LITERATURE

WORK! WORK! WORK!

'Tis the song that the nations sing,
The wheel and the spoke and the tiresome yoke,
The dusts that clog and the dusts that choke,
And the sparks as they upward spring.

Work! Work! Work!
'Tis the song that the mighty sing,
The brow that wets with the daily sweats,
The back well bent to life's goad of debts,
And the groan as the hammers swing.

Work! Work! Work!
'Tis the song that the conqueror sings,
The strength and the force of the heart-deep source
That marks progression's untiring course
And heaps life's rare harvestings.—
—Lurana W. Sheldon in New York Times.

WHAT IT DOESN'T DO.

Though money talks, 'tis safe to bet,
Whate'er it has to say,
It never has been known, as yet,
To give itself away.
—From Success Magazine.

NOTES

THE story of the illustrating of "The Fate of the Gods," a new novel by Marah Ellis Ryan, just published by Stokes, is almost as interesting as many books of fiction. Mrs. Ryan had been living with the Indian among the scenes of her novel in southern Arizona for two summers. The picturesqueness of the country and the people had made a deep impression upon her, as is shown in her novel. It seemed to her that it would be next to impossible for her work to have illustrations which would give any idea of the wonderful things that she saw every day.

By chance there fell into her hands a copy of Scribner's Magazine containing an appreciative account of the Indian photographs by Edward S. Curtis, together with some reproductions of his work. Mrs. Ryan knew at once that he had solved her problem. If she could only persuade Mr. Curtis to illustrate her novel her dream could be realized.

She at once started on a long and tiresome journey to Seattle, where Mr. Curtis was, but arrived too late to find him. From there she followed him across the continent to New York, and had an interview with him. Now Mr. Curtis was an extremely busy man, as, among other things, he was issuing, with the backing of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, "The North American Indian," a monumental work costing $3,000 and upward a set. All he could tell Mrs. Ryan was that he was interested in her idea, but that he could not think of undertaking the work unless he could make personal sketches of the subjects. These meant a stay of weeks in the villages, often necessitated camping in the mountains with never less than six persons in the party. At times our party was enlarged by the arrival of Indian and Spanish models. The camp was a picture in itself with the bravery of war trappings and the steel of Spanish armor; and the cavalcade with guns and bows and arrows, guiding horses carefully up the steep mountain trail to the white walls of the cliff dwellings, was a sight seen three centuries ago in the [illegible] certainly not since an Anglo crossed the land."

Of the difficulties, however, [illegible] paths were at length compassed and more than justified Mrs. Ryan's expectations. On account of their remarkable beauty, which could not be faithfully reproduced by half-tone engraving, they were copied by the photogravure process, and now stand as a notable part of Mrs. Ryan's book.

* * *

Mrs. Burnett gained thousands of new readers by "The Shuttle," which is one of the most popular books published in recent years. Ten of her previous novels, "The Making of a Marchioness" and "The Methods of Lady Walderhurst," have one heroine, and the action is easily continuous. They were originally published in England as one novel under the title of "Emily Foxboro."

* * *

Much has been written of what Bernard Shaw says about folks, not necessarily the folks in his books. Much especially has been written of what he has said about his literary brother and brilliant now-comrade, now-opponent, H. G. Wells. What Mr. Wells says of Mr. Shaw is scarcely less telling. Moreover, it seems to show that the author of "Ann Veronica," which is Mr. Wells's latest successful effort to stir us all up by means of a novel, is the peer of his quasi-friend in point of unusualness. "Shaw again," says Wells, "is in matters political, as in matters educational, a perverse eccentric, a wit with an astounding genius for contrast and surprise, a cynic sentimentalist, a cynic's medley, adorable as a friend and hopelessly tiresome as an associate. . . . To build in any of them (Shaw and his fellow Socialists) would be like building on a hill of soap-suds and soda-water."

* * *

Frederick A. Stokes company have just published a humorous satire-novel by Gelett Burgess, the celebrated author of "Are You a Bromide?" "The Maxims of Methuselah," etc., entitled "Lady Methinks." Mr. Burgess considers this the most original of all his works, and it is intensely amusing. The story follows the astounding adventures of a piquante Countess in London, where she scorches vaiely for an interesting man; in San Francisco, where she upset the community with her hypnotic wagon; in Boston, where she startles the sobriety of the Hub and builds a new religion, and in New York, where she jostles the smart set and literary folk and feasts a real heaven's society. The satire on the four cities is good-natured, but is probably more daring than anything of the kind before written in this country.

* * *

The personal experience of Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, whose new book, "Curiosities of the Sky," the Harpers are about to publish, seems to indicate that the heavenly bodies are indeed curiosities, ao a greater degree than is supposed. A prominent New Yorker, for example, once wrote to Mr. Serviss requesting him to adjust a difference of opinion as to the nature of the light seen in the southwest in the evening. One held that it was a star, the other that it was a brilliance artificial. "As a matter of fact," said Mr. Serviss in telling the story, "it was neither star nor electric glow, but the planet Venus; scores of times I have had similar inquiries about her. Nobody seems to believe it possible for a 'star' to shine so bright." Many people may not be aware, either, that the present proximity of the planet Mars to the moon has been a source of consternation to others, who believed that to produce such a singular contact something must have slipped out of place in the sky.

* * *

The English poet-naturalist, Richard Jefferies, is gradually coming into his own. For a score of years his name and reputation have been the center of controversy. Sir Walter Besant admired but patronized him. Henley regarded him as "a kind of literary Leatherstocking," and said: "He thought, poor fellow! that he had the world in his hand and the public at his feet; whereas, the truth to tell, he had only the empire of a kind of back garden." Only the other day, so authoritative a literary organ as the London Athenaeum registered its conviction that "he was not a great writer." But the tide of critical feeling is now running overwhelmingly in his favor. A new biography by Edward Thomas has been published in England. A new edition of some of his essays has appeared in this country, supplementing the earlier publications of Thomas B. Mosher. The Edinburgh Review, in a lengthy analysis, sums him up as "the possessor of a grit of the rarest order."

He is to England what Thoreau is to America," on critic declares. The characterization is at the same time suggestive and misleading. With Thoreau's intense enthusiasm for nature and genius in delineating its moods, Jefferies has, indeed, much in common. There is a so in both an intellectual intensity, a degree of philosophic insight, that belongs only to minds of the first order. At other points, however, the two present contrast rather than likeness. Jeffries is passionate and emotional; Thoreau is rather the cool thinker. Jefferies is utterly pagan; Thoreau is more the Puritan.—Current Literature. (November.

* * *

Robert Barr, whose Cardillac has just been published by Stokes, is well known as one of the most popular authors of the day. His long list of successful novels includes such titles as "Tekla," "A Woman Intervenes," "Over the Border," etc. Mr. Barr was years ago known only as a humorist, and newspaper writer. His ingenuity of plot is well illustrated by an anecdote which he tells of himself.

"He visited a national political convention at Chicago as correspondent for his newspaper, having generously given away his admission ticket to a lady of his acquaintance, he was at a loss to get into the building. At length he went to a neighboring shop, borrowed a tattered coat and a pair of overalls, and with an old pail full of sloppy water walked triumphantly past the doorkeepers, who thought he was an attendant. He meant to keep the pail as a souvenir, but it became lost in the crowd.

Mr. Barr has had many interesting experiences in many capacities. His recent years have been spent as editor of "The Idler," and he has devoted most of his time to the writing of short stories. Now, however, he has gone back to novels, and "Cardillac" is a splendid example of his ability in this direction.

BOOKS

The Winning Lady is the title of the new volume by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

Many of the stories in this latest volume by Mrs. Freeman are in lighter vein than her longer novels or some of the earlier tales which made her famous. Yet, though they sparkle with comedy, they are by no means lacking in that serious and tender humanity which illuminates all that this author has written.

"The Winning Lady" is the story of a woman who cheats at bridge and bitterly repents only to find that the woman who ought to have won the prize cheated, too, whereupon it turns out that the prize punch-bowl wasn't real cut-glass, after all. Another tale tells of two sisters living in adjoining houses who fall out over the ownership of two yellow kittens which look exactly alike. There happen also to be several tales of Christmas and Thanksgiving, so that an almost holiday spirit pervades the book.

These are the sort of stories that most people laugh and cry over. They will be warmly welcomed by all the many lovers of Mrs. Freeman's work.

* * *

Harpers have published a volume of 375 pages entitled "Decisive Battles of America," in which are set forth the crucial military events in our history and to trace their causes, as well as to provide a generally consecutive narrative. The separate battles have been chosen according to the significance of each in accordance with the standard adopted by Creasy. Beginning with European contests affecting America, and recounting the earliest conflicts like Champlain's battle with the Iroquois and the Pequot war, the narrative continues through colonial days, the Revolution, war of 1812, Mexican war, and Civil war, to a full account of the land and water campaigns at Santiago. It is the joint work of Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Rear Admiral Chadwick, U. S. N., (retired), Dr. James K. Hosmer, Benson J. Lossing, and others. With illustrations, maps, and a consecutive chronology edited by Ripley Hitchcock.

* * *

On the Gridiron," the second book in Harper's Athletic Series, answers the call of the times with brilliant pictures of football contests and other popular sports. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and 'Prep' schools are represented in tales of stirring contests. The events are clothed in the garb of fiction, but written often by former college athletes. The great winter sport, ice-hockey, also has part in the array of games.

Wilkinson's Practical Agriculture. By John W. Wilkinson, A. M., Assistant State Superintendent of Public Instructions, Oklahoma; formerly Professor of Agriculture in Northwestern Normal school, Alva Oklahoma. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This book forms a complete and practical treatise on Agriculture, Horticulture, Forestry, Landscape Gardening, Animal Husbandry, Stock Feeding, Roads and Roadbuilding, and Country Life Conveniences. It is suited for the eighth grade of grammar schools, or for high or normal schools. The subject is presented so that it fits the pupil, with a specific definite technical training, for the activities of farm life. The order of topics is natural and reasonable, and considerable historical matter is introduced. Each chapter is followed by exercises providing laboratory work, questions on the text for review, and references to other books. This volume is the only one that meets the requirements of teachers who desire something practical on the subject of School Agriculture. It is replete with handsome illustrations, and and is adapted for use in any part of the United States.

* * *

Adams's New Physical Labratory Manual. By Charles F. Adams, Head of the Department of Physics, Detroit high school. American Book company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This new book embodies the results of twelve years' experience in conducting laboratory work in physics. The 78 exercises are all simple, and the directions for manipulation clear. The College Entrance Requirements and the New York State Syllabus are fully covered, and there is enough additional matter to enable any teacher to make out a course of work adapted to his particular needs. The Appendix contains general directions for the use of apparatus, and twenty tables of formulas and physical constants.

* * *

"What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?" is the title of an important work by John P. Mahaffy just issued by the Putnam's, the author being well known through his books, "Alexander's Empire," "The Art of Conversation," etc. The volume consists of a series of papers in which this eminent scholar, who all his life devoted himself to a study of things Hellenic sums up concisely his conclusions regarding the influence of Greek civilization upon modern life. These essays take a wide sweep, and present the author's conclusions regarding the modern world's political, social, literary, artistic and philosophical heritage from the Greeks. The chapters deal with Greek poetry, prose, drama, architecture, music, painting, sculpture, science, grammar, logic, mathematics, medicine, politics, philosophy and theology, and make an important addition to the literature upon Greek influence in the modern world.

* * *

One of the charming volumes of child fiction recently published by the Saalfield company of Akron, Ohio, is "Peggy-Alone," by May Agnes Byrne, whose name has become well known to a large class of readers for her entertaining stories.

The new book leads Peggy through a series of incidents which keep the attention of the reader occupied to the last page and will be eagerly read by all lovers of good child-fiction.

* * *

"How to Identify the Stars," by Willis I. Milham, is a new book just published by the McMillan company. The ability to recognize the more brilliant stars and to locate the more conspicuous constellations or star groups is both a useful and an interesting acquirement. The number of people who have a real interest in popular astronomy is steadily increasing and they find real pleasure in their information.

Prof. Milham's little book is an exceptionally practical and compact guide to the first steps of learning the stars and constellations. It also points out the way for the further acquisition of information for those who may desire it. Added to the exceptionally clear and definite information imparted, there are 24 plates and four charts which provide a practical application of the facts given. The volume admirably lends itself to class use as well as to the needs of those whom new opportunity has made self-teachers in this fascinating science of the heavens.

* * *

How to reach the Magic City of Oz over a road leading through lands of many colors, peopled with odd characters, and surcharged with adventure suitable for the minds and imaginations of young children, is the problem L. Frank Baum has made into a delightfully characteristic story. Year after year this children's favorite inventive genius in the matter of characters his whimsical humor, dry wit and amazing plots are in exact balance and form the cornerstones of his tremendous success.

Mr. Baum's original "Wizard of Oz" contained a narrative of Dorothy Gale's experiences in arriving at the Emerald city. This required her going through various fairy lands of different colors and different people. The new book for 1909 is "The Road to Oz" which comes nearer than any other to going over the ground of the original "Wizard of Oz." Therefore, in order to produce the various colors of the different lands through which the road to the Emerald city leads, it has been necessary to use various colors of paper. This makes the book very odd in appearance and entirely different from any other of the Baum books. Indeed, all of the Baum books are different from any one from the other. This is necessary to his scheme of entertaining the youngsters. In selecting these various tints of paper only those colors were used that would be harmless to the eye. In fact, the colors selected are less trying than black and white, according to export advice on this subject.

In the original "Wizard of Oz," which was a new scheme of color work in books, the tint block plan was used, but as edition succeeded edition these tint blocks became worn and in some cases the text was very hard to read. All this has been avoided in "The Road to Oz."

This book is one of Mr. Baum's best efforts and John R. Neill has produced a wonderful series of pictures in aid of the text. Everything points to this book occupying its usual front rank among the successful juveniles.—The Reilly & Britton Co.

* * *

"Yama Yama Land," is a new children's book by Grace Duffie Boylan, author of "Kids of Many Colors," etc., illustrated by Edgar Keller. List price $1.50.

More than 1,000,000 persons have seen Bessie McCoy and her troupe of triangular Yama Yamas present the famous acting song entitled "The Yama Yama Man." The universal interest aroused by this grotesquely funny and weird performance had the effect of weaving around the Yama Yamas a wonderful man—the Yama Yama man—unseen, unknown, but known to be here, there, anywhere, everywhere. From this mere whisper of so strange a character Grace Duffie Boylan has traced him to his queer home and his equally queer people. In doing this the author has given adventures of the rarest quality to a fair-haired little Sylvia whose escapades will open wide the eyes and imaginations of children of the fairy-tale age.

In aid of the text, Edgar Keller's gorgeous pictures are full of humor and about 100 throughout the text are reproduced in colors, besides which are 12 full page, and two double page pictures in four colors.

The theatrical rights of this book have already been arranged. The story is to be utilized in forming the plot of an extravaganza of the "Wizard of Oz" order, and is to be produced in New York City at the beginning of the theatrical season of 1910.—The Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago.

MAGAZINES

"The Gateways of Literature," by Brander Matthews, in the November number of the North American Review, is an illuminating article on the subject of literary culture. In the course of the article Mr. Matthews says:

"But even if we cannot help being partisans, we ought to strive to master our prejudices so that we may learn at least to understand the spirit of the masterpieces wrought by those with whom we are not in accord. The critic needs not only insight and equipment; his task calls also for sympathy and for disinterestedness. The code of criticism is not as the law of the Medes and Persians which alereth not; it changes from race to race and from epoch to epoch; it is modified by the successive movements of human feeling and of human thought. Man's place does not loom as important as it did a few centuries ago; and we are now aware that the universe was not built for him alone, even if the sun is still a light to his feet by day.

"The scholars of the Renaissences, secure in their inheritance of Greek wisdom, had a sublime belief in the comprehensiveness and in the certainty of their knowledge; but now in this new twentieth century of ours we moderns—

"'Whom vapors work for, yet who seem a ghost,
Amid enchantments, disenchanted most,'

—we are at last aware that we are but peering through a chance crack in the dark wall which shuts us in, and that we can only glimpse a fragment of knowledge, glad that even so little is granted to us. We have surrendered the hope of ever attaining final truth; but none the less are we still nerved by the longing for it. Perhaps there are a few who would echo Lessing's proud declaration that he valued the privilege of seeking the truth above the actual possession of it."

Miss Helen Keller's first published verse since her remarkable "Chant of Darkness," will be "The Song of the Stone Wall," a long unrhymed poem, somewhat in the manner of Whitman, which will appear in the Christmas Century with a photogravure portrait of the writer.

* * *

The November number of The Twentieth Century Magazine more than fulfils the promise of the October issue and indicates that the new magazine under Mr. Flower's editorial will be fully equal to The Arena at its best. The opening article is from the scholarly pen of Prof. Archibald Henderson, Ph. D., and deals in a most interesting and illuminating manner with the life and writings of George Meredith. It is beautifully illustrated, as is also "The Writing on the Wall," an extended and critical review of the powerful drama of that name dealing with the tenement house evil. This second paper is from the pen of Mr. Flower and is one of a series which will appear in this magazine during the coming year dealing with the really great dramas of the present in which social problems are handled in a serious and effective manner.

* * *

A pint bottle full of radioactive elements would supply enough power to drive a Mauretania around the world—that is to say, if that power could be evolved quickly enough. But no process has yet been discovered by which we can hasten the production of energy from radium or the radioactive elements, as is explained in Harper's Magazine for December, by Prof. Frederick Soddy, lecturer on physical chemistry and radioactivity at the University of Glasgow. Consequently, the radio active elements as producers of practical, commercially available energy cannot yet be regarded as useful. Radium itself give out energy with sufficient rapidity to be of avail; but radium is too rare to be counted as a factor in the world's work. It has been authoritatively stated that the presence of a few million-millionths of radium in the rock through which the Simplon tunnel was got came near to wrecking, by an unexpected production of high temperatures, that whole superb engineering feat.

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.

SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO.

The above cut shows a picture of Mrs. Charles Read and Mrs. Lewis B. Hills taken some 17 years ago when as children they took part in the operas "Billee Taylor," given at the Salt Lake theater.

"Impossible in Fiction" Agitating English Critics

London Literary Letter

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, Nov. 10.—One of the prerogatives of a public benefactor is to occupy his dull moments by contributing to the press scathing denunciations of contemporary fiction writers. A few years ago some American authors were held up by the ears and exhibited as nature fakers. At present the notable Londoner, George R. Sims, some members of Scotland Yard, and a few other earnest people are breaking out in a rash against what they term the "impossible in crime" as perpetrated by the Raffles and the Arsene Lupins of modern fiction. The authors themselves, for the most part, preserve an amused silence; of course, this epidemic advertises their books while even heightening the public's interest in gentlemen thieves.

COLLECTED IN ADVANCE.

Gentlemen thieves are not, however, entirely out of the range of several authors' personal experience. "F. Anstey," for instance, who is in the front rank of living humorists, had a particularly disheartening experience with one of his first contributions to popular journalism. He submitted to an editor an article on the "Food Value of Potatoes," which was accepted, and which duly made its appearance under the author's full name—Thomas Anstey Guthrie. In about a month's time Anstey, having received no payment for the article, called one afternoon at the offices of the paper.

"But," said the man who had charge of the cash box, in reply to a question, "this already has been paid for."

Anstey mildly protested.

"Oh, yes," persisted the other, "a man with a strong Scotch accent called for the money before it was due—said he wanted it to pay his mother's funeral expenses."

Some time later another of Anstey's contributions appeared in another journal, and this time the author himself called on the day set apart for payment. While waiting he got into a fascinating conversation with a stranger. Presently a boy entered the room and asked for "Mr. Guthrie," whereupon both Mr. Anstey and the stranger made a movement to follow the boy; the latter, however hesitated a moment and then bolted down the stairs.

In connection with gentlemanly thievery I remember Clement King Shorter relating one of his experiences. Shorter is a member of four or five literary clubs in London and is obviously a well informed, delightful gossip.

FAKE JOHN LANE ALLEN.

"I had just finished dinner," he said, "when a servant announced a visitor and a card was handed to me bearing the name 'Mr John Lane Allen.' The visitor was a young man of prepossessing appearance. 'You know my father?' he asked. I replied in the negative. 'Then it is no good my calling upon you,' he replied; 'I often have heard him mention you.' 'And a son of a writer I so much admire is very welcome,' I said."

"Mr. John" went into Shorter's library, made himself at home, partook of refreshment, and talked quite capably of the atmosphere of his "father's" books. Although the fact that he had not an American accent had to Shorter an air of suspicion his visit was quite a joy. A few days later the police reports announced that "John" was no son of the distinguished American author who, indeed, is unmarried. "John" was sent to jail for obtaining money from the real Mr. Allen's publishers.

"When he left it," Shorter concluded, "I hope he found some scope for his undoubted ability in some honest calling."

REFINED TORTURE.

For the last four years the paupers of Plumstead, in Kent, where the spacious Woolwich workhouse is situated, have been read to nightly from 6 to 8 o'clock. Think of it: could a more subtle system of slow torture be invented—a torture which is almost Chinese in its essence? There those poor paupers have been sitting like mandarins for 2,920 hours while the words of popular novelists drop intermittently upon their weak minds. Have you never been irritated when someone says to you, "Listen now, I'm going to read you something," and then follows up this threat with its execution. Well—consider the poor in the workhouse.

Relief, however, is not far off; at the next meeting of the guardians a sub-committee will recommend that the practise which is costing $4 a week, be discontinued. The reading began in 1905 and at first succeeded beyond conservative expectations. The men were models of good behavior (Englishmen have a wonderful politeness). But the reading, it now appears was tolerated rather than enjoyed, and came to be regarded as the climax to their daily tasks.

The most thrilling romances, the most baffling detective tales, the most enthralling stories of adventure left the pauper listeners dull and listless. They yawned at Rider Haggard, suffered Conan Doyle in silence, and were indifferent to the charms of Wilkie Collins, Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth, Clark Russel, Rhoda Broughton and Marie Corelli.

On the other hand, the matron of the workhouse alleges that the women inmates listen to the reading—especially to the reading of the very last named writer, while they quietly sew. I must add, and not altogether inconsequently, that sewing is a charming occupation, it gives a woman such an attentive attitude.

MAN OF THE HOUR IN FRANCE

The man of the hour in France is like the man represented by an enlarged photograph over the mantelpiece—one always knows that he is dead. At present dear old flippant Piron is having his post mortem fling in France; there is a monument which has just been unveiled to his memory at Dijon. To the student of comparative literature he is chiefly famous for the epitaph which he composed for his own tombstone:

Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien
Pas même Académicien.

It was not on account of his gibes that he failed to be elected, however. The famous 40 fully meant to beseech him to join them, but the king having heard that he was the author of sundry indecent verses, would not hear of his being admitted to so select a company.

Piron and Voltaire were great rivals, in fact, they rose to the height of being great enemies. During their lives they gave each other sententious jabs and Piron was afraid that Voltaire might get the last word after his death. He took his precautions, therefore, and wrote 130 epigrams castigating the sage of Ferney, instructing his literary executors that, if Voltaire breathed a word to his discredit, they were to be posted to him, at the rate of one a week, until the stock was exhausted.

WALTER ROLLINS.

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THAT BIG THANKSGIVING DINNER
HAS NO TERRORS
IT WAS MADE WITH
HUSLER'S FLOUR

POPULAR RECIPE

This Home-Made Cough Syrup Stops Coughs Quickly.

Make a plain syrup by taking one pint of Granulated Sugar, add one-half pint of warm water and stir for two minutes. Put two and one-half ounces of pure Pinex in a pint bottle and fill it up with the Granulated Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. Keep well corked and it will never spoil.

The effectiveness of this simple home-made article is surprising. It usually stops a deep-seated cough in twenty-four hours. It is also excellent for colds, whooping coughs, pains in the chest, bronchial troubles and similar ailments.

Use the real Pinex in making it, however. It is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway White Pine Extract, and it is far superior to the numerous pine oil and pine tar preparations. If your druggist does not have it, he can get it for you without trouble.

The proportion above suggested makes a full pint of the best cold and cough remedy. The taste is so pleasant that children take it willingly. The total cost is about 54 cents.

Strained honey can be used instead of the syrup, and makes a very fine honey and pine tar cough syrup.

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