

can donkeys; and while he didn't profess to have a critical ear for music, and was not sensitive to nerve, he was of the opinion that no dog that ever lived—nor any hundred of them—could get together such an unearthly combination of discordant and terrifying noises, and so nearly scare people to death as those donkeys.

His own platform was free speech and no muzzles. This was their last opportunity this summer for a free expression, for in a few days the tyrant man would muzzle them, and he hoped all would speak out now while they could.

Dictatory McLeish said it was well known to educated dogs that their race was less liable to rabies in summer than any other season and that the malady was superinduced by ill treatment, hunger, restraint or lack of water. A dog, quite as much as anybody else, wanted liberty to have his mouth open. He perspired through his tongue and salivary glands: and if his mouth was kept closed he not only suffered but was liable to serious illness. This had, he said, long been understood in scientific canine circles, and he was amazed people claiming so much superiority were ignorant of it. The practice of muzzling dogs in summer was a relict of ignorance and superstition worthy the middle ages.

Mr. Grey H. Schroeder followed. He was not in very good voice and suffered from stage fright. He wanted, he said, to protest against the practice so many people had of kicking a dog because he was ugly. He realized that for his part he did not possess the personal pulchritude of some who had preceded him; but that was in part because he had been built that way and in part from a chronic vacancy in his stomach, a sort of "long-felt want," as it were. Because of these misfortunes (no fault of his) he was treated with contumely. The life of an ugly dog he found, was not a happy one. Indeed oppression and abuse appeared to be the badge of all his tribe. If he had to wear a muzzle through the dogdays he hoped somebody would poison him, provided the dose was put in a good big chunk of meat.

This remark about poison brought several to address the chair all at once, in indignant denunciation of the poison fiend who was reported to have started on his annual summer crusade.

Gypsy Tipton interjected the remark that she was sure the poison had not been bought at their store.

Blackie Fanning expressed himself strongly. He said a person who

would lay out poison for a dog was so far below his own level he found it difficult even to refer to such a creature. He was glad to be able to state that under a recent decision handed down by the Supreme Court of Illinois the statute in regard to poisoning stock was held to apply to dogs as well as to horses, cattle and swine. This would afford a little protection to those of their fellows who were obliged to pick up a living where they could find it.

Sport Murdow remarked that he didn't have to "pick up" his living. He lived at home. But a predecessor of his, who was something of a Rover, made the mistake of taking supper one night away from home, and "he never smiled again." This circumstance had taught him to be careful not to lunch off his own premises.

Here little Prince Ratzenkatzer-Hankey, piped in with the remark that Sport Murdow's speech was very well as a theory, but at his place they never ate away from home, yet two of his predecessors—"Tam" and "Clock"—both illustrious and popular members of the colony, had died from poison. If he knew who the poisoner was he would like to sharpen his teeth on the fellow's bones. He thought a person who would poison a dog on his own ground was not too good to be in the penitentiary. [Hear! Hear!]

Bismarck Holste just wanted to say, as the result of wide observation, that dogs, with all their faults, compare favorably with many of their human compeers in the matter of personal offensiveness. For one thing, they did not guzzle beer; for another, they did not smoke stinking cigarettes or nicotine-saturated old pipes; nor did they spit all round on steps and pavements where well-bred dogs had to walk; and as to manners, both in public and private, the comparison was altogether in favor of the dogs.

Carter Harrison Law got up, he said, not to add to the list of wrongs suffered. The things that had been said were, unhappily, true, and a great deal might be added. But the important thing was to find out what they could do about it. He had lived both North and South and had studied this problem profoundly, and he had come to the conclusion that individual ownership was responsible for a great deal of the trouble. Some owners were cruel, others careless, some improvident, some too poor to provide for dumb defendants. He believed the sovereign remedy would be found in municipal ownership. The village should acquire all

the dogs within its limits, and see that they were properly sheltered, fed and cared for in sickness and health.

Here Toots Orde interrupted to say that he once enjoyed for a short time the paternal care of the municipality. He was put in a cold, damp place called the "lock-up," where there was no provision made for the comforts or even necessities of life; and for his part, he didn't want any more of it.

This interruption somewhat disconcerted Carter Harrison Law, and he did not resume his speech.

At this point Miss Mandatory McLeish said it was about time to formulate conclusions. She moved it be declared the sense of this meeting:

1st. That the village ordinance requiring dogs to wear muzzles is a relic of a barbarous and superstitious age and ought to be repealed forthwith.

2nd. That Dr. Flanders' burros ought to be corralled in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, in an enclosure with a fence fifty feet high built with hollow walls deafened with mineral wool.

3rd. That the Glencoe boys ought to be muzzled between and after school hours.

4th. That the dog poisoners, when detected, be chewed into small fragments and the remains used to fertilize the Skokie.

When President Jerry put this quadrangular motion it was adopted by an unanimous chorus of barks, followed by three howls and a tiger.

[At this moment an up stairs window in the postoffice building was raised and the barrel of a shotgun protruded in the direction of the meeting, which without waiting for a motion adjourned sine die.

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