

30



# Budapestre vonatkozó újságcikkek

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## THE LADY AT THE ROUND TABLE.

### WHERE RULES MAY NOT BE BROKEN.

#### A LETTER FROM BUDAPEST.

IN England a rule is a rule except when there is an exception. For example, there is a rule at most of the Stores and at Mudie's Library that "Dogs Are Not Admitted." Yet you and I know that *our* dogs are not the dogs meant; that they are the exceptions, and therefore we take them in with us and nobody interferes.

In Hungary, to which country I have wandered during a short holiday trip on the Continent, it is not so. Rules are made to be kept. Whether or not this means that the Hungarians are a more law-abiding and order-loving people than ourselves I do not know. I only know that, after various disputes with officials and police, I arguing in my strange broken German and they in that language which nobody ever learns unless they come to this country—I am keeping the rules.

My first difficulty was at the opera. Of course one does not take a hat to the opera, but one wears a cloak, and one takes a special delight in keeping it on while walking down the aisle to one's seat, that is—if it is a handsome cloak. The other night a friend and I, being so pressed for time that we could not don our proper evening gowns, decided to wear our smartest bodices and cover over our street skirts with our cloaks. We planned the whole thing most diplomatically. We would sail down the aisle majestically, remove our cloaks when we were seated, spread them over our laps, and lo! how would anybody ever know that we were not wearing evening gowns? The official turned us back and directed us to the cloak-room. In our best German we assured him that we did not wish to be rid of our cloaks. He gesticulated and said many things to us in Hungarian. We replied, at first in earnest, then in angry fashion. We appealed to some Hungarian ladies about us, asking them to explain to the usher that we needed our cloaks for warmth, but they reminded us that in the stalls we should find the place "sehr heiz." Finally, I took one of these ladies into my confidence, explaining that we were English tourists and had not had time to array ourselves entirely for the opera; that, indeed, we wore street skirts with our evening bodices. She seemed to appreciate the situation, but when I asked her to tell our trouble to the lordly usher who stood at the entrance, she sadly shook her

head and informed me that we must obey the rule. Then we went back to our hotel, put on our full costumes, left our beloved cloaks in the cloak-room, and lost the first and second acts.

But we had kept the rule!

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It is the same about wearing hats, not only at the theatre but at certain public buildings which are under the control of the Government. I had known this latter rule before I came to Budapest, and so I had provided myself with one of those little silk straw caps which sit flat on the head and, if they are the colour of one's hair, can scarcely be told from it. They merely look as though one's hair were done in an especially flat and simple manner. The great International Suffrage Congress is on at Budapest now, and so with my ticket in my hand I started to go up the stairs of the hall that is known as the Redoute. A woman walking ahead of me, though hatless, had her hair done in a very pronounced manner and with a high ornament in it. Her style of coiffure was such that it obscured the view of those who walked behind her, yet the official allowed her to pass without protest. Then came my turn to hand out my ticket. I felt very cool and comfortable in my brown cap, precisely the shade of my hair, but, alas! in a moment of vanity I had stuck a tiny pink silk moss rosebud on the side. Immediately there arose a commotion amongst the officials at the entrance staircase, and three different men demanded that I should go to the cloak-room and remove my hat. They spoke in Hungarian and in German, and I pretended not to understand, trying to pass them. Then one pointed to my moss rosebud, made a gesture which seemed to say "Off with this woman's head!" and I was directed with much politeness to the cloak-room to remove the offending bit of headgear which transgressed the rules of "No Hats Allowed."

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It is because I fancy some of my readers may one day visit this wonderfully beautiful city of Budapest as ignorant as myself of the fact that rules are meant to be kept and not to be broken that I tell of my hat and cloak experience. When you are told that there is a rule against anything don't argue about it. Accept it and abide by it and be comfortable. In Germany, in Austria, and in Hungary rules are rules, and though *your* hat is not a hat, that makes no possible difference. There are laws in some of the cities that hatpins shall be protected by guards. You may be one of those women who have a knack of pinning their hats on with ordinary little fancy pins, two inches in length. The points may not even be seen, much less be felt, by the passer-by who runs up against you. Never mind that. Get a hatpin guard and in some way fasten it on your pin as a

guarantee of good faith. The law is that your hatpin shall be guarded, and if a small pin is used for the fastening of a hat, then it is a hatpin, you know.

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I have spoken of this wonderfully beautiful city of Budapest. Until I came here I had never heard it called beautiful. Not many travellers come to Budapest unless on business bent. In England we hear of it as a hot city, an expensive city, a wicked city, and a dirty city. I came here expecting to find the heat, the expensiveness, the wickedness, and the dirt, yet here I am in a really cool place with always need for a light coat. I find hotels and pensions delightfully clean. It certainly is no more expensive than is Paris; and as for wickedness—at least it does not seem to be thrust upon one.

I had heard also that it was an ugly town. It was in London and Vienna that I heard that. Yet there is scarcely an American or English woman here who does not declare it to be one of the most beautiful cities she has seen on the Continent. Some make no exception, and declare it to be the most beautiful city they have visited.

In the matter of modern improvements and household conveniences, it is more nearly like an American city than any town I have seen. In the shop windows you note the latest things in the way of gas and electric cooking ranges! The flats are arranged somewhat in American fashion, with steam heat radiators and other conveniences. Even in the moderate-priced pensions and hotels you find the daintiest of bedrooms, with the latest kind of fitted wardrobes, so you need not bring with you your little folding dress-hangers.

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Budapest, both male and female, just now talks of but one subject, and that is Woman Suffrage. That is because of the Congress which is being held here. Hungarian women have been preparing for the Congress for at least a year. Some of them, who never heard of woman's advancement before, have heard of it now, and are preparing to make their men-folk hear about it. There were some English people who inquired a short time ago why the greatest Women's Congress that has ever been known should be held in Hungary, where women were supposed to be indolently contented with their lot. The fact is that the women of Hungary are neither indolent nor contented. I have found hundreds of them who are exceedingly enterprising and ambitious, and if Hungary ever frees herself from Austria the women will take a great part in securing that freedom.

ENID.

## Nők kongresszusa Budapesten.

Az utcákon most nők járkálnak, akik különböző színű szalagokat viselnek a ruhaderékre tűzve. Ez azt jelenti, hogy hányféle és milyen nyelven beszélnek. Rózsaszín angol, heliotrop német, sárga francia, kék olasz, stb nyelvet jelent. Ezek a hölgyek idegen vezetők a kongresszuson. A legbájosabb asszonyok vannak köztük. Az angol nyelv most divatos Bp.-en. A nők szavazatjogáért a Feministák egyesülete harcol. Az arisztokrata hölgyek és híres színésznők is részt vesznek a munkában. A Feministák egy. most egy szociális muzeumot akar alapítani, egészség, gyermeknevelés háztartás vezetése kérdéseiben tanítanak ott az embereket. A magyar nő gazdasági helyzete előnyösebb, mint a többi európai államban, vagyonjoga, a válási törvények egyenlők a férfi és nőre nézve. De nem írhat alá mint tanu okiratot és nem lehet gyámja gyermekének hacsak férje reá nem hagyja a megbizást /?/ A tanítónők ugyanannyi fizetést kaptak mint a férfitanítók, most a férfiak javára ezt megváltoztatták. A magyar nők nem panaszkod

nak igazságtalanságok miatt, de nagyon határozottan beszélnék követeléseikről. Azt hiszik hogyha Angliában megkapják a nők a szavazati jogot, a magyar törvény is behozza.

A kis csapat, mely a nő kongresszust rendezte, nagyszörű szervező képességgel látja el munkáját.