



IN THE METROPOLIS

THE HUNGARIAN BUFFOS

If music be the food of love, play on: Give me excess of it, that so forthright, The appetite may stoken and so die.

PROBABLY to most visitors from the states and from foreign lands the dominant characteristic of New York City appears to be commercial greed. The remorseless and in wandering about the city were struck with the prevalence of music in the great metropolis. Of music and song there is no end, especially at night. At every turn one's ears are greeted with melody, enough to satisfy the most ardent admirer of music and of sufficient variety to please the most discriminating.

Soon after sunset harmonious strains from a thousand places are wafted through the air. In the fashionable quarters may be heard classic renditions by a famous orchestra. In the less aristocratic neighborhoods companies of musicians offer entertainment to gatherings of pleasure seekers. At other places, quaint and unusual in character, parties of devotees of the careless, Bohemian existence are regaled with sweet strains. In out-of-the-way places may be heard the soft, dreamy airs of old ballads rendered by picturesque Italians on violins or other stringed instruments; the serenades of the Syrians, which can be heard only at an east side pastry cook's shop; wild strains of Hungarian dances, and the strange music of the Chinese and Japanese. Then, alas! in many a flat there is the young lady of the house vigorously "paving the parlor" and busily singing "Always" to the chagrin of the peace-loving neighbors.

These are sounds that may be heard at night time. But at 11 o'clock in the morning or 3 in the afternoon all evidence of

music is embodied in the clang of the car bells and the busy noises of the streets.

During several evenings The Star men wandered over the city and collected samples of New York's music and other things. Of course, the visitors did not pass by that interesting resort, "Little Hungary," in East Houston street, which shelters so much that is artistic and Bohemian. On entering the place the many noises of the surrounding district were left behind. Once inside there was the consciousness of the fumes of wine, with which the air was delicately saturated. In fact, the atmosphere enervated; cares were forgotten, good fellowship there reigned supreme, and one could be sure that if a word was spoken to a neighbor, the latter would not be offended. And every woman there, too, had a smile or a friendly glance for the men. All that was required for the pleasure seeker who ventured in "Little Hungary" was a sense of appreciation of everything that came before him. The Washington visitors happened there on the opening night, and the proprietor took them in charge for the evening.

A course dinner was served while the excellent orchestra, situated between two of the cellar posts began to play a dreamy air. The bouquet of grape juice from the casks surrounding the room was heavy. As the music nears the end one begins to examine the faces of his companions. They look familiar; but they are soon forgotten. The orchestra, so very near, sounds distinctly above the other instruments. It is a piece opening with a movement in the minor, low and infinitely sad. There is a note of yearning in it. By imperceptible gradations the music reaches its height, and then dies slowly down, growing fainter and fainter, ending in a long-drawn sob, and the listeners awaken with a start. The dinner progressed rapidly, and ere long everybody ascended to the main cafe. At one table sat a party of Americans representing the highest social circles of the metropolis. At another several clubmen were swapping stories. Well-known professional men, artists and authors sat practically side by side with the humblest of Hungarian workmen. Conversations were carried on in practically every language, although German,

as a rule, predominated. Yet one could catch the flirtatious conversation of a Parisian beauty, who was feasted by a number of friends. Coffee, deliciously fragrant, over which some cognac was burned, had a tonic effect of awakening. When the music ceased the tenor was applauded into an encore.

The evening passed rapidly, although the cafe knows no rest. When it is time to say good-night here one might as well say good morning—it is one and the same. When the coffee is sipped everybody is happy. The surroundings are misty, and the blue rings of smoke from the cigars and cigarettes roll upward from all directions.

It is midnight. First one, and then another, reluctantly gets up. The fair Bohemian at the next table arranges a dainty silk shawl over her shoulders, and gives a last glance before she steps out; while beyond, a young woman is learning Bohemianism for the first time. She is especially interested in her male companion, but when she catches the visitor's eye she is not loath to smile a greeting, which means: "We are all friends."

But it is time to go, and The Star men do not forget, in spite of all the allurements, that they are working, and have other things to do. A hundred feet away was a typical Jewish all-night lunch room. There was music within. Everything was two cents—coffee, tea, milk, pie, cakes and all other dainties for sale. The place was neat and scrupulously clean. Another picture presented itself—the picture of want, of despair, of overwork. The six men were sleepy, but they kept themselves awake by talking loud and laughing loudly. There could be no genuine laughter there. The proprietor wound a big gnat around the merry crowd's song and enlivened the scene. It was followed by a score or more of operatic selections. The

proprietor was always admiring the noisy patrons at the other tables. "Sh! The music—we have music now!" he said gently. A man at a table across the aisle was oblivious to it. He had come in to eat his supper—it is now a quarter after one—having quit work a few minutes before. He was a sweet shop worker; the typical Eastsider, narrow shouldered, thin, and with sunken eyes. Even eating seemed to be an effort to him, although he was hungry. And his supper consisted of a cup of coffee and three cakes. No wonder the music did not touch him—how could a hungry wait of the East Side, with a seven-cent supper to fill his stomach and with the thought that in five hours he must be up and out again to work for a few cents.

On leaving the place and walking along the street a piano could be heard, and farther on an organ, and a group of youngsters singing a popular song. Next evening at dusk the visitors found themselves in the Italian quarter. An organ grinder was playing "La Donna e Mobile," and a dozen children, ragged and dirty, were trying to dance the tune. A little girl of five or six executed a perfect turn to the undanceable air and won the applause of a few bystanders. But "Under the

Shade of the Old Apple Tree" is better understood by them than "Rigoletto," and each little boy grabs the girl nearest to him and dances. But the place is not lucrative to the organ man, so he moves to the next square. The children follow him, the whole making a veritable reincarnation of the Pied Piper. Again the children get ready for peripatetic homage to the strain of "Everybody Works But Father." Evidently the repertory of the organ man is varied, and he follows with the "Misere." Of course the children do not spare even this piece. To them a funeral march or a ballad is all the same.

After passing by the band of Mulberry Bend Park, it being not far different from any other band, there was other music. An old man, who claimed he had been in America twenty-two years, but still wore the breeches with winding leggings—the kind used by Italian mountaineers—was sitting in front of his door playing a bagpipe with as much feeling as a Scotchman. It was a weird air and impressive. The old player was taken with an inspiration, and before he descended to speak he waited for the echo of the last note to die away (measured by the standard of Little Italy), but his father never abandoned the garb he wore on his wedding day. He also played the bagpipe on several occasions in the past, but never would he do anything that would tend to remove him from that sacred spot. He was every of his kind at the foot of the mountain. And thus he played the bagpipe, which to him had charms unnumbered.

At a mandolinata at the next street was a happy affair. Four men, Neapolitans, to be sure, played mandolins in perfect measure for severe criticism of the music. They played to the accompaniment of his sweetheart on the balcony above, and the three others in token of friendship to make the serenade more complicated and grand. For of course the serenade by one man is not as important as that by several

men. They played the music to words describing "her" mouth, which goes this way:

Voca azzurra e fresca,
Voca azzurra e dolce,
Addo c' o tutto se mmece
Su scinto-addo sta voce
E mmece cristallino;
Vo e curiale,
Chiu pura e un affatto.

meaning "fresh and odorless mouth, alluring and sweet—your voice is a musical zephyr." But the words were nothing in themselves until the "innamorato" sang them. And when the last verse asks "Tell me you love me," a head appeared at the window for an instant, and then was suddenly withdrawn.

The next visit was to the People's Theater on the Bowery near Spring street, where the Royal Italian Grand Opera Company rendered "Carmen," "Faust," "La Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor" and many more. The best orchestra seat was only one dollar, and the gallery entrance twenty-five cents. The music and the singing were a veritable treat.

Many interesting sights met the visitors' gaze at a number of roof gardens, where musical performances were in progress and orchestras played accompaniments to the clink of glasses and steins and songs of pleasure seekers.

A Gotham newspaper man steered the visitors to a nearby cafe much frequented by musical folk.

"Do you see that man playing the first violin?" the Gothamite asked.

wooded your magic too long and studiously. You have fiddled away your bride. Congratulations to Mrs. Somebody else, because I am married to her. While the musician studiously wooed his music, a more up-to-date young man madly wooed his fiancée.

The New Yorker introduced The Star to a young woman who had achieved some reputation as a ballad writer. "It is a peculiar fact," she said, "that most of the ballad writers cannot write a line of music. Some of them don't know one note from another, but they can compose songs that go like wildfire. They simply get hold of a pianist, hum their airs to him and he writes them out. Some of them must depend for the words upon other men. How they come to drift into this work is difficult to tell. Song writing is an insatiable and I suppose poverty sometimes can find but the one outlet of song. They get their ideas at odd moments and in peculiar ways. Of course, in occasional instances, ballad writers have made small fortunes out of their work. But as a rule they are glad to sell their ballads for a pittance, and if they are materialized by those who reap the rich reward."

Other places in New York where music is done classically according to the vaudeville halls, of which there are many. They are thronged from morning until night. The selections in the phonographs are chosen usually according to the vaudeville halls, of which there are many. They are thronged from morning until night. The selections in the phonographs are chosen usually according to the vaudeville halls, of which there are many. They are thronged from morning until night. The selections in the phonographs are chosen usually according to the vaudeville halls, of which there are many.

Then in the later season, when the grand opera is in vogue in New York, the ultra-fashionable have their opportunity for the enjoyment of music. In general New York's musical treats are better than in any other city. The music is greater and life's enjoyment less. An inhabitant of the old ghetto is as satisfied with his concert hall music as the Italian below next. I have a report before me showing the number of workmen carried on the District daily. I get these reports each morning. What do I find? It shows that we lift a man up and down twice in expensive elevators, carry him five miles, and, even more to work, and charge him just 2 cents.

The Yellow Crayon The Further Adventures of "Mysterious Mr. Sabin" By E. Phillips Oppenheim, Author of "A Maker of History," "The Traitors," "The Master Mummer," "The Betrayal," "A Prince of Sinners," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXI The prince, being host, arranged the places at his supper table. Mr. Sabin found himself, therefore, between Lady Carey and a young German attaché, whom they had met in the ante-room of the restaurant. Lucille had the prince and Mr. Brott on either side of her. Lady Carey monopolized at first the greater part of the conversation. Mr. Sabin was unusually silent. The German attaché, whose name was Baron von Opperman, did not speak until the champagne was served, when he threw a bombshell into the midst of the little party. "I hear," he said, with a broad and serene smile, "that in this hotel there has today a murder been committed."

"You shall help me, if you will, to regain Lucille. I promise you, then, that my gratitude shall not disappoint you."

"And are you sure," she whispered, "that Lucille is anxious to be won back? She loves intrigue, excitement, the sense of being a part of a great drama, and she would not have left me what they say about her—and Brott. Look at her now. She was not so much as she is now. Lucille had indeed all the appearance of a woman thoroughly at peace with the world and herself. Her eyes were bright and clear, and her eager undertones. The prince was waiting for an opportunity to intervene. Mr. Sabin looked at Brott's white, strong face, and was thoughtful.

"It is a great power—the power of my sex," Lady Carey continued, with a faint smile. "I am sure you remember that Reginald Brott knew them both only as strangers. "I am doing my best," she said, "to convey to you the truth, but I am not sure I can do so. You will find me a very valuable ally."

ing a sewing maid, does the mending for the family. You and I, Lucille, are not like that."

"I am going to be cross-examined as regards Dusan. I am no longer a member of the order. What is to prevent my setting the truth before you?"

"I am not even," he declared, "moderately advanced in my views as regards matters of your sex. To tell you the truth, I do not like women to work at all outside their homes."

CAUSE OF TROUBLE ON LONDON'S "UNDERGROUND"

Special Correspondence of The Star. LONDON, September 28, 1906. AMERICAN methods of running electric railways are coming in for severe criticism in England just now. The raising of the fares on the District railway—the old London underground, which Yerkes converted from steam to electricity—has brought down on the heads of the directors a storm of protest and vituperation. Many people imagine that the entire American electric railway system is a rank failure; and the whole trouble with the entire road is boldly attributed to "Americanization."

Our Wonderful Vacation Country.

From Leslie's Weekly. What is the rule, the American moves and has his being in a hurry. He knows how to enjoy himself; and it is he who has given the name "outing" to a practice which has become well-nigh universal the country through. Surely no land in the world can show anything like the "outing" hotels, the excursion routes, the rural camps in valley, on mountainside, by lake, where the wild fowl gather and the deer congregate—not in little pens or paddocks, to be butchered at will, but in their native forests, to be hunted within limits prescribed by law—which abound in this vast country of ours with its great mountain ridges, steaming lakes, boundless forests, or its incomparable seacoasts, along which the endless migration of fish, countless in numbers and variety and matchless in flavor, reward the skill of the disciples of Isak Walton, of blessed memory. The great mass of Americans, in every avenue of life—the farmer, the workman, the child, the employer and employe, the servant and maid-servant—all must have their outing, and they manage to get it. Do Americans quite understand how fortunate they are in possessing their advantages for summer rest and recuperation? Nowhere in the world, it may safely be said, are such facilities for excursions by rail and river, on land and sea, to be enjoyed by those of the most limited means as here, and nowhere has the practice of "taking an outing" become such an ineradicable habit.