

Demos. in Senate Start Hot Fight on Coal Control

Contend Real Crux Lies in Rail Condition—Under- wood Urges Legislation on Rail Strike.

Washington, Sept. 2.—Vigorous opposition to the administration anti-profitable coal bill was voiced in the senate when that measure was taken up. Democratic leaders declared it begged the question: that the real crux of the coal situation was a lack of railroad motive power and that the government should take immediate steps to relieve the condition growing out of the rail strike. No action was taken on the bill and consideration is expected to be resumed Saturday.

Condition of Carriers Serious. Chairman Cummins, of the interstate commerce committee, in charge of the bill, and other republicans, agreed that the conditions of some of the carriers was serious, and Mr. Cummins expressed the opinion that government control might prove the only remedy. His judgment was that it would take six months for the roads to repair their equipment so as to move traffic to full capacity.

Senator Underwood, of Alabama, the democratic leader, urged enactment at this season, of legislation that would meet the rail strike situation. Senator Cummins contended that it would be "worse than futile" to undertake to engage the attention of congress on such legislation at this time, but Senator Underwood argued that this was the time to act, as public sentiment might be stronger for such legislation now than later.

The committee chairman gave notice that at the next session he would propose legislation that would make unlawful strikes in all industries where the government undertook to establish justice in disputes.

Plans Anti-Strike Law.

The minority leader recalled that the senate provision in the transportation act designed to prevent rail strikes, had been eliminated in conference between the house and senate. Senator Cummins replied that the senate conferees held out for two months for the provision and yielded finally, only after information had reached them that a bill containing such a provision would be vetoed by President Wilson. He added that this information came indirectly but through what was regarded as reliable sources.

Husband of Woman Slayer

Attempts to Raise Funds Los Angeles, Sept. 2.—Al Phillips, whose wife, Clara Phillips, is in jail here awaiting trial for the murder of Mrs. Albert Treman Meadows, returned to Los Angeles after spending two weeks in Texas endeavoring, according to his own statement, to raise funds for Mrs. Phillips' defense. He declined to say whether his endeavors had been successful.

Ex-Colorado Guard Head

Held for Taking Plane Engine Los Angeles, Sept. 2.—Maj. Robin C. Keene, former inspector general of the Colorado National Guard, was arrested here yesterday by federal agents on a complaint from Denver charging him with appropriating to his own use, an airplane motor valued at \$1,800. Arraigned here at a United States commissioner, Maj. Keene furnished bond of \$2,500 and his hearing was set for September 14.

Duchess of Albany Dies.

London, Sept. 2.—(By A. P.)—The duchess of Albany died yesterday at Innsbruck in the Tyrol, it was announced today. She was visiting her son, the duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

WORKING GIRLS LOOK HERE

Read what Mrs. Lucas Writes Concerning Her Troubles, which May be Just Like Yours

St. Louis, Mo.—"I had troubles that all women are apt to have, with pains in my back, weak, tired, nervous feelings and a weak stomach. I had been this way about a year and was unable to work or stand on my feet for any length of time. My husband's aunt told me how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done her and begged me to try it, so I did. All my pains and weakness are gone, my stomach is all right and I do my work at home and also work for Swift's Packing Company. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends and you may publish my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. LUCAS, Lucas, 1114 Vandeventer St., St. Louis, Mo.

Again and again one woman tells another of the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You who work must keep yourself strong and well. You can't work if you are suffering from such troubles. Mrs. Lucas couldn't. She tried out Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and her letter tells you what it did for her. Give it a fair trial now.

Omaha Army General Is Ordered Retired

Washington, Sept. 2.—Maj. Gen. Francis J. Kernan, commanding the Seventh corps area, with headquarters at Omaha, and George H. Bell, Jr., commanding the Sixth corps area, headquarters at Chicago, today were ordered retired from active service in the army, effective December 1 and November 1, respectively.

Both officers asked voluntarily for retirement and acceptance of their requests will make possible the retention of junior officers who otherwise would have been discharged, retired or demoted, through the reduction order by congress in the commissioned personnel ranks. The vacancies in the grade of major general will be filled soon by promotions and the number of officers in each lower rank will thereby be automatically reduced.

Rector Flays Rule of Church Which Bars Remarriage

Rev. Percy Stickney Grant Attacks Canon of Episcopal Church Forbidding Parties to Divorce to Wed.

New York, Sept. 2.—The Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension, yesterday in a carefully prepared interview, assailed the canon of the Protestant Episcopal church, which forbids the remarriage of either party to a divorce except where the divorce is granted for infidelity, in which case the prohibition does not apply to the innocent person.

Dr. Grant also charged that the church was invading the civil authority. He criticized the Episcopal church for taking a position "adverse to civil law," in the matter of divorce. "No religious body," he continued, "ought to try to nullify the civil law and no clergyman should countenance such a policy in his church. Our republic is opposed to direct religious interference, but for the church to weaken a law by private legislation against it is a pernicious attitude and amounts to an invasion of the civil power."

After pointing to the increase of civil marriages because of the policy of the church he continued: "The rich as a group do not care much what the marriage laws are. The poor resort to bigamy and desertion when matters go wrong at home."

In one place, referring to his own church, he said, flatly: "It is the church of the rich." Dr. Grant has been engaged for more than a year to Mrs. Rita Lydig, who has divorced two husbands. He says in his interview that his arguments relate to no personal case and that his views on the subject are not new. Dr. Grant has in sermons gone further than he did in his statements today. In 1915, after he preached a sermon on the subject, Dr. W. T. Manning, now Bishop Manning, issued a statement charging that the sermon, as reported "plainly and unequivocally taught free love." Dr. Manning at that time called on Bishop Greer to take action against Dr. Grant.

The delay in the marriage of Dr. Grant and Mrs. Lydig is understood to have been caused by word from Bishop Manning that such a marriage would be a plain violation of the rules of the church and that he would act drastically if it took place. Dr. Grant attacked the canon against the remarriage of a divorced person on the ground that the biblical injunction is of doubtful authenticity and expresses a Jewish custom.

Human Circuit Draws

Electricity From Man Wenatchee, Sept. 2.—A human circuit formed by members of the family holding hands at the direction of a physician drew electricity gradually from the body of Henry Besel after he and his father, John Besel, were struck by lightning on their ranch at Waterville, 20 miles north of here yesterday. Three horses were killed by the stroke and the Besels were severely burned.

When the thunderstorm arose, the father and son stepped to the heads of the horses to quiet them each holding three of the animals. Two horses on one side, and one on the other were killed. When the doctor got a shock on taking hold of the pulse of Henry Besel, he ordered formation of his human circuit.

Prayer Each Day

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him, he abideth in Him, even as He is in us. John 1:12-13.

Our Father, in Thy holiness we come to Thee, remembering the night of rest, and the new light of another day. Every day is the record of Thy tender mercy. Thy providing care. Thy patient love. No need have we to put Thy love to the test, for Thou hast overwhelmed us with blessings beyond our most eager asking. Thou art in Thyself promise and fulfillment, and we have found the yoke easy and the burden light in our oneness with Thy Son, Jesus, the Christ.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Warren Is Caustically Unsympathetic Over His Sister's Tragic Loss. "Bobby, you mustn't do that! You'll ruin Aunt Helen's nice floor. It's just been waxed. Now look at those marks!"

With impish defiance Bobby took a final running slide—his heels leaving disfiguring marks on the polished floor.

"Why don't you play with your crayons?" persisted Helen. "I thought you were going to draw me a house."

"I'm hungry! When you go to have dinner?" scrambling up on the piano bench.

"It's just a little while now. But it's not dinner—we have supper Sunday evenings."

"Here, can that racket!" Warren glowered over his paper as Bobby ran a pencil along the piano keys.

"Where's Carrie? Why don't she look after this youngster?"

"She has a headache—she went in my room to lie down."

Warren stooped to gather up the scattered crayons. One had been stepped on and ground into the rug.

All day she had been picking up after Bobby. How she dreaded these Sunday visits of Warren's sister and her incorrigible child.

"Helen, didn't you find something of mine in the bathroom?" Carrie, flushed and flustered, appeared at the door.

"Why, no, what was it? Not your rings?"

"No, it—something else I left on the washstand. Maybe Nora found it—I'll ask her," hurrying out to the kitchen.

"What'd she lose?" Warren reached for another paper.

"She didn't say," Helen was turning down the rug Bobby had kicked up.

A moment later Carrie dashed back, her anxiety unabated.

"Bobby, have you been in the bathroom? Did you see anything that belonged to Mother on the washstand?"

"I ain't seen nothing," trying to dislodge Pussy Purr-Mew from her refuge under the couch.

"What'd you lose?" demanded Warren. "Why all the mystery?"

"Well, it—it's my bridge, if you must know!" reddening.

"Your bridge?"

"My removable bridge. It hurt me so I took it out after I lay down."

"Oh, your false teeth," he grinned. "Why in blazes didn't you say so?"

"They're no more false teeth than that bridge you have," bristled his sister. "But they're more sanitary. I can take them out and wash them—just two teeth with a gold band. I'm positive I left them in the bathroom."

"Well, we haven't swiped 'em. I'm pretty well satisfied with the kind that stays in."

"They cost \$60 and now if they've been knocked off and broken—"

"Where'd you have 'em last? Maybe you sneezed 'em out."

"You sure you left them in the bathroom," asked Helen, ignoring Warren's irrelevance. "Maybe you laid them on the dresser. Wait, I'll come help you look."

But a thorough search of Helen's room and the bathroom failed to reveal Carrie's missing teeth.

"You sure you had them? You know they don't show unless you laugh—you might have left them at home."

"I might—but I didn't!" snapped Carrie. "Don't you suppose I know whether I had them or not? They

hurt me in the car as we drove in. Heavens, the dust back of this dresser! Don't you ever move it out?"

"Not every week," flushed Helen. "One of the legs is wobbly."

"That's your antique furniture—always coming to pieces! Thank goodness, I haven't the craze for such junk—wouldn't have it as a gracious gift!"

"Well, Carrie, criticizing my furniture won't help find your teeth. Did you take them out before you lay down? Could they be anywhere about this couch?"

"You can look," ungraciously. "But I know I left them in the bathroom."

"What's happened now?" dismayed Helen at the sudden turmoil from the library.

"Look what that brat did!" roared Warren as they rushed in.

"Aunt Helen laid down a picture of a house," whimpered Bobby.

On the white enameled baseboard was a blue-crayoned house, the red chimney and black curling smoke extending up on the wall paper.

"The woodwork can be washed—but I'll never come off the paper," wailed Helen.

"Nonsense! Just rub it with a piece of bread," instructed Carrie. "I took it off our dining room that way."

"If you'd given him a good thrashing then," embodied Warren, "he wouldn't have done it again."

"He didn't mean to be naughty, did you Precious?" defended his

mother, straightening his sailor collar. "His Aunt Helen told him to draw a house."

Returning from the pantry with a piece of bread, Helen anxiously attempted to erase the chimney. Only part of it came off, leaving an ugly smudge.

"That'll never be seen," shrugged Carrie. "Just move the couch a little—that'll hide it."

"Carrie I think the least you can do when you bring Bobby here, is to keep him from being destructive."

"What do you expect from a child of his age? They have to give expression to their creative impulses."

"Creative impulses!" snorted Warren. "I'll express some of my impulses in a minute. I'll express 'em with a slipper where they'll do the most good."

"Well, that wall paper isn't as important as my teeth! You don't seem to realize they cost \$60—besides all the bother of having them fitted. All you're thinking about is that spot on your wall."

"Supper's ready," announced Nora from the doorway.

"Got any jelly cake?" Bobby scampered ahead to the dining room.

"I'm not going to eat now," objected Carrie. "I'll have another look first."

"You come eat your supper," scowled Warren, always impatient at having a meal delayed. "You can look afterwards."

"One can't lay a thing down here

that it doesn't vanish. Last time I lost my fountain pen—and never did find it."

"Well, nobody's going to switch your false teeth, Carrie. We're all supplied with the kind that stay in. Ha-Ha, even Pussy Purr-Mew can prove an alibi," as a pink mouthed yawn exposed a full set of feline teeth.

"That's right—make all the cynical remarks you can. If I must have bridged teeth, I prefer to have them sanitary—so I can take them out and clean them."

"What if you should swallow 'em? Be a pretty expensive meal. What'd you do with 'em at night? Put 'em in a glass of water by the bed? Well, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather have my \$60 anchored in."

"We'll look again after supper," propitiated Helen as Carrie, glaring at her brother flung into her chair at the table. "I don't like to make Nora late—she wants to get off this evening."

"I suppose Nora's getting off is more important than anything else," said Carrie, acid remark as she shook out her napkin.

"What's them?" demanded Bobby. "Tomato preserves," Helen adjusted the tray cloth under his plate. "But you must have your bread and milk first."

"No, not that piece," objected Carrie sharply as Warren helped her to the cold ham. "You know I never eat any fat. No, Bobby, you can't

have that now. Here, let mother butter your bread."

The air charged with discord, the excellence of the cold ham, salad and hot tea rolls was unappreciated.

"Oh, Bobby, don't wine your hands on the nice clean tablecloth. Oh, what dirty hands! You ought never come to the table without washing."

"Helen, you're always nagging at him," resented Carrie. "You don't give him a minute's peace. There's nothing so bad for a child as to be continually hounded with 'Don't do this, and 'Don't do that.'"

"Huh, if he's a specimen of the right way to raise a child—deliver me! Now see here, young man, you march yourself out and scrub those hands!" ordered Warren. "Use soap. No, don't you go with him," as Carrie started up. "Let him wait on himself. When I was his age—"

"Yes, you were a model child, weren't you?" sniffed his sister.

"When I wasn't I got a good wallop. That's what he needs!" Suddenly Bobby squirmed down from his chair and trudged into the bathroom.

Helen listened vaguely, uneasy. She was never certain of what mischief Bobby might get into if left alone.

"Look! Look what I found!" He dashed back holding up a towel.

"Oh, my—my teeth!" gasped Carrie, snatching the towel. "I left them on the washstand—and they caught on this fringe!"

"Might've caught on anything," grunted Warren. "Why the Sam Hill don't you have 'em fastened in your head. Then you know where they are. You're too blamed careless."

less to have detachable teeth. Now stick 'em in—and come finish your supper."

"I don't see anything humorous about it," glared Carrie. "It's very poor taste to make a joke of everything," flouncing into the bathroom to replace her dental accessories.

"Dear, don't tease her—don't say anything more," urged Helen. "She's furious already."

But when his sister wished haughtily back to the table, her flushed face freshly powdered, Warren sliced another wedge of ham which he deposited on her plate.

"Now you've got your full set of grinders—guess you can make away with that. But you take my tip and have 'em riveted in. May not be so sanitary, but it's a darn sight safer. You won't be losing 'em all over the place—keeping the whole family in an uproar hunting for your blooming molars!"

(Copyright, 1922.)
(Next Week—Helen Tests Her Subconscious Mind.)

\$200 Radio Receiving Set
To Be Given Away
Labor Day at 10:30 A. M.

It is on display in our window. Call tomorrow for full particulars.

Schmoller & Mueller
1514-16-18 Dodge St. Telephone DO. 1623

Our Store Will Close at Noon Monday **Bowen's** THE VALUE GIVING STORE Sept. 3d, in Observance of Labor Day

Fall Showing

The typical living room setting illustrated above has been actually sketched from one of the most ornate and exquisite suites now on our floor. To some extent this will give you an idea as to what you may expect in the display of fall furniture. The new hand carved and beautifully finished pieces are all that one may desire. They leave nothing undone in furnishing a home complete and too, FOR A LIFETIME. It's all here to see, the showing and display is most complete. An early visit is suggested.

FURNITURE of the Hour

In a Most Comprehensive and Complete Showing At Value-Giving Prices

Sponsors for the Better Home Movement

Throughout our advertisements from time to time you have noticed a certain amount of copy and the general arrangement of our advertisements given over to the movement of "Better Homes." This in no way pretends to attack the present method of homefurnishing or the general style of advertising, but is only done to bring out that with a bit more care and attention the present day home can be transformed into something more worth while—something more harmonious and beautiful.

The week of October 2nd to 7th has been designated upon which furniture dealers the country over are to stage a national furniture style show. This movement has the unqualified indorsement of President Warren G. Harding, who, it is said, will issue a proclamation calling attention to it, a step which will be followed by the governor of every state, thus lending official sanction to a movement which has been conceded to be of vital importance to the best interests of the nation at large.

Pay a visit to our store this month. Our display will instantly strike you as being in keeping with the spirit of this organization—to always forge ahead in the ever important role as counselor to the homefurnishing public of this city, besides furnishing you with home necessities at value-giving prices.

Many new styles in Gate Leg Tables priced from—
\$10.00 and up

Mrs. O. C. Bateman, 2827 Fourth Ave., Council Bluffs, received the walnut splide dining room suite No. 1286.

We have pictured here one of our new Windsor Bedroom Suites in walnut. You will note the large vanity dresser with long center mirror is exceptionally well adapted to present day needs. The chiffonier has easy sliding tills, enclosed behind doors, while the dresser has plenty of storage space also. The bed is of the new bow foot design. The four pieces as shown **\$195.00**

The illustration above is of one of the new twelve dining room suites out for this fall and winter. It is made of select walnut finished a light French gray with tapestry seats in chairs. Just picture this suite in your own dining room with a neat pattern blue Wilton rug on the floor and draperies at windows to harmonize. The price of this suite with 66-inch buffet **\$285.00** is only

The Garland Furnace
With every Garland Furnace the purchaser is given a Garland Policy of Assurance. It is a pledge in writing of the largest manufacturer of heating equipment in the world. No other furnace, that we know of, carries the same guarantee.

It Pays to Read Bowen's Ads

Exchange Department
If you have some old piece of furniture, a rug or stove you have no use for, you can exchange it for new at Bowen's. You will find many splendid values in this department, which has been reorganized and enlarged recently. Conveniently located.

Do You Chafe?
Peterson's Ointment
To the multitude of friends who have used Peterson's ointment for eczema, itching skin and scalp, piles, hemorrhoids and all sorts of long standing itching. Peterson's ointment. "Tell your friends that Peterson's ointment will stop itching in two minutes." All druggists, 35c, 60c, 81c, \$2.50, \$5.

Have the Metropolitan Van & Storage Co. Move You