The Best Corrective

and preventive of the numerous ailments caused by defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion—is found in the safe, speedy, certain and time-tested home remedy

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

Every time a man gets his monthly gas bill he's glad that he doesn't have to buy the stuff by the ton.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The Kind.

"On what plane are his ideals?"

"I think they are on aeroplanes."

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue color. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than snow. Adv.

It Is All Handled.

"Tell your mother not to forget to which she needs bread that we handle it."

"Mamma wants bread that is well handled."

Easy.

"Is your husband easy to get along with?"

"Easy? Why he doesn't even object to going to church suppers."—Detroit Free Press.

Come, Now, Own Up.

"Say, father," said little Fred, "did you ever have another wife 'sides mother?"

"Why, certainly not," said the father, "how do you happen to ask such a question, my boy?"

"Well, father," continued the boy, "I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anne Domini, 1882, and I know that wasn't mother, for her name was Mary Parsons when she was a girl."

Rival Punsters.

"Can February March?"

"No, but April May," was the reply.

"Look here, old man, you're out of June."

"Don't July about it."

"It is not often that you get the better of your August personage."

"Ha! now you think that you have me Noctober."

And then there was war for the coroner.

Satisfied the Professor.

The story is told of a college professor who was noted for his concentration of mind. The professor was returning home one night from a scientific meeting, and pondering over the subject. He had reached his room in safety when he heard a noise which seemed to come from under the bed. "Is some one there?" he asked.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew the professor's peculiarities. "That's enough. I was positive some one was under my bed," commented the learned man.

Make It Tasty.

The author had just received a note from the editor saying he was in need of an article, "short, snappy and meaty."

"Great governor, man! Do you realize what you are asking?" cried the irate scribe. "It is easy enough to write something short—and snappy, too, as I feel just now; but—meaty—meaty! Man alive! And meat at 25 cents the pound an soaring higher every day! You don't suppose I'll waste much of the edible ration on an article for which I'll probably receive a measly $5.00 you?"

Diplomatic Team.

Cricket was introduced into a certain district of India by a clergyman from England, who hoped that the game would foster manly spirit. All went well, according to the author of "A Little Tour in India," the boys became keen and a match was arranged with a neighboring school. Then the clergyman gave his team 15 rupees ($4.80) to spend "on tea, cakes, or whatever would be most useful." When the day came, the team turned out for the match full of quiet confidence, but without their old accouterments. "Why," asked the padre, "what have you done with those 15 rupees I gave you?" "Well, sir," said the captain, "we thought it best to spend it all on the umpire." They won.

MORE THAN EVER

Increased Capacity for Mental Labor Since Leving Off Coffee.

Many former coffee drinkers who have mental work to perform, day after day, have found a better capacity and greater endurance by using Postum instead of coffee. An Ill. Woman writes:

"I had drank coffee for about twenty years, and finally had what the doctor called 'coffee heart.' I was nervous and extremely despondent; had little mental or physical strength left, had kidney trouble and constipation.

"The first noticeable benefit derived from the change from coffee to Postum was the natural action of the kidneys and bowels. Then my heart action was greatly improved and my nerves steady.

"Then I became less despondent, and the desire to be active again showed proof of renewed physical and mental strength.

"I am steadily gaining in physical strength and brain power. I formerly did mental work and had to give it up on account of coffee, but since using Postum I am doing fair mental labor with less fatigue than ever before."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in new concentrated form called Instant Postum. It is regular Postum, so processed at the factory that only the soluble portions are retained.

A spoonful of Instant Postum with hot water, and sugar and cream to taste, produces instantly a delicious beverage.

Write for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

By MAY TUTTELLE

Illustrations by V. L. BARNES

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SYNOPSIS.

Codman and her sister Louie are orphans. Their property has been swept away by the death of their father and they are compelled to cast about some means to earn a living. Louie answers an advertisement of an invalid who wants a companion. She declines the position. Louie advertises for a position as companion, and Mrs. Hazard answers. She offers Louie a position as "secretary of frivolous affairs." Her son Hap, a widower, Mrs. Hazard's son and daughter in the right matrimonial path. Louie talks baseball to Hap Hazard and also gains the confidence of Lola Hazard. The Duc de Trouville is believed to be interested in Laura. Mrs. Hazard gives a big reception and Louie meets many people high in the social world. Natalie Agazzis, to whom Hap has been paying attention, loses an emerald bracelet during the reception. She declares there is not another like it in the world. It develops that Natalie has lost several pieces of jewelry under similar circumstances. Hap takes Louie to the baseball game. He tells her he is not engaged to Natalie and has been cured of his infatuation. The scene changes to the Hazard country place, where many others are invited for the summer. Louie and Laura visit the farm of Whitmop Abbott at Bristol, in whom Laura takes considerable interest. Duc de Trouville arrives at the Hazard place. Louie hears Winthrop's motor boat out late at night. Next morning the papers announce the robbery of several nearby homes. Natalie accuses Louie of stealing her ruby pendant. Mrs. Hazard assures Louie of her confidence in her. Hap declares his love for Louie. She reciprocates, but will not admit it as she fears what Mrs. Hazard will say. Louie's escape from dinner on account of a headache, she is bombarded with notes from Hap imploring her to see him. Winthrop is arrested in the presence of Hap and Louie, charged with robbing General Asbury's home and shooting the general. A box of jewels is found in Winthrop's safe, among them an emerald bracelet exactly like the one lost by Natalie. Natalie apologizes to Louie for accusing her of theft. Louie is awakened at midnight and finds Hap in her room. Next morning Hap explains that he was in pursuit of a mysterious woman he had seen in the corridor and who eluded him by passing through Louie's room. Natalie identifies the emerald bracelet found in Winthrop's safe as her own. Louie's sister, Jo, arrives for a week's stay. John Crowninshield pays marked attention to Jo. Louie watches all night with Natalie, who sees Winthrop cross the lawn in the early morning, shadowed by Thomas, a footman. Louie hears a noise in the gallery and goes to investigate. She slips into the card room and stumbles over a bag. She starts to carry it to her room and is surprised by someone in the hall and falls downstairs. She retains the bag. The bag belongs to John. Louie again finds herself under suspicion. Louie overhears Hap tell his mother that he intends to marry Louie even if she is a thief, which he doesn't believe. Louie declares that she will not marry him, but Mrs. Hazard says Hap can have her if he wants her. Detective Adams is found bound and gagged. Jo is missing. The detective says she was carried off by three men.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

At the end of an hour we knew that Jo's abductors had crossed the wire fence to the pasture, a mile down the shore, for a piece of Jo's dark, dressing-gown that was missing from her wardrobe was found on the wire where, evidently, it had caught. A little farther on, one of her slippers was found. But there all trace of the thieves and Jo ended.

We telephoned for Winthrop and he came immediately. He knew more about that part of the country in a minute than any of the rest of us in a year. But noontime brought nothing more, and afternoon still nothing. Then the police were notified, and that brought also newspaper men and photographers. The police and the newspapers seemed the end of our desperate hoping.

Doctor Graham came and barricaded me in my sitting-room when the reporters began to arrive, with Celie as sentinel. He said it would not do for me to see them. I would be ill. Then the attempted jewel robbery leaked out—reporters just scent such things—embellished with my having heard suspicious noises, dramatically rushing out and saving the jewels, and plunging down the steps and breaking my arm as a fitting climax. An artist sketched one of the maids and added a broken arm, as they couldn't snap me; and the newspapers that afternoon came out with extras that sizzled.

But out of that episode Mr. Samuel Dick, of the Evening Columbian, concocted a very plausible story of Jo's disappearance. She had heard a noise, just as I had; she had investigated, which accounted for her having on as much as she had; she had perhaps recognized the thieves, which made it necessary for them to carry her away until they had made good their escape. They had left the detective behind because he had not learned who they were. Mr. Dick conjectured that we would find Jo alive, because if the thieves had intended to kill her they would not have taken the trouble to carry her off. The big question, of course, if we accepted this theory, was: Whom had she recognized? And that was a chance to display Mr. Dick's ability as a reporter. He wrote a lot and said nothing, but ended with a clever allusion to the emerald bracelet and Winthrop. The story breathed hope in every line, but it did not find Jo; and that's all I wanted—to find Jo!

The thieves had gone away empty-handed. Plainly they had come back for the jewels, not knowing, of course, the jewels had been conveyed to town and locked in good strong boxes in various banks. But Jo knew it, and she did not follow in the hope of getting back anything. Just where or how they had made her prisoner we could only conjecture. After all, it couldn't see that it made any difference where, for our only idea was to get her back, to know she had not been harmed, but the police and the reporters gave a great deal of thought and space to this matter. I told John of the pistol when he came once during the afternoon to say there was nothing new, but he only groaned. She had not defended herself.

When the dinner-gong sounded, Lone Oak, for once, was demoralized. John had not come back; Hap was disheveled and tired and refused to dress. He dined on coffee and sandwiches which Mrs. Hazard directed Burrows to serve in the smoking-room to anybody who wanted to eat. I was in my room, dry-eyed and hopeless, with Laura consoling me; and poor, dear Mrs. Hazard was trying to be everywhere and see everybody, while an immaculate, muchly-starched nurse from town only got in everybody's way and added to the confusion. No one would let her nurse. Natalie constituted herself hostess.

I don't think anybody gave a thought to His Grace or cared how he amused himself. He came upon the terrace once during the afternoon, and a photographer snapped him, not for any particular reason, but just because he was a duke and was flying around loose. It was an awkward situation for a house-party. The dinner must have been a hideous affair. The women were left alone after dinner, for all the men, except His Grace, changed to rough clothes and went to see what could be done to help. Not that they had any particular hope, but they chafed at being idle in such a crisis. The billiard-room was deserted, the card-room dark, and one by one lanterns began to flit in the direction of the ninth hole, where Jo's slipper had been found.

It was quite dark when John came, and besides the horror of his being dark, there was no news. He knocked softly, came in, spread out his hands helplessly. He was tired and dusty, and his clothes were torn where evidently he had struggled through gaps in wire fences. When I met his clear gray eyes and the look in them I moaned. Then he gave way, too, and sat down, burying his face in his hands. I knew the truth; he loved her! He had plotted a long time to love, then had tumbled in pell-mell, and the woman was Jo. I obeyed an impulse and put my hand on his bowed head.

"We'll find her," I whispered brokenly.

"Yes, we'll find her!" he repeated grimly.

"One of the newspapers suggests that perhaps she was abducted and is being held for ransom. In that case there's a chance—"

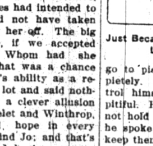
He came to his feet with an exclamation and eagerly scanned the paper I gave him.

"If they are holding her—if only they will demand a ransom," he said hoarsely. "Great God! If only they will!"

"You think they have killed her?" I cried.

"No, no!" he denied. "She's alive. She must be alive. Why, she's got to live, Ive!"

It was an awful thing to see him



Just Because He Was a Duke and Was Lying Around Loose.

go to pieces, and he had gone completely. The effort he made to control himself made it all the more pitiful. His lips were white; he could not hold the paper steady, and when he spoke his words, try as he did to keep them from being so, were tragic. I didn't know what had happened between him and Jo the evening before, but I knew what was going to happen if she ever came back alive; and no dressmaking nonsense and false pride were going to have anything to do with it. When a man waits nearly forty years to fall in love, a tornado—and that's the most strenuous thing I can think of—which he did not exactly remember, three men accosted him and asked if they might ride with him. He didn't consider this unusual, because it had happened to him before. The men were supporting a young woman between them. Bill concluded she had had too much. She was paid in advance, a bill which, by the light of a smoky kerosene stable lamp later, turned out to be ten dollars, but that, too, had happened to Bill before when he had given a lift to a "souse."

They rode what Bill judged to be about two miles, and got out at a path evidently leading to a house, just before coming to a small bridge. He remembered the bridge distinctly. They had called "good-night" to him. One of them, he thought, spoke in German. He had ceased to think of the incident until he saw the row in the newspapers had broken up about a young woman having been, presumably, abducted from a place in that vicinity on that very morning. He had hesitated about informing the police, because he didn't want to get mixed up 'bout nothing when he wasn't sure 'bout nothing, and didn't know nobody; and he couldn't be spared from the stable to go to court 'bout nothing.

But when he had been promised full pay for any time lost and a guarantee of his job from the owner of the stable, he consented to accompany Charlie to Lone Oak, if the milkman would go also, and place himself and his information at the disposal of whoever wanted it. He gave Charlie a slipper which he had found in the carriage. It was Jo's.

The terrace became a newspaper office, and at the rustic tables where we usually had tea in the late afternoon reporters were frantically writing. The photographers snapped Bill and the milkman every time they looked up.

It was quite a procession that went down the driveway to take Bill to the spot near the small bridge where the men and their victim had alighted. Winthrop said he knew the path and

A Passing Automobile Party Had Found an Unconscious Man Beside the Road.

the bridge—it was perhaps four miles or more below Lone Oak—and if Jo's abductors had left the carriage there he was certain it was not to follow the path. He knew it led to a little house and a celery farm, owned by an old German couple named Hingelmuller, simple, honest folk who certainly had no hand in an abduction or in concealing any one who had. But everybody went, just the same, and rather eagerly when it was remembered that Bill said he thought one of the men spoke in German.

The little old couple were astonished at the intrusion, but answered questions straightforwardly, and because Winthrop, who knew them well, requested it, allowed a search of their house and premises. Absolutely no trace of any person was found. The detectives and—more to the point—the newspaper men were finally convinced that the Hingelmullers knew nothing. If it had not been for the slipper, it is probable Bill's story would have been entirely discredited.

The bridge spanned a small brook that ran through the Hingelmullers' celery farm on one side of the road, coming through an estate on the other belonging to a family who had been abroad for three years. This estate was vacant. The house was some distance from the stream, and stood on a knoll that gave a view of the ocean. It was surrounded by weeds and overgrowth.

The detectives decided to inspect this house. A careful search, however, proved conclusively that no one had been near the place. The house was securely shuttered, its shutters and porches thick with dust. There was no indication anywhere of the weeds having been trampled. It was reasonably certain that the house neither was nor had been occupied for some time. But the police took the responsibility of tearing off a shutter and searching. Inside was the same coating of dust, no footprints anywhere, no signs of anything having been disturbed.

The search from that time on seemed to stand still. Bill and the milkman were sent back to the stable handsomely rewarded, but the story came to the front, for it was all there else had. We were no nearer finding Jo than we had been the morning of her disappearance.

John still expected a demand for ransom, so did Mr. Partridge, who broke fifteen pairs of glasses the morning he came, rubbing them. I had ceased to hope. I nursed my broken arm and cried every time I looked—and I looked often—at Jo's long, slim gowns hanging on their pegs. Just how it happened the newspapers hadn't discovered Jo's connection with Mme. Gautier, Robes et Manteaux, I do not know. It's a fact that all the stories referred to her as Mrs. Hazard's guest, the beautiful Mrs Codman. Perhaps it made a better story.

We dragged through Sunday. Winthrop had taken the reporters into his home, for there was no such thing as a hotel near us. We discovered that Sam Dick was an '07, and Sunday evening Mrs. Hazard brought him in to see me—she's soft-hearted about reporters anyhow. He told me he wouldn't print anything I said if I didn't wish it, but he simply had to be able to tell his city editor that he had seen me; that he would like to take a message to the other boys. I told him to stand for what he chose to tell them. He's a nice chap.

Monday morning Mrs. Hazard authorized the newspaper men to say that twenty-five thousand dollars would be paid for Jo returned alive. I didn't have to be told who had offered to pay it.

Monday morning something happened that we could not see had any bearing on Jo's disappearance, but which took the newspaper men and photographers to the rustic bridge on the run. A passing automobile party had found an unconscious man beside the road and had taken him to the rustic bridge. He had been shot in the head. How he came there no one knew. He could not speak and no one could identify him. Afterward a trail of blood was found leading into the woods along the stream, but before it had been followed many hours had happened.

The wounded man was taken to Dr. Graham's, where it was not thought he could live, as he was terribly exhausted from loss of blood, and he evidently had dragged himself from the place where he had been shot, to the road for assistance.

While we were digesting this new horror, John, who was pacing up and down Mrs. Hazard's sitting room, suddenly gave a short, sharp cry, and the next instant he was tearing madly at—tearing madly is exactly what he was doing—down the steps and across the lawn. Coming from the direction of the beach, stumbling, weary, exhausted, was Jo!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THOUGHT HE GAVE THE SIGN

But Old Gentleman Naturally Was Indignant at Mistake of Drug Clerk.

A well-dressed old man walked into a corner drug store the other day, mopped his face with a handkerchief and took a seat at the soda fountain. The clerk faced him expectantly.

"I am very thirsty," he remarked as he drummed on the counter. "I don't know what I want. Well, I believe I will take a phosphate," he concluded, still drumming on the marble with his fingers. The clerk smiled, picked up a stein and went to the rear of the store. He came back, set it in front of the old man and rang up 15 cents out of the half dollar which was given him. The old man, without looking in the stein, thirstily raised it to his lips and took a long draught. Then he quickly set the stein down, sputtered a moment and then exploded between his coughs.

"What do you mean? I never took a drop of liquor, sir, in my life. But I know it, sir, the minute I smell it. I smell it. I'll not stand for it, sir. I called for a cherry phosphate. What do you mean, sir, by giving me whisky?" And the old man stopped for breath as he glared at the amazed clerk.

"Well, I—I er—I guess I made a mistake." I thought you wanted it for medicine," stammered the clerk.

"Sir, I am a teetotaler. I wouldn't touch the stuff for love nor money." And the old man marched out indignantly.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" exclaimed the clerk to a man at the counter who had been served a stein in the same way, but who made no kick. "That old duffer came in here and certainly gave me the correct high sign. And he drank nearly half of it, too." The clerk laughed as he looked into the stein.—Kansas City Journal.

Care of Your Umbrella.

A soft silk wears the best in an umbrella. A steel frame is lighter to carry and admits of a closer roll. When carrying your umbrella on the street not in use, keep it furled; if hanging in your closet keep its case on. In fact, it presents a very neat appearance if the case is on when it is carried. To furl, grasp the stick in the right hand, shake out the folds, wrap them closely around the stick, beginning at the lower end, and smooth as they are wrapped around the stick, then fasten with the silk band on the silk cover.

When coming in with a wet umbrella, wipe off the handle and ferrule, and furl the silk sections. If the silk gets a spot on it, remove it with a silk cloth, warm water and soap. Clean a gold or silver handle in warm soapsuds, rub up a wooden handle with a very slightly oily cloth.

Up in Chemistry.

"Thomas," said the professor to a pupil in the junior class in chemistry, "mention an oxide."

"Leather," replied Thomas.

"What is leather an oxide of?" asked the professor.

"An ox'ide of beef," answered the bright youngster.

What Happened.

He went to ask her dear old dad
To let his daughter marry him;
He got home later, but he had
An ambulance to carry him.

Foreboding.

Gambler—My dear, I am very much afraid this child is going to disgrace me when he grows up.

Wife—Why so?

Gambler—He gives every sign of becoming a squealer.

Helping the Little Fellow.

The United Shoe Machinery Company is the only real obstacle to the formation of a shoe trust. We help the small manufacturer to start in business and keep going. He could not afford to buy and care for his machines, but he can afford to lease them on the terms we give him based on the number of shoes he makes—an average of less than 2 2-3 cents a pair—and let us keep them up to date. That is a fair arrangement. Some of the big fellows don't like our system, because they think we ought to give them special rates. But the little fellows stand with us because they know we treat all manufacturers alike no matter how many machines they use. If it were not for our methods of doing business there would be no small factories anywhere and no prosperous factories in small towns.

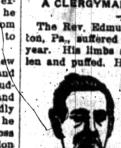
The United Shoe Machinery Co., Boston, Mass.—Adv.

Oysters Always Good Until June.

It will be of great interest to every housewife who enjoys good oysters to learn that oysters are in better condition and flavor in March, April and May than they are in February. If the winter is severe oysters do not have as much of their natural food during January and February, and frequently lose a little in plumpness. As soon as the water begins to get warmer in March and April, the beautiful little microscopic diatoms which constitute the principal food of the oysters, multiply much more rapidly, consequently the oysters grow fat and improve in texture and flavor, so that they are frequently at their best in April and May.—Leslie's.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. Edmund Heslop of Wigton, Pa., suffered from Dropsy for a year. His limbs and feet were swollen and puffed. He had heart flutter-



ings and was short of breath and exhausted at the least exertion. Hands and feet were cold and he had such a dragging sensation across the loins that it was difficult to move. After using 5 boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills the swelling disappeared and he felt himself again. He says he has been benefited and blessed by the use of Dodds Kidney Pills. Several months later he wrote: I have not changed my faith in your remedy since the above statement was authorised. Correspondent Rev. E. Heslop about this wonderful remedy.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 2 sent free. Adv.

Young Grammarian.

A teacher gave an examination on the comparison of adjectives and adverbs, following a series of lessons upon that subject. One little boy was called upon to compare the word "far." With much shuffling of embarrassed feet, he replied: "Positive, far; comparative, farther; superlative grandfather."

HUSBAND NAILED RUBBER ON GATES

Wife so Weak and Nervous Could Not Stand Least Noise—How Cured.

Munford, Ala.—"I was so weak and nervous while passing through the

Change of Life that I hardly lived. My husband had to nail rubber on all the gates for I could not stand it to have a gate slam.

"I had had backache and a fullness in my stomach. I noticed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was advertised for such cases and I sent and got a bottle. It did me so much good that I kept on taking it and found it to be all you claim. I recommend your Compound to all women afflicted as I was."—Mrs. F. P. MULLENDORE, Munford, Alabama.

An Honest Dependable Medicine

is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A Root and Herb medicine originated nearly forty years ago by Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., for controlling female ills.

Its wonderful success in this line has made it the safest and most reliable remedy to recommend to sage for women and no woman suffering from female ills does herself justice who does not give it a trial.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

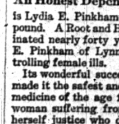
Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature



SHAKO TO BE RESTORED

British War Office Revives Historic Old Headdress in the Service.

The war office has at last definitely decided to adopt the shako for the full dress headgear of infantry of the line in place of the heavy and clumsy helmet.

The pattern to be adopted differs slightly from that worn for so many years by our infantry and will be much lower in the crown, approximating more to the kepi of the French infantry.

The new headdress is extremely light to wear and will be of a uniform pattern throughout the service. It will be worn only by the infantry and the royal artillery. The royal engineers, the army service corps, the royal army medical corps and other branches of the service will continue to wear the helmet until the new pattern can be provided for them.

The white helmet is also to be retained for the Indian service, and for the present the khaki helmet for the colonial service is not to be discarded.

Some new shakos are already manufactured, and it is proposed to send a soldier wearing one of them to Buckingham palace in order that it may be examined by the king, who will have the opportunity of comparing it with the present pattern helmet.

Large numbers of the new shako are to be manufactured immediately, and it is hoped that the whole of the infantry at home may be equipped with them not later than the end of next year.

It will not be necessary to apply to parliament for a supplementary estimate for the issue of the shako, since the war office has funds in hand out of which the cost can be met.

No decision has been arrived at yet as to the troops which shall first receive the new headdress, but a beginning will probably be made with those at Aldershot, and not in England, as has been announced.

It is proposed that only the royal regiments shall wear a plume with the shako, though of course the plumes worn by the Scottish regiments that now have this head dress will not be interfered with.—Pall Mall Gazette.

READERS of this paper desire only reliable information. In the columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.