

WHEN THE BAND PLAYED IN CROWDED GARR PARK—A GALA EVENING IN THIS DOWN TOWN BREATHING SPOT.

Almost Every Nationality Was Represented and Children Trooped Forth by the Hundred from "Kerry Patch," "Little Italy" and "Little Jerusalem."

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
The solicitation of Andy Garzolo, Delegate from the Fifteenth Ward, has secured the use of a portion of the appropriation for concerts in the crowded tenement district, for which Carr Park is the sole open plot of ground—the only place where the cramped humanity of the neighborhood can get a breath of fresh air and a sight of green grass.

Well's Band gave a concert at Carr Square a week ago last night, and will give another the latter part of this month. It was a novelty to that section of the city. The exhilarating, refinements of life are seldom enjoyed there, not from lack of appreciation, but from lack of money—bread and butter first, then pleasure. This is the inexorable rule among the poor, and the margin for enjoyment is very narrow in the region north, south and east of Carr Park. They do not often seek music. The opera and the orchestra, to hear which an admission fee is necessary, are almost unknown to them, partly because they have not the admission fee, and partly because they have not learned to consider the pleasure given by music worth the sacrifice of enjoyments which now take its place. Consequently the Salvation Army musicians are the only ones with whom they are familiar, and, in the majority of cases, the only instrumental music which they hear reaches them through the bands in the various parades which they see in the course of a year.

To have a full-fledged brass band discourse resonant themes for three hours, immediately contiguous to Kerry Patch, "Little Jerusalem" and "Little Italy," a novelty. It was the first concert ever given in Carr Park.

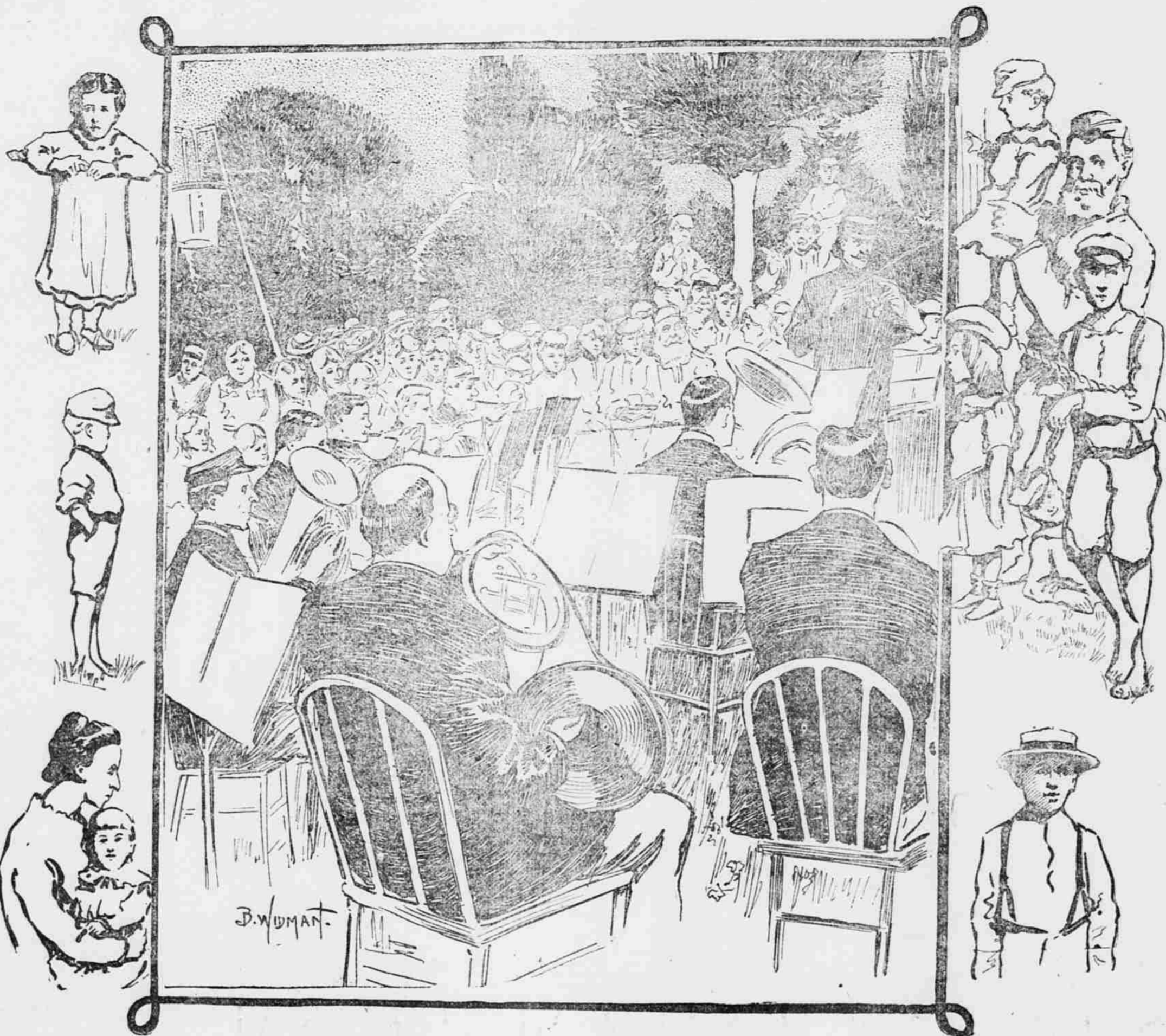
Novelty of the Occasion Attracted Many Visitors.
It had served its purpose as a playground for the multitudes of children which swarm in the locality and had been a blessing to the tired workmen who, of evenings, sat upon the benches, smoked their pipes and breathed in the air which was considerably cooler in the unobstructed block than in the choked streets. But it had never served as a resort where music could be heard.

The concert had been advertised. A great crowd went to hear. The newness of the plan attracted many persons. Unfortunately, in the open air, where sounding boards and limiting walls were absent, the full strength and completeness of sound were dissipated and did not carry far enough to satisfy all of the immense throng. But it reached many and was sufficient.

The members of the band sat in the open near the center of the park, and were roped in from the pressing crowd. Powerful gasoline lamps afforded the light. There were four of them, and they enabled the musicians to read their scores with ease. The audience, pushing in upon the ropes, was brought into the full brilliance of the light, and the multitude of faces on the four sides of the inclosure were in strong relief.

Children predominated. The little ones trooped forth by the hundreds. It was a most variegated assortment of boys and girls. Their clothing was of every description, and beggars description. The only type of youth that was lacking was Little Lord Fauntleroy in his starched collar and velvet. But every kind of street urchin, from the sturdy, aggressive newsboy to the frail, thin sufferer from inherited disease, made up for the absence of his lordship.

Children's Faces Plainly Revealed Their Nationalities.
Picturesque is the word for the juveniles. Nationality was proclaimed distinctly by their faces. Round-faced, full-lipped, tanned and curly-haired were the young of "Little Jerusalem," and their eyes, big orbs, jet black for the most part, shone like gems. Young Kerry Patch was decidedly different. His hair was very apt to be red. His face bore that defiant "what's-it-ter-yer" expression. His scant trousers were supported by one makeshift suspender, his



LISTENING TO THE BAND.

was at the concert simply because there was "something done."

Young Italy was dark and swarthy. His eyes were snapping black. At times he was visibly interested in the music. He—or she, for the masculine pronoun is used in the general sense—had an element of tasteful color in dress. Many of the little Italian girls were pictures in themselves. By some indefinable art they seemed to have secured a relation between the rich brown of their flesh, the black brilliance of their hair and the tint of their dresses which many who study the art of dressing could not emulate. Their faces and their hair were so under an airy, airy, their hair was in a tangle; their skirts were old and in cut were evidently the product of their own unbuttoned notion of what dress-making should be. Yet the effect was harmonious. At the Carr Park concert the audience failed to mind the old truth that there is no price on luxury—that this is one of the few things which it contributes as freely among the poor as among the rich.

Isolated Groups That Were of Particular Interest.

Isolated groups there were of particular interest. One massive-framed Bohemian was escorting no less than seven children. Two were infants in one baby carriage, and both were crying their loudest. The rest were all under 15 and were as active and as vociferous a quartet as often is seen. Their various excursions into the crowd were causing the parent to emit the trouble. He would temporarily leave the baby carriage, to return a moment later with the culprit. Judging from the expression of his face he had in his mind the vision of an angry wife should he fail to return the baby carriage's load in safety.

The typical "ragger" and her "stiddy" were also in evidence. They selected a "stiddy" accompaniment to every bar of rag-time that was played. Among old men were strange types, from the Jewish rabbi to the Spanish dancer. The rabbi, with the skeleton was stumbling around on his bowlegs without sign of exert, and appeared to be enjoying the gala event immensely. The character of the music was adjusted to the audience. Some pure melodies were introduced, and a little of pyrotechnics, just to show that the band could manipulate complicated scores. But dance music and the syncopated assurance was given a place. There was "The Dawn of Love," the waltz "Lizaire," "Songs of Ireland," "Kiss Me Goodnight," "Auntie Leaves From Popular Songs" and a good old-time gallop. Also one pictorial scene entitled "In Defense of the Flag." Its full explanation was as follows:

War Is Threatened—Remonstrance of the Nations—"Uncle Sam's" Ultimatum—Approach of the Troops—Firing Scenes—All About the South—"A Southern Scene—Life on the Ocean"—Rocks in the Cradle of the Deep"—Humble by the Jacks—"Taps"—Night on Southern Waters—Vision of Home—"The Army Pursuit of the Enemy"—The Majestic Squadron—"Commence Firing—Battle Scene—"Star-Spangled Banner"—The Emblem of the Free.

This appeared particularly to Young Kerry Patch. When the "battle" began, the bass drummer deserted his post and discharged a battery of pistols in quick succession. Kerry, daunted, was all attention.

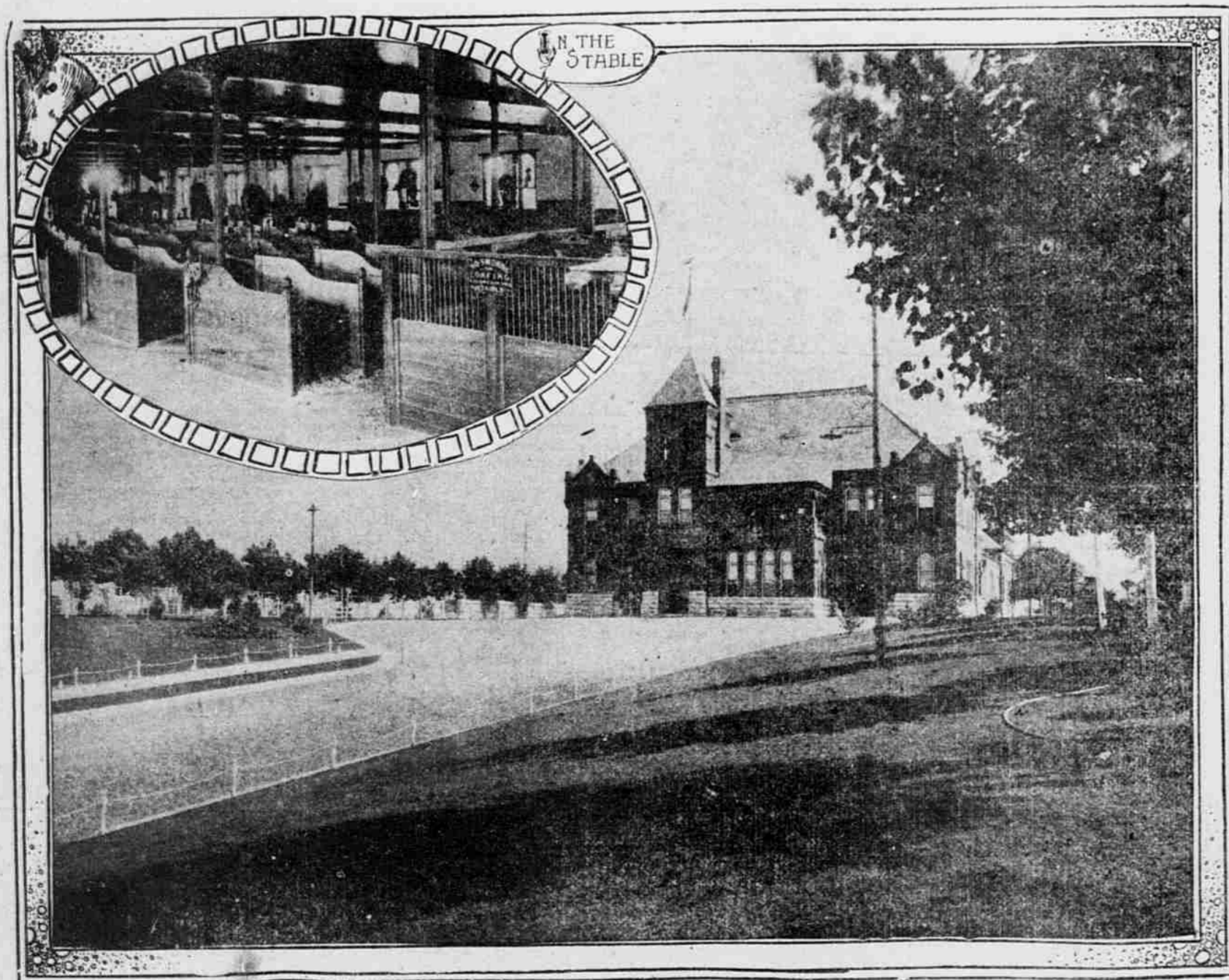
Poet and the Atmosphere.

Once upon a time a poet composed himself to write some stirring verses on the building of the great tunnel, but struggled in vain to get an inspiration worthy of his subject.

"I cannot do it now," he said. "I must go where the men, like great moles, are burrowing, and imbibe the influence of the environment. I need the atmosphere. I must be moved by it, and drink it in for inspiration."

He went, and the moment he reached a point of vantage there, was a tremendous explosion, which hurled him into the air and out of sight. The poem was never written. Moral—It is possible to have too much atmosphere.

MODEL POLICE STATION IN ST. LOUIS.



MOUNTED DISTRICT STATION IN FOREST PARK, SEEN FROM THE DRIVEWAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
The Mounted District Station in St. Louis is the best appointed police jail in the United States.

Located as it is on one of the hills of Forest Park, said to be the most beautiful natural park in any city, the handsome red brick, stone-trimmed building shows to advantage from all sides.

Greater care of grounds and building could not be taken. Doctor William H. Faulkner, superintendent of police property, is proud of the structure. He has given orders to gardeners and janitors alike

to observe taste and cleanliness in caring for the property, which is seen by nearly every visitor to Forest Park.

Flower beds, in which the choicest blossoms grow, are now resplendent with bloom. The closely-cropped lawn is like a green velvet carpet. The gravelled drive is smoothed over after each horse trod on it and the stone coping is scrubbed and kept immaculately bright. Trees are not yet plentiful near the building, but growing maples promise to some time enhance the already beautiful spot. On the hottest days in St. Louis employees of the Police Department work comfortably at the Mounted District Station.

ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF A PRINCESS.

There is a royal love story, which is very human and very tender, of which very few persons know anything. When Princess Beatrice was quite a young girl, Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, who was son of Emperor Louis Napoleon, came to Windsor, and the two fell instantly in love with each other. For months they kept the secret, but the day came when their affection was discovered. Then fate proved very unkind. The engagement was broken off, and the

Prince Imperial went away, filled with despair. With sorrow in his heart he went out to the Zulu war, where, after fighting with dare-devil desperation, he was unhappily killed on June 1, 1879, and a nation mourned his loss. The Princess, who loved him, was heartbroken, and with her own hand she placed a wreath of porcelain upon his coffin. "I want it to last like my love for him." These were her only words. And she went away sorrowing. The two women love each other, and when Eugene dies Princess Beatrice will inherit all the fortune which would have been given to the dead Prince, whom King Edward declared had "lived the most spotless of lives and died a soldier's death."

ILLINOIS PROTECTIVE SOCIETY FOR THE CAPTURE OF HORSE THIEVES.



ROY BIRKENMEYER, A prominent member of the protective society. PRAIRIE STATE GRANGE. CHARLES E. LEWIS, Who conceived the idea of a telephone system connecting neighboring farms.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
For mutual protection the farmers of Macoupin County, Illinois, have organized a protective society for the capture of horse thieves. Its object is to cause the arrest of all persons stealing stock from members of the organization. It came into existence about three years ago.

The society meets once a month at the Prairie State Grange, located about six miles from Piasa. It has no regular officers, but special meetings can be called by any member of the organization when there is business of importance to discuss.

When members of the society incur expense in tracing a horse thief, an assessment is made and the amount quietly paid. Members have grown accustomed to being called from their beds at an early hour of the morning by a neighbor who has suffered from the depredations of horse thieves. A few minutes later the two farmers will be riding rapidly toward the house of another farmer, and long before daylight a

TRY ONE OF THESE DRINKS. FRUITY SUMMER BEVERAGES.

By Miss Jessie D. Worstell.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
During this sultry weather, when the Dog Star reigns, one's thirst is likely to keep pace with the appetite and more. We crave something to drink that is at once refreshing, cooling and satisfying.

A certain risk is involved in partaking too freely of ice water, when one is overheated, as well as when traveling. The germs of typhoid lurk in impure water, and even sometimes in the inviting wayside spring.

One cannot be too careful. Therefore simple beverages are more apt to be safe, as well as healthful.

Root Beer—Five quarts of luke warm water, two ounces of crushed ginger root, beer extract, two and a half cups of granulated sugar. Reserve one cupful of the water in which to dissolve the yeast. Mix all the remaining ingredients and lastly add the yeast. Stir all well together and set in a warm place, well covered, for twenty-four hours.

When possible use the beer bottles with the cork attached. This amount will fill twelve bottles. Allow them to stand in a moderately warm closet for about a week. Place the number of bottles desired in the refrigerator for several hours before serving.

Ginger Beer—Four quarts of boiling water, two ounces of crushed ginger root, juice and rind of one lemon, one and a half pounds of granulated sugar, one-quarter of a yeast cake, two ounces cream of tartar.

Preserve half pint of the water, and when it becomes lukewarm, dissolve the yeast in it. Put all the other ingredients into a large bowl, adding the yeast. In seven hours strain and fill the bottles. Keep in a cool place for several days.

Maple Beer—Two gallons of boiling water, pint of maple syrup, half a table-spoon essence of spruce, half a pint of yeast. Mix the boiling water, syrup and spruce together and when lukewarm add the yeast. Let it stand until it begins to ferment. Bottle it and in three days it will be ready for use.

Grape Juice—Add one quart of water to three quarts of grapes free from the stems. Let them come slowly to the boiling point, then strain through a thick cloth. Return the liquid to the fire, let it again come to the boiling point, then pour into hot glass jars or bottles and seal at once.

A wooden spoon and a porcelain-lined kettle should be used in preparing this.

The best grapes for this purpose are the blue varieties. The grape juice mixed with a little soda water makes a pleasant and invigorating drink for a sick person.

Blackberry Cordial—Two pounds of sugar, half an ounce of allspice, half an ounce of ground nutmeg, half an ounce of ground cinnamon, quarter of an ounce of ground cloves, two quarts of blackberry juice, one pint of best French brandy. Boil the sugar, juice and spices for two hours; strain while hot add the brandy; cork, seal and set away.

Cider Cup—One pint of cider, one sherry glass full of sherry, one sherry glass full of brandy, one liquor glass full of Curacao, half of an orange, sliced; piece of ice, rind of one lemon, one slice of cucumber, speck of nutmeg and sugar to taste. Mix in the order given.