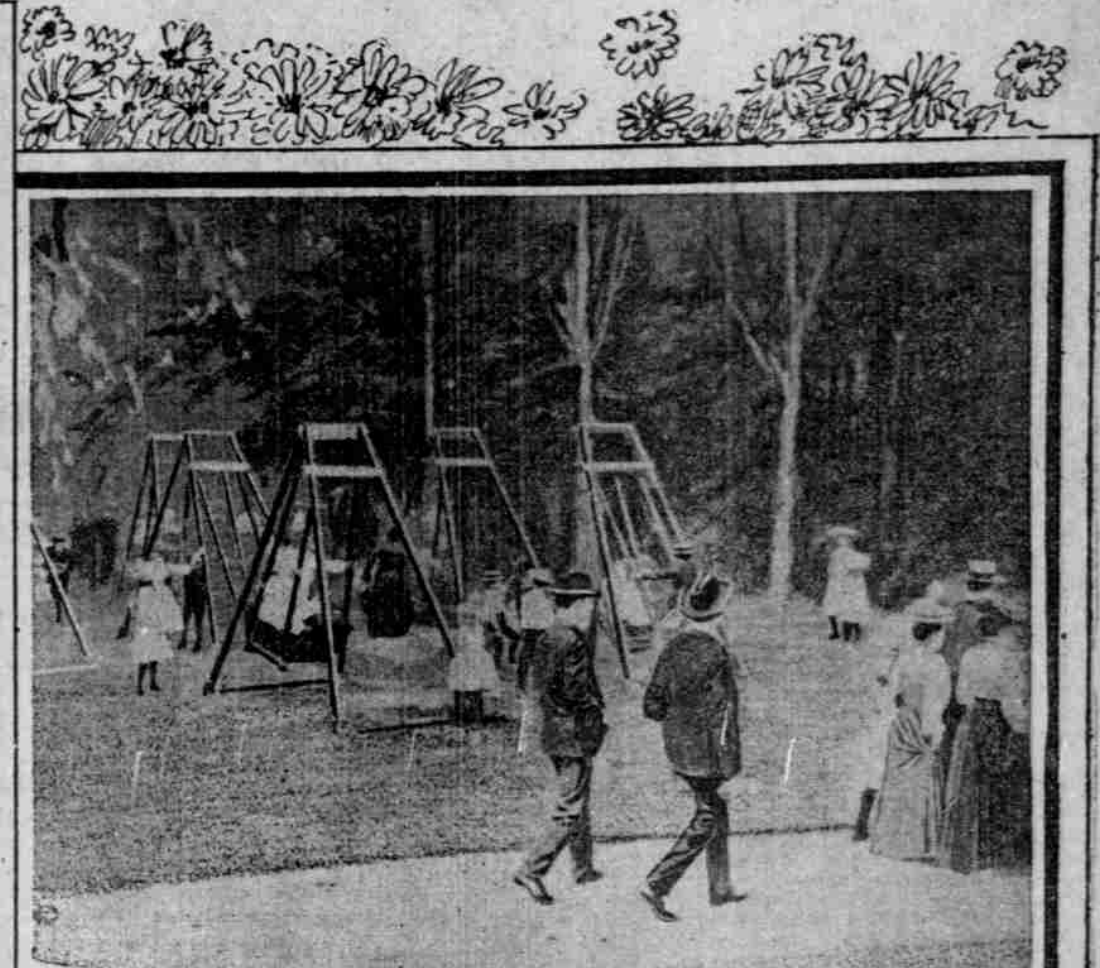
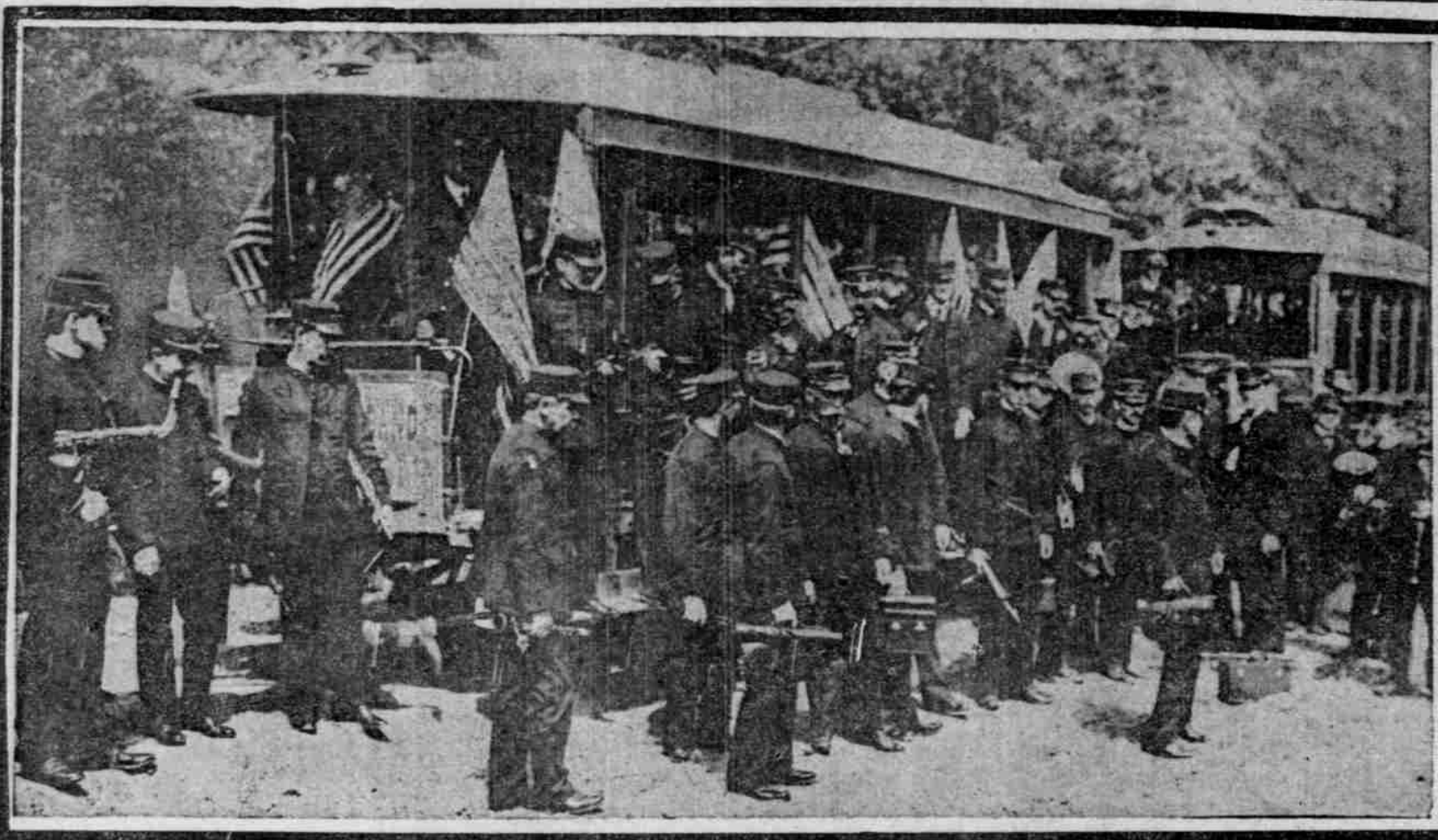




## INAUGURATION OF FREE CONCERTS IN THE CITY PARK

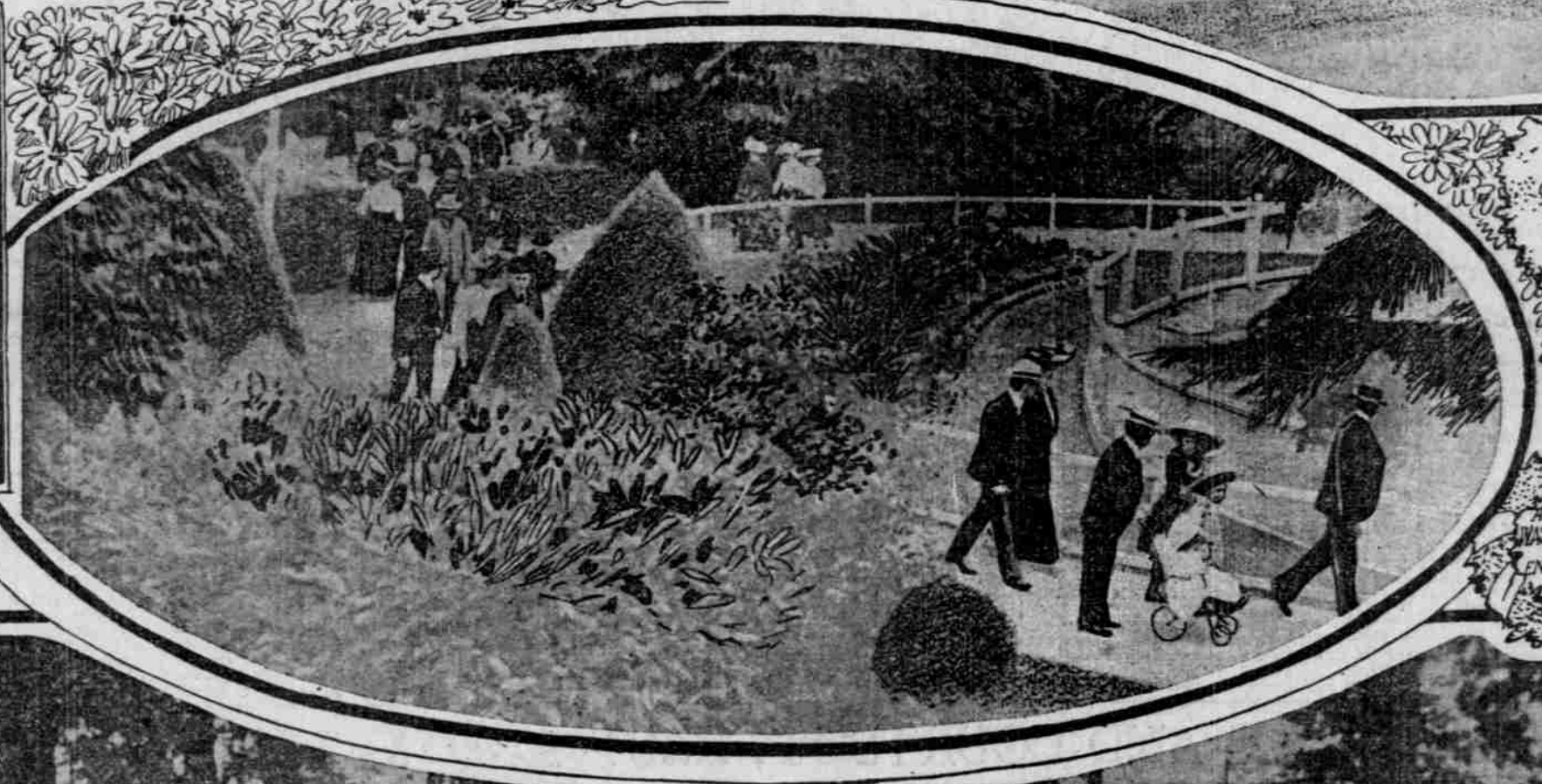
How Part of Portland's Population Appreciated the Generosity of Public-Spirited Citizens



BROWN'S BAND  
Disembarking  
from Special Car



J.D. MEYER  
Chairman Music  
Committee Park Band



CHILDRENS  
PLAY-  
GROUNDS  
AT THE  
WASHINGTON  
ST. ENTRANCE

FOR the first time in her history Portland is providing her people with high-grade music as an agency which makes for the betterment of civic conditions, without money and without price. If you will take a Washington-street car and go out to City Park any Sunday afternoon, between 2 and 3 o'clock, you may steep your soul in the "sounds of the band in the Park" under circumstances so favorable that you will come away feeling that Portland, County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, is a good place to live in. Thanks largely to J. D. Meyer, in charge of the music in the Parks a season of Sunday afternoon band concerts was inaugurated last Sunday and that the experiment will be a success was proven by the presence of 5000 good citizens and their families who lounged in the shade of the sheltering trees while Charles L. Brown's crack band discoursed its sweetest and liveliest strains.

Some came early in the afternoon, brought lunches and stayed until the final selection, while others who had but a few minutes to spare strolled through the Park that they might pick up stray bits of melody to take home with them. Everywhere there was satisfaction and gratitude for the local generosity which made the concerts possible. In a clump of firs and cedars within a few steps of the base of gray granite whereon the Lewis and Clark monument is rising stands the bandstand, and around it are grouped benches where elderly men and matrons may sit in close proximity to the nattily uniformed musicians, the tuba and big bass drum, amid a flood of memories carrying them back to when the old familiar tunes were new when Sherman was marching through Georgia and Johnnie came home from the front to his waiting Dolly Gray. There are shady by-paths where two may stroll together, all the world apart, while dreamy waltz tunes thread their way through the trees, making fond hearts say foolish, pensive things, and there are broad reaches of green sward where the youngsters may tumble and "waller" in the grass or do cakewalk steps when the fancy of the big blue band lightly turns to ragtime. The programme is varied to suit all tastes, so that the learned and the unskilled may both find pleasure in it.

A breathing place on a magnificent height, a choice bit of God's country improved my man and with it music! What better could be done on a Sunday afternoon than to hear the band at the City Park? The crowd which was there last Sunday was cosmopolitan. It came from all quarters of the city and all walks of life. Here was the laborer with his little family, resting from the six days of grinding toil. He found peace and quiet and a respite from care, here was the clerk pale-faced and stooped from the close confinement of his employment, here the man of business and here were visitors from the country. It was a good-natured, democratic assemblage, which had cast off restraint for a few hours of the joy of living. Sunday music at the Park during the coming Summer will make the people of Portland better and happier. It will lessen crime, promote temperance and improve business conditions. It is a good investment and will pay tangible dividends. The Park Board has done well and those who have supplied the funds may be justly proud of their part in making the project successful. Today twice as many people as last week should hear the music, it is there for the public's benefit, and it is the public's fault if it misses an afternoon of rare recreation.



BEHIND  
THE  
BAND  
STAND