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 \* **Glencoe.** \*  
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Other Glencoe news on pages 13 and 14.

Mr. Jack Fanning entertained the Bohemian Club Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Lewis Day and children leave to-day (Saturday) for Geneva Lake.

Miss Mary Plummer of Brooklyn, is visiting her father, Mr. J. W. Plummer, on Downing avenue.

Rev. A. M. Ingraham is taking an August vacation away from Glencoe, and in his absence the pulpit will be filled from Sabbath to Sabbath with such supply as can be arranged for.

The first electric car came down to Park avenue Wednesday evening from the north. Mr. J. F. Dennis took a party for the return trip to Fort Sheridan, who will take pride at some distant day in saying they rode on the first electric car when the line began to operate in Glencoe. J. F. has the satisfaction of knowing he was the first man to set the electric ball rolling in this village.

When Harry's pond is no more and the drain from it to Greenwood avenue has followed the example now being set by the river Thames, what will become of the feud between the east and west sides of the street over the sewage from the pond which each side has so politely tried to press on the acceptance of the other; and what can be scared up to take its place in the diversions offered by the lobby in the Council chamber from time to time?

Glencoe now "points with pride" to the snowy coat wherewith Painter Campbell has invested our Sheridan Road fountain. It looks so artistic and inviting this hot weather. Even the president of the Sheridan Road association might be pardoned a few swellings of the heart in case he should view this work of art; provided he did not want a drink. Let us not be misunderstood by the thirsty bicyclers from abroad; it is the paint we point to, not the fountain per se. We are not

going to brag of this work of art until some way has been devised to get up to it. It is as yet only a hollow mockery, a sort of mirage in the desert—to the pedestrian world.

We feel authorized to say positively that Harry's pond is doomed. Mr. Porter, the subway contractor, is not in collusion with the malign fates that have so long staved off sanitary retribution. He says he will put in the 200 cubic yards of earth authorized by the Council; but it is presumed he keeps this job for the last, as we do the dessert at dinner, so as to take away with him a fragrant remembrance of his Glencoe contract.

Could anybody give a good reason why there should not be a shed for passengers alighting from North-western trains at this station on the west platform? Trains often arrive in the midst of a driving storm. Passengers must get off in the rain whether they happen to have umbrellas or mackintoshes or not—and they generally do not—and they must stand in the storm until the train pulls out of their way before they can take refuge in the station. A track shed is not a very expensive affair, although it is a real luxury. It is not an unreasonable want. Can't you help it along, Mr. Lawson?

The engineer of the train which passed this station going north just about 3:30 p. m. is a funny fellow—or no doubt thinks he is. His little joke consists in opening the valve of his engine whistle down about Hawthorne avenue and holding it open till he arrives opposite the station platform, and he finds his amusement, we suppose, in seeing frightened horses jump, and shocked and terrified people try to shrink out of the way. It may be very amusing for Mr. Engineer, but is no joke for the men and teams working at the subway, nor for sick or nervous women and children in the immediate neighborhood, or for women who happen about the station. Men can stand that sort of thing with no worse damage than a breach of temper, and they can find relief in swearing; but women with weak nerves or enfeebled

hearts are liable to be killed by such a shock.

Mr. J. Cole of Chicago, is visiting his grandmother, at Glencoe.

LOST — A large, half-clipped St. Bernard dog. \$20 reward. H. Paepcke, Glencoe.

There will be two talks on "Italy" by Mrs. Ridgeway, Monday and Thursday afternoons, at 3:30 o'clock, during the second and third weeks of August.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Watson have returned from their Colorado trip, and will spend the remainder of the summer with Mr. W. J. Watson, at his beautiful home Waldfrieden.

It has been noted that Dr. Flanders' donkeys are keeping very quiet. Their voice (unlike that of the turtle) has not been heard in the land for quite a while. Can it be that they feel abashed by the resolution passed by that midnight convention at Clemence Dopfer's corner? Or are they taking a summer vacation?

One would think that Dictator McLeish might be excused if he felt a little pride when he recalls his speech at Clemence Dopfer's corner just before the opening of the dog-muzzle season and then looks around the village here at the beginning of the "dog-days" without discovering a single one of his fellows wearing the hated insignia of tyranny. If Dick were a Latin scholar he might quote, at least to himself, that old Latin saw to the effect that truth is mighty and will prevail if it has half a chance.

**L. A. W. Excursion to Boston.**

The Nickel Plate Road will sell excursion tickets from Chicago to Boston and return for trains of August 11th and 12th, at the rate of \$19 for the round trip. Tickets will be valid returning for arrival at initial starting point not later than August 31st, by depositing same with agent Fitchburg R. R., in Boston. Sleeping car accommodations should be secured early. Address General Agent, No. 111 Adams st., Chicago.

WANTED—Furnished houses, north lake shore to rent, summer months. Have applicants, Owners please reply in detail. E. N. Weart & Co. 111 Dearborn st.