SALT LAKE has banqueted the past week on grand opera. In truth she is gorged with music. She has listened to notes that soared to the realms of impossibility and then dived into depths of musical incomprehensibleness, if I may be permitted to indulge the term. The productions have been splendidly supported, yet there were empty seats enough in some parts of the house to prove that grand opera is not so much of a rage as it really ought to be. It is a singular fact, however, that even people of a musical bent of mind do not always care for grand opera.

There are several reasons for this, perhaps. For the average person who likes music, grand opera is too technical. There is nothing to enthuse over. As a vehicle to show what the human voice can accomplish under high cultivation it fills the bill, but from a dramatic or musical standpoint I think these operas lack the attractiveness of the equally tuneful but less dignified comic opera. People without a musical training do not understand them, or think they don't, and even those who can appreciate the technical virtues of the classical production do not want too much of it, and frequently show their preference for the lighter scores with their cheerful and sparkling numbers.

Grand operas really have no place in the present. They belong to a graver period, to a more dramatic time, to an age when life was more serious and tragedy instead of comedy was the sport of the people. To me they suggest the powder, wigs, jewels and silken attire of a picturesque and tragically splendid period which exists only in the memory.

The productions of the past week compare favorably with works of their kind, but I doubt if there is a strong attachment for them. In a dramatic sense they are the reverse of attractive. "Carmen" ends with a tragedy. "I'Pagliacci" ends with a tragedy. "Cavalleria Rusticana" ends with a tragedy. "Faust" ends with a tragedy, and in fact all of them leave on the mind a depressing sense of grandeur and graveyards. I do not wish to be misconstrued as saying that no one likes them. I know some people have a passion for them, but I am speaking of people in general.

I believe that nearly all people who enjoy music at all enjoy the matchless combinations of high opera as presented in an instrumental interpretation of the music, and perhaps they like a little of the voice range which these operas introduce, but they don't seem to want too much of the latter. There is not enough variety in the situation as a rule. The words of an ordinary singer are nearly always unintelligible, and to a person who has not studied these works the plot carries no significance. The auditor is half the time unable to distinguish joy from hate until the knife thrust in the last act. Even then he is not always certain whether the assassin is gloating over his victim or simply bewailing his untimely fate.

With the comic opera it is different. The comic opera is a comparatively modern institution. In the first place it affords more variety. The staging is more attractive. There are scenic enchantments to fascinate the eye. Extravagant attire captures the fancy and the bright and "catchy" numbers which invariably animate the score leave upon the mind a refreshing sense of rest and pleasure. The libretto, though light, is of a pleasing character and understandable, and while the auditor may not always be able to untangle one tuneful number from another he carries away recollections of life, light, music and color which the grand opera with all its magnificent swells does not supply.

The second concert by the Symphony orchestra is to be given in February. This ought to be equivalent to saying that on Feb. 4, the date of the performance, Salt Lake theatre will be crowded. And doubtless the music-loving portion of Salt Lake society will be well represented, yet it cannot be said that the fine organization which Arthur Shepherd brought into prominence has received a patronage and support creditable to the city. Salt Lake boasts of being a musical city. It makes a boast which it can defend, and the best possible defense is to support its musical organizations, and particularly the fine body which promises to be such a strong incentive to a higher class of instrumental work.

I understand there is a plan on foot now which promises to insure the stability of the organization. Several of Salt Lake's wealthy citizens have been appealed to for contributions to a fund which will insure the expenses of the orchestra. Contributions have already been received from Mrs. E. F. Holmes and Samuel Newhouse. Seven other prominent people to whom the plan was suggested have the matter under consideration, and there is little doubt their responses will be as liberal as those named. The organization deserves support not only because it is a Salt Lake production organized for catering to the pleasure of the public, but because it represents all that is best in orchestral work. Every possible encouragement should be held out to keep the orchestra together.

Edith Helena, who reaches A above F sharp, plays a splendid trick upon her audience. She comes on the stage with a violin. The audience sees her go through the motions of playing the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." They hear what sounds like a violin of fine tone well played, but in reality no sounds come from the strings. Gradually the bow leaves the violin, but the sweet tones keep on rising higher and higher until they finally end in a triumphant E in altissimo, a note delicate and clear as the tinkle of a bell. Counting the A above F sharp her range includes three octaves, the greatest of any singer in the world.

Efforts are being made to have Ossip Gabrilowitch visit Salt Lake City next month. If the pianist comes here and the dates can be arranged the date of the concert by the Symphony orchestra may be changed from Feb. 4 to the 14th. As a pianist, Gabrilowitch stands in a class by himself. Behind him is a long train of artists, among them Aus der Ohe, Baermann, Carreno, Cottlow, De Kontske, De Pachmann, Godowski, Joseffy, Rummel, Scharwenka, Zeller and others, but the pianist most often mentioned in the same breath with Gabrilowitch is Paderewski. His interpretations are said to differ materially from those of other musicians. A critic said of him recently: "He is more pathetic than Hoffman, or Careno or Paderewski. There is a strain of sadness ever evident in his playing, and the pathos constantly affects the listener, notwithstanding the brilliancy of the performance."

There are few of the operas which Professor McClellan has tried upon the big organ in the tabernacle which are so effective and bring out the possibilities of the instrument so well as "Cavalleria Rusticana." It carries a refrain which permits of an impressive introduction of the voice pipes.

Music finds strange lodging places sometimes. The other evening I passed a saloon on First South street, and a well-tuned quartette of male voices inside was singing a popular church hymn. Several Sundays ago I visited a church and the organist launched into a selection which carried an air suspiciously like a popular drinking song.

To become thoroughly saturated with music one wants to visit a building where there are several music instructors. I had occasion to visit one the other day while the teachers were busy. From one studio came the faltering notes of a piano lesson, from another the sweeping strains of a violin, and from a third the ascending scale of a soprano. The effect wasn't quite like one of Beethoven's symphonies, but the medley of strange, sweet sounds proved that the music life of Salt Lake City is bubbling.

It is expected that Miss Edna Dwyer, the soprano, will assist at the meeting of the Mutual Improvement club in the Eighth ward meeting house. It is probable that Bert Margetts will open the exercises and Miss Dwyer will close them.

An operetta is being rehearsed and will be put on at the Seventh ward meeting house about the middle of next month. Alex Pyper is the promoter of the entertainment.

The University Musical club is training for a musical and spectacular entertainment to be given soon. Professor Alfred Best is training the singers, and Professor Loiselles has charge of the dances.

and not less than a quartette from a class can enter at a time, although there may be as many double quartettes as desired. The quartettes from the freshman class sang in the chapel Wednesday morning and made a hit.

Miss Martha Royal King will sing at the chapel next Wednesday.

A new alma mater song is being mastered by the university students. The words are by Byron Cummings, and the music is by Alfred Best.

One of the musical organizations that is attracting attention is the University Glee club of fifty members. The quartettes are selected from each class. An orchestra of mandolins, guitars and banjos is being drilled at the Best studio and promises to be a factor in local music circles. There are already about fifty players in the class, and they are doing excellent work.

The Imperial quartette will give its second California concert in the tabernacle on Monday night. Those who heard the beautiful interpretation of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" will be glad to have another opportunity to hear the soloists. The selections will be from Italian opera, and the soloists will be assisted by a powerful chorus, under the direction of Evan Stephens. The soloists will be Thomas Ashworth, Alfred Best, Charles Kent and Willard Squires. Professor J. J. McClellan will accompany the singers.

Last Sunday evening Mrs. Della Daynes Hills was the soloist at the concert given in the Grand by the First Regiment band. Mrs. Hills' first number was sung to orchestral accompaniment. The second number was with a violin obligato by George E. Skelton. In the criticism of that delightful affair Mr. Skelton's name was inadvertently omitted.

Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette" is having a revival in New York with Mme. Emma Eames as Juliette, Miss Carrie Bridewell as Stephano and Mr. Alvarez as Romeo.

The Philadelphia orchestra will close its season this year by giving a Beethoven cycle, consisting of five concerts. The first four concerts will be devoted to Beethoven's first eight symphonies, and the first concert to the ninth symphony, when the orchestra will be supported in the last movement by an adequate chorus.

Prof. Stephens has been an inveterate foe to the various devices invented to reproduce the human voice, such as the phonograph. Time and time again he has told his classes in singing that the best way to get to hear all that was bad in a singing voice was to listen to any of these scientific inventions which had the happy faculty of reproducing every fault and avoiding or covering over with sizzling, spitting, scraping or rasping, every good quality the human voice was capable of. Once he shocked an enthusiastic lady friend who most admiringly commented upon one just heard at concert saying: "How glorious! to think our voices may be reproduced a thousand years hence if caught now," replying curtly, "If I knew that any man would catch my voice to reproduce it in that mutilated manner a thousand years hence, I'd shoot him!" But recently one of these instruments caught his ear and conquered him, at least to the listening and admiring point. When he capitulates it is never by half, so the notorious machine was at once engaged to sing at the next concert in the tabernacle and will make its initial bow Monday night. He still insists, however, that this one is exceptional.

The choir of St. Mary's cathedral is working on Mozart's Twelfth Mass.

Miss Nora Gleason will have a pupils' recital at her studio next Friday.

For the offertory at St. Mary's on Sunday Mrs. Cunningham will sing an "Ave Maria" by Millard.

Music at St. Mary's cathedral Sunday, Jan. 25, at the 11 o'clock mass:

Voluntary .....Tunnison
Mass in G.....Millard
Offertory—"Ave Maria"....Millard
Mrs. Cunningham.
Processional .....Hyde

At the 9 o'clock mass the following programme will be rendered:

"Abide With Me".....Shyrlock
"Mary, Dearest Mother"..
.....Maida Hegney, Soloist
O Salutaris .....Gregorian

A new song has just been published as a supplement to the New York American and Journal which is of local interest since the words are by Edwin Milton Royle and the music by Martha Royle King, his sister. The song is a clever little "coon" ditty, "Mandy Loves Me," and the music is as dainty a ballad as one could wish. Two more of Mrs. King's songs have been accepted by publishers lately, and will soon be before the public.

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, whose success in Germany is a matter of recent musical history, has just returned to her Chicago home. She plays with the Chicago orchestra next week, and then will make a short western tour, and afterward a concert journey with the Boston Symphony orchestra, including an appearance in New York. A piano recital here may follow in February.

Miss Ada Crossley, the Australian contralto, is due for her first concert tour in this country. Miss Crossley's rank in England as an oratorio and concert singer is high. She will sing the part of Angel in the production of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which the Oratorio society will give in March, and she will be heard here in recital in February.

Mme. Blauvelt is on tour in the south. About April 15 she returns to London for the season of grand opera at Covent Garden.

Has an opera ever been written with Rosalind as a heroine? What sort of a character would Touchstone be in music? A tiresome person, probably; just as Mercutio in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" is a sorry figure. Jacques of course would be a bass with a beard; and yet the true Jacques was probably rather fastidious in his dress and spoke in a thin acid voice. He should be a high tenor, just as Samsen in Saint-Saens opera should have been a baritone or a bass. I see how Debussy with his love of impressions in music may well be fascinated with the woodland life and the sweet mystery of the youth Rosalind. To attempt to follow Shakespeare's play closely would be folly.

Alvarez sang the part of Canio in "Pagliacci" for the first time on any stage Jan. 5. Perhaps he was spurred to it by the thought of the creation of the part in Paris by Jean de Reszke. The opera itself did not please the Parisians. They admired the song at the end of the first act, but they found the greater part of the music brutal and yet ineffective.

The London Daily Chronicle states that "the annual statistical survey of operas performed in Germany in 1901-2 has been published, and from it one gathers that the work most frequently played during that period was 'Cavalleria Rusticana'!" This is incorrect. That opera had 249 performances, while "Lohengrin" and "Carmen" had 297 each and "Tannhauser," had 268. The fact, however, that Mascagni's opera was fourth in the list shows how silly and unjust was his recent accusation that his failure in America was due to German hostility. In music the Germans are the most tolerant and cosmopolitan people in the world. Thus, while they listened last season to 1,443 performances of Wagner's operas, 243 of Weber's "Freischutz," 154 of Beethoven's "Fidelio," 173 of Mozart's "Magic Flute," 150 of "Figaro," and 102 of "Don Juan," 156 of Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel," and so on, they also gave Bizet and Mascagni the large number of performances already referred to, besides 238 to "Il Trovatore," 174 to "I'Pagliacci," 105 to "The Barber of Seville," 85 to Saint-Saen's "Samson and Dalila," etc. In the operetta field Strauss, of course, leads, with 361 for the "Fledermaus," 195 for the "Gypsy Baron," etc.

The Gazette Musicale has published a list of operas, oratorios, cantatas, etc., produced in Italy last year. There are in all fifty-one compositions, of which, nine were first heard in Milan, ten in Rome, five in Turin and four in Bologna. The catalogue includes thirteen operettas and only three oratorios.

A new orchestra, called the Philharmonic, and conducted by the violinist Tor Aulin, has been established in Stockholm. It will be employed chiefly in performing works by Scandinavian composers.

The magistrates of Vienna have set aside a place for the poor insane Hugo Wolf near the graves of Beethoven and Schubert.

Dr. Hugo Riemann has made an interesting discovery regarding Schumann's great quintet. It is that the energetic first five notes of the first movement are identical with the opening bars of an E flat major trio by Anton Filtz, who died in 1760. Dr. Riemann has lately edited "Collegium Musicum," a collection of chamber music works by composers preceding Haydn. Breitkopf & Hartel are the publishers.

It is cheering to observe that the banjo, after a long period of neglect and indifference, due in part to the decadence of the negro minstrel's art and in part to the advent of tinkling mandolins and strumming piano appendages, which are much easier to learn, is now entering upon a new era. It may soon resume its old place in the public favor and regain the popularity which it enjoyed when such artists as Schoolcraft and West picked its strings.

The American Guild of Banjoists is not only planning a renascence for the banjo, but proposes to set a higher standard of performance by granting diplomas certifying to the proficiency of performers. There is need of such a stimulus towards the elevation of banjo playing. It has been allowed to lapse into amateur hands, and there is nothing more exasperating than amateur performances on the banjo. Professional players seem to have given up the instrument—the world-wide instrument of which Kipling has written so convincingly, upon which Luke West used to play so eloquently, the instrument which Thackeray was not ashamed to say made the tears come into his old eyes as he heard it played by a negro minstrel in this country. It has been left too long to the old negroes down south, although they are usually artists, in plucking out its hidden melody and investing its "plunks" with fascinating charm.

Mr. Victor Benham, "American pianist and composer," who now lives in England, is aggrieved by certain paragraphs which have been published in leading journals of New York. Mr. Benham played in Boston ten years or more ago. He then included in his programme a "sonata by Saint-Saens" in spite of the fact that Saint-Saens never wrote a sonata for the piano.

Miss Rose Louise Samuels, a young violinist, whose home is Jamestown, N. Y., a pupil of Ysaye, has been playing in Berlin, Angers and other foreign towns. A French critic began his glowing review as follows: "Miss Samuels seems a Burne-Jones descended from its frame. In the attitude and cut of the fact she has the pre-Raphaelite grace of the young virgins who stand by the Golden Stair or on the border of Venus' Mirror. Ruskin would like to have filled her hands with his dear May anemones." I quote from the Musical Courier (N. Y.): "In the attitude and cut of the fact" is no doubt intended for "in the attitude and cut of the face," otherwise many will have to give it up.

Look out for a Richard Strauss cyclone in London! Having neglected this remarkable composer for twenty years, the Londoners suddenly discovered him a few weeks ago, and began to write a whole library about him. Hugo Gorlitz has even arranged for a Strauss festival, to last four days—June 3, 4, 5, 9. The symphonic poems will be performed by the Amsterdam orchestra, numbering 107 players, and conducted by Wilhelm Mengelberg, to whom Strauss dedicated his "Heldenleben." The London Musical Times also has caught the fever and devotes six pages in its January number to a biographic sketch, based on an interview. "I have never before done such a thing," he laughingly remarked, as he threw himself into an armchair in a house only a stone's throw from where Handel lived. His father, he related, could play most of the instruments in the orchestra, but was particularly famed as a horn player. Wagner admired him, but he did not return the compliment. On one occasion, after he had most exquisitely performed the first horn part in one of Wagner's operas, the composer facetiously remarked: "I fancy, after all, Strauss, you cannot be such an anti-Wagnerian as they make out, seeing that you play my music so beautifully." "What has that got to do with it?" replied the unrelenting horn player.

Here is a pleasant story about Donizetti, published in the Era (London): "The master died at Bergamo in 1848, while northern Italy surged with the anti-Austrian unheaval under Charles Albert, and during an autopsy of the body a shell fell in the room, scattering the doctors, who left the body behind them, and it was afterwards hurriedly wrapped and buried by a domestic. In 1850, when the remains were exhumed, the head was found to be missing, and an appeal was made by advertisements for its restoration. A well to do resident, who had for two years been using a skull as blotting-sandholder, thought it answered the description, and, being found to exactly fit the neck, it was buried with the body."

The Sun pays Miss Maud Powell, the violinist, a high compliment and adds: "Here in her own city she is prized by the few who know what high art is, but she is not given opportunities to be heard. Instead, children and pigmies are imported from abroad."

Another tenor will soon descend upon us. Barney Landesman, the son of Russian parents, began life as a newsboy and bootblack. The intelligent reader will at once see the future greatness of the lad. Nearly all railway presidents are popularly supposed to have laid their schemes of ultimate greatness when they carried ice water and popcorn in the trains. Landesman's voice attracted attention. It was at first a high soprano; when it changed, it turned into a tenor "of remarkable power and purity." Bernard Landino, as he is now known, has already traveled with Mascagni, and therefore and thereby gained valuable experience. Unless I am mistaken Landino came from Cleveland, where he first studied.

In Europe it is the cab driver or the postilion who makes his fortune as a tenor. Wachet and Boetel are by no means the only ones. Krauss, the Wagner tenor, was a waiter in a restaurant; and that is probably why he made such a fuss at the Adams House when they told him that smoking was not allowed in the general dining room. As an ex-member of the profession he thought the waiters might have made an exception in his case.

JIM.

(Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.)

When Jim wuz jest a leetle chap,
He played a fiddle, 'bout s-o-o big,
An' all th' neighbors used to like
To git him goin' on a jig.
He was the orchestry fer all
The doin's give fer miles aroun',
An' we wuz proud of Jim, because
He made that fiddle talk, I'm bound.

But now he has a vi-o-leen
Down in the city, where they say
He gives a musicale or two
An' gits, fer them, a whole year's pay!
So us folks in the country feel
Like he has growed too big an' grand
To be reminded of the time
When he was our eentire band.

An' yit, we haven't got no call
To think that way, fer jest last week
Our Jim come home to see his folks
(They're livin' still on Turkey Creek.)
An' when a few of us drapped in
To welcome him he seemed right glad,
And when his pa says, "Play some, Jim."
He says, "All right, I'll do it, dad!"

An' when he took that vi-o-leen
(Looks like a fiddle, jest the same,)
And started in on them old tunes,
"Well, I was mighty glad I came!
It wasn't no musicale, I guess;
But when he stopped, I'd like to bet,
That Jim wuz not the only one
Whose eyes wuz dim an' sorter wet!

Mezzo-Soprano Reaches High D.

Miss Mabel Clarke of 268 East Third South street left last evening for New York City, where she will finish her musical education under the direction of Madam Evan von Klenner, the exponent of the Garcia system of voice culture. Miss Clarke, who is a decided brunette of pleasing personality, is a splendid example of what training will accomplish. She has one of those rare voices, a pure mezzo-soprano, but three years ago, when she began her studies with Mrs. Swenson, she was limited to one octave and four tones. Today she carries high C easily and touches high D.

Her upper notes are clear and flute-like and of brilliant tone. In the lower registers her notes are rich, musical and well-rounded. One of the most noticeable features of her singing is the ease and purity of her staccato work and the gracefulness of her legato movements. Her voice is scarcely heavy enough for grand opera, but it is admirably adapted to comic opera and soubrette styles. Miss Clarke is the second pupil Mrs. Swenson has sent to New York within a short time, Miss Luella Ferrin, the soprano, having commenced a course of study there this winter under the same teacher.

Miss Clarke has been heard here in public upon various occasions, and during the past year particularly her voice has betrayed possibilities that are very promising for the future.

WOMAN AND HER BOND

(Continued from Page 17.)

"But how can I, if they are 96½?"

"Mr. Colwell, it is 93 or nothing." She was almost pale at her own boldness.

"Then I very much fear it will have to be nothing."

"Er—good morning, Mr. Colwell," on the verge of tears.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunt." And before he knew it, forgetting all that had gone before, he added: "Should you change your mind, I should be glad to—"

"I know I wouldn't pay more than 93 if I lived to be 1,000 years old." She looked expectantly at him, and she smiled—the smile that is a woman's last resort, that says, almost articulately, "I know you will. I know your nobility, and I fear not." But he only bowed her out, very politely.

On the stock exchange the price of Man. Elec. L. H. & P. Co. 5s rose steadily. Mrs. Hunt, too indignant to feel lachrymose, discussed the subject with her Cousin Emily and her husband. Emily was very much interested. Between her and Mrs. Hunt they forced the poor man to make strange admissions, and, deliberately ignoring his feeble protests, they worked themselves up to the point of believing that, while it would be merely generous of Mr. Colwell to let his friend's widow have the bonds at 93, it would be only his obvious duty to let her have them at 96½. The moment they reached this decision Mrs. Hunt knew how to act. The next morning she called on her late husband's executor and friend.

"I came to find out exactly what you propose to do about my bonds." Her voice conveyed the impression that she expected violent opposition, perhaps even bad language from him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunt. Why, what do you mean?"

Instead of bluster he was using finesse.

"I think you ought to know, Mr. Colwell," she said, meaningly.

"Well, I really don't. I remember you wouldn't heed my advice when I told you not to sell out, and again when I advised you to buy them back."

"Yes, at 96½," she burst out, indignantly.

"Well, if you had, you would today have a profit of over $7,000."

"And whose fault is it that I haven't?" She paused for a reply. Receiving none, she went on: "But never mind; I have decided to accept your offer," very bitterly, as if a poor widow could not afford to be a chooser; "I'll take those bonds at 96½." And she added, under her breath: "Although it really ought to be 93."

"But, Mrs. Hunt," said Colwell, in measureless astonishment, "you can't do that, you know. We can't buy them for you now at 96½. Really, you ought to see that."

Cousin Emily and she had gone over a dozen imaginary interviews with Mr. Colwell—of varying degrees of storminess—the night before, and they had, in an idle moment, represented Mr. Colwell as taking that identical stand. Mrs. Hunt was, accordingly, prepared to show that she knew both her moral and technical rights. So she said, in a voice so ferociously calm that it should have warned any guilty man: "Mr. Colwell, will you answer me one question?"

"A thousand, Mrs. Hunt, with pleasure."

"No; only one. Have you kept the bonds that I bought, or have you not?"

"What difference does that make, Mrs. Hunt?"

"Yes or no, please. Have you or have you not those same identical bonds?"

"Yes; I have. But—"

"And to whom do those bonds belong by rights?" She was still pale, but resolute.

"To me certainly."

"To you, Mr. Colwell?" She smiled. And in her smile were a thousand feelings; but not mirth.

"Yes, Mrs. Hunt, to me."

"And do you propose to keep them?"

"I certainly do."

"Not even if I pay 96½ will you give them to me?"

"Mrs. Hunt," Colwell said with warmth, "when I took those bonds off your hands at 93 it represented a loss on paper of $2,000—"

She smiled in pity—pity for his judgment in thinking her so hopelessly stupid.

"And when you wanted me to sell them back to you at 93, after they had risen to 96½, if I had done as you wished it would have meant an actual loss of $3,000 to me."

Again she smiled, the same smile, only the pity was now mingled with rising indignation.

"For Harry's sake I was willing to pocket the first loss. But I didn't see why I should make you a present of $3,000," he said very quietly. "If you had lost any money through my fault it would have been different. But you had your original capital unimpaired. You had nothing to lose if you bought back the same bonds at practically the same price. Now you come and ask me to sell you the bonds at 96½ that are selling in the market for 104, as a reward, I suppose, for your refusal to take my advice."

"Mr. Colwell, you take advantage of my position to insult me. But let me tell you that I am going to let you do just as you please. I am going to consult a lawyer. You've made a mistake, Mr. Colwell."

"Yes, madam, I certainly have. And, in order to avoid making any more, you will oblige me greatly by never again calling at this office. By all means consult a lawyer. Good morning, madam," said the politest man in Wall street.

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