

Trust, Basis of Science Faith, Says Lecturer

Members Have Intelligent Understanding of God—Mission Not Primarily Physical Healing.

A lecture on Christian Science was delivered by John J. Flint, Evanston, Ill., a member of the board of lecturership of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, at the First church, Twenty-fourth and St. Marys avenue, last night. The speaker, who will repeat his lecture tonight, said in part:

"It never must be lost sight of that Christian Science is engaged first and last in the task of restoring to the world the word and perpetuating the work given and carried on by Christ Jesus, and that its grandest mission and its greatest joy is to restore primitive Christianity and to perpetuate these works as the Master himself, were he once more among us, would direct. He came with healing in his thought, with healing in his voice, with healing in his touch. He went around everywhere doing good."

"Today as our leader tells us, 'the healing power of truth is widely demonstrated as an imminent eternal science, instead of a phenomenal exhibition. Its appearance is the coming anew of the gospel of 'on earth peace, good will toward men.' But he reminds us that 'the mission of Christian Science is not primarily one of physical healing."

Practical Application.

"Christian Scientists make no stronger pretensions of belief in the Bible than do other professed Christians, but Christian Scientists go farther than mere belief; they trust, and strive to understand. And according to the measure of their understanding they make practical application of Bible truths and achieve demonstrations. One might believe in mathematics fervently, devotedly, unwaveringly, everlastingly, without ever getting further than belief. Mere belief would never solve a problem in figures."

"Christian Scientists, following the instruction of Mary Baker Eddy, and adhering to the principle which she discovered, prove the truths in the Bible through their understanding and their work as they go along, and bring realization of its prophecies and its promises into their daily experience."

Understanding of God.

"Christian Science is not blind faith; it is an intelligent understanding of God and of man's relationship to the Supreme Being. It is an understanding of God which admits of no limitation, question or doubt with regard to His all-seeing wisdom, His all-inclusive power, His all-embracing love."

"There is no more efficacious agency than Christian Science for the promotion of better taste, higher aspirations and good will among all people. It is the most tranquilizing influence operating throughout the world today. Its doctrines already have transformed for the better the aspiration and character of millions of people in all parts of the globe, and every one of these is spreading its truth, expressing his gratitude not so much by word of mouth, nor by indulging in religious controversy, as by letting his light shine. Through the reflection of life, truth and love, the omnipotent power of God is being more widely recognized now than ever before, and there is coming into the consciousness of the nations, slowly but surely, an attitude of thought which will eventually weld the hearts as well as the interests of men."

Two Suits Filed Over Big Estate in Fremont County.

Shenandoah, Ia., Nov. 10.—(Special.)—The estate of Mrs. Patrick Finn of Fremont county, wealthy land owner, is the subject of two large lawsuits in the district court at Sidney.

Mrs. Finn made two wills, one in 1914, in which she willed most of her property, including a 160-acre farm, to a niece, Mrs. Lee. Later she made a will, giving each nephew and niece \$1,000 and the balance to Mrs. Anna Makinson. Mrs. Lee is dead, but her three children are trying to set aside the last will.

Mrs. Makinson states her father put her in the custody of the Finns when she was a girl and that she lived with them 13 years. She says that Mrs. Finn promised her the farm, and is suing for it.

Territorial Governor of Arizona Dies in Kansas.

Atchison, Kan., Nov. 10.—John M. Ege, 86, former territorial governor of Arizona and a pioneer in three western states, is dead at his home in Chickasha, Okla., according to word received today.

Mr. Ege spent his youth in Buchanan county, Missouri, and Doniphan county, Kansas, practiced law later in Leavenworth, Kan., was appointed a United States marshal while Kansas was still a territory and helped establish the first United States district court in Fort Scott.

When the Oklahoma "strip" was opened in 1889, he obtained a claim near Oklahoma City. Later he went to Arizona, where he became territorial governor.

"Won't You Please Quit?" Is Jeweler's Plea to Highwaymen

Chicago, Nov. 10.—A plea for immunity from further robberies was addressed to highwaymen through the papers this morning by A. J. Joseph, a young jeweler, who has been robbed until he is in desperate circumstances.

"Won't you please quit until I have got on my feet at least?" he pleaded.

First he had his stock of diamonds stolen some months ago, two weeks later his automobile followed, and last night he was ready to give up after robbers bound and gagged him and took \$200 from his safe, all he had left.

The Fortune Hunter

By RUBY AYRES.

The Fortune Hunter sat at the top of a five-barred gate, his hat at the back of his head, idly tapping his rather shabby brown boots with a rough stick which he had pulled from a hedge.

It was his eight-and-twentieth birthday, and he had exactly eight-and-twenty shillings in the world. Perhaps it was this fact that was responsible for the preoccupied look on his face and his total oblivion to the fact that the top of the gate was bordered with barbed wire to the exceeding danger of his already well-worn suit.

It was a warm evening in early September. The trees all around were beginning to be faintly tinged with autumn coloring, and a faint grey mist was rising from the bed of the river which flowed by on the other side of the field at his back.

Eight-and-twenty shillings. The Fortune Hunter took the coins from his pocket, looked at them, laughed, and jingled them back again.

He had been in many tight corners during the past 10 years of his roving life and always had managed to struggle out of them, but today somehow his usual optimism seemed to have failed him. Perhaps it was the silence all around that depressed him, for at any rate he sighed—a most unusual thing for the Fortune Hunter to do—and passed a hand wearily across his eyes.

For a fortnight now he had tramped England, waiting for something to turn up, for he was a firm believer in his luck, and this was the first time he had allowed himself even to consider the possibility that it might be going to fail him after all these years.

To begin with, he was hungry, and hunger makes a man a pessimist more quickly than anything on earth; but there was a sort of unwillingness in his heart to break into that last

form of a man lying face downward amongst the green undergrowth.

"Drunk!" was his first thought, and he half moved aside to pass on. Then some inexplicable instinct restrained him, and, stooping down, he pulled the tall bracken aside, peering more closely at the prostrate figure.

Another second and he was on his knees beside it, his deft brown hands feeling under the coat for a heart beat, his tanned face pale with horror. For the man was dead.

The Fortune Hunter had seen death too many times to be mistaken, but it gave him an unusual shock to have come across it here in the heart of a shady English wood.

Turning the dead man gently over on his back, he looked into his face. Quite a young face it was and not unlike his own, he thought vaguely, with its clear-shaven lips and smooth skin, from which even death had not been able to obliterate the tan.

He wore a rough tweed suit that looked rather colonial in cut, and a

soft gray hat lay a little distance off in the bracken.

The Fortune Hunter rose to his feet and stood looking around him with a feeling of helplessness. What ought he to do? Inform the police, he supposed. He turned his eyes again to the still form at his feet.

Whatever the cause of death, it had come peacefully enough, for the face was quite calm and unlined by pain and the lips a little parted as if in sleep.

If only someone would come along! The Fortune Hunter had no idea how far he was from the nearest village, but he was turning to retrace his steps to the main road, when he caught sight of a bulky package lying almost at his feet.

He stooped and picked it up. It was a shabby leather pocketbook, held together by an elastic band and bulging with papers or letters.

The Fortune Hunter turned it over uncertainly; then, with a little shrug of the shoulder, he

pulled off the band and glanced through the contents.

There were a lot of pencil notes that seemed to relate to nothing in particular, and jottings of various sums of money; a few letters, all in the same writing; an old photograph of a girl with hair tumbling about her shoulders; and on the fly-leaf of the pocketbook a name, evidently the name of the dead man, written in a sprawly hand—

"John Smith."

The Fortune Hunter smiled grimly. He had known many "John Smiths" in his wanderings, but seldom had it been the rightful name of the man who claimed it; and it was with the idea of finding some further means of identification that he unfolded one of the letters and glanced casually through it.

It obviously was written by a woman and bore a date four months previous:

"My Dear John:

"I know you will think that I have been a long time answering your

last letter, but now you will so soon be home again I am beginning to be afraid.

"Then years is a long time—and I was only 18 when you went away. Supposing you don't like me any more? Supposing I don't like you? Oh, I know there has been nobody else for either of us since, but I am afraid all the same. I was a child when you went away, and now I am a woman, though I don't feel so very much older, except when I look back on the days with you and realize how far away they really are.

"You must be patient with me, won't you? Don't expect too great things from me at first, although in spite of the fear, I am longing to see you, and somehow in my heart I think—I feel sure—it will be all right. . . I shan't write again—you will be home before you could get another letter. So it's just an revoir, dear—Anne"

The Fortune Hunter shrugged

his shoulders and glanced again at the heading on the paper:

"Cherry Lodge, Somerton-on-Thames."

Not so far away then! He had a vague idea that he had seen a signpost to Somerton as he had tramped the last weary mile. He thrust the letters and shabby case into his pocket and turned on to the main road.

"Somehow, in my heart I feel sure it will be all right—" The words echoed through his mind "rather piteously.

Well, whenever "Anne" was the dreaded meeting with "John" Smith would never take place now, for John Smith lay dead in the silent wood, with the tall bracken bending above him.

Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.

In Portland, Maine, there has been a general decrease in wages ranging from 10 to 20 per cent in all building trades.

The short cut



HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS with Tomato Sauce

The shortest cut to a good square meal is a can of Heinz Baked Beans and you will find nothing on the way to hurry or annoy you.

Just heat and serve.

These beans are really oven baked and are prepared with the most delicious tomato sauce you ever tasted.

So good—and always so good that it is the most popular dish in many thousands of homes.

The well known cleanliness and purity of the Heinz kitchens insures the rest.



Leading grocers in Omaha quote these prices on Heinz Baked Beans:

Small, 11 oz.—11c Medium, 18 oz.—15c Large, 30 oz.—25c

Ex-Service Men and Women:
State Certificates of Service are now available at our Electric Shop for all ex-Service Men and Women whose surname begins with the letter A

Only 8 More Days of our

Cash Refund Washer Sale

NOVEMBER 1921						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
X	X	X	X	X	X	X
X	X	X	X	X	X	X
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

\$5 Down and Per Month

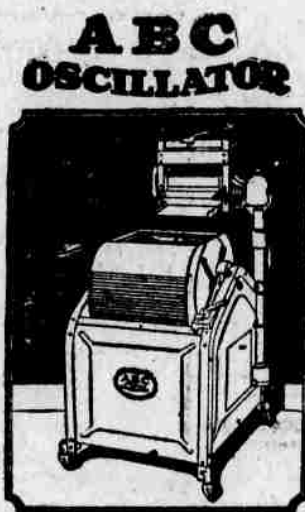
Cash Refund is Being Mailed Purchasers of the First

200 Washers Sold

BUY NOW

Better Terms Were Never Offered. A \$2 Refund Now Awaits Every Purchaser

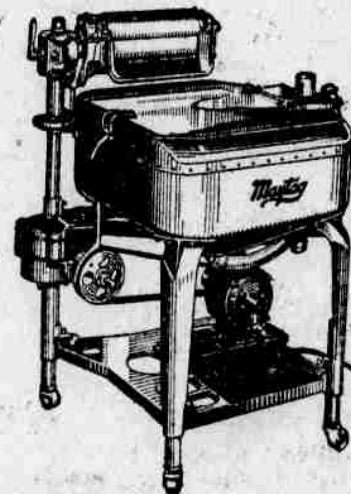
We Guarantee Every Washer Sold



Copper Tub \$99



Thors \$110 to \$145



Maytag Wooden and Aluminum Tub \$77.50 to \$130

It may be another two years before we can repeat this offer. Call at Electric Shop or phone. Our salesman will call at your convenience.

Nebraska Power Co.

15th and Farnam Atlantic 3100

2314 M St., South Side Market 1500