

A STROLL THROUGH THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON. - - - - IN THE "AVE MARIA."

The Paris Exhibition, as our readers know, was officially opened to the public on the 14th of April; however, the tourists who made Paris the object of their Easter holiday trip were doomed to disappointment. Instead of the wonders they expected, they found themselves stranded among half-finished buildings, unpacked cases, dust, noise and confusion. At the present moment, however, the Exhibition appears to be in the full flush of its beauty. If the chestnut trees have lost their flowers, they keep their leaves still fresh and green; the thousands of rose trees and other shrubs that form so attractive a feature of the great show are lovely and fragrant, in spite of midsummer sun and dust.

Covering as it does a vast space, and containing a multitude of objects of interest—either beautiful, curious or merely amusing,—the World's Fair of 1900 can not be fully described in a few pages. A complete and minute account of its attractions would be far beyond the limits of a single paper. However, for the benefit of the stay-at-home readers of the "Ave Maria," of those who from some cause or other are prevented from visiting Paris this summer, we shall stroll through the show, glancing rapidly as we pass at its general aspect and features.

We enter the Exhibition by way of the Champes-Elysees, that favorite promenade of the Parisians. From this point a most striking view is obtained. In front of us, spanning the Seine, is the noble bridge called after the Russian Czar, Alexander III, and of which his son, the present Emperor, Nicholas, laid the foundation stone four years ago. The perspective is a grand one. Beyond the bridge are the glittering domes and porticos of the Exhibition; in the background the majestic Hotel des Invalides, that noble relic of the days of Louis XIV, whose simple architecture and fine proportions contrast with its brilliant if rather gaudy neighbors, the temporary erections of the Exhibition.

As we stand facing the bridge, we have on one side, on the right bank of the river, the Grand Palais, a permanent building, which is destined to take the place of the former Palais de l'Industrie that visitors to Paris well remember. This palace contains a series of French and foreign paintings, all belonging to this century. In the French section figure many pictures that have already been exhibited. Benjamin Constant, Bonaparte, Carolus Duran, Bouguereau, and other masters are fully represented.

Among Benjamin Constant's best and latest portraits is one of Queen Victoria. The aged sovereign, with her white hair and black dress, is sitting in a golden atmosphere of medieval splendor. It is a royal figure, dignified yet motherly. Another fine portrait is that of Leo XIII, by the Hungarian painter Lazo. Upon the slight, emaciated figure of that old man, with skin as snow-white as his cassock, rests the whole weight of the Universal Church—but the dark, speaking eyes have a vitality that forms a curious contrast with the unearthly pallor of the venerable countenance. The Netherlands are represented by the sea pieces of Maris and Mesdag,—melancholy like the northern ocean, but with much poetic charm; Germany, by several fine portraits by Kaubach, soft-colored and expressive.

In front of the Grand Palais may be seen a smaller palace, also a permanent building, whose graceful proportions and architecture are pleasant to look upon. It contains a marvellous collection of artistic productions, all French. Many of these belong to the State, but a very large proportion between lent by private individuals and will never again be seen collected under the same roof. The French cathedrals and churches, too, have sent priceless tapestries and plate, illuminated missals and jeweled altars, delicately wrought reliquaries and enamels, whose brilliant coloring is undimmed by time,—treasures that during centuries have been gathered together for the honor of God and the adornment of His Church.

In another line, but no less valuable, are the tables, cabinets, and chests, with gilt garlands so exquisitely wrought that they might almost be worn as personal ornaments; snuff-boxes studded with diamonds that date from the days of the Roi Soleil; delicately painted fans that were wielded long ago by the court beauties of Versailles. All these things carry us back to the days when French art was at its best, and when French artists and sculptors held a foremost place in Europe.

The fine piece of furniture in which Queen Marie Antoinette kept her jewels has a pathetic interest. It is a marvel of finish and richness, with its inlaid mother-of-pearl ornaments and fairylike gilt garlands; but it brings up before our mind's eye two distinct pictures. One represents the bright young Queen of Versailles and Trianon; the other, a fallen sovereign, a widowed wife and bereft mother, sitting in a miserable prison cell waiting for death; the royal hands that once so gaily opened the magnificent "armoire" before us employed in patching the tattered black dress in which the Queen of France was to travel to the guillotine.

Hours might be spent among these treasures, from which rise the voices of the past. Unwillingly the traveler tears himself away from the enchanting Old World atmosphere of the Petit Palais, and passes out into the sunshine to continue his stroll around the great show. Without crossing the bridge, he turns sharply

to the right and enters a large building, bearing the symbolic ship, the badge of the city of Paris. This is the pavilion of the city itself. It is methodically and tastefully divided into different sections; and to persons interested in these matters its contents give a fair idea of the improvements, the organization, the philanthropic and useful institutions of the French capital.

The section that is, perhaps, most interesting to the ordinary tourist is that of the Prefecture de Police—the Police Department. Here are different prison doors; one belonged to the Conciergerie—a prison that during the Reign of Terror was regarded as a certain stepping-stone to the scaffold, as in a inscription informs us that this particular door was in use during the revolution of 1793; and we realize how often the unbolting of these heavy iron bolts and bars must have struck terror into the souls of many hapless victims. Among these no doubt were some of the famous names of French history, whose faces, laces, miniatures and jewels we have just admired at the Petit Palais.

Beyond the pavilion of the city of Paris, on the same right bank of the Seine, lies the Rue de Paris. Here, among trees, shrubs and brilliant flower-beds, are the theatres, concerts and shows of the Exhibition; here, after nine o'clock in the evening, congregates the gay world. The sight is a most animated one: the trees seem filled with golden flowers that light up their foliage; groups of men and women sitting on the open air sipping chocolate or eating ices, to the sound of music and singing; while close by the river flows noiselessly in the moonlight.

If we pursue our stroll down the right bank of the Seine, we pass through the present modern atmosphere of the Rue de Paris to the Vieux Paris, a curious and faithful reproduction of the medieval city. It is built on piles above the river, and presents a picturesque medley of gabled houses, narrow streets, latticed windows, towers, taverns, and porches. It has been built with careful regard to historical and archaeological accuracy; and, though on a comparatively small scale, it forms an attractive feature of the Exhibition.

Beyond the Vieux Paris, at the bridge that divides the Champ-de-Mars from the Trocadero, is one of the most striking spots of the great show. To our right, on the sloping ground that culminates with the Trocadero Palace, are scattered the national pavilions and palaces,—a medley of domes, minarets and pagodas, snow-white against the blue sky. The most prominent is the Algerian pavilion. It externally presents a specimen of pure Arabian architecture; while inside it is arranged on the model of a street in the old town of Algiers, with low houses, grated windows and bazaars, around which are gathered groups of white-cloaked and turbaned Arabs. The Tunis pavilion has much the same aspect; then comes the striking pagoda that represents Cochinchina, the pavilions of Senegal, Dahomey, Madagascar, Liberia, Guiana, the British colonies, Egypt, and Japan.

The general view of the Trocadero is especially picturesque, either on a fine afternoon, when groups of Orientals, with white garments and bronzed faces, almost delude us into the belief that we are thousands of miles away from modern Paris; or else at night, when the Eiffel Tower is a blaze of light, and from the luminous fountains rise liquid rainbows.

Just opposite the Trocadero, the varied attractions of the Champ-de-Mars extend round the Eiffel Tower. Here, too, may be seen the "Grand Globe Terrestre," a huge sphere that stands on a pedestal eighteen metres high. The sphere itself is forty-five metres in diameter, and a balcony that stands sixty metres from the ground crowns the whole. Inside the globe, the visitor is shown, by means of a cleverly organized mechanism, the rotation of the earth, the motion of the planets, and the whole solar system.

The neighboring Palais de l'Optique also combines instruction and amusement; but an enormous telescope, sixty metres long, is its chief object of interest. The moon appears to the astonished visitor as though she were only fifty or sixty miles from him; and her craters, her rocky peaks and stony wildernesses, thus brought within a comparatively short distance, have a weird and desolate appearance.

Another attraction of the same palace that appeals to less scientific minds is the "Dedale des Glaces" in which the puzzled visitor, surrounded on all sides by mirrors, gets not a little difficulty in finding his way; then the Palais du Costume, where on a set of wax figures are exhibited specimens of female costume since an early period of history. The Palais Lumineux (Palace of Light) well deserves its name; an ingenious combination of mirrors and electricity making it appear like an enchanted abode. And there is the Palais de l'Electricite, one of the largest buildings of the Champ-de-Mars, where various electrical machines, French and foreign, may be seen.

There are only a small number of the attractions of this portion of the Exhibition, but other objects of interest demand our attention. Resuming our stroll, this time on the left bank of the Seine, we come to the Palais des Armes, a military exhibition at once ancient and modern. On the ground floor are the newest and most improved models of guns

and cannon, together with the most perfect appliances for helping the wounded on the battle-field. Above, on the first floor, are interesting military relics of the last hundred years; fine portraits of Napoleon and his marshals; uniforms, decorations, sabres and rifles belonging to the great generals of the century and lent to the Exhibition by their descendants. Some of these uniforms, tattered, torn, and pierced by bullets, tell a pathetic tale of heroism and suffering.

One unfinished portrait of Napoleon I. attracts our attention. It represents him before the days of his full power and prosperity. The face is still thin, the hair long, the glance eagle-like, stern, and pierced by bullets. He is depicted in neither the mean-looking, sallow artillery officer of 1792, nor the stouter, heavier Emperor of 1815; but a type between the two; more imposing than the first, slighter and more fiery than the second.

Beyond the Palais des Armes, on the same side of the river, we come to what is generally considered as the most attractive spot in the great show—the Rue des Nations, where twenty-two countries have their national pavilions. The general view is indeed a delightful one. Between the buildings and the river runs a broad stone terrace that sets off the varied architecture of the palaces. One of the most effective is that of Germany; its paintings, in the Renaissance style of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and its red tiled roof give it an aspect at once bright and quaint. Within are furniture and pictures from Frederick II.'s apartments at Potsdam; the pictures are wholly French, and after one hundred and fifty years' stay in Germany the delicate paintings of Watteau, Greco, and Chardin have returned for a brief visit to the land of their origin.

The Italian pavilion is the largest of any, and its exterior recalls certain portions of St. Marco and the Doges' Palace. The interior is a vast hall in which are assembled the distinctive articles for which the peninsula is famous: Tuscan and Neapolitan china, rare Venetian glasses, curiously carved wood furniture from Venice, and gold jewelry from Rome.

In contrast to the somewhat showy Italian pavilion is its Danish neighbor, a seventeenth century country house in Jutland. It is built of pine wood and has a quaintly picturesque appearance; one can imagine it standing among the quiet forests and near the great lakes of Scandinavia. Then comes Turkey, with its gold filigree ornaments, its perfumes; and, above all, its carpets, which are marvellously soft and brilliant in texture and color.

Close to Turkey, the American Eagle pavilion, with its Stars and Stripes where we are. The pavilion is one of the largest in the Exhibition; it has four stories, that are occupied by reception-rooms, writing-rooms, a post-office, an information office. Every detail reveals the essential practical spirit of a young and vigorous people. At the entrance stands an equestrian statue of General Washington, sword in hand.

Hungary comes next and presents a curious mixture of Byzantine, Gothic, Romanesque, and Renaissance styles of architecture—all copied from Hungarian buildings. Inside is a splendid collection of medieval treasures; fine chalices and missals studded with precious stones, saddles and trappings covered with seed pearls, breastplates and shields exquisitely inlaid with gold and silver. These things carry us back to the days when Hungary was a great Magyar rivalled sovereigns in splendor and power.

Between the Hungarian pavilion and the Belgian fac-simile of the Hotel de Ville of Anderlecht, with its Gothic windows and profuse ornaments, the British pavilion has a staid and sober aspect. It represents a Tudor manor of the time of Henry VIII., and contains many fine pictures by Reynolds, Gainsborough and Lawrence. Fresh young faces of pure Anglo-Saxon type look down on us from the walls, and in the principal gallery is a collection of Turner's weird-looking masterpieces. The pavilion of Norway is chiefly interesting for the relics of Nansen, the heroic explorer of the Polar Sea. A model of his ship, the "Fram," and the various shipping implements of his crew always attract an admiring crowd.

Next comes Spain, with a collection of marvellous tapestries lent by the Queen Regent. They are principally of Flemish manufacture, and among the many rare artistic treasures displayed at the exhibition they are deserving of a special mention. Through the texture of the tapestry runs a fine gold thread that gives peculiar brilliancy to the whole. The blending of colors, the expression of the faces, the soft and rich appearance of these wonderful pieces, are irresistibly fascinating. An historical interest is attached to them; the finest belonged to Charles V., who inherited them from his mother Juana; and they were among the few possessions that he took with him to the monastery of Juth, where he retired to prepare for death. One of the largest and finest pieces represents a procession of knights in armor; and charming are the boyish faces peeping from beneath the heavy helmets.

It is impossible to gaze at these rich tapestries without thinking of the dead kings and emperors whose eyes once rested on the treasures

that new enchant nineteenth century visitors to the great World's Fair. Visions of Philip II. with his austere countenance, of sad-looking queens and infants, pass before us as we mentally review the possessors of the tapestries, from wild-eyed Juana, the mad queen, to the present noble Regent of Spain, whose marble bust adorns the entrance of the pavilion.

The Rue des Nations is certainly the most attractive spot in the Exhibition. The pavilions, so picturesque and so varied in their aspect, with the flags of the different nations floating gaily in the breeze; the majestic river that flows at their feet; the motley crowd, speaking every language, that moves to and fro, make up a scene not easy to forget.

From the fascinating Rue des Nations we pass to the industrial exhibition of the Esplanade des Invalides, whose large buildings, somewhat gaudy and heavy in appearance, contain the results of French and foreign industry. Among the wares exhibited by the former are the marvellous jewels of Lalique, who, by a judicious use of enamels combined with precious stones, has created a new style of jewelry of rare artistic beauty. The French Sevres china is very beautiful; but it attracts fewer admirers than the marvellous exhibition of Dresden ware to be seen in the same building.

The largest diamond in the world also draws large crowds. It is fixed on a revolving pivot; and as it slowly turns, catching and reflecting a thousand rays of light, it is indeed curious to note the exclamations of almost reverential admiration that it elicits from the bystanders. Many of these are peasants; they have read in their guide-books or newspapers of the stupendous value of the glittering bauble, and doubtless are calculating how many acres of land and heads of cattle it represents.

The curious medley of past and present that suggests so many philosophical reflections to those who penetrate beyond the surface is perceptible even at the Esplanade des Invalides, where we hardly expect to find memorials of the past among the produce of modern industry.

In the furniture department, among the chairs and tables of the French upholsterers of the day, is a small museum of furniture belonging to the first half of the century. Here we see the gift readily made by the viceroy of Paris to the infant Duke of Bordeaux. Near it is another cradle that belonged to the King of Rome, also a crownless king. Napoleon I.'s well-worn arm-chair stands near the red silk chair of his nephew, Napoleon III. Louis Philippe's very primitive washing apparatus would hardly satisfy a commoner of the twentieth century. Next to it stands his writing table, which bears the marks of having been forced open by the mob in 1848. Josephine's tapestry frame, upon which many tears may have fallen, is there; as also the Empress Eugenie's elaborate though decidedly inartistic writing-case.

Our visit to the Esplanade des Invalides being over, we find ourselves back at our starting point, the bridge of Alexander III, whence the eye embraces a general view of the great show. The pavilions and palaces, the towers and minarets, a vision of beauty, but as transitory as a dream; for, except the two palaces of the Champes-Elysees, all are doomed to disappear when the Exhibition of 1900 becomes a thing of the past.

A sight less easy to describe than the buildings of the World's Fair, but which is also a source of interest and amusement, is the crowd of tourists that steadily pour into the city of Paris from every part of the civilized world. At this moment Germans and Americans are numerous, English are fewer. Most curious to watch are, perhaps, the provincial French—a race little addicted to travel, and whose naive admiration and sturdy resolve to do the Exhibition thoroughly are equally visible. Whole families—father, mother, and children; peasant women with their neat "coiffes"; Bretons with wide felt hats; and girls from the Basque country, with bright handkerchiefs twisted among their braided hair, may be met with at every step. The artistic treasures of the Petit Palais attract them less than the bazaar-like Esplanade des Invalides or the Oriental atmosphere of the Trocadero. But their enjoyment is good to see; and we may imagine how during the long winter evenings to come, their Paris experiences will be retailed for the benefit of less enterprising or less fortunate neighbors.

Before closing this paper we must mention a feature of the Exhibition of 1900 that is worth noticing. On the right bank of the Seine, opposite the Rue des Nations, is a large white building called the Palais du Congres. Here meetings are held almost daily in order to discuss medical, scientific or philanthropic subjects. On the walls of the building are hung endless plans, maps and tables, giving the statistics of institutions whose object is the improvement of the working classes and of the poor. To a casual observer these things may be dry and uninteresting; and, unless guided by one who is experienced in the matter, the stray visitor can hardly be expected to carry away any very distinct impression of his or her stroll through the Palais des Congres. Yet the cut-and-dried accounts and long line of statistics, that are at first sight almost repelling, have a hidden and touching significance. They represent noble efforts to aid suffering humanity; and among the different philanthropic works the Catholic institutions of Paris have a prominent place.

We think, as we glance through the printed papers that cover the walls of the sum of patience, self-sacrifice, heroic and obscure labor, represented by these simple statements of facts and figures, before which we imagine the invisible angels lovingly bow their heads. There we have the different works directed by various orders; the works founded by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul for the relief of the poor and the sacro-

sanctification of the rich; the many institutions of mercy whose origin and progress are summed up in a few lines, eloquent in their simplicity. And, after lingering for a while before these testimonies of the undying charity of the children of the Church, we leave the Exhibition, feeling glad and grateful that the eternal interests of the glory of God and the salvation of souls should have an honored place in the great show of 1900.

A PLENARY COUNCIL IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore "Sun" is seemingly of opinion that another plenary council—the fourth—will be held within the course of a year. He says: "This impression prevails not only in Washington, but also in all parts of America, in Rome and in Europe. The indications all seem to point to the probability that within a year another great gathering of the American hierarchy will be called which should, indeed, be greater than any of those in the past."

Referring to the last council, he says:—"About sixteen years have elapsed since the third plenary council closed in a blaze of glory on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1884. Since then the complexion of the personnel of the hierarchy have greatly changed. Cardinal Gibbons succeeded Cardinal McCloskey; Archbishop Corrigan has become the metropolitan of the leading province of America; Archbishop Ireland has joined the ranks of the archbishops; Archbishop Kain has been appointed to the province of St. Louis; Archbishop Chapelle to that of Santa Fe and then that of New Orleans, and Archbishop Riordan to that of San Francisco."

When the call for such a council does come, he proceeds, there will be several cities in the field as aspirants for the honor of entertaining it. At least New York, Baltimore and Washington will be considered. New York, as the wealthiest of the provinces, would have a chance for selection as the place of meeting. Washington, as the residence of the Papal delegate, will also have a chance, and as the Catholic University is here, it would be a splendid place for the delegates to meet. But Baltimore will almost undoubtedly have the honor of entertaining the council when it is called together. It is the primal see of the country; from it all others sprung, and in Baltimore have all the plenary and general councils been held.

When it does convene the membership will be imposing in the extreme. At these councils there are in attendance the cardinal, the archbishops, the bishops, the heads of religious orders, the mitred abbots and many hundreds of the lesser priests and members of religious orders. The council of 1884 called together a cardinal, fourteen archbishops, sixty bishops, five visiting bishops from foreign countries, seven abbots, a prefect apostolic, eleven monsignors, eighteen vicar-generals, twenty-three superiors of religious orders, twelve rectors of seminaries and ninety theologians. All these are admitted to participate in the deliberations, but only archbishops, bishops and abbots vote. The purpose of the next council can be summarized in the words of the call for the last:

The enactment of salutary laws for the promotion of piety and sound morals; the correction of abuses; the establishment, as far as practicable, of greater uniformity of ecclesiastical discipline; the development of the Christian commonwealth; "the quickening and strengthening of the bonds of charity which should bind us all as members of the Christian family to our God and to each other."

Space permits but an allusion to the most important questions to be considered at the coming council, the question of the maintenance of the parochial schools, and the representation in the hierarchy of the different nationalities composing the church in America. The first question was supposed to have been settled at the last council, but since then Cardinal Satoll submitted his fourteen propositions. It now appears as if the movement toward free parochial as well as free public schools was gaining such strength that the day is fast approaching when the present form must give way. It is longer expected that 100 members in the day when education is so much demanded to send their children to inferior schools and stand a double tax. The demand is being made on all sides for free parochial schools and the old clergy have stated the proposition:

"A Fair Outside Is a Poor Substitute For Inward Worth."

Good health, inwardly, of the kidneys, liver and bowels, is sure to come if Hood's Sarsaparilla is promptly used.

This secures a fair opinion, and we may imagine how during the long winter evenings to come, their Paris experiences will be retailed for the benefit of less enterprising or less fortunate neighbors.

Before closing this paper we must mention a feature of the Exhibition of 1900 that is worth noticing. On the right bank of the Seine, opposite the Rue des Nations, is a large white building called the Palais du Congres. Here meetings are held almost daily in order to discuss medical, scientific or philanthropic subjects. On the walls of the building are hung endless plans, maps and tables, giving the statistics of institutions whose object is the improvement of the working classes and of the poor. To a casual observer these things may be dry and uninteresting; and, unless guided by one who is experienced in the matter, the stray visitor can hardly be expected to carry away any very distinct impression of his or her stroll through the Palais des Congres. Yet the cut-and-dried accounts and long line of statistics, that are at first sight almost repelling, have a hidden and touching significance. They represent noble efforts to aid suffering humanity; and among the different philanthropic works the Catholic institutions of Paris have a prominent place.

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"We must have free schools, the equal of any in the land, if we would retain our children."

The other question has gained so much strength during the last few years that it has become a matter of almost paramount importance. The French-Canadian Catholics, who number 1,000,000, according to a recent statement, within the borders of the United States, are pushing a demand for representation in the hierarchy. The Germans, the Poles, the Italians, all want more priests; they demand bishops and archbishops. For years the foreign element in the church has been muttering. This matter has drawn all the nationalities closer together, united and solidified them until they form the backbone and almost the entire strength of the conservative wing of the church. Realizing that in their union they are stronger than all other elements, they have cultivated an exchange of sentiment and influence, and are prepared to demand of the next council that their wishes be complied with and their desires gratified. And it is believed that a plenary council will bring about, by means of a meeting of the leaders of all lines of thought in the church, a better and more harmonious feeling than could be hoped for through anything else.

BABOO ENGLISH.

Examples of the quaint English written by Hindoo and other Indian clerks have, from time to time, found their way into the press, and the following letter is about as amusing as anything we have seen in print. We hardly supposed that the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had spread so far among the not very pale inhabitants of the Indian Empire, but apparently their advertisements have penetrated sufficiently far to suggest to one enterprising native the idea of advertising the company's service. The judicious intimation that this gentleman's ailments only commence after business hours is especially amusing:

Calcutta, November 7th, 1899.

Honored Sir,—I can't help but to take to you kind notice that I am greatly suffering from a bad attack of fever to my system. Last fortnight I have been in a hospital, but I got no relief. Though somewhat cured, yet that's nothing. The doctors there told that I shall soon within six months get paralysed. I am now 19 years old, and my case would be very severe to. Don't leave me hopeless, do try kindly. If I don't get any relief from it, it is sure, no doubt, I shall commit suicide for I can't bear this horrible torture. By day I live alright, as an ordinary person, I do everything, but at night falls I get into my bed and keep up whole night in agony. I have no body in this world neither I have got a penny. If you kindly take me to you, and keep me under your treatment, I shall be so much benefited, and so highly obliged to you for life as I can speak out you shall be the saviour of my life. I pray you heartily, kindly rescue me from this horrible pain. Do to me as you would do were you my father. Oh Lord, look over me to your wretched son, who is now going to die in agony. You are great and rich, we are wretched and poor; if you don't look over us like father and mother in this greatest danger, our case is fatal we get nobody to say. Be kind enough and do stand by me and take me as father of my own. It is very, very simple thing for you, I promise you, I shall work in your office 8 or 9 hours a day, faithfully as I shall land there free of charge. Kindly excuse me for the trouble that you shall take for me. Have mercy on me as your own son. Save me, save me please. Reply me very kindly and speak out you shall be the saviour of my life. I have the honor to be, your most affectionate and ever obedient,

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Saturday, September 6th.

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