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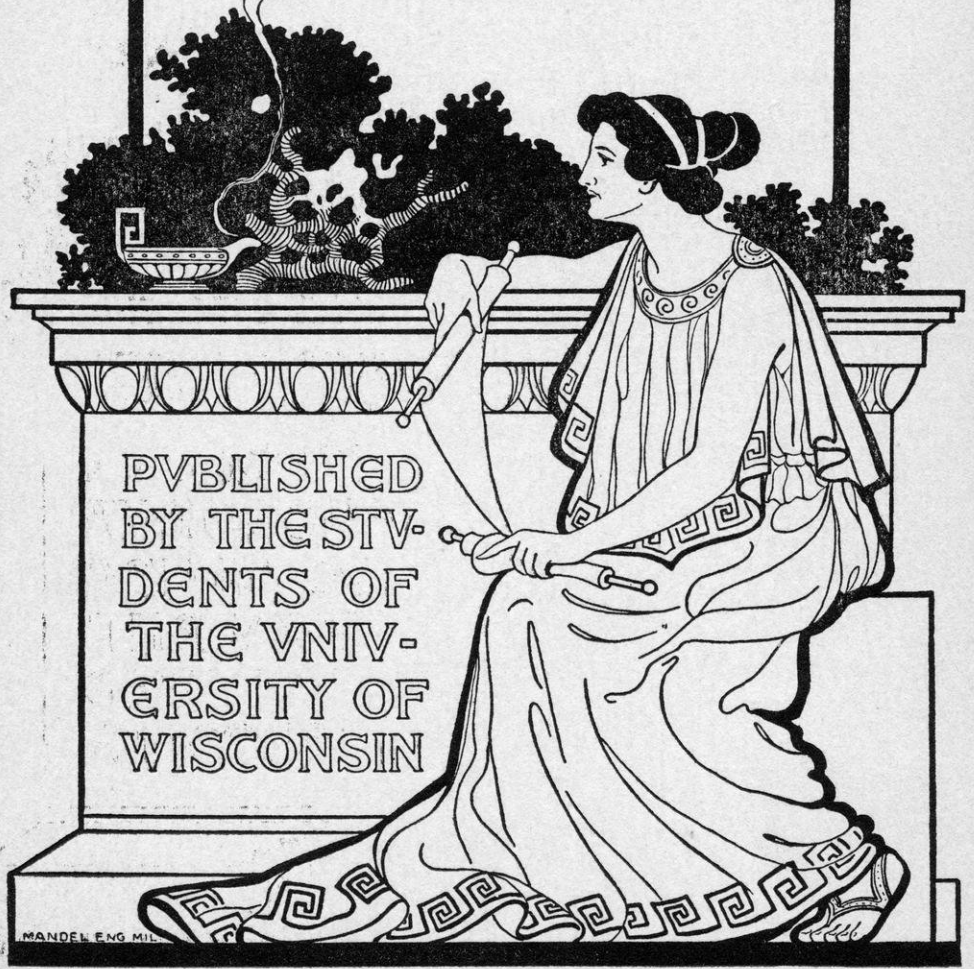
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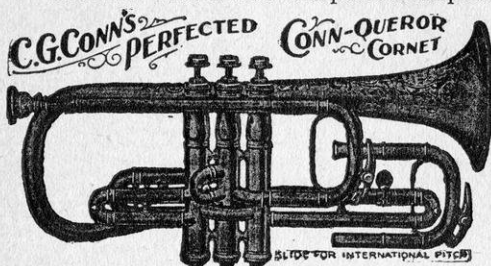
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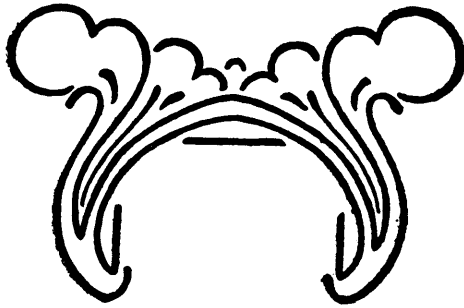
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THE  
WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1905

VOLUME II

NUMBER 7

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BERTON BRALEY, Editor  
505 N. Carroll St.

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THE APOSTATES

By Helen Rosenstengel

The Martin's first vegetarian dinner was a great success. Mrs. Aim had swamped the house with pamphlets and articles on vegetarianism and had been victorious. Her new converts ate their Quaker Oats and baked beans with the air of saints, for they had put Satan well out of reach behind them.

"It was simply two sweet of Mrs. Aim's to trouble so much about us," Mrs. Martin said. "I am so glad we have finally done it. Why, John, think of doing anything as horrible as eating meat all these years. It is simply barbarous."

"Yes, I'll admit, we can do perfectly well without it," her husband answered. "Still, a good steak is a very welcome sort of barbarity."

"Why, John, how can you! It may seem a little difficult

at first, but that is part of the advantage to be gained. It is a training of the will."

Everything went beautifully for three weeks. Mrs. Martin spent her forenoons in looking for new recipes and her evenings in discussing the new fad with her husband. Their enthusiasm received its first violent damper when John remarked on the monotony of the menu. For in spite of Mrs. Martin's efforts, it was difficult to find new things each day, and baked beans became a regular entry on the list. The advantages of will-training became more and more apparent and more and more difficult of attainment.

Mr. Martin worked in a bank downtown and usually came home early in the afternoon. One day he found himself walking down Chestnut street. There was no reason for his going home that way; it was farther and really a disagreeable walk. Very soon he saw the sign before Ware's restaurant looming into sight,—“Meals at All Hours.” As the odor of luscious steak reached him from the basement window, he half stopped, but resolutely went on. He would certainly not pass Ware's again. But the next afternoon found him hurrying down Chestnut street with a look of grim determination on his face. The alluring sign caught his eye again. Today when he stopped he did not continue down the street, but strode into Ware's with a “do-or-die” step.

“A steak, please, waiter. But not too small.”

He was placed conveniently in the (farthest) corner from the door, where he still got a good view of anyone entering.

“To think you have come to this,” he announced to himself. “By George, what a steak! I'll never be able to look a baked bean in the face again after this. Now there'll be this ugly business of confessing.” But after all, baked beans and confessions seemed a long way off, so why worry about them?

John felt very uncomfortable at supper that evening. A dozen times he began his confession; he thought of a dozen

little speeches, but the thought of his wife's utter disgust kept him from it.

"She'll think I'm a cad and I'll deserve it too, for that matter. Well, we'll see,—perhaps a better opportunity will offer itself."

"I'm sorry, John, to have baked beans tonight," his wife apologized. "But really, you know, it is hard to find things at this season."

"Oh, I don't mind them so much now. I rather like them, in fact." He was forced to make a pretense of things, and ate baked beans, although they seemed like elephants to him.

As the days went on, it grew easier to stop at Ware's. The necessity for confession no longer seemed quite so urgent.

"Nothing like a steak to ease the conscience," he said one afternoon, with a wink at the mushrooms.

But the time when he felt most like a sinner was when his wife extolled the new system, and told him it seemed to agree with him.

"Oh, yes. I never felt better in my life. Is that the evening paper?" he would say or else hurry from the room.

One afternoon after an especially savory steak, John reached home to find his wife buried in a vegetarian pamphlet.

"Do you know, John, I've been thinking for several days—"

"No, surely not."

"Now, John, I've been thinking that we really take a very narrow view of the system. We have begun to think anyone who eats meat is a hopeless sinner. Now, haven't you, John? I know I have."

"Well, don't you think, after all, that that is the wrong attitude? We could believe in it, without thinking that everyone else is a sinner."

Oh, yes. I never really thought it a sin, you know."

"Well, anyway, I think vegetarianism is all right for those persons who can carry it out, but others ought to be allowed their belief."

"Surely," said John, hurrying upstairs. That was certainly a dangerous conversation, but he was glad at least that he was not to be condemned to the unquenchable fire.

John talked hard and fast at supper that night on every subject he could think of except vegetables and sinners. His wife seemed nervous and fidgety, but he attributed it to her desire to return to the subject of the afternoon. When they had finished their soup, she began to speak. Heavens! she looked as if she were going to cry. What could be the matter.

"I have done something which is absolutely awful, John, and you'll never forgive me."

"Confess, and let's see."

"It is too awful to mention, even. I simply couldn't—"  
But she was interrupted by the maid, carrying a huge roast.

"Thank the Lord," shouted John. He seized the carvers like the hands of an old friend.

## MY CRY

The whole week had gone wrong. I felt like the crooked man who walked a crooked mile, and I had not found even a crooked sixpence to gladden my way. On the contrary, I had broken the mainspring of my watch, flunked in psychology, been out when Jack Brayton called, and in when that cad of a Billy Cady appeared.

Aggravation upon aggravation! And this morning I had toted two freshmen to church. I was bored by the Freshies, mad because I went to meeting, and disgusted with the preacher who did not satisfy the needs of the congregation. He preached on the Livability of Living and I wanted a good rousing sermon on Hell.

Things had reached a desperate stage, and I had decided to have a squall,—a good, sociable squall with myself as star performer and sole audience.

Some one knocked at my door and Bess came to borrow my shoe blacking. "Certainly Bess, take it and keep it as long as you wish"—Bess left.

I believe in being comfortable, even when you cry, so I arranged the pillows on the couch. There was a yell from the hall below, Belle wanted me to help her with her ethics. "Darn all the ethics!" I thought as I began an explanation of Hedonism vs. Retilitarianism, and after half an hour added, "Awfully glad you understand it now," as I jerkily closed the door.

Then I got three handkerchiefs; a big one, a ragged one and a half soiled one,—When I cry, I cry a lot. "Betty" some one called, "come down, please." "I can't," I snapped. "Mr. Cady wants you to go boat riding." "I'm in bed with a sick headache," I hissed through a crack, "Get, Bess."



I was determined by this time. Cry I would. Fate was against me, but I would enjoy my misery if I wanted to. I locked the door, grabbed the biggest handkerchief, buried my head in the pillows and was just ready for the first of a good old boo-hoo when my door rattled. "Say, Betty, Jack has come with a trap and wants you. I'll tell him you'll come down in a minute." I opened the door aggressively. "What's the matter, you look queer?"

"Queer" I ejaculated. "I feel queer, mighty queer, and the queerest thing is that a fellow can't get a chance to cry when he—she—me;—Well, Gosh! I want to."

—E. J. W.

**SANCHO PANZA**

(After Austin Dobson)

By Berton Braley.

Beside thy master on his crack-brained quest  
    Thou ploddest stolidly from place to place ;  
    Ill-shaped, ill-clothed, ill-favored, void of grace,  
A target for coarse ridicule and jest,  
Beaten and bruised and evermore distressed  
    By blows and jeers that leave a sorry trace,  
    Yet loyalty is writ upon thy face  
Thy honest heart hath nobly borne the test.

O trusty servant and all-patient squire,  
    Too long the world hath scoffed thy awkward shape,  
    Too long mankind hath read thy love amiss,  
Such love and faith as gold can never hire—  
    That feareth much, yet seeketh no escape—  
    There is no service worthier than this!

## A LITERARY BURGLAR

By Irving P. Schaus

A fashionably dressed fellow bearing every trace of "the real college gentleman," was talking earnestly and confidentially to a rough-looking man with his hat well pulled down over his eyes and his coat turned up around his neck.

"Now, my dear fellow," Harlow, the swell, was saying, "if Jack Rose loses that two mile run to-morrow morning, it means five hundred little, silver wheels for me and a hundred of the same for you, if you take the job. What do you say,—yes, or no?"

"Well, captain," the rough-looking man answered, "the game ain't exactly square, it's doin' the kid dirt; but then I don't run across such easy money every day, so I guess you can figure on me to do the work."

"Good!" said Harlow, "here's fifty in advance," taking the amount from his pocket and giving it over. "You get the other fifty after the job. Now just a minute, and I'll write out his address,—450 Clarke Street, first door to the right at the head of the stairs," he repeated aloud as he wrote the information carefully on a blank card and handed it to his accomplice. "As for the necessary caution to take in this little escapade," he continued, "I needn't advise, for a man who is so well up-to-date in the art of house-breaking as you are, requires no instruction. "Well," taking out his watch, "it is now 11:30 P. M., I guess you had better be going. Good luck to you," and the two parted.

As the clock in a neighboring steeple struck twelve, long, dismal strokes, there was a slight creak on the upper step, inside the house at 450 Clarke Street. Soon followed a second creak, and the burglar stood before the door, opening into the sleeping apartment of Jack Rose, the varsity two-

miler. Listening for a moment to assure himself that all was in undisturbed quietness, he put his hand noiselessly on the knob and softly turned it. It is the custom of a great number of students in the University to leave their doors unlocked during the night, and the intruder, very much to his pleasure, found this one to be no exception, and entered. Inside he stopped again to catch any hostile sounds, but hearing no other noise than the soft, regular breathing of his victim, which triumphantly told him that the athlete was in, he closed the door quietly behind him, and continued with his employer's plans. He edged along the walls, at the same time rubbing his hand over them searching. "Where's de switch fer to turn on de glim?" he muttered. Finally he located it over in a farther corner of the room and snapping it on, flooded the room with light.

Still Jack Rose slept on, unconscious of the midnight visitor who was paying him an uninvited call, and who was at this moment tip-toeing over to his bed where he lay. Not until he felt a vigorous shake at his shoulder, accompanied by a coarse, "wake up!" did he enter into the work that was to play so important a part in the two-mile run next morning.

"Wha—a—a th' matter," was all he could manage to say, rubbing his eyes, and then staring bewildered and with a trace of fright, into a large blue'd steel revolver, held by a tough, who smiled rather tauntingly.

"Nothin' very important," the intruder began to explain, "only I wanted yuh to know dat I was here, seein' I couldn't find nothin' wort stealin', an' then it wouldn't be very polite, yuh know, fer you to stay asleep and me sittin' here wit no one to talk to."

"Then you're a burglar, eh," ventured Jack, now fully awake.

"You've guessed it, pard."

"Well then," "if you don't find anything worth taking, why don't you leave and let me sleep? To-morrow I am to

run a two-mile race, and I need all the sleep I can get." He looked pleadingly at the burglar.

"I couldn't do that," the burglar answered, "I've took a bunch of trouble to come here to-night; I've got to have somethin' for my trouble." Then looking about the room, and spying a book-rack nearby, he asked, "Got any litera-choor handy, any novels?"

"Yes," answered Jack, with a ray of hope in his reply, thinking perhaps that if the burglar received one he would be satisfied with such a reward and depart.

"Wot's the name of it?" asked the burglar.

"'Right of Way,' by Gilbert Parker," Jack answered, "it's that red covered book over there on the dresser." Urging him on, being still of the opinion that he was correct in his previous conjecture, he continued, "it's a bully good book, mighty interesting; why say! if you once begin it, you'll become so absorbed in the story that you can hardly wait for the end. Charlie Steele, it's hero, is simply great!"

"Say," the burglar said with feigned elation, "bet I'd like dat book."

"I know you will," assured Jack with much confidence.

"But," continued the burglar with suddenly assumed dejection, "I can't read."

"Take it home," Jack suggested, "and have your wife or children read it to you."

"But I'm not married."

"Then some of your friends,—you surely have some?"

"Soitantly, you're one." The burglar smiled quietly."

"Oh, but I can't I need to sleep, "there's that race to-morrow."

"And I need lit'ry refreshment," the burglar said firmly.

"Well," Jack said, amazed at the absurdity of the idea, "I surely hope you don't think of having me read it to you, do you?"

"Sure," with an irritating smile.

"I refuse," strongly protested Jack. "Why," if I were to

read that book through to the end, it would take until seven o'clock to-morrow morning in the condition I am in now."

"Can't help it, young man," cruelly said the burglar, "I want to know about dat Steele, since you say he's such a fly geeser. Now de sooner we get down to business, de quicker you kin have some more sleep. "Here," he said a moment later, when he had returned to the bed with the book, "take it and begin."

"I won—"

"Dis says you will," the robber interrupted, poking the heavy revolver under Jack's nose.

Jack reluctantly yielded, and propping himself up in several pillows, opened the book, and began to read, while the burglar, drawing a chair alongside the bed, and assuming a restful position, prepared to listen, to all appearances, with profound interest. On and on—and on, and still Jack continued to read.

\* \* \* \*

It was nine o'clock next morning. Crack! A line of men sprung quickly from a mark and started around the track on the two-mile run.

"Say, Harlow," said a sophomore in the audience, after the race was well on its way, to a fashionably dressed man who bore every trace of "the real college gentlemen," sitting at his side, "I wonder what's the matter with Rose, he runs as if he was all in. Why, up there at the mark, just before they started, I saw him lazily rub his eyes and yawn—lord! Harlow, what a yawn it was."

Harlow did'nt say anything, but continued to watch the runners in silence. Crack! the second bark of the pistol warned the runners that they were on the final lap. Coming down the home stretch, a moment later, Rose and another contestant were side by side and in the lead; Jack was fighting desperately with his opponent. But peculiarly, he lacked the usual and remarkably strong finish he had displayed in former races.

Harlow still looked on, his face flushed and his features strained. Suddenly they relaxed, and a quiet smile covered his face—Jack Rose had crossed the tape a foot behind the other man.

“Perhaps,” Harlow now replied in response to the sophomore’s inquiry, “Rose didn’t sleep well last night.”

## PHOTOGRAPHS

I am long on photo's.

There are several score of them in my trunk, a score on my wall and a supply uncountable in my desk and bureau. They are very pretty pictures too, most of them. I often get them out and inspect them appreciatively, with intent to do great textural harm to some fifty or so. There is no particular reason for the existence (thank you, Mr. Purist, I *did* mean preservation), of the majority of my photographs, save that I haven't the moral courage, perhaps cruelty is a better word, to destroy them. They smile at me so quietly, trustingly, genially,—there is no hint of querulous appeal or whining supplication, just a friendly gleam from the pictured eyes, a pleasant smile from the silent lips, and the ruthless slaughter which I was about to make is once more postponed.

Later I steel my heart and resolve once more to emulate the Roman Sulla,—the eyes and lips smile in vain, I grip the stiff card-board and—why that's the picture he gave me when we were together 'busted' in Chicago. I can't tear that memory into fragments! and this—Mary sent it from college the day she matriculated, and promised me that pillow over on the couch,—well this one goes,—hold on, wasn't she the girl I had that awful crush on at the sea shore, those were days, days of pure gold and mellow sunshine, I can't destroy *that* picture and—well, memories and associations will soften the harshest resolution, so the photo's never decrease. They accumulate dust; they clutter the room; they serve only to give annoyance and trouble, but when I look them over to see which shall be drawn for sacrifice, there seem none to be offered.

Someday I shall pass hence and some friend or relative, perhaps a son, will burrow amid the dusty heaps of my belongings, and with practical common sense and merciless hands consign to the fire these foolish—but if he does I'll come back and haunt him.

—*Kim*



## THE WEEK'S END

By Harry L. Hatton

To Monroe and me, after six busy days in the close confinement of the office, it is most gratifying to again stretch our limbs and drink of the atmosphere of the great out-of-doors.

Probably the dominie would say that, just at the time, it were more seemly for us to be seated in straight-backed pews at our devotions, than on the high seat of the brake, being merrily bowled over the smooth turnpike into the country. But what care two light-hearted youths for the opinion of the dominie? Time enough for that when the hair is gray, the eye less keen, and the step uncertain. Now it is to live and enjoy. The darkened chapel, prayer-book and chant of litany can but poorly compare with bright sunlight, agile stride of spirited bays and warbling of the wood's joyous songsters.

To Corwin Hall, the estate founded by the Hon. Tom Corwin five generations ago, it is fifteen miles over Kentucky hill and through Kentucky valley. Fifteen miles, but all too short on this glorious day. As we swing from the turnpike into the entrance drive beneath the shading arms of pine and oak, a half mile distant, we catch just a glimpse of high chimneys and Doric columns. Pleasing to nostril and eye are the heavy odor of the pine and the sear leaf of the oak. A ten minute jog up the drive, and we are being welcomed by a jovial youth, "Tom V," as all his friends speak of him. As our team is being led stable-ward, we are escorted to the dining hall for a bit of lunch. This disposed of, we hurry into boots and riding tweeds, loath to lose even a minute of the afternoon's enjoyment.

A half hour is devoted to the stables, where we renew old

friendships with equine celebrities. A dozen, after the hard work of the racing season, have but just reached home. Here is Tanya, who only a few weeks past, on the track by the sea, romped home winner of the historic Hopeful Stakes. Golden Tayna, pride of the Corwin colors, and as handsome a creature as one may see bound in the shining coat of a thoroughbred. Next is Ort Wells, one of the best of the three year olds on the American turf today. Then there are Mollie Brandt, Don Kirk, Tradition, the mighty Highland, North Wind and little Luleika. Each receives a kindly caress and a few moments' attention. To one who loves them and knows their history intimately, these horses appeal with a strength irresistible,

Our visit to the stables completed, we put leg over the waiting saddlers on the lawn and are off at a brisk canter. Gradually increasing our speed, we ride down the long lane back of the stables. As we come out into the open grazing lands, Tom gives vent to a yell and applies spur to his steed. With answering shout, Monroe and I follow close in Corwin's wake. A stiff five-rail fence is the first obstruction met. Each rider heaves a little sigh of relief as all three horses, experienced hunters, take the jump in excellent form. The pace is now terrific, and ditches, stone-walls and fences come and are cleared in what seems and endless succession. What a day! What a ride! I feel as though I could continue going on indefinitely, but horseflesh cannot stand it longer. As we bring up in a wood-lot, we check our now excited mounts. Picking our way through the piles of brushwood and logs and putting our horses over an old fashioned rail fence, we find ourselves in the turnpike. When informed of the fact by Tom, we can scarce believe that it is eight-miles to Corwin Hall. The return is made leisurely along the turnpike and we have time to drink in the beauty of the view and the perfect autumn afternoon. On every hand, with brook and wooded slope to add picturesqueness, is seen the undulating sea of blue grass. Blooded horses and cattle

graze quietly in this magnificent pasture-land. The stately homes of prosperous landowners and the quaint negro cabins, these latter in secluded nooks at the roadside, are very interesting details of the landscape. On such a day as this it is a joy to be alive. Just as the sun, in a ball of flame, is setting beyond a wooded hill to the west and the chill of evening is becoming perceptible, we again turn in at the drive to the Hall. Somewhat tired after our ride and the day spent in the open air, we slide from the backs of our horses at the broad veranda of the house. Riding garments are removed, a brief tub and a brisk rub-down enjoyed, preparatory to donning evening clothes.

We have scarcely completed our toilets when a pompous old negro announces dinner. Tom's mother and sister, who at the time of our arrival were attending church in the village, greet us at the entrance to the dining hall. Even our prodigious appetites can scarce do justice to the dinner. Roast mallard duck and baked sweet potatoes have seldom been so tempting. Under the watchful direction of "Capo," who has been supreme in the Corwin dining hall for nearly half a century, two small darkies carry in a profusion of steaming dishes. A lively conversation, in which all take a part, enhances greatly the pleasure of the meal.

Dinner over, we move to the spacious chairs in the library. An affectionate hound pushes his nose into my lap and, receiving the expected patting, sprawls at my feet, heaves a tired sigh and is off to sleep. With no light but that from the flaming log in the fire-place, we sit, sipping our punch, nursing our cigars, dreaming or drowsing. From such surroundings and the companionship of such friends, the cares and animosities of the work-a-day world silently withdraw. In response to the atmosphere of accord, good-fellowship and hospitality, the heart grows mellow. Tom Corwin, true representative of Southern blood, whose creed is his love for the beauty of a woman, the manliness of a man, and the majesty of a thoroughbred horse: Monroe, much of a scholar,

foe of all sham and pretence, generous, optimistic, liberal to enemy and steadfast to friend: Fate is indeed good to allow one the friendship of such as these. My limbs relax, a smile hovers about the corners of my mouth, and from a piano in another room the music of an old southern love song is dreamily wafted to my ears.

## A LETTER

By Osmore R. Smith

Yes, he had known her for a long time, ever since they were children. They had played tag and hung May baskets together. He had been her protector in grammar-school days, guarding her from the mischievous wiles of the other boys. In high school he had escorted her to the little entertainments and parties. As a junior in college he had introduced her, a freshman, into the best of college society; he had made her acquainted with the nicest fellows; had, in short, started her on the road of popularity, which she, a pretty, attractive girl, had afterward found so easy. He had, in all things, taken the place of that brother, his friend, whom she had lost in early childhood. Now—it didn't seem possible—she was a senior, and he was here in the city, a plain reporter on the big daily. He sat in his room at the top of the large apartment-house and musingly fingered the faintly scented letter.

She had such good taste, even in little things! Plain, heavy, white paper without a monogram; and the writing round and dainty without shading or quirl. There had never been anything frivolous about Edith. And so it had come at last. Well he was not greatly surprised. He had expected it for some time, judging from the tone of her letters. Engaged? Yes, that is what she had written. Engaged to young Foster. Foster? That must be the ruddy cheeked fellow who rowed five on the freshman crew during his own third year. A nice sort of kid, he thought, though he did not know him personally. Straightforward, manly boy with plenty of means. Edith would never have to stint herself, that was sure.

Restlessly he rose from his chair, stepped to the window,

and, shoving his hands deeply into his pockets, looked out. It was raining. The water fell in a steady, insistent drizzle, soaking the walks and streets below. At frequent intervals an electric car, filled with belated shoppers, clanged by. Occasionally too, through the flicker of street lights, he saw the gloomy outlines of a hansom, heard it rattle over the pavement.

She wanted him to meet Foster. He was such a fine fellow, she was sure he would like him. He must positively come down at commencement time. Come down at commencement time? He had intended to go, had even spoken to the "boss" about letting him off for a few days, but now some way, he didn't care about it. He feared he couldn't arrange it. No, he should have to write to Edith and tell her he couldn't come. Dear girl! She would feel sorry, he knew, but she would be sure that he would have come if he could. Edith was so reasonable! And then there was Foster. He wouldn't be missed, would only be in the way if he went.

He smiled slightly as a vigorous gust shook the window in its frame, and, turning away, perched on the edge of the bed and began to unlace his shoes. Then, changing his mind, he laced them up again.

No, he wouldn't go to bed just yet. He didn't just feel like sleep. Funny though, that he should feel so uneasy. He wasn't generally that way. What should make it? Why couldn't he undress and go to bed, instead of walking all over the room like a fool? Edith used to tell him, when she screamed at a mouse and he jeered, that he hadn't any nerves anyway. It wasn't that, but—

He laughed, a low reminiscent laugh. How well he remembered the day he and she had run away from school together and gone fishing. She had shouldered the blame afterward, when they had been found out, and had pleaded with his father that she, and not he, deserved the whipping. It was so like her! How often had she said that there was

nothing she would not do for her "dear brother." And she was engaged to be married! Foster wasn't worthy of her, but then—who was? The dear girl! God bless her!

With sudden resolution he stepped to the closet, took down his rain-coat, put it on, and, snatching an old hat from a hook, strode to the door. For an instant he paused.

It did seem foolish, and after midnight too. No, he couldn't sleep anyway. There wasn't any use in his going to bed. The rain might wet him somewhat, but that didn't matter. He must get out.

He tiptoed along the hall, stole silently down the several flights of stairs and opened the outer door. Slowly, softly, it closed behind him.

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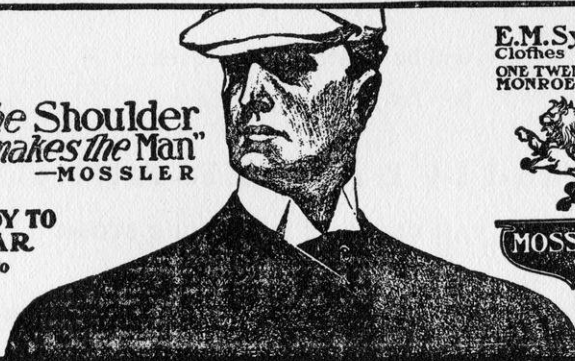
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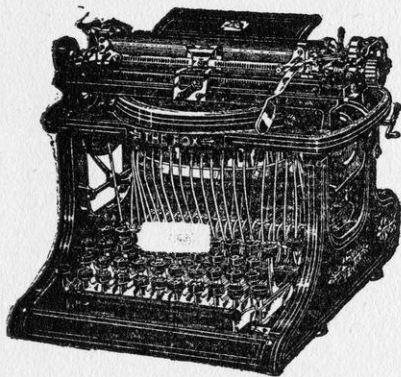
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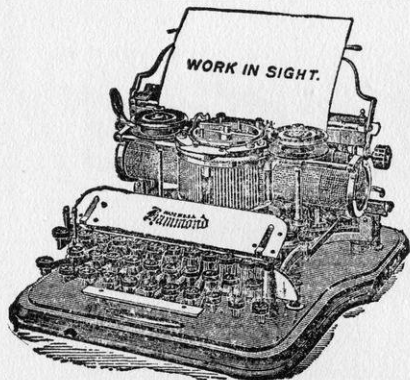
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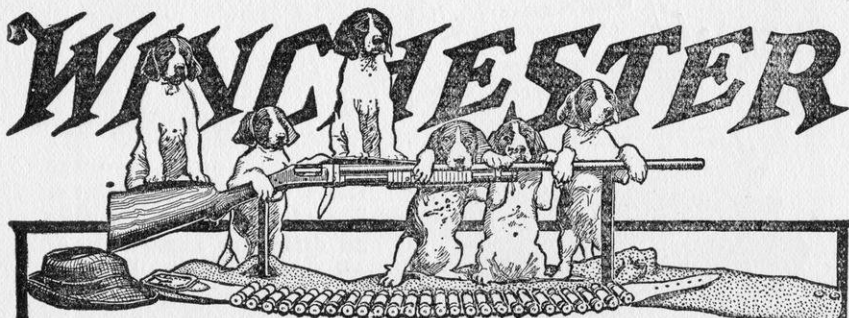
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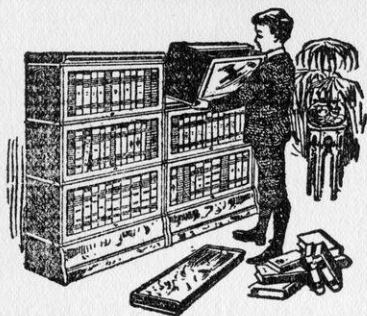
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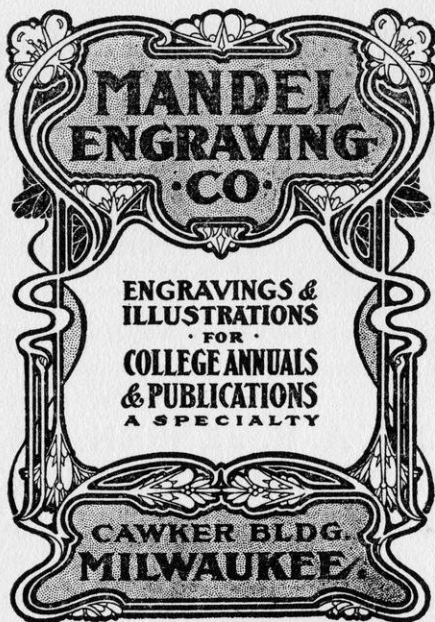
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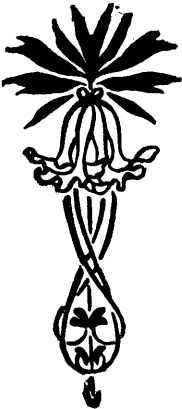
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