Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

HARRISON OF CHICAGO.

The recent election of Carter Harrison to a third term as mayor of Chicago adds emphasis to the prominence given him in the last six months as a Democratic nominee for the presidency in 1904.

The Democratic party is liable to nominate some such man as Carter Harrison. He is not fitted for the presidency; he hasn't the temperament, the public experience or age. The office of mayor of Chicago offers no training for the executive control of the United States. Chicago is the biggest green city in the world. It does not produce statesmen who can meet successfully the products of the old east or the products of the rural west.

Chicago lacks age, development, ripeness, and its local favorites are chosen because of the want of the same attributes.

But Chicago has, in a superior degree, the advertising faculty. The presidential opportunities of Mr. Harrison will be prodigiously boomed. The west is full of a Populized Democracy, which, convnced finally that Bryan's sun has set, will be hunting new luminaries in the political heaven. They will, in all likelihood, strike upon Harrison, and, buncoed by the deafening Chicago advertising methods, attach themselves to Harrison's band-wagon.

Democracy's hope is that its eastern delegates will be sufficiently strong to control the southern delegates against the west and nominate some one of the eastern candidates, Olney or Hill.

With one of these two there is a fighting show for Democracy in 1904. With the green product of Chicago the Democratic nominee, there will not be a contest for the presidency in 1904 worthy the name.

LEGENDS OF THE PALM.

On the Sunday before Easter, when palms decorate our homes and churches, and when palm branches, distributed from many altars, are borne away reverently by multitudes, thought is directed to this graceful tree, beloved of eastern nations. We all know that it was anciently the symbol of victory and triumph, and that, therefore, upon the entry of the Lord into Jerusalem the multitudes going out to meet him carried in their hands palm branches. These were single leaves from the palm, "bound with myrtle on the right, and citron on the left," which constituted the triple badge of the Jewish wanderings in the desert, and were in consequence carried by the Jews at the Feast of Tabernacles, and then carefully preserved in their homes. Typical palms, like those of Palestine, have no "branches." These things we know, but there are other legends associated with the palm with which we are not so well acquainted.

There are 250 varieties of palms, the date-palm being that which flourished and flourishes in the Holy Land. This species grew luxuriantly in the Jericho plain and the ravine of the Jordan "around the Sea of Galilee, in the vale of Sechem, on the maritime plains and is still abundant at Beyrout." Authorities consider it improbable that it ever grew on Mount Olivet, because the soil there is unsuitable. Palm trees grow best on clay or alluvium; it, therefore, singular that they are so characteristic of sandy and sub-tropical regions.

The idea of elegance and grace became associated with the tall stems of the pine tree, from 30 to 80 feet high, and with their "feathery foliage; and so the poetical easterners gave to beautiful womanhood the name of the palm as we find it in the Hebrew and Greek, "Tamar." In Samuel we read: "And unto Absalom there was born three sons and one daughter, whose name was Tamar; and she was of a fair countenance."

The early catkins of the willow, or branches of yew, have in many places been substituted for the palm branches appropriate to the Sunday before Easter, necessarily because of the scarcity of the latter. In Brittany sprigs of box are used.

In Rowe's "Survey of London" we read: "In the weeks before Easter had ye great swows made for the fetching in of a twisted tree or with (withe), as they termed it, out of the wodes into the king's house, and the like into every man's house of honor or worship".

In parts of Germany it is believed that on Palm Sunday the palm is possessed of mystic virtues. "If as many twigs as there are women in a family be thrown on a fire, each with a name inscribed upon it, the person whose leaf burns soonest will be the first to die."

Palm Sunday has been given the name of Fig Sunday, because of an old custom, originating no one knows how, of eating figs. In Wales it is commonly termed "Flowering Sunday," because mourners wend their way to the graves of their beloved and strew on them fresh flowers.

There is a legend of the Virgin which narrates that yearning to behold her Son again after His ascension she was weeping one day, when an angel stood before her, saying:

"Hail, O Mary! I bring thee a branch of palm gathered in Paradise; command that it be carried before thy bier on the day of thy death, for in three days thy soul shall leave thy body and thou shalt enter Paradise, where thy Son awaits thy coming." The heavenly visitant then vanished from her sight, but the palm branch in the hand of the Virgin shed a wondrous light, which seemed to radiate from every leaf. Simultaneously the apostles, though absent in places far removed from each other, "were miraculously caught up and set down at the Virgin's door." Thereupon she charged St. John with the care of the sacred palm branch, and it was borne by him before her bier on the day when she was buried.

The wood of the cross, according to Sir John Maundeville, was composed of cedar, cypress, palm and olive; but another legend exculpates the palm from any connection with the tragedy of the Crucifixion, relating that when the Jews searched for wood out of which to hew the cross every tree except the oak "split itself to avoid being desecrated." This story is believed by Grecian woodcutters, who regard the oak as an accursed tree.

In Borneo the nipa-palm is held in veneration, and in many parts of the world it is considered a good omen to dream of a palm tree

Many localities in Palestine received their names by reason of the abundance of palms, as Jericho (a fragrant place), Hazazon-Tamar, and Baal-Tamar.

THE "TEMPORAL ALGOMETER."

For years there has been intermittent war on the examination system in the schools. It has been maintained by educational reformers that the frequent examinations have been a source of serious injury to pupils, without any proportionate gain. The children cram for these occasions, and make no effort to acquire information which they can retain. They are overworked, too, in preparing for examinations, and miss outdoor life and the important education which it promotes. While there has been almost unanimity among teachers as to the evil of frequent examinations, it has seemed to many to be necessary to examine pupils in all their studies at the close of every term or oftener to determine what classes they shall enter. In many schools weekly reviews have been abolished, but until now there has been no adequate substitute for the others

It is this conditions which gives importance to the invention of the "temporal algometer." It is affirmed that by the use of this instrument it is practicable to determine the relative brightness of pupils and to dispense with competitive examinations. The algometer has not been constructed by any of the Chicago University professors who have made tadpoles artificially and discovered the method by which a perfect but artificial human being can be made; who have invented instruments to register the relative growth of the legs of boys and girls between certain ages, and who have produced a table of weights to show how many pounds a boy should lose at any age during the school term in order to escape a flogging for indolence. However, although the algometer is the product of a Professor McDonald of Washington, it is on Chicago public school children that it is to be used first. It is, in effect, a pain test of a child's mental brightness or dullness. It consists of a band which is placed around the head, and at the temples are sharp steel points, which can be pressed into the skin by a screw The degree of pressure required to make the child cry out is registered on a dial. It is assumed that the more sensitive the child (that is, the less pressure required for a cry) the brighter is its mind.

This idea that the person of fine brain is less able to bear pain than the dull-witted individual originated with the Italian Professor Lombroso, who is hardly less sensational than Max Nordau or Camille Flammarion. Lombroso made himself an object of contumely to the modern woman by declaring that woman's boasted moral fortitude, her superior endurance under afflictions, was a fallacy; that his tests had shown that woman is less sensitive to pain (as well as less delicate of touch and more awkward in manipulation) than man; that she does not cry out or stamp and swear from a toothache or other pain, and is better able to face a grief than man, because she does not feel as keenly. For the conclusion that sensitiveness is an evidence of superiority—of a finer quality of brain—no proof has been presented. A Texas dentist who uses a club as an anaesthetic has announced that a slight tap on the head will render a dull-witted subject to a state of insensibility, but that it calls for a hard blow to lay out a man who has any force of character. This seems to controvert the doctrine on which the algometer is based.

Let the algometer be first tested—and very thoroughly—on the heads of those who propose to apply it to the heads of children. We should like to be on hand at such a first test, and should like to put a humans thumb to the screw.

DO KINGS BEAR CHARMED LIVES?

The latest attempt on the life of the Czar was made by a military officer of his household who fired at him at close range—and missed him. Military officers are experts with pistols. This particular officer evidently was, for he had no difficulty in shooting himself dead instantly. Yet he missed the Czar.

This, says the New York World, is the thirteenth desperate attempt by desperate revolutionists to kill Nicholas II. Within the last fifty years over a hundred similar attempts have been made to kill Czars. Only one Czar has been killed in all that time—Alexander II.

Every one of the important monarchs of Europe for a century past, from Napoleon I. to King Edward VII. inclusive, have been the object of assassins' attentions at least once; many of them, including William I. of Prussia, Victoria of England, Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. of France, were fired at repeatedly. Only three of them have been killed in all that time as the result of many scores of attempts—Czar Paul in 1801, Czar Alexander II. in 1881 and King Humbert in 1900. And exactly three presidents of great republics have perished in the same way within the same period—Lincoln in 1865, Garfield in 1881, and Carnot in 1894.

In the face of this astounding record of vain attempts to kill crowned rulers and comparative success in killing uncrowned ones, the strong survival in Europe of the old superstition of the "divinity that doth hedge a king" is not so remarkable.

MR. CLEVELAND ON CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Ex-President Cleveland in an article printed in the Saturday Evening Post makes a strong argument in favor of Civil Service reform. He thinks the idea that selections for all subordinate positions in the public service should be based solely on conditions of capacity and merit is distinctly opposed to the spoils idea that such positions are the suitable reward of partisan effort. Mr. Cleveland insists that persons ambitious of entering the public service will really find no greater obstacles in attaining their desire through the gateway of civil service than by the favor of political leaders. There is, besides, a distinct advantage in the acquirement and possession of proven capacity for efficient labor in official position, whether place be obtained or not. On the other hand, there are probably ten applicants for every appointive office, nine of whom must be disappointed, and none of whom may be really competent. The ratio of disappointment upon the part of those who have sought to make themselves fit is hardly greater than among those who have sought to make themselves secure by partisan service. Mr. Cleveland is confident that as the working of civil service rules shall become better understood opposition to the reform will dwindle.

ARKANSAS' ANTI-GAMBLING LAW

Arkansas' anti-gambling law is in effect and the houses where it has hitherto been possible to gambol on the green are closed as tight as wax. The information comes by grape-vine that the gamblers themselves are to blame. They fell out among themselves. The legislators, or enough of them, it is claimed, were in a receptive mood and were looking anxiously for the gamblers to "come across." They changed sides on their voting and in every way made it manifest that they were open to conviction. But it seems that a matter of $4,000 was in dispute. Hot Springs insisted that the sum should be raised by Little Rock as a fair pro rata, and Little Rock protested that Hot Springs should produce the amount, threatening to have the anti-gambling bill passed in event of failure. Hot Springs told Little Rock to go to, and the bill passed.

Some claim that it is so very drastic that it can not be enforced, but this is a question for the future.

After he had heard what America had done in the Philippines, Aguinaldo said: "I never believed the Americans would be so fair and liberal." This is a brighter view of it than Bryan took.

Money is all right, but a little friendship mixed with it helps. If old man Rice in New York had had a few friends he would be alive today.

Take a strawberry box, pour gasoline in it and put a match to it, and you will have some idea of how quick a Japanese temple goes up.

Aguinaldo will visit President McKinley and the crowds which will meet the yellow boy and cheer him will paralyze the slant-eyed cuss.

If a man plays the Chicago grain market long enough, it will get him down and walk on him. And Mr. Phillips' turn will come.

Occasionally in New York a rich man dies without the police detectives of the city looking meaningly at one another.

The Minnesota law which hereafter will compel all parties to nominate on the same day is a fool measure.

Phillips, the lucky speculator of Chicago, is dancing on the alluring edge of the precipice again.

Murder always sews a good deal on its cloaks, but it never yet has closed up all the rents.

The other powers have scared China out of signing the Manchurian treaty with Russia.

The Republicans of Topeka will find that a contest never helps. It always hurts.

Will Colonel Hughes smoke cigarettes during the contest? That is the question.

The time is come again for the price of cereals to do a skirt dance.

The war in the Philippines will end without the aid of Aguinaldo.

THE RAJAH'S DOUBLE.

Once upon a time there lived an Indian rajah, whose name was Johas Indra. He was, perhaps, the most eccentric monarch that ever existed and many amusing anecdotes are related of him. He had a summer palace at Suratt not far from the Gulf of Omaha, where part of the Arabian sea thundered past like an avenging spirit, roaring and seething along the coast until it smote the Cape of Cutch; then partially changing its course, it rushed past "Ormus and the Ind," and only exhausted its fierceness when it reached the Persian gulf.

This Johas Indra had a porter named Dato, who resembled him very much, and especially when he occasionally placed his own royal robes on Dato and seated him on his throne. Then he would take the porter's place at the gate, and laugh until he was almost convulsed, to see his courtiers bow down almost before Dato and obeying him. Many, however, took offense at the levity displayed by the porter on these occasions, and frequently reported him to the rajah as being drunk, but the royal mantle of clemency invariably screened the culprit from punishment, so that at last the people declared it was useless to make further complaint against him. Now, it was an ancient custom that the rajah on state days, when passing his throne should publicly kiss his queen, who generally sat with her women on a purple dais, at the western extremity of the throneroom.

Wishing to dispense with this ceremony on such days as Dato represented him, he informed his beautiful young wife, to whom he was only a short time married, that it would sometime be his pleasure to omit the pleasing duty of publicly saluting her. The queen of several occasions submitted to this apparent slight with as good grace as possible, until at length, fired by the representations of her women who wickedly insinuated that she had a rival in some quarter, to whom the rajah had transferred his affections, she determined to burst through the cold restraints of royalty and act as her heart dictated. The next time that Dato occupied the throne the queen, in all the virgin freshness of youth and beauty arose from her chair, and ascending the throne, flung her jeweled arms around his neck. This was a nice predicament for a virtuous young man to be placed in. What must be done? Should he boldly cast off the mask and expose the deception? No; that would not do, because the rajah had more than once gently reminded him that if ever he should betray the secret, his head would be found in the skittle-ground.

For a moment his mind traversed back to the worthless termagent of a wife at home, who had been the plague of his life and, oh, ecstasy supreme, to be in the fond embrace of the loveliest woman in India, and that woman a queen—why, it was a foretaste of heaven! Will any of my readers feel surprised that, under the pressure of such circumstances the selfishness of Dato's icy nature warmed to the Sheba and paid back her embraces with interest. Indeed, so frequent and tender were those salutations exchanged that the courtiers could not suppress their joy and admiration, but whispered, "How they love each other!" Never before did such a shout of laughter ring through the vaulted corridors of the palace as at that moment assailed the ears of the assembly. What meant that hollow mockery? It was repeated again and again, until all eyes mechanically turned toward the palace gates where could be discerned the porter rolling on his back his hands and feet beating the air and his face purple from the excitement of immoderate laughter. For a moment Dato appeared nervous and irresolute, but finally called out in a firm voice: "Ho, guards! Who is that fellow at the gate? Off with his head." Fifty blades flashed in the sunlight, and the rajah's head rolled from his shoulders. The royal wrath was appeased, the nobles were delighted and the queen was radiant with smiles at the result of her victory. Feasting and dancing were kept up till a late hour, when the royal couple retired to their chamber and the travelers departed. The next day the head of the luckless monarch garnished the palace gates, while the trunk was conveyed to Dato' residence and delivered to his wife. To her credit, be it recorded, this estimable woman exhibited no symptoms of weakness at this sudden bereavement, but, on the contrary, piously expressed the hope of being able to get along quite as well without the "dirty loafer." Toward noon she was not a little surprised to find that there were five perfect fingers on the right hand, instead of four; for she had affectionately bitten off the last phalange of her husband's small finger in a little domestic skirmish a month before, making the neighborhood quite lively and the house too hot to hold her spouse.

This circumstance puzzled her not a little. She next discovered that the rajah's signet ring was on the left hand. What could al this mean? She was at her wit's end. The more she considered the subject the more perplexed she became, until at length se gave it up in despair. She was by no means remarkable for her integrity of character, but she knew that if this ring were found in her possession the penalty would be death. She therefore, hastened before the rajah on the second day, and prostrating herself before him, yielded up the ring. In accepting it, however, he unconsciously exposed the imperfect finger. Dato's wife was loud in her protestations that the headless trunk was not her adorable husband's "for," she said, "he has only four fingers and part of another on his right hand, just like your majesty, and he had a blemish over his left eye where you have got that plaster."

The rajah felt uneasy and turned pale as he asked what caused the blemish. She answered, "the scratch of a mistletoe." "And what happened to his finger?" he demanded. "A tigress bit off its top." "Liar!" exclaimed the rajah, regaining his courage. "I know your husband's history. You are the tigress that bit off his finger, and the mistletoe blemish is the result of a wound from a form which you flung at him. Further this ring which you have just returned me is a talisman I lent him but three days since for the purpose of restoring the lost phalange which work it had accomplished, and if the fool had had only more wisdom and kept his mouth shut, he would be alive and doing well today. Begone from my presence, vile woman, and never let me see your face again, or by the bearded Mohammed, your head shall keep company with the porter's over the palace gate." Mrs. Dato picked herself up exceedingly quick and hurried from the royal presence and the rajah breathed more freely. The body of the defunct monarch was decently interred at the expense of the rajah, and all good citizens united in extolling the magnanimity of their sovereign, when the last act of the worthless porter had been one of unparalleled insult to the rajah and his queen.

Unfortunately for posterity, the records from which I compiled this singular narrative do not specify the number of years that Dato reigned; nor do they state by what circumstances the fraud was discovered; but that it had been discovered admits of no doubt else we should know nothing of the history. I tremble to think what must have been the result of the shock produced upon the nervous system of the queen when this discovery was made. It was a pity to mar so bright delusion where all was happiness and sunshine with her. But I stand on delicate ground, and must not anticipate. Suppose we close the page and leave the happy couple in possession of all the radiant enjoyments that marked their first advent in this story.

I very much regret that my wife, who is more zealous than wise, and who appears to know all about everybody's business, disagrees with my views in toto. She says that this story is a fable; that the queen's pretended ignorance of matters was all moonshine, for that no respectable woman could be mistaken in her husband either by day or night, and that she could identify my unworthy self, if I were hoiled (mark the tenderness of the expression) and smothered in onions. Now, as I am not quite satisfied with my amiable wife's opinion of things in general, nor of this matter in particular, I should like to have the calm, dispassionate verdict of the ladies on the subject before us, and ask if they think it possible that a mistake of this character could occur and be successfully maintained for any period without exciting the suspicions of the lady.—Peoria Herald-Transcript.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Dennis Flynn is visiting over in the Iowa and Comanche country.

The Alva Normal at the close of its winter term had 540 pupils enrolled.

That cigarette law goes into effect next May. That is, it is supposed it will.

The Republicans have no kick coming on the result of city elections in Oklahoma.

Mayor Hensley made scheduled connection with the office again Tuesday at El Reno.

The only negro on the Republican ticket at Guthrie was beaten by the Democratic candidate.

The only mud slinging in the Newkirk campaign was from the wheels of election buggies election day.

An infinite deal of nothing is known about the gubernatorial situation. It seems extraordinarily hazy.

The Shawnee Democrat claims that the first remark Aguinaldo made to Funston was: "Are you a buffalo?"

Word received from Senator Bellamy, who is at a health resort in Arkansas, is to the effect that he is no better.

The election at Chickasha went Democratic hard. The big city of the Indian territory is naturally Democratic.

Frequently as the newspapers expose the swindlers hanging about the Kiowa land, there will be plenty of suckers left to bite.

Oklahoma City did a very sensible thing in the election of C. G. Jones for mayor. Two years hence the city will quadruple its present majority.

Some one has persuaded William Cooley of El Reno that he is heir to an English fortune. Cooley ought to give his informant the horse laugh.

Sam Peters, the Kansas man who is to be commissioner of pensions, appointed Dennis Flynn postmaster at Guthrie and gave the Oklahoman his political start.

Hundreds of federal office holders are writing to Pliny Sloper over in the Indian Territory asking him his recipe for being appointed two months before his time is up.

The Perry Sentinel claims that the car load of frogs received at Oklahoma City from New Orleans last week were for the purpose of furnishing hops for the brewery.

Some of the defeated candidates for election in Oklahoma towns are publishing card of thanks. The newspapers for their own safety should shut off on that custom.

It was tangled and close at El Reno. Baxter, the Democratic candidate for city attorney, was selected by twelve. Hensley, candidate for mayor, won by only eighteen.

The Stillwater Gazette didn't publish the church notices last Saturday and in answer to complaints says that if people want to hear a good sermon in Stillwater they will step into the first church they come to.

Enid Wave: Mr. Ernest Adams and Miss Bettie Cottingill of Mansfield, Mo., have eloped to some point in Oklahoma to get married and a red hot rich father is in close pursuit. If you notice a young couple pulling hurriedly or double quick for a preacher's house, stop them, and the girl's papawill reward you handsomely. Papa is a district judge in Missouri and owns a big dry goods store. Ernest is poor, but very much in earnest in capturing Bettie for his own.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

Topeka gave an overwhelming vote in favor of the Santa Fe shop bonds.

The Democrats of Kansas may nominate Parker of Topeka for governor.

The Republican candidate for city attorney at Topeka was elected by 2,700 majority.

Mrs. Nation's lecture tour in the east was a flat failure. Its whole income was $80.

John C. Carpenter was knocked out of the world's fair commissionership to St. Louis.

Three-fifths of the woman vote at Topeka was for Hughes, the defeated candidate.

Funston is said to be under contract with a Boston man to lecture fifty nights at $500 a night.

There were no hacks on election day in Emporia. People drove to the polls themselves or walked.

Crazy Carrie is back in Topeka, to learn that her hatchet smashed something besides plate glass fronts.

Wichita is now the only one of the big five cities of Kansas that is Republican in its municipal administration.

Parker is not the first Democrat elected mayor of Topeka. Robert L. Coffman years ago held that office two terms.

Arbor day in Kansas this year comes on April 12, Governor Stanley having issued a proclamation designating that date.

Parker of Topeka, who was elected mayor by the business and liberal elements, uses neither tobacco or liquor.

Still the state doesn't see how any one could win on that long-winded three-volumed platform written by Dave Overmyer.

Judge Sam Peters served in congress with McKinley and McKinley has always liked him. McKinley stays with old friends.

The natural Republican majority in Topeka is 2,500. The Topeka Republicans should quit monkeying and go in to restore it.

When Funston becomes president, Bill White of Emporia is to be ambassador to England and Charley Finch of Lawrence ambassador to France.

Mrs. Nation is bound to win any way. She says that she rejoices in the defeat of Hughes at Topeka and deplores the election of Parker, his opponent.

In explaining the Democratic results in Leavenworth, Atchison and Kansas City, the Lawrence Journal says: "In Atchison it was a personal fight that caused it; in Leavenworth, it was because there were more Democrats; in Kansas City, Kansas, it was just pure unadulterated russedness."

"At the theater the other night," says the dramatic writer for the Atchison Globe, ina funny little criticism, "there was a curious character who went around looking for fights. He did not seem to amount to much, except that he carried a sword and every little while pulled it out, and made a dash at someone who hadn't done a thing. He had no business and didn't seem to work; he spent his time around the parlors, kissing women's hands. The men agreed that there never was such a man in real life, and that if such a man should appear, he would be arrested for vagrancy. Judge of their surprise, therefore, when a women on the stage looked at him admiringly, and then said tragically, 'There is a man!' He didn't have the first symptoms of being a man."

Mrs. Nation thought Topeka hadn't a "decent" paper, so she started one. Here is one of her editorials: "This work is the work of God, carried on through a lot of us women. I take no credit upon myself for having started the crusade. God told me to do it when my husband died of drink twenty-five years ago. He appeared to me in a dream on the night my husband lay a corpse in my room and said that unless I went into the work of saving souls from a drunkard's grave I would be damned everlastingly. I am a believer in fate. I think that if I had not obeyed the mandate of God I would have been dead long ere this, and here I am, you see, having passed through many battles, endured a life of hardship on the plains, and yet I am a pretty well preserved woman of 54. There are not many women who have the strength in their right arm that I have in this. Well, when my first husband died of drink, I started at once to follow the dictatorship of God. I came to Kansas, then a wilderness of murder shops and saloons, which are all the same thing to me. I started the W. C. T. U. in many towns on the plains and helped the society to get started right. Finally I got married to David Nation, a rich old farmer and lawyer, an older man than I, but an ardent believer in temperance. I did not marry him for love of himself, but merely because he was a great temperance man and promised me to help me in all of my troubles, and you see how he has stuck to me in this trouble while other men have threatened to sue their wives for divorce, even if they mention going on a tour with me."

Geo. Innes & Co.

Easter Perfumes Saturday

Tomorrow will be Perfume day and you can buy Woodworth's and Colgate's Triple Extracts, worth 25c an ounce, for 19c. Bring in your fancy empty bottles and have them filled, or we will furnish the ordinary bottles free.

You can choose from Woodworth's "Nina Rose" (first time in Wichita) or from the following Colgate's most popular odors—

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