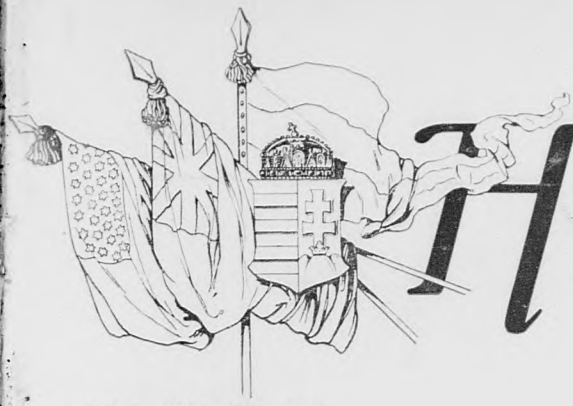


Xmas Number.



HUNGARY

VOL. XII. No 18.

*An Illustrated Fortnightly Society Journal
published in English but for the Interests of Hungary.
Founded by EUGENE GOLONYA.*





CHRISTMAS 1914.

OUR FATHER.

Our Father who art in Heaven,
And whose love enfolds the Earth,
Whose sweet son to us was given
In the form of human birth.

Thou, who on a Christmas morning,
Gave thy love to save us all,
Hear again the prayer of Millions,
Father, answer to our call!

Father, Father, we are children,
Blind and helpless without Thee
Send Thy holy spirit to us
Teach us, through Thy love, to see!

See the tears of Childhood falling!
Tears of woman never cease
Hear, oh hear us Father calling!
«Our Father send us Peace!»

All the World is fighting — fighting,
And a thousand souls a day.
Rush through Death up to Thy judgment
Ere their lips have time to pray.

Father help us end the struggle,
Help us cause all wars to cease,
Help us guard our home from danger,
«Our Father send us Peace!»

Father, Thou canst judge our spirits,
All our thought to Thee are clear,
Thou dost know we sought no battle
Tho 'we do not turn in fear.

We were patient under danger,
For we hoped the day would come
When the Foe would leave us peaceful
And we need not sound the drum.

But oh Father we are mortal
And 'twas in Thy holy name
That we drew the sword for battle
And to shield our home from shame;

And we thank Thee for the victories
Thou hast given us so far;
Now we fight to keep our honour
And to end a bloody War.

See, our Soldiers stand in Battle
Sending up a prayer to Thee,
— Not a prayer for great dominions,
But a prayer for Liberty.

J. J. Dempsey.

A wonderful Army!

The feats of the Austro-Hungarian troops against Russia.

IT IS NOT so many years since Russia was considered unbeatable, not only because of her enormous territory but also because of the mass of people upon whom she could call and over whose lives she held undisputed sway. It was thought that she could conquer by sheer weight of numbers and considered impossible not only to beat her but even to hold out against her attacks.

The present war however has proved these ideas to have been ill-founded for the Austro-Hungarian Army has not only withstood her attacks, but during nearly four months heavy fighting has constantly forced Russia to defensive tactics.

It is true that Russia has, by almost unbelievable sacrifices, made some slight and temporary advances in Galicia but these gains are more than counter-balanced by the advances made by the Austro-Hungarian and German troops into her dominions, while our sacrifices have been comparatively insignificant compared with her's.

Russia, after fighting with all her strength for nearly four months stands to-day in an infinitely worse position than ever before. This goes to prove that in modern times *numbers* are not such a decisive factor in War as was formerly the case but that *morale* plays a much more important role.

We hear on good authority that it is almost impossible for Russian officers to get their men to attack without driving them on at the point of their revolvers, except of course in such places where their superior strength of numbers is so overwhelming that the common soldier can see it; while on the other hand, it is almost impossible to hold our soldiers back when they sight the enemy.

Many different causes contribute to produce this state of things. One of them is that the Russian peasant is a down-trodden creature whose spirit is broken by ages of oppression, whose intelligence has never had an opportunity of developing and whose physical needs have been totally neglected; another is *alcohol* — one of the greatest curses of all mankind but especially of Russia. The Russian peasant has very many sorrows but hardly any pleasures and so the mad sensation of carelessness produced by a bottle of spirits takes the place of the honest, healthy amusement which is necessary to all men, more especially to those who do hard monotonous work and who cannot enjoy the pleasures produced by inward culture; but for his bottle of spirits he pays a heavier price

than he is aware of, for it not only undermines his constitution but kills his moral strength and with it of course his real courage.

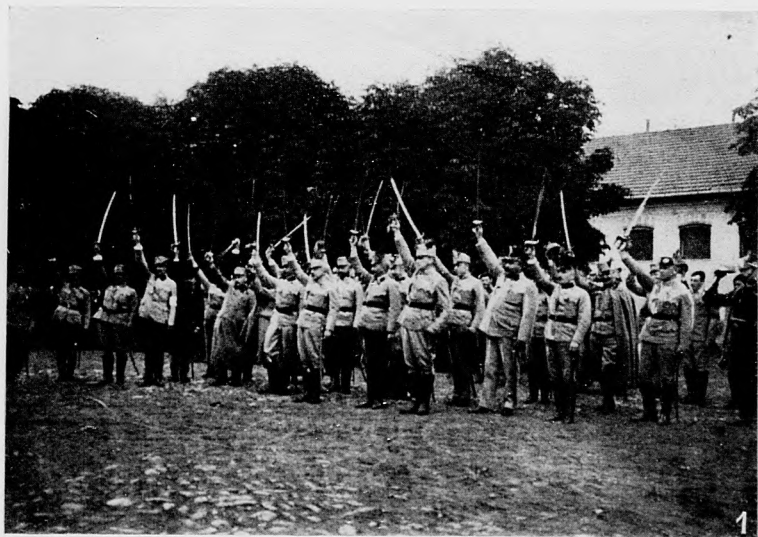
It is hardly necessary to say that he neither knows nor cares what he is fighting for. He is pulled out of his miserable little hut and carried here and there until, at last, he comes before the guns; he is ordered to shoot and he shoots, to charge, and he charges; something red-hot tears through his breast,—he falls and lies still! He has given his all—which was little, for—nothing; he has served neither himself nor any one else, for he was simply thrown away—like hundreds of thousands of his brothers, without achieving anything. His epitaph is simple: he was born—he suffered and—he died! He didn't know why or for what — only he died.

Compare this with the Hungarian soldier, who goes into battle with his heart full of the glorious deeds of his forefathers and the songs of their great battles and soldier's deaths ringing in his ears; his body is sound and well nurished, his nerves are strong and his brain is clear. He knows for what he is fighting — he knew even before the war of its possibility, and he was ready to go when his country should call him. He read the posters telling him that his regiment mobilizes and to report himself at such and such a place; he squares his shoulders, says «good-bye» to his family and is off!

When the time of action comes he goes in with a tight lip and a steady eye; he knows what he must do and how he must do it; he knows what he wants: to finish off the enemy and go home to his family. He is angry with the anger of an honest man and his anger tells in every blow.

That is why we read of great victories—there is not much «accident» in it—these great victories are the natural result of putting soldiers like the Hungarians against downtrodden, drink-sodden creatures like the Russians.

«Hungary» is the best medium for advertising.



Officers taking the oath



Count MICHAEL KÁROLYI and his bride. Photo by Strelisky.

To Marriage of Count Michael Károlyi.

THE marriage of Count Károlyi and Countess Katinka Andrassy was celebrated in the Buda Castle Coronation Church on the 8 inst.

The ceremony which was witnessed by an exclusive family circle, was celebrated by Bishop Ottokár Prohászka who made an eloquent address to the young couple. The Civil ceremony on the preceding day was attended by Count Louis Batthyány and Count Joseph Károlyi as witnesses.

The Empress Elizabeth.

IN THE large pillared hall of the academy was unveiled, last week, the marble bas-relief of the Empress Elizabeth. The ceremony carried everyone's warm feelings back to former days. On the opposite wall of the hall is the memorial tablet to Francis Deák, in which the gracious Queen is represented placing a wreath on his coffin.

Archduke Eugene, representing His Majesty, made the unveiling speech, from which we quote the following:—

«To-day we feel more than ever, in these trying times, that the benediction of the Almighty accompanied the Empress' and the Statesman's mutual aims: far shining assurance to the Throne and the Nation to-days storms show the unbreakable union and the unsurpassable readiness of sacrifice and heroism which, on the call of the Sovereign, the Nation, and with her in sisterly agreement, the whole people of the Monarchy battle against the enemies of the dynasty and the home and will I am sure fight victoriously for the blessed development of the culture of the future.»

Mr. Albert Berzeviczy opened the ceremony which was attended by many persons of rank including Ministers, Members of the House of Peers, Members of Parliament etc.

After the opening speech the Archduke examined with admiration the beautiful marble masterpiece of Barnabás Holló.

Subscription: 7 crowns for 6 months; 14 crown per annum. England and America 16 crowns. — Single copy 60 fillér. — Telephone Joseph 49—92.

Mrs. Stephen Bárczy.

IN THE present great turmoil which has set free so much new strength and has tapped so many new springs of spiritual beauty the participating women form a beautiful oasis, the scrubbing prima donna, the self-forgetting and nerve forgetting ladies who show the extremity of benevolence, among whom those simple, mimosa-spirited ones interest us most. Those who until now have been hidden in the home circle and have always avoided the limelight and, in spite of their social positions which places them in the front rank, have always preferred to remain, like the violet, in the shadow, cannot in the present upheaval avoid public recognition.

To this class Mrs. Bárczy, the wife of our distinguished Mayor, belongs; a homeloving lady who has never sought to participate in public affairs but was content to remain inconspicuously in a great man's shadow, but in the present great turmoil she has heard the command of Duty and splendidly taken her place in the first line.



The Philharmonicals.

THE fourth Concert and the fourth great success. In the Népopera a packed audience heard and warmly applauded the beautiful program at which Eugene Hubay was rewarded by rounds of applause for his «Night Love» piece with its imposing colours and eastern ballet music accompaniment. The public also applauded the fine Orchestration, under the able direction of Mr. Stephen Kerner, of «Szibéliusz Peleas» and «Melisande» and the beautiful «Les Preludes» of Liszt.

Max Nordau.

AMAGYAR by birth with a mind developed by German culture. He loved Paris, lived in Paris and became there acclimatised. That he lived in Paris and yet saw from a German perspective is rather a question of luck, but that he loved Paris and yet had to awaken from his illusions of France just in a French prison is — Tragedy. It was not even a political tragedy but a personal tragedy which is all the more sad because it was not only unexpected but was a natural consequence. Among the burning beams of France Nordau has also lost very many illusions. He was a representative of German—and to a certain extent Magyar—Civilization culture in Paris and now has had to awaken to the fact that he lived among — Papuas; had to learn it, not from books or philosophical writings but through the sufferings of his own body.

For long weeks his anxious friends here awaited news from him — for he had disappeared without leaving a trace. Now it has transpired that the French threw him into prison, a real medieval prison, among apaches, pickpockets and military deserters, a packed place where the air is poison and the God-given bread is mouldy. He was taken in Bordeaux — to the greater glory of French culture. If they ever become sober the French will hardly be proud of their great feat.



The National Theatre's Hospital.

THIS is an hospital fitted up for the reception of 25 wounded soldiers and is supported by the members of the National Theatre and the Opera. It owes its existence to the efforts of Mr. Béla Náday who has been entrusted with the direction assisted by two sub-directors Messrs Árpád Szemere and Árpád Odry. The nursing is under the direction of the well-known artiste Miss Elisabeth Paulay who is assisted by other members of the National Theatre. The hospital is established in the University Anatomical Institute kindly given for the purpose by the Rector Mr. Michael Lenhossek.

The head physician is surgeon Dr. Tibor Skoff who, like all nurses, officials etc, gives his services voluntarily.

This noble work — which is

splendidly carried out, is supported entirely by the members of the Theatre out of their already reduced salaries.



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.

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.



The adoration of the child Jesus.

❧ THE LAST HONVED ❧

(When the Russians entered Marmoros, Father Marton, an old veteran, who had fought in the war of '48 with Gábor Aron, collected the men of the village and led them, armed with stones, against the enemy. The little band held out until the arrival of the Hungarian troops, but poor old Father Márton was killed in the fight. This poem is a rough translation from the Hungarian of Tóth László.)

Out beyond the far Carpathians
Dark clouds gather all the night;
Marmoros is now in danger
For the foe is now in sight!

All the soldiers left the village,
For all danger seemed so far,
Only poor old Father Márton
Knows the meaning of a war.

Lightly sit his eighty winters
On his frame so strong and straight
— For he fought with Gábor Aron
In the war of '48.

In the dawn comes the alarm,
— Father Marton thought it should,
«Moscovites are here advancing!
«Save yourselves! Fly to the wood!»

Father Márton's eyes flash fire
As he shouts «All men stand true!
«Stand again in line of battle!
«Magyar Gods now look on you!»

«Hey boy! Horse! and off to Sziget,
«Say we shall hold out to death!
«Lads, attention! Up the mountain
«Steady! Forward! Save your breath!»

«So, the Moscovites are coming?
«Let them come and take their chance
«We'll receive them as in fitting!
«Alltogether lads! Advance!

On the peak of the Carpathians
Father Márton's little band
Wait — below them, in the valley,
Russians like a forest stand.

Father Márton has no cannon,
Has no rifles — only stones,
Which they pour upon the Russians,
And are answered by their groans!

Crack of rifle! Roar of cannon!
Neither daunt the little crew!
From their mountain stones are falling
— Moscovites are falling too!

Flows the battle, ever fiercer
Hundred granates fall around;
All the Russians still are standing,
Nor have gained an inch of ground!

Now the Russians 'gin to waver,
Now they turn and fly in fear!
Hist! a magyar trumpet sounding
By a huszar trumpeteer!

Ah! but brave old Father Márton
Feels a touch upon his head
And his sword falls on the mountain,
And he falls beside it — dead!

Out beyond the far Carpathians
Shines the Sun of Liberty!
Looks, from out the gates of heaven,
Gábor Aron joyously!

Aladár Taussig.

IT IS with real admiration and respect that we think of this daring Pilot who, during the time of the siege of Przemysl, conveyed through the air, in face of all dangers and at the great risk of his life, important dispatches between the besieged stronghold and the main army.

What this gallant Magyar officer volunteered to do, and successfully carried out, is not only a great act of flying but a deed of real heroism which stands unexampled in the stories of air travel. The story of the flights reads more like a sensational romance than a simple true story.

On October 1 the order came that, in all circumstances—rain, hail or snow—somebody must Fly!

Dispatches must be carried into the besieged town: no matter how — whether over or under

the clouds! Everybody recognised the special dangers attending such an attempt: the unfavourable storm, the good artillery of the Russians and also the dangerous undertaking of alighting on the territory of the stronghold. Everybody knew these things and also the terrible risk run by the volunteer. But still somebody must fly! — important and decisive reasons necessitated it.

So volunteers were called for. Two officers immediately stepped forth: Béla Feszli and Aladár Taussig; both Magyars.

In secret each one hoped that *he* would be chosen. The two good comrades looked almost inimically at each other. Neither would volunteer to stand down and so the decision was left for Chance to decide; matches were pulled to see who should go. Fate favoured Lieut. Taussig.

Very bad weather prevailed when an officer of

the General staff — who went as observer, and Lieut. Taussig left the ground. Rain beat on the aeroplane and the clouds drifted very low. The machine ascended to 1200 meters, then 1400 but soon was obliged to come down to 800 meter. At Dubieckon they were sighted by the enemy and the next minute bullets whistled round them but at first without effect. From here onwards to Przemysl the journey was continued over the heads of the Russians. Ceaseless thunder accompanied them — thunder from below; but above the motor thundered louder! The whirr of the motor swallowed the cracking of rifles and the roar of guns. When the first shrapnell cut through a wing the machine rocked. The pilot smiled. The passenger pointed out the place from which the shooting came. Taussig signalled that he understood and suddenly elevated the machine to 1400 m. Through the rain the contours of the town became visible. The aeroplane begins to glide towards the Earth. The Russians shoot at random. Well they know from whence it comes and that it is not without good cause that the two men above risk their lives.

At all costs they must be stopped! But the voyagers see already their landing place. A little meadow which is now even smaller on account of the wire entanglements which half cover it as well as telephone and telegraph wires. They land successfully and are received by their cheering comrades. They unpack their news and give over the orders — which the staff officer carried in his head in case of accidents! They brought also four medals for conspicuous bravery to four N.C.O.'s.

The aeroplane rested five days in order to dry for it was quite wet. On October 6th the journey back was begun. The besieged officers bombarded the flyers to take back their Post. More than 1500 letters and cards. At the last minute an N.C.O., who is in civil life a farmer, came and offered to give 50 crowns to the Red Cross if they would take his card. Naturally his wish was gratified.

Compared to the journey back the journey out was really child-play. The Russians knew that



Advanced outpost in the surroundings of Frampol.

the aeroplane would return — at least the counted on it. Night and day they watched to prevent its escape. When it went up to 1000 m. the shots began to fly. Now it went in short curves and frequently executed figures of 8. It was 800 meter high when a 23 cm Russian shell exploded 50 meters above them. The pilot then deviated from his plan and simply forced the machine higher. Many shots, intended for the Aeroplane, fell into the town and there burst.

The daring pilot then drove the machine to such a height that the shots couldn't reach it. Suddenly the compass ceased to work! The observer officer thought that only his had stopped but it transpired that the pilot's was also useless. They flew into a snowstorm. The machine lay on its side in the air and it was impossible to bring it back to the horizontal. Ice completely covered the glass with which the observer's place was furnished. In the



A rest behind the fighting line.

fast flying the air was as if they were running through countless telegraph wires. Added to all this the tube of the pressure pump developed a leak and the Lieutenant was obliged to pump incessantly. During this time the soldiers below continually shot at the machine, which was obliged to descend to 900 m. This happened near Jaslo. A bullet grazed Lieutenant Taussig's leg.

After 3½ hours «steffl» — the brave little machine arrived safely in camp. Her height controller, body and wings, covered with honourable wounds and the marks Lieut. Taussig covered with paint as a souvenir of his dangerous journey.

Some days ago Lieut. Taussig made the journey to Przemyśl under more favourable circumstances and then, among others, he carried back an answer to the letter which he had brought on Oct. 6 from a Major. The Major from gratitude presented the pilot with a red and white flag, which was very acceptable as the old one was torn to rags in the dangerous journey. Now therefore with its new flag and red painted wounds «Steffl» looks very pretty.



The Annexation of Macsva.

THE NEWS of the re-conquering and rejoining to Hungary of Macsva filled every Hungarian heart with joy.

The Servian Macsva, which has been occupied after a bloody sacrifice by our conquering troops, is now under Hungarian administration and already under Hungarian government. Arthur Fülöpp, the Military Commander of Macsva, is a Hungarian through and through who shall spread the Hungarian Spirit and Hungarian Will in the conquered territory. The seat of Government will be in Sabácz, where the official buildings are being at present repaired in the ruined town. The next steps will be the division of the departments, the establishment of the boundaries and the issue of stamps. Five police departments are planned one of which is

already established under the leadership of Police Captain Stephen Mészáros with 70 constables. General Arthur Fülöpp, the Governor, was formerly a Brigadier General in the Hungarian army.

★

After 400 years of separation the old property comes again into Hungarian hands. On this historical event Professor Alexander Márki, Rektor of the Kolozsvár University and celebrated historian, during his speech at a recent ceremony made among others the following remarks:--

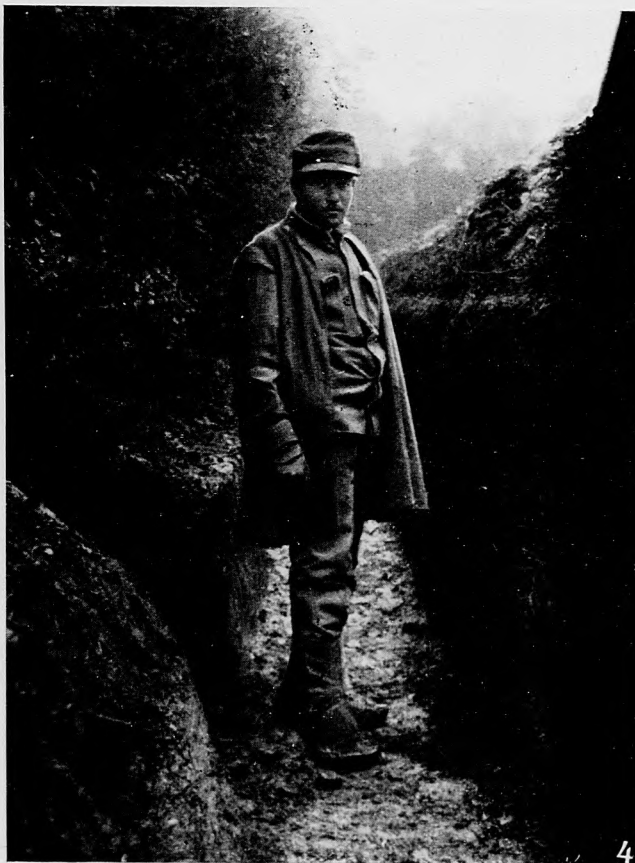
After 400 years of separation is again joined to the Motherland the country through which the river Macsva runs, *the ancient Macsói province*.

Old historical events are awakened by the victorious advance of the Hungarian arms. The Province of Macsói in the North-West of the Servia of to-day is freed, after 400 years, from the foreign yoke and again Hungarian territory. The old Capital of the Hungarian Ban, Sabácz, is again a Hungarian fortress guarding the Hungarian frontier.

In the time of the Hunyadies Michael Ujlaky who was Prince of Transylvania and King of Bosnia was the last Ban of Macsói.

The line of three hundred years of Hungarian Bans of Macsói has—after a break of 400 years—been re-commenced by one of the Generals of the army of Francis Joseph. During four hundred years the Hungarian Law and History always kept alive the knowledge that this province belongs to the holy crown of Hungary, and our Sovereign at the time of his coronation, looking into the past and also into the future declared himself, among other things «*King of Ráma and Servia*». True to his oath he has by the re-occupation of Macsói «enriched and extended the frontiers of Hungary».

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



In the trench.

Lieutenant Ernő Kozma †.

A BRAVE officer of the Hungarian Army who went before his men into a wood in Galicia in case the foe should be lying in ambush; his men crept after him: suddenly he drew his sword and shouted: «The Russians are here lads! Forward!» These were his last words for he fell the next moment with two bullets in his heart. His brother officers and his men made a rude coffin out of a pine tree, and — after beating the Russians out of the wood, they, with sorrowful hearts, buried him near a little church hard by.

He was known and loved by a large circle of friends in Kolozsvár, Transylvania, who now mourn his early death (he was but 31 years of age).

Clash of Arms and din of battle
— So thou wouldst have wished to die!
Cannon's roar and rifles rattle,
Sword in hand in death to lie!

There upon the field of danger
— Angels ever guard thy bed!
'Neath the feet of foe and stranger,
Kozma Ernő lying dead!

Young and brave and Patriotic,
Strong and tender, kind and true,
Hating only foes despotic
— See, a stranger mourns for you!

Soldiers who have done your duty,
Soldiers who are brave and true,
Guards of Honour, guards of Beauty,
Kozma Ernő waits for you! *J. J. D.*



What is our Attitude toward the War?

THE thousands of soldiers marching up Gellérthegy for the sham-battle, hiding behind rocks to take aim, or charging up a steep incline in face of the enemy, the high officers of war standing aloof, gives one a faint idea of the happenings on a battle field.

The rifles click, the small machine guns clatter



First Lieutenant ERNŐ KOZMA.

but the piles of wounded and the flowing blood is minus.

These singing lads as they march in long files through Budapest streets bring forth a sigh from the stranger, for youth is stamped on so many faces.

The clumsy Bosnian, the surly Serb, the blank-expressionless Ruthenian rub shoulders with the stoical Wallachian, A motley crowd, yet stride, step and grim faces bespeak the earnestness with which they take rank in battle line to protect their homes and land.

In 1848 and '67 the war-cry was sounded over Hungary, the grandparent's tales have been handed down, as well as pictures and songs to depict the

stormy past. But it is the present generation and present wants that ask us: «What is War?»

We say, it is to keep Hungary from the claws of the Big Bear Russia on the north, and the Slavs of the south who have maligned and harassed the Province.

Yet we must keep in mind that this is the greatest war on record, two countries against the world, and the wonder is that order and quiet reigns as well as it does.

This little talk is to help us face facts as they are, for the worst features of war are before us, cold, storms and short-rations.

The Magyars stand out as one big family, the State does nobly for her people, no matter what the nationality. These fine buildings in Budapest have all been fitted out for hospital work, the wounded are having the best of attention, the workers are many and the populace have given freely. But still more workers and less talkers are needed, especially doctors, nurses or attendants en route from the battle field. A cup of warm soup and loaves of bread would help to get these poor fellows into the hospital in better shape on this long eleven hour journey from the north. It would be real missionary work if the rich Bishops would take this under their supervision.

As to nationalities, no other land can show more earnest efforts than these varied races who have received educational institutions and other benefits, also by intermarriage which has bound them as one kinsfolk. In times of quiet, from north to south

in Hungary with few exceptions, the stranger sees peaceful surroundings. It is only when the agitator gets in his underhanded politics, also the Slav newspapers on foreign shores have much to do with unrest, when we see discontent arising.

On the battle field it is said the Russian and Magyar are more friendly than the Serb and Russian. The Serb brain is riotous, the wild blood still runs in their veins, they forget to be human in war more than any other Eastern tribe.

Go to the hospitals in Budapest; side by side are seen Bosnians, Croatians, Ruthenians and Wallachians mixing freely in chat with the Magyar landmen, some interpretation is needed but they are friendly.

The Father-State, Hungary, is parent to them all, each owns land and tills the soil and the strange expression in wide open eyes on the sick bed often bespeaks the questionings: «Why are we trying to kill our kinsmen and neighbors when we are willing that they should live, but they must let us also live.»

Much is being done for the Fatherless. The mother's homes for comfort in child-birth have been started, the one price lunch-rooms for the worthy, work is provided and sustenance given to the poor — a dozen new institutions have sprung up fitting closely into the already many charitable works.

It is not unusual for foreigners to come to Budapest to see the manifold adjustment of her Philanthropical Societies which have proved a success so admirably handled by the State. The starving poor are not known in this land as seen in civilized England and American slums. The Culture and Natural-living, of the Magyars as a race, makes one question as to the right and wrong of this word «Civilisation» that is now being juggled with among the Great Powers.

These Great Powers some way simmer down to a few political heads whose dictations can make or unmake a land — this brings us again to the war question, which hangs on just such slender threads as politics.

But we are now caught in the net, the web is spun around us and we must fight or die. So whether right or wrong we must keep in mind that we are working for *Humanity* and our one aim should be to relieve the suffering. Hungary can ill afford to lose one of her sons, her numbers are few. We as womankind must work in earnest and try more faithfully to fill in the gaps. Be serious, think of it as your own son and suffering and selfishness leaves us.

We know that many noble souls have put their shoulder to the wheel, whose names are hardly known to the public. Rich and lowly meet on equal footing, the farmer wives send in hundreds of down-pillows and more than one Countess has given warm flannel robes to comfort the wounded in the hospitals.

But more ladies are ready to come to the front with old linen for slings, warm stockings and flannels, for all can find place among the sacrificing soldiery.

Lola Smith.

The Gods call the Brave!

«Return with victory or on thy shield.»

The spartan mother to her son.

«The Angel of Death has been abroad: one can almost hear the beating of his wings.»

For this fair land they died even as did their fathers in the brave days of old. Peace and all



The German Emperor and, behind him General Moltke the commander-in-chief.

honour to the fallen! The mother does not weep. If she weep it is tears of joy and pride that in the stern test of fortitude and the leaden blizzard he who is gone bore his part as a Magyar should. If she sigh it is because she cannot put her hand upon the head that once, a helpless thing lay on her breast, and bless him who, in the day of trial, did not forget his manhood nor the glory of his race. If she grieves it is not for her own loss but for the hills and valleys and the glorious vistas that will know him no more.

Peace! Let him sleep! He is in Valhalla with

Odin. There Freya combs his hair with the Golden Comb under the shadow of Thor's leafy oak. There the chorus of maidens chant the Odyssey of Heroes. Who would wish him back? In life he feared as Petöfi feared

«Egy gondolat bánt engemet.»

In death he lies as Petöfi lay, under the high canopy of the Heavens, satisfied, at rest.

A City of Hope.

THE PRESENT is a time to draw out the inherent characteristics and capabilities of peoples; their powers of resistance and self-control, of self sacrifice for a common aim and of cohesion in face of common danger.

The present time shows the inflamability of the constituents of our life and brings home to our minds the seeming frailty of the bond which is supposed to bind all christian peoples.

It comes as a kind of shock to some of us to find how quickly and for what apparently trivial causes the whole of Europe can flame into War.

Most of us, it is true, have noticed the growing commercial rivalry between nearly all great industrial nations, and, in the last decade, the frequent differences of opinion which have strained the relations of the various European Cabinets and given the diplomats a ticklish job to steer through the troubled waters, but, since commercial rivalry has existed since the existence of Commerce, and as there have been differences of opinion between Cabinets since the existence of Cabinets, these things cannot be said to have prepared us for the roar of guns and the collisions of hostile millions.

It is true that there are some people who say now that it had to come, that they expected it, etc., but for most of us it was something of a shock. This shock produced certain effects on all peoples and nations: the noble it ennobled and the others it demoralised. The effects of the shock can be best seen by contrasting the behavior of the people of different Cities.

In Berlin the news of the War caused a universal thrill of patriotism; every eye turned towards the flag and every hand grasped a real, or imaginary, sword. The unanimous opinion of all Germany was: Fight and Win! In about ten days something like a million Germans volunteered for service.

In London the news of war didn't, at first, produce a great effect, as England was not personally interested, so to speak, and it was thought that she would follow her traditional policy of neutrality. When, however, she decided to take part in the War the effect was mixed. Three members left the Cabinet as a protest against the policy of the Government; the press was divided and all kinds of societies, (religious, scientific, etc.) called meetings to protest against England's participation in the War, while, of course, other societies addressed meetings in favour.

In Paris most people became hysterical and lost their heads. Then began an absurd and inhuman persecution of innocent Austro-Hungarian and German visitors, who went there to spend their money and amuse themselves and who had no more to do with the war than the man in the moon.

In St. Petersburg there was a rush of blind rage

For him there is

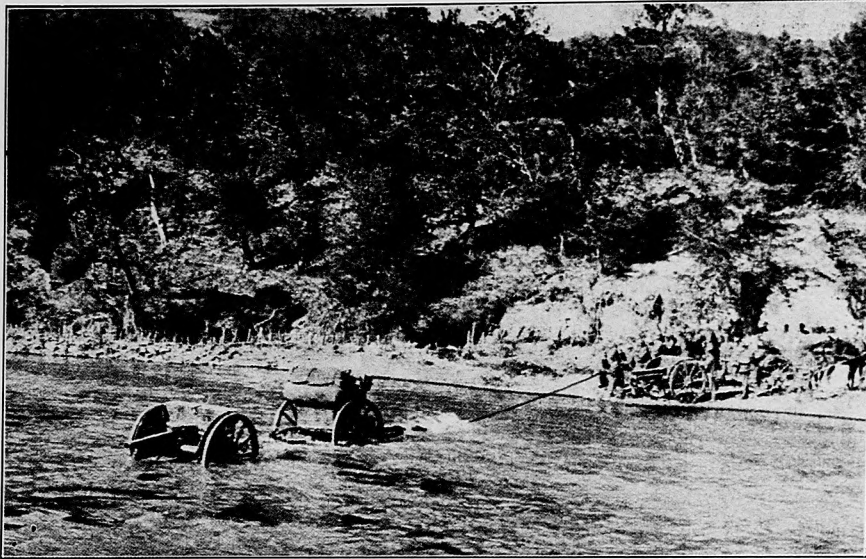
«The Glory that was Greece,
The Grandeur that was Rome.»

as, to the music of a thousand guns, he looks his last look upon the Flag, and passes to

«Where, beyond these voices, there is Peace.»

Now stand we bowed and bareheaded before the noble Mothers of the Nation.

C. Townley Fullam.



Passing cannons through the Drina.

which expressed itself in the highly intelligent manner of blowing up the residences of the German and Austro-Hungarian Ambassadors, — we hope the sufferings of the bricks were not unduly prolonged and that they fell fighting!

In Vienna it was felt that *the time had come*; that the murderers of the Crown Prince and Princess must be swiftly punished, that the policy of patience towards Servia, which had been tried so long, was useless, and that permanent Peace could only be established by the sword. The well known words of the aged Emperor express the feeling of all Austria.

In Budapest the feeling of the Public was one of relief that an intolerable position would be put an end to. Here the War may be said to have been popular — if one may use such a word towards War, though, of course, the Hungarian is far too intelligent to love War for its own sake. It had been seen that it was useless talking with Servia, — it was like an intelligent person arguing with a stupid one who couldn't and didn't want to understand.

There was no blind rage felt against anybody but a strong determination was manifested by all the people to go to battle, fight with all their strength *and Win!* Those who remained in Budapest have shown a consistent spirit of Patience and Hope. Everybody works for the soldiers, everybody trusts in God and the justice of their cause, and nobody dreams of penalising innocent strangers because they happen to have been born in other lands,—although the innocent Germans, Austrians and Hungarians who found themselves in England France and Russia on the outbreak of the War and trusted in the honour of these countries—knowing their own innocence—suffered for their trust. Budapest is a City of Hope. Here is little place for pessimism and none for despair. The Hungarians know their sons, know their fighting qualities, (the enemy knows them also to his sorrow) and know, above all, the justice of their cause,

so they hope, — and the brilliant victories which have so far attended their operations certainly give them good grounds for the ir hopeful attitude. Here one sees on every side the three most beautiful Virtues exhibited: Faith, Hope and Charity.



French Gratitude.

1871.

WHEN, at the last moment Victor Emanuel failed Garibaldi and the tragedy of Mentana ensued the

old hero settled in his island home of Caprera. Thither came news of wonderful events which moved the old war-horse strangely. It was at that moment that the new French Government, of Tours, invited him to take the field against Germany as commander of the «Irregular troops».

Paris was, of course, invested. On the 9th Oct. Garibaldi reached Tours being joined by Gambetta, War-Minister and amateur strategist, who had escaped from Paris by balloon. He was at once nominated General of Division and left Tours for Chambéry to organise certain bands of adventurers, Poles, Magyars, Spaniards, Americans and Italians who were operating rather in the style of bandits against Werder's Baden troops.

The first result of Garibaldi's appointment was the resignation of General Cambriens who exemplified the marked jealousy of the French officers of the hero of Italy. M. Cremieux, *at whose suggestion he had been invited*, even declared that «there wanted but this to complete the humiliation of France». When, however, the Republican Cabinet offered the man who had the rank of full General in the Italian army, who had been dictator of the Two Sicilies, who had conquered Naples and had refused the Crown, the Command of 250 Volunteers at Chambéry the old man prepared to return to Caprera. This the Government dared not allow. The Reds of Marseilles, takers of the Bastille in the old days, whose war-cry was «Vive Garibaldi», would not let him embark. Rather would they engineer a third revolution. In the end Garibaldi was given the command of the Free Corps of the Vosges.

All the troops he could scrape together, on paper were four brigades of which two only materialised. One was commanded by Bossack the other by his own son Menotti. Menotti's Brigade consisted of 43 cavalry! All, in their fanciful costumes, *à la Murat*, with gorgeously plumed hats rather resembled

soldiers of the Opera Comique. They were, indeed, given the illustrious and suggestive name of «Franconi's Circus». Their arms were flint-locks of 1813. The members of the staff were mounted on light cart-horses most of which had never been ridden before. When, at Autun, their members had been increased to 15,000, there were 200 Colonels on the roll! With these troops resembling nothing in history and little in fiction General Garibaldi was supposed to stop the march of the victorious Werder and annihilate the needle-gun of Sadowa and Sedan.

Ill-armed, ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-clothed, with no ammunition, no plan, no base, no co-operation his troops were at least well-led. But Garibaldi whose presence had earned for him the jealousy and enmity of the chivalrous French officer, now complicated the situation by a proclamation which alienated the priesthood.

Whatever he could have done was prevented by the panic tactics of the French. And what a Frenchman in a panic can do only God, who made him, knows. At this moment they had a mania for destroying all bridges and breaking up all roads in order to obstruct the enemy. This the army did not go on its own initiative but on the express orders of Gambetta, the asinine Minister of War. Had not Garibaldi taken upon himself the responsibility of stopping the insane work *the retreat of the French* would have been cut off.

When the National Assembly was constituted Garibaldi was the elect of several Departments. The armistice being in force he came to Bordeaux to the sitting and asked leave to speak. The President

took no notice of his request. On returning to his Hotel Garibaldi at once resigned command of the Army of the Vosges and retired to his island. The ingratitude of the mad Harlequinade which called itself the Government of France had burnt into his soul. Never again was this gentle Bayard to draw his sword. Twelve years longer did he live clothed in honour and his last sentient thought was to forgive the people who had called upon him as a friend but later spurned him as an enemy because, with a handful of men he had failed where Leboeuf and Bazaine, Macmahon and Bourballi, with hundreds of thousands had failed more disastrously.



Echoes of the War.

A brave sergeant.

A SERGEANT fell asleep in one of the trenches and when he awakened he found himself alone. The Company had gone away and he had been left behind unobserved in the darkness; he relieved his feelings somewhat by the help of a comprehensive vocabulary and went in search of his comrades. He had hardly proceeded a hundred paces when he heard groans, the sound led him to a Russian officer of rank who was severely wounded. The kind-hearted Hungarian bent over him to see if he could help but the Russian said: «There is no hope for me I must die here so don't trouble yourself for me, but there is a letter in my inside pocket which, if you can, deliver to the Russian Army. The valuables and money take for yourself they



After the Battle. — Hungarian soldiers cooking chickens on the principal square of Máramarossziget.



stand
and

their
Aunt
went,
liked

d the
little

ig in
face
sleep.
eams
play-
ance.
said :

A picture from an old maids life.

By Lily Ringer.

IT WAS Christmas day about four o'clock, when I entered the musty, but clean little old-fashioned home, which had the smell of a long, sad past. The old, unsteady table was laid with a ragged tablecloth, chipped cups and saucers, cracked plates, some shrivelled-up apples and dried oranges. A small loaf of bread was also on the table beside the insipid coffee, and weak tea.

Seeing all this, many thoughts passed through my mind, yet I could not imagine, that the heart of an old maid could be revealed to me, this afternoon...

After tea—one—the oldest of the ladies asked me amongst other things, if I should not like to know, who my husband would be.

«Of course I should»—said I—and followed her curiously to the old writing table drawer, from which she took out an old, yellow little book, filled with numbered questions and answers, which nearly every girl writes out of fun in her girlhood, at the time, when one is so curious to know so many different things!..

I took it, and while I was holding those old lines in my hands, I imagined a young girl with flaxen hair in spring-time, in the spring of life, in a simple little dress scented faintly with lavender, and those white hands, which on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, wrote those pages, perhaps sixty years ago.

The younger girls and I, went near the window to have more light, while aunt Pauline was warming herself by the stove in a big armchair.

I asked number seven. The girls looked for it impatiently in the book.

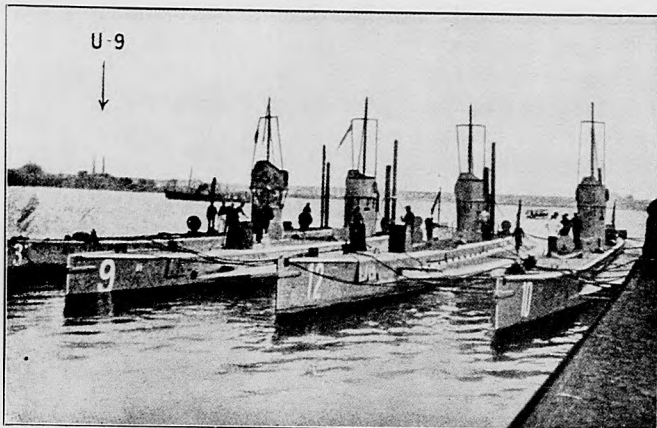
«He will be dark and very nice» was the answer. Laughing I asked for number thirteen.

«He will love you very much my dear,» interrupted the old lady before we could find the answer: a smile of good-will came upon her face, and her eyes sparkled kindly with joy.

My friends congratulated me, that I was so lucky and that my dark husband would love me so much.

To the deaf, one doesn't sing,—to the blind one doesn't show the sun.

Nor would I open my modern soul to those people, in whom remembrance only



German submarines.

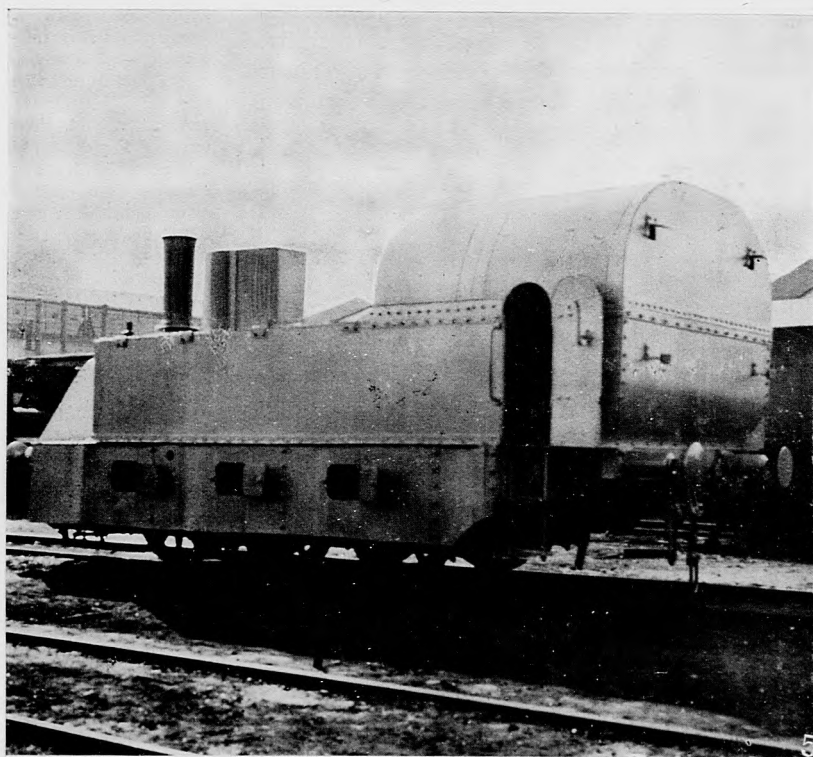
kept the pleasure of life, but tried to understand those feelings, with which they filled me, and thanked them for their kindness.

While Lucy and Thelma tried to find out their future, I kept—in thought—on the side of Aunt Pauline, and followed her everywhere she went, with this dark gentleman, who would have liked her so much if...

Play me something, asked Lucy, and opened the piano. I did not say a word, but played a little Bach minnet as softly as possible.

It got quite dark only the fire was glowing in the stove and shone with a red light on the face of the old lady, who by this time was fast asleep. Her face was as calm as a child's face, who dreams of heaven. Who knows, perhaps while I was playing, she danced at her wedding her bridal-dance.

Before I left, she took me in her arms and said:



An armoured locomotive of the Hungarian state Railway need for spying in territory occupied by the enemy.

ALÁÍRÁSI FELHÍVÁS.

Az 1912. évi LXIII. t.-cz. 17. §-a alapján a ministerium felhatalmaztatott, hogy a hadi szükségletek fedezésére szükséges összegeket addig, a míg azok a törvényhozás útján meg nem állapíthatnak, az elkerülhetetlen szükség mérvéig előlegezhesse és azok megszerzése iránt hitelművelet útján intézkedhessen. E felhatalmazás alapján ezennel 6%-kal kamatozó adómentes állami járadékkölcsön bocsátatik ki.

A kibocsátás összege a megtartandó nyilvános aláírás eredménye alapján fog megállapíttatni.

A bemutatásra szülő járadékkölcsönkötvények 50, 100, 1000, 5000 és 10.000 koronás címletekben fognak kiállíttatni.

A kötvények 1914. november 1-től kezdődőleg évi 6%-kal, minden év május 1-én és november 1-én lejáró féleves utólagos részletekben kamatoztatnak, az első szelvény tehát 1915. május 1-én esedékes.

Az a kötvénytulajdonos, a ki az általa vásárolt kötvényeket az aláírás alkalmával zárolja s ezt a zárolást 5 éven át fel nem oldatja, azt a jogot nyeri, hogy az ötödik év utolsó negyedében, legkésőbb 1919. november 1-én a kötvényen alapuló követelését, e naptól számított egy évre névértékben leendő visszafizetésre felmondhatja. A m. kir. kincstár köteles az ilyen felmondott kötvényeket legkésőbb 1920. november 1-én névértékben visszafizetni. A zárolásból kifolyólag az aláíró felet költség nem terheli.

A m. kir. pénzügyministerium fentartja magának azt a jogot, hogy előre közzeveendő háromhavi előzetes felmondás mellett ezt a kölcsönt egészben vagy részben névértékben visszafizethesse, azonban az esetleges felmondás 1920. november 1-jét megelőző időre nem fog eszközöltetni.

A kamatok, épügy mint felmondás esetén a kölcsönkötvények tökéértéke minden fennálló és a jövőben behozandó magyarországi adó, bélyeg és illeték levonása nélkül fizettetnek ki.

A kötvények 10 évre szóló kamatszelvevényekkel és szelvényutalvánnyal vannak ellátva, mely utóbbi ellenében az új szelvények annakidején a beváltóhelyeknél minden költségtől és illetéktől mentesen átvehetők.

Az esedékes szelvények és az esetleg felmondott kötvények költségmentesen beváltatnak:

Budapesten: a magyar királyi központi állampénztárnál, a m. kir. postatakarékpénztárnál, a magyar korona országainak területén: valamennyi királyi állampénztárnál és adóhivatalnál; azonkívül további intézkedésig:

Budapesten: a Magyar Általános Hitelbanknál, a Pesti Hazai Első Takarékpénztár Egyesületnél, a Pesti Magyar Kereskedelmi Banknál, a Magyar Leszámitoló- és Pénzváltó Banknál, valamint

a m. kir. pénzügyministerium által erre a célra a magyar korona országai területén vagy azonkívül kijelölendő helyeken: Az erre a járadékkölcsönre vonatkozó minden közlemény a «Budapesti Közlöny»-ben és a «Wiener Zeitung»-ban közzé fog tétetni.

A kibocsátásra kerülő 6%-os magyar királyi állami járadékkölcsön ezennel a következő

feltételek

mellett nyilvános aláírásra bocsátatik:

1. Az aláírás történhetik az alább megjelölt aláírási helyek bármelyikénél

1914. évi nov. 16-tól nov. 23-ig bezárólag

terjedő határidőben a szokásos hivatalos órákban.

2. Aláírási helyekül szolgálnak: a magyar korona országai területén levő összes kir. állampénztárak és adóhivatalok, a m. kir. postatakarékpénztár és az összes kir. postahivatalok, mint a m. kir. postatakarékpénztár közvetítő hivatalai, az Osztrák-Magyar Bank budapesti főintézete, valamint a magyar korona országai, továbbá Bosznia és Herzegovina területén levő fiókjai, az 1898: XXIII. t.-cz. alapján alakult Országos Központi Hitel-szövetkezet,

a Magyar Általános Hitelbank,
a Pesti Hazai Első Takarékpénztár Egyesület,
a Pesti Magyar Kereskedelmi Bank,
a Magyar Leszámitoló- és Pénzváltó Bank,
az Angol-Osztrák Bank budapesti fióktelepe,
a Belvárosi Takarékpénztár Részvénytársaság,
a Budapesti Takarékpénztár és Orsz. Zálogkölcsön R.-T.,
a Budapest-Lipótvárosi Takarékpénztár Részvénytársaság,
az Egyesült Budapesti Fővárosi Takarékpénztár,
az Első Magyar Iparbank,
a Hazai Bank Részvénytársaság,
a «Hermes» Magyar Általános Váltóüzlet Részvénytársaság,
a Kibirtokosok Országos Földhitelintézete,
a Magyar Agrár- és Járadékbank Részvénytársaság,
a Magyar Általános Takarékpénztár Részvénytársaság,
a Magyar Bank és Kereskedelmi Részvénytársaság,
a Magyar Földhitelintézet,
a Magyar Jelzálog Hitelbank,
a Magyar Kereskedelmi Hitelbank Részvénytársaság,
a Magyar Országos Központi Takarékpénztár,
a Magyar Takarékpénztárak Közp. Jelzálogbankja m. R.-T.,
a «Mercur» váltóüzlet részvénytársaság,
a Nemzeti Takarékpénztár és Bank Részvénytársaság és

a Wiener Bank-Verein magyarországi fióktelepe, budapesti intézetek és ezeknek összes budapesti és vidéki fiókjai; valamint

az Első Horvát Takarékpénztár,
a Horvát Általános Hitelbank Részvénytársaság,
a Horvát Leszámitoló Bank és
a Horvát-Szlavon Országos Jelzálogbank zagrebi intézetek, továbbá

a Privilegirte Landesbank für Bosnien und Herzegovina és a Privilegirte Agrar- und Kommerzial-Bank für Bosnien und Herzegovina című sarajevói intézetek, végül

a felsorolt budapesti és zagrebi intézetek által a m. kir. pénzügyministerium jóváhagyásával felhatalmazott és esetről-esetre az illető intézet székhelyén megfelelően közhírré teendő intézetek.

A kibocsátásra kerülő járadékkölcsön kötvényekre történő befizetésekre a fennálló rendelkezések értelmében átutalás útján igénybevehetők a betéti üzlettel foglalkozó intézeteknél s más ily cézékkel 1914. augusztus 1-je előtt betéti könyvre vagy folyószámlára elhelyezett, egyébként moratorium alá eső betétek is.

Azok, a kik a befizetésekre ilyen betétjüket kívánják igénybe venni, betétjük teljes összege erejéig az illető betéti üzlettel foglalkozó intézet vagy czég közvetítésével jegyezhetnek s ezek az intézetek és czégek — a mennyiben nem hivatalos aláírási helyek — a betétekből teljesítendő befizetéseket a hivatalos aláírási helyek valamelyikénél számolják el.

3. Az aláírási ár minden 100 korona névértékért:

a) ha az aláírásakor az egész aláírt összeg befizetettik, 97 K 50 f,
b) ha pedig az alábbi 4. pontban körülírt kedvezményes fizetési módozat vétetik igénybe, 98 korona.

Ezen az áron felül az aláíróval szemben sem folyóamat, sem jutalék felszámításának helye nincs.

4. Ha az aláírt összeg 100 koronát meg nem halad, az aláírás alkalmával mindenkor az egész aláírt összeg befizetendő.

100 koronát meghaladó aláírásoknál, a mennyiben az aláírás alkalmával nem fizetettik be az aláírt összeg, az aláírás alkalmával az aláírt összeg 10%-a biztosítékképpen letendő és pedig a kir. állampénztáraknál és adóhivataloknál, a m. kir. postatakarékpénztár közvetítő hivatalainál, továbbá az 1898: XXIII. t.-cz. alapján alakult Országos Központi Hitelszövetkezetnél készpénzben, a többi aláírási helynél pedig vagy készpénzben, vagy olyan értékpapirokban, a melyeket az aláírási hely elfogadhatónak tart.

Az aláírt összegek annál az aláírási helynél fizetendők be, a melynél az aláírás történt és pedig:

a) jegyzett összeg 40%-a legkésőbb 1914. december 12-ig,
" " " " 30%-a " " 1914. december 22-ig,
" " " " 30%-a " " 1915. január 8-ig.

A teljes befizetés megtörténte után az aláírási hely a letett biztosítékokt elszámolja, illetőleg visszaadja.

5. A jegyzés céljaira szolgáló nyomtatvány-ürlapok az összes jegyzési helyeknél díjtalanul kaphatók. Ily nyomtatványok hiányában az aláírás levéllileg is eszközölhető. Az aláírási levél (nyilatkozat) szövege a hírlapok útján is közölhető.

6. A befizetés alkalmával

a) szabad darabokra történő aláírásoknál az aláíró fél az aláírási helytől pénztári elismervényeket kap, a melyeknek járadékkötvényekre való kicserélése 1914. december 18-tól kezdve költségmentesen ugyanazon helyen fog megtörténni, a hol a pénztári elismervények kiadattak.

b) zárolt darabokra történő aláírásoknál az aláíró fél az aláírási helytől megfelelő elismervényeket kap, a melyeknek a pénzügyministerium részéről kiállítandó elismervénnyel való kicseréléseire nézve idejekorán hirdetmény útján fog a felhívás közzététetni.

50 koronás címletek csak annyiban fognak kiadni, a mennyiben az aláírt összeg más címlettel nem egyenlíthető ki.

7. A járadékkötvények kézizálogul lekötése mellett az Osztrák-Magyar Bank és a M. kir. Hadi Kölcsönpenztár a mindenkori hivatalos váltóleszámitolási kamatlábon nyújtanak kölcsönt. Az igénybevett előlegkölcsön után biztosított kedvezményes kamatláb további intézkedésig, de legalább egy évig érvényben marad.

A nevezett két intézet ugyancsak kedvezményes, vagyis a szabályszerűenél $\frac{1}{2}$ százalékkal alacsonyabb kamatláb mellett nyújt előleget egyéb megfelelő értékpapirokra is, a mennyiben a felveendő összeg a jelen felhívás alapján aláírt összeg kiegyenlítésére szolgál.

8. Az aláírók kívánságára a járadékkölesön kötvényeit a szelvények beváltásával megbízott hivatalos beváltóhelyek és az Osztrák-Magyar Bank budapesti főintézete, valamint a magyar korona országai, továbbá Bosznia és Herzegovina területén levő fiókjai 1915. december 31-ig költségmentesen fogják megőrizni és kezelni.

9. A végleges címletek elkészítéséig a m. kir. pénzügyministerium részéről egységesen kiállított ideiglenes elismervények adnak ki az aláíróknak, mely elismervények végleges kötvényekre való kicserélése 1915. április 1-től kezdődőleg költségmentesen ugyanazon helyen fog megtörténni, a hol az ideiglenes elismervények kiadattak. — Budapest, 1914. nov. 11-én.

Teleszky János s. k.
magyar királyi pénzügyminiszter.



BRACHFELD F.

Purveyor to the Imperial
and Royal Court, 2020

**Budapest, V. ker.,
Dorottya-utca 1.**

(corner Gizella Tér).

First-class Tailoring Depart-
ment with all the latest Lon-
don patterns. A First-class
Gentlemen's Outfitter.



■ ■ Speciality in all kinds of Sporting Garments. ■ ■



KOVÁCS LAJOS

TELEFON: 3025. 4-79.



P

FESTŐ-MAZOLÓ FINOMBUTOR FÉNYEZŐ

BUDAPEST, VIII. BAROSS-UTCA 10

STANDARD

**ÉLETBIZTOSÍTÓ - TÁRSASÁG
EDINBURGHBAN, ANGOLHON**

Magyarországi fiók: Bpest, IV., Kossuth Lajos-u. 4.

Alapított 1825. (Standard-palota.) Alapított 1825.

Évi bevétel...	36.000,000 korona.
Kiutalt nyereségrészek...	170.000,000 korona.
Vagyon	285.000,000 korona.
Halálesetek folytán kifizetve...	600.000,000 korona.

A Standard kötvényeinek nevezetesebb előnyei:

Kétségtelen biztonság. — Alacsony díjak. — Szabad világgötvények. — Kötvények érvénybentartása díjfizetések elmulasztásánál. — Tőkésítés és előre megállapított visszaváltási érték. — Megtámadhatatlanság. — Föltétlen fizetés öngyilkosság esetében, egyévi fennállás után — Szabad háború-biztosítás népfölkelők részére.

==== Díjtáblázatok kívánatra küldetnek. ====

Hungarian Croatian Steam Navigation Company Limited Fiume—Abbazia

Sea Trips for pleasure and recreation on the Adriatic.

TO DALMATIA: ■■■■

by the Twin-screw Express Steamer

«Visegrád» and the Rapid Steamer «Gödöllő»

running four times a week. The voyage is entirely safe, always along the coast and between the isles on a fine sea.

Fiume—Venice and Fiume—Ancona:

in connection with the express trains. This is the shortest and most suitable way for travelling from Italy to Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia and Turkey, besides through Budapest to East Prussia, Silesia, Russia and back.

Regular Steamer Service on the Quarnero:

Fiume—Abbazia, Cirkvenica, Arbe, Lussinpiccolo, Pola, Brioni etc.

For information apply to: Thos. Cook & Son Venice and Central ticket office at Budapest (V., Vigadó-tér 1.)

FIUME FIRST HUNGARIAN RICE MILL AND RICE STARCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY LIMITED

Address for letters & telegrams: «REISMUEHLE, FIUME».

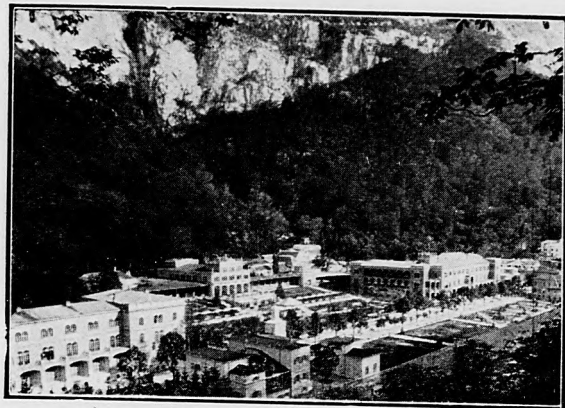
Rice Millers & Starch Manufacturers.

Established 1882. Established 1882.

**Cleaned Rice, Broken Rice,
Ground Rice, Granulated
Rice, Rice Flour, Rice Feed-
ing Meal, Rice Starch, etc.**

**10 Highest awards and Gold Medals at
World's & National Exhibitions.**

Grand Prix Paris World's Exhibition 1900

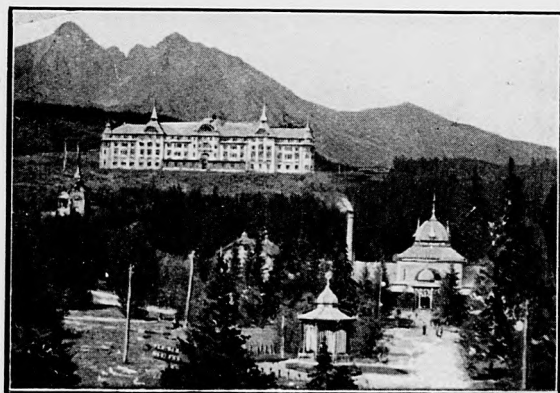


HERCULES-BATHS.

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.**

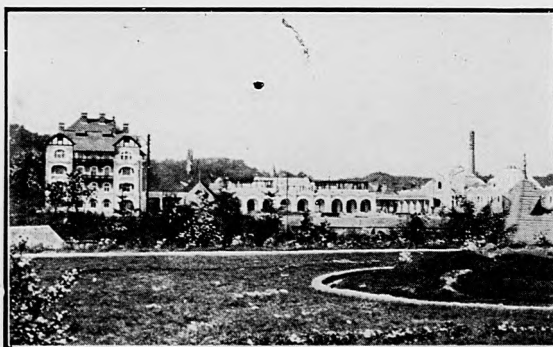


FENYŐHÁZA

Thermal Bath and Health Resort, property of the State, in the valley of the Fátva, 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 Nagyszeben-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., TÜRR ISTVÁN-U. 5.

Central position. — Near the Danube.
First class Hotel and Restaurant.

Prop. F. Kommer.

„THE GRESHAM“

ÉLETBIZTOSÍTÓ-TÁRSASÁG

LONDONBAN

Alapítva 1848-ban. * Magyarorsz. igazgatóság:

Budapest, V., Ferenc József-tér 5-6. sz.

(Saját palotájában.)

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 IÓZSEF**

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 Munkácsón.**LÁNG M.**

cs. és kir. udv. szállító

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

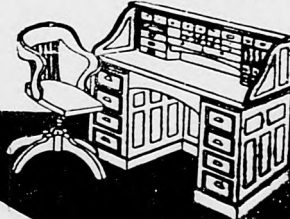
is szállítunk

MODERN AMERIKAI

irodai, uriszoba es könyvtárberendezéseket

GLOGOWSKI és TÁRSA cs. s kir. udv. szállító

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

Képes
árjegyzékingyen
és bór-
mentve.