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CREAM Baking Powder

Received the highest award at Chicago World's Fair

THE HENRY PLAINDEALER

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QUARTER OF A CENTURY

ITEMS CLIPPED FROM PLAINDEALER OF
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

WEEKLY PERSONAL ITEMS

COMERS AND GOERS OF A WEEK IN
OUR BUSY LITTLE VILLAGE

AS SEEN BY PLAINDEALER REPORTERS
AND HANDED INTO OUR OFFICE BY OUR
FRIENDS.

John Larsen of Chicago is the guest of McHenry friends.

Miss Florence Welch spent Sunday as the guest of friends in Chicago.

Simon Stoffel was a business visitor in the metropolitan city Wednesday.

Miss Eleanore Phalin has been the guest of relatives at the county seat.

Florence and Ernest Kamholz were recent guests of relatives at Marengo.

Geo. H. Hanly was among the Chicago passengers Wednesday morning.

Miss Eva Stoffel spent yesterday and today as the guest of Chicago friends.

Fremont Hoy of Woodstock was a business visitor in town Monday afternoon.

Lester Gilles of Aurora was the guest of friends here the first of the week.

Miss Lena Geske of Cary was the guest of relatives here the first of the week.

Miss Lillian Pouse attended a dance at the county seat on Friday evening of last week.

Gilbert Howard attended to matters of a business nature in the windy city Wednesday.

Mrs. E. J. Mansfield of Woodstock is a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bassett.

Miss DeCamp of Chicago has been a guest in the home of James Hughes south of town.

Mrs. Irving Watson of Chicago is a guest in the home of her sister, Mrs. J. Fisher.

Rev. Father Isidore of Norwood Park assisted Rev. D. Lehane here on Christmas day.

Mrs. Rose McGee of Woodstock was a recent guest in the home of Dr. C. H. Fegers here.

Miss Ethel Krumpen of DeKalb is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Krumpen.

George Conway is spending the holidays with his father and sisters in the metropolitan city.

Mrs. George Buss and children are spending the week as the guests of relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. George Mix of Austin was a recent guest in the home of her sister, Mrs. John Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Flaherty of Elgin were guests in the home of Mrs. Ellen Frisby recently.

Miss Irene Davoll returned home last Saturday from an extended visit with Chicago friends.

Herbert Landwer of Barrington spent Christmas day as the guest of relatives and friends in McHenry.

Nicholas Pitzzen of Turtle Lake, Wis., is visiting among relatives and friends in McHenry and vicinity.

Misses Pearl and Ruby Claxton are spending the week as guests of friends in the metropolitan city.

Mrs. Silas Pierce of Crivitz, Wis., is being entertained in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Bacon.

Miss Lelah Claxton spent the latter part of last week as the guest of friends at Barrington and Chicago.

George Kane of Woodstock spent the latter part of last week in the home of his mother near this village.

Thomas Thompson and daughter, Mrs. Clara Starritt, were guests of relatives at Huntley on Christmas day.

Miss Emma Conway of Elgin passed the holiday vacation as a guest in the home of her parents south of town.

Thomas Wright of Wauconda was a caller in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Frisby on Friday of last week.

Jay Hanrahan of Chicago was a Sunday guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Fitzsimmons, who reside west of town.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Schaffer passed recent day as guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Geary near Wau-

Emma McGinnis and daughter, Mrs. E. J. Elgin have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Elgin.

and child week as Mary Mc-

THE DAYS' NEW YEAR PARTY

His Coming of Age Marked by a Dinner to Which All of the Festivals Are Invited.

The Old Year being dead, and the New Year coming of age, which he does by calendar law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark, but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

It was stiffly debated among them whether the Fast should be admitted. Some said the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Dominie would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolk home at night.

All the days came. Covers were provided for 365 guests at the principal table, with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-ninth of February.

Cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours, twelve little merry, whirling footpads that went all round and found out the persons invited, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few other movables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

"Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but 'Hail, fellow Day! well met!' only Lady Day seemed a bit scornful. Yet some said Twelfth Day cut her out, for she came all royal and glittering and Epipheneous. The rest came in green, some in white, but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and the Sunshiny Days laughing. Wedding Day was there in marriage finery. Pay Day came late, and Doomsday sent word he might be expected.

April Fool took upon himself to marshal the guests, and May Day, with that sweetness peculiar to her, proposed the health of the host. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table returned thanks. Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, struck up a carol which Christmas Day had taught him. Shrove-tide, Lord Mayor's Day and April Fool next joined in a glee, in which all the Days, chiming in, made a merry burden.

All this while Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who sat next him, slipping amorous billet-doux under the table till the Dog Days began to be jealous and to bark and rage exceedingly.

At last the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats and took their leave. Short Day went off in a deep black fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round. The Vigils—so watchmen are called in Heaven—saw Christmas Day safe home; they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher—seeing Ash Wednesday in condition little better than he should be, e'en whipped him over his shoulders pick-a-back fashion, and he went floating home singing:

"On the Bat's Back Do I Fly," and a number of old snatches besides. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

GOOD AS NEW.

"My good man, I hope you've made some good resolutions."

"No, ma'am, not this year. You see I've got a bunch of 'em I made last year an' never used."

Miss Mae Kane of Elgin spent the latter part of last week as a guest in the home of her mother, who resides north of town.

Miss Elizabeth Thelen passed the latter part of last and the fore part of this week as the guest of relatives at Elgin and Chicago.

Read The Plaindealer.

My Lady's Resolutions



1913 — 1914

Take away the tattered page
Of my erstwhile piety,
Dim and soiled and outraged quite—
Mocked of bland satiety:
Resolutions such as they
May greet the season with aplomb,
But when the year, grown old and gray,
Time's not a crutch to lean upon
Of all that lofty sentiment,
I fain would close the vexing tale
And yet again experiment.

For like a bloom perennial
And rosy tinted wake the dreams
Of all the morrows yet to come;
When life is really what it seems;
When tardiness and broken vows,
And duties shirked for Pleasure's court,
And Mother Grundy's sad pro-words,
And fickle Fashion's mad report
Are strangers to my righteous heart—
Tear up the old and frame the new,
For I would make another start.
—Maude DeVerse Newton.

Some New Year Don'ts

Don't sprinkle salt on the tail of temptation.

Don't try to get the better of a man who hasn't any.

Don't snore in church. It's mean to keep others awake.

Don't be satisfied to pay as you go. Save enough to get back.

Don't get married with the sole idea that misery loves company.

Don't follow the beaten track unless you are satisfied to remain beaten.

Don't accept advice from a man who never offers you anything else.

Don't expect Opportunity to come to you with a letter of introduction.

Don't trust to luck. Nine-tenths of the people in the world guess wrong.

Don't buy your friends. They never last as long as those you make yourself.

Don't envy the rise of others. Many a man who gets to the top is mere froth.

Don't greet Misfortune with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation.

Don't make good resolutions unless you constantly carry a repair kit with you.

Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose is white all the way through.

Don't forget in times of peace to prepare for war. That's about the only use some of us seem to have for peace.

Don't fail to have an object in view. Many a man leads such an aimless existence that he could fire at random without hitting it.—Lippincott's.

DIDN'T OBSERVE NEW YEAR'S

Puritans Regarded the Celebration as a Heathenish and Un-Christian Rite.

The sole record of the observance of the New Year by the Pilgrims of the new world, named New England, was most prosaic, most brief: "We went to work betimes." Many of the good Puritan ministers thought the celebration or even notice of the day in any way savored of improper and un-Christian reverence for the heathen god, Janus. Yet these English settlers came from a land where New Year's eve and New Year's day were second in importance and domestic observance only to Christmas. Throughout every English county New Year's eve was always celebrated; in many it was called by the pretty name of Singing Eve, from the custom which obtained of singing the last of the Christmas carols at that time.

This New Day.

Out of the tomb of night a day has risen. Be not anxious; this day is all your own. Do not hurry, for in time it is like all other days; neither delay, for now is passing. Early turn your face to the dawn and let its fresh beams bathe away all stains of night; then, should the noon be dark with storms, your smile will still wear the rose tints of the morning. Step softly among human hearts, and leave so much of kindness along life's pathway that gladness shall spring up, bearing tribute in the cool e'en tide of the world's glad New Day.—Croft.

TO THE PUBLIC

In turning over my business and good will to my successor I take this opportunity of thanking the good people of McHenry and vicinity for the liberal patronage extended me during the years that I have conducted the West Side meat market and grocery. It is not a matter of choice that I step out of the harness, but on the advice of my physician. Ever since my last spell of sickness I have been looking for some trustworthy and reliable man to take the burden from my shoulders and in disposing of my stock and good will to G. C. Bosma I believe the right man is taking hold where I left off. I cheerfully recommend Mr. Bosma to the public and bespeak for him the patronage that has been accorded the place in the past. Again thanking the public and wishing all a happy and prosperous New Year, I am,
Respectfully yours,
E. F. MATTHEWS.

Thomas Knox of Chicago spent a couple of days last week as a guest in the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Knox.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson of Ridgefield spent a recent day as guests in the home of their daughter, Mrs. John W. Schaffer.

The Grocer Merits Your Coffee Trade

When coffees are judged solely upon quality in the cup, the grocer gives you the best value possible to procure.

The grocer is the most convenient and the least expensive distributor of roasted coffee; therefore, he is the most logical distributor of coffee, and the one most deserving of your patronage.

Mex-O-Ja Coffee

is a blend of our selection of genuine Sao Paulo and Mexican varieties—a coffee unmatchable at the price.

Every package contains a full pound, net weight—and it comes to you in a sanitary protector carton, with broad green and red designs.

The Price May Change—the Quality Never

Price subject to revision according to the cost of raw material.

30 Cents For Pound

ARBuckle Bros.
Mex-O-Ja Sales Dept.
265-465 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.
To Get Best Results Grind Your Coffee at Home

Pronounced MEX-O-JA



Mr. Nu Year's Resolutions

He Knew
GOIN' TO
SKYLE. I GOT
EM!
EDJIKASHUN
NOW



"THERE!"

The Past and the Future.

Carry into the new year only the choicest thoughts and inspirations. As in the olden days when men approached the Parthenon they cleansed their persons and arrayed themselves in white robes before entering that glorious temple, so cleanse your garments from transgression, clothe yourself with aspirations. Farewell to the past! Welcome and all hail to the future!—Newell Dwight Hillis.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ENGLAND.

New Year's day is kept very curiously in some of the old countries. In England the ringing of bells is about the only formal demonstration they show for the anniversary at the present time, though years ago it was as much of a gala day as Christmas. They used to give presents and have great feasts, and there was a good deal of revelry and drunkenness, more than there ought to have been in a civilized community. On the whole the new is quite as good as the old way, to my thinking. In Denmark the cannon booms, as a sound of joy to welcome in the new year. Every morning of the first of January, Copenhagen is shaken by this peaceful cannonading. The people in the rural districts go to the farmhouses and fire their muskets under the windows of the sleeping inmates, to inform them that a new year is at hand. The custom is not a very nice one; it smacks too much of old time roughness and rudeness.

New Year Resolutions.

I will try to be kind.
I will try to find the good in others.
I will carry sunshine with me, especially into the dark places.
I will try to make someone happy each day.—Woman's Home Companion.

RAYMOND PATCHEN WINS PROMOTION

WAS FORMER MANAGER AT LOCAL TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Raymond N. Patchen, who a few years ago was the local manager of the McHenry telephone exchange, has been promoted to the position of traffic chief for the Chicago Telephone company for the Gary-Hammond district, the largest one outside of Chicago. He takes charge today.

Mr. Patchen has been located at LaGrange and has had his jurisdiction enlarged several times.

He has become popular in the towns along the Burlington railroad, where business interests called him, and is popular in the Business Men's association, Masonic lodge and other societies in LaGrange.

His promotion is a testimonial to his good work with the company.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Council Room, Dec. 26, 1913.

The village trustees met in special session for the purpose of passing an ordinance amending the telephone ordinance, with President Stoffel presiding.

Trustees present: Barbican, Chamberlin, Fisher, Nickels, Spencer and Weber.

On motion by Fisher, seconded by Nickels, that the ordinance be passed as read. Yeas—Barbican, Chamberlin, Fisher, Nickels, Spencer and Weber. Nays—None. Motion carried.

On motion by Nickels, seconded by Fisher, to adjourn. Motion carried.

SIMON STOFFEL, President.
G. SCHREINER, Clerk.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

By Mary L. Wilkins



My brother Lemuel married Mehitable Pierce when he was quite along in years. Nobody thought he'd ever get married at all, any more'n my brother Reuben an' Silas. The three had lived together and kept bachelors' hall ever since our mother died. I was married and away from home long before she died. I didn't know how they would get along at first, but all of the boys had been used to helpin' ma a good deal, and they were real handy, and when I asked if they wasn't goin' to have a house-keeper, they wouldn't hear to it. They said they wasn't goin' to have no strange woman round in ma's place, now. So Silas he took hold and did the washin' and ironin', and Reuben did the sweepin', and Lemuel, he was the youngest, next to me, did the cookin'. He could cook a dinner equal to any woman, and his pies beat mine. My husband said so, and I had to give in they did.

Well, they seemed to get along so nice, and none of 'em had ever seemed to think much about the girls, not even when they was boys, that I must say I was astonished when Lemuel he up and got married to Mehitable Pierce. She was a little along in years, too, rather more so than Lemuel, and a dreadful smart piece. She was good lookin' and she had property, but she was dreadful smart and up an' comin'. I could never see how Lemuel ever got the courage to ask her to have him, he was always a kind of mild spoken little fellow. Reuben he declared he didn't. He vowed that Mehitable asked him herself. He said he knew it for a fact, and he said it with the tears rollin' down his cheeks. Reuben was the oldest and he'd always been terrible fond of Lemuel. "That poor boy would never have got in such a fix if that woman hadn't up an' asked him, an' he didn't have spunk enough to say no," said Reuben, and he swallowed hard.

Mehitable had a nice house of her own that her father left her, all furnished and everything, so of course Lemuel he went to live with her, and Mehitables house was pretty near where I lived, so I could see everything that was goin' on. It wasn't very long before I said to Hannah Morse, my husband's old maid sister that lives with us and teaches school, that I believed Lemuel was heppened, though I hadn't anythin' against Mehitable.

"I don't see what else anybody that married Mehitable Pierce would expect," said Hannah. She spoke real sharp for her. I've always kind of wondered if Hannah would have had Lemuel if he'd asked her. "Well," said I, "I hope poor Lemuel will be happy. He's always been such a good, mild, willin' boy that it does seem a pity for him to be rode over rough-shop, and have all the will he ever did have trodden into the dust."

"Well, that is what will happen, or I'll miss my guess," said Hannah Morse. For a long while I thought she was right. It was really pitiful to see Lemuel. He didn't have no more liberty nor will of his own than a five-year-old boy, and not so much. Mehitable wouldn't let him do this and that, and if there was anythin' he wanted to do, she was set against it, and he'd always give right in. Many's the time Lemuel has run over to my house, and his wife come racin' to the fence and screamed after him to come home, and he'd start up as scared as he could be. And many's the time I've been in there, and he started to go out, and she'd tell him to set down, and he's set without a murmur.

Mehitable she bought all his clothes, an' she favored long-tailed coats, and he bein' such a short man never looked well in 'em, and she wouldn't let him have store shirts and collars, but made them herself, and she didn't have very good patterns, she used her father's old ones, and he wasn't no such built man as Lemuel, and I know he suffered everything, both in his pride an' his feelin's. Lemuel began to look real downtrod. He didn't seem like half such a man as he did, and the queerest thing about it was: Mehitable didn't 'pear to like the work of her own hands, so to speak.

One day she talked to me about it. "I dunno what 'tis," said she, "but Lemuel he don't seem to have no go ahead and no ambition and no will of his own. He tries to please me, but it don't seem as if he had grit enough even for that. Sometimes I think I ain't well, but I dunno what ails him. I've been real careful of him. He's worn thick flannels, and he's had wholesome victuals; I ain't never let him have pie."

"Lemuel was always dreadful fond of pie," said I. I felt kind of sorry, for I remembered how fond poor Lemuel had always been of mother's pies, and

what good ones he used to make himself.

"I know it," said Mehitable. "He wanted to make some himself, when we were first married, but I vetoed that. I wasn't goin' to have a man messin' round makin' pies, and I wasn't goin' to have him eatin' of 'em after they were made. Pies ain't good for him. But I declare I dunno what does make him act so kind of spiritless. I told him today I thought he'd better make a resolution for the New Year and stick to it, and see if it wouldn't put some spunk into him."

Pretty soon she went home. I could see she was real kind of troubled. She always did think a good deal of Lemuel in spite of everything.

The next day was New Year's, and in the afternoon Mehitable came in again. She didn't have her sewin' as she generally did, she was a very industrious woman. She jest sat down and begun twistin' the fringe of her shawl as if she was real nervous. Her face was puckered up, too. "I dunno what to make of Lemuel," said she, finally.

"Why, what's the matter?" said I, kind of scared.

"He says he's made a resolution for the New Year," said she, "and that he's goin' to keep it."

"Well, what is it?" said I.

"I dunno," said she.

"Well, if it's a good one, you don't care, do you?" said I, "and it couldn't be anythin' but a good one if my brother made it."

"I dunno what it is," said she.

"Won't he tell?"

"No, he won't. I can't get a word out of him about it. He don't act like himself."

Well, I must say I never saw such a change as come over Mehitable and Lemuel after that. He wouldn't tell what his resolution was, and she couldn't make him, though she almost went down on her knees. It began to seem as if she was fairly changin' characters with Lemuel, though she had a spell of bein' herself more'n ever at first, tryin' to force him to tell what that resolution was. Then she give that up, and she never asked him where he was goin', an' he could come in my house an' sit jest as long as he wanted to, and she bought him a short-tailed coat and some store collars and shirts, and he looked like another man. He got to stayin' down to the store nights, an' talkin' politics



Mehitable She Bought All His Clothes,

with the other men real loud. I heard him myself one night, and I couldn't believe it was Lemuel.

Well, Lemuel he never gave in, and he never told till the next New Year's day, when he'd said he would. He'd said all along that he'd tell her then. I'd got most as curious as Mehitable myself by that time, and New Year's mornin' I run over real early—they wasn't through breakfast. I knew the minute I saw them that he hadn't told. He said he wouldn't till he was through his breakfast. He was most through—was finishing up with a big piece of mince pie, and he'd made it himself, too. When he'd swallowed the last mouthful, he looked up and he laughed, real pleasant and sweet, and yet with more manliness than I'd ever seen in him.

"Spose you want to know what that New Year's resolution was?" said Lemuel.


"I guess I can stand it a while longer," said Mehitable. Now the time had come she didn't want to act too eager, but I showed out jest what I felt.

"For the land sake, Lemuel Babbitt, what was it?" said I.

Lemuel he laughed again. "Well, it wasn't much of anythin'," he said, in his gentle drawlin' way. "I didn't make no resolution."

"What, Lemuel Babbitt!" cried Mehitable.

"No," said he; "I couldn't think of none to make, so I made a resolution not to tell that I hadn't made any."



WHEAT
CORN
CATTLE
PORK
BEEF
LARD
HAMS
BACON
EGGS
MILK
BUTTER
CHEESE
SUGAR
COFFEE
TEA
SPICES
FRUITS
VEGETABLES
FISH
SEAFOOD
PASTRY
CANDIES
TOBACCO
CIGARS
ALCOHOL
PERFUMES
COSMETICS
HATS
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