

CHRISTMAS A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

CH RISTMAS a hundred years from now will be the same old Christmas, no doubt, but it will be celebrated under such vastly different conditions that if you should go to sleep now and wake up a century later you would think you were in a different world.

The Christmas spirit will be the same. But whether it is a hundred years from now or a thousand we may be sure that when the Christmas season comes the world will be full of the Christmas spirit. Little children and grown men and women still will be made happy by giving and receiving, grudges and grouches will be forgotten, enemies forgiven and good will prevail. Nothing can kill that. The golden motto: "Peace on earth, good will

to men," will be just as sacred and as new to the hearts of men as it was nineteen hundred years ago. Everybody will give everybody else a present—but the presents will be different.

Little Johnny will not covet a railroad train. Real cars on a real track, pulled by a real locomotive that makes smoke will not seem a wonderful thing to him, as it does to the little Johnny of to-day. The lad of the next century will want a model of the latest airship in his Christmas stocking. He will expect a working model, too—one that will sail through the flat like a live bird, and perhaps carry his own weight.

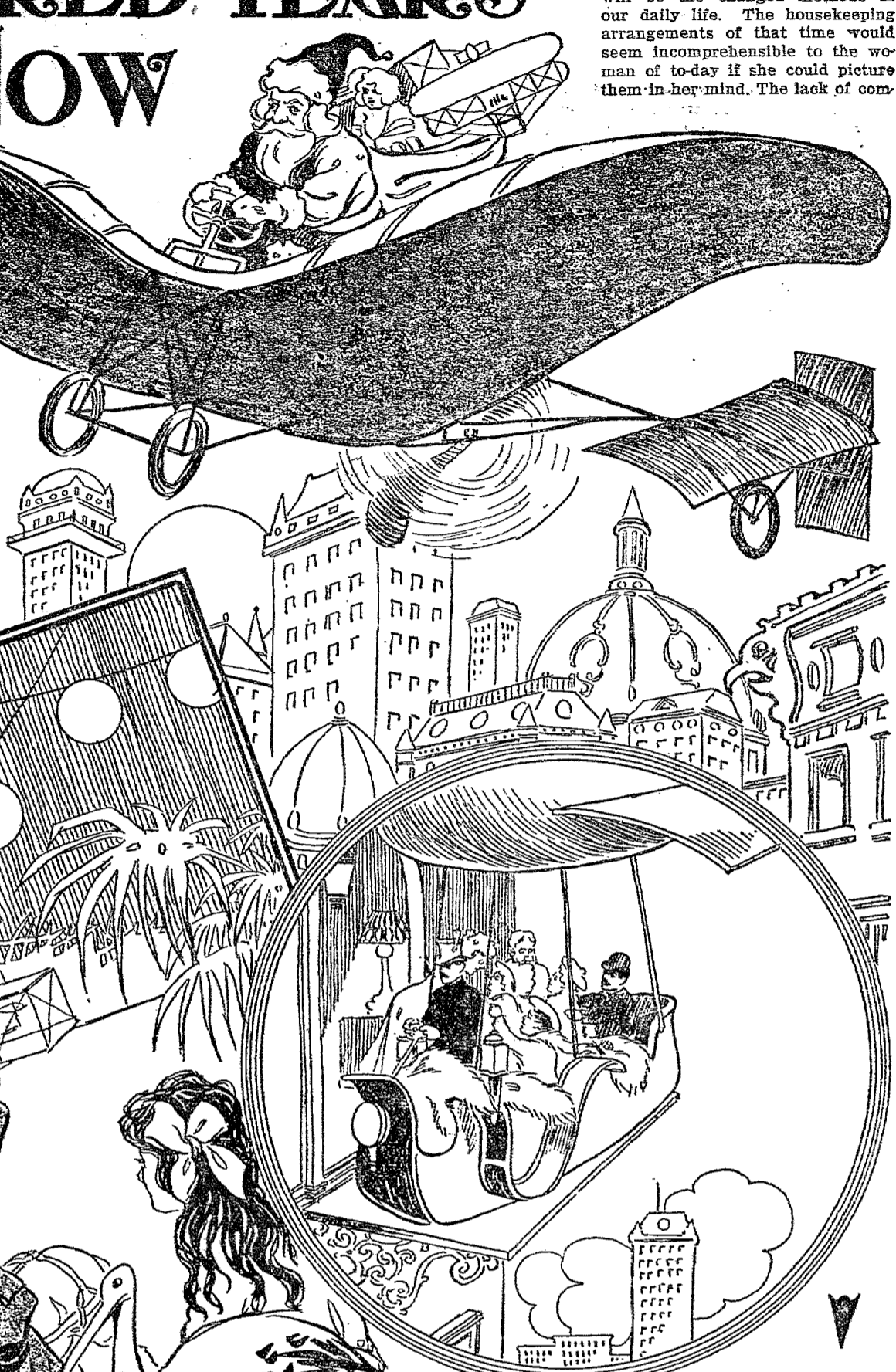
Within the last hundred years steam and electricity have been developed and it is entirely reasonable to imagine that within the coming century men will travel through the air as commonly as they now travel over the land. The automobile, the trolley car, the railroad train, and the horse as a draft animal—all will be gone. Men will use the earth, as the birds do, for a resting place for their homes and the principal source of food supply; but when they want to move from one place to another, they will mount into the ether, even as the birds do, and fly swiftly and safely to their destination.

It is probable that there will not be a wheeled vehicle of any kind on the streets of a great city on Christmas day, in the year 2009. Our tunnel system will have developed until the vast subterranean net work of bores, chutes and pneumatic tubes will carry on the heavy traffic of the city without noise or confusion. The streets will be given up to pedestrians—to those who walk for pleasure or wish to travel short-distances. The sidewalk as it is now will be no more, but the entire width of the street will be given up to foot passengers. There will be neither car tracks nor moving vehicles to annoy.

The suburbanite who does not fly to work in 2009 will be shot through a pneumatic tube, traveling the five, ten, or fifty miles of distance in a space of time that may be only a few seconds, and certainly cannot be more than a few minutes. It may be that few people will walk anywhere in the year 2009. When man learns to fly he will scorn walking as too slow a means of progress. Perhaps our great-grandchildren, who no doubt will live in immense apartment buildings towering a half mile from the ground, may go for weeks at a time without setting foot to the earth.

With the passing of the Christmas sleigh there will be no longer any need for reindeers for Santa Claus. He, too, will travel by airship, and while the old Santa Claus will be a myth, the new Santa Claus will be as real as the bewhiskered and be-turreted boys who now entertain the children in the department stores.

It is not hard to imagine that the big stores will develop the Santa Claus idea to the point that Christmas purchases will be delivered on Christmas eve by an airship driver made up to imper-



VISITING GRANDMA CHRISTMAS MORNING AT HER HOME 245 STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND

THE MECHANICAL TOYS OF 2009 WILL BE MARVELS OF PERFECTION

recreation. So it is certain that the Teddy bear and the toy dog of the coming century will be mechanical marvels. The "Rover" dog that the little boy gets will be life size. He will prance about on his four furry legs and lie down and roll over at the bidding of his master.

Perhaps the most wonderful feature of all in our Christmas in 2009 will be the changed methods in our daily life. The housekeeping arrangements of that time would seem incomprehensible to the woman of to-day if she could picture them in her mind. The lack of com-

HE DID HIS BEST.



Merchant—What? You were robbed of everything on the way?
 Messenger—Yes, but don't worry. They gave me a receipt.

The Vacant Chair.
 What sad memories linger around the old vacant chair. Sitting in the middle of the floor, with a plaintive look about its frayed and seemingly weary back, it brings back a tumultuous riot of sad recollections that time can never efface. Volumes of bitter anguish come to me when I arrive home in time to catch the milkman swiping the loose furniture around the place, and take off my shoes to avoid publicity, and strike my best toe against the rocker of the old vacant chair. Then, forgetting for the moment my unclad feet, I kick the chair on the other rocker. That is when the sadness and suffering that lingers around the old chair comes out with an extra edition and great chunks of gloom settle over me like a herd of ill-natured flies.—Oregon Journal.

He Didn't Find Her.
 "When I was a young man," remarked Mr. Bilkins, crossing his legs in a leisurely fashion and puffing an after-dinner cigar, "I used to dream of a woman who was waiting for me somewhere in the world."
 "Your affinity?" said his guest.
 "Exactly. I used to think of her as fulfilling all my ideals of perfect womanhood. She was a delight, a creature with whom existence would be a poem, a sweet song, an ecstasy of bliss and home a paradise on earth."
 "And I am sure," said the diplomatic guest, having Mrs. Bilkins in mind—"I am sure," said he, "that you found the woman of your dreams."
 "Eh—hum—hum!" coughed Mr. Bilkins. "Here comes Mrs. Bilkins. Suppose we change the subject."

Fishing Extraordinary.
 Representative Flood of Virginia tells a good story in which one of the characters was Gen. Reuben Lindsay Walker of the confederate army. On one occasion the general was waiting for his breakfast, and his faithful negro servant had gone to catch some fish for the feast. When the servant was away an unusually long time the general called to him impatiently:
 "Why don't you come here with that fish, Sam?"
 Sam in the meantime had caught a flounder, which is white on one side, with a whiteness that looks like raw fish meat.
 "All right, Massa Reuben!" called out Sam. "I'se comin' des ez soon ez I ketch de uvver ha' o' dis here fish."
 —Washington Times.

His Retort.
 Newzance—Do you know, young man, that five out of six people who suffer from heart trouble have brought it upon themselves through the filthy habit of smoking?
 Karmley—Really! And possibly you are aware that nine out of ten people who suffer from black eyes can trace the complaint to a habit of not minding their own business.—Pearson's Weekly.

Indorsing Shackleton's Claim.
 Grimm—I'm inclined to have considerable confidence in Explorer Shackleton.
 Primm—Why?
 Grimm—He may be a little too positive in asserting that he didn't discover the south pole, but I'm ready to give him the benefit of the doubt.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Financial.
 Stella—Isn't Mabel going to marry the duke?
 Bella—No, he rejected the budget.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
 Is the old reliable cough remedy. Found in every drug store and in practically every home. For sale by all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

Better a poor man at large than a rich man in jail.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
 For children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It's one thing to run into debt and another to crawl out.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

The first step toward keeping your mouth shut is to close it.

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach
 A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually:
 Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation;
 Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.
 Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.
 To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
 SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

WESTERN CANADA

What Governor Deneen, of Illinois, Says About It:
 Governor Deneen, of Illinois, owns a section of land in Saskatchewan, Canada. He has said in an interview:
 "As an American I am delighted to see the remarkable progress of Western Canada. Our people are flocking across the boundary in thousands, and I am not yet met one who admitted to having made a mistake. They are all doing well. There is scarcely a complaint in the Middle or Western States that has not a representative in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta."
125 Million Bushels of Wheat in 1909
 Western Canada field crops for 1909 will consist of the former \$170,000,000.00 in cash. Free Homesteads of 160 acres, and pre-emption of 160 acres at \$3.00 an acre. Railway and Land Companies have land for sale at reasonable prices. Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Splendid climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, wood, water and lumber easily obtained.
 For particulars of "Land in West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlement rates, apply to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian Gov't Agent.
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
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 They do their duty.
 Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE
 GENUINE must bear signature:
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"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O.
 Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 320

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sonate Santa Claus. A hundred years from now, if you want to avoid the rush and do your Christmas shopping in your own apartments, the scientists

probably will have provided for you a combination of telescope and moving picture machine by means of which you can connect your room with the toy department and see the display by wire—or perhaps by wireless—and at the same time you get prices and leave your order with the clerk by telephone.

But perhaps the woman of 2009 will enjoy the mad rush of the shops as much as she does today during the holiday season, and then she will go to the big store and order her toys and presents. The store could deliver them through the pneumatic package tubes which will go to all parts of the city, but it will be more poetic to have them delivered by Santa Claus.

Christmas eve a score or a hundred Santa Clauses will set out from the various shops with their airships laden with Christmas gifts to be delivered at the various addresses. It will no longer be necessary to "deliver all goods in the rear" of the big apartment building, but whether you live on the twentieth or two hundred and twentieth story of the big house you will have your own private airship landing, and while the family is gathered at the door to receive Santa Claus the airship will settle on the landing and the cheerful "Merry Christmas" of the aeronaut will greet you as he hands in the packages.

The Christmas tree of a hundred years from now will be an electrical marvel. Festoons and wreaths of rainbow colored lights and "chasers" will scintillate from its green branches. But the presents that hang on it will be even more wonderful.

There will be dolls as large as the little girls who will receive them. There will be dolls that can walk and with the improved phonographic arrangements of another century there will be dolls that can talk and others that can sing beautiful songs. Some of them, no doubt, will be able to dance gracefully and to do tricks that would seem miraculous if performed by an automaton to-day.

The mechanical toys of 2009 will be marvels of perfection. The most imaginative man cannot possibly conceive of the new things that will be invented in the way of machinery, but it is safe to assume that the wireless transmission of power will be perfected. Wheels will spin without any visible motive power. Power may be taken from the sun's rays or wireless power stations may be operated by the waves, the waterfalls, or even the winds. Before the coal supply is exhausted the need for coal, either for warmth or power, will have passed away.

And whatever triumphs men make in the industrial world they impart to their games and

til they will be literally "skyscrapers" within a century.

In one of these big buildings, while the machinery will be out of sight, domestic affairs will be so mechanical, even automatic, that you can get almost anything the family needs simply by turning on a switch or pressing a button.

The flat dweller of that distant day will not be bothered with servants or the servant problem. By pressing a button the Christmas dinner will come up noiselessly from the kitchen on the mechanical waiter or perhaps in a pneumatic tube.

After your Christmas dinner is over the dishes will disappear as silently and swiftly as you could wish. Some sort of mechanical dish washer in the kitchen will take care of them—or, what is more likely, they will be made of a cheap composition and will be destroyed by burning after they are used once. The antiseptic precautions of the modern surgeon will be common to the kitchens of the next century and hygiene will be a real science.

When you have eaten your Christmas dinner, if you want to go out for the evening you can press a button and an aeroplane will come to the landing at your door. Or, if you prefer it, you may drop down the pneumatic elevator to some point 50 or 100 feet below the surface of the earth and be whirled through the pneumatic subway at a dizzy rate of speed to your destination. Only the speed will not make you dizzy. You will not be able to feel it. You may sit in your cushioned car, well lighted and warmed and ventilated by some process yet to be discovered, and before you realize it the miles will speed away and you step out to the opera or the play.

If you prefer to remain at your apartments the telescope attached to your telephone may be connected to any theater you desire, and you can sit in your easy chair and smoke while you see the play projected on the wall like the most perfect moving picture. All the stage settings will be there to make the play seem real, and the improved telephone will bring every shade and subtle inflection of the actor's voice to your ear.

It seems certain that this telescope arrangement—the exact word to describe it will be coined after the process is discovered—will be one of the triumphs of the coming century. It will enable you to see the person you are talking to over a telephone.

The flight of the coming airship probably will be so rapid that the business man and even the salaried worker, if he loves the country, can have a villa or a cottage at a great distance from the city and go to work in his own airship at slight cost.

On Christmas day in the good century to come this flight in the air will be the means of many family reunions that are impossible now. A few hours will take one to the most distant part of the country, and the practical cessation of business during the holiday week will leave all free to foregather with the loved ones and pay deferred visits.

Her Insomnia

(Scene—The dining room of a house in a Chicago suburb, at 6:30 a. m. A neat but very sleeping-looking maid is arranging the table for breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Harberson, also very sleepy looking, enter from the hall. Mrs. Harberson staks into the nearest chair, leans back and closes her eyes. Her husband yawns and opens the morning paper.)

Mrs. Harberson (drowsily, as some one is heard descending the stairs)—Here she comes, now. You may serve the breakfast, Mary.

(A plump, middle-aged woman appears.)

Harberson (ironically)—Good-morning, Cousin Harriet. I hope you slept well?

Mrs. Harberson (sympathetically)—Poor Cousin Harriet! I'm afraid your first night with us wasn't very restful.

Cousin Harriet (with an air of resignation, as they take their places at the table)—No, my dear, it wasn't far from it. But a victim of insomnia does not expect restful nights.

Harberson (suppressing a yawn)—Nothing like being used to it! But last night—

Cousin Harriet (impressively)—Yes, it has been years and years since I really had a night's sleep. I never close my eyes till one or two o'clock and often not till dawn!

Mrs. Harberson—Well, it's a perfect shame! To-night you must try—

Cousin Harriet—Oh, my dear, I've tried everything—just everything! But nothing does any good! Somebody once told me to imagine that I saw a flock of sheep jumping over a gate and to count them as they jumped; but every once in a while my eyes would go shut, just for an instant; then I'd forget how many I had counted and I'd have to begin all over again. I've tried saying the multiplication table, too, but I never can be sure how many nine-times seven are unless I stop to think, and, of course, you can't go to sleep when you are thinking! And I've tried hot baths and sleeping without a pillow and opening the window and a lunch before retiring and—

Harberson—What did you eat?

Cousin Harriet (helping herself to another roll)—Oh, everything! But it didn't do a bit of good. One night last week I ate a piece of hickory-nut cake and some lobster salad that I found in the icebox and I never closed my eyes the whole night long.

Mrs. Harberson—It might have been a little better if I had put you in the back room. Our spare room is so close to the street.

Cousin Harriet—Yes, when I do happen to drop off, the very slightest noise wakens me. I always sleep with one eye and both ears open. It's a wonder how I manage to exist with the small amount of sleep I get!

Mrs. Harberson (who has been making a constant effort to keep her heavy eyelids from closing)—Yes, one does feel so wretched after losing even one night's sleep! Now, this morning I can hardly hold up my head.

Cousin Harriet (looking keenly at Mrs. Harberson)—Don't tell me you are beginning to be troubled with insomnia? (Turning to Harberson.) And Clarence, too! I declare you both look as though you hadn't slept a wink.

Mrs. Harberson—Oh, no, indeed! Both Clarence and I usually sleep very well. But last night—

Cousin Harriet (mournfully)—You poor child! It will grow on you. That was the way I began; just an occasional bad night. And people are so unsympathetic about insomnia!

Harberson—Nonsense, Cousin Harriet! We haven't got insomnia! It was the fire engines.

Cousin Harriet (puzzled)—The fire engines?

Mrs. Harberson—Of course, no one could expect to sleep last night.

Cousin Harriet (blankly)—I don't see why.

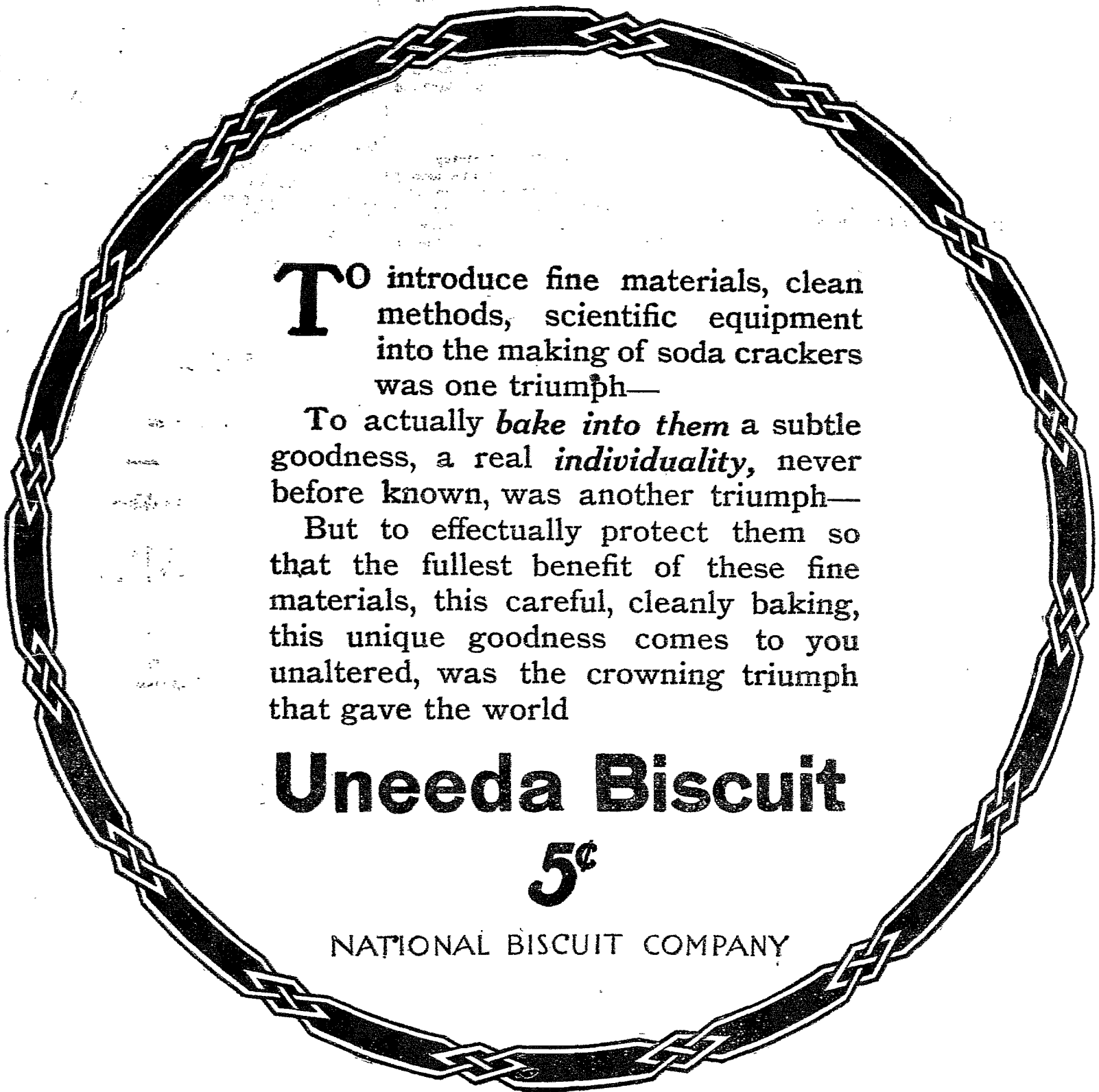
Harberson (leaning forward and looking, all at once, very wide awake)—Do you mean to say, Cousin Harriet, that you didn't know the house and barn across the way burned to the ground last night?

Mrs. Harberson—And that the street was full of fire engines and yelping dogs and shouting people from 12 o'clock till dawn?

Cousin Harriet—You don't really mean—(Getting up and going to the window.) Impossible! (Looks out, appears slightly confused, but recovers herself.) Well, well! I suppose I must have dozed a little toward morning!

Standard Oil Capital.
Earnings of the Standard Oil Company are understood to be at a rate between \$30,000,000 and \$35,000,000 a year as against disbursements of roundly \$40,000,000 a year to shareholders. While no definite action has been taken by the company to increase its capital, it is known that certain inside interests favor larger capital and consequently smaller dividends. The company is engaged in litigation with the government, and it is not thought there will be any enlargement of the capital until after the company shall have disposed of the litigation. It has been suggested several times that the stock be increased to \$500,000,000.—Chicago Tribune.

Restricted Woman Suffrage.
The government commissioners appointed in Italy to report on the question of woman suffrage have recommended that women engaged in trade have the right to vote for members of the chambers of commerce.



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Bridge Mixed, Cream Bon-Bons, Crystallized Jelly, Cone Creams, lb. 8-13c

TOYS—The season's biggest sellers; the new ones as well as "the ever staple favorites," without which Christmas does not seem like Christmas.

CHINAWARE—Imported and domestic; a complete showing of popular priced china to retail at 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

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Ideal gift goods. We show a choice selection of the most popular sellers, embracing the widely advertised Phoenix Muffler, in men's and women's, to retail 25c, 50c, 75c

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Nothing more appropriate or in better taste for Christmas gifts. We have a big variety to pick from; all the styles are here—from the popular priced, to retail 5-10c, to fancy kinds to retail 25c, 50c, 75c

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Pocket Knives—A most complete line of guaranteed knives to retail at 10c, 25c, 50c.
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We have them in all colors including the gun metal.
MEN'S—6 pair in box, guaranteed to wear six months, \$1.50.
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PREMIUM CHINA has arrived; loads of it; bring in your tickets and get many useful presents
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USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS
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SHOES for Brother; the kind that don't rip and father, too.
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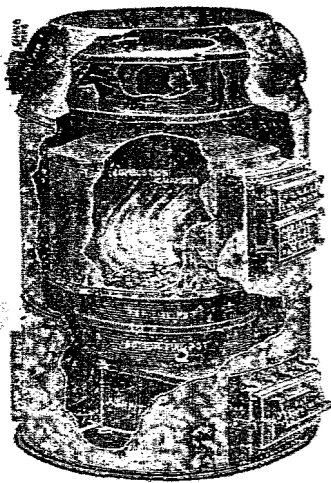
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of material, excellence of workmanship, and fit being superior, the impression prevails that custom tailored clothes are very expensive.

CLOTHES WE MAKE

are not only within your reach, but they satisfy completely, and outwear average clothing two to one.

YOU'LL APPRECIATE

the strength of our argument by letting us make your Fall Suit or Overcoat. SUITS \$25.00 AND UP.

DRESHER THE TAILOR 1515 Farnam OMAHA, NEB.

Open Evenings. Too Busy Making Clothes to Close.

∴ IDLE CHATTER ∴

Don't fail to see the toys at McClures.

George Foster is laid up with a sprained ankle as a result of slipping on the new street car rails.

Fred Nichols has a bad foot, the result of stepping on a nail.

The two young children of Mr. and Mrs. Anis are ill with diphtheria.

Stationery at the Florence Drug Store, George Siert, Prop.

Charles Hopper sold two hogs last week on the South Omaha market for \$56.80. Had he held them two more days he would have received \$5 more.

For Sale or Trade—A typewriter in good shape to use. Apply G. 4. Tribune.

Mrs. Edith Johnson, aged 22, wife of Sidney Johnston, died Monday morning of typhoid fever at her residence, 1014 North Thirty-second street, Omaha, after an illness of nine weeks. Mrs. Johnston was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William McElhinny of Florence Heights and is survived by her parents, her husband and twin boys, 8 months old. Funeral services were held from the residence at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, the Rev. M. V. Higbee officiating. Interment was at Forest Lawn.

Perfumes and candles at the Florence Drug Store, George Siert, Prop.

Mrs. Hannah Ritchie of Union Precinct is plaintiff in divorce proceedings begun in district court against her husband, Thomas Ritchie. The charge is cruelty. Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie are an elderly couple and have long lived in the neighborhood of Florence. Many Florence people think that the fair name of the city is likely to be irreparably damaged if many more divorce cases originate here before the recent cases have been forgotten. As a matter of fact, whatever the relative state of conjugal felicity or infelicity in Florence be, compared to other towns of the size, not many divorce cases really do originate here. But one or two have made considerable noise.

A good razor or fountain pen at the Florence Drug Store, George Siert, Prop.

A practically new range for sale. Telephone Florence 340.

A written confession has been obtained that John Tracy and Burley Leighty, two young Florence men, robbed the home of Theodore Ringwalt last week. Leighty makes the confession and exonerates Paul Claycomb, also under arrest, through the sheriff's office for the burglary.

James Barrett has sold to Mike Sroka lots 5 and 8, block 89, for a consideration of \$1,175. This is the corner of Briggs and Main streets.

Everything for Christmas at McClures.

The Omaha Fruit Growers' association held its annual meeting last Saturday at the court house. D. DeGo, president of the association, could not be present on account of illness in his family and Vice-President W. L. Crosby presided. The principal business was the report of G. W. Reye, manager of the association. A new board of directors was elected at the afternoon session.

Toilet and manure sets at Florence Drug Store, George Siert, Prop.

H. L. Snyder has completed his new \$2,500 residence on his farm and is particularly pleased with the work of the contractor, H. A. Wood of Florence Heights, who did the work in less time than anticipated. Mr. Snyder made over 1,000 gallons of grape wine this year which he is now delivering to his patrons.

Miss Hilda Skow of Fort Calhoun and Walter Moit, of Florence, were married Tuesday.

The Court of Honor will give a ball at Cole's new hall Christmas. Arrangements have been made for a special car to leave Florence at 2 a. m. for Omaha.

August Prochnow sold one hog at South Omaha Tuesday and received over \$40 for it. It pays to raise hogs at that rate. The market was 15 cents lower Tuesday, too, than on Saturday.

John Balster has leased the farm of Mrs. Otto Barsch, formerly occupied by Charles Wachtler. Mr. Balster is a relative of John Ott, who is well known in Florence.

Everything for Christmas at McClures.

The issue of December 31 will show all the resources of Florence and show its growth. It will be a particularly good paper to send to your friends. Please place your order early for extra papers.

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UNCOMMONLY STRONG AND SERVICEABLE LEATHERS
STYLISH, PERFECT-FITTING AND COMFORTABLE SHAPES

Our Kirkendall Calf Shoes with wire quilted soles are especially intended for boys who can't be kept in ordinary shoes any time at all. They are strongly and substantially made from the best materials and will stand almost unlimited hard wear, besides pleasing the boy himself by their perfect fitting and comfortable shapes. They're remarkably stylish and handsome, too, and the prices are only

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Fall underwear and all the needful things for children about to start in school.

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