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GEN. PERSHING COMMENDS AID RENDERED ARMY

Post Exchanges Overseas Are Taken Over by the Military Authorities

Asserting that the valuable aid rendered by the war service of the Y. M. C. A. had been a large factor in the final great accomplishments of the American army, General Pershing, in a communication to E. C. Carter, in charge of association operations with the American Expeditionary Forces, pays a splendid tribute to the work which this agency accomplished under extreme difficulties and handicaps.

At its own request the American Y. M. C. A. has been relieved from maintaining post exchanges with the Expeditionary forces overseas, the need for such service having been relieved with the signing of the armistice. Correspondence exchanged between General Pershing and E. C. Carter, in charge of the Y. M. C. A. with the army, resulted in this decision. Carter wrote to General Pershing January 29th as follows:

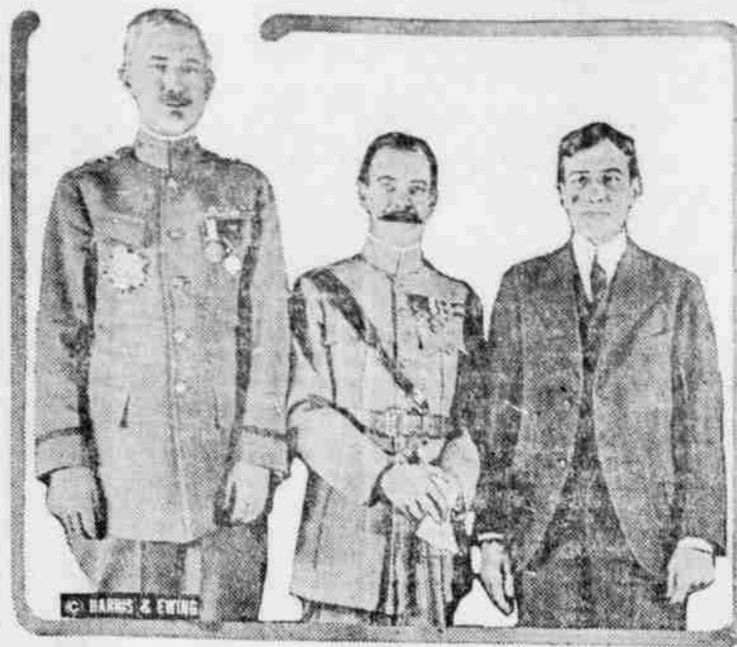
Dear General Pershing: A year and a half ago you requested the Y. M. C. A. to undertake operations for post exchanges for the American Expeditionary Forces in order that "officers and enlisted men may not be taken away for that purpose from their paramount military functions of training and fighting."

As soon as hostilities ceased we raised with you the question whether time had not come for the Y. M. C. A. to be relieved of the operation of post exchanges in view of the fact that there was no longer the same pressing demand on man power of the army for training and fighting. When we first raised the question with you it did not appear to you that it was feasible in the best interests of maximum service to the army that a change be made. Now the situation is materially altered.

Recent general orders from main headquarters and requests from commanding officers have laid on the Y. M. C. A. increased responsibilities in promoting educational, athletic and entertainment activities in the American Expeditionary Forces. This is placing a rapidly increasing burden upon our personnel. The army is also now preparing for post exchanges which heretofore have been imported, manufactured and delivered by the Y. M. C. A.

In view of the changed situation I wish to know whether you do not think it would be possible for the army at a very early date to assume full responsibility for the

GENERAL MARCH DECORATED BY FRANCE



Gen. Peyton C. March, chief of staff, U. S. army, wearing the decoration of grand officer of the Legion of Honor, which was awarded him by General Collardet of the French embassy, representing Premier Clemenceau of France. General Collardet and Secretary Baker are in the picture.

maintenance of post exchanges throughout the American Expeditionary Force?

Very cordially yours, (Signed) E. C. CARTER.

General Pershing immediately acted upon the suggestion made by Carter and relieved the Y. M. C. A. of its task of maintaining the post exchanges. He said:

My Dear Mr. Carter: I have received your letter of January 29th asking whether, in view of present changed situation, it would be possible for the army to assume full responsibility for maintenance of post exchanges throughout American Expeditionary Force.

As you correctly state, the Y. M. C. A. undertook the management of post exchanges at my request at a time when it was of greatest importance that no available soldier should be taken away from vital military functions of training and fighting. As reasons which impelled me at that time to request you to undertake this work no longer exist, I am glad to approve your suggestion in reaching this conclusion. Consideration has been given to new burdens in connection with entertainment, athletic activities and education that you have assumed. I have accordingly given directions that army units themselves take over and operate their own post exchanges.

In making this change permit me to thank you for the very valuable services and assistance which the Y. M. C. A. has rendered to the American Expeditionary Force in handling these exchanges. Handicapped by shortage of tonnage and land transportation the Y. M. C. A. has, by extra exertion, served the army better than could have been expected, and you may be assured that its aid has been a large factor in the final great accomplishments of the American army.

Very cordially yours, (Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING.

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"A PURPLE HAT" By FANNIE B. LINSKY.

Anne was cross. More than that, she was discouraged. More than that, she was blue. And she had, so she told herself, the very best reason in the world for being all three.

And that reason was, of course—a man. A most exasperating, irritating, fascinating, good-looking, likable young man. In other words, it was Bob Harwood, who had been coming to see her so long and so steadily that all the other boys in town had "dropped off."

"I know he means to propose," she said wrathfully, not addressing anyone in particular, and she slammed her book into the corner.

"I thought last night that he was just on the verge of saying something—but then—I've thought that a dozen times before now and nothing ever came of it!"

She got out of the hammock and poked up the much-despised book. "I suppose I might just as well finish my story," she said half aloud. "It's a good one, too—but every time I think of Bob Harwood it makes me so angry I can't even read."

The afternoon wore on, and Anne was aroused from her reading by the cheery whistle of the gray-haired postman as he came up the path on his afternoon rounds.

"Anything for me, Mr. Hobbs?" she called out gayly.

"Only one letter, Nanette," he called back, for the old man had known Anne since her pinafore and pigtail days, and they were great friends.

"Why, it 'pears to me like it's your Aunt Martha's writing," said the old man, scrutinizing the letter closely. "Wonder what she's got to be writing about?" he observed, as he handed over the missive, and he stood there waiting to hear the news. For wasn't he postman—and as such expected to know who got letters—and where they were from—and what they were about? That was Mossville etiquette, established of old, and far be it from S. Las Hobbs to neglect his duty in this regard.

"You must be a mind reader, Mr. Hobbs," said Anne, glancing through her letter. "It is from Aunt Martha, and she wants me to come and spend a week with her."

"Now, you take my advice, Anne, and go right along," said the old man, wisely shaking his head. "You know what you've told me 'bout a certain young man—well, this'll be just the thing. If I was you, I'd go right up and get ready now, and I wouldn't say nothin' about it, neither. Take my advice now, and run along and pack. You just stay up at the farm for a week or ten days, and don't write him a word, and I guess that'll bring him to his senses if anything ever will."

"Why, I do think that you are right, Mr. Hobbs. It's the very thing," said the girl, getting quite excited at the thought of running away.

"Mary, the maid, was just finishing her work for the day."

"I'm going away for a week or so, Mary," said Anne, as she entered the spotless kitchen where Mary reigned supreme. "but it's to be a dead secret, and if you'll come up and help me pack before you go out, so that I can get away, I'll give you my purple hat that you liked so much."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Anne," said Mary, "and indeed I'll help you."

So they packed, and when all was done, Mary went off to prepare for her "evening out."

Down the street that evening sauntered Mr. Robert Harwood. He had decided to call upon Anne. She did not expect him, very true, but still he was sure she would be glad to see him. She always was.

Enjoying his after-dinner cigar he turned the corner of her street and gazed over at the house.

Just then the door opened and down the steps lightly tripped a young woman. He would have recognized Anne anywhere by the purple hat that she wore.

"Good gracious, what's that!" muttered Bob Harwood, as he stepped back into the shadow.

"Anne—and a man! Oh, what a fool I've been," he ejaculated, suddenly brought to his senses. "Now I suppose some other lucky fellow has stepped in and cut me out. Well, it serves me right for waiting so long—but by Jove! I won't give her up so easily. I'll ask her to marry me tonight if I have to sit up all night and wait for her to come home," and he strode across the street and gave the hell a jerk that made it resound through the whole house.

Footsteps strangely familiar came running down the hall. The door opened and there stood—Anne.

"Why, I came—I mean I saw—" "And I conquered," I suppose," flushed Anne sarcastically, but smiling at his confusion.

"No, I haven't, that is—not yet," said Bob, recovering himself a little, "but I did come to—Oh, hang it all, Anne, will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will," said Anne, so promptly that he was shocked all over again. "But where is your purple hat?" said Bob, cautiously, an hour later, after they had "talked things over."

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