

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

The Bishop Scott grammar school for boys will be reopened in September on the new site near Yamhill, formerly known as North Yamhill.

The war department has awarded the contract for the building and erection of 11 lock gates in the Celilo canal at The Dalles.

President Wilson has nominated Milton A. Miller of Lebanon to be collector of internal revenue for the district of Oregon.

Governor West has appointed Arthur Clark, of Corvallis, prosecuting attorney of the fourth district, to succeed E. E. Wilson, who has sent in his resignation to become effective July 1.

To discuss general conditions and measures for the improvement of trees and crops, a meeting of all growers in the state will be held at Salem July 3.

State Game Warden Finley will liberate 1500 China peasannts this month in eastern Oregon counties. The fish car will be sent to Roseburg with 10,000 trout fry for planting.

The striking teamsters at Springfield have returned to work with no definite agreement as to wages, although it is said the city council is inclined to be liberal.

A campaign for a \$165,000 building fund for Albany College to erect buildings on the new campus, recently purchased southwest of Albany, was launched at the annual commencement exercises of the college.

Governor West has appointed Dr. Jules Fernando Morel, of Portland, until recently state veterinarian, a delegate to the department of agriculture of international exhibition to be held at Ghent, Belgium.

The desperado who was killed at The Dalles by Artie Harriman while the latter was defending his ranch home, was positively identified as Cecil Pettyjohn by his half-brother, Thomas Pettyjohn.

The salmon fishing season on the Rogue river in Curry county has opened, and the indications are that there will be a good catch. This is the first time that the river has been open to fishing since 1910.

Secretary of the Interior Lane has granted the petition of the Yale chamber of commerce and restored to settlement and entry 6900 acres of land along the Malheur river, withdrawn for reclamation purposes.

After a full consideration of the subject, the members of the state fair board have decided not to use a half-mile track this year for the harness races, but to use it only for the novelty and relay races.

A movement to save from the hangman's noose Robert Morgan, sentenced to death for the murder of Virgil Hart, his sweetheart, at Condon last year, has been inaugurated in Portland, and letters have been sent to Governor West urging commutation.

A bulletin prepared by State Dairy and Food Commissioner Mickle gives the value of the dairy output in Oregon in 1912 at \$19,000,000. No farm crop for that year is valued at more than \$12,000,000, the livestock industry of course exceeding that figure.

With two of the original members of the association present and with one graduate attending who has been present at every reunion for 22 consecutive years, the Alumni Association of Albany College met in 40th annual reunion at Albany.

S. Benson, millionaire timberman of Portland, will spend a fortune in an effort to secure the adoption of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of whiskey, gin and similar spirituous liquors.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels has written to Superintendent of Public Instruction Alderman that the petition, signed by more than 80,000 Oregon school children, that the battleship Oregon lead the parade through the Panama Canal at the formal opening, would be carefully considered.

That 35 clips of wool, amounting to over 750,000 pounds, will be offered at the wool sales at Condon is now assured. There are 30 clips in the warehouses now and others to come. The wool already there amounts to 1243 sacks, or approximately 537,000 pounds.

The instructional work of the departments of mining, engineering and forestry at Oregon Agricultural College will be reorganized before the opening of the next school year and the departments will in the future be known respectively as the school of mines and the school of forestry.

Announcement has been made that the girls' training school, provided for by an act passed at the last session of the legislature, would be opened July 1. The old polytechnic building on the grounds of the deaf mute home at Salem will be used until a building, for which \$50,000 has been appropriated, can be erected.

Jack F. Adams, who was recently found guilty of murder in the first degree for killing Barney Chamberlain on the evening of February 7, is to be hanged at the state penitentiary at Salem Friday, July 18. That was the sentence pronounced by Judge Eakin of the circuit court at Astoria.

Hayden's Mountain

His Bit of Good Luck

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When Dick Hayden inherited the high hill called Arrowface mountain he smiled rather dubiously at this legacy from his deceased great-uncle, whose great-grandfather had received it from the Indians.

"What shall I do with a mountain?" Dick asked himself as he sat in his office in a city skyscraper. "Shall I sell it and have my mountain come to me in the shape of good, crisp money or must I go to the mountain and earn it? I feel as Mohammed must have felt."

Dick decided to go to his mountain, after all, for a consultation with his lawyer disclosed that it was the express wish of the great-uncle that the mountain should remain in the Hayden family so long as there was an heir to inherit it.

"If the name of Hayden dies out with you, sir," said the lawyer significantly, "your heirs can sell the mountain if they choose."

"Much good that will do me," complained Dick moodily. "What can I do with a mountain—raise mountain sheep?"

"You might try Angora goats," observed Mr. Smith seriously. "The climate is just right for them, and it's pretty rocky up there if you will cut down some of the trees and expose the soil. As I understand it, these goats like to bound around from rock to rock as in their natural habitat."

"I suppose I could sell of some of the timber and buy the goats, eh?" Dick bounded out of his chair like one of the aforesaid goats and grasped his hat. "I see it all now," he cried excitedly.



"YOU MIGHT TRY ANGORA GOATS," SAID MR. SMITH.

"Cut down part of the timber, sell it and buy goats; make the mountain pay for itself. I'm off to find a market for my trees."

"Wait a moment, Dick," reminded Mr. Smith. "Don't forget that you will either have to hire a man to look out for your goats or herd them yourself."

"I'll figure that all in and make money, too," said Dick confidently, and he immediately sat down and covered a pad with penciled calculations that finally met the approval of slow going Mr. Smith.

Furnished with letters to various persons who were possessed of valuable information concerning the raising of Angora goats, he at once set to work.

At the end of three months Arrowface mountain had taken on a new appearance from the little village that nestled at its foot. Looking upward, one saw broad, sunny spaces with outcroppings of gray rock among freshly scarred tree stumps, while near the summit was the picturesque log cabin of the goatherd, a Yankee who had tried goat raising on his Connecticut farm and failed. But he was quite willing to try all over again for Dick Hayden, and he was optimistic as to the outcome. His wife and little family of children lived there with him and made bright dots of color on the hilltops.

At the end of another three months the goatherd had reported ten of the valuable herd as dead from some mysterious ailment which he termed homesickness and starvation. So Dick closed his desk and boarded a train for his mountain. All the way down to Arrowface he figured in a notebook, and by the time he had reached his destination he had calculated that if the remainder of the herd had succumbed to homesickness, together with that of the timber and Beaver's wages, would take his profits in the insurance business down to a very slender margin.

"My mountain is going to be a mountain after all," he groaned as he rode in the rickety stage to the foot of the steep, upwinding path that led to the summit.

"Having another goat funeral this afternoon," grinned the stage driver as he whipped his horses around for the return trip.

"That so?" responded Dick rather curiously, for the villagers had openly scoffed at his venture on Arrowface mountain, which had formerly been given over to picnics and blueberry excursions.

"Yep. One of the critters tried to jump one of them ten foot wire fences of yours and bung himself. Beaver says they're homesick and trying to get out, and so they commit suicide. For my part I think it's the breed."

"Of course, you ought to know," breathed Dick. "I do know, whether I'd oughter or not," returned the native respectfully. "I'd rather have one of the fancy foreign trash you could hand out!"

"So much obliged for your opinion," said Dick sweetly, for he was provoked.

The stage crashed away down the hillside, and Dick let himself through the wire barred gate in the high wire fence he had caused to be made around the pasture and turned into the path that led across the newly blazed land. Here and there he saw a drooping specimen of his handsome herd of goats, and he felt a growing resentment against Beaver, who had wrongly stated the trouble with the beasts. If Dick had only known he would have made a change in the fences unless the goats really were dying from incompatibility of climate and environment. He knew they were considered rather delicate animals, and he marvelled at his own stupidity in jumping at Lawyer Smith's careless suggestion to make this use of Arrowface mountain.

"All my profits for a year thrown to the winds," he groaned, "besides all the hard work. I guess I'll leave old Arrowface alone and let my heirs divide it among themselves. I'll turn it into a blueberry playground and thus earn the good will of the neighbors, who call me 'Hayden' now."

At the log cabin on the hilltop he found confusion. Mrs. Beaver was running around wringing her hands, while the small Beavers were roaring in sympathy. The husband and father was not in sight.

"What is the matter?" cried Dick, running forward.

"It's Tirry Ann—she's lost on the hillside, and one of the mad goats is down there. She'll be bored; I know she will," wailed Mrs. Beaver. "I can't leave the children!"

"Where's Ernest?" he demanded. "He went down to the mill."

"Where did Tirry go?" "Down on the west slope, and the mad goat is!"

Dick took up Beaver's shotgun from its rack inside the door, made sure it was loaded and then disappeared over the brow of the hill toward the west. Here the trees had been entirely cut away, and halfway down on the scarred face of the mountain he saw a touch of bright blue feeling before a jumping patch of black and white.

The bright blue was Tirry, and the black and white patch the all-in great leopards, trying to recollect as he did so which of the Beaver children belonged to the name of Tirry Ann. He gave it up presently, for ponder as he might he could not make Tirry Ann fit into the Beaver family, for he had seen the three Beaver children weeping around their maternal parent at the log cabin.

Tirry and the goat had disappeared in a patch of timber, and as he reached the trees he heard the cracking crash of broken branches and a shrill sobbing cry.

He collided with tree trunks as he shouted out a word of encouragement, but he was unconscious of a skinned nose or bruised shoulders, for a life lay in the balance.

Suddenly he came upon them, touch of blue and patch of black and white. The blue gown was crouched in the branches of a low growing spruce tree, while at its foot there stamped and pawed a red eyed, bleating Angora goat. The goat reared itself, and a hoof caught the hem of the blue gown, and the girl screamed again.

Dick Hayden's shot rang out sharply, detonating across the valley. The goat's head ended in a sharp cry, and the animal tumbled to the ground, where it lay dead. From the spruce tree came the sound of soft crying.

"Don't be afraid, Tirry Ann," said Dick softly. "The goat cannot hurt you now. He's dead as a doornail, and you know how thoroughly dead that is. Come on down, that's a good girl."

He stood agape at the "good girl" turned toward him and revealed a frightened but lovely face, not that of a ten-year-old child, as he had imagined, but the face of a girl in her late teens, pink tinted, blue eyed, red tipped and charming.

"I thought you were a little girl," he said lamely as she jumped lightly down to the ground with the aid of his hand. "They said Tirry Ann was lost, and I concluded that Tirry was one of the little Beavers."

"I'm boarding with the Beavers," she explained as they went up the mountain path. "I used to know them in Connecticut and spent many pleasant days at their farm, so when I wrote and asked if I might come to their new home they were delighted enough to say yes. But I didn't know I was coming into the country of mad goats."

"It will be a country of dead goats tomorrow," said Dick decisively. "If the Beavers want to stay on they can go into chicken raising. Do you know today is the first bit of good luck I've had with this mountain of mine?"

Tirry Ann did not know, and she did not seem to understand. It took Dick Hayden six months of wooing to demonstrate this fact to the girl he had saved from the mad goat.

A Natural Inference. "Can you identify yourself, Mr. Casey?" asked the cashier at the bank, after glancing over the check.

"Phot for?" inquired Mr. Casey. "Yes have the letter addressed to me with the check inside."

"It's merely a matter of caution," remarked the cashier. "You could have found this letter on the street just as well as not."

"If I'd known that," said Mr. Casey, "more of I wouldn't have taken the trouble to write for it."—Clatsop Commercial Tribune.

Their First Indian Corn. Before the settlers landed at Plymouth they sent out a number of parties to explore the country. One of these parties consisted of six men, under Captain Myles Standish. On their route they discovered several small hillocks, which they conjectured to be the graves of the Indians; but, proceeding still farther, they discovered many more, and on closer examination each hillock was found to contain a quantity of Indian corn. It was buried in the ear and excited no small degree of their curiosity. By a few of the company it was thought a valuable discovery; others who had tasted the corn in its raw state thought it indifferent food and of but little value.

A Battlefield Baby

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

Twenty years after the civil war I went south with a party to look over the battlegrounds of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. A young man accompanied our party who told us that as a baby he had been in a battle. When he had grown old enough to be told anything about himself his supposed father informed him that he (the father) had been a Union soldier in the battle of Missionary Ridge and during the fight, hearing a cry in some bushes, and gone there and found a baby. He took the little chap out of the fight, and when ordered to march on the baby was adopted by the company and carried along. The finder afterward took him home and brought him up. He was now on his way to visit the battlefield with a view to learning something of his parents.

I remained for some time at Chattanooga, and the young man, Runyan, who was looking for his ancestors remained with me. I was engaged in certain work on the battlefield of Chickamauga, and Runyan was engaged in his own search. There was an old negro in the hotel at which we stayed who did odd jobs, and I paid him to do things for me. He was a lugubrious old fellow, and I never but once saw a smile on his face.

One day I asked him why he was so melancholy. "Dat are a story by its own self," was his reply, with a solemn shake of the head.

"Well, uncle, I said to him, 'you might as well tell me, for I'm so curious to know that I won't let you alone till you do.'"

He hemmed and hawed awhile and finally told the story: "I wor borned on a plantation on de redge, and my marn' wor one ob de best young men in de souf. I wor giben to him by his fadder when he wor married. Dat wor not long befo' de wah broke out. My young marn' he had a little plantation ob his own, and he wuk it with no mo' 'n a dozen nighas. I wor a house servant and, havin' belonged to de family fo' so long, had charge of cheryfing."

"Den de wah come up, and marn' he go fine de Confederate army. When he went away he say to me, 'Joe, I'm gwine to leav my wife and my chile whatn' bawn yet in yo' car'—his voice trembled when he spoke ob de chile—and I spect yo' to gib yo' own life befo' yo' let any trouble happen 'em.'"

"I tol' him dat it don't make no difference wedder it no'the'n or southe'n pusson. I kilt him if he touch a ha'r of marn's head."

"While he wor away fightin' wo'd come to missle dat he got taken sick. By dat time de baby wor bo'n and about a year old. Missle say to me one day, says she: 'Joe, my husban' am berry sick, and I got to go to him. Do yo' tink yo' kin take car' ob de baby till I come back?' I say, 'I sho' I kin.' So missle told me all about de baby's food, and what to do when dis happen and dat happen, till I don't know wedder I wor on my head or my heels. Den she went away."

"Missle hadn't been gone berry long befo' dere wor fightin' at Chickamauga creek, and I wheeled de baby out to de brow ob de redge where I could see de battle goin' on. De no'the'n folks wor driven purty nigh into dis place, and after dat de fightin' stopp'd fo' a long time. Mr. Bragg's army wor down below de redge, and den he come up on top ob de redge. Meantime marn' come back, and when de southe'n army wor camped on de redge marn' he got taken sick some mo', and she went away agin, leavin' me in charge ob de baby."

"One day I wor wheelin' de baby along de brow ob de redge, and I see de no'the'n folks down below all marchin' up and down 's if dey wor paradin'. Fus' ting I knowed a lot ob dem soljers jus' started to climb de hill. Den men on top wor shootin' down at 'em, and dey wor de double to pay. I wheeled de baby back tow'd de house as fas' as I kin, but I meet some southe'n soljers, and one ob de confusers say to me:—"

"'Heath, yo' nighrah, yo' put a shoul'der to de wheel ob de gun.'"

"I didn't dare disobey. I put my shoul'der to de gun, and we took it to de brow ob de redge. De Yankees come right up and took de gun, and I wor in de middle ob de fight. I tried to git back to de baby, and when I got dar whar I lef' him in de bushes he wor gone."

Runyan, who had taken the name of the Federal soldier who had found him, was the identical baby that was lost on the battlefield. His father had died of wounds, and his mother had succumbed soon after his death. That is why no effort was ever made to find him.

When the old dorky was convinced that the baby he had lost stood before him as a man he smiled for the first time in twenty years.

The Easiest One. "What is the best way of getting hard cash?" "Working some soft thing."—Baltimore American.

A Good Investment. W. D. Magill, a well known merchant of Whitewater, Wis., bought a stock of Chamberlain's medicine so as to be able to supply them to his customers. After receiving them he was himself taken sick and says that one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was worth more to him than the rest of his entire stock of these medicines. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Causes of Stomach Troubles. Sedentary habits, lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, worry and anxiety, overeating, partaking of food and drink not suited to your age and constitution. Cure your stomach and take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

L. Barnum, plaintiff, vs. E. O. Cochran, Dena Cochran, A. S. Allie, H. M. Abbott, Nettie M. Abbott, W. A. Morgan, J. C. Beckner, Bertha M. Beckner, John Baker, Northwestern Trust Corporation, a corporation, C. W. Corby, Dornitha Abbott, T. C. Staley, Mrs. T. C. Staley, Wasco Warehouse Milling Company, a corporation, defendants.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an execution issued out of the Circuit court of the state of Oregon, for Sherman county, on the 6th day of June, 1913, in a suit wherein L. Barnum is plaintiff and E. O. Cochran, Dena Cochran, A. S. Allie, H. M. Abbott, Nettie M. Abbott, W. A. Morgan, J. C. Beckner, Bertha M. Beckner, John Baker, Northwestern Trust Corporation, a corporation, C. W. Corby, Dornitha Abbott, T. C. Staley, Mrs. T. C. Staley, Wasco Warehouse Milling Company, a corporation, are defendants, to me directed and commanding me to sell, in the manner prescribed by law for the sale of real property upon execution, the following described real property, I will on:

Saturday, July 12th, 1913

At the hour of two o'clock p. m., at the front door of the County Court House in the city of Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, sell to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all of the interest of the defendants herein in and to the following described real property, to-wit: The North half of section four (4) township one (1) north, range nineteen (19) west, w. m., together with all an singular, the tenements hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated at Moro, Oregon, this 6th day of June, 1913. J. C. McKean, Sheriff of Sherman county Oregon.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Paul M. French, plaintiff vs. Wm. Radolf and Eva Radolf, his wife, defendants.

By virtue of an execution, decree and order of sale duly issued out of and under the seal of the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Sherman county, to me directed, and dated the 21st day of May, 1913, upon a decree for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage, and upon a judgment rendered and entered in said court on the 13th day of May, 1913, in the above entitled cause, in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendants, Wm. Radolf and Eva Radolf, his wife, as vendors, for the sum of \$2,000.00 with interest thereon from the 15th day of August, 1905, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and the further sum of \$500.00 as attorney's fees, and the further sum of \$75.00 costs and disbursements, and costs of and upon this writ, and commanding me to make sale of the real property embraced in said decree of foreclosure, and herein after described, I will on:

Saturday, June 28th, 1913.

At the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. at the front door of the county court house in Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest of the above named defendants, Wm. Radolf and Eva Radolf, his wife, in and to the following described real property, to-wit: Lots four and five in block B in Barnum's addition to the city of Moro, Oregon, together with the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereto belonging, also all seats, scenery and fixtures in said building as a part of said premises, described in and covered by the said mortgage. Subject only to confirmation and the right of redemption as by law provided.

Dated at Moro, Oregon, this 28th day of May, 1913. J. C. McKean, Sheriff of Sherman county, Oregon.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF SALE.

Allice A. Fowler, plaintiff vs. Mrs. L. E. Newton, wife of Geo. W. Newton deceased, A. L. Newton, Ernest A. Newton and Margaret Newton his wife, Clyde H. Newton, Roy A. Newton, Ralph E. Newton and Myrtle D. Newton, minors, defendants.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the command of a writ of execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Sherman, to me directed, and dated the 1st day of May, 1913 in a suit pending wherein Allice A. Fowler is plaintiff and Mrs. L. E. Newton, Ernest A. Newton and Margaret Newton his wife, Clyde H. Newton, Roy A. Newton, Ralph E. Newton and Myrtle D. Newton, minors, are defendants commanding me to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said court on the 20th day of May, 1913, in favor of the plaintiff and against defendants above named, for the sum of \$2,000.00 with interest thereon from the first day of January, 1913, at the rate of seven per cent per annum, excepting the sum of \$100 paid on or about August 1st, 1912, and the further sum of \$200 attorney's fee with interest thereon from the 20th day of May, 1913, at the rate of seven per cent per annum and the further sum of \$25.00 costs and disbursements, with interest thereon from the 10th day of May, 1913, at the rate of seven per cent per annum, and all on and upon this writ, I will on:

Saturday, June 28th, 1913.

At the hour of two 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 above named defendants right, title and interest in and to the following described real property, to-wit: The southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section six (6) township one north, range seventeen east of Willamette meridian, in Sherman county, Oregon, together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging and appertaining, subject only to confirmation and the right of redemption as by law provided.

Dated at Moro, Oregon, this 26th day of May, 1913. J. C. McKean, Sheriff of Sherman county, Oregon.

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

Grace Haller Dickson, plaintiff, vs. William J. Dickson, defendant.

To William J. Dickson, the above named defendant:

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 27th day of June, 1913, and if you fail to so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief decreed in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony entered into between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of willful 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 consecutive 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. J. R. Parker, Circuit Judge for Sherman County, duly made on the 3rd day of May, 1913, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 16th day of May, 1913.

HARVEY YANKEVICH, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Independent Warehouse & Milling Co
R. H. McKean, Manager, Wasco, Oregon

DEALERS IN
Lime, Plaster, Cement, Builders Supplies, Lumber, Wood, Coal, Cedar Posts, and Hay.

MANUFACTURERS OF
MILL FEED AND FLOUR.

WHEN IN PORTLAND STOP AT
HOTEL OREGON
Corner of 7th and Stark Street.
CHAS. WRIGHT, President
M. C. DICKINSON, Manager.
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.
Eastern Oregon Headquarters.
Positively most centrally located. Fifth St. cars pass the door every few minutes.
Popular Priced Restaurant
European Plan. Rates \$1.00 and up
L. Q. SWETLAND, Mgr.

HOTEL ALBERT
DARNIELLE BROS., Proprietors
The Dalles, Oregon.
Headquarters for our Sherman County friends; prices reasonable; first class restaurant with the hotel.
Two Blocks From New Depot.
FREE AUTO BUS-TO AND FROM ALL TRAINS

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.

A "WANT" ad in THE MORO OBSERVER will reach more people in Sherman County than by any other medium available.

E + B = ?

HISTORY OF THE WORLD TWO-IN-ONE PUZZLE.
Add and subtract according to pictures, etc., and you will then be able to find out the name of the battle that took place on Sept. 8, 1781. After you have done this find picture of one of the captives.
Answer to last puzzle: Lexington. Picture face to left on the platform in front of lady.