

DELIGHTS OF TRAVELLING BY SHIP ON BLUE DANUBE FOR A NEGLIGIBLE COST

London.—From London to the Black Sea the path lies direct across Central Europe—by water all the way. The Rhine and Danube connected by canal cut Europe in halves. If volumes of water be the measure, the Danube is the greatest of European rivers, and for the 1,780 miles of its course it flows through country which in places equals, if it does not excel in beauty, the more famous scenery of the Rhine.

The waterway journey is the most interesting pleasure jaunt imaginable—especially at the end of the summer, writes Rodeur in the Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman. In the winter months sport for thousands all along its course.

If the various transshipments are to be avoided the Danube can be picked up at Passau, on the Austrian frontier and from there steamers carry passengers right away into the Black Sea, with but two changes (at Vienna and Giurgiu—Rumania). The most is negligible as compared with railway travel, and for this reason students from Rumania, Bulgaria, Yuka-Slavia, and elsewhere east make regular use of the passage. The river is international—no passports are demanded, and customs officials have no status on the water. On landing the usual rigmarole has to be gone through, and this is made comparatively simple in Austria and Hungary.

Rising in the Black Forest, the Danube became navigable at Ulm, where a hundred years ago there died the famous "Tailor of Ulm," the amateur heavier-than-air flight pioneer. The tailor attempted flight in his home made glider from a tower over looking the Danube, but in view of the great crowd the flight ended with a big splash in the water, from which he was fished out with bathtubs.

My souvenir of floating down the great river is a memory of days of witchery broken by the songs of students accompanied by guitar and banjo, girls and boys who itched to dance, and sometimes did so. Through the wooded hills of Austria, each crag surmounted by old castle or abbey, I dreamed of mediaeval gallantries—at Durnstein picturing Blondel singing beneath the walls which imprisoned Richard the Lion Heart; past the Buda Hills, and over the Great Hungarian Plain, the mysterious silence and the misty horizon sent by mind back into ages when the first steps were made in civilizing husbandry; the Grand Kazan Pass cut by the great waters through the solid mountains, with lingering traces of ingenious Roman engineers, and the terrible reefs of the Iron Gates, provoked a creepy sensation almost of fear in face of the irresistible, inexorable forces of Nature. And so out again into the smiling fertile plains of Rumania and up through the Bargain steppes and the marshy lands of willows, tamarisks, and reeds, where pelican, crane, wolves, wild boars and even bears are known to Moldavia, then through the middle stream of the delta and by sulina into the Black Sea.

Where Ancient Man Trod

Neolithic man followed the course of the Danube as he came groping westward to the Alps. Other invaders and immigrants passed over the trail he broke; but who came before, and what did they bring to Europe from the East? Fire, Husbandry, civilization? Nothing speaks so strongly of the misty aged of Europe as the course of the Danube, and nowhere is there greater charm and relief from modernity than on the broad bosom of the mighty river.

The average holidaymakers, however, will hardly have time to do the full course of the river, however glorious its attractions are but by going down to Budapest, and on to Mohacs (scene of this historic battle when the flower of magyar chivalry was annihilated by the hordes of Sultan Suleimann) he will get several days of great novelty and enjoyment at a minimum of expense. A second-class ticket to Passau costs about five pounds, the boat fare to Mohacs about two pounds, or a little more with a private single berth cabin on deck.

The most interesting way is to take the boat early in the morning to Vienna, passing the attractive town of Linz is to my mind the most delightful of all; there are grander passages, especially in the gorges where the

waters have forced their way through the Carpathians and Serbian mountains, but I am not alone in thinking that the beautiful pastoral scenery between Passau and Linz takes the palm. Much more is written about the Wachau district down to Vienna, and certainly the historic castles and abbeys, the vineyards and picturesque riverside villages make this run very attractive.

It is evening when the boat reaches Vienna, and it proceeds no farther till next morning at eight o'clock. If going straight on the passenger may sleep aboard after a night in the town, or he may—and it is worth while—select to stay a day in Vienna, and then go by the Hungarian boat for a change.

Below Durnstein the plain opens up, and the river is not restricted again until it reaches the Czecho-Slovakian frontier at Bratislava (Austrian, Pressburg; Hungarian, Pozsony), the seat of the Danube International Committee. At Bratislava, the river enters the Theban gorge between the Alps and the Carpathians, and, leaving this breaks up into several arms with low-lying islands which extend down to Kormarno (on the Czecho-Slovakian bank) and Kormarom-Vjaros opposite (on the Hungarian side), a one-time stronghold, now an important trading centre, and during the last century made more or less famous by the Hungarian author Jokai. Swarms of cranes and other water fowl enliven the scenery.

Esztorgom, the Oesterrungun of the Franks, bearing scars of terrible tussles with the Turks, overlooks the river and the fertile little plains (the little Alföld), where man must have lived from the earliest days. This is the seat of the Prince Primate of Hungary and the traditional birthplace of King Saint Stephen, first of the Hungarian Kings, who received his crown from Rome. Southwards the Bakomy the ancient Royal hunting grounds, extend away to the lake Balaton, and northwards stretch the rich, flat pastoral lands now under Czecho-Slovakian rule. Past Visegrad with its old stronghold and the inhabited Andreas plain the river flows due east, then at Vacz it turns suddenly south and continues its southerly course right through Hungary into Yugo-Slavia.

Budapest

Budapest is not only a capital, it is a spa, and one which truly healing waters from which the poorest may derive benefit. It is more; Budapest is a place of pilgrimage, for it marks the scene of some of the most important incidents in European history. Its beginning is not known, but the Romans had a settlement at Aquincum nearby, the splendid remains of which are carefully preserved. Attila made a camp here before setting out on the conquest of Western Europe, and the one and only Asiatic people who, after the migration of nations, settled and build a kingdom in the heart of Europe after turning to Western culture and renouncing the East crowned their first King on the old Budda Hills. At its nome implies, there are two towns, one the hoary aged town of history, the other the modern up-to-date capital with parks and gardens—not forgetting the Corso along the Danube—which vie in life and attractiveness with the gardens and boulevards of Paris.

A little to the south is Balaton. Train is taken from the southern terminus of the Danube-Saveadria Railway, Budapest, the journey going due south through Szekesfehervar, a historical city where King St. Stephen, first King of Hungary, died in 1038. Fourteen kings, including Louis the Great and Matthias Corvinus, were buried here, and the skull of St. Stephen is preserved in the Cathedral, in a receptacle dating from the time of St. Ladislaws (1080) In a couple of hours Balaton-fured is reached.

Balaton is a large lake 44 miles long, and from two to nine miles wide; its total area is about 375 square miles. Locally it is known as the Hungarian Sea. It is practically cut in two by the Tihany Peninsula with its peaks of lime Tufa, on the top of the most important of which is the delightful Benedictine monastery of Tihany.

Down at the south-western corner, where the curious basaltic columns of Mount Szent Gyorgy (St. George) re mind one of the Giant's Causeway, cotti

tiny Tajoleza, with its idyllic warm lake, nestles in the vineyard district, and not so far away is Badacsony, home of a rather fiery but really good wine. Badacsony has a bathing place. From the hills overlooking the village—it is scarcely more, like all the places on Balaton—fine views of the lake and surrounding country and its numerous ruined castles can be obtained. The castles, and there seems to have been one clinging to every peak, were all blown up after the Rakocsy insurrection as punishment for their participating in the fight for freedom.

Coming down to the lake from the north area the famous Bakomy forest-clad ridges, the hunting ground of Hungary's kings, and lair of the famous Betyars, or highwaymen. They are known as the "Poor Boys," and are distinguished in legend for their courtesy. They waylaid travellers but robbed with politeness, and, it is said, never harmed women, or were anything but kind to the poor. The last of these exceptional highwaymen was heard of fifty odd years ago and one is inclined to imagine that many of the stories told of them are similar to the picturesque tales which circulate about Claude Duval.

The visitor will not find palatial hotels with proportionate rates in Balaton, but he will find comfort and a warmth of welcome where ever he goes.

In the north the bathing is splendid. The water is shallower than in the south, where depth and muddy bottom make it less attractive. In summer time the water is often 23 degs. C. and at such favorite times sun baths are most enjoyable after the swim.

Long stretches of sandy shore slop down gently into the waters, and one can wade a long way before getting out of depth. So gradual is this slope that one is astonished at times to see herds of cattle standing in the waters a long way off the shore; troops of horses, too, and—strangest of all—herds of swine, long, wire haired fellows.

If the traveller desires to remain on the Danube and had the time, the river trip, two days from Budapest to Rumania, is well worth while. Beyond the Iron Gates, where many a good ship has been wrecked on the jagged rocks which for a mile jut out into the river, the chain of hills recedes, and by the time the river reaches Turnu Severin, an important Rumanian station, where the Emperor Trajan erected a great pillar bridge over the stream, the banks of both sides become peacefully agricultural. In parts two miles across, the Danube now flows placidly to the sea, taking a turn north at Cernavoad. But the ordinary passenger steamers do not go so far. They stop at Giurgiu in the south, two hours by road from Bukharest.

Expenses in Rumania are negligible; hotels and good food are exceedingly cheap. There is much interest, and the Rumanians are very polite, the peasantry simple and hospitable. By all means carry on down the great water highway of Europe if time permits, for there will be much to relate of great interest, of changing scenery and historic ruined castles, of quaint peoples, and bustling incidents at riverside ports, mysterious nights through the great plain, and calm drowsy sailing in brilliant sunshine, broken only by the excitement of the navigation in the gorges and the arrivals in the capitals of Eastern Europe.

SUBMIT PLEA FOR WESLEYANS

Leeds, England, Aug. 2.—A plea for the recognition of the national status of Destleynanism in Scotland was submitted to the Wesleyan Conference today. There were suggestions from Scottish delegates that the church should be called "The Wesleyan Church in Scotland," that the Synod should be styled the assembly, and the district chairman entitled the moderator. The matter was referred to a special commission.

It seems that nothing can be proved in a biological way by the tree-sitting champions, none of them having actually dropped a cocoon on a passerby.

The Chinese have just one war after another, but they don't care much. They have just as many mind one of the Giant's Causeway, cotti



CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

4 squares unsweetened chocolate.
1 tablespoon sugar.
3 tablespoons boiling water.
1/2 cup butter.
1/4 cup cocoa.
3 egg yolks, well beaten.
1/4 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk.
1/4 cup sugar.
1 teaspoon baking powder.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Shave or break the chocolate in small pieces, add three tablespoons sugar and the boiling water, and melt over hot water. Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add the egg yolks, continue beating. Stir in the chocolate. Add flour mixed and sifted with baking powder, alternately with milk. Beat vigorously, flavor and fold in the egg whites. Bake in two layers in moderate oven. Fill and cover the top with the following:

THE FILLING

4 squares unsweetened chocolate.
1 cup brown sugar.
1 cup granulated sugar.
3/4 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk.
1 tablespoon butter.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
1 cup nuts, chopped or broken in pieces.

Shave or break the chocolate in small pieces and cook with sugar and milk until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from stove, add butter, but do not stir it in. Cool slightly, beat until creamy. Add vanilla and nuts, spread between layers, and cover top of cake.

PASTRIES

In "The Good Provider's Cook Book" you will find entirely new recipes and new ways of baking old favorites. The hints on pastry making will appeal to every woman interested in knowing the latest methods.

SAUCES

Add a pungent sauce (with or without vegetables) to cheap meat and you have a dish of high food value and delicious flavor. For recipes see page 17, "The Good Provider's Cook Book".

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