



IN A LAND WHERE IT IS ALWAYS AFTERNOON

By Garnet Warren

WHAT AN OBSERVANT ARTIST SAW AND HEARD IN HIS QUEST AND HIS DISCOVERY OF "LITTLE HUNGARY"

TO be a little city chaser is sometimes disappointing; ones comes to expect too much. Trained by a long course of costumes in Little Italy and surroundings in Chinatown, one naturally comes to Little Hungary with confident anticipation. Hopes of fugitive boleros even pass before the expectant eyes; picturesqueness is expected.

Alas for the vanity of human wishes! You reach the quarter where congregate the Huns. You knock, but the door will not be opened unto you. For the picturesque is not there. Indeed, the Little Hungary of the streets (the settlement, not the café) is illusive at the best.

"Hungary?" repeats a man whom you ask. He looks wonderingly for a moment. "I suppose you mean round here" (he waves his arm vaguely from Second avenue in the direction of Houston street), "but I don't know. There are some Hungarian restaurants around, if that's what you want."

He moved away. Another man with dark eyes approached. I was looking for Hungarians—here was one who would tell me.

"Hungarian settlement?" he said. "I never heard of one. 'There's restaurants,' he suggested. 'Perhaps you want a Hungarian dinner—huh?'"

Yet another came. He was dark, too, and looked likely.

"Pardon me," said I, "but are you a Hungarian?"

He looked at me with strange, mystified glance.

"No, I am a Jew," he said.

It was disquieting. The existence of this smaller Hungary was becoming doubtful.

The stream of Houston street passed and flowed onward to Third, or went up Second, where a bank and numerous restaurants, on whose windows the word Hungarian appears, tells you that your footsteps have not gone astray. The faces themselves were incomprehensible. The dark, the fair, the prominently nosed, the broad and narrow faced, passed equally there. No settled character stood forth.

So, too, with the shops. Save for the foreign lettered names upon the windows they might have been the American stores of any east side street. Local

you come to that boulevardier feeling—that dolce-far niente, eating, joking, game playing, restful coffee sipping kind of feeling—we would have you know, fair sirs, that her heart is in the right spot. For be it known that in just one thing is your Hungarian unchanging and unchangeable—his love to linger and sip and chat and sit in the pleasant places of his cafés. Here you may find him. Here is the Hungarian settlement, and it is the only one.

For in the end the Hungarian's greatest characteristic is the love of ease. He carries it out here from far Budapest, and he makes his little eating places replicas, as far as may be, of those other ones where the juices of life are. And, so far as he may have it so, his boulevardier manner of life is the same. In his own land work is, in truth, somewhat demeaning. He goes to the club in the morning and picks out the sunny little table near the window; he puts his cigarette in his little meerschaum and prepares to bask and enjoy himself.

He chooses his morning paper and reads with restful appreciation, for in Budapest one gets one's paper at the café. One wouldn't think of buying it one's self. Newspaper circulations are based upon the number of papers which may be sold to the cafés—not to private individuals. It is not necessary to hold one's circulation books open to all in that gentle place.

And so our friend basks and sips and reads, and he eats, and in the afternoons goes for a gentle walk or drive, to bring about a greater appreciation of the good things which that delightful café will supply at night.

In Smaller Hungary.

It is probably unfortunate that it is necessary to work in order to live in this crude country, but, saving that, the life of smaller Hungary here is a very colorable imitation of the life of the larger one over the seas. Here you have your favorite little place along Second avenue, somewhere between Houston and Tenth streets, or perhaps between Third avenue and the East River. These little restaurants are all night places, and when Broadway becomes shadowy and deserted this smaller Hungary is at its merriest, and

departs to his nightly instrument of common use. The quest of the Golden Girl is not more fascinating than his pursuit.

Bestirs at Night.

Night is the best time in which to view the Café Boulevard. Its bright lights glow richly, like jewels, in the humble setting of its surrounding streets. It looks warm and bright inside to the groups in the streets, who watch the clerk and the merchant, the artists and those soft and silken stockinged women



THE AMERICANIZED HUNGARIAN.

The waiter as my friend described him and— As he really appeared.

of upheld opera skirts, who trip up the stairs into the glow of the light. On occasion they may hear high priced voices out in their humble shades and see celebrities too go up those glowing stairs. Roosevelt has passed them, and the voice of Harry Lauder has reached them from his table within. And he has paid for his dinner, too.

Little Hungary is another noted café which is usually crowded. The former President has also disappeared himself here, and the only wild animals he saw were artists and writers and other strange creatures.

To the Hungarian neighborhood, then, the café is its life, though the cafés most popular to the American sightseers are not always the most characteristically Hungarian. A Hungarian friend of mine facetiously defined this smaller Hungary. "A place composed of Polaks and American sightseers," was the way he had it. And to some extent the American person engaged, say, with dry goods, and ardently disposed toward a Bohemian existence in his spare moments has commercialized the precincts of Second avenue. His effects are immediate. American menus spring up in his train, and in a little while the truly Hungarian delicacies grow small and wither by the way. Two or three, maybe, drag out a precarious existence. But even these have fallen to the final indignity. They are "local color."

It is, indeed, sometimes a difficult thing to find a Hungarian in some of the popular American cafés. Like bees, they have fled to manufacture the wax of a new atmosphere. And those who remain, with ineffable ambitions of American appearance, are hard to pick. One may, like a certain famous moon rising, look for them—and look in vain. A young Hungarian who was guiding me through those gay labyrinths had volunteered to show me types. He looked about. There were no types.

"Wait a minute," he said, "there's a waiter here. He's got one of those fierce, bristling mustaches—he's just the kind you want." He got up and dashed away. He returned. "They'll send him here presently," he said, with the light of pleasurable anticipation in his eyes. I was to see the real thing. The real thing came presently, but he did not bring his mustache. That had not come, but gone. Gone also was the wild, untrammelled hair upon his Magyar scalp. He was scissored, clipped and cleaned. His little mustache was of the dinky American order. He had been over here a month.

So, like the Wandering Jew, the simon pure Hungarians pass ever on. They make the reputations of



AMATEUR BOHEMIANS AT THE AMERICANIZED HUNGARIAN RESORTS.

many cafés, and silently steal away before the rush of the pursuing American. But ever do they provide new places, and it is these that provide the true character of the Hungarian quarter. The Café Continental, of which Oberlander & Somlyo are the proprietors, is perhaps the most individual of these. For this café life is very comfortable and follows as closely as maybe that of the old land. Men sit about the little tables day and night here—neatly dressed men, and generally dark—who sip their coffee, for coffee is the great habit of the Hungarians.

Two men will meet in the street and discuss business. But they will not stay there. Life is a placid, pleasant thing, and no terrifying rush; so "Come and have a coffee" one will say, and then to the pleasant

café, where one can talk and sip and have a friendly game afterward. Games, too, are institutions in this land of ease, for Hungarians are eminently sociable. They play dominoes or cards, but, wise people that they are, they play simply for amusement. It is true that they may play for a coffee, though this is but to give the game an unaccustomed thrill. They are no gamblers. They know the science of life.

Advice Is Free.

Some who sit about the tables do not play, though one would hardly know it. Because they advise. Advice is popular in card games in this section. A player will have, perhaps, three or four advisers at his back, and should he make a mistake, woe betide him. The advisers are not there for nothing in minor Hungary. Is there not perhaps a coffee at stake?

Indeed, in such cafés there is something of the quality of a club. Each man knows the other. The opening of a door will signalize a general turning of heads. Nor are they clubs for men. One may see the wife looking placidly over her husband's shoulder as he plays—that is, placidly enough till he makes a mistake. And then expostulation, argument—advice. He had better look out—a coffee is being risked.

Here, too, are the chess players. Old men, these, with grizzled hair. They are past masters, and play from morning till night. It is their living. Young men learn from them by staking ten cents on a game—in addition to a coffee, which the loser pays for. These older men stake no more than this, though they win always, for their skill is great.

A famous player once said there might be found the best players in the world in one of Little Hungary's cafés. And so these young men come to these old masters, and the old masters play for an hour or two and win the ten cent stake. It is, however, when some of the veterans test each other's skill that the café becomes awakened to a full interest. The old fellows sit then in the midst of a crowd. The whole company stands about them to see the match. Make ready, young woman, behind your counter in that



PLAYERS AND THEIR ADVISORS IN A TYPICAL HUNGARIAN RESORT.

far corner, where the plates are on the shelves and the coffee pot boils upon the gas stove—there will be a couple of cups to make directly.

Even now, however, we know not every virtue of the café in this Hungarian quarter, for here is commerce done. Men will come to the sipping groups at the table, for they know the weakness of Hungary to stop about. They wish to sell things.

A man comes in with resplendent fur coat. You take him for some foreign nobleman at least, but it is not probable. They are mostly waiters. He is merely there to sell the coat. The others know he wishes to sell that coat. He knows they know it. He has a different one on each few days now, for some time. He sits at the table with airy nonchalance and orders coffee. He remarks upon the weather. The others speak, maybe, upon the splendor of his raiment. "A nice coat, that," says one. "What do you think it's worth?" says the trading gentleman, leisurely sipping his coffee, or gazing through the rings of smoke he has blown above. It is in this way that the point of trade is arrived at. Intending purchasers guess at the price they wish to pay, and if they do not watch it the coat will become theirs, for "You can have it for that" comes very readily upon the dealing gentleman's lips. Sometimes the hat that he wears will be sold, or a watch. Second avenue will buy anything you can put on.

See the dark little gentleman. He smiles pleasantly and jokes easily. One would think he was taking a week's vacation. But he is thinking of business, too. He dives into his pockets and produces a small handful of diamonds. He is a diamond dealer and carries his stock in trade with him. That other man is an optician. He will sell you glasses as you eat your luncheon. You wonder, in your denseness, how examinations are dispensed with, but he will tell you, if you know a good friend of his. "Occasional patrons," he said, "like them. They think it looks properly Bohemian. The glasses are only plain; you might as well look through a window pane."

So the dealers sell their ware and punctuate their bargains with a coffee. This comes alike in business and pleasure—an eternal source of joy. But it is the air of leisure, above all things else, which is characteristic of these places. Watch one of these café loving Hungarians on his way to the door. He goes, perhaps, four paces, when a small group hails him. A point arises. He stands in discussing it. He lights another cigarette; and from that to a coffee is but a step. He sits down and the press of business is forgotten. It sometimes takes hours to make a progress to the door if one be a good Hungarian.

The Eternal Tip.

Between table and table all this time move the black-coated waiters, who lack, however, the irritating persistence of their Broadway brothers. A cup of coffee, a glass of wine, will do one for an afternoon in Second avenue. One will not be bothered. And yet the waiters get a generous harvest from the five

cent tips with the coffee, for the cafés of smaller Hungary are always full, and their inhabitants generous givers. Among the waiters may be found many examples of gentle birth, as the society editor is apt to say. Counts and barons are perhaps more common here than anywhere in America, for your Hungarian count is not a hustler, and when remittances stop he comes to be a waiter naturally. But in this way he comes to be prosperous, too, though he did fail to marry his heiress for lack of funds. There are waiters in smaller Hungary who run races with proprietors on the road to wealth. They are great linguists, too, and many speak German and French as well as Hungarian and English.

Scattered about generously are the newspapers, of which each café is a generous buyer. For here, as in his own land, our Hungarian reads in his café free of charge. Newspapers are given with the atmosphere. But, though calm in his amusements and cool in his enjoyments, your Hungarian is another person at meal time. The things he likes are hot things.

His paprika is dear to him, and it aids digestion. His goulash has attained the dignity of a reputation in these days, though it is not so unusual as its name. Irish stew with red pepper upon it would be a close description of it. Then, too, will come his pastry and his pies, which are, however, differently constructed from these seraphic creations of our America. The Hungarian method is to roll the dough so thin that it becomes transparent, and in it is put nuts or cheese or fruit. It is then rolled and baked, and becomes an excellent thing.

So lives Hungary, most changing and most unchangeable of all our little foreign countries. Ease and indolence, rest and sociability and calm enjoyment are their way of life. They puff their long and thin cigars; they pull the straws about in their centre to afford a greater drawing power. They go to business regretfully and come back joyously to their garden of all delights. They are the one people who are



TYPES FROM HUNGARY'S CAFES.

color (which, of course, is the chief reason for the existence of any writing gentleman) seemed very far away here. Was there anything or anybody Hungarian in smaller Hungary?

A gentleman who is the editor of a newspaper here answered that question. He sat in his rear office, and, not being American, did not look up hurriedly and answer three telephone calls, open a couple of letters and instruct several clerks upon several pieces of business, all at the time of talking to you. No; good Continental that he was, he pushed his documents of business away, sat back in expansively reposeful attitude and restfully explained things.

"You see," said he, "the Hungarian quarter here is unlike other foreign settlements. It is not exclusive—sufficient unto itself—as is Little Italy, for instance. Down here are many Hungarians, but there are Jews and Italians also. This robs the quarter of the special coloring that you have found elsewhere. Hungary itself, too, is a country of different races and different tongues. It would be difficult to select a uniform type. You Americans have a saying, 'They run in all shapes.' It must have been intended for Hungarians."

Chasing the Little City.

It sounded very hopeful to one whose present object in life was to present the picturesqueness of the race to a presumably expectant public. But the kindly and well informed editor continued to heap coals of fire upon my unoffending head. It appeared that among all the foreign nations Hungarians became the most quickly Americanized. They shed their national clothes as their feet touch America, and, chrysalislike, burst forth in splendor. Nothing can stop the onward march of their cosmopolitanism. Even their mustaches (which in their own distant haunts show tendencies to bloom with generous luxuriance) wither and fade in the shade of the Statue of Liberty.

Sometimes it is true the Hungarian comes out of his cosmopolitan shell, so to speak, and indulges in his national costumes and dances, but this is only seldom and on special festive days, or in connection with his political club. Even at such times, however, he sets about it in the most American of ways—he hires a hall. Here may be seen a national peasant dance performed by perhaps forty young persons. The girls have short white skirts, with rows of ribbon at the edge, a short and red ribboned apron, with low cut bodice and sleeves of white. The man dancer will have his bolero, long boots and divided linen skirts—the fashion of quiet country parts. Military types dance, too—creatures of shining top boots and braid, and vivid blue and red clothes, but these are transitory splendors only—things of a night—and ere long will be again thrust back to the familiar gloom of the dark closet, where they have so long waited.

So one becomes thrust into the café life of this smaller Hungary, which is at once its buckler and its high tower. Here at last we may see this settlement in all her fulness and her contradiction, because here we see her most unchanging of all our little communities. Clothes she cares not for; folklore she spurns; special custom may go to pot—but when

eats and plays its cards and dominoes and chess at the little tables, to the accompaniment of sweet Hungarian strains of melody; for in another thing is the Hungarian extremely insistent—he must have music with his meals. It would be perilous to speak of the effect upon him if his music were withdrawn. It is possible that he would refuse nutriment. It is a delicate question, though. Who among us has not a sacred place within the heart?

And so has come about the quality of atmosphere, which alone, within the length and breadth of all America, may be found within these venerated precincts. We bustle and sweat in Broadway; the crowds rush by in an intensity of haste, and we feel, too, the murderous tension—the drawn feeling within the head and fibres of our body. In Second avenue they do things differently. They are lingerers by the wayside; they pause; they refuse to hurry. And though they are unconscious of it too, they are monopolists as well. They have cornered all that sacred stuff termed "Continental atmosphere" in the country.

And atmosphere is to the Hungarian his most sacred possession. His most successful businesses have been built upon that most elusive material. The Café Boulevard, for instance, which one may term the star of the Hungarian café galaxy on the east side, was built on atmosphere. It started humbly with small rooms. Its capital in atmosphere was large. To be the haven of lingering Huns who loved their little game, their sipping, their easy, placid meal was its aim, and prosperity came upon it, and enlargement and rebuilding, and Hungarians and people with large bowknot neckties and dreamy eyes and tapering, nervous fingers. And then came society to look upon the others. So it is to-day a cosmopolitan place, vaguely reminiscent of Paris and Vienna and Budapest; a place where society may peer at art and where the stiff, white collared, curious merchants may come and gaze at both; a place of bright lights and music and good eating and drinking; a place which has its atmosphere yet nailed to the mast.

Hazy Natzy is the leader of the Hungarian band here, and if you know him he will sit down at the table with you and talk about violins—of how perhaps fifty would constitute the life work of a master; of the care and trouble in selecting wood; of the love of shaping it; of the mellowing tone of the aging instrument, which, like wine, improves with years; of the parts which come closer together with time, and merge, and mellow, and richen, and thrill to the very touch.

To hear Natzy one becomes convinced that a Stradivarius must be a little higher than the angels. He is looking for one himself, which he will buy, of course, for a song, as it were. Because you never know with violins—or rather sometimes the dealer doesn't. They are like books and pictures—if you look long enough you may score one. And so Natzy is looking. He has been looking for ten years or so. "I may never find it," says he, plaintively, accompanying his sentences with the airy graces of his hands, "but I will always look." He smiles, and sighs, and

untouched by the maddening notes of our American industrialism. They seek not to keep pace, but to keep peace. And so we must salute them—taking off our hats. And as we are here let us hang them upon that peg over our little table. It is all very pleasant. And while we are about it, we will take a coffee.

Bigger and Better Torpedoes.

THE dirigible torpedo, for use in war, is not the wobbly, uncertain thing it was a few years ago.

This is partly the result of an American invention by which the air pressure that drives the motor is kept uniform. Motive power in these torpedoes is furnished by compressed air, stored in tanks; and of course as this is used up the pressure becomes less and the power available for the motor also decreases. The new device is an arrangement for heating the air in the reservoir, and the heat is turned on more and more as the air issues, so that the pressure is kept uniform for a considerable time. Another modern improvement is the use of the gyroscope, or swiftly spinning flywheel, to keep the torpedo steady. This device has even been so arranged that by setting the gyroscope the permanent direction of the torpedo's path may be controlled, no matter in what direction it is started. Thus a torpedo boat may discharge three missiles, one in front and one from each side. The two latter will describe graceful curves and then race away in parallel courses with the first toward their common destination. No small addition to the effectiveness of these weapons is the collapsible head, which enables real torpedoes to be used in target practice. When the missile strikes, instead of exploding, it simply smashes in its head and is ready to be used again. As the modern torpedo, with all its "frills," is a pretty costly weapon, this is a valuable consideration.

Aluminum Money.

It has been proposed in France to adopt aluminum for the pieces of 10 and 5 centimes (two cents and one cent), which are now made of bronze. The advantages urged are the durability of the metal, its malleability, its metallic sonority and its lightness. Great stress is laid on this last point, which, it is asserted, would enable the small coins to be easily distinguished from silver in the pocket and make it possible to carry them in quantity without being annoyed by the weight.

OUT OF THE SILENCE.

By John Ernest Warren.

O poet pure, No sighs, no sighs! Live on, endure, To rise, to rise.	The past, we know, Was war and awe. For each harsh blow There was a law.
Out of the vast, To thee, my voice. Fear not, hold fast, Sing on, rejoice.	Because we care We burn and smite; Lash souls till bare To heaven's light.
All had to be— The losses, pains, The soul to free From chains and stains.	What we ignore Is tempest-lost, Forevermore And lost, lost, lost.