

Just Over the Boundary Line

By ROSE MEREDITH

JIM WARBURTON stood on the hill where the dividing line separated the Hinman property from the land of his ancestors, now his own. The Warburton acres had taken on a new value when the great motor highway had cut through part of the property only to sever aside and diverge from the Hinman acres and cross the bridge, leaving the latter property marooned amid its rich pastures and woodlands. Perhaps it didn't matter, especially, Jim was thinking this May morning, for as far as he knew or cared the Hinman house was still empty and desolate. Hinmans and Warburtons had been unfriendly for some years—owing to a marriage that ended in divorce between two members of the families.

"There was only one Hinman worth looking at in this world," gloomed Jim Warburton, "and that was Sylvia—and she turned me down flat for that Meade fellow. Don't know as I blame her for I'm not much account and he has barrels of coin."

He walked along the imaginary boundary line, remembering something about white birches and, finding them, scratched the mossy turf and found an ancient landmark—a small square of white stone on which small lettering was chiseled. It proved to mark the property of James Warburton, in the "yr. 1830." He walked down to the highway but could not find the other marker. He knew that the line was a straight one "east from white marker."

If the new highway had only run on for another fifteen feet some of the Hinman property would have bordered on it, but what difference would that make to the Hinmans—Sylvia and her aunt were the only ones left, and they lived in New York city.

A week later, Jim, coming back home from the county seat for a weekend in his lonely house heard strange news from his man of all work, Hanson.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Warburton, there be squatters on your property," declared Hanson. "Such a nerve—"

"Squatters? Gypsies?" asked Jim, frowning.

"Nothing like that! Two wimmin be building a little bungalow—all themselves, one of them portable things, and the outside is nailed with silver birch logs and there's a sign a-swinging—The Green Ladies Tea House—Shucks, to be trespassin' on all!"

After the early dinner, Jim, cool, satisfied that Hanson's story was somewhat exaggerated, walked down the long garden, through the rustic gate and across the old orchard of dead trees to the open hillside where scattered birches marched down the hill to the new highway.

The new bungalow, all silvery white, where it wasn't stained green or brown, was there, and from the kitchen in the rear, came the aroma of good things to eat—fried chicken, new asparagus, strawberry shortcake—Jim's mouth watered. Mrs. Hanson's cooking was below par. He frowned angrily and walked up to the white birches, to look at the boundary marker. He could see the little bungalow, built just inside the Warburton property, so as to take advantage of the coveted position on the motor road, and he could see a number of cars parked on the private road on the other side that led to the Hinman house.

Inside the little house it was cozy enough. Green tables set with white but exquisite damask, and dainty old china and silver. In the background was a tall, silver-haired woman in a green dress, and waiting on a group of prosperous-looking motorists, was a pretty waitress also wearing a short green frock and a crisp organdie apron. She did not see Jim Warburton until she had brought dessert to the large table, then she came to him with a tumbler of water and a napkin.

"Jim Warburton!" she exclaimed. "Sylvia—Mrs. Meade?" he stammered awkwardly. "I never dreamed it could be you or your aunt!"

"Why not?" she asked lightly, still with that blush of embarrassment. "Auntie and I must live—and the old house is too far back from the road to be profitable—and we even plan to sleep here, because it is so lonely down there in the woods."

"The old place has been closed too long, Sylvia. Now, why can't you and Miss Hinman come over to Warburton and stay in the south wing until you are settled here?"

"I will bring Aunt Wifred," said Sylvia and departed without taking his order at all. Later on, the three dined amiably together, and Jim told them that he had come there intending to oust them from his land.

"Your land?" repeated Sylvia's thrilling voice. "Why, Jim, we have the old deeds, you know, and the line is a curve from the white mark up above to the three birches opposite the magnolia tree on your south lawn! So we are on Hinman property and your garden trespasses a bit, but what is that between neighbors?"

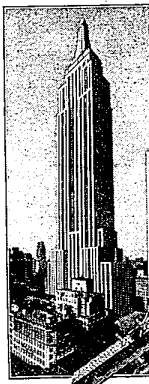
Jim blushed. "You said Meade did not come with you?"

Sylvia laughed. "Why should he? When I refused him, he married a charming actress and lives in Hollywood!"

"Then," exclaimed Jim, "suppose we go outside and discuss the boundary line?"

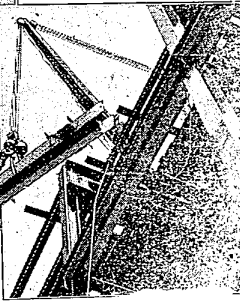
(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WFO Service.)

World's Tallest Building Is Completed



From sidewalk to tip of tower, New York's new Empire State building tower 1,248 feet. Installed during construction were interior cables and other equipment sufficient to serve 6,000 telephones. During construction, telephones controlled the 17 interior hoists which carried material to the floors as the building went up.

Right: Steel girders being hoisted to position as the building progressed.



MIDLAND COUNTY FIRST TO DEVELOP FORESTS

Lansing, Dec. 9—Midland County has been the first municipal unit in the state to take advantage of Michigan's new "municipal forest" law. It was announced today by the Department of Conservation.

The Midland County Board of Supervisors has appointed a forestry commission to inaugurate a system of county forests.

NEW SERIES OF MALT TAX STAMPS NOW ON SALE

Lansing, Mich., Dec. 9—The new series of malt tax stamps was placed on sale December 1. The new series was necessary because of attempts of counterfeiters to evade payment of the tax on malt and wort. It is virtually impossible to counterfeit the present series, executives of the department claim.

Record "Appeal"

The longest continuous speech in the United States senate was on the "Ship Purchase Bill" in 1915, when Senator Smoot talked for 11 hours and 25 minutes.

MOOSE SIGHTED IN EAST END OF UPPER PENINSULA

Lansing, Dec. 9—Moose, probably swimming the narrow strip of water from Canada, have been seen frequently during the past few months in the east end of the upper peninsula.

Recently a bull moose was seen by Ray McCullough and Alfred Lemieux of DeTour near Cedarville. Last summer a DeTour man was arrested for killing a moose and several have been seen in the vicinity of St. Ignace.

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WISE MEN BRING GIFTS ELECTRICAL

This Christmas Give Something Practical

"Dasher," "Dancer," "Donder" and "Blitzen" are sleighing a heavy load of electrical gifts, this Christmas of 1931. Santa Claus knows his presents, and this year he is being more practical than ever before. Electrical gifts are used every day in the year—for many years. And what could be more thoughtful than a gift combining beauty, comfort and everyday helpfulness!

Zero outside—and a gale blowing?

Lull Away Care With This Soothing Warmth



Solacing and restful for aches and soreness, an electric heating pad is just as useful for everyday needs. Its comforting warmth finds a ready use in banishing weariness, in assuring restful slumber, in lulling and soothing minor pains. And it's the grandest thing for cold feet ever invented! Don't be without one this winter.

Electric Heating Pads—\$3.95 up

Operating cost 2¢ per hour

BREAKFASTS are Nonchalant as never before . . .



There was a time when wives wore looks of furtive anxiety as they placed the morning eggs on the breakfast table. For husbands have a way of wanting their eggs just so . . . and three-minute eggs had a daunting way of turning out to be only two-minute eggs, or maybe two-and-a-half. Now breakfasts are nonchalant. With the Electric Egg Cooker, a three-minute egg is a three-minute egg—no more, no less. And it is cooked perfectly in live steam!

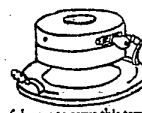
Egg Cookers—\$5.50 up

Operating cost 24¢ per hour

JUST THE THING—

For Breakfast, for Luncheon, for Dinner, for Parties and Informal Occasions . . .

—WHAT? WAFFLES!



Chocolate, gingerbread or spiced waffles—waffles with chicken a la king, cinnamon waffles, or waffles with crushed pineapple and whipped cream. These are only a few of the delightful ways to serve this tempting dahl! Maybe you prefer them with butter and syrup, or with honey, perhaps you like them with jelly or a cheese rabbit. In any case, be assured that an electric waffle iron prepares waffles that are light and crisp and golden . . . quickly and easily, without grease or smoke. The attractive new models have automatic features—the heat indicator, for example—that make them especially desirable.

Waffle Irons—\$6.95 up

Operating cost 2¢ per hour

From the moment you sweep up the pine needles—Your Electric Vacuum Cleaner Begins Its Endless Service

Appropriately, your gift of a new vacuum cleaner begins its long life of usefulness the minute you gather the pine needles from the rug. From that time on, it is in constant demand for a hundred and one cleaning tasks about the house. It's hardly necessary to list the many uses. Suffice it to say that an electric cleaner will save countless hours of time and labor, and prove one of the most indispensable home appliances.

Electric Vacuum Cleaners—\$14.50 up

Operating cost 3/4¢ per hour

A MEAL FOR SIX . . . in a Magician's Hat!

It's almost magical how much this compact electric cooker will hold. A complete meal for a family of six—two vegetables, a custard, roast potatoes and gravy—can be cooked at one time. Best of all, this cooker is so economical that it uses little more current than a kitchen light. Furnished with a convenient handle, it can easily be carried in the car, keeping food warm for hours.

Electric Cookers—\$7.95 up

Operating cost 2¢ per hour



Guaranteed electrical gifts are sold by your neighborhood electrical dealer, hardware dealer, or department store

The DETROIT EDISON Company

