

### Commencement Program

CLARENCEVILLE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Wednesday, June 17th, 8:15 o'clock

METHODIST CHURCH

Marche Pontificale	Orchestra	Gounod
Overture	Orchestra	Laurendeau
Address of Welcome		Irma Shaw
An Industrial Problem In Geography		Esther White
Carmena		Wilson
Come Spring	Girls' Glee Club	Pitcher
What Is New In Mathematics		Wilbur Alt
A Forest Hymn		Daniel Duquet
Piano Solo		Irma Shaw
Our Debt To The Romans		Harry Chapman
Background of Our Civilization		George Wagner
Serenade	Girls' Glee Club	Tosti
Valedictory		Bruce Johnson
Presentation of Diplomas		Walter Headerle
	President Board of Education	
Budding Flowers	Orchestra	Klohr

#### CLASS ROSTER

Wilbur Alt	Helen Nelson
Edward Caudell	Ward O'Harra
Harry Chapman	John Quinlan
Daniel Duquet	Ruth Ransier
Bruce Johnson	Irma Shaw
William Kaufmann	Ruth Shaw
Fred Menke	George Wagner
	Esther White

### City Has Best Tax Collection Of Cities

(Continued from page one)  
taxes, it is revealed by figures compiled by Township Treasurer Mark Bachelor. Mr. Bachelor's table, which shows the amount and percentage of taxes collected for each item, reveals that in the case of one Covert Road, only 9.9 per cent of the taxes were paid by the property-owners. For other roads 22.29 and 32 per cent collections were made, and the highest was 70 per cent. The average is 32.1 per cent. Drain tax collections were even lower, with but 10.3 per cent collected on one drain and 17.9 on the other, for an average of 12 per cent.

#### School Taxes Better

Collection of school taxes was somewhat more favorable than on the special assessments, and slightly above the general average. The percentage of school taxes received was 42.3, this being the average for the 11 districts. This is 1.5 per cent above the general average of all taxes received by the township treasurer, which was 40.8 per cent.

### PUT ON PROBATION FOR STEALING AUTO HERE

Robert McLean, 17-year old Detroit boy, who was arrested in Farmington May 30 for stealing the automobile owned by Harry Terry of Farmington, was this week placed on three year's probation in Circuit Court. He pleaded guilty to the larceny of an automobile.

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### LARGE CROWD AT WEST POINT PARK CHURCH FESTIVAL

Appropriate Program Presented By Miss Ethel McPhee, Detroit Soloist

The Strawberry Festival at West Point Park Presbyterian church last Friday evening was the occasion of the largest gathering of its kind since the inception of the congregation. The decorations of Oriental lanterns and spring flowers along with the holiday attire of those attending lent an atmosphere of festivity.

A program of musical numbers suitable to the season and to the occasion was rendered by Ethel McPhee, concert-soprano, soloist of the Fort Street Presbyterian church and for seven years prima donna of the Sheehan Concert Company.

Miss McPhee was ably assisted by Elizabeth Rason and Florence Hermin. Miss Rason is contralto soloist at Fort Street Presbyterian church and has won considerable distinction in musical circles in Detroit. Miss Hermin is a talented young artist upon both piano and pipe organ.

A one-act comedy, "Pat's Matrimonial Venture", was given by members of the Union-Guardian Dramatic Club.

The festival was sponsored by the young people of the church and Sunday School. Miss Emily Gullen was chairman of the program, Miss Fern Ault was chief hostess and Miss Marjorie Pierpont had charge of the sale of tickets.

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## VILLA, A HOUSE THAT CAME TO LIFE

By FANNIE HURST

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

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 Medice, had this terrace boasted its present perfection. Carefully restored by its American owner from the wrecked condition in which she found it, back to a semblance of what must have been its original pattern, Eustacia had adapted, rebuilt, and with conservatism, to its bloom and geometric scheme of plants and walks.

Approaching the Villa Fiesole, a half mile of slender and precise Italian poplars, as straight and narrow and right as tall spears, pointed the way to the villa. Once at the top of this battalion of poplars, the terrace and villa, and all its incredible view, burst upon the beholder.

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 noted about the city, 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 sight seeing 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 was 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 wifedomas, through her gardens, olive groves, and leafy hill-sides at dusk; spending long hours in arrangement and rearrangement of the rows of chambers; tending and caring for a bit of crackling 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 exclaiming 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 of art, and 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 brackets and shutters of her windows these days that the gardens were open wide. The voices and stream of laughter and high excited exclamations that came to her, seemed to draw her automatically towards the din.

There it was, the same old vulgar, vulgar, gaudy, gaudy 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 policemen, and in a night that seemed positively coarse as applied to them. How they could metamorphose her beautiful silence into din; her prairie into a mere penny-fryan. How they could, and did, come from them, and dignity became so much rancorous curiosity. The racing children, the gawping matrons, the heavy-legged papas brought obscuration, 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 out of them, mysterious as mist, the aroma of humanity. They electrified the place. Even the crouching Venuses, the marble fauns, the Donatello groups, the Robbia. Robbia, in 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 of art.

It was that curious warmth, coming over 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 clung into those of the gawking matrons and the heavy-legged papas! Young honeymooners standing spell-bound before the beauty of a Botticelli! Men and women out of the hundred ways 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, tablets, 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 drew around 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.

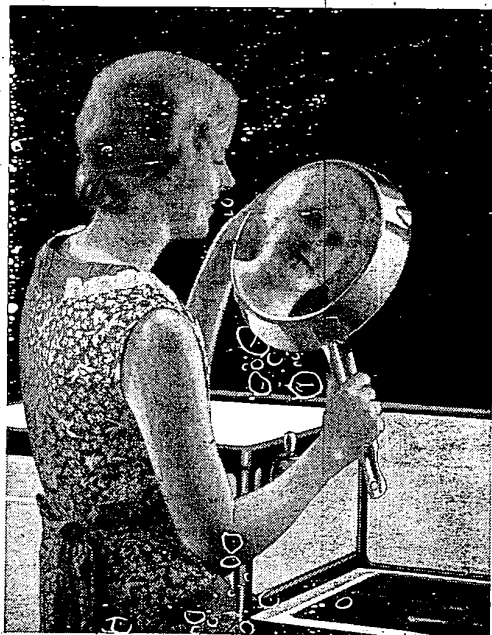
The sun time clock, says Morrison, would operate at 366 cycles per second, while the sidereal clock would have 366 cycles minus 0.000709853 cycles per second. The crystal arrangement can be made to maintain this fine distinction.

#### Wall 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 briskeer 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. A slave would be 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 Greeks 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 and are but "paving the way by encouraging a goatee, 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 spider—the insect that spins the cocoon or humblebee." 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 spidre—Kansas City Times.



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