OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

"THEIR MARRIED LIFE"

Copyright by International News Service

"Mrs. Curtis, the boy is here for the comfortables," Mary said, coming into Helen's room early one Saturday afternoon. "Are you ill, ma'am?" as she spied Helen lying on the bed. "Don't get up—I'll get them."

"There they are on the chair, Mary," Helen said, lifting her head from the pillow. "Just put some paper around them and tell the boy that I said he was to hurry them. Last time I waited forever for them to be cleaned."

Mary took the silk comfortables and went out into the hall where the boy was waiting. Helen could hear her issuing orders, and then the door was closed and Mary came back again.

"What is it, Mrs. Curtis, can't I do something for you?"

"Why, I don't know what it is, Mary. My head feels so heavy and aches, and I am dizzy when I sit up."

"I noticed that you didn't eat any lunch," Mary said, sympathetically. "But you must take something. Does it feel like a cold coming on?"

Helen shook her head. "No, I don't feel myself. I can hardly hear myself talking to you, Mary. It's my head; if the pounding in that would stop I think I'd be better."

Helen was too faint and sick to talk much, and she simply lay still on the pillow while Mary tiptoed out. All that Helen could think of was rest. If she could get to sleep for an hour she might feel better. They had decided not to leave until 5. The drive out didn't take more than an hour.

But her head began to get worse. The throb was intolerable. Helen was almost crazy when Mary came back with a box in her hand and some water.

"Here, Mrs. Curtis; just take this and you'll feel better in a few minutes."

Helen did not even ask Mary where the pills came from; she simply raised her head and obediently swallowed two with some water. Then she lay back on the pillow, little lines of pain wrinkling her forehead.

Sometime later she fell into a doze, and was awakened almost rudely by Warren's shaking her violently.

"Going to sleep all day?" he queried.

Helen stared at him dazedly, then slowly she remembered. Her head felt better, but she felt too languid to move.

"Warren, I'm sick," she managed to whisper.

"Where do you feel bad?"

"My head feels heavy. Mary gave me some pills for it and the pain is gone, but I feel so tired."

Warren snorted, almost impatiently: "You haven't any will power. If you had gone out for a brisk walk after lunch instead of moping around the house all day, you wouldn't have been so miserable."

"But I haven't had the time, dear," Helen tried to explain. "There have been too many things to do. No woman can get ready to go away, even over Sunday, without planning things and ordering things."

"That's what all you women say. I've heard this talk about women's work being as hard as man's, and it makes me smile. You women have a maid to do the work, and you think that planning meals and overseeing things mean hard work. It's really funny."

Warren was disappointed and afraid that Helen was going to spoil the trip, or he might have considered before speaking in that way. Helen's feeling varied. When he began to speak a feeling of weakness almost overpowered her, but now she felt indignant and angry.

"Warren, if you are going to do any more shouting, will you please go out in the hall or somewhere so I can't hear you? I am going to try to go with you if my staying home will spoil it, but I tell you plainly that I have seldom seen a man display his selfishness so plainly. You don't think about anybody but yourself, and if other people don't think exactly the same you have no more use for them.

"I know I'm a fool, and that I go right on thinking in your way and doing as you want me to, but things won't always be that way. Sometime you'll go too far and then I shall really do something that I have always wanted to do and that I have recently had offered to me. Now please go out before I say anything more."

And Helen, almost in tears propped weakly back on the pillow. She was conscious that she had almost told Warren about the position Ned Burns had offered her. Warren without a word had left the room, and Helen wondered dully what he was thinking. To tell the truth, Helen's wild words had startled him more than she knew, and he was genuinely sorry that he had spoken to her with so little feeling.

(Watch for the next instalment of this interesting story.)

BECOMING FROCK FOR LITTLE MISS

Simple Garment With Middy Effect Makes Practical Dress For School Wear

By MAY MANTON

9283 *(With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance)* Girl's Plaited Dress, 6 to 12 years.

Yoke dresses are apt to be becoming to the school girl. This one with its plaited sides is exceptionally smart and attractive. It is simple too and easy to make, with the plaited sections are simple straight pieces that are held by means of the belt. There is a middy closing and the neck can be finished with a sailor collar or cut to form a square. Here, the material is blue serge trimmed with plaid serge. But this is a dress that can be made from light weight broadcloth or cashmere or can be made from any one of the heavier washable materials—piqué, gabardine or gingham, and each or all of these are liked for the school girls' wear. Colored linens are especially pretty with trimming of white, the edges of which are scalloped with a color.

For the 10 year size will be needed, 5¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4 yards 36 inches wide or 3 yards 44 inches wide with ½ yard 36 inches wide for collar and trimming.

The pattern No. 9283 is cut in sizes from 6 to 12 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

MARRIED AT PHILADELPHIA

New Cumberland, Pa., Jan. 27.—Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Ruth D. Blessing and Joseph A. Fisher which occurred in Philadelphia Wednesday, January 17. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher will reside in New Market.

AID SOCIETY MEETING

Shiremanstown, Pa., Jan. 27.—The monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the United Brethren Church will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Drawbaugh, in Green street, Monday evening.

MOTHER OF NINE CHILDREN

Able to do Housework by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Springfield, Mass.—"After the birth of my ninth baby I was in a weak, run down condition, had pains in my left side, so I would faint often. My doctor advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and gained in strength so I can now do all my own house work and I hope you may publish my experience with your Compound for the benefit of other mothers."—MADAME EUGENE BEDARD, 559 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful in overcoming woman's ills because it contains the tonic, strengthening properties of good old fashioned roots and herbs, which act on the female organism. Women from all parts of the country are continually testifying to its strengthening, curative influence.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read, and answered by women only.

"MY FRANCIS IS HEALTHY, THANKS TO FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE."

"Father John's Medicine has saved me many a doctor's bill. I have used it in my family for three years. I recommend it highly for any child with a bronchial cough. I give it to my baby, Francis and it not only relieves him of the cough but builds him up and acts as a tonic and laxative too. Francis is a big healthy boy (3 years old) and it is Father John's Medicine that puts the color in his cheeks." (Signed) Mrs. John McDermott, 2334 Mountain Street, Phila., Pa. Father John's Medicine does not contain alcohol or dangerous drugs.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
SHIRTS
SIDES & SIDES

THE ENEMY

—BY—

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER & LILLIAN CHESTER

Authors of "THE BALL OF FIRE," etc.

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(Continued)

Let her dry her tears and straighten her head, and fold her hands together calmly; for now she must approach another grave problem; herself. What of her love? It was given. She knew that, now, but the knowledge brought her no joy. There is this strange thing about the love of such simple natures as Tavy's and Jean's; it can be covered with debris of every offending sort, but, scrape amid the refuse, and it is always there. It will survive abuse, it will survive anything. She despised that love, in this black hour, with only the company of the cold stars and the bending trees and the lonely lights which shimmered in the lake. She would have plucked it from her, if she could, but she realized the futility of that even while she reasoned with herself; and the knowledge was a humiliation to her, as if in herself there was something of baseness, as if she herself were doing something, in loving Billy, which was a part of this degradation he had suffered. It was incredible that in her there was still a spark of fondness for this huddled object, the touch of which had repulsed her, this creature which breathed so heavily in its stupid slumber. Yet she was clear-eyed enough, truthful enough, and unsmirched enough of soul to realize, and admit, that the spark was still there. Very well, then, let her say it, let her acknowledge it, to her shame. She had given her love, and it could not be recalled. Love, which exists, not to be beaconed or dismissed at will. What next? Oh, Billy! Billy!

What next? That was a harder problem than any, a problem she should not have had to face. Why, she was only a little Tavy. That very night she had been a girl, in her dainty little white chiffon frock, with the light of merriment in her eyes, with imps of mischief twinkling in her glossy black curls. Now, suddenly, she was old, with the burden of womanhood heavy upon her soul. She had joined the ranks of them who have borne the weight of all the world's woes since the world began; and that Tavy was not crushed by the intolerable weight is the reason the world has lasted.

What next? Not every love finds fruition. There are loves which are the better for stifling. There wander through the world a countless army of silent women who have not dared love where they would, and so have paid the price of dwelling apart, but have completed. Happiness? Possibly not; but self-respect, yes. For a long time she pondered that, while she passed between the swaying branches down the west drive and up the east drive, and across by the ghostly fountain splashing away in its great basin below, its pearl-like drops leaping up to catch the light of the stars, and dropping in glee, after their confinement, to rush away on a long, long journey they knew not where. They were free, those drops in the fountain, free to swirl and eddy and glisten, and tumble over rocks and splash up in foam and spray. Free!

Free? There is no such thing as freedom. Those drops in the fountain were forced through a dark pipe, and their channels were made for them; and so are the channels made for human life. Even let her decide to send Billy away forever, and, cramping her love for him so that it should allow other things to grow in her heart, her future course was forced upon her. Where was happiness? Where was it kept hidden? There had been happiness in her past, though she had scarcely noticed it at the time, but searching through every nook and cranny of her future, she could not find it again. She could not be happy if she married Billy. She could not be happy if she did not. Very well, then, let her say that there was no happiness for her, except in the joy which she might bring into the lives of others, except as she carried her sorrow in cheerfulness, and with a smile of patience on her lips and in her eyes; the smile of Jean. How well she understood it now. Yes, she would say it calmly and with cheerful patience, here under the far-off, blue, star-studded vault of the sky; there was no happiness for her. What next?

As Tavy saw the gray shadow of that "next" moving before her, she smiled the smile which is never seen but at the summit of pyre. Duty. And so she came, at last, to the allotted pleasure of all the women of Jean Stuart's strain. From mother to daughter, through a long race, had descended that one great privilege of self-sacrifice; only Tavy had found it young, so young that she had not yet had her youth, only her girlhood. She was thankful, now, for the gorgeous party at the Bennings', even though it had resulted in this disaster. For once she had seen the glitter of the lights, had heard the languor of the music, had tasted the joy of youthful happiness, before she grew old, and had set upon her raven curls the unburnished and unglittering crown of duty. Very well, then, let it be her duty. Happiness was but a selfish pleasure, after all.

Where did her duty lie? Not to herself. To her mother; the mother who had suffered so many years in sweet patience, who had worn her crown of duty until its lusterless gray had spread into her hair? Yes, much of her duty was there. And to her father; the father who had come back from the dead. They would have each other, the father and mother, and they would be so busy in scraping together the crumbs of happiness which were still left to them, that not much self-sacrifice would be required of Jean. Where else lay her duty? To Billy? He moaned in his torpid slumber. His head hung far forward so that his collar impeded his breathing, but his body was so numb that it only knew it was uncomfortable; so it moaned! She lifted his head and rested it back against the cushioin. It lopped there a moment, and settled in a corner. What was her duty to Billy? Three times she passed the fountain, still leaping at the stars, and splashing with weird softness into the great basin. Three times she passed the gray stone panther on the bank, and the overhanging rocks at the head of the park, and the gaunt, dark hotels at its lower end, and still she was revolving over and over in her mind, as if it were some monotonous Sphynx-like enigma which had no answer; what was her duty to Billy?

Dawn. Over the earth there came that chill which is the shudder of the universe at awakening. Out of the east stole long gray fingers of light, and the stars paled, as if their eyes were dim and sleepy from their long vigil of the night; the fountain splashed in its pool with a metallic ring, as if now it must wake to work, and hammer out the hard prosaic fancies of the day rather than the soft poetry of the night; and the lump which huddled in the corner of the cushions, stirred, and suddenly sat bolt upright, and was Billy!

There was a cold sensation on one side of his face. It had been pillowed upon something warm; Tavy's shoulder. She was just removing her cramped arm from about him. Oh, yes! They were coming home from the Bennings'. Great party! How late was it? All this while he was blinking his eyes and readjusting himself to life. But Tavy's face! How drawn it was, how pale, how hollow her eyes!

"Tavy!" With a sudden flood of memory, he realized what he had done; and hideous contrition gripped him.

"Yes, Billy." The dead voice, but still with infinite sweetness in it, the sweetness of them who have been through the fires, and have been purified thereby of all their dross.

"Tavy! Tavy!", There was something came in his throat which choked his utterance, but he talked above it. He humbled himself in deep abjectness; he poured forth all his regret, all his grief, all his compassion that he had thrust again this shame upon her; but his emotion stirred nothing in her, though she put her hand in his and smiled forgivingly upon him. Then he realized that the end of the road had come, that he must take back his ring, that he must keep his word, that he must not plead for reinstatement, but must go away, so that she might forget him, and the pain he had brought her.

"No, Billy." Her voice was low and calm. She had fought out the answer to her enigma, while the dark sky paled to the dawn and the stars dimmed. "I am going to marry you. I have work to do in the world, some reason for being here; and that is it. You need me."

This again overwhelmed him. He could not believe that she knew what she proposed. He could not permit her to make the sacrifice. He could not promise, even to himself that he was safe!

"You don't understand, Billy," she quietly told him, and there was that in her strength, in her immense superiority over him, in the towering of her soul into heights where he could not follow, which awed him into silence. "I did not mean that you need me to keep you from this; but that you need me when you have done this." She was thoughtful for a moment, gathering up the threads of her still unfinished reverie. "We must drive around the Park again. I have not yet decided whether to see mother before or after we are married."

CHAPTER XXIX

Ham and Eggs!

No one heard the click of the elevator, no one heard the hesitant footsteps in the hall; for the long-separated husband and wife now sat in the window, near the dawn, all their story told; and they were hand in hand. The low-lying gray cloud had repented of its dullness at the sight of the ecstasy in their faces, and had snatched from the eastern sky a perfectriot of carmine glory.

At the ring of the bell, however, they hurried to the door, and there, at last, was Tavy, her poor little white chiffon frock damp and wilted; and in her face was the grayness of the dawn, in her eyes the deadness of the morning stars.

"Daddy!" cried the weary voice, and she sprang into his arms; then, after an embrace of but a second, she turned to her mother and drew her to them, and bound them together in her hungry clasp, and wept.

"Where is Billy?" asked her father, as soon as she was calm; and he stepped out into the hall. No Billy was there!

"He went home," explained Tavy, dropping listlessly into a chair. "I would not let him come up with me."

"Where have you been all night?" Jean. Only tenderness in that question, tenderness and love.

"In the Park, driving." A little hesitation. "Billy — was drunk. I kept him out until he woke up, sober. I meant to marry him to-day; but he refused."

"Thank God!" Her father's tone was like one in grateful prayer. He came to her, Jean's hand in his. "We must send for Billy," and, with infinite compassion, they sat beside her on the window seat.

"I do not want him." Still the dead voice. "I offered him my life." Then she poured out the whole story of her drive in the Park, of the steps by which she had arrived at her decision of self-sacrifice; and Mrs. Stuart's heart sank as she looked at her daughter, for where her little girl had sat, only the evening before, there was now a woman, the director of her own destiny, the arbiter of her own fate, and the bearer, God help her, of her own burdens!

"You will love Billy more for this her father gently told her. "No good man would accept a gift of which he was so unworthy. And Billy is good." He told them the goodness of Billy, of all that he had done for Harrison Stuart, and as he recounted the tale of sympathy and kindliness and whole-hearted helpfulness, Tavy's head came up and some of the dullness left her eyes.

(To be continued)

BREAKS A COLD IN A FEW HOURS

First dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" relieves all grippe misery.

Don't stay stuffed-up!

Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end grippe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only 25 cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, and causes no inconvenience. Don't accept a substitute.

Burns Convicted of Publishing Lawyer's Papers

New York, Jan. 27. — William J. Burns, head of a private detective agency, was found guilty here yesterday of surreptitiously entering the law offices of Seymour & Seymour, making copies of private papers and then publishing them. Burns was employed by J. P. Morgan & Co. to trace a "leak" of information about contracts for war supplies for the entente allies from the Morgan offices. To obtain the information sought Burns gained access to the Seymours' offices.

Marked Cards Change Poker Game to Fight

Washington, Pa., Jan. 27. — When a "marked" deck was found in a poker game at Shire Oaks, near Monongahela, a riot resulted. State Troopers, railroad detectives and Monongahela constables were rushed to the scene in an engine that was commandeered fo rthe purpose.

Fifteen arrests were made. Ten persons who were in the gambling place were taken to the Memorial hospital, Monongahela, to have their injuries attended.

HOPE COMPANY BANQUET

The one hundred and third anniversary of the founding of the Hope Fire Company was marked with a large banquet in Maennerchor Hall, North street, last night. Refreshments were served on the buffet lunch plan. The Hope quartet consisting of Edward Halbert, George Shoemaker, William Windson, 3rd, and Porter Hammond gave several selections.

Members of the company who recently returned from the border were guests of honor. They were: Corporal George Shoemaker, Robert Gowan, Charles McClure and Harry Solomon.

SOPHS WIN DEBATE

The opening debate of the interclass series at Central High School yesterday afternoon was won by the Sophomore class. The Freshmen opposed the winners. The question of discussion was: "Resolved, That Statewide Prohibition Is a Better solution of the Liquor Problem in Pennsylvania than County Local Option." The Sophs had the negative side of the question.

The winning team was composed of Stuart Wagner, Miss Rita Buxbaum, Miss Grace Peake and Ross Hoffman, alternate. The Freshman debaters were William Wright, Miss Mary Rodney and Miss Sylvia Gingrich with Richard Holsopple as alternate. The next debate will be held next Friday afternoon.

BOY 19, SHOOTS FATHER STRIKING AT HIS MOTHER

Johnstown, Pa., Jan. 27. — When Lloyd Kesslar, 45, returned home about midnight last night and started a row with his son and his wife, Elmer Kesslar, 19, in bed upstairs, became alarmed, grabbed a revolver and hastened downstairs in time to see his father strike at the mother.

Without hesitation, the young man fired twice and his father fell to the floor, seriously wounded. One bullet penetrated the left arm. The other cut off the little finger of the left hand, Kesslar is in Memorial hospital. The son is under arrest.

ACTRESS HURT IN SURF, RESORT MUST PAY $3,500

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 27. — Having seen with their own eyes what a floating log did to one of the young women's legs while she was bathing in the surf at Deal, jurors in the United States court here yesterday awarded Miss Beatrice Forsythe, an actress, $3,500 in her suit against the borough.

Miss Forsythe claimed that the log hit her right leg, fracturing it and resulting in the limb now being bowed and an inch shorter than the left member. Evidently thinking Jersey jurymen were "from Missouri," the actress raised her skirts to her knees in the courtroom, and the verdict followed quite as a matter of "form."

"TIZ"--A JOY TO SORE, TIRED FEET

Use "Tiz" for aching, burning, puffed-up feet and corns or callouses.

Good-bye, sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, tender feet, tired feet.

Good-bye, corns, callouses, bunions and raw spots. No more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "Tiz" is magical, acts right off. "Tiz" draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use "Tiz" and wear smaller shoes. Use "Tiz" and forget your foot misery. Ah!, how comfortable your feet feel.

Get a 25-cent box of "Tiz" now at any druggist or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat also take glass of Salts before eating breakfast.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

DOES RHEUMATISM BOTHER YOU?

Many Doctors Use Musterole

So many sufferers have found relief in Musterole that you ought to buy a small jar and try it.

Just spread it on with the fingers. Rub it in. First you feel a gentle glow, then a delicious, cooling comfort. Musterole routs the twinges, loosens up stiffened joints and muscles.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. It penetrates to the seat of pain and drives it away, but does not blister the tenderest skin.

It takes the place of the mussy, old fashioned mustard plaster.

Musterole is recommended for bronchitis, croup, asthma, pleurisy, lumbago, neuralgia, sprains, bruises, stiff neck, headache and colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia).

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

Medicated Smoke Drives Out Catarrh

Try This Pleasant Herb Smoke. Sent Free By Mail.

Dr. Blosser who has devoted forty years to the treatment of Catarrh, is the originator of a certain combination of medical herbs, flowers and berries to be smoked in a pipe or ready prepared cigarette. The smoke-vapor reaches all the air passages of the head, nose and throat. As the disease is carried into these passages with the air you breathe, so the antiseptic, healing vapor of this Remedy is carried with the breath directly to the affected parts.

This simple, practical method applies the medicine where sprays, douches, ointments, etc., cannot possibly go. Its effect is soothing and healing, and is entirely harmless, containing no tobacco or habit forming drugs. It is pleasant to use, and not sickening to those who have never smoked. No matter how severe or long standing your case may be, we want to show you what our Remedy will do.

To prove the beneficial, pleasant effect, The Blosser Company, 650 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga., will mail absolutely free to any sufferer, a sample that will verify their claims by actual test. This free package contains a pipe, some of the Remedy for smoking and also some of our medical cigarettes. If you wish to continue the treatment, it will cost only one dollar for a month's supply for the pipe, or a box containing one hundred cigarettes. We pay postage.

If you are a sufferer from Catarrh, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness, or if subject to frequent colds, send your name and address at once by postal card or letter for the free package, and a copy of our illustrated booklet.

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To obtain the maximum service from wood it is necessary to know something of the individual qualities of the many varities.

We have made a careful study of the lumber business. Tell us what you intend to build. We will advise you the kind of lumber to use that will give you the best results.

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of all Ladies', Men's and Children's Clothing at the big Stores outside high rent, high price district. One-half and one-third former prices.

Have Your Bill Charged If You Wish

Gately & Fitzgerald Supply Co. 29-31-33 & 35 S. Second St.

THE LADIES' NEST OF THE ORDER OF OWLS

will be instituted at the

BOARD OF TRADE

NEXT TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30TH

Ladies who wish to become Charter members and take part in the organization proceedings should get their applications in at once. Charter members save $6.50 in entrance fee. Application blanks and full information can be obtained from Deputy Organizer R. F. Webster, 223 South Fourteenth street, Harrisburg. Bell Phone 2643-R.

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is completely and satisfactorily answered by
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