THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING) — EVENING — SUNDAY

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, PROPRIETOR.

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Save the food and swat the kaiser.

"Skinning the soldier" may help the petty grafter, but it is poor patriotism.

One delivery a day will enable housewives to establish better business methods at home.

Cutting red tape will speed up war work, but recklessness is almost as dangerous as delay.

The weather man promises to be good for another week. This will be all right if he only redeems his promise.

A lot of folks will wonder why they are required to pay as much for cornmeal as for wheat flour. This is another of war's mysteries.

Control of the railroads after the war may well be left until that time is reached. What we need now is more action and less debate.

Everybody in the army has an overcoat now, reports the secretary of war. None too soon to set about getting the boys supplied with summer garments.

Those alien voters were here in 1916, but the owner of the Omaha Hyphenated needed them in his business then. "Circumstances" certainly do alter cases.

General Pershing, it seems, is running the army in Europe. Now if we could just get somebody at the head of it at home we might make some real progress.

Chicago scents huge profits to someone in milk prices and proposes a probe to find out who is getting the money. A lot of regulation will be needed before everybody is satisfied.

Chancellor Hertling is slated to follow his predecessors, the penalty for failure to hoodwink the Bolsheviki. "Shirtsleeve" diplomacy is dangerous for those not accustomed to its practice.

Herbert Hoover may be induced to stop over in Omaha on his way to Denver. It will be a good idea for the food administrator to spend a few hours in the region where most of the food of the nation is produced.

Germany's diplomatic apparatus seems to have broken down quite as abruptly as its war machine. When all the world is watching closely it is pretty hard even for a Potsdam expert to deal from the bottom of the deck.

Task Ahead of Us Not Easy.

Americans should not be misled into unwarranted security by talk of Germany's impending collapse. No more dangerous or insidious form of propaganda is possible than this. Good men and women, full of zeal and devotion, daily add to the effect of the debilitating influence through repeating a belief, born of hope, that the war is near an end. These should cease to delude themselves. Hope and desire for an early conclusion of hostilities is natural and common to all, but nothing exists to justify a belief in such a consummation. It is to the advantage of Germany to disarm Americans in every possible way and one of the easiest ways is to continually spread reports of impending disaster, of political revolt and similar rumors that suggest the possibility of approach to peace. Our people may be assured that the kaiser does not intend to surrender until beaten; peace by negotiation is a remote possibility and the German nation never was more united than now. Austria, desirous of peace, has no thought of accepting defeat and surrendering now. This means that the big job before us is not easy; our government will require the sacrificing support of all its patriotic citizens for many weary days yet to come. We will win the war, but it will be no holiday march.

Our Own Cabinet Crisis.

Americans have been too intent on watching the changes in war cabinets abroad to give very close heed to developments at home, yet a distinct and growing impression is that something in the nature of a real crisis now confronts Mr. Wilson. Inquiries by congressional committees have brought out clearly enough that our progress in the way of war preparations has not been at all satisfactory; we have not gone as far as we well might, had a little more energy been applied, and responsibility for this is being brought directly home to the president and his cabinet. Too much red tape, too much attention to bureau detail and precedent and a deplorable jealousy between bureaus are the causes assigned for our failure.

No question is made of the honesty, the sincerity or the clean patriotism of any of Mr. Wilson's cabinet officers, but their capabilities are questioned. Mr. Baker courageously assumes any blame that may attach to the army bureaus because of manifest failures to carry out a definite program along efficient lines, but this does not alter the fact that if he had been as effective as he is fair he might have foreseen the way affairs were going and by energetic action have altered their direction, averting some of the blundering that has delayed us so embarrassingly. In the same way Mr. Daniels might have helped. He witnessed the continued bickerings between the two branches of the shipping board and so far as is disclosed did nothing to check the quarrels. Now it is alleged that Mr. Gregory has been slow in acting, although he was vehement in denouncing the German spy system in America. Other cabinet officers are under similar criticism and it does not arise from partisanship, but from an earnest desire to win the war.

Mr. Wilson has had splendid support from the American people, of all parties. He owes it to them, if not to himself, to give them in return an organized government in which they have full confidence. This he has not done, and it is doubtful if he can much longer support through his own personality the accumulating load of mistakes due to incompetence of his cabinet.

Coming of the Comet.

Some little grain of comfort may be extracted from the announcement that Encke's comet has again appeared. This little wanderer in space is of slight consequence, when bulk and range are contemplated, but it has a distinct value for other reasons. One of these is its determined periodicity, it being so precise in its habits that it may almost be adopted as a regulator for sidereal movements. Its period is about 1,200 days, or a little more than three and a third years, while its orbit is wholly within our own solar system, making it a member of the same family, so to speak. Nothing of portent any longer attaches to its swing around the sun, although it was once supposed to herald momentous events. At Constantinople 500 years ago an official prayer was amended by adding the phrase: "God save us from the devil, the Turk and the comet." Significance now is found in the fact that in the midst of war astronomers proceed in the orderly observation of heavenly phenomena, and record movements of stars and their companions with unconcern as to the unseemly carrying on of their fellowmen. Immersed in contemplation of the wonders of creation as revealed in the firmament above, the astronomer more than any realizes how futile is man's uttermost effort compared with the processes of God, and to him the return of Encke's comet is a proof that the eternal law still operates, regardless of the cannon's roar.

Winning Against the U-Boat.

The report of British shipping lost because of U-boat attacks shows an increase for the week, but with it comes the statement that the campaign against the U-boat has reached a far more satisfactory stage. For the first time the allies have definite knowledge that they are destroying the submarines faster than Germany can produce them, while the loss to shipping just about balances production. This necessarily means a diminution of the danger, and is the point sought ever since the unrestricted use of the submarine was declared last February. It does not mean that the battle is over.

Sir Eric Geddes, first lord of the admiralty, reporting to the House of Commons last month, frankly declared the situation to be grave in all its aspects, and that nothing existed to warrant any let-up in vigilance or slacking of work in the shipyards. On the contrary, he called for a still greater production in tonnage. The British shipbuilders are facing a serious shortage in manpower, and the government is doing its utmost to provide the labor needed. Up to the present, according to Sir Eric, the output has just about equaled the losses, but it is now possible to show some gain on the production side.

The allies are looking to America to supply the ships that will turn the balance. Our building program, which has been seriously interfered with by internal friction, is now said to be well under way, and many "fabricated" vessels are nearly ready to launch. Good reason exists for saying that the late spring will find the output of shipping far in excess of losses, and with U-boat destruction going on ahead of production, the failure of the "terror" at sea is made complete.

When Henry D. Estabrook Wrote for The Bee

His Own Account of a Short Service as City Editor and Reporter

It was my intention, as indicated last week, to say something more about the late Henry Dodge Estabrook, but, having already paid a tribute to his memory in an editorial obituary, I believe my readers will find this space better utilized by giving here the article written by Mr. Estabrook on the occasion of The Bee's twenty-fifth anniversary narrating his experience as a member of The Bee's staff in its infant days.

Victor Rosewater

"I presume every American boy normally constituted, with perhaps an extra literary kink in his mental makeup, has had an ambition to become an editor and has indulged this ambition whenever and wherever opportunity offered. From the eruptive, semi-occasional periodical published at the age of 10—appropriately printed on foolscap with the aid of a lead pencil and a protruding tongue, for which publication, I may add, his immediate relatives were the only subscribers and of which his darling mother was the only reader—from this earliest manifestation of the symptom, I say, up to the age of 16, and his first anonymous communication to the city press (over the quaint and curious nom de plume of 'Vox Populi') he has simply been pluming his wings and preening himself for the glorious career of a full-fledged editor.

"At the age of 16 I sent to the editor of our daily paper, The Omaha Bee, an item of news over the nom de plume of 'Vox Populi'—of course. I was proud and happy when it appeared in print the following morning. It was considerably altered as to language, to be sure; still the central idea—the great and luminous thought expressed—that is to say, the item of news—was there in all its glory; my manuscript had been accepted. Later on, when I fell in love, I tackled the editor on poetry. But that manuscript, for some occult reason, was not accepted.

"Finally there was presented an opportunity of a lifetime. Mr. Rosewater's city editor, who was also his only reporter—for a newspaper man in that time played many parts—had been given a vacation and previous to his departure had visited the high school to engage one of the larger boys to assume his duties. I was the lucky chap to be invited and I accepted with alacrity. For two whole weeks I was not only to write just what I pleased, but what I wrote was bound to be published. Moreover, I was to have $20 per week into the bargain.

"The first morning I was at The Bee office bright and early. Mr. Rosewater dropped into my 2x4 sanctum to wish me good morning and success in my experiment and to indicate my route. Incidentally he remarked that a quartet of male voices had serenaded him the night before and it might be well to say an appreciative word about their singing. I did. I said that four roysterers had made last night hideous with their catawauls and had selected the editor of this paper for their especial and particular victim; that men with such voices as theirs ought not to be permitted to run at large, etc., etc. The fact is I was a songster myself and belonged to a rival quartet. When I arrived at the office next morning I met Mr. Rosewater going out to post a letter. He gave me a stony glare and hastened his footsteps. I afterwards learned that this letter was addressed to the absent reporter, commanding his immediate return. Mr. Rosewater had scarcely made his exit when the second basso called and stopped his paper—stopped it off short, never to go again. He also said in his most raucous voice that he wanted to see the responsible editor of that dirty sheet. I told him that the responsible editor had just stepped out, but that he might consider me the irresponsible editor, if he were so disposed. He laughed—a hollow, mocking, blood-curdling sort of laugh—and vanished.

"During the day the remaining members of the quartet dropped in one after the other and cancelled their subscriptions. The cheerful idiot who edited a column in our "loathsome contemporary" called the "Public Fountain" took up the cudgel on behalf of the quartet and through the medium of his column intimated that the ad interim reporter of The Bee was not yet dry behind the ears. I retorted that that was because I was in the habit of washing my ears and thought it would be sanitary if he would occasionally follow the example. 'Wash 'em in the Public Fountain,' I said, 'along with your dirty linen. What an appropriate freak of chance it is anyway that such a fountain should be run by a squirt.'

"On receipt of his chief's letter Mr. Al Sorenson, the reporter for whom I was substituting, shortened his leave of absence and hastened home, but not until I had time to be thoroughly licked by a saloon keeper named Taylor, not until Mr. Rosewater's life had been several times threatened on my account and not until I had involved The Omaha Bee in a $20,000 libel suit. Then the editor came out in one of his famous editorials, over his own signature, and explained to a bewildered public just what had happened. He commented severely upon my inaptitude for a journalistic career and attributed his recent sorrows to what he called my 'trick-mule performance.' And yet I swear when I hurled my reportorial thunderbolts indiscriminately at the public it was more for the fun of manufacturing thunderbolts than for the purpose of injuring those who happened to be in the way of them. But that phrase, 'trick-mule performances,' stuck in my craw. If the much-vaunted liberty of the press would not permit gentlemen to indulge in a little personal badinage without getting mad about it, egad; I'd join a profession which would! So I quit journalism and entered the law.

"By a singular coincidence, and what I fain believed at the time to be retributive justice, my first case on emerging from law school was a suit for libel against The Bee. Mr. Rosewater had called a United States consul to Shanghai a cross between a drunkard and a monomaniac. Now obviously this language was libelous per se and tended to bring my client into public scandal, infamy and disgrace and to vex, harass, oppress, impoverish and wholly ruin him, the said client, to his damage, $20,000. Another $20,000 libel suit, you observe. I intended to show Mr. Rosewater a 'trick-mule performance' worth two of my earlier achievements. But as I pondered over the accumulating depositions which Mr. Rosewater commenced to take in different parts of the country I was forced to believe that my client had been what might be called an inebriate. It might be also that he was something of a monomaniac, but I pinned my faith to the difficulty of proving that he was a cross between the two. At all events I would make up in vituperation what I lacked in the way of evidence.

"So I told the jury that when Rosewater launched his paper he had ransacked bugology to find some insect which would typify his aspirations in life and had hit upon the bee. That the bee's only object in living was honey, which rhymed with money. That its weapons of offense and defense was not a sword, nor yet a bludgeon, but only a sliver, which it carried concealed in the most conspicuous and at the same time the most intellectual portion of its anatomy. That my client would possibly have swallowed the venom of the bee in the shape of a bolus, but objected to taking it hypodermically by way of a sting. That it was true my client drank occasionally, but only for his stomach's sake, according to the admonition of St. Paul, which meant, of course, that he drank for God's sake! But that whatever else he might be he was a thoroughbred and neither a cross, a mongrel, a sambo nor any other kind of an infusion, and I hoped that their verdict would enable him to live on a liquid diet for the remainder of his days. The jury was out some time and returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for just 5 cents—the retail price of a glass of beer. I do not know how my client managed to get drunk on it, but he did. He flaunted that verdict in every saloon in Omaha as a vindication that he was not the kind of a cross he had been cracked up to be. The Bee flaunted that verdict as adding considerable insult to very little injury. I flaunted that verdict as the only verdict in any amount which had ever been obtained against The Bee for libel and as the dazzling result of my individual prowess.

"All this occurred some 20 years ago. It is wonderful how our opinions are modified by the experience of 20 years and how more and more tentative they become as the years go on. I am not so cocksure of anything as I used to be. As for newspapers, I frankly confess that I, personally, would not know how to improve on the poorest of them and I submit that such modesty on the part of one of your regular subscribers is as rare as it is beautiful.

"Talk about a censorship of the press! Of arraigning the sword against the pen! Never again. For weal or woe the pen henceforth is to be the maker of our laws and the arbiter of our destinites. Never again. The dogma that human lives can control human thought or determine what a man shall believe or what a man shall say, so long as he believes in what he says, is a mediaeval hallucination like the divinity of kings. As well fulminate against old ocean thundering along its shores! Never again. You can blindfold justice as of old, but not the stars, thank God, but not the stars!

"H. D. ESTABROOK.

"Chicago, May, 1896."

People and Events

Only 345 votes were polled by the socialist candidate for mayor of Boston. Kaiserized politics is clearly out of style at the Hub.

The Board of Education of New York, sensing the temper of the times, decided to banish German and all foreign languages from the elementary schools. Omaha's example is spreading from coast to coast, from Manitoba to the Gulf.

"Wood sawing and wood chopping bees" are the latest economic diversion in New England. Coal shortage turned eager hands to neighborhood timber, and those fortunate enough to possess a strip give it the ax and get heat and exercise at the same time.

The latest development of the draft in Philadelphia is "the exemption wife." Slackers with the price hired these creatures to pose as wives and swear to it. Success was shortlived, however. Secret service sleuths rounded them up as quickly as the women who married two or more soldiers.

Owing to the shortage of wool and other essentials sartorial sports must forego the turned up trousers and rolled coat cuffs, and stand for shortened coat collars and waistcoat lapels. Eliminating the turned up trousers obliges fashion-platers to seek less expensive signs of indicating rain in London.

"Billy" Sunday starts this week sizing up the sinners in Washington, preparatory to the customary knockout later on. Every job heretofore tackled pales before the hosts of the wicked beseiging the national capital in war time. Other "cleansed" communities harbored only localized sinners, venals mainly. Washington draws 'em from all four quarters, and what they don't want to know about the Ten Commandments is a-plenty. If Sunday can get them by the ears the achievement will be worth the box office receipts.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Billiard balls are turned in the rough, and kept in a warm room, sometimes as long as two years. Then, after shrinking, they are turned again.

While dredging a river in Russia, engineers discovered a submerged forest that covered several square miles from which logs more than 100 feet long have been taken.

The Canary Islands have a population of 526,439 and cover 3,216 square miles of territory. Climatic conditions are so favorable that three and even four crops are produced yearly.

The Southern Pacific railroad has several "tramp traps" in the shape of freight cars which are left in condition to invite the tramps, and after a number of them have boarded it the doors are mysteriously closed and they are prisoners.

The American housewife carries around a bag of clothespins when hanging out her washing, while the Chinese twists two clothes lines together and thrusts the corners of the washing between the two strands, where they are held firmly.

That Italian prodigy of learning, Ignatius de Rosal, made the boast that if anyone could repeat a line from any of the four great poets of Italy he would follow it by reciting 100 lines following in due order of succession, and on a trial being made he actually accomplished the feat.

There are probably more natural bridges in America than in any other country. Rainbow, the largest in existence, is 308 feet high. Its span is six times as great as that of the Natural Bridge of Virginia. Utah has three natural bridges that are higher and of greater span than nay other natural bridges in the world.

One of the most remarkable books in the world is possessed by M. Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer. Some years ago a beautiful young lady whose white shoulders he had admired, and who died young, bequeathed her skin to him, "to remove and utilize as he thought fit." He accepted the legacy, had the skin removed from the shoulders, and used it for binding a copy of one of his own books, which had been the dead girl's favorite among his writings.

THE RED CROSS NURSE.

(Katherine Lee Bates in New York Times.)

One summer day, gleaming in memory,
We drove, my Joy and I,
Through fragrant hawthorn lanes
Gold-fringed with wisps of rye
Brushed off the harvest wains,
From that old, gladsome town of Shrewsbury.
Throned on twin hills and girdled by a loop
Of the brown Severn, out to Battlefield.
Henry the Fourth with his usurping sword
Smote here the haughty Percies,
And after builded here, as due to Him
Who made rebellion stoop
And lesser traitors to chief traitor yield,
A church. Decayed, restored,
Its centuries afford
To stranger eyes, enshadowed by the view
Of that ridged burial from which it grew,
No sight more sacred than a crude
Image of visage dim,
Hewn by some ancient tool from forest wood,
Our Lady of the Mercies.
Even so long ago, amid the slaughter
Hushed now beneath its coverlet of flowers,
Groped this imperfect dream
Of Pity, pure, divine.
Madonna, look today upon thy daughter
And know her by the crimson cross, the sign
Of love that shall at last, at last, redeem
This war-torn world of ours.

AROUND THE CITIES.

St. Joseph put $750,000 into new buildings last year and expects to go over the record this year.

Chicago "drys" claim to have 82,000 out of the necessary 106,500 signatures for a referendum on banishing booze from the city. Prospects favor a test vote at the spring election. Guess what Chicago will do to it!

Only two breweries remain in Kansas City to treat the Missouri thirst and the Sahara throats of Kansas visitors. All others have retired from business. The remaining pair express confidence in being able to meet the needs of the suffering.

Councilman Lang of Sioux City observes that the commission system of government is a good thing and has come to stay. Among the benefits claimed are reduced taxation and reduced municipal debts—two rare plumes that reflect more credit on the men than the system.

Dr. Ludwick

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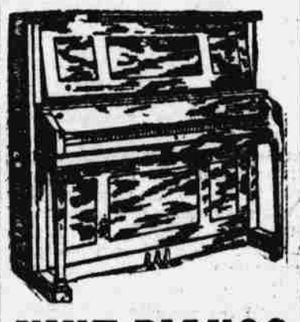

NINE PIANOS

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Honmuth Upright Piano.. $39.00 Thirty-nine Dollars.
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Gruenwald Upright Piano $89.00 Eighty-nine Dollars.
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TODAY

One Year Ago Today in the War.

War council of allies convened in Rome.

French air squadron bombed German aviation station at Grisolles.

Berlin claimed the capture of five Roumanian towns by the Austro-Germans.

The Day We Celebrate.

John C. Spooner, former United States senator from Wisconsin, born at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, 75 years ago today.

Duncan U. Fletcher, senior United States senator from Florida, born in Sumter county, Georgia, 59 years ago today.

Henry E. Dixey, one of the most popular actors of the American stage, born in Boston, 59 years ago today.

This Day in History.

1818—Martin Ryerson, who established the greatest lumber business in the northwest, born at Paterson, N. J. Died in Boston, September 6, 1887.

1893—Francis K. Brooke was consecrated first Protestant Episcopal missionary bishop of Oklahoma.

1901—Philip D. Armour, pioneer of the Chicago packing industry, died in Chicago. Born at Stockbridge, N. Y., May 16, 1832.

1904—Ruth Cleveland, eldest daughter of former President Grover Cleveland, died at Princeton, N. J.

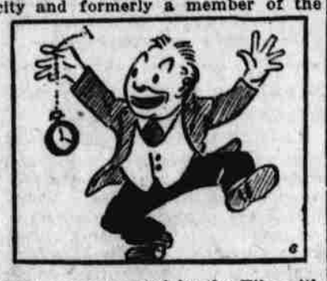
1915—Russians defeated the Turks at Sarikamysh, annihilating one whole army corps.

Just 30 Years Ago Today

Just Thirty Years Ago Today.

City Clerk Wells of South Omaha, is looking around for a comfortable corner in the city hall in which to place his desk.

D. W. Haynes, well known in this city and formerly a member of the press, was presented by the Elks with a magnificent gold watch.



The parents of E. B. Branch, cashier of the Stock Yards bank, are here and for a time will reside with him. They arrived from Galena, Kan.

Articles of incorporation of the Park Place Congregational church were filed with the county clerk. Incorporators are, B. P. Knight, John Guild and Eugene E. Clany as trustees.

At a meeting of the county commissioners, Schlicht and Field company were awarded the contract for book shelves and file cases through their representative, J. H. Cornes of Chicago, at a cost of $520

Twice Told Tales

Where Caution Served.

Sandy and Alec were on board ship when a terrific storm arose. Finally, the crew took to the boats, but all of them were swamped except one in which these two were alone. The storm continued and the outlook was dark, so they betook themselves to prayer, turn about. At Alec's turn he confessed that he had been a good-for-nothing, a drinker, a good-for-nothing drinking rascal; but if the Lord would only let him get ashore this time, he would never take another—

"Alec, mon, be carefu'," Sandy here broke in. "Dinna commeet yersel' too far, for I do be thinkin' I see land."—Everybody's Magazine.

Opposed to Royalty.

For three weeks he had borne all the horrors of the annual cleaning without a murmur. Then his patience gave way.

"And you," sobbed his wife, "you used to tell me I was your queen."

"Yes," he said, with a wild glare in his eyes, "but when a man finds his queen has used his best tobocco jar for pale oak varnish and his meerschaum pipe for a tack hammer he begins to grasp the advantages of a republic."—London Tit-Bits.

Improvement in Styles.

Crawford—It seems to me that the styles are not quite as bad as they were a while ago.

Crabshaw—No, the weather is getting colder.—Judge

Sign Posts of Progress

The shoes of the near future will be a canvas and composition.

Telephone line extension is now facilitated by the use of a machine which digs the holes for the poles at the average rate of 60 a day.

All previous records of grain-handling were broken by the government elevator at Port Colborne, Ontario, when 404,000 bushels of wheat were discharged in eight hours.

E. B. Tobey of Center Winthrop, Me., gathered from 117 hills of cranberry beans, 88 pounds of dry shelled beans. He claims to have harvested 826 beans from one pea bean.

American clothing has replaced that which merchants in Hongkong, China, previously imported from Paris. The goods of American make have become popular and it is expected that this trade can be retained at the close of hostilities.

The first order for cast-iron pipe placed with the United States by Argentine Republic is said to be one of the largest contracts of the kind ever made. The order amounts to 60,000 tons of pipe, estimated at $3,500,000, and will be shipped to Argentina in about 20 vessels.

Caterpillar tractors have become an important factor on Hawaiian sugar plantations. The majority of the owners who purchased one or two tractors as experiments have followed quickly with orders for more, and practically every manager who mentions that his plantation is equipped with tractors adds that "more have been ordered."

Sunny Gems

"Do you think your daughter is going to do well for herself in marrying that young actor?"

"Sure she is, for he is an unusual combination. He is both a promising and performing young man."—Baltimore American.

Major—Who will take charge of our machine gun?

Private Smith—Corporal Higgins was one of the best machine men in our ward; let him do it.—Puck.

She—Mr. Hoover says that it's much healthier to eat fruit with the skin on instead of peeling it.

He—Huh! I'd like to put him on a diet of pineapples for about a week and then hear what he'd have to say.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I'm glad to see portraits of our great men on our postage stamps."

"What are you driving at?"

"Everywhere else you see nothing but portraits of girls."—Kansas City Journal.

The Bride (soon after the marriage)—That jeweler who sold you the wedding ring sadly overcharged you.

The Groom—The scoundrel! And I have bought four engagement rings from him.—Browning's.

He—You must remember, dear, we are just starting out in life and we must economize.

She—But don't you think getting into debt is the best way? Then we'll have to economize.—Boston Transcript.

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Is the Meat of All Insurance Contracts
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Deal Exclusively in Life Insurance
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