

# Thinks European Trip Is Not Complete Without a Visit to Buda-Pesth

By Laura Grover Smith.

BUDA-PESTH is on the map of Europe, but to many Americans the ultimate place is Vienna. To him who has not been four hours by rail and thirteen by river south to Buda-Pesth when in Vienna, I extend my heartfelt sympathy.

At 8 in the morning we left Vienna by boat. High in the blue sky floated the Zeppelin airship, with its passengers apparently as safe as in the old family carriage. Count Zeppelin was returning to Berlin, having dined the evening before with the emperor of Austria.

The Danube for a number of miles is very beautiful and then as the guidebook warns, "now ensues an hour of stupidity." During that time we went below and had a long elaborate German dinner, beginning with a green soup, through boiled fish with large bones almost prehistoric in size, boiled meat, the inevitable "huhn" with salad and compote and a mysterious "torte." I speak of this dinner in detail for it is the general plan of all other German and Austrian dinners.

For four or five hours before we reached Buda-Pesth the scenery was charming, the river grew very wide and looked like the St. Lawrence with many islands and rapids; one island so large, that there were several hundred fishing villages on it. The shore on either side became very picturesque with green hills, old towns, castles and at last the twinkling lights of the two cities, old Buda with its frowning hill overlooking the busy modern city of Pest.

At last through the narrow gate at the landing struggled the passengers talking in many languages, the confusion completed by the bewildered porters shouting in Magyar over the Gross gepack and the Klein gepack, standing mountain high.

The history of the city should begin a first visit to a city, but it must come last, for the brilliant impression of the charm of the day threw ancient history into a shadow as vague as an old green Gobelin tapestry. It was a lovely day, our first day in Buda-Pesth. From our hotel window, where last night were shadowy hills and twinkling lights on the river, we could see the swiftly rushing Danube and on it great river boats which make the long journey from Vienna to Belgrade, and now and then a picturesque lumber raft, and flying back and forth across the river are the little ferry boats. We breakfasted *al fresco* in the hotel cafe on the Franz Joseph quay. This is the way along the river, where no carriage ever comes and where, as Josiah Allen's wife said, we could "set in calm peace" and have our breakfast at any one of the open air cafes which are so numerous on this promenade. Our afternoon coffee we always had in one of these pretty open air places under the trees and listened to the beautiful music, and wondered why more American cities, and especially California cities, do not have these cafes and restaurants. I have decided reluctantly that it is greed of place. No one seems to be willing to give up half of a sidewalk to amusement, which the process of eating is not. In Europe it is, and hotel keepers and civic authorities are quite willing that half the streets and almost all of the parks and nearly every street corner should be given over to places where the people may eat in the open air. The universal meal hours are dinner at 1:30 or 2, coffee in the afternoon and supper at 9 in the evening. If

by chance one misses his dinner at 1 or 2 he can not have another one that day, but must content himself with the simple supper. There are a few hotels where Americans and English go, which are exceptions. The coffee is famous in Hungary and Austria, a melange served hot or cold in high glasses with whipped cream.

The cafe life is altogether charming and the courtesy of the people unfailing to the stranger. Their kindly interest in the "fremden" is soothing to Americans. One day we were wondering which of the numerous strange dishes to take when a benevolent looking old gentleman came toward us and asked in German whether we would not like him to suggest a characteristic Hungarian dish. We were delighted. Immediately some one else became interested, then some one else, and the interest and the argument in Hungarian waxed so warm we feared we would not have any dinner at all.

There never seemed a moment when the new friends we made in Buda-Pesth were not thinking of something for our pleasure—the most warmhearted and gentle hospitality possible, calling on us, taking us for drives and showing up the beauty spots in and out of the city, and never for one moment talking any language but English, when any other would have been easier.

One afternoon we went an hour's ride from the city into the lovely country to the home of Holtzy Pal, or as we say Paul Holtzy, who is the editor of a large illustrated magazine on the order of Ueber Land and Meer. He was of many years a member of the Hungarian parliament and is a friend of Kossuth, the son of the Kossuth whom Americans knew and loved. It was a delightful house on the Danube, and in a picturesque village where Mr. Holtzy and his charming wife spend the summers. Mr. Holtzy is a man of the widest culture, knowing the books, the people and the politics of the world. The garden was full of flowers, and old trees—a great bed of tall white lilies in bloom, which reminded me of my own garden in April. We played bridge in the garden and, to return to what I was saying, even in the makes of bridge our hosts and their guests struggled with hearts, diamonds and no trumps in English. They all played fine games and we agreed that bridge is a universal language, more universal than Esperanto, in spite of its name, can ever hope to be. Later we enjoyed coffee melange, wonderful Hungarian cakes and heaps of ripe cherries which were grown in the garden. Our hosts came down through the quaint village to our train and as we left them we said truly, "Auf wiedersehen."

Geza Kappely, whom we also met, has many friends in America. He is a scientific study of dry farming and is vice president of the society in the United States. He showed us with pride his invitation to the congress in Oklahoma in October. He is also a member of the Luther Burbank society. Mr. Kappely introduced on his great country place, the sugar beet industry in Hungary, which is now one of the largest industries in that country. He is an authority on dry farming in Europe, and besides being a scientist, is a delightful and charming man, taking a keen interest in beautiful things as well as useful.

We went with Mr. Kappely to see the Royal Agricultural museum in which he is greatly interested, and for which he has done a great deal. We have wandered

through many museums looking at the bones of prehistoric man or beast or their adornments, state carriages and royal furniture, that to see a collection of human, personal and helpful things for living people was both novel and interesting. This museum is a genuine achievement for these practical and scientific collections are both artistic and beautiful. For example, in the department of agricultural architecture there are displayed models and designs of the houses of farm servants, laborers, cottages, granaries, stables and herdsman's huts. They are charmingly executed and arranged. In the department of horsebreeding there are wonderful little models of famous Hungarian horses from work horses to race horses, and model barns and everything pertaining to the care and raising of horses. There are departments to study soil and here they have maps of our agrogeological surveys. In the horticultural department are the collections of absolutely natural looking fruit from every part of Hungary, and in glass cases are enlarged pictures of every insect and pest of fruit culture, so that the pest looks the terror he really is. The silk department was interesting for in

thirty years the silk industry has grown to be very important.

Dry farming, mining, fisheries, wheat raising and forestry have beautiful and wonderful exhibits of entire processes in miniature. In the meteorological department was a seismograph, and to make us feel quite at home, we were shown a shadowy record of our own particular earthquake, which was recorded in Hungary. The building itself is a model of utility and beauty and is a copy of the old Hunyadi castle which is somewhere in Hungary. To this museum the farmer, miner, or manufacturer may come and see and hear the very last thing about his work.

The parliament buildings are much like those in London and are also on the river. They are brilliantly beautiful on the inside in coloring and design. Parliament was in session, very "grave and reverend seigneurs" the members seemed to be, but the report was evidently dull for when the question is exciting, I believe the members are also. Notwithstanding the dignity of the scene, I was reminded of the story of a traveler who was including Buda-Pesth in her itinerary, saying she had always desired to go there

for she "so much wanted to see the Hungarian goulasch in session."

In the square before the parliament building is the fine statue of Andrassy, who effected the union of Austro-Hungary. On the side of the base is fine bas relief of the treaty of Berlin, with wonderful likenesses of those present, particularly that of Beaconsfield. In nearly every square of this large city stands a statue of this or that man who fought for or created something for his beloved city in art, music or science. We have much to learn from European cities in the way in which they remember their great people and the way in which they beautify their cities. I was greatly struck with the poetic idea in one of the statues. It is one erected to "Anonymous"—no one knows his name, but many years ago he wrote the history of the legendary days of Hungary. He was supposed to be a bishop and he is dressed in a monk's robe with the hood over his face. The history is dear to the Hungarians and the unknown writer, too, for whom this memorial stands, with this inscription: "Gloriosissimi bela Regis Notarius."

The parks are beautiful. One park is

an island in the river, Margarethen insel. The only one at all like it is Belle Isle in Detroit. So I was told in Buda-Pesth! There is in this park a sulphur spring. The water rushes over the stones gleaming in gold and green, as it has done for centuries when the Romans lived here and this was a Roman bath.

There is one monument which commemorated the thousandth anniversary of the city. Back of that were Roman days when the legions were camped on what is now Buda; then later the Turks came bringing their touch of orientalism. Out of all the past we remember the name of Attila the Hun—so the history of Hungary is vivid, picturesque, civilized and barbaric. The language today is unlike any other I have ever heard, but I am told it is like that of Finland, and again a shadowy fact of history comes to mind, that the "Finns and Huns swept over Europe." They evidently left a heritage of language in the north and south. Centuries of struggle with this or that neighboring country followed and in the royal palace in Vienna is a picture tapestry worked in the sixteenth century, commemorating the great battle between Austria and Hungary at Buda-Pesth. At last in 1867 the treaty of Berlin was signed, the great state carriage was taken from the northern capitol to the southern capitol and Franz Josef, the emperor of Austria, was crowned king of Hungary and the papers of state are now written Austro-Hungary. There is in some classes a feeling of discontent. The crown prince is not a favorite and since the Empress Elizabeth died the court is seldom in Buda-Pesth. Queen Elizabeth, as she was to the Hungarians, was greatly beloved and the people of Hungary are about to build a memorial to her. We saw the competitive designs by all the sculptors of Europe and beautiful they are.

A Hungarian was speaking to me about the writer in Hungary. He said he was in Berlin at the first performance of "The Typhoon" when the entire Japanese embassy was present and much interested in it, and they were very anxious to know how Molnau, the Hungarian, got his idea of the play and how he could learn so much of the Japanese character. It is now played in Japan.

What is most in one's memory of Buda-Pesth after all is the music. All the musicians are gypsies. They all want to come to Buda-Pesth to play, where there is a colony of them quite by themselves. To hear the lovely old war and love songs played by them in every cafe is to remember them always. They play with temperament which is better than technique—the people everywhere enjoy this music so the players do not play to deaf ears as they often do elsewhere.

The Hungarians are singularly like Americans in the love of freedom and spirit of progress—they are fond of the Americans also. At our centennial I believe it was they were good enough to erect a statue of Washington in one of their parks.

Buda-Pesth leads the world in its municipal and government care of its poor and unfortunate and also in institutions which better help to solve the problem by helping them to help themselves. There is, for instance, a municipal lodging house where 500 men may live who are earning small wages, at a minimum cost, a clean, small room is \$1 a week with privileges of a daily bath. A dinner of soup, meat, potatoes and a plain "sweet" costs about 10 cents and breakfast and supper each

about 6 cents. It is all very clean. There are general rooms where the men were reading, smoking and playing chess.

Another institution is a municipal house where the people who are out of work may go, while there paying for their board and lodging by making paper bags and cutting kindling wood and tying up in small packages. A certain amount of work pays for the board and what they do over that amount is given to them in money. I noticed an old man and woman who are too old to work very hard, and they stay here and all they do is to cut the string for the little packages of wood. I am under the impression that those who come from prisons come here also until they get work. The house is very well built for its purpose. In the basement is a large sunken bath and many shower baths. A compulsory bath is the first thing and then the clothes are sterilized so that no germ enters. Connected with this is a municipal creche where mothers who are working during the day may bring the children, from babies to those who are 5 or 6 years old, paying 5 cents, or 2 cents, or when very poor, nothing at all.

I believe there is no other city having a municipal bakery which solves many problems. There is never a strike, the bakery is a government institution—the weight and the price of loaf remains the same, no matter what the price of flour is, for in the fat years the profit made is saved for the lean years. Something like 79,000 pounds of bread are made each day and 20,000 rolls and "little breads" as they are called. The flour is carried by machinery to the top floor, measured and the proper amounts for three kinds of bread are sifted automatically into the room below, where it is mixed thoroughly and sent to the floor below there to be mixed with yeast in great iron kettles. It goes through the usual processes or rising and rising again and is finally made into loaves and sent to the hundred distributing points in closed wagons. There is a double economy in this for the bakery supplies all the municipal lodging houses and the hospitals. It is all very clean. The men are obliged to take a bath when they arrive in the morning and put on clean cotton clothes. In addition the city maintains a medical examination at frequent intervals.

Two Japanese men were seated in the dining room of the hotel one morning, and later I saw them walking about gravely studying their Baedeker. I wondered in what language. I always like the human touches in large cities. We were crossing one of the great bridges over the Danube when I was told this story: The sculptor spent long months in creating the lions which are at each end of the bridge—they are splendid animals and at the time they were finished he received praise from all—when one day he realized that the lions were without tongues! It was too late! He was so overcome with sorrow and shame that he threw himself into the river!

But the passing traveler would never notice the lions' empty mouths unless he were told, so I hope the sculptor now knows that they have the added touch of being interesting.

One day I was brought to a realizing sense that I was half way around the world from Los Angeles. I was asked in a little shop where I lived. "Sehr weit," the host and wife exclaimed, when I said California, then shook their heads and murmured sadly, "Act Gott, noch weiter."

## Illustrating How a Wise Teacher May Direct a Career

By Dr. Hoyt E. Dearholt.

UNLESS you live in Milwaukee you probably have never even heard the name of Albert E. Kagel. If you do happen to live here, it isn't likely that the name will mean much to you unless you are a "kid," or were, not so many years ago, and both a resident of the Eighteenth ward and an attendant at the public school.

Notwithstanding your ignorance, Albert E. Kagel is one of the big forces in the stolid German sort of way that characterizes most or all of the big successful enterprises of this city. Kagel is assistant superintendent of schools, and while he is a good superintendent, some of the older "boys" who now have "kids" of their own secretly deplore the success of the man which pushed him out of the district school and into the superintendent's office. Kagel knows boys! He knows the good boys and tolerates them. He knows the bad—no, not bad, just devilish—ones and loves them. Of course he'll admit that there is an occasional bad boy, but he isn't much interested in that sort and dismisses the consideration of them as rapidly as possible.

If Kagel has any high brow notions about pedagogics (whatever that means), he keeps them dark, but he will talk boy. He will talk about boys in school and out—he will talk more of boys out of school than he will of those that are in.

The writer is one of Kagel's "boys," and at that is but a few years younger than he. The other day he came to see me; he knew surprisingly well what I am doing and the fads and fancies I've cultivated since I left school. He showed his interest in me by bringing some suggestions relative to my work which he had picked up a year before and had been saving for an opportunity to offer me. And then we reminisced; and those reminiscences were so interesting that I determined to try to tell others some of his stories in the hope that, even with the color pretty well faded out, they might still hold something of interest, some inspiration and possibly suggest a

bit of the sympathy this man has for boys.

"Do you remember Johnson, Joe Johnson, whose father ran the grocery store on Farwell avenue? Did I ever tell you how he came to take up the work he is doing now? Well, he was one of the most interesting boys I had, made all kinds of trouble for the teacher, and, as a consequence, they made all kinds of trouble for me. Joe wouldn't study; didn't seem to be interested in much of anything but drawing pictures, and then not in oak leaves, apples, cubes, boxes, etc.

"No, Joe didn't do much of that kind of drawing. What he did delight in was drawing pictures and caricatures of his teachers. His teachers didn't appreciate his notion of art or my sense of humor. I guess they were waiting for the day when my physical shortcomings would be a target for Johnson's pencil. Whether or not this might have been so, it was with a rather triumphant air that one of the worst plagued teachers marched him into the office and commanded him to show me his latest artistic effort. Joe was a good deal embarrassed and quite shamefaced, but more, I think, to his credit, at being caught than for making the drawing.

"The picture was a long legged and not flattering representation of a running man and was labeled 'Kagel on the run.' The teacher was eyeing me like a hungry creature in whom 'hope hath been long deferred,' and made my cue certain. I took the drawing and scanned it with accentuated interest. Finally, to the consternation of the teacher and the relief of the boy, I remarked that it was a pretty fine piece of work, but lacked in fidelity. I asked him if he had ever seen me run like that. He admitted that he had not. I told him then that there was no point, no real humor in his caption. Joking about my being late when punctuality was my greatest virtue was pointless.

"I suggested that there must be many true characteristics that were funny to others and that I wanted him to draw

the funniest picture of me that he could conceive, but that it must be true. I told him honestly that I really wanted it, for a suggestion had offered itself that I could teach my teachers a lesson that ought to do them and their work much good.

"After waiting for a few days without receiving my drawing, I sidled up to him one day with 'Say, Joe, what about the drawing? Are you one of those lads who can only do what isn't wanted and will fall down completely when a real job is asked of you?' 'I've tried, Mr. Kagel, and have torn up several pictures which I didn't think were good enough. I'm keeping at it though.'

"A few days later my boy came into the office somewhat diffidently and laid down a paper upon my desk. Upon it there was a fairly well drawn man, with long, spindly legs, sitting on the middle of his back and with his feet on the rim of the waste paper basket. Did you ever see me doing it? Haven't gotten over it yet. The boy was relieved and pleased at my smile of appreciation. 'But where is the caption, the appropriate line that makes the drawing represent an idea?'

"After many childish suggestions, which were not good, I told him to label it in the neatest printing he could do, 'The Duties of a Principal,' and charged him to get his spelling and capitalization right without other assistance than he could get from his dictionary and grammar book.

"The boy learned more grammar and respect for education and their practical application in that simple task than he had by a previous year's schooling. "Sending that drawing around to the teachers had a wholesome effect upon them, too, and rather beat them to the expression of what in their own minds had really been their notion of what I was doing in that school. I am certain they saw both points.

"Johnson? O, yes. Cartooning on a pretty good newspaper, and bids fair to be more than an ordinarily successful man."