# FOR THE FAIR SEX

## WOMEN IN CONVENTION

### THEIR CONGRESS COMPARES WELL WITH REAL CONGRESS

**The Men Read or Are Absorbed in Thought and No One Appears to Pay Attention to the Proceedings—The Matter Explained by a Congressman's Wife.**

It has become almost a confirmed habit with the press—especially in New York—to make fun of women in convention. There is nothing that men like better than to read funny things about women's meetings; if they are not true they know they should be. And to a certain extent women in convention are apt to be inconsistent and rather funny. The writer had the opportunity of going straight from the continental congress of the D. A. R. in Washington to the United States congress in session and comparing the two. The woman's congress was rather noisy and confusion reigned supreme at times, but the United States congress was unspeakable. The speaker, Mr. Cannon, rapped for order, to which nobody paid the slightest attention, then he sat down apparently wrapped in oblivion, and the clerk droned away in a loud voice, but not loud enough to drown the noise and confusion. Most of the members were reading the morning papers, many chairs were vacant, and when a man made a speech he may have enjoyed it himself, but no one knew what he was talking about. I was aghast at this remarkable state of affairs and voiced my astonishment to the member's wife who took me to the capitol. She replied that every stranger felt just as I did, but her husband had explained to her that the reason of the apparent indifference was that the proceedings of the previous day are in print and on each member's desk when he reaches there in the morning, and the programme is made out every day and each one knows exactly what is coming up and he pays no attention to anything unless it is something he is interested in. I went back to the woman's congress with the firm belief that it was a model of peace and order. The women do a great deal of talking at once and the president has to pound the table vigorously, which, after all, does not do a great deal of good, but when a woman really starts in to make a speech she is invited to the platform and does not speak until order is restored. Then she is sure to be heard. The fact that nobody is listening did not seem to make any difference with the speeches in the United States congress.

Some funny things occurred in the D. A. R. congress; for instance, one woman offered an amendment to the constitution as follows: "No amendment to the constitution shall be amended," etc. Then she went on to say that she had been thinking about this and had concluded it should be amended to read, etc., which was doing exactly what her amendment said should not be done. No one saw this until later, when it created a laugh. The dressing of the women at the convention and the orders and decorations of the various societies to which they belong are very gorgeous. There was a stout little woman from New Jersey, who was elected state regent and sat in one of the boxes, whose gowns kept the convention in a constant state of excitement. The members simply lived from session to session, to see what she would wear next. Her corsage was covered with diamond stars in the evening, and her hats were dreams. Somebody sent her a bunch of American Beauty roses taller than she was, and when she put them beside her in the box they completely concealed her from view. A Buffalo woman, well known socially in that city, wore the largest diamonds in the congress, and one from Chicago and another from Indianapolis fairly blazed with jewels.

The Daughters were received one day by President and Mrs. Roosevelt, and the former showed his teeth as each woman came up and murmured "Delighted," which is about the only thing he ever says at public receptions. Last year the Daughters were much displeased because Mrs. Roosevelt would not receive them, but this being the eve of a political campaign, it was supposed she was advised to appear. One Daughter—who would die of joy if she knew the papers called her a girl—a funny little spinster from New Jersey, took the president to task for not appearing at the great laying of the corner stone the day before, and was much criticised for her action by every one concerned.

On the whole, however, the United States congressmen might take lessons from the woman's convention. It is a great shock to one's ideas of the fitness of things to discover that all the business of a great government is done by men who pay no attention to the proceedings and do not appear to vote intelligently on any subject save for some bill that materially affects them.

*Marie*

## FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

**Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.**

The accompanying illustration shows one of the fullest of the smart new spring models.

It is of a light shade of American Beauty pink net dotted with large chenille dots of a deeper tone of pink over pink taffeta.

The foundation skirt is the most novel feature of this gown, as it has very full sides and back, as well as the outside skirt. It is made with a plain front breadth and hip yoke and to this is shirred the full sides, as is indicated in the drawing, and the bottom is finished with three wide tucks.

The net skirt is cut in seven full gores and is shirred all around in a deep hip yoke, and the bodice is merely gathered to the belt and stock, and is made over a low neck silk lining. The stock is made of heavy Venise lace combined with fine Lelrre lace and the belt, which fastens at the back and has long ends, is of deep American Beauty panne velvet.

The sleeves are transparent and are caught about the upper arm by bows of the velvet ribbon.

Other similar gowns of transparent materials are frequently made over trimmed foundations, or those of figured silk. For instance, a strikingly pretty sheer dress of blue gauze, seen lately, was made over a taffeta lining of the same shade, which had a deep pointed yoke of white lace, and the lace was also used in a double band on the lower part of the skirt.

Another gown, of dotted white net, was made over white taffeta printed with large old-fashioned bunches of shaded pink hydrangeas, and with this was worn a wide sash also printed with hydrangea and a white lace hat trimmed with a wreath of the same lovely flowers and delicate green leaves.

## Mainly About People

The governing board of the Minnesota State Art society will hold its regular monthly meeting this afternoon at 3 o'clock in Room 19 at the state capitol.

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Mrs. S. R. Van Sant, of the Aberdeen, will give a dinner tonight in honor of her son, Grant Van Sant, and Miss Sanborn, who will be married next week.

* * *

Miss Maxfield, of Goodrich avenue, has returned from New York.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Lang are in New York.

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Mrs. J. B. Hoxsie, who has been in California since Christmas, is at the Angus.

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The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church will meet tomorrow at the church parlors.

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At its annual meeting on Tuesday the Nathan Hale chapter elected the following officers: Regent, Mrs. W. S. Elliott; vice regent, Mrs. Walter Sanborn; recording secretary; Mrs. Samuel I. Joy, corresponding secretary; Mrs. S. G. Gray; treasurer, Mrs. W. B. Clow; registrar, Mrs. H. W. Fagley; historian, Mrs. John Knuppe; chaplain, Mrs. D. S. B. Johnston.

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Mrs. Blabon, of the Aberdeen, has gone to Portland, Or.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Secor have returned from New York and are at the Aberdeen.

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Miss Williams, of Pleasant avenue, entertained informally Tuesday evening.

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Mrs. M. C. Helion, formerly of St. Paul, now of San Diego, is at the Aberdeen.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Saunders and Miss Saunders have returned from abroad.

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Minnehaha Lodge No. 7, S. S. of B. of L. F., will give a card party this afternoon at Central hall. Committee, Mrs. J. S. Flood, Mrs. Sam Sandberg and Mrs. C. Jordan.

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Mrs. H. C. Marsden, of Warren street, accompanied by her son and daughter, left Monday morning for Desoto, Mo., to attend the funeral of her son-in-law, A. E. Taber, who was killed in the Iron Mountain railroad wreck, near St. Louis. Mr. Taber was master mechanic of the Iron Mountain range of the Missouri Pacific railroad and was formerly associated with the Great Northern in St. Paul.

* * *

The Arlington Hills Mothers' club met yesterday in Phalen Park school. Mrs. Margaret Yapp spoke. Her subject was "Children's Lunches."

### Gives Away Her Portraits.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4.—Minister Conger has cabled the state department from Peking that some fine portraits of the empress dowager of China, which have been dispatched to the St. Louis exposition, will be donated by the empress dowager to the United States government after they have been on exhibition at the fair.

## COLONIAL DAMES DELVE DEEPLY IN THE PAST

**National Historian Tells the Society What Has Been Discovered.**

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4.—The National Society of the Colonial Dames of America met in biennial convention here today with 175 delegates present. It was reported that the organization embraces 3,939 members in the colonial states and 1,151 in the other states. The executive committee recommended that the Dames assist in the erection of a permanent memorial at Jamestown, Va.

The society listened to the reading of the report of Mrs. Henry F. Lehunte Lyster, acting national historian. The Pennsylvania Dames, she said, have joined with the Daughters of the Revolution in petitioning that the Liberty bell remain indefinitely and irremovably in Independence hall.

The most important work of the Virginia society, she said, is the copying of the Journal of the house of burgeseses, bearing date of March 4, 1773-1775. The national society will bear the expense of a preliminary search in London for the letters of William Pitt.

In Georgia there has been restored portions of the citadel of the old town of Frederica, on St. Simon's island, built by Gen. Ogiethorpe, and in North Carolina a tablet has been placed in the old colonial church of St. Philip to the memory of Col. Maurice Moore, who, in 1725, gave the land for the town of Brunswick. The North Carolina genealogist discovered the original papers, dated Feb. 5, 1678, putting into partial effect the fundamental constitution compiled by John Locke for Carolina, March 6, 1669.

### Organize Against Progressive Euchre.

BAYONNE, N. J., May 4.—Twenty-one husbands here have organized the Married Men's anti-Euchre and Home Preservation society. They declare it is high time their wives and other men's wives were cured of the progressive euchre habit and purpose to use all their efforts to establish such a cure. Letters from other towns and cities were read indorsing the movement.

### Nenzil-Rein.

Special to The Globe.

SHAKOPEE, Minn., May 4.—The marriage of Miss Gertrude Rein to Charles J. Nenzil took place at St. Mark's church, Rev. Alois Plut officiating. The bride was tastefully attired in a gown of white Persian lawn. She was attended by Miss Margaret Rein, her sister, and Miss Barbara Vierling, both gowned in white. Christ Rein and Joseph Krenser were groomsmen. The groom is an employe of the wholesale grocery firm of J. H. Allen & Co., of St. Paul, where the couple will reside.

### GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM.

On the marble staircase in the Casino the other night Mrs. John Jacob Astor forgot her dignity to the extent of dancing a few steps to the haunting rhythm of the "Ghost That Never Walked." Her dance was done quite unconsciously, but the other theatergoers who were behind Mrs. Astor paused in wonder. The performance was at an end and the theater was being emptied. Mrs. Astor was one of a box party that joined the crush. On the staircase there was breathing room, and when Mrs. Astor stood on the landing she hummed the air of the "Ghost" song of Eddie Foy. Then she danced gracefully for a full minute, while the crowd stared. When she realized that she—Mrs. Astor—was doing a "pas seul" in the Casino, she paused, astonished at her recklessness. Her friends encouraged her to resume her dance, but she smilingly declined. "I wasn't thinking about what I was doing," she explained.

Every month seems to add a few silver hairs to Mrs. Astor's head, but this is the least of her worries. Within a few years she will be almost white, and with her beautiful, youthful face, she will probably be handsomer than she is today. Mrs. Astor, however, looks tired and exhausted. She seldom is without a bored expression, and even when she smiles there seems to be an effort. No one would look at her and say, "She is a happy woman." Strange it is, too, for here is a woman who possesses everything for which most of her sex yearn—an unsurpassed position in society, enormous wealth and great beauty. They say that Mrs. Astor's most enjoyable moments are when she swims or when she drives a lively horse. She is devoted to sports and admits frankly that the ways of modern society weary her.

It is a strange fact that out-of-town women appeal to New York men as wives more than do the chic and well-groomed natives of this city. Most of the great catches from a financial point of view have been accredited to outsiders, and this is enough to make the New York mothers wild with envy. In New York today there are scores of rich spinsters of excellent families. Usually the fault lies with the young woman herself, who dazzled by the first five years of the whirl, believes herself to good for even the best of men. When the out-of-town girl comes upon the scene the "catch" is weary with the "lugs" and pretensions of the girls with whom he has been reared. The Southern or Western girl is fresh and unspoiled, and these qualities appeal to the average man more than all the affectations the cleverest girl can assume.

All honors to the Philadelphia girls who have bagged the three greatest "catches" of the last thirty years. Miss Paul, of the Quaker City, was married to William Waldorf Astor and John Jacob Astor took Miss Ava Willing, of the same city, to wife thirteen years ago. The approaching Goelet-Whelen marriage is another instance of a Philadelphia girl capturing a millionaire New Yorker. Baltimore is a close second in this record. Mrs. I. Townsend Burden was a Baltimore girl; so was Mrs. Henry Clews Jr. Both Mrs. Drexels were Maryland belles. Mrs. W. Rhinelander Stewart is from Baltimore. The South is represented by such brilliant marriages as that of Miss Alva Smith, who is now the wife of Oliver H. P. Belmont. The Wilsons are from Georgia. Mrs. William George Tiffany was also a Southerner, and Miss Martha Johnson's recent marriage to Delancey Kountze is another triumph for a Georgia belle.

Clothed like the queen of Sheba and bearing all the earmarks of good breeding, a young woman monopolizes attention in a French restaurant in Sixth avenue. The restaurant is noted for the free and easy manner of things and for the fact that few "nice" women frequent the place. The beauteous young woman appears nightly and is surrounded by a little group of well-dressed women. Possibly she hopes to avoid identification by choosing a place where none of her friends are apt to be. The "mystery" of the French cafe drives up in an electric brougham, and when she bursts into the smoky cafe all eyes are turned toward her. Her face is beautiful, but rather wicked. Her hair is a golden brown and her eyes are blue as the sky. Her gowns are perfect, and although she attracts all this attention, her manner is quiet. This woman wears countless jewels, and on one occasion a necklace of diamonds and rubies was wound carelessly about her throat. Her fingers glisten with rings of great value. It is said she is the wife of an invalid young banker and that she escapes the monotony of the sick room in this way.

One of the friends of the mysterious beauty is a well-known young sculptor, and the other night, to the immense amusement of the other diners, he "modeled" his beautiful companion's face in candle grease. The man called for a candle, and on the back of the plate he soon molded a bas-relief of the woman. Her hat, crowned with a sweeping plume, was wonderfully executed, and her languorous smile was well defined on the candle-grease portrait.

The Ladies' Coaching club contributed a brilliant note to the movement and life of Broadway yesterday morning. Four of the members, in the club's uniform coat of dark blue trimmed with gold braid, sat on top of the coach as the team picked its way down the crowded thoroughfare under the skillful guidance of Morris Howlett, who manages the coach for the members. One of the young women sat on the box beside the whip, the other three on the seat behind. The rest of the seats were unoccupied save for the two grooms in tan livery and silk hats on the rear seat. Lower New York was evidently unfamiliar ground to the four young women, for they stared and pointed at the tall buildings, and gave as much evidence of interest in the "sights" as do the occupants of one of the "sight-seeing" coaches.

### UMBRELLA HANDLES.

The borrower of umbrellas and the absent-minded person who carries off her friend's parasol and forgets to return it for an indefinite period of time, or, perhaps, never, are not countenanced in this season of magnificent and expensive parasol and umbrella handles.

The fad for long handles allows of an elaborate piece of carving in jade, in both the green and the green-white variety. The latter is more fashionable, and some of the handsomest designs are in bamboo leaves, flights of birds, lotus flowers and strange creatures of the sea.

Another popular parasol handle is of real bronze, carved, beaten or hammered into beautiful shapes and hollowed in the middle, with a secret lid.

Costly bronze handles, finished at the top with nothing less than a Chinese inkpot appear upon umbrellas. Beside the pot is the receptacle for holding the little brush with which John Chinaman makes his mark. In these handles a woman carries her smelling salts, a vinaigrette or the essence which she prefers for the occasion.

While bronze and carved jade are the most fashionable of the odd and artistic parasol and umbrella handles now in vogue, heavy beaten silver, giving all the appearance of having been hammered out by hand, is also in great demand. Like all other handsome handles, they are made to be detached from one stick and put upon another as seasons and colors change for parasols.

The dragon fly and the daisy or wild rose designs are favorites. The curious have but to lift the body of the dragon fly to discover between the wings a little receptacle for a smelling bottle.

Wavy lines in metal, stone or wood are popular in the best handles, and they are arranged to give delicacy to the background of the figures carved in relief.

A fanciful top to a parasol handle is a netsucke, or Chinese charm against evil. The charm comes in quaint forms of ivory, bronze and metal. More of these charms are sold than anything else to form the top of a parasol handle.

If a girl is lucky enough to know how to paint, she may have the prettiest parasol for the making. Whatever the material, whether of silk, chiffon, liberty gauze or mousseline de soie, she may paint on it the dainty pompadour garlands now so much favored and be right "in the swim."

The most fashionable of all parasols has the outside of taffeta and as plain as an umbrella, with a gay inside, masses of shirring and ruffles of chiffon. Then the outside is painted, and the chiffon lining matches the hues of the blossoms, and the handle is in harmony if not exactly matching. The wood may be tinted or the handle may be of gold and silver, colored at the end in art nouveau metallic shades. Jet handles are used, too, and bronze in every tint.

But the outside, with its flower decoration, establishes the color schemes. Of course, the parasols are done to match costumes, or a costume is ordered to carry out the color scheme of some very lovely parasol creation. Usually the silk ground is in some neutral shade—shadow gray, oyster shell, champagne, star blue or cornfield yellow; then the flowers, in bunches, or vine, or conventional outline, are scattered over the entire surface, thickening into a border near the edge.

### RECENT MAGAZINE VERSE.

**The Brave Little Man.**

All torn, but sweet, is the old straw hat,
As it hangs on the rack in the hall.
There's mud from home on two little shoes
Where he played on the hills last fall;
There's dust on the kite and the little stick horse
Stands still as ever he can,
Listening, perhaps, in the corner there
For the voice of the brave little man.

There's never a song of bird, nor bloom
Of rose that blows in the spring,
Nor shout of boy, nor gleam of sun
But where some tears will cling.
There's never a flash of the evening star
On the hearthstone's fireside
Of winter night but will bring some tears
For the brave little man that died.

Kind friends they were; we kiss them for him,
And lay them out of sight—
The two little shoes, the torn old hat,
The little stick horse and kite;
And down in his pocket a rusty nail,
A bit of chalk and string,
A broken knife, an alley or two,
Oh! the birds, the bloom, and the spring!
And star of God at morning's song,
Noon time and twilight tide,
One sweet little face, some tears will come
For the brave little man that died.
—William Page Carter, in Leslie's Monthly for May.

**Watching the Ships.**

These winged sea birds outward slip
At twilight tide;
I view them—with a trembling lip,
And wistful-eyed.
Ah, happy sails! For you attain
Your bright Cathay!
The harbors of my hope remain
A dim Some Day!

A face I loved is lost in mist
Of falling tears;
And where are lips, with laughter kissed,
O robber years?
The ships depart—joy confident
Of ports to be;
Shall I await, in like content
The Ebbing Sea?
—Ernest Neal Lyon, in Everybody's Magazine for May.

**Tennis.**

She was a novice at the game
And he an ardent teacher,
Then mischief Cupid slyly came
To tempt the lovely creature.

"Oh Jack, don't bother more with me—
I fear I'm far too stupid."
And on the court in heartless glee
Chuckled triumphant Cupid.

"Success were certain, Mabel, dear,
If we shared our joys and troubles."
What Mabel said I failed to hear:
They've entered in the doubles.
—Clinton Platt, in May Lippincott's.

## "SWEET YOUNG THING" WHO WAS WISE

THE silent silver moon emblazoned the starry firmament on high. It was full that night, and the emblazoning business comes mighty easy when one is full. So the lush Luna was easy.

On a sedan seat in a pagoda-like pavilion McAllister McIlhenny was chinning a beautiful creature he had met only three hours before at dinner at the summer hostelry where he was putting up for as long as he could get his wealthy father to put up for him. McAllister McIlhenny was loaded with hot air, which he had brought out of the city with him especially for such occasions, and the way he was pumping it into the shell-like ear of the guileless maiden by his side was worthy of all condemnation.

No man has a right to fool a summer girl, no matter how pretty she is. And most men don't. But we digress.

Along about 10:30 p. m., moon time, the valves in the hot-air pump began to get a little dry, and McAllister McIlhenny's conscience nudged him a bit as he talked less and had more time to think.

"Really," he said to himself, "this is one of the easiest I ever got next to, and I oughtn't to be buncoing an innocent in the way I have for the last two hours. But what's a chap to do? The girl is dead stuck on me, and I can't do the mum or talk science, art and literature to her. I've got to give her the moonlight racket, that's all, to keep her dear little heart from breaking. And how I'm ever going to get out of it beats me. I'll have to slip away from the hotel, I guess, when she isn't looking."

With these thoughts McAllister McIlhenny resumed his chin movement.

"How strange," he said, in deep, mellow tones, "that we two should be talking here this night of nights as we are, and only yesterday our paths had never crossed. It seems as if I had known you always, and I can talk to you as if we had been walking hand in hand 'neath honeysuckle trellises since we were happy children."

He was holding her hand with a gentle pressure, but she didn't seem to mind it. She cooed very softly, and it was sweet to his ear.

"Yes," he went on, bending over a little nearer, "through all the years. You know, I think Fate intends some people for each other. By no design of their own, they meet as we have met; they talk as we have talked; they"—he hesitated—"they love as we have loved. Have you ever noticed that?"

"Yes," she murmured, very sweet and soft and low, "but not until—until——"

McAllister McIlhenny's pulse throbbed. He was eager to hear her shy confession, yet he knew he should not. It was sweeter to him because it was forbidden.

"Until when?" he whispered.

She did not answer for a moment. Evidently she was thinking.

"Well," she replied, "not until about three weeks ago. I'd been here two weeks then, and about a dozen chaps had mentioned it to me, and if I didn't notice it by this time I'd be dopey for fair, wouldn't I?"

McAllister McIlhenny gasped, and the fair young creature by his side stood up.

"You must excuse me now, Mr. McIlhenny," she said, "as I have a date on the piazza with one of the regulars at the hotel. You know us girls always give a new man the long end of the evening. Au revoir."

She was gone, and McAllister McIlhenny, looking up heavily, saw a tall young man standing in the electric light on the piazza, waiting for a figure in white tripping along the groved walk leading from the pagoda-like pavilion.—William J. Lampton in the New York Herald.

### Marriage in Fiction.

Small wonder that novelists content themselves with making matches, and refrain from examining too closely the result of their handiwork. They would have more conscience about it, if it were not so easy for them to withdraw. They are almost as irresponsible as poets, who delight in yoking unequal mates, as proof of the power of love. Poetry weds King Cophetua to the beggar maid, and smilingly retires from any further contemplation of the catastrophe. Shakespeare gives Celia—Celia, with her sweet brown beauty, her true heart, her nimble wit, her grace of exquisite companionship—to that unnatural sinner Oliver; and the only excuse he offers is that Oliver says he is sorry for his sins. So I suppose Helen of Troy said she regretted her indiscretion, and this facile repentance reinstated her in happy domesticity. But the novelist is not at play in the forest of Arden. He is presumably grappling with the dismal realities of earth. Nothing could be less like a fairy playground than the village of Thrums. ("If the Auld-Licht parishioners ever get to heaven," said Dr. Chalmers, "they will live on the north side of it"); yet it is in Thrums that Mr. Barrie marries Babbie to the little minister—marries her with a smile and a blessing, as though he had solved, rather than complicated, the mysterious problem of life.

The world of the novelist is full of such strange mishaps, and our sense of inquietude corresponds with our conviction of their reality. Mrs. Ward probably does not expect us to believe that Jacob Delafield and Julie Le Breton lived happily and harmoniously together. There is something as radically inharmonious in their marriage as in the union of conflicting elements. It is not a question of taking chances of happiness, as Sophia Western takes with Tom Jones (very good chances, to my way of thinking); it is a question of unalterable laws by which the gods limit our human joy.—Agnes Repplier in Harper's Bazar.

### Household Hints.

Mustard water will remove the odor of onions from the hands.

Before serving clear soup, add a lump of sugar to it. This improves its appearance.

Rusty knitting-needles can be cleaned by rubbing with a cinder. Polish with dry brick.

To economize coal, burn a little coke with it. But remember that coke must not be put on when the fire is low, or it will deaden it.

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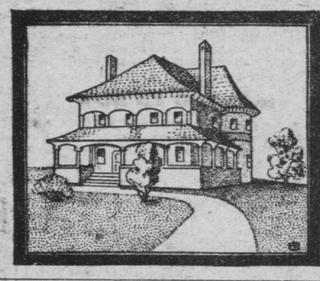

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