SERVANTS IN CHINA

THEY MAKE THE MOST OF MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

Lack of Comprehension Due to Innate Carelessness or Incapacity to Distinguish.

By Thornwell Haynes.

Every Chinese servant in China is gifted with an abnormal instinct to make the most of misunderstandings, and they find them as readily as bees do sugar barrels. The history of Chinese servants with foreign masters is similar to that of foreign diplomacy with China—a history mostly of unsuccessful attempts to explain matters which have been misunderstood. Your cook is told to have fish for breakfast. He prepares fried chicken, and when spoken to says he is sorry, that he did not understand. Your "boy" is told to bring $1 worth of stamps from the postoffice; he returns with ones or fives because he did not understand. In this respect, at least, he did not show the denseness of the newly arrived missionary who, when buying stamps, was asked by the clerk, "What denomination?" "Oh, I'm Baptist," she replied, "but I don't see what that has to do with it." You tell your gardener to water your palms daily. He fails to obey, and when reprimanded, says: "Oh, evlee day I no understand." Disobeyed orders are explained by, "Oh, me velle sollee, me understand so-and-so." "No; but I did not say so-and-so." "Well, me understand you say so-and-so." And then comes the book which says to you as plain as words: "You must be very foolish if you think it is possible for me to do what you wanted me to do without my understanding what it was!" The house coolie is told to prepare a cold bath. When you enter your bathroom it is thick with the vapor of hot water. "Me no understand," he informs you, with a sickly, sorry grin—sickly and sorry not because of his failure to comprehend, but because of your disgustingly stupid inability to make yourself understood.

The lack of comprehension is not so much the fault of Pidgin-English, which is so often employed between foreigners and their servants, as it is an innate carelessness or incapacity to distinguish. The principal thing you wanted for your bath, of course, was water; whether hot or cold to him means little. You wanted stamps; their denomination makes no difference. Something is to be fried for breakfast; fish or chicken or ham—all these are hardly distinctions, if so they are without a difference—anything will do, so it is fried. To him it is "cha'o-pa-do," which means "about the same," and that is quite sufficient. Pidgin-English occasions no more misunderstanding than does the Chinese language itself, if, indeed, as much. And this is no wonder, when it is understood that Chinese nouns and pronouns are indeclinable, being devoid of case and gender, their adjectives have no degree of comparison, and verbs are unvoiced by voice, mood, tense, number or person—a language void of "variation or shadow of turning." "When you shall have done this work I will pay you," is expressed in Chinese by, "Do work, get money," or more often, if possible, considering Chinese topsyturveydom, "Get money, no work." Pronouns have the definiteness of the witness' testimony in an English court: "He'd a stick, and he'd a stick, and he w'acked he, and he w'acked he, and if he'd w'acked he as hard as he w'acked he, he'd a killed he, and not he he."

PIDGIN-ENGLISH HAS HUMOR.

But Pidgin-English has its humor, and no one expresses it better than the Chinese servant. A cook, not knowing if his master wanted a wild or tame duck for dinner, asked: "Master wanchee one piecee duck flyee-flyee or walkee-walkee?" Everything is designated by "piecee," whether it be a toothpick or a carriage. "How many piecee egg master wanchee for chow (eat)?" An amah (nurse) applying for service, asked: "Missussy have got how many piecee baby?" The Irish brogue in the North and the negro dialect in the South are not more interesting. The "boy" who met the Methodist bishop at the door returned and imparted the information as follows: "Number one, top-side joss-pidgen man have got," by which he meant "I have got at the door the chief God-business man." The audacity of Bridget, who makes herself at home by occupying the parlor and playing the piano is quite outdone by the Chinese "boy" whose master took unto him a wife. His indignity at being presided over by his new mistress could not be long suppressed, and within a week he presented himself before his master with the complaint: "Suppose this missussy stop this side, me no can stop. More better you send off this missussy." One can somewhat imagine the vagaries of this mongrel talk, or wonderful gibberish, by the translation of Hamlet's soliloquy, which would begin: "Can do, no can do, how fashion."

Than the Chinese certainly no servant is more polite. The abruptness of a simple "yes" or "no" is never employed. "Is your master at home?" is answered by "Hab got" or "No hab got." When asked if he understands the answer is: "Me sabe" or "Me no sabee." Often his replies are put down to intellectual turbidity when they are merely given in accordance with his code of politeness. It is rude to answer a question direct. Asked where he has been he looks at you stolidly for a moment, and, as though to be absolutely sure you were not referring to any other one of the earth's fifteen hundred and ninety-nine million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and nine hundred and ninety-nine inhabitants, he asks, "Me?" You smile and answer, "Yes, you." Still to soften the abruptness of a direct answer he says, "Where been?" "Yes, where been?" Then with further exaggerated and exasperating softness he gazes into vacancy as if in doubt as to whether he has caught your exact meaning, and trying seemingly with all the intentness of his nature to "break it gently," he asks: "Me, where been?" "Yes, you; where have you been." And then, the code of etiquette fully satisfied, he replies: "Me been talkee mafoo," which means that he has been holding a conversation with the coachman.

Such answers are greatly in contrast with that of the old Southern "mammy" cook, who, when asked if she had polished the stove, blurted out, "No, I haint; and I haint agwine ter shine it, neither-"

STRANGE METHOD OF LEAVING PLACE.

When serving at table "John Chinaman" will always pass everything, be it the smallness of a cup of tea, with both hands, because the use of one would not only evince his carelessness, but betray an unwillingness to take the little trouble necessary, thus making a breach of etiquette. When wishing to leave your service he does not come to tell you so. He sends a friend, a "go-between." This friend will inform you that "Lohan, he gotchee one piecee aunt—she veilee sick—Lohan wanchee go see—come back two, three day." Now, both the "go-between" and Lohan may know there is no aunt sick, but it is needless to try circumvention—Lohan is going, and you agree. Then the friend still looks at you expectantly, and if you remain quiet he will, after slowly shifting from one foot to the other, finally approach you softly and cautiously whisper, as though it fairly tore his soul apart and gave him the tortures of the damned to say it, "Lohan wanchee money." All of this simply means that for some reason which you will never learn Lohan has quit and wants his pay.

Alongside of this all the "pardonnez mois" of a French maid appears rude, and as for Bridget, she would simply throw down her broom violently in the midst of her scouring, loosen her tucked-up skirts with a jerk, kick over a bucket of water and blurt out savagely, "If there's enny more scouring an' shure it'll not be Bridget as will be at the doin' of it! Pay me and I'll be for the laving of ye!"

One of the disagreeable characteristics of the Chinese servant is his complete disregard of time. "To-morrow" to him does not necessarily mean the next day, but some indefinite time which often, like St. Patrick's "to-morrow," never comes. The Chinese day is divided into twelve periods, the names of which do not indicate a point of time, as with us, but cover all the space between the preceding and following names. Thus, two of our hours equalling one of his, twelve, half-past twelve, or a quarter to two, would all to him be simply twelve o'clock. The disagreeable result of such reckoning can be understood in the case where you have guests for dinner and order it ready at 8 o'clock. To the cook it would mean any time before 10. The butcher who on Tuesday or Wednesday delivers meat ordered for Monday has no idea he is behindhand, and in case of remonstrance puts on an expressionless smile that leaves you wondering if after all it is not wholly your own fault. Our impatience doubtless is often looked upon by them with as great a degree of horror as their lack of promptness is considered shameful by us. Where no timepieces exist time is reckoned by the sun as being so many "flagstaffs" high, and, be the day cloudy, the dilation or contraction of a cat's eyes is sufficiently accurate for all ordinary purposes.

Another disagreeable strain in the character of the Chinese servant is his proneness to appropriate your property, but, strange to say, the guilty one proceeds in such a manner that, while to him his act is highly advantageous, to you it is of no disadvantage, or, at least, you are ignorant of any loss, which, in the end, amounts to about the same. Certainly you do not worry and grow angry concerning that of which you know nothing. He has a great love of linen, and occasionally drops a towel or handkerchief behind a picture or in some unthought of place, whence, after a long time, if not missed, he rescues it, or, if its loss is noted, he finds the article in your absence and restores it. When a loss is detected it is unwise to accuse him of theft. The usual method of procedure is to remark casually that you have misplaced something, and ask him please to take a look. In a day or so, nine times out of ten, the article will reappear, but ten times out of ten you will never know its hiding place. He will seldom steal your food, as, with the exception of rice, his diet is altogether different from yours. It has been my experience that the majority of Chinese servants are honest, as much as, if indeed not more so than, this class of people of any other nationality.

SEASIDE GOWNS.

—Ladies' Field.

1. Of black voile, with plumetis embroidery and black satin ribbons.
2. Of chalk-white Shantung, with pale green and white silk embroidery.

In shrimp colored tussore, with bodice of Irish lace.

Pale grass green souple silk; velvet facings and buttons.

New Costumes Combine Materials.

Moire and Plain Silk, Checked and Plain Goods Some of the Combinations Parisiennes Like.

Paris, August 19.

There are many minds in the world of dress this season. Madame la Mode is so reckless in her prodigality, pouring without stint things lovely in form and material, that if one has an unbecoming hat or gown she has only herself to blame. The new fashion of combining two colors or materials in one costume, while an economical one, must be handled warily and by skilled hands, or a wretched hodge-podge is the result. Moire and plain silk, figured and plain velvets, cloth and silk, checked materials or fine plaids made up with plain materials, tunics of mousseline de soie, silk voiles and wide meshed tulles hung over soft satins are some of the combinations of the new costumes.

Wide bordered, semi-transparent materials, the borders raised above the surface in graduated lines of velvet, or brocaded figures, are turned into charming gowns. Made of figured taupe colored velvet and plain faille silk is a handsome visiting gown. The graceful skirt has a smoothly fitting yoke of the velvet, pointing in front halfway to the knees; shortening toward the back, it ends at the depth of fifteen inches below the belt line. Attached to it by a large, silk covered cord is the lower part, of silk; cut en forme, flaring beautifully at the hem, it trails a few inches, as a skirt of this kind should do. Seeming to be in one with the yoke is a low, wrinkling bodice, finished, as to upper part and long sleeves, with matching mousseline de soie, laid over white. At the top, between the white of the stock and a tiny round empiecement, is a round yoke of taupe and gold embroidery.

Long coats and short skirts promise to continue their vogue, yet short and half long coats are launched by important houses. A short coat, very smart, hangs in nice straight lines from the shoulders. Two large buttons mark the top of a slit in the middle of the back, and it closes with two more placed diagonally on the bust. On the pale gray of the material, a shining, satin faced wool, the large buttons of smoked pearl are decidedly decorative. Double revers and cuffs are shaped from the material, and iron gray silk, simply stitched, are the cloth ones; those of silk are edged with a bit of silver embroidery. This coat tops a short skirt pleated from a flat yoke shaped into four points, each one held by a large button, with button holes simulated by heavy cord.

Among gowns prepared for a house party at a chateau twenty miles from Paris is one of white silk cachemire, made with a simple bodice, long, full skirt, and a Henri II collet of white mousseline de soie richly embroidered with coarse silk and pearl beads. Of silk voile is another gown, deep blue in color, overhung with a long tunic of still darker blue. Under the tunic, showing through it, is a high folded belt of a curious deep orange shade. This odd color, with many shades of blue and gray, is worked into an embroidery that hems the tunic all about.

Madame la comtesse, the hostess of this house party, has a lovely dinner gown of gray silk voile. The skirt is laid in the tiniest of tucks to the knees, meeting there a circular flounce covered with little frills that sweep the floor in a pretty froth. Hung over an under dress of blue satin, shaded by gray chiffon, the blue color shows vague and misty. The corsage is draped of soft folds over blue satin, and edging a transparency of tucked chiffon is a band of Venise lace shaping a square; a half-inch band of gray silk hems it. At the throat the transparency is drawn into a choker of Venise lace edged with threadlike lines of becoming blue. Of gray silk is a draped belt, deep on the sides, but sloping low back and front, a line of girdle most becoming to a waist no longer capable of being spanned by two hands. For sleeves there are small caps of the gray voile cunningly edged with Venise lace, with hints of blue, over long shirred sleeves of transparent chiffon. A line of blue edges them as they point over the fingers. No longer young, this lovely woman always wears gray or white. When gray, it is the cool, pure tone with no hint of pink or blue in it, so that hair, eyes and gown seem all the same color, varying in shade. To this gray is always added a touch of pink or blue in enchanting contrast.

After the first bloom of youth is past all women should dress in white as much as possible. There is no skin so drawn, so haggard, that is not improved by the white below the face and above it in the facing of the hat brim. Gray is charming against a smooth skin that still holds a bit of color, whether the hair is dark or gray, but a faded blonde with graying hair should leave gray quite out of her wardrobe. White is her refuge. A woman still young, with quite white hair, made a sensation one evening gowned all in filmy white. Meeting her the next day she was not recognizable dressed in dull black and behind a black dotted veil. All youth, all freshness, had been drawn out of her face by the black of her costume.

White much trimmed with black is among the fads of the demi-season. One of the prettiest examples is a gown of soft white satin trimmed with black jet. The long skirt is cut in three étages, rounding shorter toward the back to meet under a large bow of black velvet with wide hanging ends. An embroidery of jet "tubes," mingled with tiny black beads, done on black tulle with the cloth cut away beneath, borders each étage of the skirt. The lower one is edged with a deep jet fringe. Of white mousseline de soie, the corsage is shirred to a yoke covered with the jet and bead embroidery and fringed; it shapes deep points over the tops of close shirred mousseline de soie sleeves, which are broken by little elbow puffs held by narrow bands of jet embroidery. Twining the waist is a belt of black velvet that ties at the back in a small bow, matching in form that on the skirt.

MARGARET ALICE FRIEND.

THE BABY AS AN ASSET.

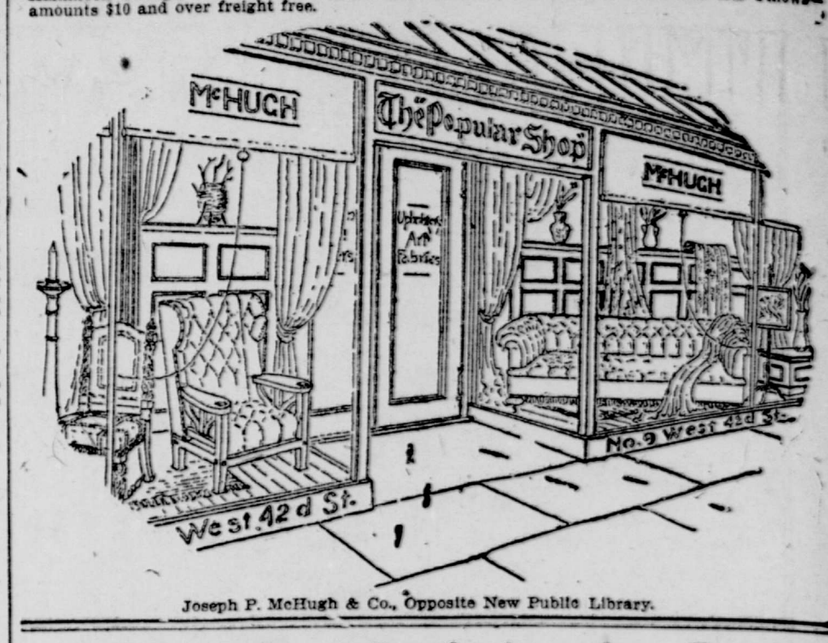
Loss to Nation in 1908 Through Infant Mortality, $33,375,000.

People frequently get excited over what the nation loses by fires, or floods, or railway accidents, or drouths, or hog cholera, but nobody seems to worry much over the fact that $33,375,000 in babies was lost by the United States last year. That is the estimated money value of the babies that were born and died in 1908. Professor Irving Fisher, in his report on national vitality, prepared for the National Conservation Commission, says that a baby's value at birth is $90—that is to say, it is what the baby is worth as a potential wage earner, as a chick is worth so much as a potential broiler or egg producer. At five years of age the child's net value is $950; at thirty, when the wage earner is at the top notch as a commercial article, $4,100 represents his worth. But even at birth—a little, helpless, crying creature—the future citizen's market value is $90. The sum, of course, takes into account the cost of the care that must be given him until he is able to look out for himself, and of the care he may have to receive in old age. A baby being worth $90, and 375,000 of the 2,500,000 born in the United States last year having died within the year, it follows, says the committee on the Conference on the Prevention of Infant Mortality, which will meet in New Haven next summer, that you have only to multiply $90 by 375,000 to get the loss in dollars and cents. "Add to this an average of $25 apiece spent for medical care and other attention," says a recent report issued by the committee, "and you pile a few more millions on to the total loss."

Calves, says the report, are recognized as national assets; so are trees, wheat, trout, beets, barley—anything that can be used to get money with—except people. In the last five years $20,000,000 has been expended by the federal government just to protect animals from disease. None of this went to save human animals. A health measure came up in the Indiana Legislature recently and one of the members said he had been asked over and over again to vote for laws to protect hogs from cholera and trees from scale, but never before had he been asked to vote for a measure to protect women and children from preventable diseases.

The conference is aiming to discuss plans for preventing at least a part of the present waste of that important national asset—the American baby. Anyhow, it thinks there ought to be some sort of a stock market that would register the things that happen to the baby crop.

To-morrow and until Wednesday evening next, a Closing Sale Discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on cash purchases from Summer Stock of colored and decorated Willow Furniture, Hammock Swings, Wicker Flower and Plant Baskets, Wistaria, Hyacinth and Iris Pillows—amounts $10 and over freight free.



Joseph P. McHugh & Co., Opposite New Public Library.

Craze for Societies in Paris

Odd Names Chosen for Them—The "Ones" a Most Interesting and Successful Band.

Paris, August 18.

The Parisienne is a most charming and entertaining person to study in her own special environment. Possessing in the highest degree the talent of shining in the salon, she keeps herself in practice by all manner of devices. Just now she is passing through a phase, not of social clubs, but of what she calls societies, and new societies are invented every day. She finds amusing names sometimes for her pet society. Thus we have the "Refuge," the "Beehive," the "Few," the "Ones" and the "Naives" (untranslatable and baffling word that has succeeded in obtaining a footing in every European tongue). The society has always a specific object. Occasionally, indeed, frequently, it is philanthropic; sometimes it is a pastime for the idle, and sometimes a pastime for the busy, but always the essential point about the society is that it shall hold meetings in luxurious surroundings, to which members can invite their friends, and at which they can appear in gorgeous raiment to talk and laugh and flirt and enjoy a little choice music or recitation or dancing by the particular lights of the operatic or dramatic firmament.

The latest society is extremely chic. It should be, moreover, extremely select, as its name will tell you. The members call themselves the "International Ones," and each claims to be unique in her way. Each has a special talent, and a meeting of these women is a very imposing affair. They are quite surprisingly strong numerically, too, and to judge by the elegance of the toilets they display they find the exercise of their gifts as lucrative as can be desired.

The "Unes" have adopted a graceful system of having a special, admired and respected guest of honor at their meetings, and singers, dancers and entertainers generally, having concluded their contribution to the programme, pass before this guest and gracefully offer homage by a curtsey, a handshake and a happy compliment. It is quite a confusing thing to be the guest of honor under these conditions. At their recent and most brilliant reunion this role was held by one who really deserves the title of "Une," and who has in the course of years become accustomed to eulogy and compliment, Mme. Jeanne Marni, celebrated for the short story told in dialogue. In this special department of literature she is much appreciated in Paris. Here is a small, plain, unpretending young woman who has distinguished herself by becoming an engraver, and has taken medals and first prizes at innumerable "concours," being established professionally with her own printing presses as well as engraving tools. So far, in Paris here, she has no feminine rivals, and she, too, is entitled to her rank on the list of the "Ones." Another "One," Mlle. Dufau, is also an artist, and has obtained the honor of an order for two great wall decorations for the Sorbonne.

Once started, the membership list grew steadily. Here is the first Frenchwoman to plead at the bar in the Palais de Justice; the first woman to obtain a state appointment as medical officer to a community; the first to devote her life to the propagation of Esperanto, that universal language so ugly to hear and to read, but which may render great service to future students; the first woman to report parliamentary debates, etc. At the meetings, the doctress is the least reposeful woman to talk to. She is invariably called up on the telephone at short intervals, and consequently can seldom bestow more than a few seconds on any one person. The barrister is exactly the reverse. She is a picturesque young woman with a sparkling black eye, who talks little but listens well. In five minutes' conversation with the Esperantist you are carried from Barcelona to Brussels, and thence to Budapest, in a dizzy account of past and future congresses at which the energetic speaker will deliver lectures in the new tongue.

If the name of the new society is somewhat pretentious, the members are not. These women wear their honors very becomingly. They sip their orangeade and eat slices of brioche with as much enjoyment as the children under the trees of the Champs Elysées, and they discuss one another's gowns as well as their works with the greatest interest.

The president of the "Unes" would tell you that the idea of the society is to prevent genius from suffering from that painful isolation described by the poet Alfred de Vigny. Instead of living alone on the heights of Parnassus, all these talented persons are brought together in sisterly communion, and are able to interest themselves in the success and glory of their fellows working each in her own sphere. Invitations to the meetings of the society are eagerly sought, and new applications from foreigners who can substantiate their claim to eligibility are welcomed.

C. I. B.

Recipes and Timely Suggestions

A refreshing way to serve watermelon is as follows: After selecting a fine melon, cut out a piece about two inches wide by three and a half deep, using a thin knife that will cut easily. Into the cavity pour enough champagne to give the melon a delicate wine flavor. Put it on ice to stand for five or six hours. Some cooks like to use Jamaica rum, instead of champagne.

Here is an old-fashioned rule for Russian tea that comes from abroad and calls for the flavor of rum: Put one and a half tablespoonfuls of fine tea in a heated teapot. Cover the tea with about two tablespoonfuls of water and let it infuse for a minute, then draw off the water and throw it away. Pour in a quarter of a pony of the best rum and one and a half pints of boiling water. Let the tea infuse for four or five minutes and then add a few slices of lemon and a little loaf sugar.

A certain inveterate tea drinker likes the following recipe: To a cup of hot water add three pieces of loaf sugar, the juice of a lemon and a teaspoonful of old English rum. Stir the mixture into a small pot of boiling hot tea. As tastes differ, some of the ingredients may be preferred in different proportions. Another tea drinker uses the proportions as given above for all but the tea, and then adds only enough of that to give the beverage a strong flavor.

A most refreshing drink in summer is a mint lemonade flavored with tea. It is sometimes called "tea punch." For one recipe prepare two cupfuls of tea. Drain it off the leaves, add a small bouquet of fresh green mint, and put the mixture away to cool. Then prepare a lemonade, using four lemons and four tablespoonfuls of sugar to a quart of ice water. When the tea has become cold stir it into the lemonade and serve with cracked ice.

For another formula use a pint of strong tea, half a dozen lemons, six cloves, five or six sprays of mint and a quart of water with crushed ice enough to chill it. More tea and less lemonade may be used, according to preference. Sugar should be added to the drink to sweeten it. Gelatine is sometimes added, but it is unnecessary in a beverage and is apt to leave an unpleasant trace of its flavor.

The fragrant green mint that grows all summer long in great abundance by country brooksides imparts a delightful quality to cold drinks and sherbets. For a sherbet have ready two lemons, half a cupful of mint leaves cut from the stalks, two cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water. Wash the mint thoroughly before removing the leaves. Squeeze the juice of the lemons over the mint and let them stand together until the sugar and half the quantity of water have been heated together on the stove or until the sugar melts. Remove this from the stove and pour it boiling hot over the mint and lemon juice. Add the other cupful of water, which should be cold. Set the mixture where it will cool quickly and then freeze it, using a liberal proportion of rock salt. Serve in sherbet glasses, decorating the top of each with a small spray of mint and a few strips of candied lemon peel. For a variation a cupful of orange juice may be used instead of a cupful of cold water. A flavoring of crème de mentha is sometimes added also, but the sherbet will be perfect without any of these additions if made according to the rules just given and fresh green mint is used. Do not use dried mint.

Almonds are sometimes added to peach ice cream. They should be blanched, peeled and minced fine. Add them after freezing the cream to a thick mass that is not hard. Then pack away until a little harder before serving.

A tested rule for peach cream is the following, which has not been in print before: Prepare a custard from the yolks of four eggs, a pint of milk and a cup of sugar. When it has heated on the stove until of a velvety appearance, remove it and add a pint of sweet cream. Be careful not to let the custard cook long enough to curdle. After mixing let the cream and custard become cold. Then stir into it two cupfuls of peach pulp that has been pressed through a coarse sieve. Do not let any coarse pieces of fruit get mixed with the pulp, or they will freeze into big icy lumps. After freezing, stir in a scant cupful of almonds that have been blanched and treated as described. Then let the cream stand until compact, but not until hard. Cream can be easily frozen too hard to be attractive.

For a biscuit glace prepare a rich ice cream similar to the kind just given, leaving out the almonds. Just after it has frozen until thick throughout, but not stiff, fold through it about one-third its quantity of whipped cream. Then pack into individual moulds or into paper cases and put them back into the freezing can and leave there until ready to serve. Instead of the peach flavor one may use the pulp squeezed from preserved strawberries, raspberries or pineapple, adding it in proportion to suit the taste. For a change from fruit flavors, almond extract, vanilla, lemon, coffee or chocolate may be used.

A delicious candy is made with sour cream. The cream should be just loppered and should not have stood long enough to become bitter. Mix a cupful of it with three cupfuls of brown sugar. Cook it on the stove until it forms a grain when a little is stirred in a saucer. Then add butter the size of a walnut and half a pound of chopped nuts. Walnuts or almonds may be used, or even peanuts. The walnuts are the best for the purpose. Let the candy or fudge—for this is practically what it is—cool a few moments, and then begin to beat it. When it begins to grow thick pour it into buttered pans and cut into squares when hardened. A few drops of vanilla may be used if liked.

GLEANINGS.

Miss Charlotte Mansfield, who has just returned to London from the wilds of Africa, travelled with only her black servants and did not see a white man for weeks. The natives welcomed her most cordially she reports, and though she was armed to the teeth there was no occasion for militancy. The villagers signalled each other with drums that a white woman was coming, and the natives came running out to meet her. They threw their bows, arrows and spears on the ground and dropped on their knees or even fell flat on their faces. One tribe had a female chief, who asked Miss Mansfield for some soap and had a great many husbands.

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