

# CHAMPION CYMBALIST IS PLAYING HERE NOW

Folk Who Know Only Uptown  
 Music May Find Him Down  
 in East Houston Street.

## THE BARDS POPULAR THERE

And the Subjects They Sing—A New  
 Note Heard in Jewish  
 Minstrelsy.

The world's champion cymbalist has recently arrived here, without creating any great sensation along Broadway, but posters in Yiddish, Italian, Roumanian, and Hungarian announce his presence throughout the length of East Houston Street. Any one down there can point out Joseph Moskowitz and the café where he has set up his instrument, which stands some three feet high and looks like a baby grand piano with the top off.

The café where he plays is several blocks east of "Little Hungary," which is about all of East Houston Street that the uptown New Yorker knows. In this little eating room, from 7 P. M. until 2 A. M., Joseph Moskowitz discourses music by dexterous use of two little sticks for those who come to partake of the raw meat and nudel soup furnished there.

Since the coming of Moskowitz, music lovers from uptown occasionally drift in, rather to the discomfiture of the little ménage. One of the stray visitors there this week ordered the weak and harmless nudel soup, and presented a five-dollar bill in payment. No change for that amount was to be had in the establishment, and the search went over to the Bowery before any one was found who could change so large a bill.

The musicians from uptown come, not so much to hear the strange instrument, as to listen to the themes played by Moskowitz, who will devote himself for hours to what he calls "Juedische Musik," the tunes which are being sung in all the ghettos of Europe. Moskowitz himself learned them in Hungary, but, strange to say, every last one of them was written by the Yiddish poets and musicians in this city. The airs are known all over Europe, but New York goes almost in ignorance of the artists below Washington Square.

First among them is Naphtali Herz Imber, who wrote the best-beloved of all modern Jewish songs, the "Hatickvah," or, "Hope of Israel." Naphtali Herz Imber is a type quite characteristic of Paris or Vienna, the Bohemian poet of romance. He himself says "my studio is a café." Every night finds him out among his own people, the material, inspiration, and at the same time the audience for his genius. Soon after the "Hope of Israel" had been recited in all the cafés of the lower East Side, Silverman, a musician of the people, composed a setting for it, and the "Hatickvah" is now sung at Jewish gatherings from St. Petersburg to San Francisco.

Ranking next after Herz Imber in popularity is Zunser, the "Jewish bard," as they call him, for he writes both the words and music of his pieces. His best known compositions are his lullabies. The little mothers croon them to their baby brothers in the doorways of Clinton Street, and the same slumber songs are heard in the ghettos of Italy, Austria, and Southern Russia. Zunser by trade is a printer in East Broadway, but he spends his spare hours writing songs for feasts, marriages, and all the occasions of the Jewish year.

Moritz Rosenfeld is distinctly the poet of the working classes, and the working people at their toil. Labor in all its phases, its burdens, and its triumphs is his continual theme. Rosenfeld, too, is a product of New York, although he now lives in Yonkers.

Abraham Goldfaden, who began his career like his humbler brother musicians of the east side, attained world-wide recognition before his death a short time ago, which was the occasion for the largest funeral procession in the history of the east side. Goldfaden was known as the father of the Jewish theatre, and the composer of the operas, "The Shulamite," a dramatization of "The Song of Solomon," "Ben Ami," and "Ben Hador." Although he lived and died in New York it is in Europe that his operas are sung, though the arias from them have found their way to the hand-organs, frequently placed between "The Intermezzo" and "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark." In the East Houston Street Café these arias from Goldfaden's operas are among Moskowitz's selections most frequently given "by request."

Quite characteristic of the Jewish music is the Funeral March, written by Friosel, another one of the Jewish composers, three months after the massacre at Odessa, in 1905, in memory of the slain. The Kishineff outrage gave a note of despair to all the songs newly heard at that time. With the exception of one poet in Russia named Frug, practically all the poems and music for the whole Jewish world are written here in New York and are carried back to the old country.

In Europe all the pent-up emotion of the race has had expression largely through the music of the synagogue. In this country, however, although still ground down by poverty, the freedom from active oppression is resulting in this sudden up-growth of the mass of poets and musicians on the east side. It is not a case of one supreme artist, but, as the best authority on Jewish matters in this country declares: "The ghetto of New York to-day is alive with song." Dr. Blaustein goes on to trace an entirely new element in the most recent Jewish music.

"Hitherto, it has been all in the minor keys, reflecting the tragedy of the race. There is the influence of the Oriental strain, and the different quality of the music from Asia Minor, and Southern Russia, and the Russian music itself, but these have left the Jewish music sad. Now here in New York, a different element is coming in. The most recent songs are written in the major key, and are songs of hope. It is something entirely unprecedented in all Jewish music.

Certainly the patrons of the cafés display a liking for the "songs of hope." After Moskowitz, the cymbalist, has played the tragic, "The Jewish Heart," from Goldfaden's "Ben Hador," and the equally somber Jusemil from "Ben Ami," there is a settling back comfortably in the chairs and a general cry, "Bravo, gut, nure gieb 'die lustige Wittwe.' (Fine! splendid! Now give us the 'Merry Widow.')" With a disapproving air, Moskowitz concedes, picks up his two little sticks, and the tragedy of a race is forgotten in the strains of the familiar waltz.

## \$1,700 FOR A TAPESTRY.

Top Price at Vitall Benguiat Sale,  
 Which Realized \$35,319.50.

A beautiful tapestry brought the highest price at the sale of the Vitall Benguiat collection at the American Art Galleries yesterday afternoon, selling, \$1,700. A sixteenth century Italian tapestry, a classical design with border of fruit and flowers and emblematic figures, the whole in tones of jade green and old Persian rose, went to J. H. Johnson for \$725. A large red velvet palanquin, embroidered with gold passementerie, brought \$510, and Mrs. C. B. Alexander paid \$410 for a Flemish verdure tapestry, \$220 for a pair of large Renaissance brocatelle portières, and \$200 for a sixteenth century coverlet of filet lace and drawn linen.

Louis C. Tiffany paid \$215 for a Louis Selze portière of French jardinière velvet, and \$250 for a pair of cloth-of-silver portières combined with Genoese jardinière velvet of classical Renaissance design. A magnificent Mechlin lace flounce worn at court during the reign of Louis Quinze, 3½ yards, 24 inches wide, went to A. Monett for \$425. The same buyer paid \$200 for two Hispano-Moresque portières done in silver, gold and red. The returns for the day were \$17,889.50, and for the sale \$35,319.50.