

I call your especial attention to the unsatisfactory condition of our foreign mail service, which because of the lack of American steamship lines is now largely done through foreign lines and which, particularly so far as South and Central America are concerned, is done in a manner which constitutes a serious barrier to the extension of our commerce.

The time has come, in my judgment, to set to work seriously to make our ocean mail service correspond more closely with our recent commercial and political development. A beginning was made by the ocean mail act of March 3, 1891, but even at that time the act was known to be inadequate in various particulars. Since that time events have moved rapidly in our history. We have acquired Hawaii, the Philippines and lesser islands in the Pacific. We are steadily prosecuting the great work of uniting at the isthmus the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. To a greater extent than seemed probable even a dozen years ago we may look to an American future on the sea worthy of the traditions of our past. As the first step in that direction and the step most feasible at the present time I recommend the extension of the ocean mail act of 1891. That act has stood for some years free from successful criticism of its principle and purpose. It was based on theories of the obligations of a great maritime nation, undisputed in our own land and followed by other nations since the beginning of steam navigation. Briefly those theories are that it is the duty of a first class power so far as practicable to carry its ocean mails under its own flag; that the fast ocean steamships and their crews, required for such mail service, are invaluable auxiliaries to the sea power of a nation. Furthermore, the construction of such steamships insures the maintenance in an efficient condition of the shipyards in which our battleships must be built.

The expenditure of public money for the performance of such necessary functions of government is certainly warranted, nor is it necessary to dwell upon the incidental benefits to our foreign commerce, to the shipping industry and shipowning and navigation which will accompany the discharge of these urgent public duties, though they, too, should be weight.

The only serious question is whether at this time we can afford to improve our ocean mail service as it should be improved. All doubt on this subject is removed by the reports of the post-office department. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1907, that department estimates that the postage collected on the articles exchanged with foreign countries other than Canada and Mexico amounted to \$6,579,043.48, or \$3,637,226.81 more than the net cost of the service exclusive of the cost of transporting the articles between the United States exchange postoffices and the United States postoffices at which they were mailed or delivered. In other words, the government of the United States, having assumed a monopoly of carrying the mails for the people, is making a profit of over \$3,600,000 by rendering a cheap and inefficient service. That profit I believe should be devoted to strengthening our maritime power in those directions where it will best promote our prestige. The country is familiar with the facts of our maritime impotence in the harbors of the great and friendly republics of South America. Following the failure of the shipbuilding bill we lost our only American line of steamers to Australasia, and that loss on the Pacific has become a serious embarrassment to the people of Hawaii and has wholly cut off the Samoan islands from regular communication with the Pacific coast. Puget sound in the year has lost over half (four out of seven) of its American steamers trading with the orient.

We now pay, under the act of 1891, \$4 a statute mile outward to 20 knot American mail steamships built according to naval plans, available as cruisers and manned by Americans. Steamships of that speed are confined exclusively to transatlantic trade with New York. To steamships of 16 knots or over only \$2 a mile can be paid, and it is steamships of this speed and type which are needed to meet the requirements of mail service to South America, Asia (including the Philippines) and Australia. I strongly recommend, therefore, a simple amendment to the ocean mail act of 1891 which shall authorize the postmaster general in his discretion to enter into contracts for the transportation of mails to the republics of South America, to Asia, the Philippines and Australia at a rate not to exceed \$4 a mile for steamships of 16 knots speed or upward, subject to the restrictions and obligations of the act of 1891. The profit of \$3,600,000 which has been mentioned will fully cover the maximum annual expenditure involved in this recommendation and, it is believed, will in time establish the lines so urgently needed. The proposition involves no new principle, but permits the efficient discharge of public functions now inadequately performed or not performed at all.

Not only there is not now, but there never has been, any other nation in the world so wholly free from the evils of militarism as is ours. There never has been any other large nation, not even China, which for so long a period has had relatively to its numbers so small a regular army as has ours. Never at any time in our history has this nation suffered from militarism or been in the remotest danger of suffering from militarism. Never at any time of our history has the regular army been of a size which caused the slightest appreciable tax upon the taxpaying citizens of the nation. Almost always it has been too small in size and underpaid. Never in our entire history has the nation suffered in the least particular because too much care has been

given to the army, too much prominence given it, too much money spent upon it or because it has been too large. But again and again we have suffered because enough care has not been given to it, because it has been too small, because there has not been sufficient preparation in advance for possible war. Every foreign war in which we have engaged has cost us many times the amount which, if wisely expended during the preceding years of peace on the regular army, would have insured the war ending in but a fraction of the time and but for a fraction of the cost that was actually the case. As a nation we have always been shortsighted in providing for the efficiency of the army in time of peace. It is nobody's especial interest to make such provision, and no one looks ahead to war at any period, no matter how remote, as being a serious possibility, while an improper economy, or, rather, nigardliness, can be practiced at the expense of the army with the certainty that those practicing it will not be called to account therefor, but that the price will be paid by the unfortunate persons who happen to be in office when a war does actually come.

THE ARMY.

No Ground For Demagogic Declamation Against Militarism.

I think it is only lack of foresight that troubles us, not any hostility to the army. There are, of course, foolish people who denounce any care of the army or navy as "militarism," but I do not think that these people are numerous. This country has to contend now and has had to contend in the past with many evils, and there is ample scope for all who would work for reform. But there is not one evil that now exists or that ever has existed in this country which is or ever has been owing in the smallest part to militarism. Declamation against militarism has no more serious place in an earnest and intelligent movement for righteousness in this country than declamation against the worship of Baal or Astaroth. It is declamation against a nonexistent evil, one which never has existed in this country and which has not the slightest chance of appearing here. We are glad to help in any movement for international peace, but this is because we sincerely believe that it is our duty to help all such movements, provided they are sane and rational, and not because there is any tendency toward militarism on our part which needs to be cured. The evils we have to fight are those in connection with industrialism, not militarism. Industry is always necessary, just as war is sometimes necessary. Each has its price, and industry in the United States now exacts and has always exacted a far heavier toll of death than all our wars put together. The statistics of the railroads of this country for the year ended June 30, 1906, the last contained in the annual statistical report of the interstate commerce commission, show in that one year a total of 108,324 casualties to persons, of which 10,618 represent the number of persons killed. In that wonderful hive of human activity, Pittsburgh, the deaths due to industrial accidents in 1906 were 919, all the result of accidents in mills, mines or on railroads. For the entire country, therefore, it is safe to say that the deaths due to industrial accidents aggregate in the neighborhood of 20,000 a year. Such a record makes the death rate in all our foreign wars utterly trivial by comparison. The number of deaths in battle in all the foreign wars put together for the last century and a quarter aggregate considerably less than one year's death record for our industries. A mere glance at these figures is sufficient to show the absurdity of the outcry against militarism.

But again and again in the past our little regular army has rendered service literally vital to the country, and it may at any time have to do so in the future. Its standard of efficiency and instruction is higher now than ever in the past, but it is too small. There are not enough officers, and it is impossible to secure enough enlisted men. We should maintain in peace a fairly complete skeleton of a large army. A great and long continued war would have to be fought by volunteers, but months would pass before any large body of efficient volunteers could be put in the field, and our regular army should be large enough to meet any immediate need. In particular it is essential that we should possess a number of extra officers trained in peace to perform efficiently the duties urgently required upon the breaking out of war.

The medical corps should be much larger than the needs of our regular army in war. Yet at present it is smaller than the needs of the service demand even in peace. The Spanish war occurred less than ten years ago. The chief loss we suffered in it was by disease among the regiments which never left the country. At the moment the nation seemed deeply impressed by this fact, yet seemingly it has already been forgotten, for not the slightest effort has been made to prepare a medical corps of sufficient size to prevent the repetition of the same disaster on a much larger scale if we should ever be engaged in a serious conflict. The trouble in the Spanish war was not with the then existing officials of the war department; it was with the representatives of the people as a whole who for the preceding thirty years had declined to make the necessary provision for the army. Unless ample provision is now made by congress to put the medical corps where it should be put disaster in the next war is inevitable, and the responsibility will not lie with those then in charge of the war department, but

Red Saunders

... By ... HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"AGGY," says I at last, "I've got a good notion to lay two violent hands on you and wind you up like an eight day clock, but rather than make hard feelings between friends I'll refrain. Besides, you are a funny cuss, that's sure. One thing, boy, you can mark down. We leave here tomorrow morning."

"All right," says Ag. "This sporting life is the very devil. I like outdoors as well as the next man, when I get there."

"So the morrow morning away we went. All we had for kit was the picks, shovels and pans. The rest of our belongings was staying with the hotel man until we made a rise."

"Ag said he'd be cussed if he'd walk a hundred and fifty miles of stroll was too many."

"But we ain't got a cent to pay the stage fare," says I.

"Borrow it of Uncle Hotel-keep," says he.

"Not by a town site," says I. "We owe him all we're going to at this very minute. You'll have to hoof it, that's all."

"I tell you I won't. I don't like to have anybody walk on my feet, not even myself. I can stand off that stage driver so easy that you'll wonder I don't take it up as a profession. Now, don't raise any more objections—please don't," says he. "I can't tell you how nervous you make me, always making some fuss with everything I try to do. That's no way for a hired man to act, let alone a partner."

"So of course he got the best of me, as usual, and we climbed into the stage when she came along. Now, our bad luck seemed to hold, because you wouldn't find many men in that country who wouldn't stake two fellers to a wagon ride wherever they wanted to go and be pleasant about it. I'd have sure seen that the man got paid, even if Aggy forgot it, but the man that drove us was the surliest brute that ever growled. When you'd speak to him he'd say, 'Unh—a style of thing that didn't go well in that part of the country. I kept my mouth shut, as knowing that I didn't have the come-up-with weighed on my



"I tell you I won't. I don't like to have anybody walk on my feet."

spirits, but Aggy gave him the jolly He only meant it in fun, and there was plenty of reason for it, too, for you never seen such a game of driving as that feller put up in all your life. The Lord save us! He cut around one corner of a mountain so that for the longer second I've lived through my left foot hung over about a thousand feet of fresh air. I'd have had time to write my will before I touched bottom if we'd gone over. I don't know as I turned pale, but my hair ain't been of the same rosy complexion since."

"Well," says Aggy in a surprised tone of voice when we got all four wheels on the ground again. "Here we are," says he. "Who'd have suspected it? I thought he was going to take the short cut down to the creek."

"The driver turned round with one corner of his lip hitched—a dead ringer of a mean man. Says he to Aggy, 'Yer a funny bloke, ain't yer?'"

"Why," says Ag, "that's for you to say—wouldn't look well coming from me—but if you press me I'll admit I give birth to a little gem now and then."

that you could have hit a match on me anywhere, but to save me I couldn't help laughing—Ag had the comeliest way!

"At that the driver begins to harrup the horses. I ain't the kind to feel faint when a cayuse gets what's coming to him for raising the devil, but to see that lad whale his team because there wasn't nothing else he dared hit got me on my hind legs. I nestled one hand in his hair and twisted his ugly mug back."

"Quit that!" says I.

"You let me be—I ain't hurting you," he hollers.

"That ain't to say I won't be hurting you soon," says I. "You put the bud on them horses again, and I'll boot the spine of your back up through the top of your head if it stands out like a flagstaff. Just one more touch and you get it!" says I.

"He didn't open his mouth again till we come to the river. Then he pulled up. 'This is about as far as I care to carry you two gents for nothing,' he says. 'Of course you're two to one, and I can't do nothing if you see fit to bull the thing through. But I'll say this, if either one or both of you roosters has got the least smell of a gentleman about him he won't have to be told his company ain't wanted twice.'"

"Now, mind you, Ag and me didn't have the first cussed thing—not grub nor blankets nor gun nor nothing and this the feller well knew."

"Red," says Aggy, "what do you say to pulling this thing apart and seeing what makes it act so?"

"No," says I, "don't touch it—it might be catching. Now, you whelp," says I to the driver, "you tell us if there's a place where we can get anything to eat around here? We'd expect to go hungry until we hit the camp some forty miles further on, where we knew there'd be plenty for anybody that wanted it."

"Yes," says he. "There's a man running a shack two mile up the river."

"All right," says I. "Drive on. You've played us as dirty a trick as one man can play another. If we ever get a cinch on you, you can expect we'll pull her till the latigoes snap."

"He kept shut till he got across the river, where he felt safe."

"It's all right about that cinch," he hollers back, grinning. "Only wait till you get it, yer suckers! Sponges! Beats! Deadheads! Yah!"

"Well, a man can't catch a team of horses, and that's all there is about it, but I want to tell you he was on the anxious seat for a quarter of a mile. We tried hard."

"When we got back to where we started and could breathe again, we held a council of war."

"Now, Aggy," says I, "we're dumped. What shall we do?"

"He sat there awhile looking around him, snapping pebbles with his thumb."

"Tell you what it is, Red," he says at last, "we might as well go mining right here. This is likely gravel, and there's a river. If that bar in front of you had been further in the mountains it would have been punched full of holes. It's only because it's on the road that nobody's taken the trouble to see what was in it. This road was made by cattle ranchers that didn't know nothing about mining, and every miner that's gone over the trail had his mouth set to get further along as quick as possible—just like us. Do you see that little hollow running down to the river? Well, you try your luck there. I give you that place, as it's the most probable, and you as a tenderfoot in the business will have all the luck. I'll make a stab where I am."

"Well, sir, it sounds queer to tell it, and it seems queer still to think of the doing of it, but I hadn't dug two feet before I come to bed rock, and there was some heavy black chunks."

"Aggy," says I, "what's these things?"

throwing one over to him. He caught it and stared at it.

"Where did you get that?" says he in almost a whisper.

"Why, out of the hole, of course," says I, laughing. "Come take a look!"

"Aggy wasn't the kind of a man to go off the handle over trifles, but when he looked into that hole he turned perfectly green. His knees give out from under him, and he sat on the ground like a man in a trance, wiping the sweat off his face with a motion like a machine."

"What the devil ails you?" says I, astonished. I thought maybe I'd done something I hadn't ought to do through ignorance of the rules and regulations of mining."

"Red," says he, dead solemn. "I've mined for twenty year and from old Mexico to Alaska, but I never saw anything that was ace high to that before. Gold laying loose in chunks on top of the bed rock is too much for me. I wish I'd could see this!"

the slightest idea what it looked like, and I learned afterward it all looks different. Some of it shines up yellow in the start, some of it's red, and some is like ours, coated black with iron crust."

"So I looked at Ag, and Ag looked at me, neither one of us believing anything at all for awhile. I simply couldn't get hold of the thing—I ain't yet, for that matter. I expect to wake up and find it a pipe dream, and in some ways I wouldn't mind if it was. I never was so completely two men as I was on that occasion. One of 'em was hopping around and hollering with Ag, yelling 'Hooray!' and the other didn't take much interest in the proceedings at all. And it wasn't until I thought, 'Now I can pay that cussed coyote of a stage driver what I owe him' that I got any good out of it. That brought it home to me. When I spoke to Ag about paying the driver, he says, 'That so.' Then he takes a quick look around. 'We can pay him in full, too, old horse!' he hollers, and there was a most joyful smile on his face."

"Red," says he, "don't you know this is the only ford on the river for—I don't know how many miles—perhaps the whole length of her?"

"Well," says I.

"Our little placer claim," says Aggy slowly, rubbing his hands together, 'covers that ford, and by a judicious taking up of claims for various uncles and brothers and friends of ours along the creek on the lowlands we can fix it so they can't even bridge it.'"

"Do you mean they can't cross our claim if we say they can't?"

"Sure thing," says Aggy. "There's you and me and the law to say 'No' to that. I wish I had a gun."

"You don't need any gun for that skunk of a driver."

"Of course not, but there'll be passengers, and there's no telling how excited them passengers will be when they find they've got to go over the hills ford hunting."

"Are you going to send 'em all around, Ag?"

"The whole bunch. Anybody coming back from the diggings has gold in his clothes, so it won't hurt 'em none, and I propose to give that stage line an advertising that won't do it a bit of good. Come along, Red. Let's see that lad that has the shack up the river. We need something to eat, and maybe he's got a gun. If he's a decent feller, we'll let him in on a claim. Never mind about the hole. It won't run away, and there's nobody to touch anything. Come on."

"So we went up the river. The man's name was White, and he was a white man by nature too. He fed us well and was just as hot as us when we told him about the stage driver's trick. Then we told him about the find and let him in."

"Now," says Aggy, "have you got a gun?"

"I have that," says the man. "My dad used to be a duck hunter on Chesapeake bay. When you say 'gun' I'll show you a gun." He dove in under his bunk and fetched out what I should say was a No. 1 bore shotgun, with barrels six foot long.

"Gentlemen," says he, holding the gun up and patting it lovingly, "if you ram a quarter pound of powder in each one of them barrels and a handful of buckshot on top of that you've got an argument that couldn't be upset by the supreme court. I'll guarantee that when you point her anywhere within ten feet of a man not over a hundred yards away and let her do her duty, all the talent that that man's fambly could employ couldn't gather enough of him to recognize him by, and you won't be in bed more'n long enough to heal a busted shoulder."

"I hope it ain't going to be my painful line of performance to pull the trigger," says Aggy. "I think the sight of her would have weight with most people. When's the stage due back?"

"Day after tomorrow, about noon."

"That gives us lots of time to stake and to salt claims that can't show cause their own selves," says Aggy. "I think we're all right."

"The next day we worked like the old Harry. We had everything fixed up right by nightfall, and there was nothing to do but dig and wait."

"Curious folks we all are, ain't we? I should have said my own self that if I'd found gold by the bucketful, I'd be more interested in that than I would be in getting even with a nut that had done me dirt, but it wasn't so. Perhaps it was because I hadn't paid much attention to money all my life, and I had paid the strictest attention to the way other people used me. Living where there's so few folks accounts for that, I suppose."

"Getting even on our esteemed friend, the stage driver, was right in your Uncle Reddy's line, and Aggy and our new pard, White, seemed to take kindly to it, also."

"If ever you saw three faces filled with innocent glee, it was when we heard the wheels of that stage coming—why, the night before I was woke up by somebody laughing. There was Aggy sound asleep, sitting up hugging himself in the moonlight."

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" says he. "It's the only ford for 4,000 miles!"

"We planted a sign in the middle of the road with this wording on it in big letters, made with the black end of a stick:

NOTICE!
This and adjoining claims are the property of Abramson G. Jones, Red Saunders, John Henry White, et al.
Trespassing done at your own risk. Owners will not be responsible for the remains.

"There was a stretch of about a mile on the level before us. When the stage come in plain sight Aggy proceeds to load up 'Old Moral Sauson,' as he called her, so that the folks could see there was no attempt at deception. They came pretty fairly slow after that. At fifty yards, Ag hollers 'Hold'

The team sat right down on their tails.

"Now, Mr. Snick-umfritz," says Aggy, "you that drives, I mean, come here and read this little sign."

"Suppose I don't?" says the feller, trying to be smart before the passengers.

"It's a horrible supposition," says Aggy, "and the innocent will have to suffer with the guilty." Then he cocks the gun.

"God sakes! Don't shoot!" yells one of the passengers. "Man, you ought to have more sense than to try and pick him out of a crowd with a shotgun! Get down there, you fool, and make it quick!"

"So the driver walked our way and read. He never said a word. I reckon he realized it was the only ford



"Around you go!" he hollers.

for 4,000 miles, more or less, as Aggy had remarked. There he stood, with his mouth and eyes wide open.

"I'd like to have you other gentlemen come up and see our first clump, so you won't think we're running in a windy," says Aggy. They wanted to see bad, as you can imagine, and when they did see about fifteen pounds of gold in the bottom of my old hat they talked like people that hadn't had a Christian bringing up.

"Oh, Lord!" groans one man. "Brigham Young and all the prophets of the Mormon religion! This is my tenth trip over this line, and me and Pete Hendricks played a game of seven up right on the spot where that gent hit her not over a month ago, when the stage broke down! Somebody just make a guess at the way I feel and give me one small drink!"

"And he put his hand to his head. 'Say, boys,' he goes on, 'you don't take the whole blamed creek, do you? Let us in!'"

"How's that, fellers?" says Ag to me and White. We said we was agreeable.

"All right, in you come!" says Aggy. "There ain't no hog about our firm. But as for you," says he, walking on his tiptoes up to the driver—as for you, you cockeyed whelp, around you go! Around you go!" he hollers, jamming the end of Moral Sauson into the driver's trap. "Oh, and won't you go round, though!" says he. "Listen to me, now; if any one of your ancestors for twenty-four generations had ever done anything as decent as robbing a hencoop it would have conferred a kind of degree of nobility upon him. It wouldn't be possible to find an orriner cuss than you if a man raked all hell with a fine toothed comb. Now, you stare coated, mangy, bandy legged, misbegotten, outlaw coyote, fly-fly!" whoopers Aggy, jumping four foot in the air, before I squirt enough lead into your system to make it a paying job to melt you down!"

"The stage driver acted according to orders. Three wide steps and he was in the wagon, and with one screech like a pizened holent he fairly lifted the cayuses over the first ridge. Nobody never saw him any more, and nobody wanted to."

"So that's the way I hit my stake, son, just as I'd always expected—by not knowing what I was doing any part of the time—and now, there comes my iron horse coughing up the track! I'll write you sure, boy, and you let old Reddy know what's going on—and on your life don't forget to give it to the 40s straight why I sneaked off on the quiet! I've got ten years older in the last six months. Well, how we go quite fresh, and d—d if I altogether want to neither. Too late to argue though. By-by, son!"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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