The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.... FEBRUARY 3, 1911

Personal Talk With You.

At any time when requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

JUDGE A. Z. BLAIR.

Ohio Jurist Who Is Sentencing Voters Who Have Been Bribed.

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Taft's Picture Ordered Removed.

Boise, Ida.—A sensation was created in political circles here when it became known that Governor James H. Hawley had ordered the custodian of the state house to remove President Taft's picture from the executive office.

The governor later explained that the picture was not removed because of any personal feeling against the President and that no disrespect was intended, but that he desired another picture in the place

TOWN TERRORIZED BY A LONE MAN

Hamburg, Miss.—Following a pistol dued in the chair car of a Yazoo & Mississippi Valley train in which A. Heron killed Charles Stewart, the slayer terrorized the passengers until the train reached Hamburg, where he alighted, captured the town and held the inhabitants prisoners in their homes for 24 hours.

Heron is the proprietor of a local hotel. He and Stewart, who was a flagman on the Yazoo road, had threatened each others' lives. Heron went to McNair and waited until the northbound train on which Stewart was running, pulled in. He boarded the train on the front end and walked through the coaches, hunting for the flagman.

They met in the chair-car, in which there were many women and children. Both drew their weapons and fired. At the first shot Stewart wounded Heron slightly. Heron's third shot took effect in Stewart's breast and he fell in the aisle, mortally wounded. The hotel man kept firing his revolver until it was empty.

McBride Fears Injury to Province.

Victoria, B. C.—Premier Richard McBride, of British Columbia, believes the proposed reciprocity agreement between the United States and Canada will inflict serious injury to British Columbia interests.

Dr. Burke Found Guilty.

Santa Rosa, Cal.—Dr. William P. Burke, the aged proprietor of the Burke Sanitarium, was found guilty of having dynamited a tent-house in which a former employe, Lu Etta Smith, and her infant child lay sleeping on the night of February 5 last.

Cottage City Breaks in Two.

Seattle, Wash.—After 21 years of battle with waves and ice the famous wooden steamship Cottage City, formerly a Fall River liner, has found a grave on the reef off Cape Mudge, B. C. The passengers and crew were landed safely and taken to Seattle.

THE MARKETS.

Portland.

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 81c; bluestem, 84c; red Russian, 78c.

Barley—Feed, $23.50; brewing, $27.50.

Oats—No. 1 White, $28 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Wiliamette Valley, $19@20 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $21@22; alfalfa, $13.50.

Butter—Creamery, 33c; ranch, 24c.

Eggs—Ranch, candled, 28@30c.

Hops—1910 crop, 19c; 1909, 14c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 12@18c lb.; Valley, 17@19c lb.

Mohair—Choice, 30@31c.

Seattle.

Wheat—Bluestem, 84c; Club, 82c; red Russian, 80c.

Barley—$27 per ton.

Oats—$31 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, $24 per ton; alfalfa, $17 per ton.

Butter—Washington creamery, 35c; ranch, 27c.

Eggs—Selected, local, 32c.

A RE-ENACTED TRAGEDY.

Story of a Mysterious Happening to an Automobiler.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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That year the first snowstorm came early, and it was an infant blizzard. It caught me in my automobile making a trip near Edinburgh. I had robes with me, it is true, but not the supply I usually carried for winter weather. The snow fell lightly at first, growing thicker and finally coming with blinding force, the wind rising and heaping it in drifts.

It was these drifts that balked me. I plowed through them at first, but as they grew deeper I found this method of getting on more difficult, and unfortunately there was no other.

The snow was getting deeper, the cold more intense, and I was becoming drowsy when I saw a light flickering to my left a short distance ahead. Being at the foot of a rise, the ascent of which involved a cut and a drift, I left my machine beside the road that it might not be in the way of passing vehicles and walked toward the light. Gradually a big brick house loomed up before me, and as I advanced lights appeared at every window of a large and imposing structure. By the time I reached the front door the place was brilliantly illuminated.

I rapped with the brass knocker, the door was immediately thrown open by a butler, and I found myself in a house where a social function was in progress.

"I am a belated traveler caught in the storm. Will you kindly ask your master if he will give me shelter for the night?"

While I was speaking a gentleman advanced, heard my story and invited me in. A masquerade ball was in progress. There were people dressed as ancient Romans, Greeks and Asiatics. Pirates, priests, kings and harlequins mingled indiscriminately. The gentleman who received me was the host and was dressed to represent a judge with wig and gown. He insisted on my taking part in the festivities, and since I was young and devoted to pleasure I consented, though I at first demurred on the ground that I was not in costume.

I entered the main room, where dancing was going on, feeling out of place in ordinary clothes among so many

KNELT BEFORE THE BLOCK.

striking costumes. My embarrassment was by no means disturbed by the attention I attracted for the plainness of my costume. One would suppose by the way these people stared at me that my ordinary sack coat, vest and trousers were more curious than those worn by themselves. It seemed to me that true politeness would have led them to pass my deficiency without notice just as a person of feeling will refrain from staring at any physical defect such as a birthmark.

I soon found myself dancing with the rest, choosing my partners at random, for, though I was acquainted with none of the ladies, they were all gracious to me. One of them, dressed as Mary, queen of Scots, seemed not averse to having me for a partner, and as she was a very beautiful woman I was not averse to dancing with her. The company had revived old fashioned dances, among others the minuet. I was leading Queen Mary to a position for this dance when she stopped short and turned pale. Following the direction of her eyes, I saw a woman dressed as Queen Elizabeth glancing at her.

"Upon my word," I said to my partner, "you people are carrying out your characters to perfection. That old Jezebel is looking at you with all the malice there was in the virgin queen, and you are trembling as if you were aware of her purpose to murder you."

"Take me away," she moaned.

Wondering at this show of feeling—it did not seem to be assumed—I took the lady to a place where a set was forming for the minuet and there was a place vacant. We occupied it. The music started up, and we began to dance. What surprised me was that I, who had no knowledge of the dance, was able to get through the figures without making any serious mistakes. We had just finished when my partner gave a shriek and fell swooning in my arms. I saw the guests looking from her to some one else and, glancing in that direction for an explanation, saw a figure in a skin fitting black costume, masked, bearing an ax on his shoulder, just disappearing through a door into another room.

"This is enacting characters with a vengeance," I said to myself. "Not only does Mary tremble at the sight of Elizabeth, but she faints at the sight of the executioner." I was obliged to carry her to a lounge, where I placed her, fanning her until she came back to consciousness. I was surprised that none of the ladies came forward to assist her. Looking about for some of them, I saw them all dancing attendance on the old painted hag, with her enormous ruffled collar and bedizened with jewels. She cast a glance occasionally toward me and my charge, and a more malignant scowl I never observed on the face of any human being. It seemed intended to warn those fawning upon her that the slightest sympathy with the Scottish queen would be visited with a frightful revenge.

Mary opened her eyes and, seeing me looking down at her with intense solicitude, gave me a responsive glance that went straight to my heart. I could not but contrast her beauty—she was the very image of the portraits I had seen of her prototype—with that of the thin faced, skinny, wrinkled old woman who was personating Elizabeth. When Mary had sufficiently recovered to speak she begged me to go for wine, that she might be strengthened by it. I told her that I would do so if she would promise that my place beside her should not be filled with another cavalier.

"No fear of that," she replied gloomily. "No cavalier could be devoted to me and live."

I went to the supper room and returned with a cup of wine. What was my astonishment to find everything changed. Mary, whom I had left a few minutes before on a sofa, was being tried for treason, having aspired to the crown of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth. That the trial was a mock one I did not doubt. It was certainly a mockery, for nothing was proved. Nevertheless the judge—the host—pronounced a sentence of death against the accused. Then the court broke up and the spectators scattered.

"If this were not so grewsome," I said to one of the guests, "if the actors were not so intense in their parts, the enactment of a historical occurrence at a masquerade would be a capital idea. I shall suggest it for the next masquerade ball to which I am invited."

The man to whom I made the remark looked at me as if he did not quite understand my meaning, then walked away.

I strolled into another room. A group occupied it, consisting of Queen Elizabeth and courtiers. The queen sat at a table, before her a parchment. Scanning the document, she signed it and handed it to one of the men present, and he carried it out of the room.

These scenes were becoming so realistic as to be positively painful. I almost wished myself back in my automobile, facing the driving storm. But the worst was yet to come. We were all dancing a wild figure when suddenly the stroke of a bell brought every one to a standstill. It was followed by others. Then from out one of the rear rooms came a little procession, at the head of which walked Mary. For the first time glancing toward the other end of the room, I saw a block similar to the one shown today in the Tower of London on which state prisoners were beheaded, and I shuddered at the executioner standing beside it, leaning on the handle of his ax.

"For heaven's sake," I groaned, "they're not going to enact that frightful scene, I hope! This is altogether too realistic. If I recommend any such representation for a masquerade I'll choose a more pleasing one."

As I glanced about me and saw seriousness depicted on every face, some of Queen Mary's attendants weeping, the queen herself pale as death, Mary advanced to the block and divested herself of whatever of her clothing would interfere with the death stroke. Then she turned her eyes full upon me with one last beseeching look. I started forward to put a stop to this frightful impersonation, but was seized by two men standing behind me and held in a firm grip. Mary, seeing my intention and its thwarting, gave me a last look of mingled gratitude and despair. Then she knelt before the block, the executioner swung the ax aloft, it descended, and amid a spurting of blood the head of the victim rolled to the floor.

I fainted. When I came to my senses several people in ordinary costume were standing about me, looking very anxious. I was in the room where I had seen the tragedy enacted, but not one of the masqueraders was there. I was lying on the couch on which I had placed Queen Mary, in view of the spot where I had seen her executed. I looked for the block, for blood stains on the floor. They had vanished.

"Where the deuce am I?" I exclaimed.

"Luckily not frozen," was the reply.

They told me that I had been found asleep in my automobile, had been carried to the house in which I was and revived with the greatest difficulty.

Now, I am not going to suggest that there was anything remarkable in one's seeing the sights I did when unconscious. Nevertheless there is a curious coincidence connected with the matter. I learned that the house to which I was carried and where I witnessed the tragedy was several hundred years old and had once been occupied by Mary, queen of Scots. Tradition gives more than this. It says that Mary and Elizabeth once met there at a ball. But of this there is no historical record. At the same time Elizabeth might have been in Scotland incognito and been entertained at this very house.

Number of the Stars.

On directing the eye to the celestial vault the impression made upon the mind is that of an incalculable number of stars being visible, a host which our arithmetic will not suffice to reckon. But this is an optical illusion. The twinkling and disorderly position of the stars confuse and deceive the sight. An ordinary eye, it has been estimated, will discern at once time only about 3,000 stars in our firmament under the most favorable circumstances, and, including both hemispheres, there will not be more than 6,000 visible to a keen and experienced gaze. Using an instrument of no great size—little more than two inches wide—there have been not less than 310,000 stars charted in the northern half of the heavens alone. It is calculated that the total number visible in the entire celestial vault with the aid of the larger telescopes would mount up to 77,000,000.—New York American.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Ironclad Warships.

The idea of the ironclad warship is at least as old as the reign of Napoleon. It was suggested to Napoleon, patented in this country during the war of 1812 and suggested again later to the French government, but in each case failed to receive recognition. At the beginning of the Mexican war successful experiments were made with it under the auspices of the United States government, but again the matter was, strangely enough, allowed to drop. Shortly afterward, however, the French government finally took up the idea, and French ironclads in the Crimean war did good service against the Russian forts. But the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac was the first real encounter between real ironclad ships.—New York American.

The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by all dealers.

The Story Humorous and Witty.

The humorous story is strictly a work of art—high and delicate art—and only an artist can tell it, averred Mark Twain. But no art is necessary in telling the comic and the witty story; anybody can do it. The art of telling a humorous story—understand, I mean by word of mouth, not print—was created in America and has remained at home.

CASE AFTER CASE

Plenty More Like This in Moro.

Scores of Moro people can tell you about Doan's Kidney Pills. Many a happy citizen makes a public statement of his experience. Here is a case of it. What better proof of merit can be had than such endorsement?

Carl Peetz, near Cottage Hotel, Moro, Oregon, says: "Since publically recommending Doan's Kidney Pills in 1907, I have taken them whenever I have been in need of a kidney medicine and I have always received relief. I still hold this remedy in high esteem. Kidney complaint made me miserable for years and at times my condition was so bad that I could scarcely walk. My whole body was sore and my back ached a great deal. I had to arise several times at night to pass the kidney secretions and thus my rest was disturbed. Visits to hot springs relieved me for awhile, but as soon as I caught cold, my back bothered me as badly as ever. Finally I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and as they were strongly recommended, I procured a supply at the Moro Drug Store. The contents of the first box helped me and I continued their use until I was relieved of the backache and trouble with the kidney secretions. I do not think that I could get along without this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn, and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by all dealers.

Natural Gas.

The natural gas of Pennsylvania is odorless. Its presence cannot be detected by smell. That is the explanation of many of the disastrous explosions which occur. The gradual leakage from a natural gas pipe may fill a cellar or a room. This leakage may occur directly from the pipe or the gas may travel some distance through a sewer pipe. Then when a light is brought into the cellar or room a terrific explosion occurs, often destroying the building and sometimes tearing up the street in front.—Philadelphia North American.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by all dealers.

Providential.

Teacher—Now, I have explained what "providential" means, and I want some of you to give me an illustration.

Bright Boy—Please, ma'am, I can.

"Very well. What is it?"

"The holes in a porous plaster."

"Hum! Why?"

"When yeh pull th' plaster off th' holes don't hurt."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

SUMMONS—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman county.

Cora E. Simmons, Plaintiff
vs.
A. G. Simmons, Defendant.

To A. G. Simmons, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to wit: on or before the 24th day of February 1911, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to wit: for a decree disolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of non-support and desertion, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon. Wm. Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman Co., duly made on the 11th day of January, 1911, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 13th day of January 1911.

R. B. DUFUR, Attorney for Plaintiff

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The Bird and the Man.

A country stable keeper was driving a salesman from one town to another when, in passing through a wooded section, the salesman seized the lines and brought the horse to a halt.

"What is that noise?" he queried, listening to a peculiar sound coming from the woods.

"That? Oh, that's a partridge drumming," replied the driver.

"Well," mused the salesman, letting go the lines, "I hope he's had better luck than I have today."—Boston Herald.

BE READY.

Keep on trimming your lamps, tilling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You can never tell when the messenger of success will come.

Notice to all whom it may concern:

The undersigned, John Venable, will on Monday March 6th, 1911, make application to the county court in and for Sherman county, Oregon, for a license to sell and dispose of spirituous, vinous, and malt liquors and fermented cider, commonly known as hard cider, in less quantities than one gallon in the town of Rufus, Grant precinct, No. 1, Sherman county, Oregon.

JOHN VENABLE.

In the county court for Sherman county, state of Oregon:

In the matter of the petition of John Venable for a liquor license in the town of Rufus, Grant precinct, district No one, Sherman county, Oregon.

To the honorable body, the county court of Sherman county, Oregon, we, the undersigned legal voters and residents of Grant precinct district No one, Sherman county, Oregon, do pray or petition your honorable body for a license granting to John Venable the right to keep for sale and sell spirituous, malt, or vinious liquor in less quantities than one gallon for the term for which his receipt may call for, in the town of Rufus, Grant precinct, district No one, Sherman county, Oregon

L C Hailey	P A Venable
F Y Hulery	Charles Tom
Anson Tom	W E Bozarth
Silas Bookly	Frank Medler
W E Phillips	Geo W Ramey
George Stallox	Fred Loubocher
J S Fowler	Geo Blackburn
C M Kuypers	J Y Addington
Alfred Hines	O Henderson
Chas R Fields	Bruce Millard
R Dingle	R E Bozarth
J L Thompson	J W Underhill
C C Deyo	L A Ellsworth
R C Wallis	W A Tate
S J Bock	Chas Hill
J A Pyburn	O Hoffman
A S Striker	

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SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the command of an execution in foreclosure and decree issued out of the Circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Sherman, to me directed, dated the 30th day of December 1910, in a suit therein pending wherein Mary E Coleman, is plaintiff. Louisa Coleman Hoskinson, and Clay D. Hoskinson, Buell E. Hoskinson, Robert B Hoskinson and Jessie Hoskinson, minor heirs of R. E. Hoskinson deceased, are defendants, commanding me to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said cause on the 22d day of November 1910, in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendants herein above named for $1103.66 with interest thereon at 8 per cent per annum, from the 22d day of November 1910, and for the further sum of $718.20 with interest theron from said 22d day of November, 1910, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and the further sum of $50.00 attorney fees, and the further sum of $24.50 costs and accruing costs and disbursements, I will on

Wednesday, February 15th, 1911,

At the hour of 1:30 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the Court House door in Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand all of the following described real property of the said defendants, to wit: Lots numbered six [6] seven [7], eight [8], nine [9], and ten [10], in block twenty-four [24], in Moore's first addition to the town of Moro, in Sherman county, Oregon, according to the plat of said addition to said town, and also that certain piece, tract or parcel of land described as follows: Commencing at the Southeasterly corner of block number twenty-four [24] of said Moore's first addition to said town of Moro, in Sherman county, Oregon, thence in a Northeasterly direction one-hundred and eighty [180] feet to the County Road; thence due North along said County Road five hundred and eighty [580] feet to the North line of Section eighteen [18], township one [1] South, Range seventeen [17] East of the Willamette Meridian, thence West along the section line five-hundred and twenty-one [521] feet, thence due South two-hundred and sixteen [216] feet to a point at the Northeasterly terminus of Adams Street in said town of Moro, thence in a Southeasterly direction six hundred [600] feet to the place of beginning; together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging or appertaining.

J. C. FREEMAN, Sheriff of Sherman county, Oregon

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NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was, on the 9th day of January, 1911, duly and regularly appointed by the Hon. D. R. Parker, Judge of the Circuit Court in and for Sherman county, state of Oregon, as Referee in the suit where J. R. Kaseberg was plaintiff, and Frank E. Kaseberg and Lizzie Kaseberg, were defendants, to sell following described real property, to-wit:

Section twenty-two (22) and the South half (S½) of Section nine (9), in Township one (1) North of Range sixteen (16) East of the Willamette Meridian, in Sherman county, state of Oregon.

Now, therefore, in pursuance to said appointment and order of said Court, the undersigned, as such referee, will, on

Monday, the 20th day of February,

1911, sell at public auction at the Court House, to-wit: In Moro, Oregon, at the hour of two (2) o'clock P. M., on said date, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described property, to wit:

Section twenty-two (22) and South half (S½) of Section nine (9), in Township one (1) North of Range sixteen (16) East of the Willamette Meridian in Sherman county, State of Oregon.

W. B. McCOY, Referee.

Date of first publication January 20, 1911.
Date of last publication February 17, 1911.
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O-W. R. & N. SHANIKO BRANCH

South-bound passenger daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time Table Aug. 27, 1910 STATIONS	North-bound passenger daily
6.15 pm	70	Shaniko	8.15 am
5.15	57	Wilcox	8.50
5.00	52	Kent	9.00
4.45	45	Bourbon	9.20
4.20	38	Grass Valley	9.45
4.00	30	Erskine	9.55
3.45	27	Moro	10.10
3.35	23	DeMoss	10.20
3.25	19	McDonald	10.35
3.10	16	Sandon	10.50
3.05	14	Klondike	10.55
2.55	9	Wasco	11.10
2.30	7	Sink	11.25
2.20	5	Gibson	11.30
2.00 Lv	0	Biggs	11.55 Ar

For information and rates, apply to A. ROSE, Agent, Moro, Or.

HOTEL MORO
W. C. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

Nearest Hotel to Business Center, Bank and Depot. Courteous Treatment, Clean Beds and Table the best the market will afford.

SUNDAY DINNERS 35c.

Opposite Postoffice

Moro Oregon.

VINTON HOTEL
Grass Valley, Oregon.

Entirely new, convenient to business. Clean beds, and table the best the market will afford. Prices reasonable. Commercial trade solicited.

CONDUCTED ON THE BEST PRINCIPLES.

WHEN IN PORTLAND STOP AT
HOTEL OREGON
CHAS. WRIGHT, President
M. C. DICKINSON, Manager.
Corner of 7th and Stark Street.

It is new, and its rooms are provided with running water and long distance telephones. European plan. Rates $1 per day and up.

WRIGHT-DICKINSON HOTEL COMPANY

NEW HOTEL PERKINS
Portland, Oregon.
Opened June, 1908.
Eastern Oregon Headquarters.

Positively most centrally located. Fifth St. cars pass the doors every few miutes

Attractive Cafe and Grill Music
European Plan. Rates $1.00 and up

L. Q. SWETLAND, Secy. and Mgr.

ESMOND HOTEL
OSCAR ANDERSON, Manager.
Cor. Front and Morrison Sts. Portland, Oregon.

Free Buss to and from Trains. Rates 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. European plan. Sherman County headquarters.

A GOOD CLEAN FAMILY HOTEL.

HOOD RIVER
HOTEL OREGON

New brick building newly furnished.
Sherman county people made welcome at all times
One block from depot. Rates 50c and up.

E. C. SMITH, MANAGER

On your way
TO AND FROM PORTLAND
You are cordially invited to make the
HOTEL DALLES
Your resting place between trains at The Dalles, Oregon,
An excellent restaurant at moderate prices.

UMATILLA HOUSE
T. N. CROFTON, Proprietor
THE DALLES, OREGON.

Steam Heat, Electric Lights, Electric Call Bells. O. R. & N. Local Trains stop at front door. Railway Ticket office in the Lobby.

HOTEL RATES TO SUIT YOU.