

**VILLA,
A HOUSE
THAT CAME
TO LIFE**

By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU service.)

THE terrace upon which Miss Eustacia de Lima sat each evening was regarded, by all fortunate enough ever to have trod its perfect turf, as one of the most exquisite and commanding of all Europe. It hung, this terrace, over the gray-green slopes of Fiesole, which commands that view of the city of Florence which spreads like a lady's proud fan at its feet.

Not even in the days of its original owners, Fifteenth century Medici, had this terrace boasted its present perfection. Carefully restored by its American owner from the overgrown condition in which she found it, back to a semblance of Fiesole, which commands that view of the city of Florence which spreads like a lady's proud fan at its feet.

It was said in some of the guide books that its wealthy owner, Miss De Lima, had set about to make this villa the most glorious in all Europe. After a while, of course, as her success came to be noised about and friends, acquaintances, and sightseers came from distances to behold the perfection of her dwelling place, its beautification blossomed into her hobby. Her only motive for ever leaving it, her only desire, were that she might gather within its massive walls treasures that might enhance its glowing beauty.

How well she succeeded is further attested by the fact that out of deference to her outstanding achievement in the way of perpetuating and idealizing a landmark, the government honored Miss de Lima.

Fiesole Villa became twice over the target it had ever been for the sightseeing thousands who annually crowded in for the feasts of beauty Florence had to offer them.

It was after the acknowledgment of the government that Miss de Lima decided to throw open her gardens one day a week for the further enjoyment of those who came peering through the grill-work of her handsome gates. Guards were installed at intervals throughout the gardens and parks, turf was chained off where need be to protect it from heedless intrusion and the general public was thus admitted to one of the show villas of all Europe.

On this day each week Miss de Lima kept carefully to her chambers, moving about with ceaseless enjoyment among the high-painted, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and even Thirteenth century objects of furniture and art that she had collected with such loving care. It was as if these objects, packed to their very timbers with memories of turbulent and picturesque yesterdays were live and breathing companions. Each one had a history, of which she was most carefully aware. Here, the elaborate carved bed in which a Fifteenth century Doge had slept. Here, a Gothic chest of incredible associations. Here, a painting by Rubens that was laden with reminders of his early life.

For twelve years Miss de Lima, growing older, more fragile, more remotely associated with the bygone centuries she loved, dwelt in the midst of the luxury of beauty, sharing it, to some extent with the public, but for the most part, drinking her pleasure and her tea alone, on her terrace, at sunset; strolling, with her two lean wolfhounds, through her gardens, olive groves, and leafy hillside at dusk; spending long hours in arrangement and rearrangement of the rows of chambers; tending and earing for a bit of cracking wood or majolica as if it had been a living thing; loving her solitude, glorying in the beauty of this solitude with which she was able to surround herself.

Gradually, as this began to pall a bit, Miss de Lima allowed herself the luxury of invading friends, who came eagerly to share these blessings with her. But after a while, it seemed to Miss de Lima the pecking curiosity her visitors brought with them, the restlessness, the desire for bridge and pastimes, after the first few hours of exclamatory delight had worn off, deserted, in a way, the crystal silences of her villa, and so she relapsed into solitude—solitude among hanging gardens and strutting peacocks and tiny hissing waterfalls.

"Selfish!" said her friends. Something of this awareness must also have struck Miss de Lima, because after a while, prompted by a combination of ennui and sense of duty, she arranged that the villa be open to the public again, two days a week. In a way, that served to increase her isolation because it meant that additional hours must be spent indoors, prowling among her objects d'art.

It was with something akin to unpleasant surprise that Miss de Lima began to apprehend herself in what had come to be her habit of peering

through the heavy brocades and shutters of her windows these days that the gardens were open wide. The voices and streamers of laughter and high excited exclamations that came to her, seemed to draw her automatically towards the din.

There it was, the same old vernal, vulgar, poking, curious public that she in a way despised even while she tolerated its ways. How they moved about, down there, through her gardens, kept in place by guards, admonished by parents, splashed in sunlight that seemed positively coarse as applied to them. How they could metamorphose her beautiful silence into din; her paradise into a mere penny-a-stare spectacle! One onslaught from them, and dignity became so much raucous curiosity. The racing children, the gaping matrons, the heavy-legged papas brought desecration, and yet, for the life of her, it was impossible for Miss de Lima not to feel drawn to her windows as if to an open grate that held warmth.

They were a common lot, but there rose off them, mysterious as mist, the aroma of humanity. They electrified the place. Even the crouching Venuses, the marble fauns, the Donatello groups, the Della Robbia friezes around the garden, seemed to take on a sort of relationship to life.

They emerged from the centuries as replicas of life; not as mere objects d'art.

It was that curious warmth, coming over her these days, gradually impelled Miss de Lima, although she would never have admitted it, even to herself, to throw open the gardens five days a week, and on the sixth the villa itself!

That was the most exciting day of all! The youngsters, with their round questioning eyes and grimy little hands clasped into those of the gaping matrons and the heavy-legged papas! Young honeymooners standing spell-bound before the beauty of a Botticelli! Men and women out of the humblest walks of life, trailing along the corridors, bathed in the mystic beauty of they knew not what!

From various apertures which she had arranged for herself, Miss de Lima, seeing but unseen, could behold all this. It was as if the great stone palace, so difficult to heat at best, were infused with warmth. Vulgar animal-warmth, but warmth nonetheless.

This is the story of the beginnings of the gigantic plan which was at this time just beginning to take shape in Miss de Lima's brain.

Villa Fiesole is now a home for one hundred poverty-stricken children of the Fiesole countryside. Tutors, nurses, musical instructors, educators from over the world, dwell in the frescoed chambers, and children, with books, palettes, music rolls, toys, infest its corridors.

In a room high at the top of the house, which she had never even troubled to restore, Miss de Lima dwells among the simpler of her personal objects.

All day she is down among the corridors and the gardens, moving among children.

Smallest Split of Time
Yet Recorded by Clock

Of all split seconds for time pieces the smallest is a fraction of one second in 30 centuries. This fine distinction can be made with a crystal clock described in a report to the National Academy of Sciences by W. A. Morrison.

The clock, he says, can be made to operate one clock on mean sun time and the other on sidereal time, which are only about one second apart in 30 centuries.

The crystal, of quartz, vibrates 100,000 times a second, and this is reduced by electrical gears to the required number of beats to operate a clock accurately, an Associated Press correspondent explains.

The sun time clock, says Morrison, would operate at 366 cycles per second, while the sidereal clock would have 366 cycles minus 0.000,701,903 cycles per second. The crystal arrangement can be made to maintain this fine distinction.

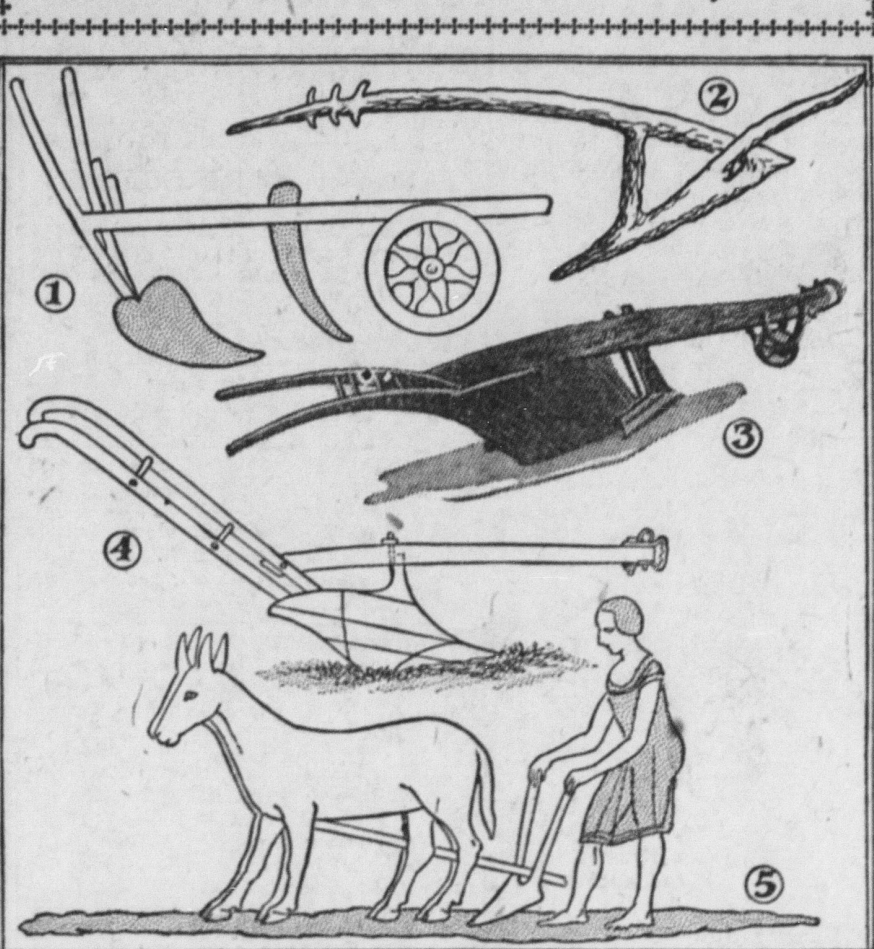
Wail for Whiskers

There is a movement in France working for the return of whiskers to popular favor. Some time ago the American idea that a man presents a brisker and more youthful appearance with a cleanly shaven face took root in France and whiskers fell to the sweep of the safety razor. In ancient Gaul the beard was the symbol of authority and power. No slave was allowed to grow one and the local lord would tolerate no beard in his district that was more luxurious than his own. And was not the beard held among the Gauls and the Vikings as an essential sign of manhood? The "beardless youth" was a person of no consequence. The advocates of the whiskers do not expect to popularize the full beard at once but are paving the way by encouraging goatees, imperials and side whiskers.

Spider Once "Spinner"

For the origin of the word "Spider" we have to go to Old English spider, which was formed from spin-dre, from spinnan, to spin. It has no relation to the fanciful source that Johnson gave to it—"spider from spy-dor—the insect that watches the dor or humble-bee." That it was long in the language before it was referred to in any manuscript is a reasonable deduction, but the earliest literary record found among the materials collected by the Philological society of England has been ascribed to the year 1340, in which it was spelled spider.—Kansas City Times.

Wonderful Evolution of the Homely Plow



Progress of the Plow: 1—Pliny's Plow, 70 A. D.; 2—The Syrian Plow, Known as Job's Plow; 3—Daniel Webster's Plow; 4—Jethro Wood's Plow, 1819; 5—The Egyptian Plow.

No agricultural implement has improved more through a long series of inventions down through the ages than has the plow, declares Clarence A. O'Brien, Washington patent attorney. While many farm implements were originally conceived in a somewhat advanced stage, the plow started from "scratch," literally.

The original plow, according to Mr. O'Brien, was a forked stick or limb of a tree with a projecting point. With this implement the ground was broken by dragging the fork or projecting point of the stick through the ground, forming a continuous furrow. Thus the fork of the stick was the share, while the main part of the stick was the beam.

One of the first improvements, as shown in plows of this kind pictured on Syrian monuments, was a brace between the share and the beam to hold the tree limbs more firmly together. While the earlier model was operated by one man, it is apparent that two or more men were required to handle the Syrian plow.

First Home of the Plow.

Upon a very old monument of ancient Egypt, the country which seems to have been the first home of the plow, Mr. O'Brien says, a picture shows a number of men dragging a plow by means of a rope.

Another Egyptian monument of a later date shows a plowing scene with animals drawing the plow. The Egyptian plow shows an improvement over the crooked stick of the Syrians, in that it had a broader share, thus making a wider furrow that would break more ground. It also had two handles instead of one and was apparently a fairly effective implement.

Vergil, in his "Georgics," a writing which formed part of a back-to-the-land movement in the First century B. C., showed little improvement over the Egyptian plow. Pliny, a Roman writer of the First century A. D., refers to a plow that had wheels to regulate the depth. It also had a coulter, or knife, fixed in front of the share to make the first cut of the sod. Mr. O'Brien intimates, however, that such a plow was not in general use in Pliny's time.

Plow With Wheels.

A thousand years later, however, a plow with wheels and coulter was doubtless in common use. It had evidently spread up into England, since extant drawings show Anglo-Saxons of the Eleventh century using plows of this description. One of these shows a plow with two wheels pulled by four oxen.

Five hundred years later, at the time Columbus discovered America, the plow showed little further improve-

Newspapers Make Gain in Number of Readers

The aggregate circulation of papers daily in this country and Canada is 45,106,245 as against 44,110,094 in 1930, a gain of about a million daily readers, according to a recent newspaper directory.

It is a good sign if people are reading more. They are attending the greatest school in the world, as somebody has called the newspaper.

This school takes up every morning in the year and usually begins its sessions before breakfast. It has a voluntary student body and its cost is but a few cents per day. It is the cheapest tuition of any institution for adults on earth. It knows no vacations and no holidays. The teachers are on the job all day and through the night preparing the textbook for next morning. No time is taken out for examinations. If the entrant gets nothing out of it, that is his fault. Truant officers are not needed. Classes take up in homes, offices, on park benches in the open and even in commuters' cars.

We may not have as much in our pockets as we had a year ago; but we have more under our hats!

More Money or Whiskers

If the postal employees of the Kovno district of Lithuania do not get higher wages mail is to be delivered by bewhiskered postmen. The anti-shave strike is on, and already faces of the strikers are disappearing from view. The men asked for increased wages several months ago, but receiving no reply from the Lithuanian postal ministry, and knowing that to strike is illegal, they stopped the use of razors. If this is not effective, they say, they will place a ban on soap.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Up and at 'Em!

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"What is it?"

"I got one of the dollar rooms and was up all night."

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Costed tongue, bad breath, constipation, biliousness, nausea, indigestion, dizziness, insomnia result from acid stomach. Avoid serious illness by taking August Flower at once. Get at any good druggist. Relieves promptly—sweetens stomach, livens liver, aids digestion, clears out poisons. You feel fine, eat anything with

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HAROLD SOMERS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Better Motive

"Has the doctor you're engaged to got money?"

"Sure, did you think I was getting married for my health?"

Farm Hints

Pruning should be done in the fall, winter or early spring.

An attractive sign at the farm entrance helps in advertising the farm and its products.

Plant only the best. It does not require more space or effort to grow a good plant or flower than a poor one.

Size or volume of business as measured by cash receipts is a better index of farm labor income than is the number of acres in the farm.

The best land for seeding to pasture is usually that which has grown a cultivated crop for one or more years and has been kept free from weeds.

When raised for seed, the soybean crop can be harvested with a combine or binder the same as wheat. The mower or binder can be used to harvest the hay crop.

Pastures need fertilizing and liming after years of use, the same as other fields. Improvement of old pastures will provide a large amount of feed and better quality grass.

Limestone is beneficial to pasture land.

Sudan grass was introduced in this country in 1906 by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Weakened fruit buds will be aided by application of a fertilizer high in quickly available nitrogen, say Penn State fruit specialists.

Newly planted nursery stock should be watered twice weekly in the season is dry. Cultivate to maintain loose surface free of weeds.

The common brown rat breeds six to eight times a year and produces an average of 10 young at a litter. Young females breed when only three or four months old.

Efficient potato growers have found it helpful to have a sufficient supply of lime and blue stone on hand before the spraying season opens. Plan to have a surplus instead of a shortage.

The black locust, planted by early settlers for the fragrance of its blossoms, and improperly called honey locust on that account, is now recommended by the New York College of Agriculture to plant for future fence posts.

Feen-a-mint

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And when older, fast-growing children get out of sorts and out of condition, you have only to give a more liberal dose of this pure vegetable preparation to right the disturbed condition quickly.

Because Castoria is made expressly for children, it has just the needed mildness of action. Yet you can always depend on it to be effective. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment and cannot possibly do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue, is fretful and out of sorts. Be sure to get the genuine; with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.