



# Budapestre vonatkozó újságcikkek

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## HUNGARIANS IN RAGS.

### THE LACK OF CLOTHING.

#### WIDESPREAD MISERY.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

BUDAPEST Feb. 27.

Probably the industrial famine in the Monarchy is even more stringent than the food scarcity, for even absolute necessities of life in the way of manufactured articles, and more especially clothing, cannot be procured by ordinary people. Let us take, for instance, the clothing of an average man with an average income, who in peace time used to be respectably dressed, and had half a dozen suits at home. This person goes about to-day wearing a coat with the side pocket on the right-hand side, revealing the fact that the garment has been turned so as to make it presentable. In fashionable restaurants and hotels one sees many prominent people thus attired, although ever since the days of Petronius it has been the fashion to have the side pocket on the left. Nobody, not even Government contractors, can afford to have a new suit of clothes every two or three months, as was the custom with middle-class people formerly. An expert, writing on the subject in the *Pesti Naplo* of yesterday, gives some idea of the clothing conditions in Hungary, and no doubt in Austria they are still worse.

According to this fashion expert "if one enters a tailor's saloon nowadays to order a suit of clothes one is told first of all that it costs from £12 to £16, and that cash payment must be made in advance. When the customer is willing to agree to these conditions he is told that the cloth is very inferior, and the tailor tries to dissuade him from ordering a new suit, at the same time offering to turn his old suit, and make it look

like a new one for £2." The writer tells the readers of the Budapest newspaper that in a month's time there will be no cloth left at all, and that such cloth as the tailors use just now to make a suit costing £16 will not wear more than a few weeks, and will scarcely bear the sewing. He says there is no linen or silk for linings, and there are no buttons.

#### PROHIBITIVE PRICES.

A dozen linen handkerchiefs cost thirty shillings, and a pair of men's socks, even of the most common machine-knit kind, fetches ten shillings. He gives his readers an idea of the cost of each item of dress to an ordinary man who wants to appear presentable. According to this expert, one cannot dress from head to foot for less than £22, as boots cost from £2 to £3, an ordinary felt hat costs £1, and a shirt thirty shillings. A dozen men's linen collars of inferior material cannot be procured for less than £1, and six pairs of cuffs fetch the same price. He tries to persuade Hungarian gentlemen not to be shy about having their old clothes turned, "for Counts, sportsmen, and even members of Parliament are already wearing their side pockets on the right side."

The conditions as far as industrial products of all kinds are concerned have lately become appalling. Women's dresses, since the importation of silks and satins from neutral countries has been prohibited, have risen in price a thousand per cent., so that an evening dress for a fashionable lady costs at least from £50 to £60. Working women, like their menfolk, are going about practically in rags. A secondhand suit of clothes in a dealer's shop fetches from £8 to £12, but the trouble is that a shop of this description is tolerably sure to be without any stock at all, as nobody dreams of selling his old clothes at present. For some months past the Bohemian cloth manufacturers have ceased working owing to the impossibility of procuring cotton, and all the available cloth has been requisitioned by the military. If the war lasts till next winter the whole civilian population will be in rags. The Tailors' Association announces that in a few weeks' time its members will have to depend exclusively on repairs for their living.

#### MANNERS AND SCARCITY.

The food scarcity, the dearness of everything necessary to one's comfort, and the persistent cold weather have brought about social conditions quite unparalleled in the history of a civilised people. M. Kosztolányi, the prominent author, writing in the *Pesti Naplo* on Sunday, said that "everybody is angry with everybody," that people are rude and insulting to each other as if all humanising influences had disappeared. "Conductresses kick the passengers off the trams; tobacconists throw matches to you as if you had come with intent to rob them; retailers in the provision market tell you with a self-satisfied smile that there is nothing to be had, as if they were happy at the thought that you would have nothing to eat that day; in the shops tradesmen treat you with indifference, and throw your change on the floor, leaving you to pick it up; the operators at the telephone exchange laugh when you fail to get an answer from them. In fact, the people hate each other from the bottom of their hearts."

A lady teacher in the same journal tells of her experiences in trying to procure ten pounds of coal to warm the room for her aged mother who is ill in bed. She had a decent-looking jacket on when she first stood in a queue, where she waited for three hours. Soon the rest of the queue, among them a police-constable, began to insult her, asking how she had the impudence to stand there and deprive poor women of their ten pounds of coal. At first she said nothing, and waited patiently, but the mob soon became threatening, and the end of the story was that, led by the police constable, they tore her clothes from her back, and she had to go home without any coal and with torn clothes and a hat that had been trampled on.

This is the temper of the people nowadays, and nothing could be more suggestive of the abject misery they have to endure.

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