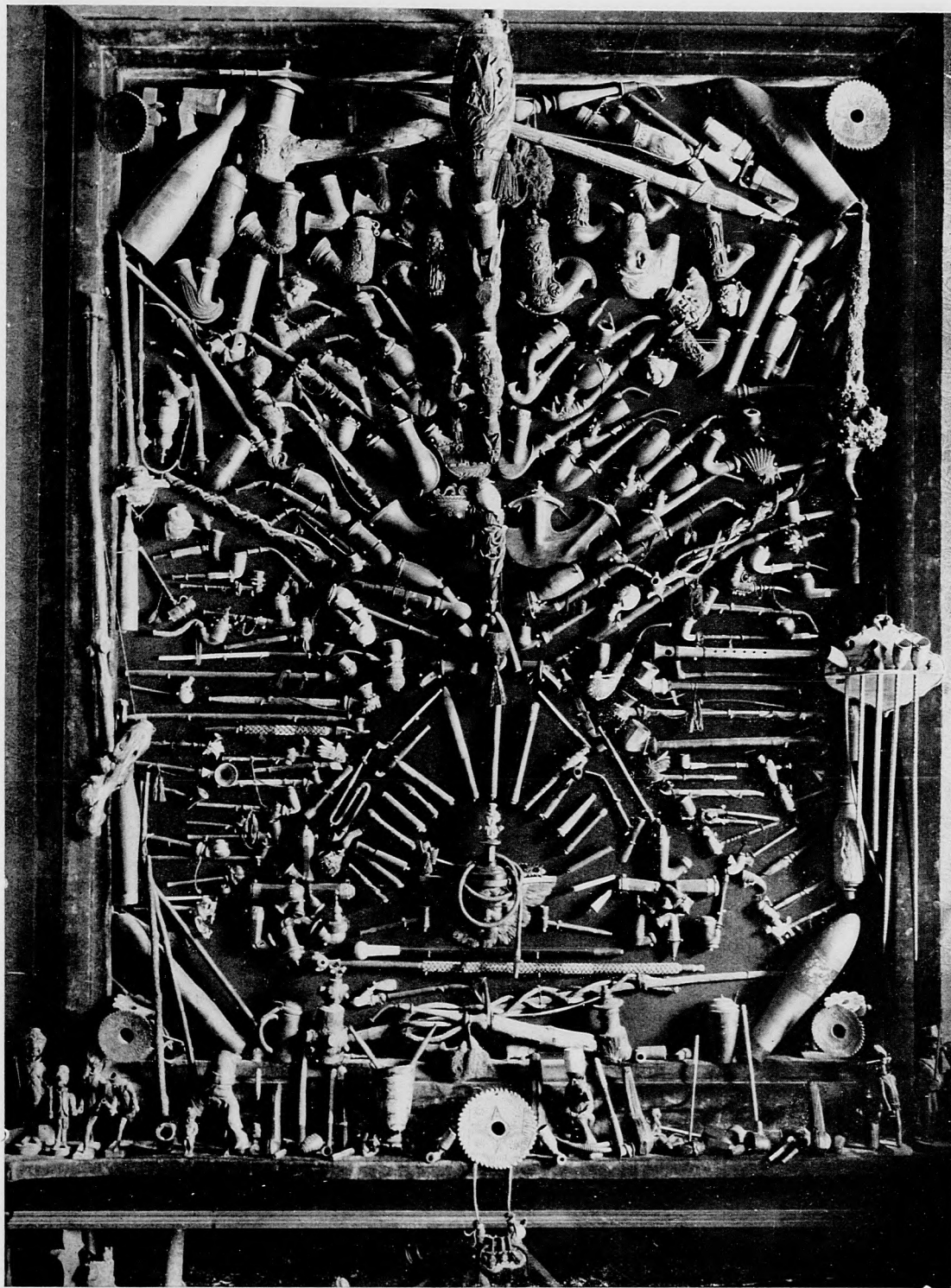
towards the golden-haired little mite, who looked at him so gravely out of a pair of intensely blue, solemn baby eyes. That the child shrank from him with a nameless terror at the very commencement, is perhaps true—and as likely—not. A very self possessed little maiden was Gretchen Lennox—of a temperament which vaguely puzzled her guardian. She cried bitterly though silently, when her faithful and dearly-loved nurse received her dismissal at his hands, and returned to her native country, but those were the only tears she shed, before him, at any rate. Mention of her father (her mother had died at her birth) left her dry-eyed and undisturbed. Her composure was a continual source of perplexity to her guardian who had expected to receive a peevish, always sobbing mite of humanity. (Thus—from the very first, Gretchen had been schooled to command of her emotions.)

A brilliant student—gifted with a wider outlook upon life, than is given to most people, the priest's life had been singularly unchequered by members of the opposite sex: women had not once entered into his existence, all were distasteful to him—he lived solely for his Church and his books; so that, during the short time, Gretchen remained under his roof, she was an unmistakably disturbing factor in his here-to-fore calmly serene, every day life. Seeming it better that she should not remain in France, he made satisfactory arrangements for her to be received into the kindly

care of a middleaged couple well-known to him—in the South of England: a childless pair who were prepared to take the little orphan to their warm hearts, to, in part, fill the place of the only little one who had been born to them, and whom God had seen fit to call away; and, accordingly, as quickly as everything could be arranged, Gretchen was dispatched to England. Was there any thought in the priest's mind, as he pressed a grave, farewell kiss upon the baby-forehead, 'ere he parted from her in her new home—of what was to be in the days to come? Emphatically not! the one feeling paramount over all others, as he left England behind him, was that of relief, mingled with the consciousness of having faithfully fulfilled his duty, in having so ably and satisfactorily disposed of his ward amidst surroundings where he knew she could not fail to be happy, and he turned again, with renewed energy, to his beloved books, and the duties of his parish. He may have visited her at odd intervals, during the next few years which elapsed: we find no mention

of such visits, but we *do* find especial stress laid upon a certain occasion, when the priest had business which necessitated his going to London. Once in

fulfilled the promise of her babyhood loveliness, by blossoming up into a rare, daintily-sweet piece of maidenhood, with a serene, pensive thoughtfulness



Collection of implements for manufacture.

England, he apparently thought it a feasible opportunity of going down into the country, to see how his ward was faring. Evidently her appearance at that date, took him completely by surprise: we read that the golden-haired little girl of five, had

beyond her years. What the priest's feelings, on beholding her, were, we are not told: that the grave, stern, austere man began then, to look upon his ward with an entirely different feeling than before, was palpably evident, by his remaining more

than a fortnight (he—who had come for but a few hours, to satisfy himself that all was well with her)—under the same roof which sheltered Gretchen, and spending every available hour in her company. He found the girl versed beyond the average, with an aptitude for learning, which amazed him—versed as he was in the reading of human character—sensitive and unmistakably shrinking in her manner towards him, though she was. We can almost picture the resolve forming in the priest's mind, as he, at length, tore himself away, and returned to France. That memorable visit—the first one recorded, was followed in quick succession by another, and it comes scarcely as a surprise, when, on his returning to his home at the conclusion of the second visit, we learn of his dispatching a certain letter to the kindly couple who had Gretchen in their charge, to inform them of a change in his plans as regarded the future of his ward. Now that she was getting older, he wrote, he thought it better that she should have more advanced teachers, and begin to see a little of the world, and it was his wish that she should come to him in France, and continue her education under his eye. (At this period it is significant that he should have asked a lady—a distant relative of his, to take up the care of his household: but another proof of the intention upon which his indomitable will was bent.)

(To be continued.)



Unposted letters.

I HAVE three million acquaintances more or less but only one friend. Naturally he is a distinguished man. George O. If we loved each other less we would lend each other more.

On Keats' theory that «a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,» I call him Coyote. George sounds too severe. On some other theory which I do not understand, unless it is that my complexion is delicate and creamy and classic he calls me Brickdust. God knows I'm not proud. I accept it.

George is a diplomat adding to the gaiety of nations away in Sofia. The one outstanding question between us is, — Has he left Budapest because he is a diplomat or is he a diplomat because he has left Budapest? I asked him this, forgetting for the moment that the last thing one ought to expect from diplomats is information.

In summer Coyote and I play tennis together on the banks of the stony Garam, that is to say I play and Coyote stands, swinging his racket, and tells

me how that stroke ought to have been played. On picnics Coyote drives, that is, the horses go and Coyote holds the reins, if not too tired, and talks to them in Slovak: we stick pins into him from behind and smoke his cigarettes. He tells us how to build the fire and how many kilometers away the water is. His part of the work is to see how the wind is blowing, select the site, put all the carriage rugs under him and watch us unpacking the



Tobacco factory in Lágymányos.

grub. For diplomats this is arduous labour. Then if tired, he goes to sleep; if not, sits up to explain how pots ought to be washed and re-packed. In this way I have learnt a lot. So has his mother who now sends us out with a beautifully painted iron tea-service. In the evening he wins our money at Bridge, or says he does and writes long despatches in French on international problems, shewing how it would be to the mutual advantage of Barataria if Lord Gulliver were not so shy. We agree. It is always better to agree at once than let George argue the milk sour and then be

obliged to agree for the sake of peace in the end. In thus taking the line of least resistance we shew how we have profited by close acquaintance with a diplomat.

When the September floods have washed away the Bath-house we begin to arrange our plan of winter correspondence. It never varies. Immersed as he is in grave problems of the ninth magnitude it is agreed that he shall write four times only, at

world's peace that a friendly warning should go out to these folk not to do things of which we disapprove. Warning is my department.

The strange thing is that neither George nor I have ever got any of these letters. We have the usual trouble at the beginning of every summer to explain and wonder how this can be. We are both of opinion that, of all international scandals that of the Balkan Post is, by far the most disgusting. Coyote actually learnt of the little business in Mexico from the newspapers, whilst I do not at this moment know the details of that little soirée at the San Marino Embassy which Mr. Tiller attended in uniform. It is more than perplexing.

One of my first duties on becoming a Member of Parliament will be to see into this affair. A system which leaves Coyote, at critical moments, at the mercy of Havas and Reuter is bound to cause grave complications some time or other. If only he had got a letter I forgot to post, telling him to back Mici for the King's Prize, the world would have been happier and we should not have lived in vain. C. Townley-Fullam.



Art, Science, and Literature.

THE BRITISH Museum has acquired an interesting relic of Gilbert White, author of «The Natural History of Selborne,» in a copy of Pope's «Homer's Iliad,» given to White by Pope himself. In this book are two pen-and-ink sketches of Gilbert White which, says «The Times,» are believed to be the only authentic portraits of the naturalist. They were done by one T. C., probably Thomas Chapman, of Trinity College, at one time White's colleague as Senior Proctor. The book is in six volumes, on the fly leaf of the first of which appears the inscription, in White's own hand: «Given to me by Mr. Alexander Pope on my taking the degree of B.A., 30th June, 1743.»

In the second volume is a manuscript tabular chess score of some games played by White and E. Liffiss, Geo. Mabbott, and T. Chapman. In vol. III. is one of the portraits. It has beneath it the words in White's writing. «Portrait of G. W. penned by T. C.» In it White is represented as a young man, clean-shaven, and with the hair brushed back from the forehead and temples and tied behind the head with ribbon. The other portrait is in Vol. V. It is a profile portrait, and shows White in college cap and gown, and wearing a wig. This is believed to represent him as proctor. All of the volumes

convenient seasons on interesting subjects such as girls, women, dances and supper menus. Supposed, as I am, to have nothing to do and to subdue all religious emotion in favour of the fetish of correspondence. I am under contract to write once a month at least, to send him timely word of all Revolutions, Regicides, Declarations of War, Sieges and Battles and the probable result so that he may regulate his affairs accordingly and pen lurid despatches. Coyote is not on the usual terms with the King of Dahomey, nor with the Czar of Madagascar and it is of the utmost importance to the

have inscribed in them either «Gil: White, Oriol College, Oxon,» or simply «G. W.»

★

Arrangements have been made for providing Újpest with a permanent Theatre. Mr. Louis Szalkai, Manager of the Székesfehérvár Theatre has taken a lease of the Theatre for four years and intends to cater for the public during at least eight months of the year. The Manager will engage a special company and thus obviate any necessity to disturb the ordinary cast in the Székesfehérvár Theatre.

★

The St. George's Guild at its General meeting presided over by Baron Adolf Kohner received a report which shews that the membership has in-

never be known but undoubtedly the very free Press of the Slav Associations in New York and Cleveland have had their influence at home.

★

There should be good fun in the promised «European Review» which, if not conducted will be largely managed by our splenetic friend Scotus Viator. For him we have no adjectives left and few nouns. But we shall examine the new production carefully and shall endeavour to find «copy» in it. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

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 Nagyvárad and Rustschuk (Bulgaria).

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



Sport.

THE Olympic Congress have unanimously adopted the British proposal for the inclusion of Association football in the Olympic Games, but it rejected by a large majority the French proposal for the introduction of Rugby football.

★

The final for the ladies' golf championship of France between Miss Cecil Leitch

and Miss Gladys Bastin, resulted in a victory for the former by two and one.

★

The death is reported at Celle, in Hanover, of the Australian horse Merman, who in 1897, won the Cesarewitch in the colours of Lady de Bathe, who then raced as «Mr. Jersey». Subsequently he won, among other races, the Ascot Gold Cup, the Goodwood Plate and Cup, and the Jockey Club Cup. As the stud he was a failure, and in 1908 was sold to go to Germany for 500gs. Lady de Bathe purchased him for 1,600gs. after he had won the Williamstown Cup in Australia.

★

After an exciting final round with J. H. Taylor, the holder of the title, Vardon won the Open Golf Championship with a score of 306, his last round being done in 78.

★



Gate of factory.

creased from 700 to 1,069. The Secretary Z. Badinyi introduced the intimate amateur exhibition a great feature of which is the rich collection of Hungarian pottery.

★

The International Congress for the Education of the People will be held in September at Lipcse. The Congress will be under the honorary Presidency of Dr. Béla Jankovich whilst amongst its honorary members are George Lukács, Albert Berzeviczy, Count Klebelsberg, Count Alex. Teleki, Alex. Náray-Szabó, L. Nagy and D. Répay. There will be six sections-

★

The Forum for next month will contain an article by Mr. C. Townley-Fullam on *Pan-Slavism in America*. This is designed to open the eyes of America to the agitation of the South Slavs who are taking advantage of freedom to run into license. One minor result of the American campaign was the attempted assassination of the Ban of Croatia by a youth from Chicago. To what extent this agitation is responsible for the last terrible outrage may

The International Olympic Games Congress decided that in future the games should be decided within three weeks, so that the results could be more easily classified and that due solemnity might be given to the opening and closing ceremonies. Although the congress has already expressed the view that the number of events was too great, it agreed, at the request of various countries, to the inclusion of the following new events: Archery, Rugby football, hockey, and ice hockey. These will, however, be optional.

★

Bloomer, the famous Derby International has been engaged by the Britannia Football Club of Berlin to restore its prestige. So badly has the Club emerged from the recent League struggle that it has been relegated to the Second Division. Bloomer's task is, of course to put it back after a season of training.

★

Froitzheim, the German tennis-player, has received many congratulations for his splendid successes in the English Championships.



White Slavery.

THE MYSTERIOUS side of London life was well illustrated by a brief discussion which took place in the House of Commons. Viscount Wolmer (U., Newton) drew attention to the action of the Home Office in regard to the white slave traffic. Some weeks ago, he said, he asked the Home Secretary if he could supply a table showing the number of women and girls reported to the police as having disappeared during the past 10 years. Mr. McKenna replied that to obtain the figures for 10 years would involve an expenditure of time and labour out of proportion to the value which they would serve. If women had the vote the right hon. gentleman would never have given such an answer. To pretend that the disappearance of these women and girls was of such small consequence that it was not worth while to look into the question was

Nothing but a Scandal.

The figures supplied by the right hon. gentleman showed



Tobacco worm at work.

that of the women and girls who disappeared from the metropolis during the 12 months ending July 12, 1912, 16 girls and 136 women had not been traced.



Twilight Sleep.

TWILIGHT sleep is the picturesque name given to a new condition induced by drugs and developed in the medical clinic of the University of Baden. It is described in an article in «McClure's Magazine» by two American ladies, who state that it has been used in 5,000 maternity cases, for which it is particularly intended, with practically unvarying success. This twilight sleep is produced by an injection or two of a combination of two drugs—scopolamin and morphia—and continued under

scopolamin. It is a sleep so light and so susceptible to outside impressions that semi-darkness and quiet are required to make it entirely successful.

Power of Recollection Lost.

The ordinary tests of unconsciousness cannot be applied to it. It is attained at a point when the patient loses the power of recollecting immediate events and sensations, while still remaining susceptible to suggestions and in full possession of muscular powers. A state of clouded consciousness is induced, in which there is a complete forgetfulness of the course of birth. To determine whether the injection is working properly the patient's memory, and nothing else, is tested. An object is shown to her.

Half an hour later she is shown it again, and asked if she has seen it before. If she remembers it, it is taken as an indication that another dose of the same strength should be administered.

Feels no Pain.

Thirty minutes after the second injection the patient may be asked if she has had one. If she has no recollection of it, the amnesia is considered sufficient. Under the influence of the twilight sleep the consciousness of pain is eliminated, and the nervous strength is conserved to an extent that makes recovery «astonishingly rapid.» A case is mentioned of a patient whose baby was born at five



Ruined cigarettes.

25

(res)

Ma-ny-ria-

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o'clock in the morning. who was sitting up in the best of spirits and breakfasting off coffee and rolls at eight o'clock, who took a hearty German midday dinner at noon, got up on the following day, went out driving on the fifth day, and by the end of the week was returning calls of congratulation.



Hungary

AN ILLUSTRATED Fortnightly Society Journal.
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*

All communication should be addressed to the Editor at the office as above.



Current News

THE Berlin to Sofia run by Szvetka and Schuller, two German engineers, has broken two world's records,—that for speed and that for distance. In a new sport or a new science or craft records are mere matters of a day. A man makes a record which his friend breaks to-morrow. Consequently too much importance should not be attached to this feat. The coming flight across the Atlantic and the round-the-world competition from the Panama Exhibition at San Francisco will probably upset both records.

*

The Swiss Society of Public Utility for Women makes an appeal urging every young girl of marriageable age to undergo a physical examination by a doctor «for the sake of herself, her husband, and her country.» The object of the society is the betterment of the race and the home until the day when the Government take the matter in hand and demand certificates of health before sanctioning marriage.

*

The assemblage of the Barons of the Cinque Ports for the installation of Earl Beauchamp as Lord Warden on July 18 will take place at the ancient site, the Roman lighthouse on the western heights of Dover. It was there that the lord wardens were installed from time immemorial until 20 years ago.

*

Founded in 1884, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in England reviews in its annual report the result of its 30 years' work. In 1884 the number of children concerned in the society's inquiries was 175; in the past year (1913-14) it was 159,162, while the total number of children so affected during the whole period of the society's work was 2,260,292, the number of offenders involved being, 1,073,088. In the cases where a conviction had been secured a result of the society's efforts, imprisonment to the amount of over 12,000 years has been inflicted, the fines totalling £13,283.

A section of the report headed, «Should Children be Told?» contains the following passage:—

It is a rare occurrence to have to advise on any case in which the serious offence has been committed, or on the lesser charge of indecent assault, without discovering that, had parents gained the confidence of their children before the lessons of the street had been learnt, they would have shielded the children against harm. The dangers of silence are known, the evils are apparent. Admitting that under present conditions it is too much to expect all parents to advise their children, there is everything in favour of the wise word spoken by the discreet teacher. There is as much need for thought on this matter in the case of boys as of girls.

*

According to our recently-issued Census Report, it appears that the Union of South Africa is not only not a Christian, but is a distinctly «infidel» country. The statistics include all races—viz., European and non-European. The total population of the Union is 5,973,394, and it is thus officially described:—

Christians	2,730,729
Non-Christian	212,864
Indefinite	1,199
No religion	3,016,365
Object to state	3,950
Unknown or unspecified	8,251

Where are the boasted results of Christian missionary effort when in the whole Union over three million persons have no religion of any kind?

*

In «Literary Geography» the late William Sharp tells of a story which Mr. Carnegie is fond of relating to his friends. An American cyclist was skirting the shore of a solitary Highland loch, and noticed a boat in which was a man languidly examining the depths with a watertelescope. Now and then he would pause and chat with a friend who sat on the bank reading a newspaper, or he would lay down the telescope and light his pipe. The American, who had dismounted, could not restrain his curiosity, and at last asked the idler on the bank, «What is your friend looking for? Oysters?» «No,» was the matter-of-fact reply, «My brother-in-law.»

*

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APRÓ HIRDETÉSEK.



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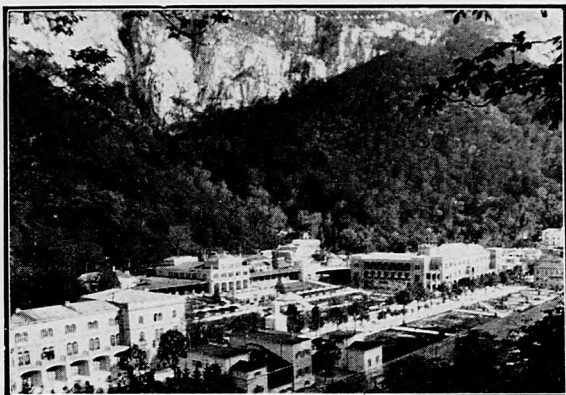
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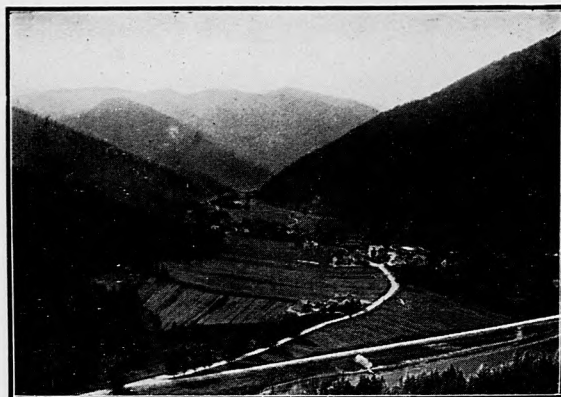
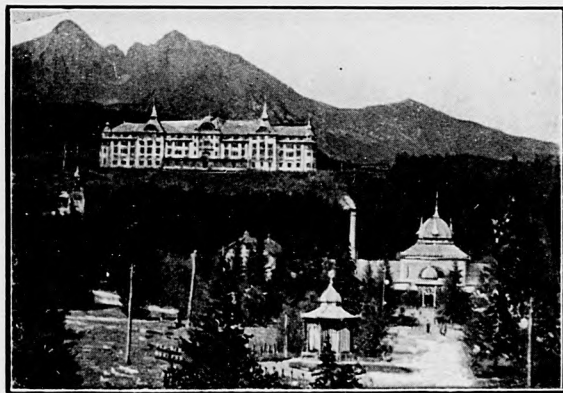


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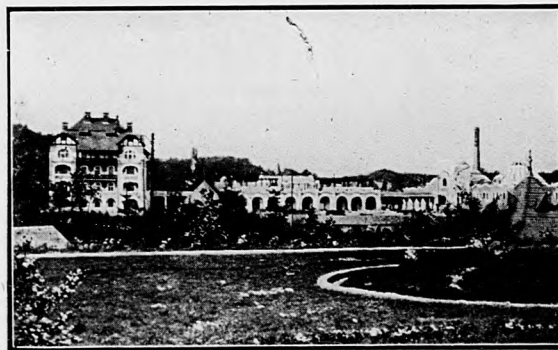


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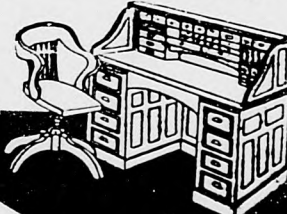
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