24 Iowa Towns on County Lines

Two Municipalities Are Distributed in Three Counties Each.

By Associated Press.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 4.—Twenty-four of Iowa's towns and cities contain within their limits a part of more than one county. Two of these 24 towns are distributed over parts of three counties, while the other 22 are so located on county lines that a resident on one side of the street votes for the officers in one county while his neighbor votes for officers of another county, even though both may reside in the same municipal ward.

The town of Sheldahl, with only 175 inhabitants in 1920, occupied parts of Boone, Polk and Story counties. Twenty-three of the town's residents lived in Boone county, 64 in Story county and 88 in Polk county. The town has stretched into Boone county within the last 20 years, for it was reported in the census of 1900 as being located wholly in Polk and Story counties.

The other three-county town is Coppock, whose 104 residents make their residence in Henry, Jefferson and Washington counties. Henry county contains most of the inhabitants—75—while Washington county claimed 17 of them in 1920 and Jefferson county collects taxes from only a dozen.

Three counties of the state each have part of three two-county towns. Adair and Guthrie counties contain three towns which run across the line between the two—Casey, Stuart and the town of Adair. Dubuque county includes a part of Zwingle. Cascade and Dyersville, which extend respectively into Jackson county on the east, Jones county on the south and Delaware county on the west.

Mahaska, Poweshiek, Franklin, Ringgold, Delaware and Humboldt counties each contain two towns which extend into adjoining counties and 29 other Iowa counties contain a part of one town which runs over the county line.

New York — Day by Day —

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Jan. 4.—Thoughts while rolling around New York: A synagogue. Solmen hymns. The congregation hatted and standing. The old furniture shop where Duncan Fyfe made directoire sofas and lyre-back chairs. The Fulton Street market. And St. Paul with moss covered tombs.

Vesey street. And the building of the cultured Evening Post. Where editors wear frock coats. The only old-fashioned hardware store I ever saw in the metropolis. Cutting winds sweeping about the Woolworth tower Bank messengers flanked by armed guards.

Double-decked street cars. But no one rides upstairs. An old hag heckled by newsboys. And a policeman only smiles. The old postoffice. Mountainous piles of mail sacks. Rumbling trucks. I asked that street cleaner a question and he can't speak English. So this is America.

The old Brewery flats of Chatham square. Poverty stricken rooms. Dull, ochre, faces. Children who cling to door-steps. Stunted Chinese with flapping sandals. Tiny dark shops. Twisting Pell, Mott and Doyers streets. Hanging banners.

Drab Cooper Union. The front of knowledge for the poor. The little square packed with students. Always the little breathing spots in the whirl of New York. Trees. And, above, the blue of a Naples sky. Third avenue's push cart venders. Old, bearded and bent.

Wonder whatever became of Pola's marriage. Two storied houses with gambrel roofs. Wish somebody would invite me to a home-cooked dinner. And let me nap in front of an open fire afterward. There's the old stand of Scotchy Lavelle, the famous barroom "bouncer." He hit 'em first and explained later.

Greek coffee houses—where politics are discussed until dawn. Tradition has it that Venizelos was untrussed here. Pie counters where accordions furnish the music. Sailors. Gangsters. And thimble riggers. Now for the subway uptown.

He is a theatrical producer with a sharp tongue. A heavy blonde was trying her voice out for him. She soured a few high notes and from the darkened house he yelled:

"With that voice, all you need is a wagon and a mess of fish and you can make a living."

Old liquor bottles are in demand by collectors. Some discarded ones that came from Moquin's cellars brought as high as $150. A bachelor on Forty-seventh street has a room devoted to his display. He is said to have spent $10,000 outfitting it. He calls it "The Haven of Lost Spirits."

Broadway has no more high rollers of the type that flourished in the days when chorus girls found $1,000 bills under their plates at private banquets. There is not a man the length of the Dazzling Gulch who is known as a spender. The spenders have grown cagey. As one sophisticate says: "We give them bootleg liquor and throw 'em out." One of the scandal sheets tells of a party at the home of a high roller on Riverside Drive attended by a group of merry first-row coryphees. After much liquor there was a high-kicking contest and afterward each was given an envelope which contained a $5 bill. The girls went home, pooled the money and returned it with a note reading: "Take this and buy yourself some marbles and a skipping rope." Last Christmas three cars stood at stage doors as symbols of first-row devotion. And one star was tossed a bouquet of roses which contained a deed to a furnished home. This was the only ripple of the old-time spending that has been chronicled along the street for five years. But the donors were wealthy South Americans—and not of Broadway.

Mrs. Fannie Collins Dies.

Mrs. Fannie F. Collins, 69, died Thursday night at her home, 124 Fourth street, Council Bluffs, after a month's illness. She had been a resident of Council Bluffs for 32 years. She is survived by a son, Earl.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The First New Year's Resolution Is Broken

STELLA DALLAS

By Olive Higgins Prouty.

SYNOPSIS.

Deserted by her husband, Stephen Dallas, because of her frivolity and flirtations, Stella Dallas, with her daughter, Laurel, 13, lives in the "cheapest room" of a fashionable hotel in Milhampton, Mass. Laurel goes on a visit to her father in New York and he leaves her at the home of Mrs. Morrison, a friend, while he is away on a trip to Chicago. After seeing her daughter aboard the train in Boston Stella goes to a cafe, where she meets an old admirer, Alfred Munn, with whom she attends a musical farce, and she continues receiving his attentions while Laurel is away. This gives to gossip in consequence of which she is ostracised by acquaintances and notified to vacate her apartment. On the day before Laurel's return Stella receives a letter from a lawyer informing her that Stephen wants a divorce.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Who's Con?"

"Con is her oldest son."

"Oh, son! Married is she?"

"She used to be. Her husband is dead now."

"Oh, dead, is he? That's convenient," murmured Stella.

"Oh, no, it isn't. It isn't a bit convenient. Mr. Morrison left a whole lot of money and horses and houses and things, and Mrs. Morrison has to look out for them all alone. She says she wouldn't know what to do without father to help her and advise her."

"Oh, I see, I see." Stella was still polishing, still keeping her voice light and inconsequential with the help of the steadying orange-stick. "A whole lot of money and horses, has she? And what house did you visit her at?"

"I visited her at her house on Long Island. Oh, mother, it's wonderful! It has a beautiful lawn and garden all around it, and on the first floor out of all the rooms there are long windows, like doors, which are always kept open, so you can walk out onto the grass any time, just as easily as walking out from underneath a tree. Upstairs in the house there are the loveliest bedrooms and little tiled bathrooms hidden away like jewels on the inside of a watch. And all the bedrooms stand open all day. Nobody ever thinks of locking the bedroom door. And in the pantry off the dining room there's a big tin box with rows of thin cookies on each shelf. You can take one whenever you're hungry. Sometimes you can go into the kitchen and make candy! Oh, mother," Laurel broke off, "would it cost too awful much for us to have a house all of our own somewhere—not a great big expensive one, like Mrs. Morrison's, but a little tiny one with a front door that's just ours, and a dining room that's just ours, and a warm sleepy-looking kitchen that's just ours, where I could make candy sometimes (Mrs. Morrison and I made fudge one rainy day in the kitchen), and a guest room so I could ask the girls to come and stay all night with me sometimes? Mrs. Morrison asked a girl my own age, whose mother she knew, to come and stay with me one night. And she came, and when she went she asked me to come and stay all night with her!" (No girl had ever asked Laurel to stay all night with her before.) "But I couldn't because I had to go back to New York the next day. I hated to go back to New York to Miss Simpson. Mother, next to you I think Mrs. Morrison is the loveliest lady I ever saw." Laurel's voice actually trembled.

Stella removed the orange-stick from her mouth and laid it down on the table beside the buffer.

"There," she said, "how do those look?" And she held up Laurel's fingers for her to see. She spoke harshly. She had to or the child might discover the tremble in her voice too.

Laurel gave the fingers a hasty glance. "They're all right," she remarked. Then dropping her hands on the bath towel, and gazing out of the window, she added, and a glow stole into her eyes—into her voice also, "Mrs. Morrison has the most beautiful hands—long and white and slim like the rest of her. I wish I could have hands like hers!"

Stella got up and went into the bathroom. She closed the door and locked it, then turned on both faucets, so that Laurel would think she was busy washing up. She stood staring at herself in the mirror over the washstand, while the water gushed into the basin.

Laurel had never glowed about a woman before. Stella didn't know what to make of it. It perplexed her. It hurt her. It hurt her more than the possibility that Stephen might be glowing about the same woman. Who was she, anyway—this tall mysterious siren, who was bewitching Lollie with her youth and beauty and prosperity, buying the kiddie's affection, by bestowing luxuries and attentions upon her in a single week which Stella would give her eye teeth to be able to give Laurel in a lifetime.

Laurel was sensitive to beauty. Stella was aware of it—cruelly aware of it, as she stared at herself in the mirror before her. She saw all the tiny wrinkles. She saw the coarseness and the flabbiness. She saw the unmistakable yellow cast of color. It was as definite now as that of a white China silk waist after half a dozen washings. Good gracious, how could she hope to compete with a woman of 25? It seemed lately as if nothing would cover up the defects and blemishes for any length of time. Often within so short a period as half an hour after she had left her bedroom, glancing into some unexpected mirror, she would discover the horrible old look sneaking out of hiding. A wave of discouragement swept over Stella. She had never required youth so much as now.

She pulled open the door to the washstand with a determined jerk. wash stand with a determined jerk. She produced a large jar of cold cream, and began smearing great globs of it over her face. "A cold-cream bath, and a good hot steam is what you need," she announced to her reflection, and with a practiced rotating motion she proceeded to massage cheeks, chin, neck, and forehead vigorously, furiously; admonishing herself the while in the mirror—exhorting, and inciting with fresh courage.

This wasn't the time to lie down and submit. What if the world was treating her like a bunch of cruel boys a dog—kicking her from all sides, all at once? She mustn't put her tail between her legs and yelp and hug the ground. She must stand up and bristle her back, and snarl, and show her teeth, if necessary. And she would, too! Oh, there was a lot of fight left in her yet.

She didn't know exactly how a dog managed to fight so many boys at once. No sooner did she consider lowering her head to offer resistance to one of her tormentors than another hit her from behind. Seemed as if. Really, within the last 24 hours it seemed as if everything in the way of sharp-cornered missiles had been thrown in her direction, and struck her somewhere. It was confusing. It was alarming. But she mustn't show she was confused or alarmed. Lollie mustn't guess. Good Lord, no!

Half an hour later Stella emerged from the bathroom, with all her war-paint on. Her cheeks were a little rosier than usual, her eyebrows a little more distinctly emphasized, and her lips a little more definitely bowed.

Three days later Stella took the early morning train to Boston, "to do a little shopping," she told Laurel, but really to meet Mr. Morley Smith the lawyer who had written to her from New York about the divorce. Mr. Smith had suggested in his letter than he would like a personal interview with Stella. Stella had replied that she would meet him at the appointed hour, at the office of the Boston law firm which he had mentioned.

You may be sure she had on all her war paint when she sallied forth that morning, all her war feathers too. She had selected a costume of wide black and white striped foulard in which to combat this particular adversary (the stripes wound sleekly around her. She resembled a zebra somewhat), and she had made herself as formidable as she knew how with all her loudest finery. A hat with sharp futurist angles, a shadow veil that hung unsecured and diaphanous to her shoulders; pearl ear rings, filbert size; around her neck a long noisy chain of imitation amber beads. Her shoes were French heeled, and steel buckled. She carried several dangling articles on her left wrist that clattered every time she moved her hands.

When she was ushered into the private office placed at Mr. Morley Smith's disposal, he had to make an effort not to allow himself to betray his amazement. Stephen had not prepared him for anybody of this sort. The truth is Stephen himself would have been surprised at Stella's appearance. In the days when he had advised plain dark dresses, and no decorations, she had not used rough, lipsticks, and eyebrow pencils. She hadn't needed to. Stephen didn't take into account that there had been no one to advise Stella since he had given up the enterprise, no friend or protector to care what mistakes she committed during that critical period when her volatile prettiness began to evaporate like ether into air.

As Morley Smith drew up a chair and asked Stella to be seated, he looked at her closely and catalogued her forthwith. Morley Smith had knewn Stephen Dallas for years. How could any man, who was attracted by the gentle, genuine charms of Mrs. Cornelius Morrison (and had been attracted by them, too, according to his story, before he ever met this Stella Martin), have contemplated matrimony with such an absolute antithesis? What a Quixote Stephen Dallas must have been, in spite of his insistence that he had married the pretty normal school student of his own free will and in the pursuit of happiness.

"I am glad, Mrs. Dallas," Mr. Morley Smith began from his high place of authority in front of the flat-topped desk, glancing across to Stella in her low place at the side of the desk (three feet and an armchair make all the difference in the world), "that you found it convenient to meet me here today. It is so much more satisfactory to talk a matter of this kind over quietly together."

"Oh, that's all right," said Stella. She wished her chair had a deep seat and arms so that she could lean back and assume a position of command.

"It is my hope," Mr. Smith went on suavely, "that I may be performing a service for both you and Mr. Dallas in arranging this affair without publicity, to your mutual satisfaction. I want you to feel, Mrs. Dallas," he smiled, "that I am here not only as Mr. Dallas's friend and attorney, but as your friend and attorney, too."

"I don't need any attorney," said Stella.

"I agree with you, you do not. This affair should be, and can be settled without contest—between ourselves. That is your husband's wish, too. He and I have gone into the details of this matter and there lies open to us a line of procedure, which, if pursued, will cause almost no unpleasantness, as far as you are concerned."

"And what's that?"

"Why, you are to bring suit against Mr. Dallas for desertion. He will not contest the grounds of your suit, and the divorce will be granted without disagreeable controversy."

"I don't want a divorce," said Stella.

"Really?" Mr. Morley Smith raised his eye brows in surprise. "Surely you want your separation of seven years' standing legalized, do you not, and enjoy the advantages thereof?" "I don't want a divorce," Stella repeated.

"The word has an unpleasant sound for some women, I know," Mr. Smith smiled. "It shouldn't. Let me explain. Perhaps you haven't thought in detail just what the benefits would be of a settlement of the relations existing between you and Mr. Dallas—just what hardships you are inflicting upon yourself, unnecessarily, in allowing them to continue in their present state."

And in the next 10 minutes he laid out before Stella, as attractively as he knew how, all the fine arguments, moral, social, and financial, for her consideration, that he possessed.

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Lawyer Unable to See Thaw

Philadelphia, Jan. 4. — Efforts of Bartholomew B. Coyne, a New York lawyer, to obtain the release of Harry K. Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, from the Pennsylvania hospital for mental and nervous diseases received a setback when Attorney Coyne was refused admission to the institution where he had planned to confer with his client. Announcement that any attempt to obtain Thaw's freedom would be opposed also was made by former Judge James G. Gordon, counsel for Mrs. Mary C. Thaw, mother of the patient and "committee for his person," and by Mrs. Thaw herself.

Venizelos in Athens.

Athens, Jan. 4.—Former Premier Venizelos, who reached Athens at an early hour today, refused to make a detailed statement, but from his general remarks to Colonel Plastiras, head of the revolutionary committee, and the several officers and newspaper men who met him, it is inferred that he does not takea very optimistic view of the internal politiral situation.

He said he would carefully study the situation and that he would endeavor to help his country out of its present difficulties.

A tablespoonful of vinegar in the first rinse water will brighten the colors in silk and ribbons.

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Home Kept for World War Vets

Late Struggle Means Continuance of Soldiers' Home in Iowa.

By Associated Press.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 4.—The world war has made certain the indefinite continuance of the Marshalltown Soldiers' home, established by the state for the care of civil war veterans.

A few years ago officials of the home had expected that its maintenance was a matter of only a few years because of the decreasing number of veterans for whose care it was first established.

There are now five world war veterans at the home, and 3,853 at national homes for world war veterans in Iowa. With twice as many men in the United States army during the world war as in the civil war and the Spanish-American war together, the home will ultimately be more than taxed to its present capacity to care for them.

The reception of world war veterans at the Marshalltown home on the same basis as veterans of other wars resulted from a measure supported by the American Legion and introduced by Representative Gilbert of Marshall county in the thirty-ninth general assembly, which became a law in 1921.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

Haste, alas, is often blind,
And fails to see the tail behind.
—Old Mother Nature.

Nanny Meadow Mouse Is Wise

Danny Meadow Mouse was eager to start right off after the stranger who looked so much like a big, overgrown Meadow Mouse. Danny was sure that the stranger was a member of the Meadow Mouse family, and so a cousin. He wanted to make his acquaintance right away. But Nanny wouldn't budge.

"Danny Meadow Mouse," said she, "you have lived long enough to know that it is best to find out about strangers before you make their acquaintance. That fellow is a lot bigger than either of us. He may be bad tempered. These little paths are his and he may not like having us here. Besides, I don't think he belongs to the Meadow Mouse family."

"Why don't you?" demanded Danny rather crossly. "He certainly looks like a Meadow Mouse."

"Did you look at his tail?" Nanny asked.

Danny had to confess that he hadn't looked at the stranger's tail. "But what difference does that make?" he demanded.

"Did you ever see a Meadow Mouse with a long tail?" inquired Nanny sweetly.

"No-o," replied Danny slowly. "I never did. Has that stranger a long tail?"

Nanny nodded. "Yes," said she, "he has a long tail. Te may be a member of the Meadow Mouse family, but I don't believe it. That tail of his is the tail of a Rat, or I don't know anything about tails. It is a whole lot like the tail of Robber the Brown But we used to see up around Farmer Brown's barn, only it has some hair on it. I believe this fellow is one of Robber's cousins, and not one of ours. Of course, he must be a relative, just

He looked like a Rat, a small Rat

as Robber is, but I don't believe he is a member of the Mouse branch of the family. If you have any sense at all you'll find out more about him before trying to make his acquaintance."

There was wisdom in What Nanny Meadow Mouse had said. Danny had to admit it. He knew that he wouldn't stand much chance in a fight with that stranger. The only sensible thing to do would be to find out about him. He might be good natured. On the other hand, he might be ill natured and ugly, like Robber the Brown Rat.

"I suppose you are right, my dear," Danny confessed regretfully. "After all, these are his private little paths and we really have no right here. Listen, I think I hear him coming back!"

Once more Danny and Nanny hid in the grass beside the little path. Sure enough, the stranger was coming back. This time Danny took a good look at that tail. Somehow when he saw that tail the stranger didn't look so much like a Meadow Mouse. He looked like a Rat, a small Rat. His face wasn't a pleasant one. Suddenly Danny was very glad that Nanny had been so wise and kept him from following that stranger.

The next story: "Little Robber the Cotton Rat."

(Copyright, 1923)

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