

HUNGARY

An Illustrated Fortnightly Society Journal.
Founded by EUGENE GOLONYA.

VOL. XII. No 16. - 18

The Nobility of the Magyar.

By an Englishman.

THE hospitality and kind-heartedness of the Magyar is so well known all over the world that it is hardly necessary to speak of it. Many people have thought however that these feelings were only superficial but now in these troublous times one can judge their real depth and put them to the severest test. War is a terrible thing but it has the one advantage that it brings out the real qualities of a people and tests their value. This test the Magyar has stood and come out with flying colours!

We who are foreigners here and whose country is at war with Hungary are in a good position to judge of the real nobility of the Magyar.

When this war is over and the world begins to look with sane eyes at the position, at the victories and defeats; at the losses and gains; when other nations look with shame at the things they have done in the excitement of war, then one point will shine out before all the world: the noble behavior which the Magyars have shown both towards their enemies on the field of battle and towards the strangers residing in their land. Then the world will see what the real Magyar is and honour him accordingly. There is not a country in Europe at the present time where a stranger can feel so secure as in Hungary. The war has not changed the hearts of the Magyars; our friends of yesterday are our



His Holiness BENEDICT XV., the new pope. (Family name Giacomo Della Chiesa.)

friends to-day also, neither cold nor suspicious glance reminds us that our country is at war with that of our hosts. When we sometimes mention it they smile and say «Well it is not your fault and we cannot blame you!»

They know that their war is just, that they fight for their honour and their existence and in this conviction they quietly leave the future in the hands of God.

The justice of the war is one of the reasons why all the different nationalities in Hungary stand shoulder to shoulder with their Magyar brothers to defend the Motherland.

It was the belief on the part of the enemies of the Monarchy that in case of war the different nationalities would split and turn against her; this belief encouraged the Serbs in their agitations and encouraged the Russians on to war. Agitators in order to enlist the sympathies of other nations, have written again and again of the harsh treatment meted out to the people of other nationalities residing here. Recent events give these agitators the lie!

The Monarchy treats the different nationalities just the same as her own sons and that is why they fight for her now as her sons do.

The Hungarian Serbs charge with fixed bayonets on the enemy with the cry: «We are the *real* Serbs!»

I have lived in Hungary during peace and now

I am living here during war and I can honestly say that my opinion of the nobility of the Magyar has not in the least changed.

J. J. Dempsey.



The Mission of «Hungary».

IT seems that some mis-informed people consider that this is an English journal. We beg to correct this impression and to state that this is a Hungarian journal whose mission is to make our institutions etc. known throughout the world; it is published in the English because that is also the language of the Western hemisphere. Our mission is now, in view of the war, still more important as it is more than ever necessary that other peoples (especially Americans) should get true information about Hungary in their mother tongue.

The Editor.



Pan-slav agitation in America.

AT ONE TIME there was a danger of Servian agitators influencing public opinion in the United States against Austria-Hungary. All kinds of tricks were resorted to, all kinds of wild and impossible stories were circulated with this object; money was—and is—willingly paid to writers and others who could help in this business of damaging the Monarchy in American eyes. Since however Servia has shown herself in her true colours before the world we think that her power to influence anybody has passed away. It is unthinkable that the freedom-loving, straight-forward Americans should allow themselves to be influenced by the attacks of a nation of murderers and regicides.

The most astounding thing is that, even now, before the world has recovered from the shock caused by the awful murder of the Austro-Hungarian Crown Prince and his sweet wife by Servians those agitators should have the insolence to attack with venom the Monarchy in their organs published in the United States.

We should advise Mr. Michael Pupin to be glad, that Americans still tolerat him within their borders and allow him to hold his position as professor at tho Columbia University, without trying their patience too far!



Odin! Receive the Brave!

They sleep, the squadrons sleep and o'er them treads
The life of this pulsating earth: their grave
A nameless mound. Yet think not that the Gods
In Odin's Hall will not, full-throated, call
Each warrior's name and let Valhalla ring
With stirring deed.

«This was that bright array

That bore the colours by the sluggish Bug
And, falling, raised aloft. Gods! what a Death!

«Who comes but he whose face with phantom slash
Mirrors the hatred of the butcher-breed
That saw him «first in Sabac». Brother, come!
Thy place is here by Freya. She shall comb
Those tresses which thy dam caressad when thou
First played about her knee and with her milk
Sucked in the sinews of a warrior race
Hail, hail! most ugly! Hail! Gods! what a Death!

Fair warriors, all, search wide: the dead still watch
Here are thy kin: the Talisman of Death
Hath banished Space and Time. There stalk afar
Thy Fathers, those mailed heroes that bestrode
A continent from amber Baltic shores
To Zara. Sound the Kürt, the battle-horn
See! Csaba's squadrons spring to arms again,
Go forward; greet them. Ye are one with them.

Sound yet again. The bright-eyed Brotherhood
That, falling, brought Petöfi his desire
Is one with Csaba and the glorious band,—
The chivalry that made of Mohács Field
The Altar of a People,—hears the call
And leaps to answer. Here are Frangepan
Tumultuous Rákóczi and Kossuth stern
Go forward, greet them! Ye are one with them.

Now welcome to Valhalla. Thou shalt dwell
In Asgarth, City of the Gods and live
In all good fellowship with these, thy kin
The timid fear the Gods but warriors
Being Gods themselves and fearing not themselves
Fear nothing. Bide ye here and swear an oath
And wait till Odin leads ye forth again
To that last Battle of the Middle Earth.
There Death awaits all: we have need of thee
Come forward, greet us! Ye are one with us.

C. Townley-Fullam.

«Hungary» is interesting and instructive: In-
laná subscription 14 korona, Foreign 16 korona
per annum post free.



Paris has fallen!

THAT will most probably be the next important news from the german lines; and over our hearts will steal a secret feeling of sorrow. Recollections of days spent in the «City of the gay» will come to us and, — while admitting that France has brought her fate on her own head, we cannot help contrasting the gay, butterfly life of Paris with the stern tramp of armed men.

In the mind's eye one can see the german bat-
talions marching in under the Arc de triumphe;
one can hear the deep rumble of the heavy guns
of Germany as they are drawn through the streets
of Paris; one can see the wide-eyed, frightened
people rushing hither and thither, panic stricken
and impotent; and yet one must recognise that it
is but the natural climax.

The moment German troops entered Liège their plan of campaign was clear to all the world, and from that moment their advance was steady and relentless — sometimes stopping a little but never going back! One place after another has fallen before them: Liège, Namur, Brussels, Maubeuge, St. Quentin, Rheims and so on to Meux; and that is only on one line; on the other the tale is much the same, — a little more slowly perhaps but just as determined and relentless! And those names which fall so glibly from the tongue what do they represent? At present we are too near these great events to be able to judge their exact influence on history but the veriest novice knows that they represent great victories to the Germans and terrible losses to their enemies.

The question naturally arises why did France allow herself to come into a position of such danger? The answer is simple: Because she could never bring herself to accept the fact that she was beaten; she could never bring herself to accept the loss of Alsace-Lorraine; she could never forget her humiliation but always nursed the dream of a great revenge! All the gold she poured into Russia was only for the purpose of gaining her support in the time of the great struggle. That support she has but what it is worth to her at present is quite another question. France is mostly to blame for this terrible war and France will suffer most!

The position of the Monarchy is straight and clear. She looked long upon the defiance and insults of the miserable nation of Regicides with sublime contempt. Rather than endanger the peace of Europe she allowed incidents—for which another nation would have felt itself justified in wiping Servia off the map—to pass with—so to say—a caution.

Even when those cruel barbarians murdered her splendid son—the Prince of all the land—and his sweet and noble wife the Monarchy would have shown mercy to the country. Although she would have been justified in sending her soldiers without a word to exterminate such a race, she yet showed patience. The aged Monarch, weeping for the loss of his beloved relative, for the man whom he hoped would succeed him on the throne, said with an unexampled patience: «Give the assassins up to justice and cease your agitations! But no! With such a people clemency is misplaced; they refused to obey. Their blood be upon their own heads!



Echoes of War.

The telegraph of the King to the Emperor William

«Győzelem-győzelemre»

is the full epitome of the first month's operations. *Victory to victory.* More cannot be said. From Liège to Namur from Namur to Rheims in one long unbroken run of success, the arms of the Triple Alliance have been carried across the frontiers to the heart

of the enemy's country. As it was in 1870 so has it been in 1914 but with greater speed and greater certainly. Let it be a prelude for the future.

*

With characteristic enthusiasm the ladies of Hungary have thrown themselves into the delicate and difficult work which falls to ladies in these stirring times. Fingers are busy knitting caps and mufflers: jewellery is being exchanged for its iron counterpart: concerts, sales, collections — all indeed that can be done is being done with promptitude and loving care.

Chief amongst a host which goes down to the very last stratum of the people H.R.H. Augusta is busy day in and day out in one of the many ways in which the needs of the situation demand.

She collects, she sells, she gives, she has an eye to the poor and the widow, the wounded and the sick and what it is physically and humanly impossible for her to compass is being done by the hosts of ladies who have enlisted under her banner. All honour to her and to them.

*

There is not one section of the population which is not doing its duty. The poor help the poor. The rich help everybody. If war can ever be said to be popular this war has appealed to the very heart of the nation. Everybody, even the most ignorant, knows that for the nation it is Life or Death and upon all classes fall the burden and the sacrifice. We *must* win or go down and let the Slav roam over our pleasant fields and uproot the institutions which a thousand years have matured.

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.



Hungary

AN ILLUSTRATED Fortnightly Society Journal. Publisher and Responsible Editor: Mrs. Eugene Golonya. VIII., Baross-utca 10. Budapest. Telephone József 49—92.

*

Subscription: Half-year: 7 crowns. Per annum: 14 crowns. England or America: 16 crowns. Per copy: 60 fillér.

*

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

Contributions are invited from readers in all parts

of the world: these, if other than fiction should deal with subjects of interest to Hungarian, English and American readers.



As 't was told to me.

By Miss Mary Roberts.

ONE CANNOT but admire the inflexible steadfastness of the helpless girl's character—as it shows itself throughout (lying dormant as it had been, beneath her gentle, yielding elemeamour—) the unflinching adhering to, in spite of grievous discomfort, of what she believed to be right. On one so young—(she could not have been eighteen, at this period) one would incline towards disbelief in it's authenticity. The end came *swiftly*, and that end *also*, was what—knowing what one *does* of her character, a fitting climax to the one great resolve of her life. We find her one evening at her window high up from the ground, working with trembling hands at several coils of linen which she has removed from her bed, and is hastily wedding into a rope long enough to reach the ground. Again, with eager, shaking little fingers she goes over each knot, to make more certain that all is as secure as her hands can *make* it—those small white fingers which, probably, have *never* tied a secure knot before. We can almost *see* the look of strained anguish on her face, as she cautiously lowers her safety-rope out of the window, after having first made it safe to a heavy table. She creenes her small head bound with it's heavy plaits of silken hair, into the darkness—to see if she is discovered—if the whiteness of her rope, telling against the blackness of the house, should prove the ruining of her hope of escape. Apparently *no*, all is as quiet as the grave itself, and with a little shivering sigh, the girl prepares for her perilous descent.

Below her window is a paved yard: should her impromptu rope prove insufficient for her weight, a speedy death awaits her. She *knows* this, also but it does not alter her resolution one *whit*.

There are a few moments of silent prayer, as she crouches upon the table—when the blue eyes are lifted to the Unseen Father, with anguish but accentuating the fixed resolve in their pitious depths—lips which quiver with childlike terror, as they mutely form a prayer for help and strength, and then—Gretchen has embarked upon her descent.

It is all over *very* quickly; a knot, woven by those frail, slim fingers, slipped from it's fellows and so, *mercifully*—the end was swift.

Only a battered, bruised little body with the face which, singularly enough, had been left wholly unmarred, and now lay raised to the sky in the blanched purity of death, *remained*—to tell the story of what a woman's courage had yet *again* dared.

It was the *priest* who found her first—the mute, yet no less *speaking* witness to what his persecution

had *driven* her. It comes naturally, *also*, that the man's swift self-destruction followed, as a matter of course, coming, likewise, under the catalogue of the foreseen :»

★

My friend's voice ceased, with startling abruptness. I—wellnigh stupified by the horror of the narrative was incapable of speaking. Comment from *me* however, was not *needed* at that moment.

Langly went on, after a little interval, using the deliberate, matter-of-fact tone, he had adopted all through the story.

«So far, I think I have made my story fairly *clear* to you, have I not, Raymond?» he said. «I should like, however, to have your opinion upon *one* little point, if you do not object to giving it.

Had Gretchen Lennox, in some way or other, by fair means or foul—been induced to go *through* the marriage ceremony with the man whom she both feared and disliked.»

I found my voice with difficulty.

«Such a thing would be *impossible!* Her whole character, as you have shown her to me in your history, points the *lie* to such a fact»

Largly leaned forward in his chair, *then*, his clear, grey eyes fixed intently upon mine; «Then why,» he questioned with a curious distinctness of utterance—«should there be found mention of a gold *wedding-ring* which Gretchen desposited upon a table in her room, before she made her ill-fated descent? Had it been her *mother's*, or a trinket in any way *dear* to her, she would surely not have removed it from her finger, before she attempted her flight. Had the man's superb determination and undaunted will, *accomplished* his object in the end—won for him his heart's desire? was the marriage *than* an accomplished fact, or had the ceremony been consummated on the very *day* of her attempted escape, and was she endeavouring to escape from the inevitable consequences of her action? or had she been induced to take the vows which made her her guardian's wife, without full consciousness of her having *made* them? *Personally*, I incline to the *latter* theory (such things *have* been done, as I suppose you may have *heard*) Remember, always, that a man of such a character, as the priest has been revealed to us, would stop at *nothing* to achieve his aim. I am curious, however, to have *your* weighty opinion upon this little matter, Raymond! Silent *still*? Come, my friend, *surely* my little tale has not affected you so *seriously*? Recollect, you *asked* for it. Are you not *satisfied* with your money's worth?»

But I could not *answer*. The measured clearness, the unmistakably *mocking* note in his voice, raised a peculiar sensation in my throat. How *could* he sit thus calmly, and spread out such sordid facts in such a cold-blooded, heartless manner? To discuss the story with him just *then*, was a sheer *impossibility*. I had *asked* for my «money's worth,» and I had *got* it, with a literal over-flow.

I ventured on *one* question, however, which did not seem to me altogether out of *keeping* with the situation.

«But how did her portrait—your knowledge of her history, come into your keeping?» I asked.

«That—my dear Raymond,» said my friend coolly, rising from his chair with a jerk, and walking to the door, as he spoke—«is precisely what I leave to your astuteness to *discover!*» (To end.)



The «Protector» of the Slav.

A Myth.

ANY STUDENT with fair mental equipment who, without knowing more than the most salient points in the Russian character and the mere outlines of her history can yet apply to the study of politics the simple philosophy of cause and effect must yet see that since Plevna the ideals which have governed the moujik intellect for ages are beginning to fade in the clearer light of modernism. One of those ideals is the Little Father.

It has been too long the custom to consider Russia in Europe as a homogeneous Power, a unit of Slav peoples with common history and common origin. As a matter of fact no country, not even India where a hundred different races and languages and half a hundred separate civilisations contend, nor China where the written language of Peking is not understood in Canton, can shew such diversity of origin, speech and even aims, as do those people whom we lump together under the generic term Russian.

The character of the true Russian, he who until the time of Alexander II was a serf is indeed, admirable. He is obedient, grateful, mild, fanatical in the service of the Little Father, a patient worker with no ambition and an endurance only to be compared with that of a Sioux. He is to Russia proper what the Slovak of the Garam valley is to Hungary.

The Ukrainers, those men who to escape political persecution founded an almost distinct State under the military chieftainship of the Hetman are a totally different breed. They have the Magyar love of horsemanship and war and their obedience depends upon circumstances. It was Platoff, the Russian Murat, more than Kutusoff or Generals January and February, who really compassed the destruction of the Grand Army.

These two divisions represent the main types. There are others such as Little Russians, Tartars and various mixed breeds, ethnologically, but these do not form the backbone as do the others. Between the two main stream there is a vast number of peoples some Slav but not Russian, some, such as the Jews and Finns, not even Slav.

Above the Colossus stands the most miserably helpless figure on the political stage. To find his

counterpart one must go back to the days of Macrinus and the Praetorian Guard or to those of the last drinking «Kings» of the Merovingian line of Salic Franks. Compared with the Czar a prisoner hewing stone in a quarry is a free agent: his hands, at least are not tied. The figure is enmeshed on all sides by a coterie of Grand Dukes who live on the plunder of the State and steal even the money which the charitable send to the poor «baka»; — by a three horned Aulic Council; one branch the Cabal of Generals, another the nobles of the Empire a third the bureaucracy. Above all stands the Procurator of the Holy Synod beside whom allowing for the state of the world's culture, Torquemada makes an eminent, even respectable figure. The Czar is a slave even to his own police.

It is a dim recognition of these truths through constitutional propaganda and secret movements of which Nihilism was the crude forerunner, inter-communication with free peoples and the Treaty with the Latin Republic that has made of the simple Russian a doubter. He still believes in a perplexed sort of way in the Little Father as the fount of honour but the old ideal of the dispenser of justice and mercy is dead. To him the Bureaucracy is more effective than the Monarchy.

Mother Moscow like all holy traditions has a stronger hold on his imagination but various factors, the rise of St. Petersburg, and above all Odessa, together with the fact that the Procurator likes the Nevsky Prospect better than the Kremlin are slowly detaching his chords of association. The labourer on the wharves of Odessa still sings at his work but instead of the old refrain.

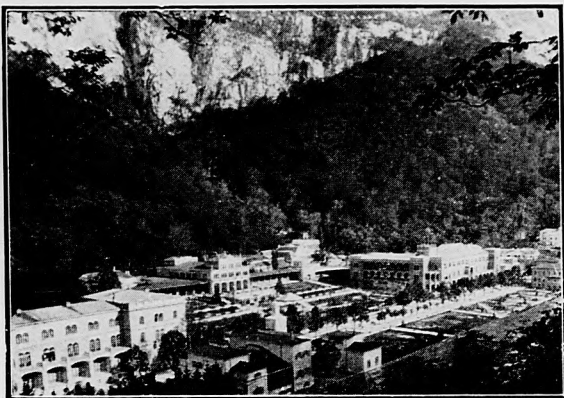
«Ivan is in the garden tending cabbages» he has substituted a pregnant something which to him who has the key, is ominous and terrible.

«To-day, to-morrow, 'what matter when? — *it will come.*»

And Odessa, which is to Russian history what Marseilles is to French or Barcelona to Spanish, is to-day free!

«Russia is dragged along by Fate» said Napoleon. It is true. Equally true is it, as the German Ambassador told the French Government «No good ever yet came out of the East». The «little window» which Peter built upon the Neva has been the source of much trouble. In our European civilisation which is a compound of Hellenism and Hebraicism she has no part, no future. Her destiny is indissolubly linked by tradition and by character with the plateaux of Asia. She never had a Vajk; she never came under the aegis of Latin christianity. And therefore it might be for the Peace of the world if the Map of Europe were so re-cast as to place under German and Swedish control the eastern shores of the Baltic and the mouth of the Neva.

It is not the fault of the Czar. To blame him for the terrible ordeal through which Europe is passing would be as illogical as to blame the brake for not doing the work of the wheel. It is he that

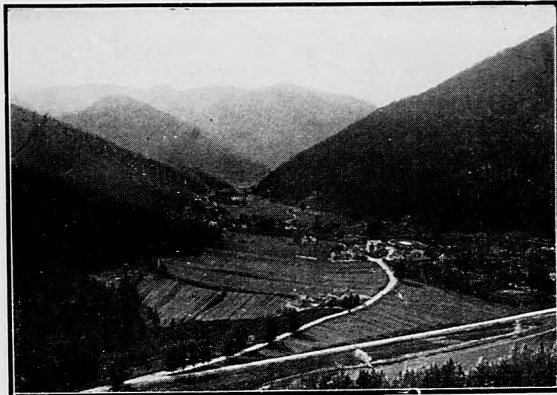
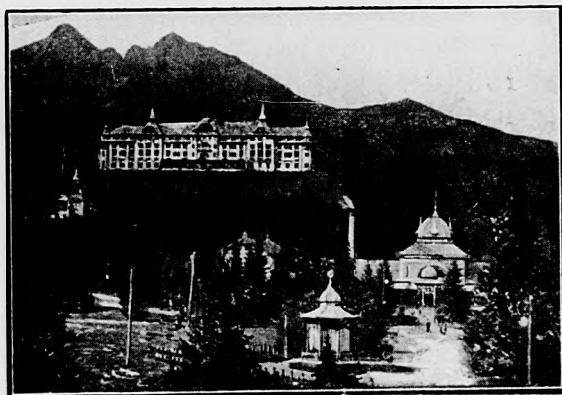


HERCULES-BATHS.

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.**

TÁTRA-LOMNICZ.

Winter and Summer Resort for the Air-cure, in the midst of immense pine-forests, situated at 848 to 1030 metres above sea-level. The mountain air is most strengthening and invigorating. Modern hydropathic treatment. The Palace Hotel is a model of comfort, lift, magnificent hall, luxurious dining-room, reading-room, numerous private villas, and land at moderate prices. Splendid view of the Poprád Valley and the glaciers. Music, concert, dramatic performances, balls, excursions in the mountains, horse races, hunting, tennis, winter sport. Summer Season, 15th. May till 15th. September; Winter Season, 15th. December till the end of February Sun-baths without burning. Apply to the **Manager, Tátra-Lomnicz, Hungary.**

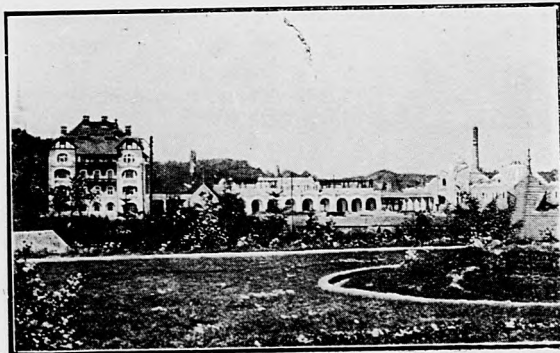


FENYŐHÁZA

Thermal Bath and Health Resort, property of the State, in the valley of the Fátka, 450 metres above the sea-level, in the midst of mountains covered with pine-forests. Six modern hotels belonging to the State, numerous private villas, and land at moderate prices. Excellent table-water. Water conduit, irrigation, and electric light. Season, 15th. May till the end of October. Modern hydrotherapeutic treatment, pine baths, saline baths, and carbonic acid baths. Railway Station. Post-office, Telegraph-office, and Telephone Call-office. — Recommended for disorders of the alimentary tract, anaemia, chlorosis, gout, affections of the respiratory organs and nervous diseases. All particulars on application to the **Office of the Royal Hungarian Superintendency of Baths, Fenyőháza, Hungary.**

VIZAKNA

State Salt-Baths, in the country of Alsó-Fehér, 424 metres above the sea-level, on the Nagyszében-Kiskapus railway-line. Surpassing in curative results the baths of Aussee, Gmunden, Ischl, Reichenhall, and Nauheim. Six large lakes containing 30% of salt. A newly-constructed warm-bath establishment. Furnished apartments at the Hotel, in private houses, and inns. Post and Telegraph-Office, and Telephone Call-office. Further information on application to the **Office of the Royal Hungarian Superintendency of Baths, Vizakna, Hungary.**



HOTEL VADÁSZKÜRT

BUDAPEST, IV., TÜRRI ISTVÁN-U. 5.

Central position. — Near the Danube.

First class Hotel and Restaurant.

*Prop. F. Kommer.***CSERNY PAULA ÉS TÁRSA****FRANCZIA ÉS ANGOL****NŐI DIVATTERME =**

VÁCZI-UTCZA 34. KLOTILD-PALOTA.

= Estb. 1817. Estb. 1817. =

DEÁK and HORVÁTH

= FURRIERS =

BUDAPEST, IV., VÁCZI-U. 13.

Fournisseurs de la cour imp. et royale. — By special appointment to the Imp. and Royal Court.

Furs in best Quality. — Remodelling. —

= Repairing. — Preservation. =

MÖSSMER JÓZSEF

■■■ BUDAPEST ■■■

KORONAHERCZEG-UTCZA 12. SZ.

= FEHÉRNEMŰ. — MENY-

= ASSZONYI KELENGYE.

A Most Delicious Table-water.

MARGIT GYÓGY-FORRÁS

a gyomor, belek, húgyhólyag, s különösen a légzőszervek hurutos bántalmainál igen jó hatású még akkor is, ha vérzések esete forog fenn.

Megrendelhető: Édeskúty L.-nél Budapesten és a forrás kezelőségénél Munkácson.

LÁNG M.

cs. és kir. udv. szállító

Budapest, Koronaherceg-
utca és Szervita-tér sarok.Porcellán- és üvegraktár.
Menyasszonyi Kelengyék.**Részletfizetésre**

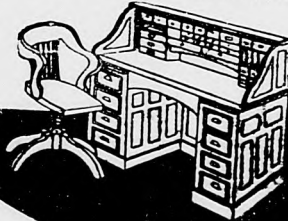
is szállítunk

MODERN AMERIKAI

irodai, uriszoba és könyvtárberendezéseket

GLOGOWSKI és TÁRSA cs. s kir. udv. szállítók

Budapest, VI. ker., Andrásy-ut 12. sz.

Képes
árjegy-
zékingyen
és bér-
mentve.