

The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY, Aug. 3, 1917

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A BlueMark here will answer an inquiry, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper and the date at which your current subscription expires.

HE LOST HIS FRECKLES.

James Whitcomb Riley's Tale of How the Trick Was Turned.

As a youth James Whitcomb Riley was burdened with freckles. Always sensitive regarding anything reflecting upon him personally, he grieved over what he considered an insurmountable misfortune. He told of his effort at emancipation:

"One day I saw in a drug store window what was said to be a sure cure for moth, tan, freckles, etc. I pondered possession of a bottle, but—50 cents! Of course I could never buy it. Why, I didn't get 50 pennies in a whole year."

But he managed to finance himself by manipulation of the market money when doing errands for his parents and he bought a bottle of the magic stuff. He ran with it to the hayward and rubbed it all over his face, then raced off to school to make up the time he had lost.

"When I stepped inside the door all the school started to laugh at me," he says. "The teacher asked me what I meant by coming to school in such a condition. He considered me ignorant of what it all meant. I followed her out the door. She showed me my face in a mirror, and it was like a yellow Easter egg. The directions had said to rub it off immediately with salt water and white of an egg, all of which I had missed. To get the stain off, my face had to be rubbed until the skin left it. But when it was all over the freckles were actually gone and never came back."

MILITARY MARCHING.

The Pace Varies With the Quality and Size of the Command.

The "Army Drill Book" tells that trained and hardened infantry can cover from twenty to twenty-five miles a day when in small bodies. As the size of the command increases the distance covered becomes less, as the rate is lowered and time is needed to get all the units into and out of camp.

With a regiment or less of average troops—regulars—marching over average roads the rate should be from two and three-quarters to three miles an hour. Large bodies will travel from two to two and a half miles an hour, while a division cannot be expected to accomplish more than twelve and one-half miles a day.

Of course all these figures will vary with different conditions of roads and weather. Untrained troops could not approach them until hardened. Though they might do better for a day or two, they could not keep up the steady pace of the seasoned regulars for a long distance.

Marching with full equipment is hard physical work and, like every other form of labor, requires a proper period of training. The seasoned force will keep up a steady pace with ten minute halts every hour, a fifteen minute stop being made at the end of the first half or three-quarters of an hour. Green troops are apt to straggle badly—Outing.

An Anecdote of Handel.

On one occasion Handel was caught in a shower of rain and was obliged to seek shelter in a blacksmith's forge. Either Handel was in a silent mood or else the blacksmith showed no conversational symptoms, for in a little while the latter began hammering away at his anvil, accompanying his work with a song. Handel was listening all the time to the strokes of the hammering on the anvil, which, by producing two harmonic sounds, according to time and tune with the tune the man sang, formed a bass accompaniment. Handel, on reaching home, remembered the air and the hammer accompaniment. He wrote down both, and so we owe to a shower of rain the composition known as "The Harmonious Blacksmith."

Withering.

Enoch Eastman, an old time Iowa lawyer, on one occasion appeared before a young judge and to enforce a point he desired to make brought with him and attempted to read Blackstone to the court, whereupon the young judge, after moving uneasily about in his seat for awhile, said, "Mr. Eastman, I've read Blackstone."

"Oh, her yes?" responded Enoch, looking at the judge over the top of his spectacles with an air of surprise.

—Case and Comment.

Consoling.

"What did you say your age was?" he remarked, between dances.

"Well, I didn't say," smartly returned the girl, "but I've just turned twenty-one."

"Is that so?" he returned consolingly. "What detained you?" Exchange.

Black Opals.

The gem most sought after is the Australian black opal, which is found nowhere else in the world. It appears in limited quantities in the matrix of ironstone and sandstone in the Lightning Ridge district of New South Wales.

Dainty.

Biobbs—What a dainty, little handkerchief she carries. It looks like a cobweb. Slobs—Yes, a thing like that isn't to be sneezed at.—Philadelphia Record.

Facial Adornment.

First Maid—Does your mistress wear much jewelry? Second Maid—No; she has only rings under her eyes.—Boston Transcript.

Lame, but Good.

Cumso—Why didn't you come last week as you promised? Fagile—I sprained my ankle. Cumso—A lame excuse.

FOOD CONSERVATION AND FIRE WASTE

What The Preservation of Food Supplies Means to The U. S.

Anyone with average powers of observation who travels at the present time over any portion of the Pacific Coast, will note young men clad in the new familiar khaki uniform, with rifles over their shoulders, watching the approaches to every bridge and tunnel of any importance or strategic value. These troops are on duty day and night for the purpose of safeguarding the Nation's railway communications, so important in the present crisis. The same precaution will also be seen at all prominent shipbuilding and manufacturing plants which are working in the interests of the United States. All these steps are taken to prevent any interruption in the campaign of preparedness in which the country is engaged in the meeting the stern issues of the war.

The guarding of these various premises has been brought about through the National Board of Defense, which has also under consideration the thorough extension of this system of protection to all warehouses and other depots where the food supplies of the country are kept in storage. Many of these warehouses, however, particularly in the States of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, are situated at isolated points, and as the National Board and various State Councils of Defense cannot perfect plans for the guarding of these premises, it becomes the patriotic duty of every American citizen to lend his aid and to "do his bit" towards rendering the food supplies in his neighborhood immune from danger.

Fire Waste and Food Supplies.

One of the great problems presented to the Board of National Defense is the care and preservation of the food supplies of the United States in the fact that the fire waste of this country is so greatly in excess of that of any other nation. Statistics covering a 20 year period conclusively show that the per capita fire cost in the United States is over seven times that of the nation with which we are at present engaged in war, and that to every man, woman and child in this country there is a tax of \$2.51 each year as compared with a per capita cost of only 35 cents in Germany. The statement has been made, and it remains incapable of refutation, that if the same wastage by fire existed in Germany as in this country, the consequent loss and destruction of food supplies would have been so great that Germany long since would have been compelled to sue for peace.

With this fact before us, it is easy to realize that unless we change our methods and overcome our habits of carelessness this great Nation faces the serious danger of defeat through a fault which common sense and caution on the part of each individual citizen could easily prevent.

Pacific Coast Especially Favored.

Nature has been peculiarly kind to those who reside on this Coast. We have few adverse weather conditions to contend with, and all our people live under such comparatively easy and favorable surroundings as to beget habits of carelessness and indifference towards the ordinary hazards of fire. Under normal conditions these habits might be fraught with a danger easily ignored and with few results of vital significance, but in the present crisis and need for the preservation of all food supplies, these same habits of carelessness and indifference can quickly assume the importance of a National catastrophe.

That Federal and State officials are beginning to realize the magnitude of this danger is evidenced by the fact that in many of the States a special course of education is being given to the school children by fire prevention experts, who point out the dangers resulting from the careless handling of matches, the accumulation of litter and rubbish in basements, woodhouses, attics and storerooms, lack of care in the use of coal oil and gasoline, the hanging of electric cords over nails, and the numerous other habits of carelessness that almost universally prevail in every household. Even one of the school superintendents had the need of cleanliness forcibly brought to his attention by his young daughters who had listened to a lecture on fire prevention at the afternoon session of the school and who took him down into their basement and stood watch over him while he had carelessly allowed to accumulate, while a perfect wave of chimney cleaning swept over one of the cities of the State caused by a state ment to the school children that their "houses were in danger of catching fire if the chimneys had not been cleaned within a year."

The Farmer's Responsibility.

Above practically all other occupations, the eyes of the Nation turn towards the farmer, the great producer of food supplies, and to the farmer and fruit grower the necessity is urgent of using every means to protect and preserve their products. It is a serious mistake, from the personal point of view, to see the fruits of years of labor swept away by fire, but when to this is coupled the greater and more dominant loss to the country in the destruction of food supplies, the responsibility of taking every precaution against fire becomes doubly imperative.

In the Great Grain Growing Sections of the Pacific States the menace of fire during the summer time always exists and this menace is intensified by the majority of rural districts by the absence of regular fire departments and other fire fighting organizations. The farmer, therefore, is necessarily thrown upon his own resources for the means of preservation, and upon him rests the double responsibility of first eliminating all possible fire hazards and also of having fire extinguishing apparatus ready for immediate use should a fire occur.

Precautions Against Fire.

Dry grass along the roadways and in the pasture fields is a serious menace to a ripe crop of grain. A spark from

a match or passing train or emitted from the exhaust of an automobile engine, or a lighted cigarette or cigar stub thrown carelessly aside, can easily start a fire which, with surroundings favoring its spreading, will result in incalculable loss and destroy a quantity of grain sufficient to furnish an entire community with food. Where conditions permit the furrows should be plowed between the grain and the grain. If this is not possible, the grass should be mowed close enough to afford a check to the spreading of fire.

A New Hazard.

A comparatively new danger to grain fields is white-hot carbon discharged from the exhausts of tractors when pulling up-hill or through a heavy part of the crop. Every exhaust should be protected by a fine wire screen, which should be renewed at least once a month, as the heat becomes so intense as to quickly destroy its effectiveness.

Danger From Threshers.

The time of one of the great dangers to grain and grain fields in the Northwest is during the threshing season and is caused by careless methods in threshing and piling the threshed grain too near to the straw stacks. Every threshing machine by the very reason of its operations collects a certain amount of smut or dust, which is highly inflammable and subject to explosion, and the farmer should insist that operations on his settings the machine be thoroughly cleaned out, flues examined and water tanks kept full. If possible, the straw stacks should be removed every night, but where this is not possible then under no circumstances should the threshed grain be piled so close to the thrasher or the straw stacks that the burning of either would endanger the grain. Every threshing machine owner or operator should be required to have a good sized chemical tank with its equipment to immediately extinguish small fires.

If not sufficiently aged, and whether baled or loose, hay will generate gases which are susceptible of spontaneous combustion unless the hay is sufficiently ventilated to carry off these gases. Every particle of dry grass and all litter and rubbish should be removed from barnyards and from all buildings on the farm. Under no circumstances should smoking or the use of matches be permitted around barn buildings, while candles or any other open flame should be strictly prohibited and only closed lanterns or electric pocket flashlights allowed in or around barns carrying any quantity of hay.

Fighting Fires.

The great difference between the trained fire department and the volunteer organization is the fact that an experienced fireman knows exactly what to do in answering an alarm of fire and has his apparatus and equipment in such condition as to give the best service in the shortest possible time. Even a volunteer organization, however, is better than none at all, and the farmers in every community should immediately organize and secure fire fighting apparatus for the purpose of fire protection and to extinguish any fire that may happen in their section.

Every such community should select the necessary number of men to act as chiefs and to take charge of the forces fighting a fire. These chiefs could arrange for certain signals and alarms to be given to denote fire in any locality, and also where shovels, wet sacks, chemical extinguishers and other apparatus and utensils are to be obtained at the shortest notice.

Water in many cases is not available, but a chemical fire extinguisher, with which every farmer should be provided, will accomplish more in putting out a fire which has not assumed large proportions, than any other means.

Where the district will permit, an automobile or motor truck can be equipped with chemical tanks, and these will prove more effective than river water improperly used, and if applied in several sections of the State this has already been done, and these machines, so equipped, have demonstrated great efficiency.

The Vital Hour.

This is the hour of patriotism, in which the entire strength of the Nation is needed to ward off the danger which threatens our home and country. Never in history has the grave question of the waste and loss arising from preventable fires assumed such serious importance as at the present time.

Every pound of fruit, and every ounce of foodstuffs saved from the ravages of fire becomes an added source of strength and support for those who are so gallantly fighting to restore the peace of the world. It is, therefore, the urgent and imperative duty of every citizen to consecrate his utmost effort, both in his individual and communal capacity, towards the elimination of the fire hazard and conservation of the Nation's food supplies.

Film Realism.

"Do you suppose that was a real brick he hit that man with?" asked the sweet young thing as she and her young man sat watching the motion picture comedy.

"Of course it was," replied her escort. "You don't suppose after paying an actor \$10,000 a week they'd be such tightwads as to ring in a fake brick on him, do you?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Trees of Alaska.

The two national forests of Alaska contain about 78,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber, and it is estimated by the forest service that more than 800,000,000 feet could be cut every year forever without lessening the forests' productivity.—Tree Talks.

Good Impulse.

A mere good impulse that does not result in good works is rather worse than useless, for if not carried out in deed it has a reaction instead of an action as its outcome.

Happiness at least is not solitary.

It joys to communicate; it loves others, for it depends on them for its existence.

THE WAYS OF FATE

By M. QUAD
Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate

Miss Dorothy Campbell knew that it had rained and frozen during the night. She opened the door and stepped out to find that the top stone step was still a glare. Miss Dorothy was falling and screaming when a male pedestrian who happened to be passing at that moment, rushed part way up the steps and received her in his arms. The shock landed both of them on the walk, but on their feet and they suffered no injury.

"You will excuse me, miss," said the man as he raised his hat.

"Not only excuse, but thank you," was the reply.

"And you were going out without rubbers?" he queried.

"I never wear them."

"You run a terrible risk such a day as today."

"Oh, I am pretty surefooted," she laughed as she noticed that he had provided himself with a pair. "Thanks again."

As Miss Dorothy was moving away she noticed that her rescuer was a man of perhaps twenty-five, with a professional look about him. He had dark hair and eyes and a smile that was good nature itself. He was still standing, and she realized that he would watch her until she had crossed the street, and, though there was ice under her feet, she stepped out boldly. She saw two or three pedestrians slipping and falling, but she would take no warning. By sheer good luck she reached the destination she had set out for, and in time she started to make her way home. She had made half the distance when a rook of a man in passing her seemed to give her his elbow with intent to make her fall, and fall she did. But Miss Dorothy didn't go right down amid the slush. A pair of strong arms prevented her, and as she was lifted on her feet again she turned to find the man who had saved her before.

"Why—you—"

"Yes," he smiled. "I was not following you to act the part of a guardian, but I had to come back this way and had only just seen you when the big loafer brought about the collision. I was near enough to save you from a fall."

"And I owe you my thanks again," she said.

It was about the middle of the next May, and there were early roses instead of slush and ice that Miss Dorothy Campbell arrived at a little country railroad station twenty miles out of the big city. She had come down to pay her sister a brief visit and they were to meet her at the station with an auto. The auto had not arrived yet, and the girl was standing on the platform, waiting.

"Look out! Look out!" shouted a dozen voices in chorus, and then there was a mad scramble among those on the platform. One of the freight cars being pushed along by the locomotive had partly left the rail and broken loose from the train, and it would be almost sure to bump into the platform. Miss Dorothy was about the only one in the crowd who did not see the danger. Most of them had got away, and she was still standing and wondering, when an arm went around her waist and she was lifted up and half carried and half dragged to the far end of the platform and thence half way across a street. She turned to find "that man." He lifted his hat and calmly explained:

"I have come down here to visit my brother, who is to meet me here. I was on the car with you, but you did not see me. I am glad to have been of service to you. Three or four people have been hurt and will require the aid of a surgeon. You, doubtless, have friends coming to meet you. Will you excuse me while I go and see what I can do for those who have been injured? I am a physician, you know."

Just then her sister came up in the auto and called to her. So she and the young man had met once more, though she had never expected to see him again.

After she recovered her composure and had been asked a dozen times over for the particulars of the incident, she related her whole story from the beginning.

A week passed away. If Dr. Roy Goodspeed took any measures to discover where the young lady was stopping, no one but his brother knew. If Miss Dorothy Campbell was not anxious to find where the doctor was located she kept it to herself, but Fate solved the problem. In walking about her sister's gardens Miss Dorothy stepped in a hole and fell forward and broke an arm. A telephone call was sent out over the country neighborhood for a doctor—and a doctor that could come with a rush. Half an hour later Dr. Roy Goodspeed appeared at the house, and in less than an hour the broken bone was set and splinted and bandaged, and about all he said of any consequence before he took his departure was:

"I was sorry I was not at hand to catch you as you fell. Really, Miss Campbell, you seem to need the care of a guardian."

Before the broken bone had completely knitted Dr. Roy Goodspeed had something to say. He sat amidst the roses climbing over the veranda. He hadn't a wife and two or three children, but wanted them, and Miss Dorothy was sensible enough to let him rescue her for the fourth time.

A Marvel of Chemistry.

One of the most marvelous things is the burning of a jet of hydrogen gas in liquid air. The smoke that arises from the combustion floats off in the air as pure snow, a flame burning brilliantly in the midst of a liquid, with snow given off for smoke!

Unwittingly Kind.

Cholly Ayres—Yes, the Parkers but their money I have stopped calling them. Miss Keen—That is very kind of you. It ought to cheer them up a whole lot.—Baltimore Sun.

MAGGIE AND A MYSTERY.

The Dark Secret Was Revealed After the Maid Had Gone.

"And so," said one north Pennsylvania street matron to another, "you let Maggie go?"

"Yes, and I made the mistake of my life, but I came to be afraid of her."

"Afraid of her, for goodness' sake! Why, she always seemed so quiet!"

"You noticed perhaps that she always had one or two lead pencils stuck in her hair? Well, we began to find pencil marks everywhere—on the paper lining the pantry shelves, on the packages that came from the butcher and the grocer—the strangest, most mysterious marks."

"Well, I never!"

"Yes; I had read of thieves marking on gateposts and all that kind of thing—the way they gave information to each other. So I let her go. One day when my brother Fred was here I told him about it and showed him some of the pencil marks. Then he laughed and read them right off. One of the markings said:

"Don't forget to tell her we need mustard, macaroni and cheese."

"Another was interpreted by Fred to read, 'Two quarts of milk for Sunday,' and another, 'Bluing and salsoda.' 'Why,' said Fred, 'that's shorthand and mighty good shorthand at that. Sister, you have let a bird go.'"—Indianapolis News.

Origin of the Gas Jet.

William Murdock, the inventor of the gas jet, first burned the gas simply as a flame from the end of a pipe. One day in an emergency he wished to stop the illumination. Hurriedly looking around for something, Murdock seized his wife's thimble and thrust it over the light, which was immediately extinguished.

There was a strong odor of gas, however, says the Popular Science Monthly, and the experimenter applied a light to the thimble, discovering that it was full of holes, through which jets of flame appeared.

The cause of the result was that the illumination from those two or three tiny jets was much brighter than had been given by the great flame from the end of the pipe. Acting on the principle which this chance discovery revealed, he constructed what was known as the Cockspur burner.

Notice of Culvert Assessment.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an Ordinance of the City of Moro, approved July 23, 1917, declaring the probable cost of locating and constructing a concrete culvert under and across lots 9 and 10, in block 5, of the City of Moro, thence diagonally across and under First street in a southeasterly direction to connect with and empty into a ditch up the fractional block belonging to the Tumalo-Lum Lumber Company; and assessing upon each lot, tract or part thereof benefited by such culvert its proportionate share of such cost, the several assessments for the construction of said culvert have been duly entered by the City Recorder in the docket of city liens for said City of Moro, which said assessments, together with a description of property liable therefor, and the owners of such property are as follows:

Name and Description. Amt.

Pacific Coast Elevator Co.—Grain elevator on railroad right-of-way 5 20.00

Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Co.—Right-of-way from point of intersection with First st., thence westerly about 150 feet to and including railroad 50.00

J. P. Apple—Flouring mill property, lot "A," City View Addition to City of Moro 20.00

J. M. Parry—Lot 5, block 5, City of Moro 10.00

M. J. Anderson—Part of lot 4, block 5, City of Moro, being 30x65 feet, having frontage of 30 feet on Main street and extending back at right angles 65 feet 10.00

L. Barnum—Lot 3, block 5, City of Moro 10.00

Jane A. Maxwell—Lot 2, block 5, City of Moro 10.00

W. C. and Margaret Rutledge—Part of lot 1, block 5, City of Moro, having frontage of 50 feet on Main street, and 62 feet on First street, and being all of said lot 1 except the portion thereof owned by the estate of C. B. Webb, deceased 15.00

Estate of C. B. Webb, deceased—Part of lot 1, block 5, City of Moro, being 37x38 feet, and being all of said lot 1 except the portion owned by W. C. and Margaret Rutledge 25.00

Ginn, Coleman & Co., corporation—Tract of land 100x124 feet, except portions thereof owned and used by the City of Moro for pump house and wells, said tract abutting on First street and on railroad right-of-way, and being particularly described on pages 215 and 216, vol. P, Deed Records of Sherman county 25.00

J. W. Dunn—Lot 8, block 5, City of Moro 10.00

R. T. Morgan—Irregular tract having 60 feet front on First street and running north to division line between Barnum's Addition and the original town site of Moro. Particular description on page 204, vol. "P," Deed Records for Sherman county 10.00

Wasco Warehouse Milling Co., corporation—Grain warehouse on railroad right-of-way 15.00

C. W. Moore—Northerly halves of lots 9 and 10, block 5, City of Moro 600.00

H. A. Moore—Southerly halves of lots 9 and 10, block 5, City of Moro 400.00

Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co., corporation—Block "A," Barnum's Addition to Moro. Also property described on page 105, vol. "L," and on page 366, vol. "K," Deed Records for Sherman county, Ore.—Part of lot 4, block 5, City of Moro, being all that portion of said lot 4 not owned by Mrs. Ann O. Anderson and being the same property sold and conveyed to the said R. T. Ginn by E. H. Moore by deed duly recorded in Deed Records for Sherman county, Oregon 5.00

Payment of the foregoing assessments must be paid to the City Treasurer within twenty days from and after the first publication of this notice, and a duplicate receipt therefor must be filed with the City Recorder; otherwise, same will be collected by warrant issued and directed to the proper officer authorized by law to collect the same.

By order of the Common Council of the City of Moro.

Dated and first published this 3d day of August, 1917.

F. E. Fagan,
Recorder of the City of Moro.

Broad Nosed and Sharp Nosed Eels.

There is the broad nosed eel, and then again there is the sharp nosed eel. The great difference between these two varieties is that the broad nosed eel is the male, both being really of one and the same family. When summer comes younger eels by the millions shoot from midocean to shore and wriggle up our rivers. Out at sea young eels are as clear as glass and as thin as ribbon. They are about four inches long, with little heads. The young eel seems not to eat at sea and only loses its glassy look and becomes colored as it gets to shore within reach of a river.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county.

In the matter of the estate of Robert M. Starns, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Mary L. Starns, the executrix of said estate has filed her final report and account in said matter, and that Monday, the 6th day of August, 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. has been appointed as the time and the county court room in the county courthouse, in Moro in said county, as the place for the hearing of said report and account, the objections thereto if any, and all matters pertaining to said estate, the settlement thereof and the entering of a decree of settlement and distribution.

Dated this 28th day of June, A.D. 1917.

Mary L. Starns, Executrix.
C. J. Bright, Atty for Executrix. 54-16



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