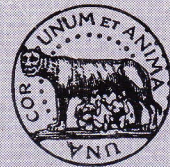


# ATLANTICA

THE ITALIAN MONTHLY REVIEW



**APRIL  
1931**

*Contemporary Italian Literature*  
by Giuseppe Prezzolini

*The Spirit of the Late  
Middle Ages in Italy*  
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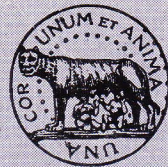
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published monthly at East Stroudsburg, Pa., for April 1, 1931.

State of Pennsylvania }  
County of Monroe } ss:

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Filippo Cassola, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of the ATLANTICA and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Editor: FILIPPO CASSOLA, 33 W. 70th St., New York City.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1931.

PAUL BARNES,  
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(My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

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# ATLANTICA'S

"IMITATION," so runs the proverb, "is the sincerest form of flattery." This applies to international affairs as well as to human relationships. If the old saying still holds good (and there is no reason for doubting it), Italy has cause to be flattered.

President Mustapha Kemal of Turkey, after months and months of silent, detailed investigation of his country's needs, has come to the decision that Turkey should be reorganized along Fascist lines, and has issued a manifesto to that effect. His People's Party has commandeered the 257 centers of the "Turkish Hearts Society," a powerful nationwide cultural organization with 32,000 members. This party, with Mussolini's Fascists as a model, will gather into the centers of the youth of the nation.

Part of the President's manifesto reads as follows:

"The time comes in the life of every nation when it must unify all material and spiritual forces to oppose external and internal dangers. Such a time has come to Turkey."

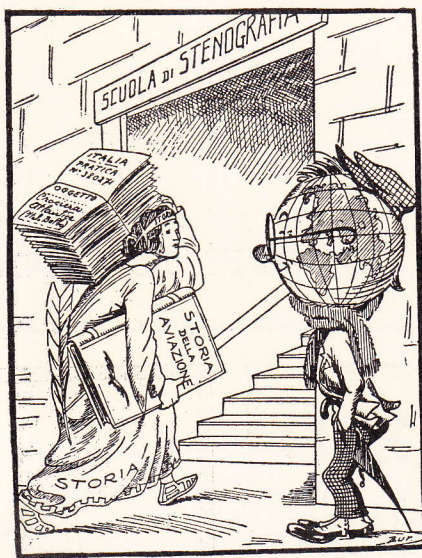
A CAMPAIGN, deserving of praise and support, has been begun by *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, the largest Italian daily in the United States, in behalf of American citizens of Italian birth. It aims at the elimination of the word "Italian," after the name of those accused of crime.

It is not sought, in this manner, to have Italians avoid responsibility for the crimes they may commit, but it is intended to protect the good name of the average, law-abiding Italian or American of Italian origin in this country. If a crime is committed, and the designation "Italian" is added to the offender's name, it brings about an implied reproach to the millions of Italians in this country who have become useful and industrious American citizens. The name of the offender, says *Il Progresso*, is enough.

The New York daily has enlisted the sympathy and support of

the leading American dailies in New York for its campaign. Patient and unceasing effort is required, but the ultimate goal is one with which every American citizen, regardless of ancestral origin, should be heartily in accord.

FOR many months past rumors were being circulated to the effect that Italy was trying to float a loan in foreign countries. It was



The World: "Learning shorthand?"  
History: "I must, to keep up with Italy's rapid progress."

—From "Il 420," Florence

said that Italy's reason for coming to an agreement with France over naval matters had, as an underlying purpose, that of getting a loan from that country. Vigorous as Italy's denials were in the matter, the rumors persisted.

Now we have proof positive that no such reasoning was behind Italy's accord with France. It has been learned "on excellent authority" (says the Associated Press) that she is soon to issue internal bonds amounting to 7,000,000,000 lire, approximately \$360,000,000. The revenue is to be used to pay off treasury notes due in November, to finance public improvements and to bridge the budget deficit.

THE unfortunate and untimely death of Umberto Maddalena, one of Italy's great aviators, which occurred when the latter's hydroplane swooped into the sea off Pisa, was the occasion for an editorial in his memory by Luigi Barzini, editor of *Il Corriere D'-America*, in which he paid homage to the young aviator's skill and daring.

"Umberto Maddalena," he said, "was a conqueror of world aviation records. He held the distance record for flights within a closed circuit, as well as the endurance record for flights without refueling. He obtained aerial victories for Italy; those which peace allows. Every flight has the importance of a battle, when it aims at a goal never before attempted. It is men of the calibre of Maddalena, Balbo, Ferrarin, Del Prete, De Pinedo and De Bernardi who have brought Italian aviation to the top in prestige. And perhaps Maddalena, with his loyal companion Ceconi and the pilot Damonte, crashed while attempting something which no one, before them, had ever attempted.

"Maddalena, at thirty-five, was probably Italy's youngest colonel. He was typical of the new Italian youth.... The wealth of the human element that is arising in Italy is one of the miracles of the Regime. The young men who are studying and working, who love danger and adventure, who face hardships unflinchingly and fear nothing, and who look afar to vaster horizons of national life, are becoming legion: they are becoming Italy."

HOW Italy is waging a strenuous and successful battle against illiteracy within her borders is strikingly demonstrated by statistics recently published in the Italian Statistical Annual. They offer real food for thought.

Concerning the elementary schools (the foundation of any system of education), the number of children enrolled in 1924-25 was 3,200,000, a figure which rose to 3,-

# OBSERVATORY

400,000 in 1926-27, to 3,694,768 in 1927-28, and again to 3,897,479 in 1928-29. This represents an enrollment gain, in five years, of 679,479.

The number of school-teachers in these schools, 91,619 in 1926-27, increased to 92,919 in 1927-28, and still more so to 94,497 in 1928-29. Both pupils and teachers have no doubt undergone a notable increase since the last available figures were published.

Facts of this nature should receive all the publicity they can obtain, for the legend of illiteracy in Italy, still referred to by some, is fast waning, and should so be recognized.

**T**HE *Bolletino Della Sera* of New York, the oldest Italian evening daily paper in the United States, issued a special number on Thursday, March 26th, on the occasion of its 35th anniversary.

In four sections of 16 pages each, the 64-page issue was replete with articles on practically every phase of Italian activity in this country, in a manner that was reminiscent of the 50th anniversary issue of its "big brother," *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*. Both newspapers are published by Generoso Pope.

**S**TATISTICS became available last month regarding the activities of the Italian National Fund for Social Insurance. The revenue from premiums paid in 1929, according to the *New York Sun*, amounted to 795,000,000 lire (about \$42,000,000).

This huge sum was divided as follows: Disablement and old age, 420,000,000 lire; tuberculosis, 150,000,000; maternity, 7,000,000; merchant navy, 26,000,000; supplement of staff of public transport services, 41,000,000; collections of dues from customs officers and staff telegraph and telephone operators, 16,000,000 lire.

It is estimated that the total number of persons subject to the government's compulsory insur-

ance scheme was 3,210,000 at the beginning of 1930, and it must therefore now be somewhat higher.

**O**NE of the best ways of bringing about international understanding is by the exchange of professors, a work which the Italy America Society, through the generous grant of the Westinghouse Company, has been doing from year to year.



The Heavy Hand  
—From the Boston Transcript

America is represented in Italy this year by Mr. Stark Young, eminent critic and novelist, who is lecturing on things American at Italian universities. In exchange, Professor Giuseppe A. Borgese has been invited by the University of California to occupy the Chair of Italian Culture there during the August-December session of the year 1931.

A Sicilian by birth, Prof. Borgese has occupied the Chair of Literature at the University of Rome and has been a member of the Academy of Science and Letters of Milan, now part of the University. He has several books on criticism and comparative literature to his credit.

Following his residence at the University of California, Prof. Borgese will lecture under the auspices of the Institute of International Education and the Italy

America Society. The subjects include: "The Essence of Romanticism," "Goethe," "Main Currents in Contemporary Italian Literature," and "What is Poetry?"

**T**HE importance of Libya as an outlet for surplus Italian population was the subject of an inaugural speech recently at an exposition in Rome by Marshal Pietro Badoglio, Governor of the Italian colony of Libya.

Taking as his theme the recent conquest of the last of the rebellious Libyan tribes in the interior, Marshal Badoglio asserted that Italy could now go ahead with the basic problem of that possession, namely, that of agriculture, with which its future is closely linked.

"The safety and security which now reigns there," said Marshal Badoglio, "will make for an intensification of cultivation of the soil, which will have a notable effect on its repopulation.

"Libya will be able, in the near future, to accommodate a large part of the demographic surplus of the mother country, which formerly went to foreign countries," he added.

**I**TALY'S campaign against the urbanization of the nation at the expense of the rural districts was the subject recently of an article in the magazine "Roma Fascista" of Rome, which held that it is necessary to make every effort to avoid the concentration of rural inhabitants in the large cities, thereby deserting the soil, which still is the foundation of Italy's wealth.

Observing that the populations of Rome, Milan and Naples are rapidly approaching the million mark, the article continues, saying that this increase should come about only through a natural increase in the urban birth rate. An increase in the birth rate, in itself, is not deleterious socially. In fact, it is an asset, but when it takes place to the detriment of the rural population it is harmful to the nation, it says.

# Topics of the Month

BY EDWARD CORSI

## REPORTS FROM ABROAD

**T**HOMAS B. Morgan and Eugene Lyons, one back from Italy and the other from Russia, swap notes in the New York office of the United Press and come to the conclusion that Fascism and Bolshevism, like Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady, are sisters under the skin.

Both systems, these veteran correspondents find, are "one man shows." They achieve the same ends by practically the same means, and while they sacrifice political liberty, freedom of speech and the press and other traditional democratic prerogatives, they create greater material well-being and hence more freedom for the individual.

"The masses in Italy," says Mr. Morgan, striking at one of the main arguments against Fascism, "are better off under the present regime than under the former rule. There is no question of that," he adds, "for they have more of the material things of life."

"By and large," according to Mr. Lyons, "the majority of the people of Russia are better off than they were under the Czars."

The common charges that these systems have literally ruined their respective countries, that in Russia the people are starving, that in Italy they are impoverished to the point of revolt, and that only the ruthless use of force keeps Mussolini and Stalin in power, finds no support in the testimony of these informants. On the contrary, "the Italian masses to-day," says Mr. Mor-

gan, "are as happy as Italian masses can be;" while in Russia, Mr. Lyons tells us, "the man who was formerly the underdog enjoys personal liberty for the first time" and is satisfied.

There is much food for thought in all this, even making allowance for possible exaggeration and blurred perspective. Of course, Fascism and Bolshevism are not exactly sisters under the skin. It is precisely under the skin that they differ. But their points of similarity, as reported, are such as to make many an American take notice especially at this time.

It is certainly uncomfortable to have Messrs. Morgan and Lyons come here and tell our 6,000,000 jobless that all's well in "enslaved" Italy and "uprooted" Russia. It is not good for our smug business men, to whom the Soviet Five-Year Plan is like a terrible nightmare on a midsummer's night. If Italy and Russia have succeeded in creating conditions which insure to their workers that measure of happiness and material contentment which workers everywhere strive for but seldom attain, especially in times like these, why wouldn't they suspect, as many in this country do, that after all Fascism and Bolshevism may not be as bad as they have been led to believe?

There is much hard thinking being done in this country at this time. Witness, for instance, the recent indictment of Capitalism by Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the swan song of Liberalism by Walter Lippmann. Americans, challenged by the various experi-

ments in economy and politics now going on throughout the world and awakened by such reports as those of Morgan, Lyons and others, are speculating with more than usual boldness on the purposes of government.

And it is a good thing. It is only by facing realities that we can ever hope to maintain the vigor of our own institutions. The closed mind has led us into too many messes.

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## A DESERVING ENTERPRISE

**S**TUDENTS of Italian immigration in America must regret the lack of data which makes an intelligent study of that subject almost impossible. While Italians have been in this country since the time of Columbus and have contributed consistently and greatly to America's making, their history is enveloped in darkness and is a closed book not only to Americans but to themselves.

It is in the hope of correcting this condition that the Casa Italiana is sponsoring the establishment of a library collection of documents relating to the activities of the Italian people in this country. It is proposed to use for this purpose the Paterno Library, already one of the finest in America, and to guarantee the enterprise with all the prestige of Columbia University, of which the Casa Italiana is a part.

The collection will be at the disposal of the public, but particularly of students and historians, who will undoubtedly use it for purposes which should redound to the benefit of all Italians, whose stake in a wider knowledge of what they have done to enhance American life needs no explanation. Italian history in America is basically American history, and it is for this reason that

(Continued on page 180)

# The Foreign Element in America

Secretary Stimson's statement concerning the status of American citizens of foreign extraction, contained in a letter recently made public, has justifiably called the attention of the press in this country, especially the foreign language press, to the matter.

Said Mr. Stimson in his letter: "This Government, as you are undoubtedly aware, has no interest in controversies arising within groups of American citizens of foreign origin, in respect to questions of internal politics in the countries to which they formerly owed allegiance.

"It reflects, however, the feeling of all true Americans, in looking forward to the day when such groups will become so thoroughly identified with the country of their adoption that they will cease to engage in futile controversies of that nature."

The same stand has been taken by outstanding statesmen on several occasions. For example, President Wilson, speaking before a group of recently-naturalized citizens in Philadelphia on May 10, 1915, said:

"And while you bring all countries with you, you must come with a purpose of leaving all other countries behind you—bringing what is best of their spirit, but not looking over your shoulders and seeking to perpetuate what you intended to leave behind in them. I certainly would not be one even to suggest that a man cease to love the home of his birth and the nation of his origin—these things are very sacred and ought not to be put out of our hearts—but it is one thing to love the place where you were born and it is another thing to dedicate yourself to the place to which you go."

Incidentally, the position of loyalty and unwavering allegiance to American ideals and American democracy finds its counterpart in the public pronouncements of both the head of the Italian Government and of its official representative in the United States.

On June 5th, 1928, Premier Mussolini, in his speech before the Italian Senate, reiterated his previous statements on the relation of natural-

ized Italians in the United States to their mother country:

"As for naturalized Americans of Italian origin, they are American citizens and therefore foreigners as far as we are concerned. We limit ourselves to hoping that they will continue to be proud of their Italian origin."

That position has been maintained ever since, as borne out by the speech of Ambassador De Martino before the Italian Historical Society in Boston last Columbus Day. At that time he said:

"Concerning the relations of Italo-Americans to their country of origin, you know which is the position, clear and loyal, taken by the Government of Mussolini. We see with satisfaction that the Italian immigrants and their children become an efficient and respected part of this great American nation. And we say to the Italo-Americans: 'You must first of all be good and true American citizens, loyal to the Constitution and to the laws of this Country, loyal to the glorious Stars and Stripes. But you should not forget the ancient land of your forefathers. Be proud of your origin, and bring to the country of your adoption those virtues and those qualities which come with the blood flowing in your veins.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

There is clarity and unanimity in the foregoing statements. Any other attitude adopted by the foreign element in this country would be, to say the least, illogical. It would go toward increasing the misunderstanding and prejudice, at times approaching hostility, which is still manifested daily toward them in certain sections of the American press. Inevitably, too, it would only work against the real interests of those of foreign extraction themselves.

If there is a problem demanding undivided and constant attention on the part of the foreign element in this country, it is precisely that of overcoming this very misunderstanding and prejudice, which is an obstacle in the way of their ultimate assimilation.

THE EDITOR.



# Contemporary Italian Literature

Ugo Ojetti and Corrado Tumiati

By Giuseppe Prezzolini

WHEN future generations will look for representative figures of the men and the nations that have stirred our times, they will turn to "Cose Viste" ("Things Seen") by Ugo Ojetti. This work is a collection of articles in five volumes which are like five halls comprising a museum of contemporary portraits. Kings, princes, artists, beautiful women, poets, statesmen; representations of nature, of festivals and of labor, are indelibly fixed on paper. Open this book and it will seem to you as if you were looking through a clear crystal, beyond which you will see now a man, now a country; now a factory, now a church; but not rigid and fixed, but in their own environment, with the life that moves them and surrounds them.

Ugo Ojetti has wanted to be the chronicler of the world of today. He has felt the function of the journalist in a superior way. He has realized that a journalist's code requires not only indispensable curiosity and impartial observation, but also the possession of a means whereby the journalist imparts to his reader all that he has seen and observed. This means is style. Ugo Ojetti is one of those rare writers who have perfected their style through time and success. Instead of adapting himself to a formula of worldliness and of

refined skepticism with which he had already achieved success, Ojetti has tried to study his method and to perfect his means of expression.

And what a means! Whether it be colors, compositions, dialogues, movements of body, costumes, machines, charms of distant lands and skies, aspects that certain things assume but for an instant while under a particular light, or facial expressions that appear but for a second as the result of some fleeting emotion, Ugo Ojetti knows how to seize them, arrange them and present them with admirable precision and harmony.

THE topics, the occasions, the types, are all well chosen. There is always something interesting. His men are great, famous or familiar. The happenings that he describes are famous or close to us; his events have taken place before our very eyes in our daily life. What strikes us most, however, is the way in which these subjects have been grasped and transferred to paper so that our eye need but scan the page to see them living and moving.

Ugo Ojetti has a remarkable memory. I am sure that like all men gifted with a good memory, he has improved it and developed it through exercise, and that besides, he resorts to other help. Undoubtedly, he is a writer who makes

use of a note book. I have never seen him going about with a pencil and a piece of paper as the two de Goncourt brothers used to do, but I believe that every evening he jots down what he has heard and seen during the day.

The last volume of "Cose Viste" is a collection of his best articles of 1928, 1929 and 1930. Italy and France are there. We find the theater with Podrecca's puppets and with portraits of the critic, Simoni and of the dramatist, Rovetta; we find a street in Rome, "Via Condotti," and a landscape of the south, Cuma; we find the poet di Giacomo in his familiarity with the people of Naples; the erudite de Nolhac among pieces of antique furniture of Versailles and Fursy with his bon-mots of Montmartre. We see Toscanini in the midst of his family and Vitelli among his former students of Greek. We find the two campaniles of San Marco, the old and authentic one as well as the one "reborn," reborn notwithstanding the opinion of estheticians and foreigners. We learn also about tobacco manufacture in the gay cigar shops of Florence.

OF the past generation of "hommes de lettres" who took the duties of their vocation seriously, only Ferdinando Martini could be compared to Ugo Ojetti. But between Martini and Ojetti came D'An-

nunzio, the spirit of contemporary estheticism. A greater care in the use of words, a greater technicality in details, a taste more sensitive to the beauties of art, a greater interest in the world—that is what distinguishes Ojetti from Martini. I think that both would agree that the true art of the writer, as someone else said, is shown by his ability to describe a little corner of a room.

**M**ARTINI and Ojetti are both gentlemen; gentlemen even in the refined irony that underlies their observation, which is so subtle that, at times, one must be really intent in order to feel it. They are gentlemen also in the enthusiasm with which they relate or report some play on words of a man or woman of wit as well as in their reflections on morals which appear here and there without making the conversation heavy. Their wisdom is always of a soothing nature.

The varied culture that is found in Ojetti's timely writings, from his historical anecdotes to his criticisms on art, from his classical compositions to his modern light songs, from his religious sketches to his technical writings on aviation, makes him a prince among journalists. He can delve into all fields with the ease of one who seems never to have done anything else in his life but work in those particular surroundings. Upon his entering a certain environment he immediately divests himself of his personality, and, like an actor, seems to assume even the outer forms of the type that he wishes to study. While observing an aquarium specimen he suddenly surprises himself moving his fingers in unison with the movement of the fish as it snatches a morsel of food. Time and time again I can visualize Ojetti embodying in

himself every detail of the persons or the things before him in order the better to understand them, as Tomaso Campanella was wont to do with his accusers in order to confuse them.

Ugo Ojetti's writings are so true to life that upon our finishing the book we have the impression of having passed several hours not with Ojetti but with the people portrayed by him, or in the cities described by him. We feel as if we had spoken to Toscanini or to Rovetta, as if we had seen or felt the enthusiasm of the Provençals for Petrarca and for their bull fights. We feel that we have learned so well how to make a cigar that if we were supplied with tobacco leaves and with the necessary tools we could produce cigars like those made in the factory at San Pancrazio.

Everything is so vivid that we can not help pondering over what we have read, with the result that we finally see a fault, the only fault that the book or the author has. Everything is so true to life that it is almost too much so. That is, over all this reality, we feel the weight of a certain lustre as if the things we see were under glass or the landscapes described were looked at through a crystal. Ojetti's art has such an overcharge of reality and trueness to life, and the illusion is so perfect, that after our first impression we are prompted to wonder just where the truth ends and where the author's retouching hand begins.

Nevertheless, this gallery of contemporary men is perfect and very valuable. We realize the value of these writings when we re-read them two or three years after their first appearance in the columns of the "Corriere della Sera." They have lost none of their value. They have a coat of enamel which has fixed their color and

their elegance. Both the ordinary reader and the scholar will enjoy reading these writings for many years to come. The ordinary reader will enjoy the thrill of witnessing once again events and people of the past; the scholar will find how these events and people were seen, judged and made permanent by a lucid and collected mind, a mind conscious of the duty felt by all true writers, namely, that of conscientiously using an always clear and emphatic means of expression.

In fine, it is not strange that there should happen to Ojetti what happens to all those who have achieved an extraordinary technique; that is, that they should become attached to such a technique for its own sake and almost cease having it serve an idea. Two chapters in this book, one dealing with the aquarium in Naples and one with the manufacture of cigars, seem to be a real challenge on the part of the author to the difficulty of description; a challenge which, it is needless to say, in this case, results in a full victory for the author. His challenge, however, keeps us uneasy during the contest as if we saw him on the point of falling any moment into some difficulty, and at the end we joyfully greet him as the winner.

\* \* \*

**C**ORRADO TUMIATI is an entirely different writer; he is not an author who knows his profession and has given it mature thought and made an effort to improve his mode of expression. For him, writing is a secondary occupation, although I would not say a hobby. In fact, he takes his writing very seriously, for he dares entrust to it what there is best of his soul.

Here is the explanation. Corrado Tumiati is an alienist, a physician of the insane. The

life of these physicians in insane asylums is different from that of other doctors. They live *with* their patients in the same building and are on call from morning to night. I have met some of them and to me they always seem to have something peculiar, something different from other physicians. Their continually exploring the mysterious realm of mental disorders, their having to formulate laws regarding the unforeseeable and their being obliged to resort to fallacious reasoning with their patients in order to be able to understand them, is a training that, no doubt, puts them to a severe test and creates in them a particular dislocation of thought. I can not think of an alienist without being reminded of double-jointed acrobats who can look at the world while they are upside down and can arch their backs till they can look through their legs without becoming dizzy or thinking anything of it.

"I TETTI ROSSI" ("The Red Roofs") refers to the red roofs of the buildings of the Insane Asylum of Venice. Such is the name used by the people of the City of Lagoons when speaking of the asylum. The book consists of notes, some several pages long, regarding types observed by the author. The subjects are not always patients. Sometimes they are patients' relatives or members of the medical staff, nuns, nurses, priests and members of the ad-

ministrative board. Even the little daughter of one of the physicians is of interest to the author. And all of them are portrayed with a delicate and human touch. The last sketch is that of "The Cured One." We meet the subject in the fields with his small scythe in his belt, and in his fair Italian boy's countenance we can see order, gladness and light where a month before had danced the phantasms of mental agitation. This physician-author is not satisfied with triumphs in his science; he thinks of the frail human destiny which makes him a brother to his patient and he looks at him as one looks at the sea that sparkles anew after the storm.

Corrado Tumiati is an author who writes on the spur of the moment. His name is new in literature. At times we can feel in his style the search and the effort made by one who wishes to express a certain impression, but can not at the moment find the right word.

Writers of this class, however, have a particular charm in contemporary Italian literature, which is so rich with people who "can write." Such writers as Tumiati, who come from other professions, enrich literature with new experiences and human reality.

Tumiati's sense of humanity is very deep. As a physician of souls he feels that the soul is something precious and mysterious which always has in store treasures and surprises. I am not referring only to sick people; Tumiati feels

the same way regarding healthy people also. He can seize and depict human goodness and suffering with a sure hand. In the presence of insanity men are somewhat the same as when at war in the presence of death; they reveal all their defects and their virtues.

In the midst of so many miseries it is not intelligence that triumphs, but goodness, loftiness of character and sense of duty. There still are, fortunately, physicians who understand their profession as a form of ministry, and in their exercise of it they are guided by the sentiment that all the satisfactions that their profession can give them are of an inner nature.

AT the end of the book there are some pages about New York and about American civilization. These pages, I admit, I do not like very much. The impressions are well expressed, but the judgments seem to be hasty. Why has Tumiati included these pages in this book, which is entitled "Souvenirs of an Insane Asylum"? Has he probably imagined himself in this great city not as a visitor but as a physician, and as such, has wished to treat New York as an immense lunatic asylum? If that be the case, let us appeal to the psychologist and student of the first pages and tell him that he has hardly seen his patients and that they deserve the honor of another visit before their being all invited to the asylum.

# The Spirit of the Late Middle Ages in Italy

By Prof. Franco Bruno Averardi

Visiting Professor of Italian Literature at the University of Southern California

I INTEND to speak about some of those great painters who gave us a significant, original and essential expression of the evolution of the Italian spirit during the 14th and 15th centuries. My aim is to study their work as a revelation of the profound contrasts, struggles and tendencies of the Italian spirit in general and likewise of the particular individual ideal and problem of each artist. But I consider it necessary, in the first place, to sketch a general picture of Italy in the 14th century, the last century of the Middle Ages. Art (let me describe by that one word architecture, sculpture, and painting) and literature are two different and equally significant spiritual aspects and expressions of an age, of a country. The one will reflect light upon the other, the one will complete the message, the revelation given by the other. We must link and compare them. Likewise both art and literature must be studied in connection with social life and historical events. We have on the one side the superior, spiritual expression, on the other the concrete outward expression of the nation's soul and life. And we must follow and understand the great essential connecting lines between those two realities of a different order, of a different plane; be-

tween artistic, poetical life and social, historical life. Then the soul of the nation and the age we study will be revealed to us as in a great vision, embracing and synthesizing its essential problems, contrasts, and evolutions. We will then be free to devote ourselves to the particular aspect which most profoundly attracts us.

It is a fascinating story to follow the great expressions of the genius of a race in their interplay, their alteration and succession. We will find that the most vital, essential and therefore the most lasting expression of that genius is given sometimes by poetry, sometimes by one or the other of the sister-arts. It is as if the richest and intensest light from above would descend upon literature in one age, upon architecture, sculpture, painting, or music in another. Thus, in the 14th century, poetry, architecture and painting expressed the Italian genius with equal power. It is the age of Dante, Petrarca and also the age of Arnolfo, of Giotto, of Duccio, of Simone Martini, of the Lorenzetti. Then, during the 15th and 16th centuries, painting, sculpture and architecture become the supreme essential expressions. Poetry, fine and significant as it is, does not soar as freely and high above the historical atmosphere, the limits of the age, has not as

much out-living, individual, everlasting value. Poliziano, Ariosto, Tasso, great as they are, do not deliver to us the eternal messages of Brunelleschi, Donatello, Verrocchio, Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, Mantegna, Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Signorelli, Raphael, Michelangelo, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto. We have not such a miraculous harvest in poetry as that indicated by this glorious sequence of names in the field of art. Poetry is a more limited historical expression of the age we call the Renaissance. The poets give a vivid, powerful voice to the Renaissance, while those architects, sculptors, and painters give us something much more essential and much more mysterious: they reveal to us those spiritual depths from which the Renaissance arose, from which it drew its nourishment, of which it is the outgrowth, the fruit and the expression. This is the great difference.

THEN during the 17th and 18th centuries, music triumphs. Music becomes the profoundest expression of the Italian spirit. It is significant that the poetry of this age, while generally not very interesting, often becomes suddenly fine and expressive when it speaks of music or when it imitates music. Take Marino, for instance. The

greatest part of his poetry sounds false and artificial today. And yet the famous Cavaliere is not entirely dead to us: all at once his voice becomes as fresh, spontaneous and pure as a fountain. Sometimes, in one little poem, he surprises us with a strange new beauty, and nearly always we find that that little poem sings of the power of music or is born from a musical mood or aims at a strictly musical emotion.

THE Trecento—that age in which, as I said, poetry, architecture, painting stand equally supreme, is perhaps the most tragic age of Italy, because in it a world dies and another world begins to live. The world of the Middle Ages dies, the world of the Renaissance spreads and grows. The struggle between these two worlds is the spiritual background and the essential theme of the life of the century; it might also be called the struggle between Medieval mysticism and that individualism which will be the great ruling and inspiring principle of the new Italian society of the Renaissance. Already, during the second part of the 13th century, we find a very striking expression of this struggle: we find, side by side, the mystic movement of the Flagellanti and the profane movement of the Gaudenti. After the death of Saint Francis, the greatest Christian hero who received supreme homage from the greatest Christian poet Dante in the 13th Canto of Purgatory, passionate movements broke forth in central Italy, especially in Umbria, the region of Saint Francis. Friars walked from town to town preaching renunciation, sacrifice of human happiness. Men and women gave their property to the poor, left their homes and in the coldest winter fol-

lowed those friars in an ecstatic pilgrimage, hiding their heads in black hoods as if better to express the sacrifice of their individuality, their longing to become mere waves in the great dark aspiring ocean of mankind. They scourged their flesh, and before the cries of anguish which ascended from their hearts had reached their lips, those cries had become songs—they knew how to transform and transfigure lamentations into hymns, lauds, praising the Eternal. Those passionate pilgrims were the creators, not only of a mystic poetry which touched the heights of great poetry in Iacopone's songs, but also of the first rudimental form of religious drama. But we suddenly hear a sarcastic rebellious voice from Tuscany: "Let the preaching friars tell us as many lies as they want; we do not believe them." It is the voice of Folgore da San Gimignano, who might be called the official poet, the representative and interpreter of a new Italian youth. He is the poet who sang all the particular pleasures which every season of the year offers to man. And we hear a greater voice, the voice of Cecco Angiolieri, one of the finest humorists and satirists of European literature, a predecessor of Rabelais and Swift.

If I were fire, I'd burn the world away;  
 If I were wind, I'd turn my storms thereon;  
 If I were water, I'd soon let it drown;  
 If I were God, I'd sink it from the day.  
 If I were Pope, I'd never feel quite gay  
 Until there was no peace beneath the sun;  
 If I were Emperor, what would I have done?  
 I'd lop men's heads all round in my own way.  
 If I were Death, I'd look my father up;  
 If I were Life, I'd run away from him;

And treat my mother to like calls and runs.  
 If I were Cecco (and that's all my hope),  
 I'd pick the nicest girls to suit my whim,  
 And other folk should get the ugly ones.

This entirely new, rebellious, sometimes cynical poetry is the voice of another movement, which spreads side by side with the religious movement I spoke of. The Gaudenti (Life-Enjoyers) arise against the Flagellanti. They also are groups which try to win followers, and loudly proclaim the feelings stirring and guiding them. Their preaching is exactly the contrary of the Flagellanti's: proud and passionate enjoyment of life. Like their opponents they often say: life is brief. They use the same argument, but draw an opposite conclusion. The Flagellanti say: life is brief, vain therefore, let us sacrifice it to the great beyond. The Gaudenti say: life is life, therefore, let us enjoy it as profoundly as we can. They already announce the great song of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the triumphant hymn of the Renaissance.

How beautiful is youth,  
 That runs away all the time!  
 Let him be happy who wishes to be so;  
 For nothing is certain about tomorrow.

THESE new groups are those companies of hundreds and hundreds dressed in white, headed by a man called the Lord of Love, who entertain lavishly the foreigners, who sing and dance away their days and nights. They are "spendthrift brigades," like that of which Dante speaks: a group of twelve wealthy young men who rent a palace in Siena and lead such a mad life that after ten months they are facing the extremes of poverty. Dante meets them in hell, and

(Continued on page 163)

# Angelo J. Rossi

## Mayor of San Francisco, California

By Joseph M. Cumming  
Executive Secretary to the Mayor

ON January 22, 1878, in the little mining town of Volcano, Amador County, California, Angelo J. Rossi was born.

His father, Angelo Rossi, born in a province of Genoa, Italy, on July 25, 1833, came to California in the days of the gold rush and went to Volcano in Amador County, a mountain county of California that was rich in gold. Like everyone else in that country, Mr. Rossi became a miner.

The population of Amador County at that time was very largely composed of Italians—and there he met Maddalena Queirolo, also a native of the province of Genoa, Italy, born on April 13, 1841, whom he married.

Besides mining, Mr. Rossi opened a general merchandise store in the town of Volcano. At that time, Volcano was one of the rich mining camps in California. After the gold from the river beds was exhausted, men turned their attention to finding gold in the mountains—and today Amador County has many large mines on what is known as the Mother Lode of California. Volcano itself has had no mining for many years now and has but a few people living in the town.

Angelo J. Rossi was the sixth of seven children—four boys and three girls. The

story of his childhood is filled with the homely details that make boyhood days such a time of sheer delight for manhood reminiscing. Angelo, a little black-haired, gentle-eyed shaver, was quick to learn and grasp whatever the moment brought.

His father died when he was six years old and his mother then conducted the store. As a small boy it was his job to help in the store and to deliver the merchandise that was sold—and as a very small boy he often had to take trips with a load of merchandise on a horse miles away from home.

THE family also had a small farm surrounding the house and Angelo had to do the innumerable chores that a farm boy always has to do.

When he was in his twelfth year, the store burned down and the family lost practically everything. His mother brought the young family to San Francisco shortly after the fire and Angelo attended a public school, then called the North Cosmopolitan, now known as the Hancock School. After school hours were over, he worked in a retail dry goods store as cash boy. But this occupation did not interest him greatly. Having a true Latin temperament, he needed something more vital to hold his attention, something more rep-

resentative of life and growth.

The beauty of flowers had always attracted the small boy and instinctively he was drawn to the floral business. He started his career in this industry as an errand boy for the then well known firm of Carbone and Monti. Working by day, studying at night, Angelo J. Rossi equipped himself to handle the problems of life that later confronted him—and to handle them successfully. He built the foundation in his youth that enabled him to attain the high position that he now holds.

It might be said in passing that he now has the controlling interest in that same firm, for in the course of time, Carbone and Monti was succeeded by Pelicano, Rossi Floral Company, of which Angelo J. Rossi is President.

He began his business career in a very small way, and largely by his own untiring efforts, has become a prominent, influential and highly respected citizen in this community.

IN 1902 Angelo J. Rossi married Miss Grace Allen. Their union has been blessed with three children, one son and two daughters—and the family has eventually grown to include five grandchildren.

The love of San Francisco and the keen interest in all things pertaining to its betterment and development have

played a large part in the life of Angelo J. Rossi. He has always been deeply interested in the civic affairs of our City and has taken an active part in its steady advancement. He has been prominently identified with the Down Town Association of San Francisco, an organization that was started in 1907 by the merchants who had been burned out in the great fire of 1906 and who started a movement to re-establish business down town. This organization was so successful that in three years San Francisco retail business was virtually established in its old down town location. Angelo J. Rossi has been a Director of the Down Town Association for many years and for the years 1920 and 1921, he was its President.

He was President of the Central Bureau of San Francisco Organizations, an organization that operated for five years, for the purpose of encouraging and stimulating the greater demand for home made products. This project met with considerable success. He is a past Director of the San Francisco Advertising Club, a member of the Rotary Club for over twenty years and was Foreman of the Grand Jury for one year. He has given himself to the fullest extent for the betterment of San Francisco.

**H**E has been for ten years, and still is, the President of the Dante Sanatorium, the leading institution of its kind, second to none, on the Pacific Coast, which is owned and operated by the Italian Benevolent Societies. The Sanatorium is notable as one of the most distinctive establishments of its kind, not only as a hospital for those requiring medical care, but also as a place where convalescents may recuperate under conditions most favor-

able. Originally this Sanatorium was acquired at an approximate cost of \$200,000. Three new wings have been added to the original structure. With these three additions, the Sanatorium now represents an



Hon. Angelo J. Rossi

expenditure of \$1,100,000. This establishment is unique, principally because of the absence of the usual "hospital air." In architectural details and in features of service, the institution has rather the aspect of a spacious private residence of the highest type. This characteristic marked the original building from which Dante Sanatorium has developed. Proven so successful, it is now maintained throughout the entire establishment.

**H**IS entry into public life was made in 1914, when Mayor Rolph, Jr., now the Governor of the State of California, appointed him as a member of the Playground Commission.

In 1921 he was elected a member of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, by the highest vote on the ticket. He served on the Board of Su-

pervisors, during which time he was a member of the Finance Committee, which makes the budget and controls the apportionment and disposition of the City's funds. At that time he was also Chairman of the Supplies Committee of the Board of Supervisors. In his endeavor to have evidence of the total purchases for the City, he found that there was no centralized authority and no centralized control of purchases. He also found that information was not readily obtainable, so that total purchases of various commodities could be listed. Thereafter, he held conferences with heads of Departments and with some of the quasi public organizations of San Francisco, to the end that a proper purchasing law might be developed for the City and County of San Francisco. After approximately a year's conference, an act, in the nature of a charter amendment, was submitted to the voters in November, 1922—and was approved by a very large majority. It was subsequently ratified by the Legislature and became effective in July, 1923. This amendment, and the ordinance of the Board of Supervisors which followed, provided for the organization of the Bureau of Supplies and fixed the procedure. The total savings to date, which reflects that which was in Mr. Rossi's mind prior to the change in the organic law, is in the aggregate sum of over \$2,500,000, or an average of about \$360,000 per year, which represents four and one-half cents reduction on the tax rate.

In 1929 he ran for Supervisor again, in response to many requests from business and other interests in San Francisco, and again was elected by the highest vote on the ticket. On the organization of the new Board of Su-

pervisors, after his election, he became Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Board, its highest responsible office.

WHILE he is a member of many fraternal organizations and clubs, Mr. Rossi has been particularly active in the order of the Native Sons of the Golden West, the patriotic organization of natives of the State of California.

Each ninth of September, the Anniversary of the admission of California into the Union, the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West hold a celebration. In the great celebration of 1910, Angelo J. Rossi was the Grand Marshal of this wonderful festivity. In 1925 he was elected Chairman of the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West Celebration in San Francisco, the Diamond Jubilee anniversary of California's admission into the Union. This brilliant affair was preceded by a most beautiful historic parade, which is still looked back to as one of the high lights in this city of celebrations.

Although numerous activities occupy the attention of Angelo J. Rossi, he has always taken an active interest in anything relative to the floral business. He is a director of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, an organization of great importance in the floral industry, and he is known and loved by thousands of fellow florists all over the United States.

On January 8, 1931, Angelo

J. Rossi was inaugurated as Mayor of San Francisco.

THIS City has had for its Mayor ever since January, 1912, Honorable James Rolph Jr. Last November, Mayor Rolph was triumphantly elected Governor of California. He filed his resignation with the Board of Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco, to take effect on his inauguration Tuesday, January 6, 1931. The charter of San Francisco provides that when the office of Mayor becomes vacant, the Board of Supervisors shall elect his successor. Mayor Rolph had presented his resignation as Mayor of San Francisco on January 3, 1931 and the Board of Supervisors thereupon elected their fellow-member, Angelo J. Rossi, to that office.

It was Mr. Rossi's wish that his inauguration as Mayor of San Francisco would be of the simplest nature. But his friends would not have it so. The crowds gathered in large numbers early in the day for the inaugural ceremony, thousands of telegrams arrived from all over the country—and never in the history of San Francisco was there such a display of floral tributes presented to any one person. Beneath a horseshoe of orchids and gardenias, surrounded by hundreds of friends, Angelo J. Rossi took the office as Mayor of San Francisco.

From a little mining town in the high Sierras, up to the most exalted civic position that can be reached, stands Angelo J.

Rossi, Mayor of San Francisco.

HIS position is unique in the sense that he has attained the highest political honor yet won by an American of Italian descent, in any large city of the United States.

Angelo J. Rossi is loved by all his friends. He is a man of great courage. No task is too difficult for him to accomplish, when it stands for the good of humanity—and no plea is too small for him to hear, when it comes from one of his fellow-men. Underneath an exterior of rare gentleness lies the fire and determination that is so typical of the people of his birth. As all big men, he is deeply sensitive and his rare understanding of human nature, his sympathy and tolerance make him beloved by all who know him. His brain is orderly, quick and ever open to new ideas. In all business dealings he has shown a fine capacity to handle the most difficult situations successfully, through his rare tact and true understanding of his subject. His love of children is well known and the betterment and development of the youth of San Francisco is a subject close to his heart.

As Mayor of San Francisco he has already amply demonstrated his ability to handle the responsibilities of his important office.

The little mining town of Volcano, high up in the Sierra of California, may well be proud of Angelo J. Rossi, now Mayor of San Francisco, the Queen City of the West.



# What Italians Think of American Girls

By Julia C. Altrocchi

WHEN we were in Italy last summer, I ran across an Italian magazine called "Il Secolo XX" or "The Twentieth Century." A particular article in the magazine called "American Girls" attracted my attention and interested me so much that I am sure other "American Girls" besides myself will care to hear about an Italian's opinion of us. Perhaps also a little about Italian men and Italian girls, as we go along, from one who has encountered them many times in that enchanting country, will be of further interest.

Bruno Zuculin, who wrote the article in "The Twentieth Century," had spent many years in America, and while some of his observations smack of too facile generalization, most of them excellently reflect the genuine Italian point of view with regard to Anglo-Saxon women.

One of his first statements is this: "Anyone who thinks the psychology of the American girl is complicated makes a big mistake. She is, instead, extraordinarily simple, almost elementary."

Now, however we may resent being called "simple" and "elementary," there is, nevertheless, some bit of truth in this statement. In spite of the universality of feminine coquetry and "dodging" in affairs of the heart, the Ameri-

can girl is infinitely more direct, more straightforward, more frank and ingenuous than her Italian sister. An Italian girl begins to think of love at ten. She is past mistress of "flirtation-with-the-eyes" by twelve. At sixteen she has mastered all of Cleopatra's bag of tricks. Nothing else interests her but love. She does not engage in games and athletics; nor all the thousand diversions of the American debutante. Love and love alone is her fetish.

Last year an Italian journalist, just arrived from abroad, was visiting in our Chicago home. We took him to see the Chicago University. The Gothic buildings, the classrooms, the tidy campus, the superb equipment, interested him far less than the expression in the eyes of the girl-students:

"What simple, innocent eyes they have!" he kept saying. "What child-like eyes! What child-like eyes!"

IN the black, glowing eyes of an eighteen-year old Italian girl are all the mystery and all the seduction of the eighty generations of subtle ancestresses back of her since imperial Roman days.

The second quality which strikes Mr. Zuculin and which is always sure to strike a member of the Latin race, is what he calls that "famous self-con-

trol." Herein lies a fundamental difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Italian, Frenchman, or Spaniard. The Latin believes in expressing himself, all that he feels, all that he wishes, all that his senses urge him towards, without restraint or embarrassment. An Italian will tell you his life-history and all its emotional troubles in the first five minutes of acquaintanceship. An Italian mother suffers no embarrassment whatsoever in nursing her baby in public. If an Italian is angry, he does not bite his lips and rein in his anger, he goes into a beautiful, visible fury, tearing his hair, gesticulating madly, breaking the crockery. In ten minutes, he is all smiles, his white teeth flashing; but, meanwhile, he has *expressed* himself to the limit! The same expressiveness holds true in love, the same abandonment. Physical passion is not a thing to be decried in Italy, to be spoken of in Puritanical whispers. It is a *natural* and therefore a splendid thing! It is for this reason that girls whose parents wish to protect them are so closely chaperoned in Italy. A girl gives herself with such unashamed spontaneity! A man claims with such flaming ease in Italy!

It is small wonder, that Italians are astonished at Anglo-Saxon "self-control." To

Bruno Zuculin, life in America is one long list of restrictions and prohibitions: — “don’t drink,” “don’t smoke too much,” “don’t stare at the girls on the street,” “don’t speak to a girl you don’t know,”—don’t do all the things that are simple, unaffected, innocuous as life itself in Italy!

It is perfectly legitimate, harmless good fun for an Italian to tell a perfectly strange girl on the street that she is beautiful. Any pretty American girl walking along almost any street in Italy will receive the full, unflinching glow of admiring masculine black eyes and will hear, in the low melodious Italian voice, as she passes;

“Bella, bella, oh bella signorina!” (“Beautiful, beautiful, oh beautiful young lady!”)

If she should protest this, as an annoyance, to the carabinieri, or “corner-policeman,” his answer would be:

“But you *are* beautiful, signorina! It is the truth!”

**T**O come back to America, where eyes are lowered, not lifted in passing, and where no echo of verbal tribute is heard, is sometimes a snowy disappointment to a returned feminine traveler!

To go back for a moment to the subject of chaperonage. An Italian girl never goes out with a man *alone*. In fact she never goes out with a man at all, unless she is engaged to him. And then papa or mamma, big brother or big sister must go along too. The Sunday parade of promenaders in Italy is a funny sight. Instead of seeing *pairs* of young people merrily walking alone together, one sees, instead, glum groups of *three*, the engaged pair and the future mother-in-law marching along beside them and putting a decided damper on the conversation. The young man in

the case is, moreover, very likely a young man selected for her by the girl’s father and mother.

The life of an American girl, with all her easy freedom and independence and her scores of boy-friends, to each of whom she is the same gay comrade, is unthinkable in Italy. The presumption in Italy is that a woman can have no men *friends*. There is but one man-friend and he is either fiancé or lover. Friendship between men and women is impossible. There must be *love* between a man and a woman—or nothing, nothing at all.

This great difference in feeling and custom often leads to tragedies when American girls and Italian men or Italian girls and American men are tangled together in more than passing relationships. Two absolutely true stories come to my mind as excellent illustrations of these dangerous differences.

Two years ago an Italian officer fell desperately in love with a beautiful American girl sojourning in Florence. The girl was flattered by the attentions of the very handsome officer and finally accepted his invitations to take her driving in the lovely park by the river Arno and to tea afterwards at Donet’s or Giacosa’s. These acceptances were tantamount in the Italian creed to accepting the officer as fiance or lover, and so he understood them. How else, too, was he to understand her tucking her arm so intimately in his, her coquettish flashing of blue eyes, her little words of endearment, her pats on the shoulder, her joyous enthusiasms? Surely, these were marks of love, special and particular and profound love. So he spoke to her of marriage. But she, who would have tucked her arm as freely in Tom’s or Dick’s or Harry’s arm at home and called them all “dear” and

“honey” and “sweet old thing” with equal fluency, was amazed and amused, and laughed in the officer’s face.

“Marry you, dear old thing? I should say not! But that’s no reason why we can’t go on being good friends.”

So the girl accepted further invitations from the officer, taking all the entertainment, all the spending-money, all the devotion, all the fiercely-growing love he had to give—in typical, careless, heart-free, comradely American style. Then, one day, at twilight, in the Park by the Arno, the officer dared to speak again of love and his eyes burned with a terrible intensity:

“Surely you have changed your mind, Alice? In a thousand ways you have shown me in the past week that you love me! When, when will you marry me?”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Piero!” and she brushed his cheek lightly, maddeningly, with her fingers. Then, as he tried to seize her in his arms:

“Drive to the Royal Hotel immediately!” she cried to the coachman. Piero was stupified with amazement.

To all his calls and letters of the next few days Alice gave no reply. Then he sent up a note asking permission to say good-bye before he went on a long journey. Alice saw no harm in that. She went down to the drawing-room of the hotel. Piero was standing there, tall, pale, and more handsome than he had ever looked before, with a strange, unearthly light in his eyes.

“For the third and last time, Alice, I ask you with all the pleading of my unhappy heart, to marry me.”

**I**T sounded melodramatic, funny. Alice tilted back her head and laughed a gay, soprano laugh. But while her laughter was ringing in the air,

a terrible, reverberant, air-smiting sound joined it,—the shot of a revolver. She tilted her head forward again just in time to see Piero clutch his heart, fall, and crumple at her feet.—No, it is no laughing matter when an American girl, with her promiscuous democracy, facile friendships, and *extensive* methods plays with the heart of an *intensive* and passionate Italian.

NOR is the situation less tragic when the sexes are reversed. The other story concerns a very dear feminine friend of mine in Italy. Her family owned a townhouse in Lucca and a country-house, by the sea, near Leghorn. One summer there came to visit them for a week or two a young cousin who had been in America since childhood. He brought with him an American college friend, for the two boys were touring Italy together after graduation. Dick, the college friend, was the typical easy-going, hail-fellow-well-met, hearty, jovial, popular, ruddy-cheeked American lad. My friend, Emilia, fell instantly, madly in love with him, with all the pent-up passion of her heart. Perhaps she mistook his first greeting of her.

"Emilia? That your name? Well, Emmy, I sure am glad to meet you! You're what we call in America 'a sight for sore eyes!' You and I are going to be good friends!"—or an expression of an equally instantaneous passion.

It was pitiful to see Emilia during the next two weeks. Every time that Dick's eyes carelessly passed across her face, she blushed. Every time he addressed her, a look of ecstasy leaped into her eyes. Dick had the dangerous, debonair habit of taking a girl or a boy vigorously by the arm and whisking his victim gaily off for a walk. This he did

often with Emilia, and her family permitted it, unchaperoned, for all things are forgiven to "Americani" (those ridiculous Americans!) and, besides, I am afraid they, too misunderstood, and considered a proposal imminent.

When one day, at luncheon, the cousin remarked:

"Well, Dick, I'm afraid we must be off one of these days," and Dick replied:

"Afraid so, too, old chap. Do you think we could make Siena by tomorrow?—Had a line from Daisy Lewis this morning. She's there and I'd mighty like to see her, if you don't mind." The expressions on the faces of Emilia and her family were heart-rending to see. Emilia grew as white as orange-blossoms!

That very afternoon Arturo and Dick went gaily off. Emilia did not come down to see them. She was under a doctor's care.—And under a doctor's care she remained for a year. This happened six years ago. Dick married—no, not Daisy Lewis, but still another girl. Emilia's parents have never been able to persuade her to marry any of the young men they have successively selected for her. She is twenty-six now—a confirmed old maid, for Italy. She will never marry. Dick, with his comradely American ways, unconsciously condemned her to spinsterhood. Beware, friendly Anglo-Saxon girls and boys, how you tamper with those flaming hearts across the water!

THE author of "American Girls" comments several times on this dangerous "so far and no farther" method of Americans, so easily misunderstood by foreigners. He says that the creed of the American girl is apparently to give "all except all." Because of this misunderstood freedom of manner of ours and the quick

susceptibilities of Italians, it is always best for American girls to be strictly chaperoned in Italy. I knew of two fascinating sisters from a Middle Western city whose mother allowed them the same freedom in Florence that she had allowed them in America. Although they were guilty of no indiscretions, according to our standards, such were their flirtatious liberties that Italian families looking on frowned, nodded and shut their doors, just as the little American group was making its way into the aristocratic, palace-inhabiting old circles of Florence.

Italians marvel at our ease of marriage and our ease of divorce. Bruno Zuculin satirizes us by saying that an American girl rushes into the house and says:

"Papa, tomorrow I'm going to get married!" or

"Papa, I was married this morning!"—All that is necessary is the license procurable in five minutes, with divorce just as easy two months afterwards.

Of course the matter of marriage is very complicated in Italy, with the consent of all four parents necessary, the incessant conferences among the elders about the "dowry" of the girl and the property of the husband, the publication of the bans in the city-hall beforehand, and the double marriage, one by the civil officer, one by the priest.

And, be it remembered that in Italy *there is no divorce*. Once married, always married, *until death do them part*. So that marriage is an excessively serious thing in Italy.

OUR author, with subtle satire, cites some divorce-cases from a report of one of our "Commissions" and the grounds on which certain divorces were granted:

"Case 64: A husband tweaked his wife's nose; causing it to turn red. Divorce granted.

Case 1: At a restaurant a husband ate with his knife, causing his wife to blush. Divorce granted.

Case 2: A husband took his wife for a three-hundred mile drive over a rough road in a Ford, causing her great pain. Divorce granted.

Case 3: A husband told his wife 'To go to the devil!' Divorce granted."

Of course our facile divorces do seem ludicrous to Italians. But they are, in many cases, necessary correctives of irretrievably unhappy marriages, which in Italy find another more hidden, illegitimate corrective. In many cases, the accepted triangle-situation develops, the family seeming a unit, but the wife surreptitiously accepting a lover, the husband a mistress. This art of elusive love becomes, of course, highly developed, and the mistress-type of woman with all her subtle fascinations flourishes.

THE Italian accuses the American women of being intellectual rather than emotional. That, to him, is the supreme fault, the unpardonable sin, where woman's greatest aim in Italy is—to be loved. Zuculin's comment is:

"Because of her great cultural superiority, the American woman exercises upon the American man an intellectual rather than a sensuous fascination: the man places the woman upon a pedestal, he venerates her and admires her, and, perhaps, if he does not remain too intimidated, too frozen to death—he loves her."

It is interesting to read what the Italian has to say of the American man:

"The American man is not at all homely, indeed he is generally a vigorous and attractive type of athletic person, but he is always cut out of the same mould."

And this for a description-in-a-nutshell of the American girl: "Haughty, cold, marble, beautiful, blonde!"

But the conclusion of Zuculin's article is the priceless

part of it. He says that in America people have a passion for tabulating and for grading everything and everybody. So he prepares a mathematical table for the American girl, the grade of ten being the highest given (equivalent to 100 or perfect) in a series of from zero to ten:

#### AMERICAN GIRLS FROM ITALIAN POINT OF VIEW

"For grace and charm—Ten.

"For beauty—Nine and a half (the half point I remove on account of the calves of American women which are generally too large on account of excessive athletics).

"For elegance—Five

"As comrades—Ten plus.

"As wives—Zero.

"As mistresses — Below zero."

This, then, is what Italians and probably all of the Latin races think of us, as American women. We can scarcely change our Anglo-Saxon natures, but we can at least meditate on the delightful, exotic point of view!

## The Spirit of the Late Middle Ages

(Continued from page 156)

especially quotes one of them, Niccolo de' Salimbeni, who had inaugurated the habit of making food more alluring by cloves and all sorts of spices. Dante condemns them as he condemns the new women of Florence who love adornment and seek admiration; he fears and condemns this growing transformation of the Tuscan world.

WE must understand the real significance of the passionate, violent rebellion of those Gaudenti, which sounds biting, sarcastic in the poetry of Cecco and Folgore. This individualistic, life-enjoying movement is new

and young and, like everything new and young and needing therefore, to assert itself, to take root, it is violent and rebellious. Later in the Renaissance we will not find any longer such a passionate rebellion against religion for a very simple reason: because that individualistic movement will have become so mature, so powerful, so conscious of its own strength that such a passionate rebellion and struggle would now be unnecessary and absurd. The world against which that movement had struggled will then appear to be totally vanquished. But now that world, the world of the Middle Ages, still survives and resists, and the new world

attacks that resistance with all the inexorable, impatient passion of youth. Very much the same thing can be said about the religious movement. Those classes of the Italian people in which the Medieval spirit is still living and growing, feel that a change is coming upon the world (as Dante does) and, therefore, they assemble in a great passionate movement, they proclaim with a new intensity their faith and their ideal. It is the last great blaze of the Medieval dream, the glorious sunset of mysticism which makes me think of Sir Philip Sidney's beautiful image: "The sun, like a noble heart, showed its greatest splendor in its last moments."



The Ancient Market-Place in the Trojan Hemicycle

# The Resurrection

By Arnaldo Cervesato

THE outlines for an adequate and worthy city plan for Rome—both old and new—are not of today only, nor of yesterday; they date back, in a line that still appears to be the real and living one, at least to Sixtus V.

But what has been done in a few years in the way of completed works and new plans, or of excavations well selected and restored, by the National Government under the auspices of the Duce, who is a religious devotee of Rome and its once live and sacred appearance, is really so much that this actual transformation of the Eternal City, along lines now considered definite, may indeed be placed among the unique works of the Regime, so complete has been the new and sincere colla-

boration in the technical projects which have awaited realization for so long.

And it is worthwhile to say, first of all, that in this plan, the cult and the freeing of the antique enter as "actual" elements in the creation and the continuation of the modern.

That which, to begin with, it is important to see clearly, is that which the City has unveiled in these last five or six years, to our somewhat amazed eyes, of the astonishing skeleton of its ruins.

And what warnings, what exact teachings they bring, once again, for the continuation of the modern!

Let us enumerate them, then, in order.

Proceeding almost chronologically, before coming to the

unearthing of the great imperial ruins, the first restoration of the antique completed by the Regime was one of the most ancient monuments of republican Rome: the *Tempio della Fortuna Virile*, near the bend in the River Tiber that was a witness of the fabulous origin of the myth of the Twins.

THE *Tempio della Fortuna Virile*, finally restored and in time inaugurated by Benito Mussolini, is situated near the *Tempio di Vesta*, in the *Piazzetta della Bocca della Verità*. This temple was consecrated to the cult of *S. Maria Egiziaca* in the ninth century, and given over to the use of the Armenians, who held it—and spoiled it in a thousand barbaric ways—until the Royal Superinten-



The Forum of Augustus

## of Ancient Rome

dent of Excavations, Prof. Munoz, aroused himself and resolved to protect this jewel of art and history from further defilement.

THE temple was then freed of the houses that had been built upon it, and, once isolated, it was intelligently restored. The portico was re-opened, the entrance restored to its ancient greatness, and the left *trabecula* re-arranged. Pines were planted around the temple, so as to reconstruct the sacred grove that should surround it to give it a little of the "color of the times."

For this reason the little Ionic temple is one of the most interesting edifices of ancient Rome, and we can imagine the love with which it was studied and drawn by hundreds of artists from the Renaissance on,

beginning with Antonio da Sangallo il Giovane, Salvestro Peruzzi and Antonio Dosio, up to Piranesi, Canina, the English etchers of the *Ottocento*, and so many others of our time. "The recent work has demonstrated," observes Prof. Munoz, who presided over the work of restoration, "that none of the structures attempted was exact in every particular; only now can we have an exact idea of the original form of this harmonious edifice, which I am proud of having restored and freed from the unworthy buildings that used to defile it."

Now, surrounded by young pines and cypresses, availing itself also of the presence of the nearby *Tempio di Vesta*, the *Tempio della Fortuna Virile* possesses an archaic dignity all its own which yet appears to give the illusion

of a resemblance to a procession of priests who, along ancient and well-trodden ways, arrive there from the Capitoline hill, passing close by the *Teatro di Marcello*, for the propitious ceremony.

Also from the republican era, there is, religiously restored today, a monument of high historical evocation: the *Sepolcro degli Scipioni*. It is located in a significant part of the City, on the remote and little-traveled *via di porta San Sebastiano*, which coincides with the *Via Appia*.

DISCOVERED in 1780, it was soon turned upside-down by greedy and ignorant searchers after "treasure," and much of what was gathered in its great vaults was placed in the familiar surroundings of *Belvedere* in the Vatican, with



The Marcellus Theatre

the great sarcophagus of L. Cornelio Scipione Barbato in the centre.

THUS the sepulchre unearthed in the ruins, which had its entrance above a street joining the *Via Appia* with the *Via Latina*, remained until a very few years ago a ransacked vault, in miserable abandon. But now no longer. There appears, mutilated and ruined, but well delineated in its remaining parts, the outline of the monument, partly cut into the rock and dug out in the ground, partly built in tufaceous masses, and originally stuccoed all over, on which layers of painting are still perceptible; on the oldest layer there can be seen traces of colored decoration. The interior brings to mind a catacomb, and in reality, the catacombs themselves are nothing more than a

restoration of the ruined and sacked vaults was brought into play by Giulio Quirino Giglioli, who, together with Antonio Clini, and aided by new researches, succeeded in giving the sepulchre a definite value.

But that which is a novelty, even to the eyes of those who have lived in Rome for years, is the unexpected re-appearance—the formidable insertion, one might almost say—of the stupendous imperial ruins in the very center of the city, among the houses of the modern city.

THERE is the *Teatro di Marcellus*, which has been freed and disengaged, alone and gigantic in its curved majesty, among the houses around the *Piazza Montanara*; the medieval *Torre delle Milizie*, which emerges unexpectedly,

development of a type of vault used by the nobility in the land around Rome itself. There are three longitudinal corridors, to which there is added a fourth and parallel corridor which unites them all in front; on the sides of the corridors there are the tombs, that is to say the sarcophagi, for the family of Corneli Scipioni used the Sabine custom of burying their dead, not the Latin one of cremating them.

Everything that it was possible to attempt for a worthwhile and clear re-

alone, colossal and tall, with its great wings (among the other buildings which also dominate it) barely touching the sidewalk of the *Via Nazionale*; the *Mercato di Traiano*, an epic hemicycle, which causes one to pause, and which is almost an appropriate structure for the greater Rome of tomorrow; the *Fori Augustei*, which invest everything about them with their perfect majesty, in spite of the modern buildings surrounding them. And so it is that this series of unforeseen and unexpected gigantic antiquities, which had already amazed Brunelleschi and Bramante, in all its majestic stature, among the houses and movement of modern life, is giving the City a really new stamp and character, bringing into unexpected and immediate contact, in proportions hitherto unthought of, the ancient and the modern, in a harmonically grandiose outline.

FOR almost half a kilometer, beginning at the *Foro Traiano*, there is unfolded the monumental spectacle of the new great excavations: *Mercato Traiano*, *Casa dei Cavalieri di Rodi*, and the *Foro d'Augusto*, tremendous relics of ancient structures which, in their exact harmonies of linear relations, have something of the Cyclopean about them.

On the 21st of April there was opened for the first time the complete view of the whole of the *Fori Imperiali*. The latter are indeed "new" to the physiognomy of Rome, and so rich and varied in their forms and aspects that for a long time to come they will be sources of happy surprises to all those who seek in them the little-known beauties of ancient Rome.

Thus, while the tearing down of a large group of houses in

front of the *Argentina*, in order to bring to light four temples adjacent to Imperial Rome, belongs to yesterday; it is to today that there belong the great work of the freeing of the *Campidoglio*, and the restoration to its original greatness of the *Mercato di Traiano* which, magnificent in itself, will complete the superb and monumental sight, from the *Torre delle Milizie* to the *Foro di Nerva*.

A NEW artery is rising in this zone, destined to join the *Colosseo* with the *Foro Traiano*. This artery, flanked by the *Altare della Patria*, the *Mercati Traiane*, the *Foro di Augusto* and the *Foro Romano*, will constitute the greatest perspective of imperial Rome. At the same time it will also serve the necessities of modern traffic, as the road connecting the old city with the new.

Now, as a result of topographical and documentary investigations, the functions of the *Mercati Traiane* begin to become clear. It was not a simple retail market place, but the official sales outlet of the State, run by imperial functionaries. The merchandise, conserved in



The Temple of Virile Fortune

storehouses for the purpose in other parts of the city, were brought fresh and in small quantities to the *Foro*, the central market place, where products could be distributed efficiently and rapidly. Thus, while the *Foro Traiano* was dedicated exclusively to business and the administration of justice, the *Mercato di Traiano* was the official retail section of the City, and constituted one of the "seven wonders" of the Eternal City.

THE isolation of the *Colle Capitolino* has also been completed. Here the demoli-

tion has been done not only for archeological purposes; the *Campidoglio* had to be isolated, but it was also necessary to widen the *via di Tor de' Specchi*, and to thus begin, from *Piazza Venezia*, the *Via del Mare*, which runs as far as Ostia. Archeology and modernity have thus contributed contemporaneously in these labors, the first stage of which has already been completed, which is to say from the *Piazza dell'Araceli* to the *Teatro di Marcello*.

The first result, not without its grandeur, has been the reappearance of the *Rupe Tarpea* in all its tragic dishevelment. If it was known that from these historical heights the traitors of the State were thrown, it was uncertain from which side this was done. The present excavations have shown that they were thrown off on the side of the *Via Tor de' Specchi*, which is to say *outside*, of the old boundary of the City.

ON the *Campidoglio*, which sooner or later is to be the site of the great "Museum of the Roman Empire," the Mussolini Museum has recently been

(Continued on page 181)



The Argentina Forum



# The Italian "Autostrade"

## A Revelation in Driving Comfort and Enjoyment for the Motorist

By Dominick Lamonica

**T**HERE is nothing a veteran motorist likes better than a wide, smoothly-paved concrete road, stretching along in a straight line for miles, with no slow, cumbersome traffic to impede him. Many are the times, no doubt, when such a motorist would be willing to pay for the privilege of driving along such a road.

It is just such a convenience that is offered drivers (especially tourists) in Italy today, through its famous system of "autostrade" (literally, automobile roads), which are among the finest in all Europe. These roads, built especially for motor vehicles, are a delight to the tourist and the pleasure driver, for, by paying a small fee, the latter are enabled to enjoy to the maximum

the joy and the thrill (and sometimes the necessity) of speeding along roads especially constructed for that purpose.

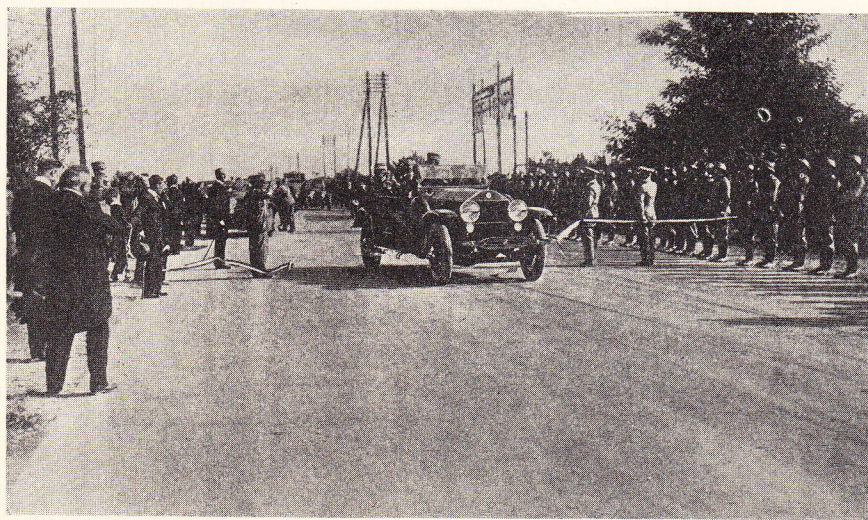
Practically all the inconveniences of the ordinary road are eliminated in the "autostrade"—the narrow, winding quality of the course, the bumps and ruts that are the bane of the motorist, the intersections with their delays, pedestrians, trolley lines, grade crossings, and the hundred and one other things that tend to take the joy out of driving. Instead, they avoid grade crossings, cities and crowded centres, follow a straight line as much as possible, and whenever a curve is necessary, the road is of maximum width, about 47 feet, or 11 feet wider than the average

width of 36 feet. A rigid discipline of the road, however, is imposed upon drivers, none of whom may use these roads without first having obtained the necessary authorization.

**T**HE whole problem of Italian roads was actively attacked three years ago or so, when the National Roads Board was formed as a State-controlled organization for the upkeep of about 13,000 miles of roads of all kinds. It has an independent budget and independent sources of revenue, such as automobile taxes, import duties on gasoline, and grants from the government and the provinces. The construction of new roads, however, is still under the aegis of the Ministry of Public Works.

Improvement of the Italian roads, and especially the development of "autostrade," is expected to benefit Italy in at least two important ways. In the first place, it is a strong inducement for additional tourist traffic, and in the second place, it is expected to help the Italian automobile industry.

The work of constructing the "autostrade" is done by private companies, working under a concession from the Government whereby the company undertakes to build the road and operate it to its own profit (subject, of course, to gov-



His Majesty the King inaugurating the  
Milano-Laghi "autostrada"

ernmental regulation). At the end of fifty years, however, it is agreed that the Government will take over the roads and their incidental sources of profits, without any recompense on its part to the operating company, it being expected that the latter will have paid off on its investment and made a sufficient profit by that time, when control is automatically transferred to the Ministry of Public Works.

THE first of the "autostrade"—and one of the most important—was that opened for traffic between Milan and Varese on the 21st of September, 1924, fifteen months after construction was begun. Another great "autostrada," recently opened, is that between Milan and the Lake Region (the "autostrada Milano-Laghi"), which cost approximately one million lire per kilometer.

The individual "autostrade" themselves are not phenomenally long, but their chief virtue is the fact that they are being planned to so link up with each other that eventually they will constitute one great network extending throughout all of Italy. In this, as in its other public enterprises, the Government is exercising a characteristic foresight in its planning which is one of its outstanding qualities.

IN order to use the "autostrade," a motorist must first purchase a toll ticket ("biglietto di viabilità"), the prices of these tickets varying as follows: for small cars, 10 lire one way and 15 lire return; for motorcycles, 15 lire and 20 lire; busses 75 lire and 112 lire. One lire, of course, is about five cents in American money. Thus it can be seen that the charges are quite reasonable.

The tickets, if desired, may be purchased either singly or

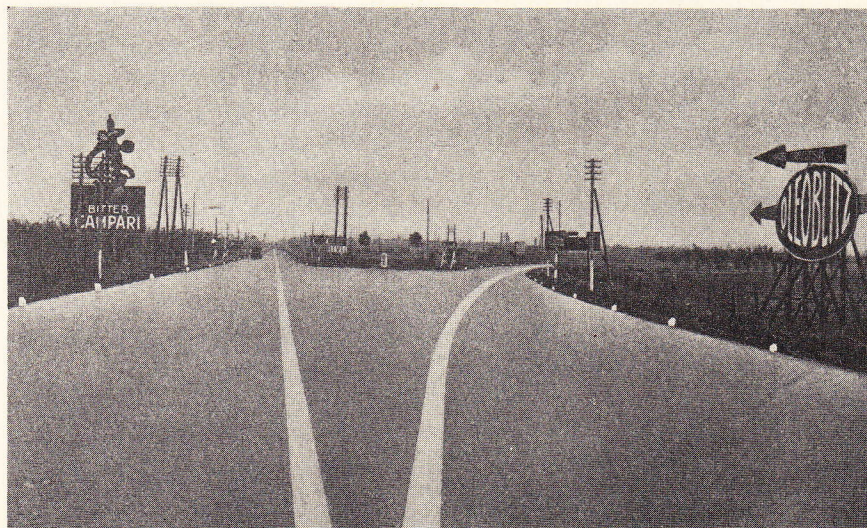
in booklets of fifty. And just as the suburban dweller in these United States may obtain a railroad commutation ticket, so, in Italy, one may purchase a commutation ticket for the use of the "autostrade," for periods varying from one month to one year. These commutation tickets allow the holder to travel freely throughout the entire length of the "autostrade" network. For low-powered cars these tickets cost 600 lire for three months, or 900 lire per year. For busses, of course, the charge is higher: 2250 lire per year. All machines not equipped with pneumatic rubber tires must pay twice as much, a precaution undertaken to preserve the smooth quality of these excellent roads.

The toll stations along the roads are fully equipped as gasoline stations, where the motorist may obtain gas, oil or water, or service of any kind he may need. They are also provided with first aid equipment, as well as rest rooms for motorists, where they may rest or refresh themselves. Motorcycle policemen, too, are stationed throughout the length of the "autostrade" at various intervals.

THESE new Italian "autostrade" have aroused the

admiration of the world, and what is more, imitation, "the sincerest form of flattery." In Germany and France, for example, committees for that purpose have already been formed, often with the aid of Italian engineers and experts. And in Spain, Portugal, Egypt and Argentina movements are under way to adopt the "autostrada" system after the Italian fashion. The movement is gaining strength, and it is not too much to say that before long these "autostrade" may be destined to replace old automobile roads in practically all the civilized countries of the world, especially those countries, like the United States, with heavy automobile traffic.

The American motorist will appreciate what it would mean for his driving comfort and enjoyment to substitute, for his customary snail's pace Sunday drive along clogged roads, with the many stops at intersections, the slowing down at every town, the constant care exercised to avoid pedestrians or cars ahead which stop suddenly, etc.—a drive along wide, smooth-paved concrete roads, with no slow traffic to impede his enjoyment, and with plenty of opportunities for occasionally—and safely—"stepping on the gas."



The road-junction at Lainate

# Italians In Collegiate Football

## A History of Their Rise To Prominence

By James A. Morcaldi

Member of The Central Board of Collegiate Officials

**I**T has finally come; slowly, but surely, inevitably, inescapably, but it has come; the day when one can pick up a newspaper, turn to the sporting page, (and in some instances you'll find it on the front page), and find predominating, beautifully sounding, musical, full voweled names.

What does it mean, you ask? It means this. That just as for the past twenty or thirty years one read or knew that such names composed for the major part the roll call of the great symphony orchestras of the land, and the roll call of organizations or companies devoted to the decorative arts, such as sculpturing, decorating, painting; just as we could see that the actual work itself in our court houses, libraries, museums, churches, theatres, and statuary groups was done by Italian hands; just as we knew that the skyscrapers, the immense dams all over the country, gigantic bridges, and huge theatres, coliseums and stadia were built by men with Italian names; just as we saw in laboratories: electrical, chemical, medical, and psychology, the many Italian names, so finally in athletics, and especially in college football.

And this article deals only with that one subject: Italians in college football.

**A**S a football official for many years on the Central Board of Collegiate Offi-

cial, having officiated in twenty-two games during the 1930 football season, and having written, read, and absorbed reams and reams of writings, and speech, and thought on football lore, it is with a sense of pride and satisfaction that I have noticed the increase in the names denoting Italian parentage; not only as mere participants on college teams, but actually the stars and headliners of our most eminent universities. And the vast number in high school and preparatory school teams means that many more are on the way.

The first athlete of Italian parentage who "made," as we say, the varsity football team in college, was Francis Pallotti, former Secretary of State in Connecticut, who played guard on the Holy Cross team in 1905, 1906 and 1907. After a lapse of some years, the next Italian name which appeared in the public print as the member of a college team was Pazzetti, who played quarterback on the Lehigh University team in 1909, and was prominently mentioned by Walter Camp for All-American honors. The next, after a lapse of five years, was that of your humble servant, the writer of this article, who was chosen as All-Metropolitan quarterback for 1914 and 1915, playing on Fordham University's football team which won the Catholic College Championship in 1914. The long intervals which occurred

between the appearance of Italian youths in college football at this period, is noteworthy, and shows that the beginning was a slow one; and the infrequency of Italians on college teams at this period should be contrasted with the overwhelming number exhibited today.

And then a longer delay occurred, principally due to the intervening World War, and the next name was that of Al Perrotti of Washington & Jefferson fame, and then Spagna, a valiant son of Italy who starred for Lehigh University shortly after the war.

**F**ROM that point on we see, that the members of the younger generation who were alienating themselves from the customs and ties of their parents who were the pioneers of Italian immigration, began to make themselves felt and known. More Italian youths were desirous of higher education, and as a consequence the proportion of athletes of Italian descent began to increase. Finally, in the 1930 football season, there were over one hundred and fifty youths of Italian descent who were members of varsity collegiate football teams.

After the few isolated names as above outlined, the next one heard of, of any prominence, was Nick Borelli, of Muhlenberg College fame, who also was Captain, and then Frank Briante, who was Cap-

tain of one of the best teams New York University ever turned out. And then it seems as though the athletic heavens were opened up and the deluge descended upon our sport pages.

They will never forget Ray Barbuti, Captain of the Syracuse team, who hit the line like a thunderbolt, and who also won the Olympic quarter-mile race in 1928, and became thereby the only American, mind you, the only American, to win a foot race in the last Olympic games for the United States.

For some reason or other Colgate University appealed to Italian youths, and we find such names as Abruzzino; the now famous Macaluso, 1930 All-American fullback; and the present Captain Orsi who stars in more than one branch of athletics. And in 1928 and 1929, Stromiello was a star at Colgate.

**A**LMOST everyone who is a lover of football knows of Guarnaccia of Harvard, who was such an important cog in the Crimson University's machine, which has beaten Yale annually for the last three years. But his brother, Samuel Guarnaccia, who was a better than average football player, and Captain of Middlebury College, was thrust into the background by the lustre of the brilliance of his more famous Harvard namesake. There is no doubt that many names like that of the younger Guarnaccia were born to blush unseen in the background, and dimmed by the more resplendent shine of the teams.

Who can forget picking up any newspaper during the last football season and seeing inscribed in eighteen-point headlines, "Macaluso Leads All Scorers," "Viviano of Cornell Tears Penn to Pieces," "Savoldi of Notre Dame Runs 40,

60, 55, 65 Yards for Touchdowns," "Carideo Accredited by Football Experts as Being the Most Versatile and Best Quarterback of Modern Football and Compared Favorably with the Immortal Eckersall, and with his Former Fellow-Alumnus Stuhldreher, also of Notre Dame," "Tony Siano of Fordham Sure to be Chosen on All-American," "Brovelli of St. Mary's of California a Modern Ted Coy," "Tassi of Santa Clara Mentioned as All-American Timber."

And although the field in which they are excelling is not in any sense to be compared with the fields in which these achieved glory, renown, honor, and fame, I am certain that in the other world the spirits of Marcus Aurelius, Julius Cæsar, Camillus, Colleoni, Duilius, Garibaldi, Pompey the Great, Tiberius, Cincinnatus, and Scipio Africanus are all rejoicing at their worthy descendants.

**A**MONG those who attained nation-wide fame during the past few seasons were: Abruzzino, quarterback of Colgate; Cannella of Fordham; Carideo of Notre Dame; Bellini, quarterback of the Alabama championship team; Cavalieri, Colucci, and Manfreda of Holy Cross; Caterna of Temple University; Constantino, that William & Mary fullback, who withstood the savage Harvard attacks many times alone; Conti of Villanova; Lombardi of Syracuse; Mezza of Bucknell; Morelli of Boston College; Nobiletti of Columbia; Parodi of Washington State; Perina of Penn State; Rotelli, fullback of Brown; Scalzi, Tomaini, and Cordovano of Georgetown; Tascani of St. Mary—all stars.

But one cannot forget Al Perrotti, that famous tackle at

Washington & Jefferson in 1919; Luby DiMeola at Pittsburgh, and Lou Little, whose Italian name is Luigi Piccolo, now head coach of Columbia University, but a star in his college days with University of Penn; nor the famous Mike Getto, who was the first Italian to be chosen on the official All-American team, which was a successor to Walter Camp's All-American team. Getto played for the University of Pittsburgh in 1928.

And it is noteworthy that the Italians have had one Italian on the official All-American team since that year of 1928. Especially in 1930, Carideo of Notre Dame, Savoldi of Notre Dame, Macaluso of Colgate, Viviano of Cornell, Brovelli of St. Mary, and Tony Siano of Fordham, were all chosen by hundreds of votes and eminent sport writers as All-American players.

**W**HAT does this all mean? What does this sudden rise to fame of these Italian names mean, these names with many vowels, and reminiscent of the ancient Romans? It means that the ground work having been laid, results are beginning to make themselves shown. It means that of the younger generation of Italians, hundreds, thousands, are now going to college seeking the benefits and advantages of higher education. And for every name that appears in the public print on the sports page, you may rest assured that there are at least ten other young Italians in college, and the truth of this is shown in the increasing number of names which are added in all cities of the United States, of doctors, lawyers, architects, teachers; in short, in every walk of life.

*Ave Stirpe Romanorum!*

# The Loves of Giacomo Leopardi

by Rosario Ingarola

## II.

AS soon as his cousin departed he began to write a Diary in which he set down his emotions. Speaking of his recent spiritual disturbance, he makes the following significant comment: "I do not know if this is love. It is the first time that I feel such a thing. Yes, I am in love, at nineteen and a half years of age. Already I perceive very well that love must be a bitter thing."

How prophetic he was!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sylvia, dost thou still remember"—thus begins Leopardi's most pathetic love lyric, one of the most perfect poems in any language, classic in style, impeccable in structure. It is one of the shortest he ever wrote, and yet how much pathos, how much beauty is compressed in its brevity!

THE heroine of this love song is the woman who moved the poet's heart for the second time: his second love. Her real name was Teresa Fattorini. She was of very humble birth. Her father was a coachman for the Leopardis in Recanati and the girl was a weaver. She was very beautiful. Unfortunately, she died of a slow, painful malady when she was still in her teens. Ten years after her death he composed the poem.

Like his first love, it was to be a unilateral affair: she never knew of its existence. He fell in love with her in the Summer

of 1818. "It was in the sweet-scenting month of May," he sings; "nor can mortal tongue convey what I felt in my heart." Again like his first love, this also was short-lived: Teresa died in the month of September of the same year: "before Winter could even lay waste the fields, thou perished, while the flower of thy life was just beginning to bloom."

The poor girl lived in a modest house not far from Leopardi's mansion. From his window he could see her working at her spinning-wheel. All day long she worked and sang—and the beautiful notes of her songs fell like divine music on the youthful poet's ears. He relates that not infrequently he would leave his room and his beloved books, go to the "balconies of the paternal castle" and there watch for hours the pretty maid weave and sing.

It was nothing more than a platonic affinity—nor could it have been anything else. No one ever knew of it except his brother Carlo, who was his most intimate confidant. His father, the stern and narrow-minded Count, would certainly have reproved such a thing. Fancy Count Monaldo's eldest son, of the ancient and patrician house of "Gentis Leopardae," falling in love with his father's servant and thus dare to risk his right of primogeniture!

Still, Giacomo's whole being was shaken. All his life he craved for affection, companionship, love. This was espe-

cially so in his youth when his fervent imagination feigned for him heavenly vistas of future happiness and glory. "What sweet thoughts," he bewails, "what hopes, what dreams, Sylvia mine! How different life and fate seemed then!"

A SIMILAR romantic impulse Leopardi felt for another young woman of his native town. Her name was Maria Belardinelli and, like Teresa Fattorini, she was of low origin. She, too, was pretty; she, too, died prematurely, at 27 years of age, to be exact. In his poems he calls her Nerina. His love for her was, more or less a repetition of the other, and it inspired the poet to write some of his most moving verse.

Speaking of Sylvia and Nerina, Carlo Leopardi, many years afterwards, observed, not without a touch of irony: "Those loves were more imaginary than real. Yes, we could see the girls from our windows and at times we would speak to them by means of signs: loves—if such they may be called—from a distance and through a prison wall."

In connection with these women in Leopardi's life it is interesting to note the psychological process which determined a crystallization of the poet's feelings into deathless artistic expression. He loved them while they were alive; but he immortalized them in his poems long after they were dead. Why?

**S**YLVIA and Nerina do not appear to him now as the women who once might have aroused in him sensuous yearnings. Every reference to sex has been studiously avoided in these poems. The original draft of the song *To Sylvia* contained some slight allusions of this nature, which the poet subsequently eliminated. Sylvia is not the woman he loved in the flesh, not the woman of his desire. No: Sylvia is the ideal companion of his youth, the living image of the dreams of his youth, the symbol of that hopefulness which filled all his youthful thoughts.

With Sylvia also perished his "sweet hope." Sylvia, like Nerina, is an ideal—the ideal of his vanished hope which died *all'apparir del vero*, that is, when truth appeared to his reasoning mind and dispelled the dreams and illusions of youth.

Sylvia does not exist now except as a memory. The same is true of Nerina. They embody his idealization of love—a representation of the ideal woman: the woman who does not and cannot exist in a real world. Sylvia, as well as Nerina, is a reflection of the dreams of his dead and forgotten youth, a projection, as it were, of his subjective self into the region of the far-away visions which once peopled his imagination, but which truth, alas, has so ruthlessly decimated.

Sylvia, in the poem, is a symbol, not a woman; and even in real life it may be doubted whether she was to him anything more than a mere symbol.

Neither Geltrude Cassi nor these two humble girls ever suspected what depths they had been able to sound in the virgin heart of the unfortunate youth. They died ignorant of the fact that their names were to be associated for all times with that of the immortal poet.

But for Giacomo Leopardi

they would now be numbered among the countless millions whom Time relentlessly relegates to eternal oblivion, unknown and unsung.

\* \* \* \* \*

**I**N 1822, Leopardi, after years of pleading and hoping, finally obtained his father's consent to leave Recanati and go out into the world to seek fame and—above all—health. His peregrinations, his bitter failures, his unhappy end—all this is too well-known to require any recital here. In the summer of 1826 he found himself in Bologna.

It was here, "after a long sleep, or rather a complete death, lasting several years"—that is, since his early passions of Recanati six or seven years before—that his heart was "resuscitated" to a new and more powerful love. The result was the same, of course, except that his disillusionment was more poignant.

In Bologna he met Mrs. Teresa Carniani Malvezzi, a highly educated and refined lady, known throughout Italy for her intellectual accomplishments. She was indeed an outstanding literary figure, learned in philosophy, science, the arts and mathematics. She knew Greek, Latin, French and English perfectly. Besides her own original poetical works, she is especially known for her Latin and English translations: she translated Pope's *Rape of the Lock* and not a few of Cicero's philosophical treatises.

It is not surprising that the great poet should have been drawn to her at once. He knew English and was more than superficially acquainted with the works of Pope and Byron. Many were the times when they engaged in pleasant conversation, chatting of philosophy and literature for hours. "I am with her almost every night," he declares in an unusual out-

burst of enthusiasm; "we talk from sunset till midnight and it seems but a minute."

When Leopardi met her she was no longer a young woman. She was well past her forty-first year. He was twenty-six. She was married to Count Malvezzi, scion of an illustrious Bolognese family. In Leopardi's own words, "she is not young, but her gracefulness and her mind stand her youth in good stead, creating in one a wonderful illusion."

The unfortunate poet was in love with her—madly in love. That she meant much to him there can be no doubt.

**I**T would be untrue to say that the Countess did not show a genuine sympathy for the unhappy man. But it was only an intellectual sympathy and nothing more. Whether it was due to Leopardi's physical appearance or to her high regard for the loyalty required by the marital status, the fact is that she remained impervious to the poet's loving entreaties. What was she to do? The astute woman was careful not to encourage him further. Accordingly, after nearly a year, their friendship was terminated, in obedience to her express wish.

**S**HE now found that Leopardi's talk irked her: at least, she so informed him. It might have been an artifice to ward him off or she might have been sincere: Mrs. Malvezzi never told the truth about it.

After the break he went to Florence, but before he left he dispatched a letter to the distinguished woman which begins thus: "My dear Countess, When I had the pleasure of seeing you last you plainly told me that my conversation, when we are alone, wearies you. As you left no doubt about it, I am even without a pretext to dare continue my visits."

He never saw her again.

Some time later he wrote to a friend these bitter words: "Yes, I have seen Mrs. Malvezzi's latest book of poems. Poor woman!" Poor woman, indeed, even if over-zealous in her observance of Count Malvezzi's prerogatives!

\* \* \* \* \*

The third and last love of Giacomo Leopardi—and by far the most tragic of all his loves—took place in Florence, when he was thirty-three years of age. For two years he writhed under the throes of this all-devouring passion and the result is best told by those terrible lines of the poem *A Se Stesso*, written as a commentary to his desperate disillusionment:

"Now thou shalt rest forever,  
O weary heart! The last deceit  
is ended,  
For I believed myself immortal.  
Cherished  
Hopes and beloved delusions  
And longings to be deluded—  
all are perished.  
.....There is nothing  
Worthy to move thee, nor is  
earth worthy  
Thy sighs. For life is only  
A heap of dust. So rest thee!"

THE object of his third and last love was Fanny Targioni-Tozzetti, a young and enchanting woman, wife of a well-known scientist and Professor of chemistry in the University of Florence. When Leopardi met her she was twenty-nine years of age, in the full splendor of her beauty and charm, admired and courted by many, among whom was Antonio Ranieri, Leopardi's bosom friend, whose attentions, it appears, were not unwelcome to her.

She inspired him to write four of his sweetest poems—or perhaps one should say bitterest poems—one of them being entitled *Aspasia*, the last

song he ever wrote, in which he represents the woman under the guise of the famous Greek courtesan.

Mrs. Tozzetti must have been a woman of remarkable loveliness if one reflects that Leopardi, always a precise and restrained writer, hails her beauty as "angelic" and even compares it to a heavenly ray. She was well-read and refined too, endowed with delicate sensibilities, although possessed of a strong and imperious will.

Leopardi loved her as he had never loved another woman before. It was his most powerful love, a passion essentially physical, which shook his being to its very roots. There was nothing platonic or romantic about it. For perhaps the first—and, at all events, the only—time in his life he experienced an indomitable sex-urge. Love must have appeared to him now as something very different from those early spiritual disturbances.

He was possessed and obsessed by his passion for this woman. When he was brought to realize the uselessness of his love he tried in every way to forget her: impossible. During this time he evolved a certain theory of love which led him to conclude that a man in love is but the victim of an illusion, in that the woman he loves is not a real being manifesting itself in the shape of a woman, but a mere creature of his mind, a figment of the imagination, which he himself has called forth to life and which he may destroy and obliterate at will.

Neither this theory nor his knowledge of the world helped to allay his anguish. Even his friend Giordani was surprised at "that immoderate love" and one is inclined to agree with him when in a letter to Antonio Ranieri he exclaims: "Oh, I should have thought that his

immense wisdom would have guarded him better against such excesses!"

ASPASIA was really the one woman in his life who awakened him to a full realization of his virility: the only woman, in fact, upon whom he looked as a flesh-and-blood creature of the opposite sex. Sylvia, his cousin and even Mrs. Malvezzi left some traces upon his sensitive soul, but his rich imagination had helped him to recover. Not so with Aspasia; her influence was not only dominant and indelible: it was fatal. Four years afterwards he died, broken-hearted and lonely.

Another revelation in Ranieri's authoritative account is undoubtedly of great importance for the thoughtful student of the sexual aspects of the poet's life. Let us again quote him literally: "This man, in every respect worthy of better times, took to his grave the flower of his virginity. He loved, albeit without hope, as no man has ever loved on this earth."

The man who has written some of the world's noblest lyrics died without ever tasting the sweet fruits of love. Love was indeed a "bitter thing." It brought him nothing but sorrow, wretchedness, death—as it will bring to most men, of course; except that to most men it usually brings a few intermittent joys.

In a letter to Mrs. Tozzetti he once expressed a thought which might well be taken as his declaration of faith and which may be set forth here as a fitting and concluding tribute to the sad history of his unhappy loves: "Still, Love and Death are the only beautiful things which the world has to give; the only, only things to be desired."

# Italian Immigrants in Boston in 1897

By Frederick A. Bushee

*Publication in last month's ATLANTICA of the article on "Italian Life in New York in 1881" was so enthusiastically received by our readers that we are continuing the series in this issue. The following article originally appeared in "The Arena" (a now-defunct monthly) for April, 1897, and it is interesting to compare the 18,000 who then constituted Boston's Italian population to the much greater number living there today. It is a far cry from those early Italians, not yet assimilated, who were the fore-runners of the progressive and industrious Italian-Americans of today.*

THROUGHOUT the entire city of Boston one can hardly find a more interesting or picturesque spot than the old North End. It is interesting from an historical standpoint, while the strange and heterogeneous character of its inhabitants makes up its picturesqueness.

North Street, formerly known as Ann, Fifth, and Ship Streets, was among the first to be settled in Boston and was one of the few important streets in the town. It was on North Square that the old North Church was located in which the Mathers (Increase, Cotton, and Samuel) successively ministered; and at the foot of North Square there still stands an old-fashioned wooden structure which was for thirty years the home of Paul Revere. Instead, however, of the sturdy patriots of English descent who once resided here, immigrants from Italy throng the streets. An Italian Catholic church now stands where Cotton Mather once discoursed, and Paul Revere's house has undergone an equally startling change.

As North Street was one of the oldest streets in Boston, it did not long remain a fashionable one. It lost its American features as soon as immigration commenced in the first half of this century. The Irish and Italians have successfully held this region on the east, while the Jews have occupied a large portion of the district immediately west of the dividing line of Hanover Street. Portuguese, Russians, Swedes, and a few representatives of other nationalities are also found in the neighborhood.

The North End has seemed to be the natural rendezvous for every new accession of immigrants until they earn their promotion to some more fashionable part of the city

or are crowded out by the persistent pressure of newcomers. For many years after their famine the Irish held undisputed sway of the region; and they seemed to be especially opposed to the advent of foreigners into their territory. Their contest with the Italians was sharp, but they were finally obliged to yield as the Americans had done before them; and now, with the exception of a few who have taken refuge in houses of their own, they have been driven to the outskirts or have taken up their abode in other parts of the city. Of all the nationalities in this part of the city the Italians are much the most numerous, and are becoming relatively more and more so. The most prosperous are purchasing houses in the neighborhood, and others of them are permeating the territory of the Jews so rapidly that the Italians will soon become possessors of the entire district if their numbers continue to increase.

AT present they number about eighteen thousand, although the residence of many is so transient that it is difficult to count them accurately. The single men move from city to city with little inconvenience, and they visit their own country frequently. The last six years have witnessed a growth by immigration in the Italian population which is certainly remarkable, and which would seem to many alarming for in 1890 they numbered less than five thousand. Comparatively few of the Italians are old residents. None are recorded as living in Boston before the census of 1855, and their growth was very gradual until 1880, when they numbered one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven. From that time until the present their numbers have doubled every five years,

with the exception of the last five years, when they nearly quadrupled their numbers. In 1880 they formed one per cent of the foreign population in Boston. In 1890 they had grown to three per cent. And at the present time they form approximately eleven per cent of the foreign born. Such a movement in immigration as this has not been witnessed in Boston since the Irish famine of 1846, when nearly fifty thousand Irish settled in Boston in a single decade. The Italians and the Slavonic races now, however, form the bulk of that immigration which is on the increase in our Eastern cities.

IF the North End is more picturesque than formerly, it has become so at a sacrifice to its industry. Groups of idlers may always be seen on pleasant days about North Square, the centre of Italian activity. The men are of an olive complexion, short of stature, with prominent cheek-bones and round heads. They uniformly wear low felt hats and ill-fitting clothes, and not infrequently adorn themselves with earrings. The women, with their gayly-colored headdress and huge ear-drops, are even more noticeable than the men, and, when walking through the streets with large baskets or bundles on their heads, they remind us strongly of the European peasantry.

These are three general types represented among the Italians. The Genoese, or northern type, number six or seven thousand. They have a slight mixture of Teutonic blood, and most nearly resemble our own type. The southern Italians, represented principally by the Neapolitans and Calabrians, make up nearly one-half of the colony. The Sicilians, a darker-complexioned type, number



about three thousand, but are not confined so closely to this section of the city.

A large proportion of Italians come from the country districts in the interior of Italy, and possess a goodly amount of vitality. They are inexperienced but well-meaning people, and they seem quite out of place in their crowded city quarters. These are quite a different sort from certain rogues, refugees from justice, who live on the labor of their less experienced countrymen.

**I**N most cases, if the Italian can lay up money in this country, his purpose in coming has been entirely fulfilled. He does not come, as our Puritan ancestors did, "to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience"; he is not even seeking a home, as the Irish are, nor is he fleeing from persecution like his Jewish neighbors. Comparatively few come at first with the intention or desire of making this country their home; and those who permanently remain very often do not prefer this country to their own Italy. The truth is, the heavy taxes in Italy have driven many away from that country. They may have a sufficient amount of property in goods, but money is scarce and the taxes are enormous. So husband or son determines to set out for the new land where money is plenty and can easily be secured—at least according to the report of a returned countryman or the assurances of the smooth-tongued ticket-broker. The little farm is often mortgaged to pay the passage, and sometimes is entirely lost, for work is not always to be found even in America. Not a few are helping to swell the slums of our cities, who came from country homes, and heartily wish they were back there now.

Not all, however, are successful, especially at first. Failures here are due to certain obstacles peculiar to the Italians as well as to the usual difficulties of an immigrant. The first obstacle he encounters is the "boss" or "*padrone*," who has already become an historic character. The *padrone* certainly appears as an angel of light, for he professes to bring work and consequently wages. He may profess simply to give employment for a remuneration, or he may be the overseer as well as contractor for a piece of work, in which case his power is greatly increased. It is not the office, but the imposition, of the *padrone* which is objection-

able. If work is actually furnished by a boss, which is not always done, even after the remuneration is given, living accommodations are usually furnished with it; and so large a sum is asked for very poor accommodations that the laborer's originally fair wage is reduced to almost nothing, the boss having improved his opportunity for enriching himself by becoming a boarding-house keeper.

A gang of Italian workmen in the country are usually living in a piece of woodland or even open field, as far away from human habitation as possible, scarcely leading a civilized life. Their dwellings are merely temporary wooden huts or even clay dug-outs just large enough to serve as a shelter at night. The bunks are arranged in tiers, if the size of the hut will permit; and at night the Italians are stowed away in them much like the steerage passengers of a steamship. In such a life as this the Italian laborers will spend two or three months at a time. It is no wonder that under such influences they become lax in cleanliness and neatness.

The work of the Italian banker has been too often dwelt upon to be a new theme. Their frequent exposures have served to make them more wary, yet even now ten or fifteen per cent may be charged for remitting funds to Italy, and occasionally they are not sent at all. Not long ago a banker disappeared with forty thousand dollars, which represented the small savings of a large number of industrious Italians. After squandering the money he returned and succeeded in again gaining the confidence of the people, with the hope of returning to them the lost amount; but after collecting another large sum he disappeared a second time not to return. As much as one hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been stolen in this way from the poor Italians in a single year. This illustrates some of the impositions which are practised upon the inexperience and credulity of these poor people.

**A**BOUT fifty per cent of the male Italians are unskilled day laborers. These are made up principally of the Neapolitans, the later immigrants. Although many of them were artisans or farmers at home, they are of rather inferior ability according to our standard, and hence tend to continue in unskilled work. Before this recent influx of southern Italians, how-

ever, the common laborers did not predominate in the occupations. The first immigrants left this sort of work before very long and became pedlers or fruit-dealers instead.

**N**EXT to common day labor, the fruit business now takes by far the largest number of Italians. It is estimated that between two and three thousand Italians in Boston and vicinity are connected with this business. The fruit business is not nearly so remunerative as it was ten years ago, when there were only seven hundred dealers in Boston. The increase in dealers has necessitated a division in profits, and now if a pedler makes five dollars a week, he is considered to be doing a very good business. The pedler does not buy his fruit from the market directly, but buys it in small quantities from the wholesale dealer or middleman, who orders it in large quantities through the main office, and stores it temporarily in his house or cellar. It is consequently the wholesale dealer who is subject to the large losses as well as the profits. Antonio Ferrari, who carries on a large wholesale business in a three-roomed tenement, has had sad experiences in this line. It was a bad year for oranges, and seven hundred dollars' worth of the fruit which he had stored in his cellar spoiled in one winter.

Among the miscellaneous employments, many of the Italians work in manufacturing establishments, such as shoe shops, etc. A large number are masons and stonecutters or polishers in marble shops. The bakeshops employ a great many Italians, and barbers are now becoming very numerous, especially amongst the Sicilians. In fact, Italians are apt to become barbers before they have mastered the trade, and hence a cut in rates is a very natural outcome. The occupation of the street musician, which has always been rather popular, is carried on by the southern Italians, particularly the Calabrians. These are reported to despise such manual labor as the Neapolitans perform, but they take very naturally to this roving life.

The work of the women is quite a large factor in Italian industry. The habits of the European peasantry are preserved here by those women who do farm gardening outside the city. The freedom of outdoor work is a relief from the cramped life of the city, and the work is merely that to which they

are accustomed. Some even walk to and from their work. The proportion of women engaged in this work, however, is growing less. The young women are working in the candy shops or becoming saleswomen in stores, and many more are working with the Portuguese women in the manufacture of clothing.

**T**HE one Italian theatre, consisting of a marionette show, is the only regular place of amusement, and this is too dull to be popular even for an Italian who has little else to do. We enter the dance halls expecting to find Italians there; but these are principally Irish affairs. Few Italians are present, for by common consent the two races associate as little as possible. "Only the decent ones are allowed," according to the dancers. "If any Italians come in who do not behave, we just fire 'em out." The Italians frequently have dances of their own on festive occasions, which are more elaborate affairs. But they are not always harmonious, and readily give occasions for quarrels on account of some jealousy or fancied slight.

By nine o'clock most of the women have disappeared from the streets, and all the girls are within doors, for the street-walkers are not of the Italian race. If the morrow is a working day, the men retire from the street by ten o'clock and only the saloons and dance halls remain active. At eleven o'clock the saloons are closed. The dance halls keep open until midnight.

On Sunday the rising hour is a little later than usual, but the church-goers are up by six o'clock, in time for early mass. There are two Catholic churches in the community, besides a Protestant church and a Protestant mission. The Catholic churches are well filled at all the services of the day.

The Catholic church claims nearly the whole people of the colony as Catholic, and so they are in name; but the fact that both their churches together do not hold over eight hundred persons would seem to show that only a small proportion of the people of the colony are very actively religious.

The Protestant church has a constituency of about three hundred, although not all of these are members. Many have been gained through the work of this organization, which is not distinctly religious. An employment bureau and an Italian exchange form important branches of the church's work. Patriotism and good citizenship are taught by one of their number, who has not yet fully mastered our language himself. They are taught our national hymn, even though they have to sing it in Italian. And every year, as they celebrate their national freedom, they are taught to associate it with our greater liberty through the exercises which are held about the statue of George Washington in the Public Garden.

Nearly all the Italian children go to the public schools, notwithstanding that there is a large parochial school in the neighborhood. The fact that the public schools are free more than makes up for any conscientious scruples which the Italians might have against sending their children there. Here the Italian and the Jew, the Irish and the Portuguese, with a sprinkling of all the other nationalities except Americans, are educated together. Some of the Russian Jews prove themselves to be the brightest, while others are excessively dull. The Italians learn quickly, and probably on the average are as bright as any. They soon learn enough English to become interpreters for the family, and later, as they use the new language more and more, the old gradually falls into disuse. The knowledge acquired beyond this is

comparatively little, for the parent is impatient to put the child to work in order to swell the family earnings, and the child is scarcely less anxious to make the change. As their circumstances improve, however, education seems destined to become more general. Even now a few Italian boys and girls may be found in the high schools.

**A**BOUT thirty-five per cent of the children at the North-End schools are Italian, a smaller proportion than we might expect from the Italian population; but in crossing from the Jewish to the Italian quarter one of the most noticeable things is the diminution in the number of children visible in the streets. The young men form the great majority of Italian immigrants, as the young women do of the Irish immigrants, the Italians being one of the few nationalities in which the men greatly exceed the women.

Unlike many of our foreign-born citizens, the Italians tend to become Republicans. It is doubtful if race prejudice does not have as much to do with forming their political opinions as individual intelligence. Their common explanation, "No like the Democrats," might be interpreted to mean, "No like the Irishman."

**T**HE average Italian is an honest man, particular in the payment of his debts, yet he is somewhat of a liar withal, a very natural state of things in a community like this, for honesty is a characteristic of country folks, while truthfulness is a virtue not quickly acquired. That incorrigible love of dirt which has so injured the Italian's reputation is not exhibited in the case of families as it is with single men, for the wife keeps the house wonderfully clean, and takes pleasure in doing so. The Italians are very ingenious, they mind their own business, and exhibit a most proper gratitude for real kindnesses.

# The Fall of the Last Leaves

A Short Story

By Paolo Buzzi

Translated by Rosario Ingarciola

FARMER SCANIO kept watch over his estate all by himself. Crouched upon the trunk of a tree, for hours and hours, his eyes peering on all sides, Scanio looked very much like an owl. Every morning his son Iso would place him upon that sort of watch tower. Iso was the only son the war had spared him and now was his only support.

Scanio, afflicted with paralysis, was unable to do any more work. He could stand upon his legs, but only with great difficulty. That tree had begun to serve as a sort of prop for him during the whole day. He had a long, hoary beard which made him look like a magician.

People used to come from all parts of the town to see and greet him and to seek his advice, for Scanio was considered a wise man.

In the past he had been a great worker. When his arms were strong he had tilled alone practically half of his property and whatever crops the hard land yielded were wholly due to his long and attentive care of the soil.

When his wife died, work became his only companion and now that he was an old man, paralysis was his faithful mate. However, sitting upon that tree, immovable as he was,

in the center of that farm, face to face with Nature, which he had always loved, Scanio felt a certain happy strength.

Iso, his son, had no faults whatever, except that he was a miser. In the town there was, of course, the man who buried the dead, but Iso was the man who buried the money. His farm was filled with potatoes and pots full of all kinds of money. It was a good thing that Iso had never read "*Aulularia*" by Plautus. As he was unable to read, his savings never went into the banks but were buried under the ground and of this he was indeed happy. It gave him a kingly joy, at night, to walk up and down the property surrounded by gates and spikes and feel his bare feet touch the ground under which he knew there were treasures buried.

Naturally, Iso was very much afraid of thieves, particularly at night. During the day he felt sure, for he knew that his father kept a vigilant watch, sitting upon the tree. Although his father was unable to move, his big, wide-opened eyes surveyed the whole field.

But at night it wasn't fair to keep Scanio there upon the tree, unless of course there was a definite danger in sight, for then Scanio would spend the entire night in his hiding-place,

all armed, ready for anything.

TIMES were not so good. Work was scarce in the farms and the country-side was filled with vagabonds and loafers of all kinds. Under these conditions, Scanio's lonely house could not fail to be attractive prey for certain lawless characters.

Occasionally, particularly during dinner time, strangers could be seen going from house to house, begging for food. The good people would give them bread, soup or a cupful of pudding. But these strangers were queer persons, with such searching, inquisitive eyes which seemed to see through the very shadows of the rooms. One had better be watchful of these strayers.

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THERE was one woman whom both Scanio and Iso hated and feared alike. It was Narda, the wife of Scanio's other son who was lost in the war. She had not been particularly faithful during her husband's absence, and yet he might still return, for he had not been given up for dead. Both father and son held religious memories of the missing soldier and down in their hearts they nursed a belief

that, sooner or later, he would bob up alive.

But Narda had long since abandoned Scanio's house and his farm. She lived no one knew where or how, driven by her whims, alone and free.

Scanio considered her a sort of witch now. So much so that lately he insisted on keeping watch even at night. Deep in his own heart, somehow, he felt that, perched upon the trunk of his tree, with the gun always loaded, he was waiting for just one person: Narda. Those shadows, he thought, which nightly gathered from all sides, enveloping his shack and dancing madly all around his grounds, were really convened there by her witchery.

"Come on, Iso, lift me up," he would order his son. "Load my gun well, hand me something to eat and go to sleep. I'll handle this myself. I can still shoot straight, my boy."

There was no arguing whenever the old man was in such a mood. Iso could not but obey, give him whatever he asked for his vigil and leave him there, couched among the branches, like a legendary King, ruling supreme from above. Then Iso would cast a greedy, scared look at the fields and repair to his berth, leaving the old scout to watch over the estate.

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**T**HAT night there was a festival in the town. As the rumblings of the last fireworks died away and the colored lamps on the church steeple floated in the wind, Scanio noticed some shadows moving in the farm. This, for Scanio, was the beginning of his festival. His eyes shone brighter than the lights that still flickered in the streets. The shadows became now more distinct; it was a woman: Narda, the witch!

But she was not alone. A

figure was following her close behind: a man. He was walking cautiously, less steady than the woman, who, it appeared, had a surer gait, as if she were very familiar with the place and knew what she wanted.

"By Jove," he burst out; "she's come to steal; and she's broken the vow, too!" To Scanio the memory of his missing son was more sacred than the Tabernacle in the Church of the Dead. "Thief and perjurer!" he muttered furiously, as he crossed himself with trembling fingers.

**I**SO was sound asleep by now. In the house not a stir was heard: the light was out and everything was still. The two shadowy figures, stalking across the fields, were coming nearer and nearer. Their steps were firmer now. Everything was so quiet and the place so lonely that they surely felt themselves masters of the farm and of the night.

The woman, breaking her way through with her hands, was groping in the dark, as if looking for something. Now and then she would turn to her companion, making signs to him and goading him on to the search.

"You witch!" again grunted the old man.

Then, pulling himself together, he grabbed the shotgun, lying there by his side, between two branches. The weapon shook in his paralytic hands; he could see that, for the moon was high and its bright rays illumined the rare Autumn leaves. The gun was fully loaded; he was waiting for Narda to approach and when she'd be within reach, then—bang!—old Scanio would shoot straight, all right.

The two thieves were now well on in their criminal pursuit. They were wielding

those shovels mightily, digging and digging, for the buried treasures.

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**S**CANIO stood still a minute, then took a careful aim and fired two shots, one after the other. Iso jumped out of his bed, shouting frantically. In the grass lay the two bodies, lifeless, like the shovels which had fallen with them.

"Iso! Iso!" cried the old man from atop the tree. "Help! Let me down, I want to see!" Scanio was waiting anxiously among the leaves, with his eyes fairly bulging out of their orbits and a wicked smile upon his large, distorted mouth.

Iso rushed to his father and helped him down. First came down the weapon, quick and innocent like a walking stick; then drooped down the lifeless limbs of the paralytic. Iso, using all his strength, caught in his arms that inert mass, which tumbled down like a heavy bag.

Slowly, they hobbled towards the dead bodies. Iso was holding his father on one side and the old man was using his gun as a crutch on the other. Scanio was eager to stare the scoundrels in the face.

**B**UT when he reached the place where they were lying and saw their faces—Scanio shuddered: right beside his daughter-in-law, the witch, lay the *other*, his long missing son, who was thought to have been lost in the war.

The husband had returned, a while ago, after so many years, found his wife and now they were resting together, with their hands stretched out towards the hole which hid the golden treasure.

Scanio said nothing: he only broke forth in a loud, hideous laugh which shook the air and made the last leaves fall to the ground.

## Topics of the Month

(Continued from page 150)

the appeal issued by the Casa is signed by Americans as well as Italians. The undertaking is in the interest of scholarly research and historic record, and is therefore deserving of the highest public support.

It will be recalled, in this connection, that ATLANTICA has already done much to acquaint Italian-Americans with the part played by their countrymen in American history. Its series of articles during the past year on little-known Italians in this country was the first real step in this direction, and should not be lost sight of, in view of the larger and more definitive attempts now to be made, which ATLANTICA itself heartily commends.

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### A SERVANT OF GOD AND HUMANITY

THE beatification of the late Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini, reported upon favorably by the Congregation of Rites, should cause profound satisfaction in America, where the humble Sister of the Sacred Heart spent fourteen years of her active life.

Her name unknown to many, but her works standing like monuments to her memory in all parts of the United States, she was one of our great immigrants—a servant of God and humanity unsurpassed in her usefulness to the helpless and the poor. She lived in Chicago and there, as head of the Order she founded and for many years directed, she established a nationwide philanthropic movement controlling a chain of hospitals, asylums, schools, churches and homes for the poor which are to this day

among the finest of our social institutions, doing vast good to millions of Americans.

Mother Cabrini, follower of Christ, strove to reduce her Christian faith to a practical program of charity transcending sectarian limitations. That she succeeded is an indication of that faith and proof of her gifts as an organizer, builder and administrator. Indeed she carried into the everyday life of the sick and the needy the great mission of the Church and the divine spirit of its Founder.

Americans will cherish her name with pride, and, regardless of creed, pay homage to her memory as one of the truly great women of the land.

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### TAMMANY ON TRIAL

THE State Legislature has finally agreed to investigate the city of New York. For the fourth time in forty years, the affairs of the metropolis, again in Tammany's hands, will be subjected to the acid test of an official scrutiny. Two of these four investigations resulted in startling disclosures and led to the election of reform Mayors. The others were more or less failures. In 1921, the Meyer Committee failed so miserably that it practically insured the re-election of Mayor John F. Hylan.

The present investigation will cover practically every city department, not excluding the lower courts. It will have unlimited powers. Already much wrongdoing has come to the surface, and while Mayor Walker and his colleagues are confident of vindication, the out-

come may prove disastrous to their prestige.

In the early '90's it was Dr. Parkhurst, the crusading Minister of the Gospel, who unearthed the evidence upon which Senator Lexow and his Committee based their historic investigation. Much of the credit now goes to Congressman La Guardia, the aggressive candidate for Mayor in 1929, whose charges of graft and corruption are the basis of the present investigation.

In 1929 Mayor Walker denounced as "mud-slinging" the accusations of Congressman La Guardia, but as United States Attorney Tuttle and Judge Seabury have since proved, and as the investigating committee may further disclose, the Congressman knew whereof he spoke.

Pending the results of the investigation, Mayor Walker and Mr. Curry, Tammany boss, are entitled to, and will receive, the benefit of such doubts as to the honesty of the administration as may still survive. But if there is fire back of the dense smoke that darkens Tammany's horizon, more of it than has already been shown, we should be on the eve of one of the greatest municipal scandals in American history.

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### A CHILD OF THE PRESS?

THE American press continues to advertise Al Capone. This underworld figure is in public print at least once a day. He is cartooned, photographed, editorialized and quoted as no other man in the country. He is the beneficiary of many millions of dollars of

free publicity, all of which we suspect he enjoys.

We have a feeling somehow that the importance of Mr. Capone derives largely from this very publicity. We think, in other words, that he may be a child of the press. For in well-informed circles it is whispered that the printed word has fattened him out of all proportions to his size and that in reality he is a lean man indeed. It has been said also that he is a screen for the real operators of the underworld.

We may be mistaken, but how are we to explain that while he is alleged to be the worst of our public enemies, all that society has succeeded in pinning on him is the simple charge of vagrancy? True that his sinister mind probably functions in subtle ways his crimes to perform and that the police are a lot of morons. But

in the absence of better evidence, wouldn't it seem fairer and wiser and less irritating to let him vegetate in obscurity?

Recently he boasted, and the press lost no time in reporting the boast, that while an enemy's bullet may get him, and rid us of him, the law never will. We suggest that before the bullet reaches him, the press kill him forthwith by the gentler process of keeping him out of print.

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### SMILE

THAT "Americanization" is making progress among certain Italians is established beyond peradventure of a doubt by the following from the by-laws of the newly formed "Smiling Family Circle" of Providence, Rhode Island:

"The Society's watchword, 'Smile,' is used among the members in saluting each other. It is expressed in a sign made by raising the forefinger of the right hand enough in the air to attract a neighbor's attention.

"This signal word is especially appropriate, and is provided by the Society, for use at meetings and debates of the Governing Boards.

"When a fellow officer, partaking in such debates, in the heat of his argument, becomes seemingly serious and commences to take on a sarcastic expression, any fellow officer sitting most directly in view of the speaker shall make the signal 'Smile' (in the fashion above) attracting the said speaker's attention, causing him to smile and to continue his speech more calmly."

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## The Resurrection of Ancient Rome

(Continued from page 167)

formed, and it is here that there are being systematically organized works of art and collections of classic and ancient art. Classic antiquities, which had required a better arrangement, have at last found it after years of waiting (so often criticized by foreign archaeologists, always willing to criticize) in the renovated Capitoline Museums.

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FOR this is the undeniable character and the singular and constant charm of Rome, nay, to use the important and necessary word, its great and central secret: the "ineffable and harmonious welding of the ancient with the modern," and thus, aside from any imitation and adaptation, the ruins almost always (provided a little breathing space is made

around them) seem to be placed on a throne: a shining gem in the midst of the surrounding modernity, its natural point of convergence; a real and ideal center, to which the eyes and the spirit turn.

Once again, let us not forget that Rome is a city constantly on the upgrade: a city "which rises toward all the solemn points to which it has entrusted a memory or a mission in history." It rises toward the *Gianicolo*, the *Quirinale*, the *Campidoglio*, and the monuments that are above these little hills thus seem to be in continuous ascent; and their massive piles, seen from below, seem to be gigantic things, like mountains.

In this guise they resemble the temples and the altars of new *acropoli*: and in this con-

figuration lies their secret and the secret of Rome.

For the heights of the City seem to be the appropriate places for the palaces and the basilicas; we must uplift our eyes to contemplate them, and in so doing, we also uplift our souls. Which is to say that there is in the very atmosphere the virtue of moral elevation, as well as the virtue of esthetic elevation: the height seems to act as a background for beauty; true it is that all these hills appear to have been made solely to serve as a base for the monument, and the latter, mellowed by the sun of centuries, rises like an immense golden jewel under the azure sky.

And thus it is that, in the Eternal City, everything has a vital significance, even its glorious ruins.

# Musical Notes

THE Metropolitan Opera Company closes one of the most brilliant New York seasons it has ever had with its performance of Saturday night, April 11th, and once again it will begin, the following week, its annual spring tour through other cities.

Its first week, beginning April 13th, will be divided between Baltimore and Washington. In Baltimore, at the Lyric Theatre, "Mignon" will be heard Monday evening, April 13th, with Meses. Bori and Pons and Messrs. Gigli and Pinza in the leading roles; "Tosca" Wednesday evening with Mme. Jeritza, Messrs. Thil and Tibbett; "Lucia di Lammermoor" Friday evening with Mme. Pons, Messrs. Tokatyan and Danise; "La Traviata" Saturday evening with Rosa Ponselle and Messrs. Lauri-Volpi and Tibbett.

The Washington schedule, at the Fox Theatre, is "Tosca" Tuesday evening, April 14th, with Mme. Jeritza, Messrs. Lauri-Volpi and Tibbett; "Mignon" Wednesday afternoon with Meses. Bori and Pons, Messrs. Gigli and Rothier; "Peter Ibbetson" on Thursday evening with the regular cast.

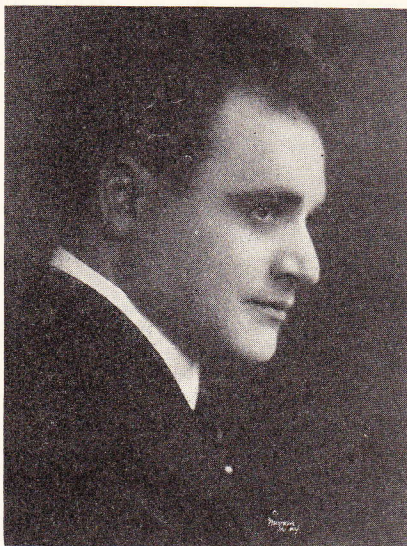
The Company will not visit Richmond and Atlanta this spring as in the past, but will return to New York for the week of April 20th, when it will give two performances at the Westchester County Centre in White Plains: "Traviata" and "Lucia di Lammermoor." It will then leave for its regular week in Cleveland at the Public Auditorium.

Opera-lovers living in cities other than New York will thus be enabled to attend performances rendered by the highest exponents of the art in this country.

CARLO ZECCHI, the young Roman pianist who made his New York debut a month ago as soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, gave his first recital in New York March 4th at Carnegie Hall, playing a program mainly devoted to Italian and German music. Two weeks later,

again at Carnegie Hall, Mr. Zecchi gave another recital, with a program including Schumann's Fantasy, Op. 17, and Franck's Prelude, aria and finale.

Oddly enough, Mr. Zecchi's interests also extend into the field of political economy. After a sojourn in Soviet Russia, where he made a big name for himself, he became so



Beniamino Gigli

*who recently appeared with Lily Pons and others in the Easter concert at the Metropolitan.*

interested in the Soviet experiment that now he is writing a book on the subject between recitals.

THE People's Chorus of New York will mark its fifteenth anniversary, under the leadership of Lorenzo Camilieri, in its sixth annual Spring song festival at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening, April 28th.

At one of the recent concerts of the People's Chorus at the Town Hall the choral body sang numbers by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Schubert, Cesar Franck, Saint-Saens and Mendelssohn, and towards the end of the program the audience, as usual, was invited to join in the singing. Apparently Mr. Camilieri's intention is to establish a sort of friendly rivalry between audience and performers, of benefit to both.

The genial conductor also ad-

ressed his audience happily and frequently on the various subjects of his organization, music, and audiences in general. Doubtless his happy mood was partly a result of his announcement of a plan to raise funds for a building to house the People's Chorus.

THE beautiful auditorium of the Casa Italiana resounded to the harmonies of a well-trained and talented chorus on Sunday afternoon, March 15th, when the Dante Alighieri Society of New York, by permission of Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza, presented the Choral School of the Metropolitan Opera House before a distinguished audience, including Mr. Otto H. Kahn, Comm. Emanuele Grazzi, Royal Italian Consul General in New York, Antonio Scotti, the Metropolitan Opera baritone, Professor Giuseppe Prezzolini, director of the Casa Italiana, and many others.

After an eloquent introduction by Comm. Italo Falbo, the Choral School, under the able direction of Edoardo Petri, sang a program of music including Palestrina, Bach, Verdi, Monteverdi, Moussorgsky, Cherubini, Puccini and Beethoven.

WHEN Italians select an Italian composer as their favorite, many people will discount their choice, saying that it is a matter of national pride and preference. But when an Italian composer is the favorite choice of another nationality, this charge cannot be made.

This is just what happened recently when Giacomo Puccini, famous Italian composer, was picked by German opera-goers as their favorite composer of modern opera music drama.

A musical magazine, "Der Anbruch," made up a standing among the "moderns" by counting the performances of various works last season, with the exception of all composers who died before 1930.

With a score of 950 performances, Puccini's name led all the rest, and his "Madame Butterfly" was the opera most often presented. A German, of course, came second: Richard Strauss, with 497 performances to his credit.

# Books In Brief

*THE POLITICAL LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAVOUR (1848-1861)*, by A. J. Whyte. Oxford University Press, New York. XV. 478 pages.

W. R. Thayer's "The Life and Times of Cavour," published in 1912, is considered by students of the Italian *Risorgimento* the standard biography of the great Italian statesman. However, this volume, a sequel to the other by the same author on "The Early Life and Letters of Cavour," may be taken as a valuable addition to Thayer's famous two volumes because it makes known for the first time to English readers the important parts of the first four volumes of the recently published *Carteggio Cavour-Nigra*. A number of private letters belonging to the Clarendon and Russell families have also been consulted.

In this biography the author coordinates the known facts of Cavour's life with the recent revelations of the *Nigra* correspondence, presenting a very harmonious picture of the great statesman, but very little that is unknown to the Italian student of Cavour can be found in this book, as the author has "made but little attempt at criticism."

The English reader, however, will obtain from the book a comprehensive view of Cavour's stern character and of the many difficulties against which he had to labor in order to transform Piedmont, little but brave, into a European power, realizing the dream which Italian patriots had cherished for centuries.

*TWO RENAISSANCE EDUCATORS: Alberti and Piccolomini*. By S. G. Santayana. 125 pages. Boston: The Meador Publishing Co. \$1.50.

THIS little book represents a valuable addition to the vast literature on the Italian contribution to civilization.

Leon Battista Alberti (1404-1472), was one of the outstanding figures of the Renaissance. Painter, architect, mathematician, musician, philosopher and poet, he typifies the versatility of the Italians. His treatise "De Re Aedificatoria" was translated into Italian, French, Spanish and English.

Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, better known as Pope Pius II, was a geographer, historian, poet, pamphleteer, philosopher and educator.

As a biographer of Piccolomini wrote two centuries ago, "Nature gathered up the distinction of very many different men in these two personalities."

In this volume the author deals with the two humanists as educators, stressing their contribution to modern pedagogy. He says that "they deserve a more prominent place in our historical, philosophical and educational courses."

The book contains a comprehensive resume of Humanism during the Renaissance in Italy.

*THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK: A Record of Events and Progress, Year 1930*. Editor, Albert Bushnell Hart; Associate Editor, William M. Schuyler. Edited with the cooperation of a supervisory board representing national learned societies. New York: The American Year Book Corporation. \$7.50.

THIS annual summary of the events, in every field of human activity, during the year 1930, is not concerned primarily with statistics, although they are not neglected. What the editors wish to emphasize is a running account of the happenings and progress of the year, told as concisely and as selectively as the efforts of forty-seven national learned societies, assisted by 197 contributors, the whole edited by two nationally known historians, can make it.

A feature of the book is a comprehensive list of societies and organizations of national scope which relate to the subject of each division. This should be a convenience to the general seeker for information as well as to the reader engaged in special research. What with its topical, bibliographical and statistical matter, the book should prove of interest to student, professional man, historian, journalist, economist, business man, social worker, engineer and scientist.

The book is so divided and sectionalized that one can quickly find any particular item or information he may be looking for. It is made up of seven parts, sub-divided in turn into 27 divisions. To facilitate still further the finding of all the information contained in the book on any particular subject, there is added a 20-page index, cross-referenced. This year's issue of the Year Book, too, though it is complete in itself, "interlocks with the previous volumes of the series

and prepares the way for later volumes; it is a link in the panorama of the unfolding years."

It is a matter of pride that in an "American" Year Book there should be considerable space devoted to Italy, concerning archaeology, literature, international relations and economic relations with the United States.

*POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD: Parliaments, Parties and Press, as of January 1, 1931*. Edited by Walter H. Mallory. 200 pages. Published by Yale University Press, New Haven, for the Council on Foreign Relations, Inc., New York. \$2.50.

THE year 1930 witnessed an unusual number of significant political changes throughout the world. There were seven revolutions, a score of general elections, and many important cabinet changes. Furthermore, the character, political affiliations, and ownership of many newspapers changed in this period. All this and more is covered by the "Political Handbook of the World." It gives in compact and readable form the essential information of each country on the rulers, the political parties with their programs and leaders, and the newspapers and periodicals with their political affiliations and editors. In addition, it has been enlarged to include a section on the organization and personnel of the League of Nations.

Sixty-four countries are included in this compendium. Although, in proportion to her importance, Italy could well have deserved more than the four pages devoted to her, the facts given concerning her government, Fascist grand council, parliament, party programs and leaders, and press are quite authoritative, most of the sources of the information having been official.

*THE MODERN ATLAS OF THE WORLD*. 1931 Edition. 192 pages. New York: C. S. Hammond & Co., Inc. \$3.

IT is only when one has a copy of this excellent atlas and gazetteer that he wonders how he has managed to get along without one hitherto. For the one word that adequately sums it up is "essential."

There are, of course, larger and more complete atlases (also published by Hammond's), but for the average, intelligent person, who would like to know just where this



or that interesting place mentioned in the news is located, or whether such-and-such a town does exist and where, without having to refer to a too-bulky volume, this work is ideal. In a handy size (12½ by 9½ inches), clearly and attractively printed, and containing, among its statistics on population, the complete and official 1930 census figures for the United States, one is tempted to class it with such necessities as the telephone book, the dictionary and the World Almanac.

Maps are fascinating things, aside from their reference value. They really constitute travel literature, allowing the mind, as they do, to travel swiftly around the globe, as swiftly as thought itself, without the usual material inconveniences of travel itself. Certainly they make as interesting reading as the average novel to the educated mind, and their reference value, besides, is incalculable at the right times.

The large one-page map of Italy is of special interest, listing as it does every town known to the average Italo-American, where he can refresh his memory of his ancestral country's geography.

*THE SECOND TWENTY YEARS AT HULL HOUSE.* By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.

If there is any American who can talk with authority about the immigrants and their problems, it is Jane Addams, the founder of Hull House, in the very heart of Chicago's Little Italy.

In the present book, Miss Addams discusses problems that are very vital to the immigrant, as well as others that are not so vital to him. Prohibition enforcement, labor legislation, immigration by quotas, juvenile delinquency, education of the children of the foreign born, the woman movement throughout the world, the desirability of American participation in the Permanent Court of International Justice, the Kellogg Pact, and other problems of both domestic and world-wide importance are dealt with by Miss Addams with rare insight and extraordinary tolerance.

Of vivid interest to the student of juvenile delinquency are the author's references to the collusion between politicians and criminals in Chicago.

"I think there is no doubt that the older boys in our neighborhood who are openly 'bold and bad' are

almost always secure in the conviction that if one of them should get caught he will not be severely dealt with, that local politicians to whom he and his family are attached will take care of him; and the surprising thing is—that they usually do take care of him."

The book is permeated throughout by a spirit of tolerance which gives the reader a sense of soothing calm, such as only books by the



Jane Addams

Author of "The Second 20 Years at Hull House."

truly great can give. The social problems with which the immigrant is confronted are treated with sympathetic understanding, without any touch of acrimony, even when dealing with evils for which the alien is largely to blame.

Anyone who has not had the good fortune of meeting Miss Addams, needs only to read this book to become convinced that no woman is better entitled than she to be considered the outstanding woman in the world today and one of the greatest in the history of civilization.

*WORK: What It Has Meant to Men Through the Ages.* By Adriano Tilgher. Translated from the Italian by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. 225 pages. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Books on unemployment are springing up mushroom-like these days, because of universal interest in this appalling social phenomenon. But a book on what human thought has conceived the idea of Work to be, through the ages, is of more than passing interest. For work is as much a part of man as living.

Let it be said at the outset that the book, like its title, is not always easy going. The translator (outstanding in America as a novelist of the first rank, and translator of Papini's famous "Life of Christ") discusses in her introduction the type of person who should, or should not, read the book. Her conclusion is that it will make good reading for all those whose minds are still open, and "who are not looking for somebody to tell them, but for somebody to ask them."

The book (admirably, of course, translated "freely") sets forth no new or unknown facts. It is not a research work, but, more advantageous to the reader, one containing "a clear, shapely pattern" in a way that is bound to stimulate thought. Beginning with the Greeks, who conceived of Work as a hardship, through the early Christians, who regarded it as a punishment for original sin, it comes down to our own times, in which the ideal of Homo Sapiens, whose wisdom brings him fame and honor, has been transformed into that of Homo Faber, who recognizes in creative work the greatest and ultimate attainment of man. Its concluding chapters indicate briefly the relation of certain subsidiary ideas—sport, play, saving and luxury—with the idea of Work.

One full chapter is given over to "The Idea of Work in Fascism" which he dates back to Cavour and Minghetti, Mazzini and Cattaneo, Romagnosi and Gioberti, the principal characteristics of whose idea was "the right to life and as a result the right of each man to work; work and thrift as legitimate sources of private property; the right to acquire possessions open to all; intelligence as 'first among economic forces,' 'prime source of wealth,' and 'the most powerful of all.'" And, quoting Mazzini, the author says, "Some day we shall all be workers; that is, we shall all live on the rewards of our work, no matter what kind it may be. Human existence will represent a task accomplished."

Adriano Tilgher is one of the notable figures of contemporary Italian culture. Known first as a brilliant dramatic critic, the discoverer and chief interpreter of Pirandello, he has ranged over a wide variety of subjects, from Greek thought and German idealism to sociology and politics. He is a writer of exceptional clarity and charm, in whom, as in Bergson, the artist is quite as notable as the thinker.

# The Italian Pharmaceutical Association of New York State

**T**HE annual banquet and ball of the Italian Pharmaceutical Association of New York State, Inc., held at the St. George Hotel on March 1st, was attended by almost a thousand persons, a remarkable tribute to the scope and the activities of this 33-year-old society, and a good indication of its size. The Hon. John J. Freschi, Special Sessions Justice, acted as toastmaster, and among the guests of honor that night there were, among others, Louis Realbuto, president of the society, Dr. John Scavo, honorary president, the Hon. Salvatore Cutillo, Comm. Emanuele Grazzi, Royal Italian Consul General in New York City, and George W. Mather, secretary of the New York State Board of Pharmacy.

What is the Italian Pharmaceutical Association? In answering this question it should be borne in mind, to begin with, that one-fifth of all the pharmacists in New York State are Italians. Of these, something like one thousand are concentrated in New York City, and they own about 500 pharmacies. Throughout New York State, the Association can list with pride as its members about one thousand Italian druggists, half of them in New York City, and it also has chapters at Rochester and Buffalo. Moreover, its ranks are being swelled annually by new additions from the five certified pharmacy schools in this State, those of Columbia, Brooklyn College, Fordham, Albany and Buffalo, which together graduate from 100 to 150 pharmacists every year.

It was in the winter of 1898, a few months before the opening of the Spanish-American War, that a few Italian druggists, among them Joseph Aquaro, David Cafferata, Domenico Di Dario, Francis S. Perilli and Peter M. Rovitti, assembled in New York City at the suggestion of Mr. Aquaro to establish an association of Italian phar-

macists in New York State. David Cafferata was elected president, Francis S. Perilli, vice-president, Joseph Aquaro, treasurer, and Peter M. Rovitti, secretary. The following year the new society was incorporated.

Expansion, however, was a slow process, for the Italian pharmacists of that day were skeptical of the outcome of such an organization and hesitant in joining. Up to 1904 scarcely a hundred pharmacists had enrolled. In that year Frank Avignone was elected president, and the Association began to forge ahead. The administrations of John Scavo (1910-11) and Alfred D'Annunzio (1912) found it expanding and advancing still further. A monthly bulletin, the *Bolletino Farmaceutico Italiano*, was started, but later discontinued. Then a lull occurred, between 1913 and 1920, in the organization's activities and progress. Eugene Corcia, elected president in 1920, proceeded to rebuild it, but it was not until the fall of 1922, under the leadership of John Scavo, that this reconstruction began to materialize, and since then the Italian Pharmaceutical Association has progressed steadily and well. Indifference has given way to enthusiasm, trust and loyalty. Each year the Association is well represented at the New York State Pharmaceutical Association's annual convention, aggressively alert in protecting its members' professional and business interests.

**T**HE purpose of the society, since its inception, has always been "to foster and protect the ethical, commercial and civic welfare of the Italian pharmacists," and it has done so by organizing the latter into "a compact and disciplined professional body for mutual protection, encouragement, and defense." Furthermore, it was organized also to secure the respect of the common-

wealth, not alone for the Italian pharmacists, but for the great mass of the Italian residents of the nation. Among the many ways in which this aim has been pursued, mention might be made of the generous donation to the Casa Italiana fund, the publication of an official Year Book and Guide, the brilliance of the annual social affairs, and the agitation, now being promoted, for the establishment of an Italian Academy of Medicine and Pharmacy in the United States.

**T**HE officers of the Italian Pharmaceutical Association for the year 1931 are: John Scavo, honorary president; Louis Realbuto, president; A. S. Carrabillo, 1st vice-president; F. J. Di Benedetto, 2nd vice-president; A. Carabillo, treasurer; J. J. Setaro, financial secretary; Walter Janaro, recording secretary; and B. Gagliano, corresponding secretary. Its Executives are: D. Crachi, chairman; N. S. Gesoalde, John Scavo, V. M. Orefice and F. Rapecis.

In the past the following men have been presidents of the Association: David Cafferata, 1898-1900; Frank Avignone, 1901-1908; John D'Anna, 1909; John Scavo, 1910-1911; Alfred D'Annunzio, 1912; Xavier D'Ambrosio, 1913; Diodato Villamena, 1916-1919; Eugenio Corcia, 1920; John Scavo, 1921-1925; Nicholas S. Gesoalde, 1926; B. Cagliano, 1927; Joseph J. Setaro, 1928; and Domenico Crachi, 1929-1930.

In size of membership, as well as in aggressiveness and accomplishments, the Italian Pharmaceutical Association is today one of the most important Italian societies in this country. During the 33 years of its existence, it has always kept in mind its original slogan: "To foster and protect the ethical, commercial and civic welfare of the Italian pharmacists."

# The Italians in the United States

(Readers Are Invited to Send in Items of Real Worth for Possible Use in These Columns. Photographs Will Also Be Welcome)

## ALABAMA

Two Supreme Officers of the Order Sons of Italy in America, Mr. Salvatore Parisi, Supreme Financial Secretary, and Mr. Umberto Billi, Supreme Recording Secretary, both from New York, were present at the installation of the recently elected officers of the Grand Lodge of Alabama, Order Sons of Italy in America, in Birmingham.

The Order has a membership of over a half million men and women throughout the United States and Canada, with over 1700 lodges. Alabama has six lodges, with a membership of over 1000.

Among the speakers, in addition to the two Supreme Officers, were Luigi Cociola, Supreme Deputy for the State of Alabama and one of the pioneers of the Order in that State, and the new Grand Venerable: Gasparo Lanza.

## CALIFORNIA

Contributions are steadily increasing for the Italian School Fund in San Francisco, for which a Financial Committee has been organized by the Consul General.

Los Angeles acquired a new "youngest judge" recently with the appointment of Atty. Alfred E. Paonessa, 31, to the Municipal bench. Of Italian descent, a graduate of Southwestern University and a student at George Washington University, Paonessa was admitted to the bar only six years ago, having engaged in general law practice since then. The new judge was presented to Governor Rolph of California by Senator Joseph L. Pedrotti and Dr. John Bonfiglio of Hollywood.

Gr. Uff. Ettore Patrizi, editor and publisher of "L'Italia" of San Francisco, was the speaker at a recent lecture of the Seckels series in that city. He essayed to clear up many popular misconceptions in this country concerning Italy, declaring that, in his opinion, no other man has been so persistently misrepresented as Italy's Prime Minister.

A group of Italian-American students at San Jose State College have formed an Italian Club, the "Circolo Dante," during the meetings of which the speaking of Italian is compulsory. Luigi Petri, son of Angelo Petri, president of the Petri Cigar Co. of San Francisco, was elected president.

Dr. Marianna Bertola spoke recently in San Francisco on "The Effects of the Mental Attitude of Parents on their Children."

In honor of his appointment as a commissioner of elections, Mr. Victor A. Sbragia of San Francisco was the guest of honor recently at a banquet held in the Dante Building auditorium. John Perata acted as toastmaster, and among the speakers were Mayor Angelo J. Rossi of San Francisco, Assemblyman Olivia, Aldermen Victor Canepa and Silvestro Andriano, and Attorneys Traverso, Malatesta, Mazza and Marini.

Prof. Bruno Averardi not long ago spoke on "The Italy of Today" before the Italian Women's Club of San Francisco. The officers of the Club are Mrs. Maria Casaretto, pres.; Mrs. Adele Baroni, 1st vice-pres.; Mrs. Isabella Vignola, 2nd vice-pres.; Paolina Tasca, sec.; Maria Luisa Savino, corr. sec.; Miss Paolina Bodrero, treas.

## COLORADO

The firm of E. F. Gobatti Engineering and Machinery Co. has been formed in Pueblo by Mr. Edmondo F. Gobatti, to take over the activities of the Farmers Supply Co., whose assets have been liquidated.

Mr. Felix Pogliano of Denver, ex-Secretary of the United Mine Workers of America, District 15, had the highest mark in an elimination examination of the 28 competing, winning for him the position of industrial inspector for the State Industrial Commission.

The Vittorio Emanuele III Society of Denver recently celebrated the 30th anniversary of its founding.

## CONNECTICUT

At a recent exposition of paintings conducted by the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts at Hartford Museum in that city, the first prize of \$200 was won by Romano Umberto, with his painting "Dorothea."

Mr. Joseph M. Tone of New Haven has been appointed by Governor Cross of Connecticut as State Labor Commissioner.

The St. Anthony's Temporary Home of New Haven was recently dedicated in that city in the presence of Mons. J. J. Nilan, Bishop of Hartford, and other notables, with Rev. V. Jannuzzi of St. Joseph's Church in New York acting as master of ceremonies.

At a recent dinner-meeting of the Waterbury Unico Club, held at the Hotel Waterbury, the speaker of the evening was F. S. Smith, manager of

the American Brass Co. Atty. F. Palomba is president of the Club.

Dr. Daniel Banks, Italian-American, of Bridgeport, recently appointed member of the State Hospital Commission through the support of the Italian State Democratic Federation, gave a banquet not long ago at the Italian-American Restaurant in honor of Mr. Pietro Diana, founder and present president of the Federation.

The Bridgeport Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of the young Italo-American maestro Frank Foti, held a concert recently at the Central High School Auditorium before more than 500 people. Among the Italian-Americans in the orchestra were the following: C. Doneado, M. Contalini, F. Nuzzo, E. Salito, W. Falcione, J. Morello, A. Memoli, L. Cappucci, S. Risi, J. Paumi, A. Mannino, S. Maimone, T. Di Martino, J. Patuzzi, J. Cerino, M. Di Nardo, A. Mariotti, E. Fasano, L. Bovino, and H. Persico.

Ranking scholars in the studies of senior, junior, sophomore and freshman years were announced recently by Yale University. The 699 students selected represent 27.5 per cent of the undergraduate enrollment. Among them were the following: John C. Varone of New Haven, Vincent J. Fasano of New Haven, Charles G. Paolillo of New Haven, Valentine J. Giamatti of New Haven, A. A. Bianchi of San Francisco, Salvatore J. Castiglione of New Haven, James F. Mormile of New Haven, Francis Schiaroli of Naugatuck, Conn., Delmar F. Benatti of New Haven, John R. Cuneo of Norwalk, Conn., Angelo M. Ragonetti of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Joseph A. Criscuolo of New Haven, Mario A. De Vita of East Haven, Conn., and John J. Mezzanotte of New Haven.

## DELAWARE

Dr. Giuseppe Russo of Wilmington has been appointed assistant in two departments of the Delaware Hospital, the operations and the urological.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The Lambda Phi Mu, Italian college fraternity, recently held a ball at the Carlton Hotel in Washington, with Counts Marchetti and Suardi of the Royal Embassy as guests of honor.

An advisory committee of 80 trade union officials, representing 75 national and international bodies, was recently formed in Washington to promote a campaign for modification of the Vol-

stead Act. One of the members of the committee is Joseph V. Moreschi, of the International Hod Carriers, Building and Common Laborers' Union of America.

After a voluntary absence of three years, Mr. Joseph Schiavone, well known in the financial world of Washington, Maryland and New Jersey, has returned to the presidency of the International Exchange Bank in Washington. Comm. Fernando Cuniberto, who was in charge during Mr. Schiavone's absence, has been made Chairman of the Board of Directors. While away, Mr. Schiavone devoted his efforts to the development of a real estate office and the Citizens' Mortgage Corporation in Baltimore.

The Riccobono Seminar in Public Law, organized three years ago at the Columbus University School of Law in honor of Prof. Riccobono of Palermo, was the subject of a speech recently by Prof. Sefton Darr, dean of the University. Dr. Francesco Lardone of the Catholic University of America presided at the gathering.

Fiorello O. di Gennaro of Washington won second prize recently in his district in the national oratorical contest on the United States Constitution.

Under the auspices of the Italy-America Society, Miss Fredericka Blankner recently delivered a lecture at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington on contemporary Italian literature. Many persons high in public life attended, among them Ambassador De Martino.

In the presence of high national personages, the statue of Father Junipero Serra, conqueror of California for Christianity and builder of missions, was inaugurated recently in National Statuary Hall in Washington. The statue is the work of Ettore Cadorin, born in Venice, and who has his studio at Santa Barbara in California. The "California Commission on Representation in National Statuary Hall" had conducted a contest two years ago among 15 or 16 sculptors for the Serra statue and it was won by Cadorin.

## ILLINOIS

The Justinian Society of Chicago, composed of Italian lawyers, will hold its annual ball on April 10th at the Congress Hotel. The officers of the society are John Meccia, pres.; Frank De Bartolo, vice-pres.; C. J. Bisesi, sec.; and A. J. Caliendo, treas. The honorary president is the society's founder, Atty. John De Grazia.

The Italian Drama League of Chicago will present a series of Italian plays at the Goodman Theatre in that city.

The Italian Broadcasting Co. of Chicago, whose manager is Remo Conti, is to broadcast Italian programs from Station WGES four times a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 10 to 11 A. M., and Wednesdays from 6 to 7 P. M. The station's wave length is 1300 metres. Among the artists there will be L. Florio, Lina Fiorelli, Adelina Dosea and Maria Conti. Maestro Enrico Serpone will direct

the orchestra.

Another effort along the same lines is the Gioconda Broadcasting Co. of the same city, directed by Maestro Enrico Servillo, which will make use of Stations WCFL and WEDC every Sunday and Saturday evening.

## LOUISIANA

Atty. Salvatore Roccaforte, counsel to the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New Orleans, has been promoted to Captain in the Reserve Corps.

The Italian Welfare League of Shreveport has elected the following officers for the half-year term ending July 1931: Paul Angelo, pres.; Joseph Melilli, vice-pres.; Frank Cieri, sec.-treas.; Joseph Cordano, bus. mgr.

The Italian colony of New Orleans last month held a banquet in honor of the departing Consul General, Chev. Dr. Rossi (who has been called to Rome), and Chev. Carlo Dessaulles, the new Consul General, formerly at St. Louis. The banquet committee was composed of S. Saputo, president of the "Unione Italiana", ex-officio; Guido Rossi, chairman, Cav. Gaspere Lo Cicero, Lucas J. Schiro, Cav. Paolo Montelepre and Frank Dantoni. Dr. Dessaulles was Royal Italian Consul at St. Louis for three years before being transferred to New Orleans.

## MARYLAND

The Italian Consul General at Baltimore, Dr. Logoluso, recently delivered a lecture at the Engineering Building of Johns Hopkins University on present conditions in Italy. The affair was under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Italian Club. Dr. Logoluso was introduced by Atty. Demarco.

## MASSACHUSETTS

Mayor Andrew A. Casassa of Revere, who has held his position for the last three years, has been made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

Vale Street, in West Roxbury, has been renamed Virgil Street after the great Roman poet.

Atty. Augustus Loschi has been appointed Assistant Clerk of the East Boston District Court, an important position in that it is semi-judicial. He is probably the only American of Italian descent in Massachusetts holding such a position. Mr. Loschi was born in Boston's West End 46 years ago, and when a boy he moved with his parents to East Boston, where he has resided since. He was graduated from English High School, Harvard College and Boston University Law School. He has been practicing law for 25 years.

The title of Cavaliere Ufficiale of the Crown of Italy has been given to Frank Ciambelli of Belmont. The notification was recently made by Comm. Pio Margotti, Italian Consul General at Boston. Mr. Ciambelli came to

this country 40 years ago and resided in North End, Boston, until 1927, when he moved with his family to Belmont.

Prof. A. Arthur Capone of Revere, formerly Associate Professor of Psychology at Northeastern University and Director of the Bureau of Personal Problems of the Boston Y. M. C. A., recently spoke before the Newton Highlands Women's Club on character education in the Boston school system.

The first Italian Legion Auxiliary in this country has been formed in Boston, with the result that other women desirous of helping Italian war veterans in other cities are either forming or planning to form more auxiliaries in the United States. Its officers are Mrs. Joseph A. Tomasello, pres.; Miss Frida Smith, 1st vice-pres.; Miss Emilia De Ferrari, 2nd vice-pres.; Mrs. Louis P. Verde, treas.; Miss Grace Tomasello, rec. sec.; Mrs. Dalma Carti, corr. sec.; and Mrs. Louis LaPorta, auditor.

Mr. Anthony A. Bonzagni of Boston has been proposed by Capt. George A. Parker, State Registrar of Motor Vehicles, as successor to that position.

A banquet was recently held in Woburn in honor of James Di Blasio, the youngest member of the Woburn Board of Aldermen, and the first Italo-American and the first Democrat to have won such a position. Atty. Joseph Gorrasi, formerly City Counsel, acted as toastmaster. Among the speakers was Atty. Vincent Brogna, Grand Venerable of the Massachusetts Lodge of the Order Sons of Italy in America.

The *Italian News* of Boston, the only newspaper in this country printed entirely in English for Italian-Americans, ably and vigorously edited by P. A. Santosuosso, celebrated last month the tenth anniversary of its founding. A great testimonial banquet was held in honor of the editor at the University Club, attended by the most prominent Italian-Americans in Boston. Seated at the head table with the honored guest were Prof. Joseph H. Sasserno, First Asst. Dist. Atty. Frank G. Volpe, Asst. Atty.-Gen. Stephen D. Bacigalupo, Judge Frank Leveroni, Judge Felix Forte, John A. Scanga, Comm. Saverio R. Romano, Michael A. Fredo, and Joseph A. DiPesa. In addition, the following were called upon to speak: Paul Cifrino, Atty. Charles Lombardi, Atty. Vincent Garro, Alderman Ernest Martini, Rep. Felix A. Marcella, Atty. Louis B. Sensale and Ex-Rep. James J. Bacigalupo.

## MICHIGAN

An article in the "Michigan State Journal" of East Lansing recently dealt with the activities of Prof. Leonardo Falcone, instructor in music and director of the Michigan State University Musical Corps, composed of 75 players, all students at the University. Prof. Falcone's early musical education took place in Italy, where

he studied under Maestro Donatelli, celebrated band director. He came to the United States in 1915. Later he entered the Music School of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, whence he was graduated in 1926 with a diploma as teacher of violin. In 1928 he was appointed director of the State University band. Prof. Falcone is also the head of the Band Instrument Department of the Musical Institute of the State of Michigan, which is associated with the University. Captain J. S. Stannard, director of the United States Military Band has said: "Mr. Falcone is today one of the most prominent band leaders in America."

"The Columbus Club of America" has been formed in Detroit with the following officers: A. E. Barchi, pres.; A. P. Adamo, vice-pres.; J. A. Geronimo, sec.; R. Di Battista, asst. sec.; A. Di Francesco, treas. The Club maintains a Naturalization and Welfare Bureau, and its aim is to "take an active part in every civic, educational and social movement which tends to better the condition of the Italian-American element and to establish a better understanding among the Italians and the Americans in the community."

## MISSOURI

John A. Mercurio of St. Louis is a candidate for Alderman in the municipal elections to take place in that city April 7th. Born in Sicily, Mr. Mercurio has been in Missouri 52 years, and in St. Louis 30 years.

The Dramatic League of St. Louis recently presented at the Missouri Hotel auditorium as part of its efforts toward a Theatre of the Nations, "Silvio Pellico" and the drama "Mater Dolorosa" by Dr. Giuseppe Pelletieri. In the cast were Mrs. Francesco Bonfa, Miss Jennie Zerilli, Miss A. Menestrina, Gino Mariani, Alfredo Money, and Frank Zanni.

In a drive recently organized in St. Louis to maintain the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and Camp Fire Girls organizations for the coming year, Division No. 4 went over the top the first week and was the only one of the men's divisions that made its quota. This success was due to the generalship, enthusiasm and hard work of Nicholas J. Nero, attorney, of that city.

## NEVADA

Dr. A. R. Carfora, well-known physician of Chicago, has moved his practice to Reno permanently. He is a graduate of the University of Naples, has had 26 years' practice, and is a specialist in diseases of the chest and children's diseases.

## NEW JERSEY

At a dinner and round table discussion of the Italian Historical Society, held last month at the Forest Room of the Elks Club and presided over by Congressman Peter A. Cavicchia of Newark, Edward Corsi, head worker at the Harlem House in New York, was the principal speaker. His topic was "Crime and the Italians."

Giuseppe Giacosa's "Come le foglie" was recently presented by the Circolo Italiano of Emerson High School in Union City in the school auditorium. The comedy was directed by Prof. M. Caruso and Miss Modarelli.

Frank Ricciardi, the Italian-American baritone who won the prize given by the Newark Music Foundation, was the soloist recently with the Newark Symphony Orchestra in their concert at the Broad Street Theatre.

Former Assistant Prosecutor J. Victor D'Aloia of Newark has been appointed to the Essex County Board of Elections. The term is for two years and pays \$2,600 yearly.

The United Civic League of Newark has formed an auxiliary organization of women, under the name of United Women's Civic League. The chairwoman is Mrs. Mary Marzulli.

The honor roll at Princeton University for the first term of the present academic year lists the following, among others: Gilbert C. Fonda, Jack A. Varela, William F. Bittiglia, Lawrence D'Elena, and H. R. Medina, Jr.

Through the active efforts of Rev. A. Russo, and thanks to the generous contributions of the Italians in the community, the Italian Church of St. Anna is rapidly nearing completion in Raritan, N. J.

## NEW YORK CITY

The Casa Italiana has organized for the benefit of all those interested in an Italian Book-of-the-Month Club. The plan is to furnish ten books a year at a total cost of ten dollars, the books to be selected by a special committee composed of Mr. G. B. Angioletti, well-known writer; His Excellency Professor Emilo Bodrero, Vice President of the House of Deputies and Head of the National Federation of Fascist Syndicates; Hon. Franco Ciarlantini, President of the Fascist Association of Italian Editors; Mr. Curzio Malaparte, Director of "Italia Letteraria"; His Excellency F. T. Marinetti, Member of the Academy of Italy; Mr. F. M. Martini; Comm. Ugo Ojetti, Member of the Academy of Italy and Editor of "Pegaso"; His Excellency Alfredo Panzini, Member of the Academy of Italy; Giovanni Papini; Mrs. Margherita Sarfatti; Prof. Gioacchino Volpe, Secretary of the Academy of Italy. The director of the Casa Italiana is Prof. Giuseppe Prezolini.

The Italian Teachers' Association will hold a formal Dance and Festival at the Casa Italiana on April 25th, the proceeds to be used in the furtherance of the Italian language and culture throughout the United States. Mr. Peter Sammartino is Chairman of the committee on arrangements and other members are: Miss C. Santelli, Miss H. De Bellis, Miss B. Durso, Miss M. Grande, Miss E. Savarese, Mr. T. De Lellis, Miss L. Buttaravoli, Mrs. N. S. Orefice, Miss G. Petranto, Mr. L. Covello, Mr. D. Nicastrì, and Mr. H. Carbonaro. The present officers of the Italian Teachers' Association are Mario E. Cosenza, pres.; Leonard

Covello, vice-pres.; Miss C. Santelli, sec.; and Anthony Rini, treas.

Among the 280 students of the New York University School of Commerce who are on the honor roll for the September-February semester are the following: Dante Iorio, L. J. Berrotta, C. A. Sparacio, Peter A. Todaro, Francis X. Scarfuro, Edmund J. Corvini, C. J. Della Lava, Paul L. Forasto, Stephen P. Radice. Mathew J. Toia, Victor L. Finizio and John J. Vitale.

Magistrate Sylvester Sabbatino of Brooklyn was recently the guest of honor at a communion breakfast held at the Hotel Granada by the Brooklyn Catholic Big Sisters. He has accepted chairmanship of the committee of the organization's annual benefit, which is to take the form of a military boxing match this year.

The "St. Anthony's Pilgrimage," conducted by the Italian Franciscan Fathers, sails from New York on July 25th aboard the Italian steamer "Roma," returning to the same city, the following month, on August 31st. In June of this year, the seventh centenary of the death of the great miracle-worker of Padua occurs.

The annual banquet and ball of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York City will be held on April 25th at the Hotel Biltmore.

A Tea Dansant for the Junior members of the Italy America Society was held last month at the Hotel Pierre.

An Easter Semi-Annual Convention of the Lambda Phi Mu Medical Fraternity was held early this month at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Dr. Frank S. Hunter Adamo was the convention chairman and Dr. Carmyn Lombardo and Dr. Anthony Barranco were the other committee members.

The Italy America Society has arranged a series of "conversazioni" which are held at the members' homes and at the Savoy Plaza Hotel. The "conversazioni" are divided into two courses, one for beginners, and the other for those who already have some knowledge of Italian.

Officers of the Italian Child Welfare Committee, recently elected for the year 1931, are as follows: Dr. C. A. Perilli, pres.; Dr. Vincenzo Fanoni and A. Lauria, vice-presidents; Cav. Adamo Ciccarone, treas.; L. Costantini, fin.-sec.; P. E. Ferrea, gen. sec. The Committee's Board of Directors is made up of Messrs. N. De Sanctis, Atty. F. De Lucia, L. Gerbino and Count Facchetti Guiglia.

E. P. Dutton & Co. has published "The Tragedies of Progress" by Gina Lombroso Ferrero, who recently arrived in this country. She is the daughter of Cesare Lombroso, the famous Italian criminologist, and the wife of Guglielmo Ferrero, leading Italian historian, and she is herself famous as a feminist.

Monsignor Charles F. Vitta, for the last 13 years rector of the Holy Name Roman Catholic Church in Brooklyn, died recently at the age of 75.

## NEW YORK STATE

At the recent elections held in suburban centres in Long Island, the following were elected Trustees of their respective communities: Joseph Barcia (Ind.): Pleasantville; John Vicario (re-elected): Saddle Rock; Sullivan Zariello (Prog. Ind.-Rep.): West Haverstraw; and Michael Scozzataza (Rep.) Haverstraw.

The Columbian Republican League of Rochester gave its annual ball early this month in the Powers Hotel Ball Room. Alderman Joseph Guzzetta was president of the committee arranging the affair, with Assistant District Attorney R. Napodano as secretary and Atty. A. Cotroneo as treasurer. State Senator Cosmo A. Cilano was among those present.

Mr. Peter A. Campon of Binghamton spoke recently before the Rotary Club of Rochester at the Powers Hotel on the world's debt to Italy.

Leonard Macaluso, highest-scoring football player in the United States last fall, was one of the guests of honor at the third annual ball given by the Liberty Athletic Club of Jamestown recently.

A dinner was recently tendered to Mr. Paul Muscarella of Rochester on the occasion of his appointment to the office of Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York.

The donation of a library of Italian books to Hutchinson High School in Buffalo was recently inaugurated in the presence of the scholastic authorities and a committee composed of Dr. Pier Pasquale Spinelli, Italian Vice Consul in Buffalo, Dr. Charles R. Borzilleri, who made the official speech of presentation, John C. Montana, Cav. Carmelo Gugino, Dr. Luigi N. La Mantia, Prof. Ferdinando Di Bartolo, and Ferdinando Magnani.

Miss Josephine Granata of Rochester has been re-elected president of the Delta Sigma Nu Sorority.

At its first annual meeting recently, the Italian Women's Civic Club of Rochester elected the following officers: Miss Johanna R. Miceli, pres.; Miss Mary L. Sicilia, Miss Josephine Piraino, Miss Gussie Roncone and Mrs. Anthony Masucci, vice-presidents; Miss Mary A. Cucci, sec.; and Miss Frances Gugino, treas.

The Italian Church of St. Anthony of Padua in Buffalo celebrates this year the 40th anniversary of its founding. Rev. Giuseppe Foriero has been pastor of the Church for the last year and a half.

The General Committee of the Italian Societies of Buffalo, comprising 42 Italian associations in that city, elected last month the following officers: Michele Mascari, pres. (re-elected); Giuseppe Carlino, 1st vice-pres.; Luigi Marinaccio, 2nd vice-pres.; Giuseppe Sciascia, corr. sec.; Felice Carlino, fin. sec.; and Antonino Greco, treas.

## OHIO

A Dante Alighieri Club for Italian students of Youngstown has been formed to promote the study of the Italian language in that city.

Miss Marguerite Ginnochio of Cincinnati, a student at the Cincinnati College of Music, was recently initiated into Mu Omicron Chapter of Mu Phi Epsilon, national honorary musical sorority, at the Netherland-Plaza Hotel in that city.

## PENNSYLVANIA

The Duse Art Theatre, seven years old as an organization, has been making rapid progress in its new playhouse on Ranstead Street. The latest play given by them, during the week of March 23rd, was the famous "La Locandiera" by Carlo Goldoni. The organization is under the directorship of Mr. W. A. S. Lapetina, who is also editor of the *Duse Art Review*, a publication issued monthly in conjunction with the Theatre. It is the organization's purpose to make up for Philadelphia's lack of a permanent art theatre, and to do for that city what the Philadelphia Orchestra has done for it musically.

The Cosmopolitan Club of Temple University recently had an Italian night at the International Institute with Miss Aurora Unti presiding. Mrs. Andrew F. Lippi spoke on the progress of the Americanized Italians in the United States.

Goldoni's "La Locandiera" will be presented by the Circolo Italiano of the University of Pennsylvania at the Philomusian Club on April 10th. Miss Marie Mazzoli has the title role.

One of the two speakers at the private exposition of paintings of the School of Industrial Art Alumni Association, held at the Art Alliance Galleries in Philadelphia recently, was the painter Nicola D'Ascenzo. The Director of the exposition is Mr. R. J. Cavaliere, vice-president of the Association.

Mr. Frank Carlucci, one of the early pioneers of the Italian colony in Scranton and nearby cities, and a contractor of national fame, died recently in that city. He was born in Santomenna, province of Salerno, Italy, in 1862, and studied in the schools there, coming to this country in 1882. He did more to build up the city of Scranton than any other Italian.

Maestro Antonio Ferrara recently acted as guest conductor of the Pennsylvania Symphony Orchestra in its concert held early this month at the Scottish Rite Auditorium in Philadelphia.

"Il Duce and His Personality" was the topic of a speech delivered recently at the Heinz Hall Salon of the University of Pittsburgh in that city by Cav. Dr. Carlo Schisano of the Bank of America Trust Co.

Representative M. A. Musmanno of Pittsburgh recently answered resolutions adopted at a mass meeting of several churches, by issuing a denial

that attempts to modify the Pennsylvania blue laws are "un-American." Mr. Musmanno has introduced in the State Legislature a blue law modification bill.

The speech made not long ago by Cav. Uff. Dr. Leopoldo Vaccaro of Philadelphia over the radio has been well-received, giving rise to many congratulatory letters.

Lorenzo Aquilino, recently graduated in science and education at Temple University, was recently tendered a banquet at the Turin Grotto in Philadelphia by his fraternity, the Alpha Sigma Gamma.

## RHODE ISLAND

A Council of Italian Women of Rhode Island, the first step toward the formation of a larger association looking to the social well-being of the Italians in that State, was recently formed at a meeting at the Italo-American Club in Providence. Mrs. Salvatore Marocco has been elected president of the Council, together with a committee composed of Mrs. Frank Lambiasi, Mrs. Denny Pascone, Mrs. Antonio Marcaccio, Miss Natalie Verte, Mr. Alexander Bevilacqua, Mrs. John Notte and Mrs. Amelia Marchetti.

Mr. Ernesto Santagini, a graduate in engineering of Brown University, has been promoted to the position of Captain in the Reserve Corps.

One year ago, John J. Muccio, Providence Italo-American and a member of the American Foreign Service, was appointed to Foochow, China. Now again the State Department announces that he has been assigned to Shanghai as consul. Mr. Muccio made the headlines two months after his appointment at Foochow for his resourcefulness and good judgment in aiding a group of Americans who were stranded in dangerous territory. On his last visit to Providence in 1929, Mr. Muccio was feted by his former acquaintances and schoolmates.

A banquet was recently tendered to Dr. Vincent J. Mattera by 150 of his friends and colleagues at the Narragansett Hotel in Providence. Joseph Venezia acted as toastmaster, and among the speakers were: Cav. Dr. Antonio Fidanza, Atty. Louis V. Jackvony, Dr. Joseph Belliotti, Atty. Benjamin Cianciarulo, Luigi Capasso and Drs. A. McAlpine and Frank J. Matteo.

Dr. Carlotta N. Golini, president of the Mnemosyne Society of Fine Arts, was one of the guests of honor at a tea given recently at the Italo-American Club in Providence by the newly-formed Council of Italian Women.

Paul Vellucci recently gave a piano recital at Memorial Hall in Providence.

Cav. Romeo Montecchi, Italian Vice Consul in Providence, was recently made an honorary member of the Aquino Literary Society of Providence College.

io non le credo. Di lei o non ricordo molto all'infuori di quello che vedo. Eppoi essa conobbe la mia giovinezza solo in parte, voglio dire molto superficialmente. Io stesso ricordo meglio le avventure della mia giovinezza che l'aspetto e il sentimento suo. In certi istanti impensati mi pare essa ritorni, e debbo correre allo specchio per mettermi a posto nel tempo. Guardo allora quei tratti deformati sotto al mio mento da una pelle troppo abbondante per ritornare al posto ch'è il mio. Una volta raccontai a mio nipote Carlo, ch'è medico e giovine e perciò si intende di vecchiaia, di queste illusioni di gioventù che talora mi colgono. Sorridendo maliziosamente Carlo mi disse ch'erano sicuramente un sintomo di vecchiaia perchè avevo del tutto dimenticato come ci si senta da giovine e dovevo guardare alla pelle del collo per ravvisarmi. Ridendo poi clamorosamente aggiunse: — E' come il tuo vicino, il vecchio Craddi che crede sul serio d'essere il padre del bambino che la sua giovine moglie sta per mettere al mondo.

Questo poi no! Sono ancora abbastanza giovine per non commettere degli errori simili. Io non so muovermi abbastanza sicuramente nel tempo. E non dovrebbe essere tutto per colpa mia. Ne sono convinto ad onta che non oserei dirlo a Carlo che non comprenderebbe e mi deriderebbe. Il tempo fa le sue devastazioni con ordine sicuro e crudele, poi s'allontana in una processione sempre ordinata di giorni, di mesi, di anni, ma quando è lontano tanto da sottrarsi alla nostra vista, scompone i suoi ranghi. Ogni ora cerca il suo posto in qualche altro giorno ed ogni giorno in qualche altro anno. E' così che nel ricordo qualche anno sembra tutto soleggiato come una sola estate, e qualche altro è tutto pervaso dal brivido del freddo. E freddo e privo di ogni luce è proprio l'anno in cui non si ricorda proprio niente al suo vero posto: trecento e sessantacinque giorni da ventiquattro ore ciascuno morti e spariti. Una vera ecatombe.

Talvolta in quegli anni morti si accende improvvisa una luce che illumina qualche episodio nel quale allora appena si scopre un fiore raro della propria vita, dal profumo intenso. Così mai la signorina Dondi mi fu tanto vicina come quel giorno in piazza Goldoni. Prima, in quel giardinetto (quanti anni addietro?) io quasi non l'avevo vista, e, giovine, le ero passato accanto senza scorgere la grazia e l'innocenza. Ora appena la raggiunsi, e gli altri

vedendoci insieme si misero a ridere. Perché non la vidi, non l'intesi prima? Forse nel presente ogni avvenimento è oscurato dalle nostre preoccupazioni, dal periodo che su noi incombe? E non lo vediamo, non lo sentiamo che quando ne siamo lontani, in salvo?

Ma io qui nella mia stanzetta posso subito essere in salvo e raccogliermi su queste carte per guardare e analizzare il presente nella sua luce incomparabile e raggiungere anche quella parte del passato che ancora non svani.

Descriverò dunque il presente e quella parte del passato che ancora non svani, non per serbarne memoria ma per raccogliermi. Se l'avessi fatto sempre sarei stato meno stupito e sconvolto da quell'incontro in piazza Goldoni. A quella fanciulla non avrei semplicemente guardato come può colui cui il Signore Iddio conservò la vista. Da capo a piedi.

Io non mi sento vecchio ma ho il sentimento di essere arrugginito. Devo pensare e scrivere per sentirmi vivo perchè la vita che faccio fra tanta virtù che ho e che mi viene attribuita e tanti affetti e doveri che mi legano e paralizzano, mi priva di ogni libertà. Io vivo con la stessa inerzia con cui si muore. E voglio scuotermi, destarmi. Forse mi farò anche più virtuoso e affettuoso. Appassionatamente virtuoso magari ma sarà virtù veramente mia e non esattamente quella predicata dagli altri che quando l'ho indossata m'opprime invece di vestirmi. O smetterò cotesto vestito o lo saprò foggare per il mio dosso.

Perciò lo scrivere sarà per me una misura di igiene cui attenderò ogni sera poco prima di prendere il purgante. E spero che le mie carte conterranno anche le parole che usualmente non dico, perchè solo allora la cura sarà riuscita.

Un'altra volta io scrissi con lo stesso proposito di essere sincero che anche allora si trattava di una pratica di igiene perchè quell'esercizio doveva prepararmi ad una cura psicanalitica. La cura non riuscì, ma le carte restarono. Come sono preziose! Mi pare di non esser vissuto altro che quella parte di vita che descrissi. Ieri le rilessi. Purtroppo non vi trovai la vecchia Dondi (Emma, sì, Emma), ma tante altre cose vi scopersi. Anche un avvenimento importante che non vi è raccontato ma che viene ricordato da uno spazio rimasto vuoto in cui naturalmente s'inserisce. Lo registrerei subito se ora non lo avessi dimenticato. Ma non va perduto perchè rileggendo quelle carte certa-

mente lo ritroverò. Ed esse sono là, sempre a mia disposizione, sottratte ad ogni disordine. Il tempo vi è cristallizzato e lo si ritrova se si sa aprire la pagina che occorre. Come in un orario ferroviario.

E' certo ch'io feci tutto quello che vi è raccontato, ma leggendone, mi sembra più importante della mia vita che io credo sia stata lunga e vuota. Si capisce che quando si scrive della vita la si rappresenta più seria di quanto non sia. La vita stessa è diluita e perciò offuscata da troppe cose che nella sua descrizione non vengono menzionate. Non vi si parla del respiro finchè non diventa affanno e neppure di tante vacanze, i pasti e il sonno, finchè per una causa tragica non vengano a mancare. E invece nella realtà ricorrono insieme a tante altre tali attività, con la regolarità del pendolo e occupano imperiose tanta parte della nostra giornata che non vi resta posto per piangere e ridere eccessivamente. Già per questa ragione la descrizione della vita, una grande parte della quale, quella di cui tutti fanno e non parlano, è eliminata, si fa tanto più intensa della vita stessa.

Insomma, raccontandola, la vita si idealizza ed io m'accingo ad affrontare tale compito una seconda volta, tremando come se accostassi una cosa sacra. Chissà come nel presente guardato attentamente ritroverò qualche tratto della mia giovinezza che le mie gambe stanche non mi permettono di inseguire e che cerco di evocare perchè venga a me. Già nelle poche righe che stesi la intravvidi, mi invase in modo da arrivare a diminuire nelle mie vene la stanchezza della mia età.

C'è però una grande differenza fra lo stato d'animo in cui l'altra volta raccontai la mia vita e quello attuale. La mia posizione s'è cioè semplificata. Continuo a dibattermi fra il presente e il passato, ma almeno fra i due non viene a cacciarsi la speranza, l'ansiosa speranza del futuro. Continuo dunque a vivere in un tempo misto com'è il destino dell'uomo, la cui grammatica ha invece i tempi puri che sembrano fatti per le bestie le quali, quando non sono spaventate, vivono lietamente in un cristallino presente. Ma per il vegliardo (già, io sono un vegliardo: è la prima volta che lo dico ed è la prima conquista che devo al mio nuovo raccoglimento) la mutilazione per cui la vita perde quello che non ebbe mai, il futuro, rende la vita più semplice, ma anche tanto priva di senso che si sarebbe tentati di usare del breve presente per strapparsi i pochi capelli che restarono sulla testa deformata.

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