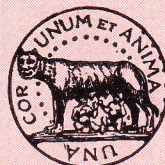


ATLANTICA

THE ITALIAN MONTHLY REVIEW



AUGUST-SEPTEMBER

1931

The Turning Tide of Immigration

*Leonardo da Vinci
and His Contemporaries*

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*The Italian Physicians in
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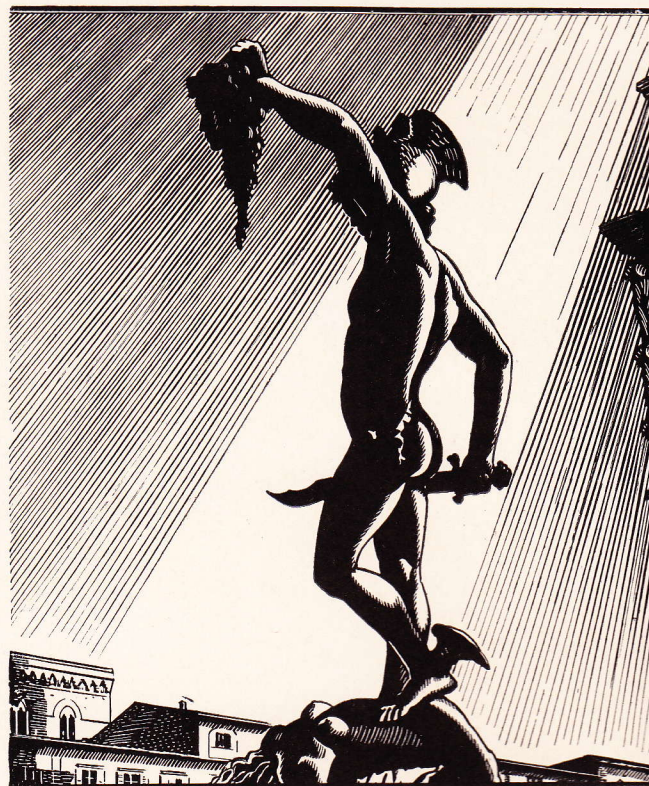
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—The General Library, University of Chicago.

"I take this opportunity to write you my endorsement of approval of *Atlantica*, the purpose of which is to put before the American people, and especially the rising generation of young Italians, the advancement of the Italian people in America, and especially of the things they are doing to promote the welfare of this country. This is to counteract the daily newspaper articles of the crimes that are being committed by the few, and which are being featured in these newspapers. I most heartily recommend to my Italian friends in Waterbury that they promote this good cause by subscribing for and supporting *Atlantica* in its endeavor to carry out this idea."

—Judge John F. McGrath, Waterbury, Conn.

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—Congressman Peter A. Cavicchia, Newark, N. J.

"I am highly pleased with your publication. It is informative and entertaining."

—M. A. Musmanno, State Representative,
Harrisburg, Pa.

"We have found your periodical of interest and value to our readers."

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"Our students find *Atlantica* of great interest."

—University of Western Ontario, London, Canada.

Atlantica is an interesting undertaking. A periodical which attempts to interpret Italy and Italians to America, and America and Americans to Italians, should perform most useful service."

—Robert T. Hill, Executive Secretary,
Council on Adult Education for the Foreign-Born.

"ATLANTICA": ALTO ESPONENTE di ITALIANITA' all'ESTERO

Con entusiasmo ed ammirazione sinceri, segnaliamo ai nostri lettori una rivista che porta alto il nome d'Italia all'Estero: *ATLANTICA*. Non v'ha oggi periodico italiano, edito fuori del Regno, che illustri così luminosamente e fatti e uomini italiani degni dell'attenzione e del riconoscimento di tutti i connazionali all'Estero, dei cittadini stranieri di origine italiana, amici e dei nemici dell'Italia—specialmente questi ultimi che si divertono ad ammassare le calunnie più atroci e più infondate sul conto degli Italiani. Tutti i problemi ed avvenimenti meritevoli di esser messi in evidenza, perchè interessano ogni vero italiano, trovano in essa trattazione e commento adeguati.

ATLANTICA è scritta molto opportunamente ed efficacemente in inglese: sono i figli degli Italiani che dimenticano o che ignorano il grande contributo dell'Italia al progresso mondiale, non solo nei secoli scorsi, ma vigorosamente di più nel presente.

Riteniamo "*ATLANTICA*", non solo degna di esser paragonata a qualsiasi rivista di coltura americana di prim'ordine, sia per la forma che per sostanza, ma degna altresì di esser chiamata, fra le riviste italiane in lingue straniere, la Rivista Italiana per eccellenza.

From "*RASSEGNA COMMERCIALE*"
published by the Italian Chamber of Commerce
of San Francisco, Cal., May, 1931

ATLANTICA'S OBSERVATORY

A RECENT news dispatch of the United Press, by Stewart Brown of the Rome office of that news agency, declared that, according to a recent crime report, murder, blackmail and all major crimes are on the decline in Italy. With the number of first-class crimes in 1930 about 50% less than in pre-war days, the "Corriere della Sera" of Milan commented editorially that "the Italian people are in a period of moral restoration." While the total number of crimes, according to the Central Statistical Office, has increased, when one takes into consideration the population increases, the average number of major crimes per 100,000 persons shows a marked decline. Before the war the percentage of major crimes per 100,000 was 12.58, a figure which was reduced last year to 5.98.

To quote from the news dispatch: "From a geographical angle, the report discloses some interesting conclusions. While southern Italians are often accused of being warmer blooded than their northern brothers, the study reveals that while the number of crimes is distinctly less in southern Italy, including Naples, northern and central Italy provide slight increases.

"Stricter Fascist penal codes and speedier justice are claimed responsible for decreasing crime in Italy."

FOR years the Italians and other racial groups in the United States have chafed under the frequent charge that they are responsible for a large proportion of crimes committed in this country. In vain have facts and statistics been marshaled to disprove this theory; the prejudiced viewpoint remains. It is passing strange that when someone with an American name commits a major crime, attention is fastened upon the crime; but when someone with a foreign name (though he may be, and very often is, an American citizen) does the same, the outstanding point of interest to some is the fact that another "foreigner" has committed a

crime. This, in large part, probably leads to the conviction, otherwise unfounded, that they are responsible for more crimes than their numerical expectation.

No less authoritative a body than the Wickersham Commission, in its tenth report submitted to the White House early in August, has knocked the props from under this reasoning. In flaying the American system of deportation, which "prolongs and deepens the immigrant's insecurity and delays his mental and moral stabilization in the country which he is seeking to adopt" (according to the report), the New York Times reported that "in this connection the commission hastened to exonerate the foreign-born in the United States from the general charge that they have been responsible for a disproportionate share of the crime in the United States. The report said that statistics and facts found by the commission failed entirely to bear out such an assumption."

THE shooting of five children in New York's crowded Harlem section not long ago aroused the city. At first certain sections of the press railed against the silence of some who might know the culprits, but who were in deadly fear of reprisals. This first wave of indignation gave way later, however, to a more considered view of the matter, and the New York World-Telegram, one of the most outspoken of newspapers, printed the following editorial in its issue of August 4th:

Where The Guilt Lies.

Since the brutal shooting of the five children in "Little Italy" questions have been raised as to where the responsibility lies for the failure of the law to prevent or punish gang evidence.

A Wickersham Committee report, appearing shortly after the "Little Italy" shooting, charged politics with large responsibility for the inability of the nation's police to deal with gang activities.

While the police themselves have been criticized, it is to be borne in mind that much of the laxity in the handling of the gang problem lies with the criminal courts and the prosecutors.

Time after time the police by unremitting effort have brought in repeated offenders for trial only to see them go free through the leniency of prosecutors, judge and jury and the sharp practices of defense lawyers.

This is unfair to the police and tends to weaken the incentive to good work.

It discourages the policeman and encourages the gangster.

The police not only see seasoned criminals go scot free but they see others, caught red-handed, trade with District Attorneys for lesser penalties.

Add to this the lenient sentences by judges, and it is easy to see why gangdom is so free to continue its activities to the point of killing innocent children in pursuit of a rival.

The guilt for this growing violence and increasing costliness of gang and racketeering activities lies in part with all the law enforcement agencies—prosecutors, judges, police, juries.

It is time that these various public officers and more particularly the prosecutors and the judges realize their share in the responsibility for the growing contempt for human life, for the breakdown of law and for the increasing levies which the rackets are making upon the entire population.

UNDER the auspices of the Historical Society of Novara, Italy, not long ago, a monument was erected to the memory of Giuseppe Ravizza, the inventor of the typewriter. The monument was erected on the site of the house where Ravizza was born in 1811. He died in Leghorn in 1885. Many speakers spoke in praise of Ravizza and of his invention, so indispensable to modern business.

STATISTICS recently made public by the Ministry of Public Works in Italy show that from Oct. 28, 1822 to date, something like 22 billion lire (about \$1,150,000,000) were expended for public works throughout the Kingdom. Of this amount about \$358,000,000 has been appropriated during the current year. A retrenchment policy, however, has been put into effect in order to meet the exigencies of the economic depression.

THROUGH the cooperation of Health Commissioner Shirley W. Wynne and Il Progresso a series of fifty-two health broadcasts is being given in Italian over Station WCDA by Attilio Caccini of the Department of Health. Dr. Caccini, who has been with the Department of Health 27 years, was born in Rome and was graduated from the Royal University, Rome. For many years he had important public health and medical posts in Italy where he was awarded several prizes. He also was a member of the International Health Board in Turkey in 1913 and served as a major in the Medical Corps, U. S. Army. He joined the Department of Health in 1904.

Commissioner Wynne decided upon the broadcasting of health talks in Italian as a further means of reaching the Italian speaking residents of the city and surrounding territory. He immediately was offered the co-operation of Station

WCDA's facilities and Dr. Caccini was assigned to make the translations and to do the broadcasting.

This new health service expansion is designed to reach the Italian speaking peoples in this section and has for its aim the general improvement of the health and well-being of the Italian speaking peoples. Each of the papers given in Italian is a literal translation of the radio talk given each Wednesday afternoon by Commissioner Wynne. Each deals with a specific health subject and points out in plain language simple ways, means and methods by which the Italians can improve their health, avoid sickness, rear healthier children and bring about much better and healthful conditions in the homes.

MINIMUM first class passenger rates between New York and Mediterranean ports have been reduced in accordance with an agreement reached by the Navigazione Generale Italiana, the Lloyd Sabauda, and the Cosulich steamship companies.

During the summer months, minimum first class tariff will be \$230, and during the winter months, \$253. Reductions on accommodations above the minimum will range from \$30 to \$120, according to type of room and location. The six ships affected are the Augustus and Roma of the N. G. I., the Conte Biancamano and Conte Grande of the Lloyd Sabauda, and the Vulcania

and Saturnia of the Cosulich line. All these ships are de luxe boats, none of which has been in service more than four years.

MR. FRITZ REINER, the conductor, arrived in this country not long ago from Europe, in order to fulfill his two-weeks' engagement as guest conductor at the Lewisohn Stadium concerts of the New York Philharmonic. Interviewed by ship news reporters, he was of the opinion that Italian music is turning back to the works of Palestrina, Pergolesi, Monteverdi and Vivaldi for its inspiration. This changing trend, he added, was partly attributable to the more highly developed sense of nationalism now pervading that country. The younger men are attracted more by music that is derived from the native soil. For example, Reiner cited Malipiero, whose latest work, Concerti, is to have its first presentation next season in Philadelphia, and some of the inspiration for which is to be found in the Gregorian chants. Even the personnel of the Italian orchestras has been permeated by the national desire for efficiency,

(Continued on Page 88)



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Books In Review

THE 25 FINEST SHORT STORIES.
Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. 513
pages. New York: Richard R. Smith.
\$2.50.

FOR years Mr. O'Brien has been editing annually an anthology of the best short stories to have appeared in America, and a similar volume for Great Britain. His reputation as a connoisseur of the short story is well established. Now, for the first time, he has made his selection of what he regards as the world's finest short stories without regard to time or place. "I have included no stories which I regard as ephemeral in this collection," Mr. O'Brien says, "but I have endeavored to reflect the most powerful currents in literature."

All the acknowledged masters of the short story are included in its pages: Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Bret Harte, O. Henry, de Maupassant, Chekhov, Merimee, Coppard, Katherine Mansfield, Kipling and others. There are also represented some who are primarily known as novelists: Mark Twain, Thomas Hardy, Sir Walter Scott, Flaubert, Balzac, Conrad, etc. And the list is brought down to the present day by the inclusion of Hemingway, Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson and Manuel Komroff.

Many of these are short stories that are not well known but decidedly worth reading. And the biographical and critical notes on the various authors by Mr. O'Brien lend added value and interest to the book.

ANNA KARENINA. By Count Leo Tolstoy. 1090 pages. Universal Library. New York: Grosset & Dunlap. \$1.

ONE of the greatest novels of one of the greatest of novelists, "Anna Karenina" paints in a kaleidoscope of color and emotion the heart of a high-bred, sensitive woman who has been swept away from the sheltered though stifling confines of a loveless marriage by the raging flood of passion. It is simple and by no means new in

theme, but it has been breathed upon by the fire of Tolstoy's titanic genius.

Well-known by now is the story of how the heroine, a young and beautiful Russian noblewoman, married to a man much older than herself, meets the dashing young Count Vronsky in 19th century Moscow. She cannot resist his fascination, and it causes within her a torment of love, passion, defiance and despair that all but engulfs her.

Compressing the more than 1000 pages of this great novel within a single book made to sell at \$1 is, it must be acknowledged, no small feat of book-publishing.

A MODERN GALAXY: Short Stories assembled by Dale Warren. 423 pages. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.

SHORT stories have been collected from every conceivable point of view, and their number is legion, but here is yet another viewpoint. This "modern galaxy" contains 16 short stories by authors who have shown themselves to be equally at home in the field of the short story and that of the novel.

Included are Willa Cather, Elsie Singmaster, Oliver La Farge, John Buchan, Mary Austin, Roland Pertwee, Phyllis Bottome, Rafael Sabatini and others, all well known. For those who may be interested in any one author sufficiently to seek his or her other published work, the assembler has obligingly added a full list of all books by each of the various authors, a list that runs into eight pages.

THE ROMANTIC AND PRACTICAL SIDE OF COOKERY. By Claire Sugden. 522 pages. New York: Louis S. Siegfried.

PERHAPS the fact that the contents of this helpful housewives' volume were previously broadcast over the radio accounts for the simplicity of its statement and the neat division of its ma-

terial. In any event, the author seems to take nothing for granted so far as her audience is concerned, and explains the smallest and most obvious point. It is annoying, too, to find more than the average number of typographical errors: think of the quarrels that may thus be precipitated between newlyweds.

Yet fundamentally, the book seems (to a layman) to be dependable and comprehensive enough to merit confidence. It not only lists the usual dishes, but also discusses various affairs and how to prepare for them, as well as special diets for the sick, the stout and the thin. However, with its 44 chapters all captioned differently, the book, one would think, would have profited enormously by the inclusion of a table of contents, which is sometimes more than a mere formality.

MODERN SEXUAL MORALITY AND MODERN NERVOUSNESS. By Sigmund Freud. 48 pages. New York: Eugenics Publishing Co. \$1.

ONE does not discuss Freud nowadays as much or as devotedly as in the recent past, yet it cannot be denied that, whether his theories are accepted or rejected, his influence on modern thought has been tremendous.

In this short essay, Dr. Freud takes up the difficulties that modern cultural civilization imposes upon the exercise of man's sexual instincts. "It is a crying social injustice," he writes, "that the cultural standard should exact from every one the same behavior in sexual matters; some people are so constituted that they can easily conform to it; others, on the contrary, are compelled to make the most painful psychical sacrifices."

After showing that this leads all too often to neuroses and repression, both of which he considers contrary to the natural sex instincts, he tries to find wherein the cultural gains of civilization counterbalance its sexual losses, but he confesses he is not able to do so.

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*** This special double number is being issued in order to bring ATLANTICA up-to-date with regard to date of publication. Subscriptions will be extended one month, so that subscribers will all receive 12 numbers on their year's subscriptions.**

Topics of the Month

By EDWARD CORSI

THE BURDEN OF ARMAMENTS

NOW that the German moratorium is in effect and the London Conference is happily adjourned, public attention turns to the next world-wide move in the effort to relieve the depression. This move is on the calendar for February, when the delegates of some sixty nations, including our own, meet in Geneva to consider the reduction of armaments.

Washington prepares for this conference with a public opinion back of it for the first time completely aware of the direct connection between world peace and economic prosperity. The depression has gone a long way in educating the American people to the importance of our stake in Europe. The result is an absorbing interest in foreign affairs which keen observers note is relegating to the background all consideration of domestic problems.

This interest is invaluable to the President, who sees clearly that the solution to the home crisis is in a settlement of the thorny problems that beset Europe and the rest of the world. Disarmament, in his opinion, is at present the greatest of these problems. "Of all the proposals for the economic rehabilitation of the world," he said recently, "none compares in necessity or importance with the limitation of armaments."

These armaments are costing the world to-day the astounding sum of \$4,100,000,000, almost two-thirds of which is being spent by the six leading nations of the world, including the United States. In fact, the

United States, with an annual expenditure of \$707,000,000, leads all other countries, followed in close order by Russia, France and Great Britain, whose combined total is in excess of one and a half billion dollars.

This lavish waste has been increasing steadily from year to year. All talk of peace and disarmament, all the conferences, treaties and pacts which have featured world diplomacy since the armistice, have not reduced by a single gun this vast equipment of war. The bill for armies and navies is \$500,000,000 greater to-day than in 1913.

If the way out of this depression is by economy, then a slashing of armaments should go far in restoring normal conditions. But it is the fear of war engendered by nations arming to the teeth that is paralyzing that will to recovery without which all the stage-plays of diplomacy and all the makeshifts of business are as straws in the wind in this greatest of world crises.

The German moratorium has



"Aw, It's Only a Kid!"

—Kirby in the N. Y. World-Telegram

gone far in bolstering world morale, and America's present policy of cooperation offers added stimulus to the forces of world recovery. It is necessary to continue on this path. Genuine results at Geneva will tend to dispel present gloom and imbue with hope a humanity sick and tired of war.

Americans will follow with anxiety the coming conference and look to their President to exercise to the fullest his leadership for peace.

—*—

THE PROTECTED CRIMINAL

HERE at home crime survives the shift in public interest and more and more looms as the gravest of our domestic problems. In the past month the underworld has been unusually active. The total of those "put on the spot" or "taken for a ride" has risen considerably. Unsolved murders are common occurrences in our cities. Hold-ups, robberies, kidnappings and other forms of lawlessness vie with international conferences and Presidential addresses for front page space and sustained public attention.

We asserted last month that crime is triumphant in this country because of the tie-up with politics. The Wickersham Commission, we note, sustains this view. In one of its reports to the President, made public recently, it says:

"A primary cause is the well-known and oft-proved alliance between criminals and corrupt politicians which controls, in part at least, where it does not wholly do so the police force of our large cities."

Police chiefs and politicians have been quick to deny this indictment, which we hope will result in reform where reform is needed; but the public is too well aware of the rot disclosed

(Continued on Page 89)

The Turning Tide of Immigration

By Dominick Lamonica

TWO news items which appeared recently in the American press, when viewed together, are so pregnant with meaning and historical significance, that they demand some thoughtful consideration, especially by those of foreign birth or descent.

One of the stories, with a Washington date line, stated, in the unadorned, matter-of-fact prose of American journalism, that according to the Census Bureau, there are more Italians than any other foreign-born whites in New York State. They numbered, as of April 1st, 1930, 629,322, out of a total of 3,191,549 foreign-born whites, with Russians second and Poles third.

These figures are interesting and informative, but more important is the phrase contained in the report: "... for most of the countries the number of foreign-born whites in 1930 was larger than in 1920."

The other story, originating in New York City, narrated the departure from that city of an Italian liner, of whose 1500 passengers more than 1100 represented a large group of entire Italian families leaving this country for Italy, an incident typical of many others.

The two news stories denote that, the high tide of immigration having been reached and passed, its ebb is now beginning to set in.

RACE movements are like the tides in their ebb and flow. Particularly is this true of the great tidal wave of immigration that came to this country during the latter part of the previous century and the early years of the present century. And now we are witnessing the beginning of its ebb. What was formerly a great rushing torrent, to change the metaphor, has gradually dwindled down till today it is but a mere trickle.

Ever since 1917, when Congress began limiting and restricting the number of incoming aliens, the force of the tide has been diminishing. The Act of Feb. 5, 1917 provided for the exclusion of our alien residents *by classes*. Among these classes are the diseased, stowaways, paupers, illiterates, anarchists and criminals. The law provides that when these are found in the country they shall be taken into custody and deported. In 1924 the Johnson-Reed act was passed, which placed a *numerical* restriction on incoming aliens. According to this act, sometimes referred to as the "national origins" quota system, a quota is fixed for each nationality, based on the number of their people in the United States according to the 1890 census. However, the application of this provision was deferred for some time, until the President, in his pro-

clamation of March 22, 1929, definitely fixed the quotas for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1931, and those following. It is under this proclamation that our immigration is now operating.

In this respect, it must not be forgotten that, at least as far as Italy is concerned, emigrants are not being encouraged to leave their native land. Everything is being done in Italy to keep the Italians at home, where the country can make use of their man-power. It is therefore on both sides of the Atlantic that immigration to America is being discouraged.

* * *

I N spite of the fact that people have sensed rather vaguely that immigration is falling off, it is startling indeed to be told by Mr. Harry E. Hull, United States Commissioner General of Immigration, that, for the first time in 70 years, the number of immigrants last year was well below 100,000. Compare this figure with the 1,000,000 that came to these shores in 1914!

Less startling, but every whit as significant, is a comparison of the character of the immigration then and now. In 1914 almost 515,000 immigrants described themselves as laborers; last year there were only 8000 such. It is a case of the restriction by numbers operat-

ing in conjunction with limitation by class. In this connection a great deal of selective power has been placed in the hands of the American consuls stationed abroad, because the demand for visas is very much greater than the number allotted. The process of picking our immigrants by hand, so to speak, instead of by mass methods, has quite naturally improved the character of American immigration. Gone are the masses of poor, unlearned immigrants, in shawls and homespun, carrying their humble bundles about in bewilderment.

* * *

DEPRESSION, of course, has affected immigration, just as it has affected about everything else under the sun. Italians, Poles, Russians and the others, finding work scarce in this country, are betaking themselves back to their homeland, where, even if they cannot find work, living is much cheaper. When the Lloyd Sabaudo liner Conte Grande sailed the other day with the bulk of passengers made up of Italian families, for example, it was but one episode in the exodus that is taking place these days. It is noteworthy to realize, however, that in most cases the breadwinner, the head of the family, remains in this country till better times return.

Colonel M. Serrati, interviewed on that occasion, said: "The Italians are good judges of the times. Of these bookings almost every one means an entire family going back to Italy, where they will wait for better times and avoid what seems to them the approach of a desperate winter in New York and surrounding cities.

"It is like the old days of Rome, when Caesar's men hurried their families and household effects out of the country at time of battle. There the old

Latin word 'impedimenta' was applied to the exodus. Today, with a general exodus of Italian families to the comparative safety of lower-priced Italy, we might call this the departure of the 'impedimenta.' In Italy, in the country, these entire families may live in great comfort for the equivalent of \$25 a month.

"Think of what this means to a man working hard for a living in this city. He may support his family in comfort and tide the family establishment over a tense period for a sum less than he would pay ordinarily for rent here."

To the number of Italians who are leaving because of hard times, there must also be added the not inconsiderable number who have made the modest fortunes they strove for, and who are going back to their homeland to enjoy their remaining days in quiet retirement, away from the bustling, strenuous life of America.

* * *

THERE is another side to the exodus of foreign natives from the United States. This is the matter of "unwanted" or "undesirable" aliens who are being deported in larger and larger numbers every year. During the fiscal year ending last June, for example, 18,142 of these, many of them convicted felons, were placed under arrest, taken to the border or to a seaport, and sent back to the land whence they came. The figures for the three fiscal years previous are: 1928 — 11,625; 1929 — 12,908; and 1930—16,631. The number, it can be seen, is growing greater every year.

While the theory behind these expulsions is laudable, it cannot be said that in practice it is entirely so, for it has been a subject of criticism for some time. Even the Wickersham Commission, in its tenth report to the President, condemned

some of the practices connected with it, finding that many persons are being separated permanently from their families in violation of the "plainest dictates of humanity," through the way some of the immigration laws have been administered without either deviation or the simplest discretion.

Incidentally, it must be highly surprising to some who have persisted in believing otherwise, to discover that, according to figures specially supplied by the Bureau of Immigration of the United States Department of Labor, Italians do not rank first, or even second, in numbers deported. In the criminal classes, they have ranked fourth, out of the eight nationalities listed, for the past three years, and in the immoral classes, they rank sixth (the last of the nationalities listed before the "All other" grouping).

In any event, the system of alien deportation is here, whether to stay or not we cannot say, or for how long, and while it is in operation it is contributing its share toward diminishing the number of foreign-born whites in this country. It is a part of the ebbing tide of immigration.

* * *

IMMIGRATION is decreasing rapidly, and there are not many who protest or view with alarm this great turning point in the racial composition of America. The immigrant has played an indispensable part in the building up of the machine age in the United States out of the raw materials, but now his curtain is coming down. Whether or not there will be need of more immigration for America in the future is something no one can tell, yet it is strange that this side of the question should not have received the attention it deserves.

Leonardo da Vinci and His Contemporaries

By Alfonso Arbib-Costa

Professor of Italian at the College of the City of New York

II.

AT the end of the fifteenth century, Italy presents a marvelous galaxy of eminent artists. At that time the art schools of the peninsula are constituted. Among the Tuscans, Filippino Lippi completes the chapel of the Brancacci; Cosimo Rosselli works at the Sistine Chapel, Pollajolo and Sandro Botticelli bring forth with their brush those inimitable types whose ingenious, fine and profound expression imposes itself like a disquieting riddle which, after four centuries, still charms and perplexes us. It is Leonardo da Vinci who was to give these types their highest signification, but Sandro Botticelli (1447-1515) is also one of the most felicitous inventors of the Renaissance, both for the tender expression which dominates in his virgins and for the poetic phantasy which is manifested with so much superiority in his allegories of the Spring and of Calumny; even by the power of expression, as in the Dead Christ that is now at the Munich Museum, and by the sentiment of great decoration that is found in his Moses in the Sistine Chapel. Some critics claim, however, that he does not possess the authority of Domenico Bigordi, better

known under the name of Ghirlandajo, who was endowed with an imagination more powerful than Botticelli's, if less original,

The following article is the second of a series of four by Prof. Arbib-Costa on great epochs of Italian art. It follows that in the previous issue of ATLANTICA on "The Precursors of the Renaissance: Giotto to Masaccio," and it will be succeeded by "The Times of Michael Angelo and Raphael," and "Italian Art in the Seventeenth Century." Prof. Arbib-Costa here treats, but in a more extensive way, the same topics upon which he recently dwelt in a series of radio talks over Station WNYC for the "Air College" of C.C.N.Y.

and who was served besides by a rare surety of execution. Ghirlandajo is, indeed, the classical master, the founder and head of a school. His masterpieces are to be seen and admired on the wall of the Church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence where, in his frescoes, on the lives of St. John the Baptist and St. Francis of Assisi he introduces with a rare dignity the portraits of prominent Florentine men and women of his time. The only contemporary work that can

be compared to his is that which Luca Signorelli executed at Orvieto from 1499 to 1504. Those frescoes represent the scenes of the end of the world: the Antichrist, the Resurrection of the Flesh, the Last Judgment, and others. Signorelli, who lived from 1441 to 1523, is one of the greatest creators of forms that are to be found in the history of painting. The originality of his lines, the power of his composition, were to be surpassed only by Michael Angelo, who himself declares to have studied with great attention the paintings of Orvieto. We can see Signorelli beside Ghirlandajo in the Chapel which Pope Sixtus IV caused to be decorated by the greatest artists of his time, and perhaps of all times, and which takes from that Pontiff the name of Sistine. We have already indicated the names of Botticelli and Rosselli, who worked at the decoration of the Chapel: we shall find there also Perugino.

PIETRO VANNUCCI, called Perugino from his native city of Perugia, is the most remarkable representative of the Umbrian School. Although preserving in most of his compositions the slightly archaic symmetry of his school, he brings to his pictures a great

care of technical details and of material execution. In the oil paintings, which he uses by preference, he became the rival of the most skillful Flemish artists. But it is especially in his fresco painting that his talent excels, as can be seen in the Sistine Chapel, and in the Pazzi Chapel of Florence.

Perugino, who lived from 1446 to 1513, was the compatriot of Bernardino di Betto Biaggio, called the Pinturicchio, who was born at Perugia in 1454 and whose most famous works are the frescoes of the Library in the Cathedral of Siena, representing facts of the life of Pope Pius the Second. Pinturicchio painted in the Loggia of the Belvedere at the Vatican some landscapes and views of Italian cities, people with numerous men and women, a thing quite novel then. We can judge of his poetical and delicate imagination in the three chambers of the Borgia Apartment at the Vatican that he decorated.

THE sentiment of the search for color that we find in Perugino was to be the dominating aspect of the Venetian school. Many reasons were to predispose the Venetian school to be colorist, to look for sumptuous decorations and pompous compositions rather than for animated expressions and energetic attitudes.

While the party struggles kept up in democratic Florence an activity and an agitation the effects of which art was to feel, in Venice a dominant aristocracy so firmly established its power that a French historian and observer declared in the fifteenth century that "there was no country in Europe where the common people had so little to say as in the Republic of Venice." But the greatest liberty was left to the people—with no say in po-

litical affairs—for their pleasures. More than anywhere else in Italy rich dwellings offer the artist great walls to decorate where he must before all flatter the eyes of the aristocratic admirers. The portrait will play a great role in Venice, a portrait of state and pomp, which must be the indication of the power and fortune of the model. Now, this kind of painting lends itself to the seduction of color. While around Florence and Siena the eye is arrested by hills and cut-out horizon—in Venice it is lost in the vague forms of the lagoon, where the dividing line between land and water is seldom clear. Also, while the dry and pure air of Tuscany shows everything with a perfect clearness, in Venice the sky, if brilliant, is laden with humidity and envelops everything with a luminous mist. In Florence, it is the line which strikes at first. In Venice, it is the colored spot and the blending of shades which call the attention.

Florence and Venice characterize the two great forms of Italian art. In Florence the line, the gesture, the varied expression produce an art democratic, dramatic, full of action. In Venice we find splendor of color, an aristocratic, princely art, a rich and noble composition, which, however, knows how to remain simple and avoid mannerisms of all kind.

THE originality of Venetian art is shown in its architecture. The variety of facades in the Palaces of the Grand Canal, where strange effects of color are sought by the diversity of material or even by gilding and encrustations, strikes one with wonder and admiration. The Byzantine, Gothic, and Renaissance art all represented there and in the Ducal Palace commenced in 1341 and almost entirely reconstructed in the first half of

the fifteenth century. Whatever be the merit of its examples of architectural art, Venice owes, however, to its painters its artistic renown.

The true founders of the Venetian School of painting are the members of the family of Bellini, Jacopo, the father, who died in 1470, and his two sons Gentile and Giovanni. Jacopo Bellini transmitted to his sons—besides the qualities proper to Venetian artists—the care of compositions with something perhaps not so lofty as with the Florentines, but gentler, simpler, more familiar. More than the father, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini may be said to have opened the two roads in which the Venetian school will have its full development. In his old age Giovanni Bellini had as his pupils both Titian and Giorgione and did not hesitate, at eighty-six years of age, to try to emulate them when they had become famous.

THE Bellini had admitted into their family an artist who was considered, with Signorelli, the most learned designer of his time, Andrea Mantegna, who married a daughter of Jacopo Bellini. Mantegna, born in Padua in 1431, had been a shepherd in his youth, like Giotto, but he had no less risen to a prominent position not only as an artist, but also as an archaeologist of the first rank and a scholar in many branches of human knowledge. His most notable works are, with his frescoes in the Church of the Eremitani at Padua, the numerous paintings that he executed in Mantua for the family of Gonzaga; his sketches of the Triumph of Caesar have exercised their influence even upon Rubens, and they occupy in the history of the Renaissance—characterizing as they do the archaeological and eru-

dite tendency of that period—a place nearly as important as Leonardo's Last Supper, produced at about the same time.

NOTHING shows better Leonardo da Vinci's incomparable genius than his decided superiority over all the artists that we have been mentioning, even over the most eminent among them. One may say, indeed, that Leonardo has been the most complete, if not the highest expression of the human mind. At any rate, he is the most complete expression of the Renaissance. Painter, sculptor, musician, poet, architect, skillful in all the exercises of the body, he is also a mathematician, an engineer, a naturalist without peer.

Leonardo had—both in theoretic and practical sciences—marvelous presentiments of various modern discoveries, extraordinary flights of genius, many of which he did not deign to publish and were for a long time hidden in his manuscripts. He knew how to join the liveliest imagination to a strict critical mind, the boldness of dream to the precision of science, the most marvelous fantasy to pure reason. Still, in spite of his facility of conception and execution, he has produced little because he was always pursuing perfection. This extraordinary man, who, more than anybody else seems to have penetrated, translated without effort and even created essentially complex souls like Mona Lisa, recommends to his pupils to search interesting dispositions of line even in depicting clouds. His impeccable design, a powerful chiaroscuro which agrees with a perfect precision of forms, the talent

of absorbing details in the general mass without effacing them, an enveloping grace which belongs only to him, assure to Leonardo an admiration which can only increase with the passing of time.

Born in the castle of Vinci near Florence in 1452, Leonardo was at early age placed as an apprentice in Verrocchio's studio. It is told that Verrocchio had charged him with painting the head on one of the two angels in the Baptism of Christ which is now at the Florence Academy, and the young man showed such a superiority in his work that Verrocchio then and there gave up painting, in despair.

Called by the Duke Ludovico Sforza, Leonardo went to Milan in 1485. He seems to have made a veritable academy there of his studio, and he wrote then for his pupils his celebrated Treatise of the Art of Painting, as well as various treatises on the movements and the proportions of the human body. Soon he was commissioned to paint for the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie that Last Supper which marks the ultimate term of the evolution of which Giotto had given the signal. Unfortunately, that famous work, painted on a wall in oil and not in fresco, is irremediably deteriorated.

WHEN the French occupied the duchy of Milan and made prisoner Ludovico Sforza, who was Leonardo's protector, the artist left Milan and traveled all over Italy. He was commissioned by Cesare Borgia to execute some engineering work and sojourned several times at Florence. In

this city he undertook in 1500 to paint the portrait of Mona Lisa del Giocondo. He worked nearly four years at this portrait of which Vasari said sixty years later that "its execution is such to make the most skillful artists in the world tremble and think of abandoning their work, without speaking of that marvelous smile which makes of that portrait a work more divine than human."

In 1503 Leonardo was commissioned to decorate one of the sides of the Hall of the Council at the Palazzo della Signoria in Florence, Michael Angelo being the artist chosen for the opposite wall. The paintings were never executed and the cartoons were lost, a loss which cannot be too greatly deplored.

In 1515 the King of France, Francis the First, invited Leonardo to France, where he began by occupying himself with projects of canalisation, as he had done in Italy, but he was old and tired, and he died in 1519, in a small castle at Amboise, which had been given to him by the King of France.

NUMEROUS disciples are connected with Leonardo's school, either as his pupils or as followers of his teachings, the most famous of them being Bernardino Luini who, more than anyone else, assimilated the manner and especially the spirit of the master. But some of the artists who can claim themselves of Leonardo begin to show the influence of Raphael, while two of them, Ferrari and Bazzi, profit by their sojourn in Florence where Michael Angelo founded an imperishable tradition.

Father Samuel C. Mazzuchelli

By Giovanni Schiavo

MAZZUCHELLI was the peer of the best and the most memorable. The peer in virtues that compose the great priest, in deeds that brighten the passage of the great missionary.

"More yet—Mazzuchelli is unique among the men whom we account as our Fathers in the Faith—unique in this, that among them he was first on the ground, first to turn the ploughshare. Others came later to take up the work he had begun, to direct and foster the work of what he had planted.

"At his entrance into his labors, Mazzuchelli was the solitary priest, from the waters of Lakes Huron and Michigan to those of the Mississippi River across the wide-spreading prairies and forests of Wisconsin and Iowa.

"Barga arrived at Arbre Croche, on the northeastern coast of Lake Michigan, more than a year after Mazzuchelli had said his first mass on the Island of Mackinac. Mazzuchelli had plied his canoe on the upper Mississippi River several years before Loras was at Dubuque or Galtier in St. Paul.

"Others followed in his footsteps; he had been the pathfinder in the wilderness."

Thus the late Reverend John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, summarized in 1915

Father Mazzuchelli's thirty-four years of work in what was at the beginning of his career the wild Middle-West.

Think of it! A lone priest at the age of twenty-four in the cold regions of Mackinac Islands, in a district containing only a few hundred fur traders, exposed to dangers and to the rigors of a very trying climate!

But in the adversities of nature, Father Mazzuchelli must have found a growing incentive for unsparing labors if, in the comparatively brief span of thirty years, he was to found more than fifty churches and schools, to draw plans for towns and courthouses, to be missionary, preacher, educator, architect and above all trail-blazer.

And all that in a territory more than one hundred miles wide.

FATHER MAZZUCHELLI was born at Milan on November 4, 1807.

His family had planned for him a political career, but he had different designs and, accordingly, at the age of 17 he entered the Dominican Monastery at Faenza. He made his profession at the Dominican house in Rome.

In 1828 (he was only 21 years old then) he happened to meet in Rome Father P. Reese, Vi-

car General of Bishop Fenwick of Cincinnati, who was to become in 1833 first Bishop of Detroit.

It was Father Reese who encouraged the young aspirant to missionary life, to emigrate to America. He accompanied him as far as Lyons in France, young Mazzuchelli continuing alone his journey to the new world. He landed in New York in November, 1828.

He tarried for a while in "the great city," and later in Philadelphia and in Baltimore, finally leaving for Cincinnati where he was to continue his studies for the priesthood. In the Buckeye metropolis he remained for about two years, until he was ordained a priest at the Cincinnati Cathedral on Sept. 5, 1830.

Father Mazzuchelli's first parish was a small one on the island of Mackinac, where Lake Michigan joins Lake Huron. Another Italian had been in that island, half a century before Father Mazzuchelli set foot on it. Francis Vigo, the man who made possible the victory of George Rogers Clark at Vincennes, had a trading post there as far back as 1778.

Mackinac in those days was a great center for the fur trade of the Northwest. It contained about 500 inhabitants. Today it contains only a few hundred more.

From Mackinaw, Father Mazzuchelli went north to Sault Sainte Marie, in Northern Michigan and Southwest to Green Bay, in Wisconsin. It was from Green Bay that he was later to radiate his work towards Iowa, and towards Northern Illinois.

IT is difficult in a short magazine article to give in detail all the peregrinations and journeys that Father Mazzuchelli went through during his years of missionary work. He performed his task so well that he was made a vicar-general of the diocese of Dubuque under Bishop Loras. He was also, by appointment from Rome, Commissary general of his order in this region. Had he wished it, he could also have become a bishop, but he declined the offer in 1850. He wrote on that occasion to Bishop Loras: "My present situation (in Benton) is more pleasing to me than any I have had before in America and it would be a great sacrifice to leave it even for a bishopric... If the Lord is not very much displeased with me, he will permit me to work in oblivion before the world and enable me to know Him more and more."

For, such was the nature of the missionary. No personal gain, no glory, no self-satisfaction. Even his personal recollections do not bear his name. They were published in Milan, about the year 1844 under the title of "Memorie Istoriche ed edificanti d'un missionario apostolico dell'Ordine dei Predicatori fra varie tribu di selvaggi e fra i Cattolici e i

Protestanti negli Stati Uniti di America." They were translated into English in 1915.

FATHER MAZZUCHELLI distinguished himself in America in various capacities.

Above all he was the missionary. The churches built by him in Iowa, in Wisconsin, and in Illinois attest both his zeal and success. Those at Dubuque (now a Cathedral), at Burlington, at Davenport, at Maquoketa, Iowa City, Bloomington, Bellevue, Shullsburg, Sinsinawa, Galena, Prairie du Chien and Green Bay, are among the twenty-five or more that he built.

Then he was an educator. In connection with every one of his churches he built a school. He also organized a Congregation for men, which lasted many years until lack of funds compelled it to dissolve in 1866.

But the Congregation of the Most Holy Rosary, which he established at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, was bound to thrive. Today it numbers more than 800 sisters, and it has more than 15 schools in 15 different dioceses in the United States. More than 20,000 pupils receive instruction from the Sisters of the Most Holy Rosary. Their best school is the well known Academy and College of St. Clara.

Father Mazzuchelli was also an architect of no little merit. Many, indeed, were the court-houses in Iowa and Wisconsin which were built according to his plans. The State Capitol at Iowa City is one of the many buildings for which he acted as architect. Today it forms the

Central Building of the University of Iowa.

And last but not least, Father Mazzuchelli was an orator of great eloquence. "When, on October 25, 1836, the First Territorial Legislature of Wisconsin began its first session in Belmont, on motion of Patrick Quigly it was voted that the 'chair invite the Rev. Mr. Mazzuchelli to open the meeting with prayer tomorrow'" (*J. D. Butler, in Wisconsin Historical Collections, vol. 14*). Mr. Quigly was the first man in Dubuque to entertain the young missionary. That was, indeed, quite an honor for a foreign priest who had been less than eight years in the new country.

BUT Father Mazzuchelli understood the spirit of America. To quote Archbishop Ireland again: "He was a foreigner by birth and education; situations in his native Italy were much the antipodes of those in the country of his adoption. Yet he was the American to the core of his heart, to the tip of his finger. He understood America; he loved America."

That explains perhaps why he was so dear both to Catholics and Protestants.

Father Mazzuchelli died of pneumonia at Benton, Wisconsin, on February 23, 1864. It is said that he contracted his illness as the result of a visit on a very cold day to the death bed of one of his parishioners. He was buried in the cemetery of Benton, where a little monument was erected to his memory.

Cancer

By A. P. Vastola, M. D.

BEFORE discussing cancer, its nature and its treatment, let us review its statistics. In the United States, over 100,000 people die of cancer every year. Its annual increase is close to 3%. More people die of cancer than of all the infectious diseases combined, excepting tuberculosis. More people die of cancer than are killed by railroads, street cars, automobiles, fires, drowning, mining accidents, machinery, poisons, homicides and suicides—all put together. According to official statistics, one in ten of the men and women now living in this country, are destined to die of cancer; and of all women who die between the ages of 45 to 65 years, one in five succumb to this disease. The rate throughout the different sections varies, but it is highest in New England. In Connecticut, from 1924 to 1927, almost 2,000 more people died from cancer than from tuberculosis. Its mortality is appalling; its prevalence is increasing. The number of persons in the United States, between the Atlantic and the Pacific who are now suffering from cancer is estimated at 300,000.

Now, what is cancer? Cancer is essentially a disease of civilization. It is, comparatively speaking, unknown amongst uncivilized people. It is characterized by a tumor formation which is at first localized and later becomes disseminated throughout the body, causing death by its pres-

sure on vital organs and general toxemia.

ONE reason for the terrific mortality of cancer is due to the fact that people have certain wrong ideas concerning

Startling indeed is the statement made by Dr. Vastola, in the following article, that "more people die of cancer than are killed by railroads, street cars, automobiles, fires, drowning, mining accidents, machinery, poisons, homicides and suicides—all put together." A disease of civilization, cancer invites consideration by the layman as well as the medical practitioner, and this article has been written for that purpose.

In 1929 Dr. Vastola made a special study of the cancer situation in Europe, making investigations in Italy, Austria, Germany, Switzerland and France. He is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons and an attending surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital in Waterbury, Conn. Surgery is his specialty, and he has taken a particular interest in cancer.

this horrible plague. One of these wrong ideas is that pain must be present, before any serious condition can exist. This is not only a mistaken theory, but very often it is fatal to the one who holds it. By the time pain occurs, the cancer has usually developed so far that the possibility of a cure is greatly diminished. A wrong idea is to suppose that cancer will disappear of

itself. It never does so. Another wrong idea is that proprietary remedies such as pastes, Indian oils or vibrators will cause a cancerous growth to disappear. This is a fatal mistake. There is no drug or serum which will cure the disease.

The public should be informed that cancer is not in itself hereditary; it is not transmissible from parents to off-spring, although a certain susceptibility or predisposition to it seems to exist in some families for a few generations. It is not contagious or infectious. No article or condition of food, water, air, clothing or personal habit has ever been associated with cancer in a causative way. It occurs in all climates. It is common among the lower animals. It is not believed to be due to a parasite. It is not at first, a constitutional disease; so that at its beginning, it does not start with fever or other symptoms that accompany an acute illness. It is strictly localized and this is very important to know, because at this period it is 100% curable.

ALL clinical observations tend to prove that the exciting cause of cancer is a long continued irritation, which irritation may be physical, thermal or chemical in its nature. We know that certain agents, like tar, soot, or mineral oil when rubbed into the skin will produce cancer in certain individuals. Exposure to the x-rays over a prolonged

period will produce cancer, from which form of cancer, quite a number of very eminent doctors have died. There are certain conditions which may lead to cancer:

On the skin small, innocent looking moles or warts, when continuously irritated, may become cancerous. Bad teeth, ill fitting plates and poor bridgework associated with pyorrhea, may cause cancer of the mouth and tongue.

Excessive use of tobacco and the old clay pipe not infrequently cause cancer of the lower lip. With women smoking, cancer of the lip will probably increase in its prevalency among them.

IN women, chronic inflammations of the breast or anything that favors a retention of the secretions of the breast, such as early weaning of babies and the wearing of tight fitting corsets, favors the formation of cancer. Due to the absence of such conditions among the Japanese and women of uncivilized countries, cancer of the breast is never found among them. Cancer of the stomach is found in people who overeat and do not masticate their food. Untreated ulcers of the stomach frequently degenerate into cancerous growths.

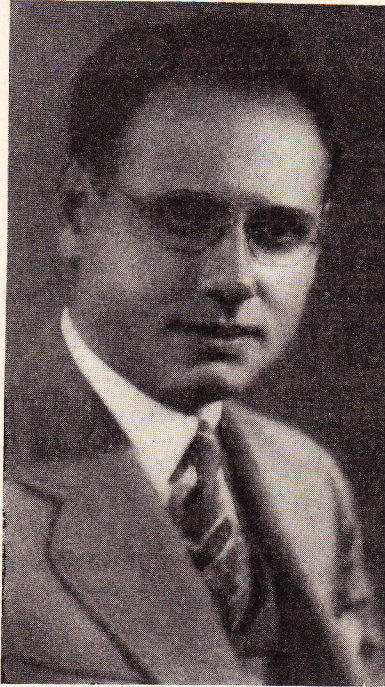
The chronic irritation of gallstones may cause cancer of the gallbladder, and in women, child-birth injuries, if not immediately repaired, may eventually lead to cancer of those organs. An early removal of all these simple conditions and eradication of the irritating causes, would diminish greatly the prevalency and mortality of cancer.

In order to reduce the mortality of cancer, instruction must be given to the public

concerning the danger signals of cancer. Stated briefly, these danger signals are as follows:

Any lump in any part of the body and especially in the breast.

Any irregular bleeding or discharge.



Dr. A. P. Vastola

Any sore that does not heal, and especially any sore on the tongue, in the mouth or on the lips, lasting over two weeks. These are particularly apt to be cancerous.

Persistent indigestion with loss of weight. I would like to emphasize the frequency with which cancer of the stomach begins with persistent indigestion and loss of weight in individuals over 40 years of age. The possibility of an early cancer should be kept in mind, and it should be confirmed or excluded by a thorough physical examination and x-rays. The tremendous value of this educational campaign has been recognized in Europe. In all the countries of Europe exists a well organized propaganda

for the control of cancer. This propaganda stresses the early symptoms and proper scientific treatment of the disease.

IN Italy, since 1911, the cancer mortality has been decreasing in all sections of the country. This is in contrast to the other countries of Europe. A great deal of individual research work on the causation of cancer has been done in Italy, and the experiments seem to prove that cancer is not caused by a parasite. To combat cancer, the Italian league was formed in 1922. Its action is being vigorously supported by the Italian government. The league is developing a continuous propaganda not only among the laity but also among physicians through lectures and leaflets. A cancer institute has been recently built in Milan.

In regard to the treatment of cancer, nothing is more authoritative than what is contained in a resolution passed at the international meeting on cancer control, held in America in 1926. The resolution passed at the meeting stated that the most reliable forms of treatment, and in fact the only ones thus far justified by experience and observation, depend upon surgery, radium and x-rays and from my 20 years of clinical and surgical observations, I feel that all other methods are not only futile, but dangerous to the life of the patient.

In conclusion, I would like to emphasize these facts:

1. Many types of cancer are preventable and many of the early ones are curable.
2. Cancer is curable in almost 100% of cases when it is localized, either by surgery, x-ray or radium.
3. Cancer is not hereditary or communicable.

From Buenos Aires to New York by Automobile

By Lorenzo Scuderi

IN Buenos Aires, a few years ago, I made the acquaintance of Giovanni Tulliani and Carlo Massacesi, with whom I discussed the possibility of an automobile trip from Buenos Aires to New York. After considerable discussion, during which we were not unaware of the enormous difficulties in the way of the enterprise, we succeeded in interesting the Chevrolet Company, from which we obtained many promises which later, naturally, were fulfilled only in part. From the company, in fact, we received only gasoline and a few repair parts.

Having surmounted the first difficulties, we began the long venture by leaving Buenos Aires on March 20th, 1929.

The vicissitudes of our strenuous trip have something of the fantastic and the prodigious about them. We surmounted difficulties that would have discouraged the most intrepid; impassable roads, through forests and over mountains, across miry and desolate places, where dwelt wild beasts, serpents and even elephants in a savage state.

The route followed by us is documented not only by many memoranda collected by me on the way, but also by certificates issued to us by the governments of Bolivia, Peru, Venezuela, Nicaragua, San Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala and

Mexico.

I was the only one of the three original starters to reach New York. Giovanni Tulliani, overcome by a feeling of discouragement, remained at Mexico City; Massacesi, later, stayed at Detroit with some relatives of his.

The First Obstacles

OVER a great part of Argentina the trip was quite easy and we made good time. But later, near the Bolivian border, the road disappeared, and it became necessary to make use of river beds, either dried up or at very low tide, in order to get ahead, and then only with difficulty: the car was forced almost to navigate through the water at times. Near Jujuy, we came into a vol-

canic zone, formed by small craters erupting mud. Once the machine suddenly sank into a warm, deep mass of this mud, which threatened to swallow it up. After some desperate work with ropes and poles, prolonged for several hours, we succeeded miraculously in saving the automobile, when it seemed that all hope had been lost.

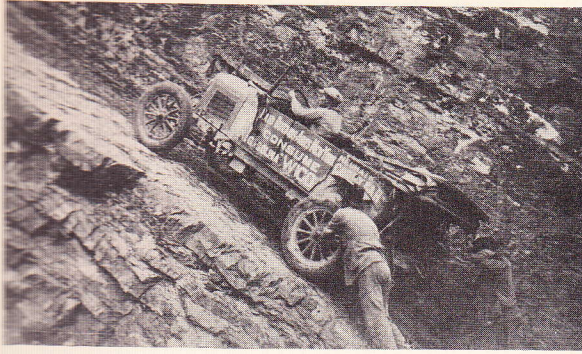
With the miry zones behind us, the mountain-climbing stage of the trip began. In Bolivia we traveled for miles on end at an average altitude of 3500 meters (about 11,400 feet, or more than two miles) above sea level. Blood sometimes flowed from our ears and noses. Because of the unforeseen and constant rarefied quality of the atmosphere at this height, the machine would lose 60% of its efficiency; even on level ground it was necessary to go in first speed, while the water in the radiator boiled.

Lack of Water

ON the desolate, gran-
diose plateaus of Bolivia we lacked provisions, wood and water, as well as any trace of a road. For two and a half months we saw no bread. The only food we could obtain from the solitary Indians whom we sometimes encountered, taciturn and diffident shepherds, was some corn which



The route followed by Scuderi and his companions



In Peru: extra power for the climb.

they roasted. But the lack of cigarettes, prolonged for more than a month and a half, was as bad as the lack of bread.

Another recourse for provisions lay in hunting. On the Bolivian plateaus we encountered great herds of sheep and llamas, the only living things besides occasional condors in these high solitudes, where often, for four or five days, we saw no human beings.

In the deserts of Peru, where it never rains, we suffered terribly from thirst. A little beyond Callao, the impracticability of the territory we had to cross obliged us to travel along the shore at low tide wherever a stretch of sand made this possible. In such cases, the way was smooth enough, although, from time to time, rocks emerging from the sand necessitated abrupt deviations. Not being very experienced, we proceeded at first in a straight line, with the result that we succeeded in getting quite wet. Then we began to understand that it was necessary to follow a sinuous, zigzag course, according to the alternate ebb and flow of the waves.

Among the Eternal Snows

IN Peru we reached an altitude of 5700 meters (about 18,500 feet, or more than three miles) above sea level. For entire weeks we traveled over the snows, amid a majestic and unbounded solitude, where one meets no human being but an occasional Indian shepherd.

All traces of roads or paths were lacking; the maps we had either could tell us nothing or they were wrong; to get ahead we had to be accompanied by some of the natives, the only ones who know the country's to-

pography well.

After we left Cuzco it took us two months to traverse only 650 kilometers (about 400

In these days of aviation exploits, interest has deviated somewhat from land exploits. Nevertheless, the story of a 27,000 mile trip from Buenos Aires in an automobile, over mountains and rocky valleys and through rivers, is bound to interest readers. And when the travellers are Italian, and cover 14 republics in their travels, taking a little over a year for the enterprise, this interest becomes all the more absorbing. The following article is Mr. Scuderi's own account of the trip, almost unbelievable in its fantastic details, but vouched for by documents and photographs.

miles). Our supplies ran very low. Tulliani and I were obliged to go off on foot to the nearest locality, far away, to obtain help, while Massacesi waited for us beside the machine for many days warming himself in the meanwhile with a fire of young shoots. Strangely enough, however, at that very high altitude we suffered less from "mountain sickness" than in Bolivia.

Wild Indians

IT was extremely difficult to make ourselves understood by the Indians, for they understood no Spanish and spoke only their dialects, the "maimai" in Bolivia and the "quichua" in Peru. Many of them had never even seen an automobile, considering the tremendous difficulty in bringing one up to those lofty plateaus.

Thus, when the motor was turned on, they believed that someone, hidden or imprisoned under the hood, was uttering a wail of lament over some strange torture, or that a mysterious someone was threatening or making fun of them.

Almost all the Indians did not accept paper money, and asked only for "la lata" (the metal), in exchange for the provisions they sold to us. But even of the value of the metal they have only a very approximate idea, since for the most part in those mountainous regions exchange is effected by means of rose-leaves and cigarettes, where these are to be found. The Indians use cocoa excessively, chewing for entire days the leaves which they carry in a great bag hung over their stomachs. For this reason the race is pitifully degenerated.

In certain regions the Indians will, at no cost, sell killed chickens or kids; these savages never kill living beings. We had to decide to kill some an-



In Colombia: the course had its up and downs.

imals ourselves; whereupon the Indians hastened to hide themselves, covering their heads under the low entrances to their tents. This business over with, they sold us the killed animals for only a few cents.

Then we were led to a tent, on the floor of which some straw mats were laid out; our friends squatted on the ground and, with their primitive flutes, began a melancholy lament. All our prayers to have them stop were in vain. We poor motorists, our heads heavy from lack of sleep, had to listen to this strident lament of the flutes till the dawn.

In Ecuador we had an elaborate reception and cordial cooperation on the part of the authorities. In the western part of this republic, the more inhabited and progressive, the land is very fertile. The slopes of the mountains are covered with brilliantly-colored tropical forests, almost always impenetrable. The abundance of oranges in the inhabited districts was such that for a long time we drank nothing but orange juice instead of water, compensating ourselves thereby for the torments of thirst we had suffered in the mountainous deserts of Peru.

There has existed in Ecuador for many years an Italian military mission, which is very highly thought of by that Government. This mission, a few months ago, renewed its contract to continue its work of reorganizing the Ecuadorian army and preparing a map of the republic.

The colonel in command of the mission told us that in the eastern part of the country, where it descends into the Brazilian Amazon, his duty was a very difficult one, and that he had to limit himself to somewhat approximate delineations.

Twice, in fact, the Indian tribes have risen *en masse* at

the entry of the Italian officials in their territory, fearing that the Europeans were coming to take away their lands. Once the number of Indians in revolt exceeded 6000, and the work had to be postponed.

In Colombia

THE entry of our automobile in Colombia marked the beginning of almost insurmountable difficulties. From Tumaco to Buenaventura, for example, we had to give up the idea of continuing by land; it was utterly impossible for us to open up a way through the dense and impenetrable tropical forests which extended down to the very edge of the Pacific.

Having reached Buenaventura by way of sea, the rest of the trip to Bogota was not very difficult. We rested a while in that city, and then we pressed onward into the most impassable part of Colombia. Two hundred kilometers from Bogota the road completely disappeared. Incessant work with pick and shovel was necessary to open a passage-way for the automobile. But thanks to the skill we had acquired on the long trip, we succeeded in passing even here, where it would have seemed folly to try it.

We met an American motorcyclist, who was going back toward Bogota, after having tried vainly to reach the Venezuelan border with his machine. Our automobile, however, made the trip.

A Colombian engineer, doing surveying and other work preliminary to the construction of a road there, thought us crazy when he saw us proceeding along a huge precipice, with a slope of three to ten. But once again the keen eye and the steady hand, acquired by many months of effort, won over the obstacles of nature and the rough difficult passage was made.

From Mexico to the United States

IT should not be forgotten that the Italian authorities were always delightfully generous with their protection toward me and my companions. Consuls, vice-consuls, etc. always welcomed us fraternally and encouraged us, even as the authorities of the Latin republics.

But there was one incident in which the intervention of our Ambassador at Washington, Nobile Giacomo De Martino, was necessary.

The Chevrolet was crossing a bridge which connected the Mexican Republic with the United States, when we were stopped by American soldiers at the border. The laws concerning immigration are exceedingly strict, and admit of no exceptions. They told us that, in order to enter the United States, we had to pay a security of \$500 each. How could we ever have obtained it in Mexico City? We appealed to the Italian Embassy at Washington, and the prompt intervention of our authorities was enough to clear up the situation. We were allowed to enter because we were three tourists, and not three individuals trying to enter this country clandestinely. The interest manifested by our Embassy will always be remembered by me and my companions.

While the Italian Embassy was taking the necessary steps, Tulliani decided to remain in Mexico City, and give up the rest of the trip. The satisfaction of entering the United States was therefore reserved only for Massacesi and myself.

In the United States

FOLLOWING the intervention of our Embassy, Massacesi and I were free at last to come into the United States.

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An Italian-American Educator

Angelo Patri

By Giuseppe Prezzolini

ANGELO PATRI is a real illustration of Italian geniality. Imagine a son of shepherds in the vicinity of Naples, brought to this country when but a child, who becomes the oracle of an American school! People come from all parts of America and the world to visit it; and even if it is only an American junior high school, we can be proud of the fact that what gives it a soul is Italian artistic feeling. Patri has given the school (which comprises some thousands of students) a character of spontaneity and industry. Order, inside the school, is natural. The children have learned to move about with ease and self-possession, without fear of the instructor. From top to bottom the school is a hymn to industry and autonomy. The students work with wood, with iron, with clay, with marble and with wire. They draw and paint, they carve and they construct. And not in play or in infantile proportions, but in earnest. From the school's print-shop there issue real books decorated with wood-cuts and etchings, which would do honor to many artistic printing plants.

Public School 45 in the Bronx (the schools here are numbered, like the streets) is also the school in New York most frequented for the teaching of Italian. There are now about a thousand students taking courses in Italian, and in the majority they are of Italian origin. This, it is understood,

does not mean that they already know Italian! They are of the second and third generation of Italians, and their par-



Angelo Patri

—Courtesy N. Y. Evening Post

ents, very often, have never known Italian: that is to say, at home they spoke a dialect which, little by little, became filled with forms borrowed from English.

AMONG the various instructors, all skilled, who deserve credit for having made Italian popular in that school, there is one who deserves to be remembered apart for an original creation of his. This is Antonio Calitri, who has the soul of a poet and who is one of the few who, from the life of Italian immigration, has drawn some expressions of real poetry. But what makes us recall him at the present moment is his little newspaper, "Il

Convito," which is something so charming and so impregnated with the personal spirit of its director, that one feels like saying: examine a number for yourself, it will be better than my words. "Il Convito."

—I will try to describe it, even though badly—is a miniature newspaper for children, into which Calitri transfuses his soul of a teacher of Italian, the language of a poetic and artistic civilization. Through myths, legends and stories, he speaks to his children. From his children, then, he selects competitively their best works, their poetry (they succeed even in writing poetry, these little ones so far from Italy), and publishes it. And through the children it also reaches the parents. You must not believe that "Il Convito," although made for and by children, is not read by adults; for example, I read it always, and I will not say I have not learned anything from it.

To come back to Patri, whom I left by the wayside, I must add that his activities are not limited to his own school alone. He is a director of schools and families even outside of his home. And this he is through his little syndicated articles, which he writes every day for a group of the most reputable newspapers in the United States: that is, according to usage here, the same article is published simultaneously in a series of dailies in various parts of the United States;

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The Italian Physicians in New York City

THE joint meeting, held not long ago at the new Columbus Hospital in New York City, of the Association of Italian Physicians in America, together with the Brooklyn Italian Medical Society and the Bronx Italian Medical Fraternity, lends timeliness to a consideration of the history and accomplishments of these three Italian medical societies in New York City. It might be mentioned in passing that New York City has three societies of the kind, not because of dissension, but because of the different needs of these localities.

To begin with the Manhattan organization, it was in 1920 that a group of 64 physicians of Italian extraction, through the efforts of Dr. Salvatore Di Palma, met at the Hotel Netherlands to discuss the formation of a new medical society. At this time another society, the *Società Medica Italiana*, had been in existence since 1898, but it had more to do with the older Italian practitioner, and not with the younger Italian-American graduate. After a series of meetings the new society was formed, with Dr. Michael Osnato as temporary chairman and Dr. P. F. Amoroso as secretary. Later Dr. Osnato was elected President of the Association and Dr. Paolo De Vecchi, dean of Italian physicians in America, who died recently, Chairman of the Board of Governors.

The monthly scientific meetings were held in the old building of the Academy of Medicine on 43rd Street. The first of these was held on Dec. 6th, 1920, with 86 members present. In the following year a dinner was held at the Pennsylvania Hotel, and it constituted the first annual joint meeting of the *Società Medica Italiana*, the Brooklyn Medical Society, and the Association itself. Close to 300 Italian physicians were present. The following year, on Jan. 4th, 1922, the Association held its first annual dinner-dance at the Biltmore Hotel, and it was a great social success.

SINCE its inception the Association has steadily grown and progressed. It is both a medical society and an Italian society. As the latest edition of its "Transactions" states in its foreword: "Racial pride may be encouraged, provided it serve us in good stead and help us in emulating the scientific zeal of our medical past. Our society is an Association of Italian physicians and physicians of Italian origin in America. Let no man deny us the inalienable right to cherish the memory and to honor the names of those many Italian celebrities that have added lustre to the annals of medicine."

At the present time the Association numbers some 200 active members and it is signifi-

cant that of this number, about 75% have been educated and trained in this country, the remaining 25% having pursued their education and studies in Italy.

The president for the current year is James V. Ricci, with Filippo Cassola, Angelo M. Sala, John M. Lorè and Charles Perilli as vice presidents, Hannibal De Bellis as secretary and Salvatore R. Scorza as treasurer. Its board of trustees consists of Michael Osnato, Adolph De Sanctis, Giuseppe Previtali, Gaston A. Carlucci and Peter F. Amoroso. Since the inception of the Association a decade ago, the following men have been its presidents: Michael Osnato, 1921 and 1922; Salvatore Di Palma, 1923 and 1924; Giuseppe Previtali, 1925 and 1926; Antonio Stella, 1927; Adolph De Sanctis, 1928; Gaston A. Carlucci, 1929; and Peter F. Amoroso, 1930.

The purpose of the Association, as outlined in its Constitution, is as follows:

To unite in a scientific body the members of the Medical Profession of Italian origin or descent in America.

To enhance their standing in the American Medical Community.

To acquaint members with one another in order to promote a feeling of good fellowship and solidarity.

To introduce a scientific

atmosphere by encouraging all members to read before the society original papers pertaining to medical subjects, to present reviews of the literature on any subject chosen, and to present interesting, unusual cases or specimens.

To promote mutual interests, especially in medical matters affecting the Italian-American practitioner of medicine.

To uphold the glorious traditions of Italian medicine in the American Medical World.

To act as a medium of exchange of knowledge and progress in medicine between Italy and America.

* * *

THE Italian Medical Society of Brooklyn had its origin in 1916. At that time a group of Italian physicians were invited by Dr. Antonio Scaturro to his home to discuss certain economic problems, which were soon settled. It then occurred to the group that it would be appropriate to start an Italian Medical Society, with themselves as a nucleus, for the purpose of promoting the erection of an Italian Hospital in Brooklyn. Dr. Antonio Scaturro was designated president, a constitution and by-laws adopted, and numerous meetings were later held. The entry of the United States into the World War, however, deprived the Society of many members who enlisted, and meetings were discontinued.

In 1920 the Society was reorganized with the following aims:

To promote scientific, economic and social advancement among the Italian physicians and those of Italian extraction in Brooklyn.

To promote the erection of an Italian Hospital in Brooklyn.

To encourage better understanding and relations between members of the Society with the rest of the medical fraternity in Greater New York.

The new officers for the reorganized Society at that time were Gaetano de Yoanna, president; Calogero Giovinco, vice-president; Mario Abbene, secretary; and John B. D'Albora, treasurer. Only thirty Italian physicians were then members. Today there are over 175 active members.

Among the milestones in the life of the Society were 1925, when it issued its first annual report, and 1928, when it published its first "Transactions". The latter year was memorable, also, for the first yearly joint meeting of the Italian Medical Society of Brooklyn and the Association of Italian Physicians in America, held in Brooklyn. The following year this event was also held in Brooklyn, but this year it was held at the new Columbus Hospital in New York City. These joint meetings constitute an important step in the direction of the scientific and social advancement of the members of the organizations concerned.

The roster of the past presidents of the Society follows: Gaetano de Yoanna, 1920-21; Calogero Giovinco, 1922; Joseph Manzella, 1923; Joseph L'Episcopo, 1924; John B. D'Albora, 1925; Frank Caponegro, 1926; Paul C. Fleri, 1927; Peter De Gaetano, 1928; Mario Abbene, 1929; Anthony W. M. Marino, 1930; and Ernest De Muria, 1931. Dr. De Muria died recently and the present officers of the Society are Joseph Bruno, president; Louis Taormina, secretary, and Vincent Mazzola, treasurer.

In the case of the Brooklyn Society, the proportion of American-trained physicians is greater than that of the Manhattan organization. Approx-

imately 90% of the members have attended American colleges and medical schools.

THE youngest of the three Italian medical societies is the Bronx Italian Medical Fraternity, which was formed in 1924 by a half-dozen enthusiastic physicians: W. A. Cimillo, L. J. Ferrara, G. E. Milani, J. Martoccio, B. Pasquarrelli, and Nicholas Sabella. Its original membership was but twenty, a figure which has grown slowly but steadily till now it is 54.

These physicians are all Italian-American, and all have received their medical training in the United States. In this respect the Bronx society differs slightly from the Brooklyn organization, and still more so from the Manhattan body.

As stated in the Fraternity's Constitution, its objects are:

To achieve harmony and good fellowship among its members.

To encourage professional idealism and respect for the ethical codes as formulated by the American Medical Association.

To promote the social, economic and professional status of the membership.

To promote the building of an Italian Hospital in the Bronx.

From the very beginning the society began holding regular monthly meetings, which, at first purely social in their scope, later widened to include economic and professional topics. They usually take place at some neighborhood restaurant, and are followed by a collation. During the last two years these meetings have been improved by the reading of scientific papers, which stimulate interest and provoke discussion. Like the other two societies, the Bronx organization holds an annual dinner-dance,

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Ostia, Ancient and Modern

By Arnaldo Cervesato

THE Ostia tramway is already at the height of its summer business. Every car that leaves the San Paolo Station is crowded to capacity, and in half an hour (its regular city run), it takes one to the other end of the line, overlooking the glittering Tyrrhenian Sea, as though to show you that the sea is only within a stone's throw of Rome. And furthermore the trip, with the exception of brief stretches, is both urban and suburban. In the zone outside of Porta San Paolo, which today is full of factories and markets, new homes extend row on row for several miles.

The National Government has ordered that the Via Ostiense, which was formerly Rome's communication with its overseas dominions and which in ancient times used to be crowded with the gardens of Roman patricians and financiers who were willing to pay dearly for a little garden on the banks of the Tiber, shall rise to a new life.

It is at the end of this road that a modern Ostia is coming to life, side by side with ancient Ostia. The poor villages isolated in the marshes have become a prosperous, luxurious city of villas; already today it is one of the fashionable resorts, and tomorrow it will become Rome's port; in expectation of which event, Italy's fleet recently lined up at the mouth of the Tiber.

The pioneers of its rebirth, from Paolo Orland to the tenacious planter Bazzini, may

consider themselves as well satisfied.

As a spur to future greatness, and as a remembrance of its past greatness, the remains of the ancient Ostia, the "emporium of Rome," loom within sight of the new and elegant buildings of modern Ostia.

The trip to Ostia is both educational and pleasurable. For the living history of ancient Rome rises from the contemplation of these ruins, as from those of the Forum, better than from the pages of two dozen volumes.

Ostia was founded, about the third century before Christ, for military purposes and for the domination of the Mediterranean. From its port Roman galleys went forth, directed against Carthage; we know that it was from Ostia that Scipio left for the conquest of Spain.

When the Mediterranean became a "Roman lake," Ostia acquired its prevaingly commercial aspect, and became the artery through which there came to Rome the grains, the oils, the wines, and the marbles of Egypt, Cyrenaica, Libya, Numidia and Mauritania. The supply of grain was, as a matter of fact, the main reason for the existence of the Roman mercantile fleet.

THE city was sacred at the time of the first landing of Aeneas; there the Dioscuri, the guardian gods of Rome, were held in high worship.

Today, the great skeleton of the dead city, left out on the

line of a desolate and splendid horizon, is rising slowly from the ground and is daily becoming fuller, more visible and more salient.

Here is the main gate of the city (on the right of the metropolis) built with tufa in the Republican age, and with marble under the Empire.

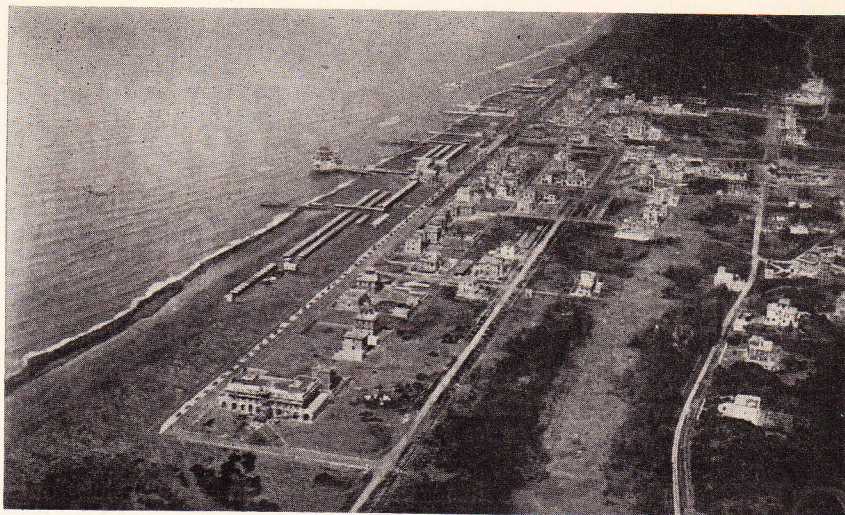
It used to open into the *decumano*, a magnificent straight road, long, bustling and adorned on the right with luxurious two-story porticos and with stores of all kinds. These porticos used to lead to the Palestra and to the Thermae, where there still appear in their magnificence and in a fair state of preservation the mosaics of the waiting rooms and of the heating arrangement. Ostia indeed used to have a heating system comparable to our modern radiators, for it had several many-storied houses.

Today the remains of porticos, statues, tablets and fragments emerge from the ground and unite, mutilated and transfigured, to form a gigantic and fragmentary collection: a collection which time has made almost unreal and pure.

Behind the Forum there lies the Theatre. It was built at the time of Agrippa, restored by Adrianus, entirely rebuilt under Septimus Severus and Caracalla and then again restored under Onorius. Another space is occupied by the Forum of Vulcan, which was surrounded on three sides by a portico of columns; the great temple dedicated to Vulcan

still rises from the ground, in all its harmonious architecture.

The road near the temple leads to the ancient Porta Laurentina, where one can see the remains of the "Metroon" (the meeting square of the ancient Ostians) and of the Sacred Field, before the temple of Cybele. Winding through the remains of the buildings between the Temple of Vulcan and the Tiber, a road leads to the Thermae; one can still recognize there the calidarium and the swimming pool.



An Airplane View of Ostia

BETWEEN the temple and the river there lies the "imperial palace," adorned with granite Corinthian columns. At first it was thought that these ruins were those of the Thermae; but the inscriptions discovered later proved that they belonged to the imperial palace of Commodius. Here one may find many notable mosaics, especially one which represents a labyrinth. On the west of the palace can be seen the remains of the Arsenal (Navalia) built by Caius Marius, praetor of Ostia; thence, through other ruins, one can get to the "emporium" where there still remains untouched a room containing some large jars, half buried in the ground.

Tacitus tells us that Ostia under Nero was populous and rich. It must certainly have been a very busy town, for available inscriptions recall numerous guilds among ship owners ("domini navium") and mariners—guilds which in the fourth century became official institutions.

Towards the year 450 A.D. Ostia reached its greatest glory: its population attained 80,000; it was celebrated as a "amoenissima civitas" (very delightful city); and the villas in its vicinity were used abundantly by the Romans. The inscriptions recall two

members of the Gamala family, who became famous for their munificence, for they offered the people exceptional gladiatorial performances; they gave him a banquet of 200 triclini; they paved streets and restored temples. Also they erected a marble Tribunal in the Forum, and remade the Arsenal and the Antonian Thermae, which had been destroyed by fire.

WITH the decadence of Rome, Ostia also died slowly. Commerce withered, the citizenry emigrated, piracy began to spread. It was the latter which finally gave the city its death blow, by terrorizing its citizens. All work stopped, and all its splendors were buried for many centuries.

Such are the reminiscences and the comparisons which arise from the white skeletons of the ruins of Ostia.

Here, the steamship companies of the great ports of the East and West, of Marseilles, Syracuse, the Piraeus, Alexandria and Byzantium had their ships, docks and maritime insurance companies. Many testimonials remain, especially in epigraphs, of these corporations and their commerce.

In a large square of the city a very important artistic discovery was made a few years

ago: a great statue of Victory was brought to light.

THIS large statue is of marble. The large goddess is clothed in a rich and long mantle which reaches to the ground; the helmet has three crests; she holds with her right hand the shield leaning on the ground. Two majestic wings cover the sides of the column which forms the rear of the statue. The left arm, now missing, must have been lifted in the act of handing a wreath. This statue, discovered on Roman ground, must have been Roman, for its workmanship is Roman. It may be attributed to the second half of the first century (and perhaps to the first few years of the second century of our era) yet the conception and the style of the work are not Roman, but Greek.

This is the statue the image of which will be the coat of arms of the new Ostia. Thus the noble "Ostian Victory," rising from the earth at the opportune time, becomes the symbol and the omen of modern Ostia, which is destined, like ancient Ostia, to become not only the "Amoena civitas" of ancient times, but also the great and real port of Fascist Rome.

Selections From

THE DOCTORS AROUND GERMANY

(Alberto de' Stefani, former Italian Minister of Finance, wrote the following editorial for the "Corriere della Sera" of Milan, in its June 26th issue.)

GERMANY'S sickness has lasted for almost 13 years, a duration which has something of the fantastic about it. After four years of war came its undoing: the loss of territories and colonies, men and wealth; the convulsive formation of a new political order; the uncertainties of the national conscience; the collapse of the old mark and the creation of the new mark; the recurring onus of reparations; and the burden of interest and amortization on foreign debts. It is a political, moral, economic and financial crisis.

Much time has passed during which many people have been asking what Germany's sickness is, what is its gravity, what are the prognostications that can be made concerning its duration and what are its consequences on the health of the world. But there is another question that is greater than all the others, a query that comes spontaneously: whether Germany's infirmities are more serious and worthy of special care in comparison with the infirmities of other countries. And here we are hesitant in answering. A glance at Great Britain leads us to some serious reflections. Even she is affected by powerful historical trends that are undermining the premises of her greatness. Not a lost war, but a vast ferment of new economies, of autonomous tendencies. Elsewhere, as in Germany and in the United Kingdom we have unfavorable balances in the private and public economy, unemployment, the precarious condition of agriculture, industry and communications as well as State and local public organizations. It is enough to name any country in the world in order to have an example of this, from the United States to India, from India to Australia.

And yet the doctors are all gathered around Germany, as though

there were no other sick ones, whereas the whole world is sick. And it is thought that Germany's condition must be very serious if she needs such special attention. This must be so, people say, although it is not so easy to form a firm conviction in the matter. Sick, yes, but no more sick than the others in its economic structure, in its equilibrium between cost of production and selling price, in its commercial possibilities and position. For German economic life appears to have, from many points of view, a greater elasticity than that of other countries, including the United States today, and certainly than that of Great Britain.

We are always looking for a reason why, which a general appraisal with uniform criteria from all countries does not give us. It is useless to quote statistics: so many of them have been given for unemployment, bank failures, and foreign commerce that everyone knows approximately that things are no worse, in this respect, than in other countries. And for lack of a more concrete answer we take refuge in the political and financial psychology: in the imponderable elements of faith and distrust, and behind them, in the confused movements of the communists and the "Steel Helmets."

And yet the specific form of the German malady, which has provoked the intervention of the President of the United States, is not difficult to diagnose. It is not the first time that the United States has concerned itself with it. The two plans for the payment of reparations, although they were not signed or ratified by the United States Government, bear the names of two American citizens, Dawes and Young, who are today invested by their Government with the functions of representatives. The United States has never shown a lack

of interest in reparations arrangements, either in 1924, in 1930, or today.

It was not a matter of indifference to her, as it is not a matter of indifference to her now, that the balance of foreign payments abroad on the part of Germany would allow these transfers on account of war reparations.

There is always a balance in payments. If it were not so, the balance of trade and of economic loans would even themselves, either by the renunciation of debts, the sale of securities or the transfer of gold and appreciated currencies. In order for Germany to bear the burden of the payment and the transfer of reparations in a normal manner, it is necessary that the foreign credits for the sale of goods and for ordinary economic credits exceed the debts for the purchase of goods and loans by at least a sum equal to that necessary for the service of reparations.

Moreover, alongside of the item for reparations, there is another great item, the interest and amortization of debts contracted, especially in the United States, the proceeds of which Germany has already used, and not always for productive ends.

On the passive part of Germany's balance of payments, therefore, there weigh not only the reparations, but also the service of the foreign loans, whose regularity interests especially the creditor countries. The amounts necessary for this service can be appraised annually, always with great approximation, to about half of the annuities now owed on account of reparations.

This is why the financial situation in Germany is followed, particularly by the creditor countries, with anxious attention, and why they are very attentive to the consistency, to the decrease of the reserves of gold and appreciated currencies which represent the guarantee of the fiduciary and legal circulation. A postponement of reparations payments lightens the passive part of the balance of payments and eliminates worry as to the possibil-

the Italian Press

ity of transferring the interest and the amortization of the debts contracted abroad. It is a sacrifice which private finance asks of public finance in the creditor States on account of debts and war reparations.

Any proposal that puts to flight the anxieties that might be occasioned by German currency, even if the debits and credits are not arith-

metically balanced, and if the sacrifices are not equally borne, deserves to be favorably received. No better appraisal of the plan could have been made than that contained in the reply of the head of the Italian Government to the President of the United States.

It is, however, desirable that private financial forces, in the interest of world economic stability, succeed

in persuading their respective Governments of the opportunity for reviewing, in a new and more enlightened spirit, the whole problem of inter-allied debts and reparations, which has been such a sad experience, in spite of the opportune but at that time unheeded warnings of instinctive Italian wisdom.



DISARM FIRST!

(The following editorial, by Lido Caiani, appeared in "Il Popolo d'Italia" of Milan on June 12th. This newspaper is edited by Arnaldo Mussolini, brother of the Italian Premier.)

THE diagnosis of the profound disease that is tormenting the continent is beginning to be established. Political, economic and psychological factors are uniting and contributing toward making the situation grave and difficult, but day by day the major causes of the straitened circumstances that are troubling the life of peoples and continents are being outlined and isolated.

World opinion is now convinced that the situation cannot be solved if we do not immediately begin to solve the problem of armaments.

While political, economic and psychological factors contribute and conspire to aggravate the situation, the problem of armaments contains the determining motives of the three different aspects of the crisis. But it is not enough to examine the problem only from the viewpoint of the financial burden and waste which the present state of armaments conduces, because it would be at least an excess of optimism to believe that with a few billions in economies realized in the military budgets of the various nations it would be possible to solve the crisis or to attenuate, alone, the profound ill-being that has fastened itself upon the life of the world's peoples.

Meanwhile armaments, at the high and costly level at which they have been carried, are not necessary and they represent an enormous error in proportion, both as to the economic and financial capabilities of the nations and as to the doubtful consistency of a danger, and still more so in consideration of the political, judicial and moral guarantees of the whole organization of the peace—the pacts, agreements and international conventions concluded for the sole purpose of making more and more difficult armed conflict among civilized nations.

Armaments therefore constitute a menace and a danger, not a guarantee for the peace of the world. The highest level of armaments can never assure those conditions of security necessary to bring about the dispelling of the apprehensions, the uncertainties, the rancors, the threats and the fears that weigh heavily upon the economic activity of the nations.

It is necessary to begin by renouncing the right of might and by laying the foundations of that international unity which today is only proclaimed in the clauses and codicils of the treaties of peace, which will remain nullified and inefficacious so long as they are in illogical

contrast to armaments preserved up to their highest expression of power, cost and threat. It is necessary to re-establish moral, political and economic equilibrium among the nations, hitherto disturbed by the existence of the present enormous armaments.

If the American statesmen who are coming across the Atlantic to take personal stock themselves of the economic and political conditions of Europe are, as it is said, possessed of this formula, or if they are disposed to realize its logic and efficacy, it is possible that a remedy for the many ills of the continent will be found and applied.

The new conception that seems to prevail today in connection with loans and disarmament in England and the United States finds a perfect complement in the policies of the Fascist Government and in the attitude of Italy. Favorable to as radical a limitation as possible of armaments on condition that her own are not inferior to those possessed by the more strongly armed European powers, Italy does not believe that the policy of loans can bring real relief to the countries whose economic life is devastated, or who find themselves in serious difficulties as a result of the present economic and political situation in the continent.

Loans do not solve the complex problems of the economy and production of specific countries, but, under certain aspects, they aggravate and complicate them. They are almost always superficial reme-

dies and sometimes they are an encouragement and an incentive for continuing in a political direction contrary to the general harmony and interests of Europe.

The Fascist Government, while it upholds the necessity of reducing and limiting armaments, is undertaking treaties and concluding agreements with the governments of neighboring and distant countries in order to bring about the ex-

change of goods and products that are complementary to our economy and to that of the contracting countries, thereby supplying the elements essential to the recovery and the consolidation of the economic prosperity of the continent. And if Italy has need of contracting a loan, she seeks the credit and the money from Italians, who supply it in a measure over and above her needs and requests.

The method, the example and the experience of Italy therefore constitute a worthwhile contribution to the development of the delicate and extremely interesting phase that is beginning with the convocation of the general conference for disarmament, with the meeting of the British and German ministers, and with the trip of Stimson and Mellon through Europe.

THE HARLEM TRAGEDY

Taken from the August 1st issue of "Il Progresso Italo-Americano" of New York, the following editorial, by Italo C. Falbo, is a reply to those who have criticized the "Sicilian wall of silence" which followed the Harlem tragedy.

ROSA Bevilacqua, the mother of one of the children victims of the Harlem slaughter, when questioned by the police, said she did not see the gangsters who did it, nor even the automobile whence the shots came. And she added that none of those who had seen and know, would enlighten Justice, for fear that later someone of the family might be assassinated in vengeance.

No one speaks. This is the Sicilian code, the New York World-Telegram comments bitterly.

But everyone knows, instead, that this is, today, the American code.

Or, if it pleases you more, the universal code.

No one speaks, because, if we are dealing with gangs, of whatever race, the rule is silence; and if we are dealing with honest people, all of them, more or less, prefer to keep quiet, in view of possible re-creation.

All too often, especially of late, there has been talk of murdered informants, of "dangerous witnesses" who have disappeared before or during a trial—disappeared, that is, suppressed—with the relative impunity of the murderers. Is it any wonder, then, that people should be overwhelmed by serious doubts

when it is a matter of accusing one or more criminals? And as though the fear of witnesses were not enough, one must also take into account the fear of some jurymen. Thus the police are impotent to make arrests, or, if they do arrest, justice is impotent to sentence the culprits.

To provide distinctions of race or color for this, which is a generalized state of mind, is to give proof of blind attachment to old prejudices, and of absolute incomprehension of truth and reality. Sicilian "silence" is just like the "silence" of the Jews, Irish, German or Chinese; the reticence of witnesses and the prudence of jurymen are the direct consequence of the indomitable extortion of the underworld, rendered brazen ever since the easy wealth offered it by prohibition has given gang leaders and followers the ability to pay their weight in gold for immunity.

ITALIANS BEGIN TO AMOUNT TO SOMETHING IN NEW YORK POLITICS

(The following editorial by Luigi Barzini, Editor of the "Corriere d'America" of New York, translated in full from its original Italian, is taken from the issue of July 19th.)

THE election of Albert J. Marinelli as Tammany leader of the Second Assembly District in New York—which has hitherto been a stronghold of Irish politics—is a sign of a new recognition of the electoral strength of the Italian-Americans in the metropolis.

The Italian-Americans have grown in numbers and have become one-seventh of New York City's

population; they have risen worthily in the social scale; they have progressed continually by acquiring prestige, respect and wealth through their industry and their virtues: but in the matter of participation in public life they have so far been held back, neglected, considered only as a docile group of electors who can be commanded about without necessarily conceding

them anything but a few minor positions.

Their present power amounts to 600,000 votes in the State of New York, of which 390,000 are in New York City alone. This signifies that the citizens of Italian origin can be, if they are united, the decisive element in electoral battles.

Tammany Hall has always been able to make appointments on the basis of the discipline and the loyalty of the Italian-Americans, which the powerful Democratic organization has been able to marshal skillfully. But Tammany is of Irish origin, and it has preserved its Irish character. This has given the Irish a recognized predominance in political careers. There is a historical reason for this. The Irish were

the first arrivals. A century ago they already constituted the immense majority of the immigration of the time. In their political organizations the new arrivals were able to assume positions of command only when the strength of their numbers and their will made it dangerous to exclude them.

No one ever has anything if he never desires anything. The Italians, divided, undirected and led by petty leaders into differences among themselves, were easily maneuvered by Tammany without adequate recompense. They could not, they did not know how to ask for anything. This newspaper has often protested against the injustice done to the Italian element, rich in young ability, to whom but a few crumbs were thrown from the sumptuous political dinner tables of the other races.

Now the Italians are beginning to make themselves heard. The economic depression, so keenly felt by them, is giving voice to their discontent. Among Italian workers unemployment is enormous. It ex-

ceeds sixty per cent. The Italian-Americans are asking themselves why they should be the ones most sacrificed; why they are not protected; why they should continue to strengthen, with their votes, a party organization which, in time of need, relegates the Italians to the end of the line.

In many districts in New York Italian-Americans constitute the strongest ethnical nucleus. In the Nineteenth and the Twentieth Assembly Districts (Harlem) there lives the most numerous Italian colony in the United States. In the Second Assembly District the Italians are in the majority. In the First Assembly District they constitute 40 per cent of the population, while the Irish contribute only 20 per cent. In nine districts (the First, the Second, the Sixth, the Eighth, the Twelfth, the Fourteenth, the Sixteenth, the Eighteenth and the Twentieth) the Italian vote holds the balance of power. Victory lies on the side to which this vote is thrown.

This situation explains the un-

precedented event of an Italian placed at the head of a Tammany District organization. A district leader does not necessarily have to be a great personality. He is responsible for the votes under his jurisdiction, and what he must do to assure himself of these is very often questionable. Party organization being what it is, he can only rule by means of favors, protection, privileges, immunities and impositions. The office needs a man who knows how to use these methods.

A district leader is a man whose power is exercised behind the scenes. He recommends appointments and candidacies; he is a secret suggester in the distribution of positions, offices and functions. The fact that an Italian, for the first time, has reached this high position of political manipulation is a good beginning. But it is not enough. The Italians have a right to much more. And they will obtain it when they have a full consciousness of their strength—and know how to remain united.



EXPORT ARTICLE

The review "Critica Fascista" of Rome carried, in its issue of July 1st, the following editorial, in which the point is made that some of the basic ideas of Fascism, which Mussolini has declared is not an "article for export," are being adopted abroad as though they are original.

FOR quite a while we have been encountering, from time to time, outside of Italy, some signs of an acceptance, conscious or unconscious, of our conceptions concerning the State and its present-day problems. Now the usefulness of collaboration among the economic categories, and the opportunity for conciliation of interests, is being admitted; now the necessity on the part of the State of coordinating, regulating and governing even the economic life is being recognized. Our less orthodox conceptions, too scandalous for the average European mentality, which laughs sceptically or looks down on them, are coming to the surface here and there now, outside of Italy, as though they were original, very new, or pointed, according to the circumstances. It is evident that the pressure of

necessity and the gravity of present problems are such that simple common sense suggests criticism, and this makes people recall the things that have been read concerning the "outlandish" ideas of Signor Mussolini, who desires to modify "the natural order of things", ideas which, however, basically would turn out rather well in this or that concrete case.

Lately, for example, a Frenchman, Lucien Corpechot, has become aware of a "crisis of authority." "All those who reflect," he says, "are more or less agreed that civilization is badly governed. Those spirits born to govern are becoming rarer, while deliberations and councils are being multiplied. Thus everything works toward weakening and limiting the action of governments, whereas, with the interest of the people becoming more

and more complicated day by day, this action should become steadily stronger and more extended.

"Everyone desires order, but, with everyone loving freedom, life little by little becomes impossible if there is lacking an authority capable of having the general interest prevail over special acts." The accidents that occur in the streets of Paris, or the catastrophe of St. Philibert, are a sign, according to Corpechot, that the authority of the State is not respected or does not make itself respected, lacking the necessary sanctions.

"In the rain of concessions," he goes on to say, "which all the powers are making among themselves, the essential notion is disappearing that in the social life it is necessary to punish more than to recompense. There is an element of decadence in the weakening of authority. The crime of the demagogues is that of having made of the word 'republic' the synonym for a diminution of authority."

This is a recognition that is rather interesting, considering its source; even if it is a bit ingenuous. For the authority of the State does not consist simply in punishing. Nor can it be said that

the State has authority and really governs, simply because of the fact that a certain number of things—applications of the laws, public services, etc.—though they may be a majority of things, go well. If the problem were in these terms, it would have been solved by the mailed fist of military dictatorship. The failure of the latter reveals, instead, that it is not a matter of applying the laws, but of providing new laws, because the social and political reality has been changed.

To desire a more lively presence of the State as an authority that punishes and makes itself respected, is a critical point of departure: it is from just this charge of the liberal State that Fascism has departed. After ten years, in France, they repeat this accusation. In Naples people would say, "Lassa

fa' a Dio!" (Leave it to God!). They will arrive at that stage themselves. They will become aware that the authority of the State, substantially, means response to the profound necessities of the people, of which the State, substantially, is the expression; that, in other words, it is a comprehension of these exigencies and the organization of the elements necessary to satisfy these exigencies, and thus a subordination of individual wills for an amicable end and necessity, without being chained by ideological prejudices.

At any rate, we cannot but be pleased when we see that certain realities, the realities on which our original State system is based, are recognized even where, so far, criticism and lack of recognition have been most bitter. But we

should be on guard against a danger, which would add insult to the injury which the obstinate lack of recognition brings us: the danger that our ideas will be circulated throughout the world with a French label or that of some other country, and that they will try to re-enter Italy with these labels, as it happens with Borsalino hats or the woolens of Prato.

Bottai, at Padua, recently said: ". . . thanks to Mussolini, we have been the interpreters of a universal movement; we had the distinction in 1926 of understanding and placing ourselves in the van along a course which all the countries of the world, through different names and designations, are preparing to follow. Now then, it is necessary that we, who have been the first, do not become the last."



SOUTHERN ITALIAN "TERRORISM"

The following editorial concerning the recent Harlem child murder by gangsters is translated from the August 1st issue of "Il Bolletino della Sera" of New York.

WE have already had our say and expressed our indignation over the Harlem tragedy. An incredible outburst of the most ferocious kind of criminality, it is otherwise perfectly placed in the general picture of crime that flaunts its dark colors in unlimited sway, and which it is impossible to identify through ethical characteristics.

Writing a few days ago in these same columns on the crime that is evident here today, we said that it is a phenomenon common to all countries of great urban development, and that this same urban development—a typical manifestation of contemporary civilization—is the germ of greatest contagion and of deepest dissolution. It is the major cause, in other words, the determinant of all criminal manifestations.

The criminality of which the Harlem tragedy is but one episode, worse than the others only because of the innocent victims it took, is like a monstrous flower which can be had only in certain soils at a high temperature, such a one as can be found in an immense urban center like New York, where races from all over the world cross and mix and end up by not having any

longer either physiognomy or name.

All this, however, has not prevented a confrère of ours, the "New York Evening Post," from setting up an ignoble, anti-Italian speculation concerning the Harlem tragedy, bringing to the dignity of the editorial page an infamy that is an offense to Italy and to the Italians in this country.

The police have not yet identified the criminals, no clue is possessed to even hint at a certainty, yet this has not prevented the "Evening Post" from writing: ". . . true it is that we have in our midst this southern Italian terrorism. . ."

Ignorance, bad faith, an absolute lack of that journalistic probity which gives to him who writes for the public a sense of responsibility and imposes upon him the duty of possessing that serene objectivity which, before being a sign of respect for others, is a sign of respect for one's self.

The editorial writer of the "Evening Post" is evidently destitute of this elementary virtue.

It would therefore have no right to our attention, if it were not that the duty falls upon us of defending our name against everything and everybody, with that spirited indig-

nation which we derive from the clear knowledge of drawing our origin—indisputable and the most noble—from a great Nation, which, a leader in all things beautiful and great, has never been a leader in crime.

This is a privilege and a leadership which we leave to countries of a fresher and less mellow civilization.

We are speaking for Italy and for the Italians in America, who, against every sad attempt at defamation and diminution, have inscribed their history in a sublime poem of industry and honesty, the splendors of which are the diadem that decorates the forehead of even our most humble immigrant.

We are speaking for that "South of Italy" which, while it is desired to be for some Americans a discriminatory geographical boundary, is instead a historical reality of Italian national unity, which does not admit of territorial demarcations and which, in those very sections of the Mezzogiorno and the Islands, possess a precious and inexhaustible reserve of material wealth and moral energy.

Let us send back to school the "Evening Post," with its writers of the nimble pen and light conscience; let us send them back to school so that they will learn everything and cease to offend, with their levity and their ignorance, American journalism, which has such noble traditions of wisdom and honesty.

HOW ABOUT SEGREGATION?

(The editorial that follows was contained in the July 17th issue of "The Italian Echo" of Rhode Island, published in Providence. It was written by Alexander Bevilacqua, its editor.)

IT WOULD be interesting and, possibly, illuminating to have a debate between representatives of the two streams of thought which now pervade the Italian-American communities. There exist now two schools, each with its stalwart champion: the segregationists and the anti-segregationists. At every opportunity we are harangued by one or another of those who profess to represent one or another of the schools. "Beware of too much segregation" cries one. "Let us band together as Italians!" says another. Between the two, thousands are shunted back and forth not knowing which way to turn to find a real leader, one who shall inspire them with the will to go on along the road to ultimate triumphant assertion.

Segregation in the sense that foreigners establish a closed colony which forbids entirely traffic with other racial elements is hardly possible in a country where settlements change with so much rapidity. In order actually to have segregation other races would have to be boycotted and otherwise ignored.

There has to be a consciously directed effort to have segregation. If this condition obtained—unconsciously—in America during the halcyon days of immigration it was brought about entirely by the hostile environment, accentuated by the clash of strange tongues and customs. What would have become of those groups if they had not settled together in settlements as did the early Pilgrims in stockades?

It is not entirely fair to brand every Italian organization as an effort toward segregation. Organization is a means to an end. The end is acceptance, without reservation, on an equal basis with all other races. Italians organize not for the sake of maintaining a closed racial entity, but because they would hasten their assimilation and Americanization. A warning against such a thing is really an irrelevant gesture because the danger simply doesn't exist.

The only persons who make even a feeble attempt to preserve the customs and traditions of the Fatherland—so-called—are those of the older generation who still think that

religious fervor can be displayed through brass bands and fireworks. However, rather than condemn them or otherwise heap ridicule upon them it is better to let them peacefully go on their way. That generation is fast disappearing and their virtues of sobriety, honesty, thrift and love of labor far outweigh any small grudge we might hold against them.

The debate we suggested would probably simmer down to a contest of flag-waving. The pros would have the American flag and the antis would have the Italian flag. Intelligent people have long ago worked out a rational compromise on this question. Of course we must not draw ourselves into a shell and keep out everything "American." Of course we should carry out our civic obligations with as much loyalty and devotion as possible. But surely no group can be condemned if it organizes because it wants more opportunity to contribute to social progress. In the Italian organizations incidentally want to keep alive some of those traditions which fortunately have come down to them through the ages, it certainly isn't an act of treason. Real segregation would obtain if they selfishly withheld all those fine spiritual things which day by day, are ennobling American life and giving new color and force to the emerging character.



WE ARE HALF A MILLION

"La Nuova Capitale" of Trenton, in its July 31 issue, contained the following editorial by "Olmart," in which the writer comments on the disparity between the numerical strength of the Italians and their political strength.

WE are half a million. Even, as a matter of fact, a little more. The exact statistics issued by the Census Bureau admit that, up to 1930, we had reached the figure of 507,000. Add to these, all the Italians who, for so many different reasons, were not included in the census, and those born since the census, and you will see that the Italians of New Jersey can, on the basis of the statistics, boast of comprising a full eighth of the State's population.

But this is a boast that stops at statistics, for it does not extend into any other field.

With one-eighth of the population we ought to possess one-eighth of everything else, if not in houses and lands (which it would be too bold to pretend to), at least in political representation. We fall behind even in that. According to the numerical criterion prevalent, the electors constitute 50% of the inhabitants of this nation. Not being able to apply this criterion to our element, for obvious reasons, we will restrict the percentage to 40%. On this basis, we have in the State of New Jersey 200,000 Italian-American electors, that is, one-ninth of the 1,800,000 voters in

the whole State. Thus, we constitute one-eighth of the people and but one-ninth of the electors.

Now how do these figures differ from that which we possess? It is not possible to draw up a table of comparisons, but everybody knows that our social, industrial, economic and political strength is in inverse ratio to our numbers.

A bitter statement, but true. As to wealth, we are so-so. There are many poor people among us, but the War and prohibition gave Italians the opportunity to exploit fields which, though illegitimate in some cases, have provided them with a certain amount of economic wealth. Quite a few are the bankers, the builders, the industrialists and the merchants who have seen their patrimony increase through activity, ability and speculation. They are but a scant minority. The rest

(Continued on Page 90)

Continuing

The Fountain of Mystery

A Story

By Clarice Tartufari

Translated from the Italian by Fredericka Blankner

II.

"**M**ERCY, what a summer!" All were complaining, wiping the perspiration, throwing themselves down on the chairs prostrated. "Perfectly terrific! The lake is boiling and the ears are spitting flames!"

"Why, how can you complain? I think it is a wonderful summer. Don't you feel that breeze from the lake? Anyway it's just a habit, this continually finding fault with the seasons. I am very well satisfied. I never felt better," Aura insisted, closing the fan, clasping its handle in her little fist just in order to demonstrate that she considered it a mere superfluity.

"But can you be chilly, by any chance?" her father asked, fixing his gaze on her curiously to find that her small beloved face seemed new to him. She was his daughter and in certain moments he did not even recognize her.

Her mother, dressed in white, a bit of silver threading the gold of her hair, her face long and finely modeled, with her amused smile and understanding eyes, had no need to look at her daughter to be able to read in her heart as in a book.

"Stop teasing our poor child, Giovanni. If she does not suffer from the heat, so much the better. As for that matter, were it winter, she would not suffer from the cold.

In certain periods of life the seasons are of little importance."

Giovanni returned to bend over his large table, covered with papers, squares and compasses; Gloriana went back to her reading of the poems of Alfred de Musset; Aura came

anxiety of dominion, the voluptuous joy of tyrannizing, of drawing tight a knot that would leave a sign of lividness, the furrow of a wound.

OLIVIERO on the contrary presented himself with a straw hat in one hand and in the other a lighted cigarette, which he hastened to throw away when he saw Aura advance toward him. Pouting, as if the innocent professor had failed in a pact of honor, she asked him, pursing her lips, "Do you know what time it is?"

"I have forgotten my watch. I should suppose, however, that it is early, to judge by the sun, which is still scorching."

"I might let you know that instead the sun is about to set,—and why should you be afraid of the sun anyway? You and the sun certainly should understand each other." And Aura had to exert an effort to control herself so as not to fall upon Oliviero with bitter words; but, when she found herself in the summer house, seated on the grass, with her head rested against the knee of her mother, and Oliviero, sipping his golden Capri, talked of this and that with that jesting tone of his, with his somewhat odd interjections, she became humble, she remained quiet, her whole being drunk in joy, nothing of reality escaped her and at the same time

Motif of Clarice Tartufari's most recent novel, "L'Imperatrice dei Cinque Re" (Campitelli, 1931)

Octave by Clarice Tartufari Translation into English by Fredericka Blankner on opposite page.

Con tutti ed in tutto vivo e questa ebbrezza del mio sangue in tumulto, questa varia esistenza del cuore e la ricchezza di vita nella vita solitaria che in letizia conduco e la dolcezza che nei fiori, nel mar, nel sol, nell'aria attingon, vigilando, i sensi miei per dominio o tesoro io non darei.

and went from the rooms to the balcony, straining her eyes in the direction of Pallanza.

"O, here he is, here he is at last! Finally he condescends. Yesterday he did not show himself and today he arrives at dusk." She was speaking to herself and, as she spoke, she felt a wave of anger swell up in her heart, a sort of rancor, the

she was lost in dream. Among the trees, the red and yellow of the sunset flaunted in streaks, banners of a great festival, the festival of her heart; one star, another, ten, hundreds, thousands, some nearer, some farther away, of varying greatness, of varying splendor, came forth in the sky, and of every one Aura felt herself to be the friend. In token of sympathy toward their little mortal sister the stars glimmered more brightly. Gloriana gently caressed Aura's hair while Oliviero unfortunately was finding it necessary to declare that the world is a sea of woe. For example, he found himself constrained by the tiresome necessity of having to move to another *pension* because his present one set certain dishes that would ruin the stomach of an ostrich.

One Sunday early in August the lake was so smooth that it would have been easy to have travelled over it on foot; but Giovanni, sensible man that he was, proposed a boat instead, to go across to Isola Bella.

"O let's," and Aura, in a sports suit which gave her the air of a tiny tot on vacation, hopped into the boat.

"You, mother, weigh very little, so sit here. You, Oliviero, also weigh very little,—close to my mother. You aren't fat, father, but you are heavy all the same; so here on this side. As for me, I can go wherever I want. Oh, how light I am, just like a feather! I can almost feel myself float. Ginotto, at the oars! Let us pull hard. Even then one can't get tired: *Isola Bella* comes to meet us!"

In fact *Isola Bella*, apparelled in green, decorated with emeralds, garlanded with flowers, gently nodding on its high head-dress the tufts of varicolored plumes, advanced toward the boat and seemed a grand lady, gliding graceful

and proud over a carpet of blue velvet to welcome visitors of high degree.

WHEN the rowboat nosed up on the bank, the island, its stability regained, became again as before an enchanted spot with gardens that were bits of paradise, fountains, statues, some of them lifting to merge themselves in the blue of the sky, some of them leaning over to contemplate themselves in the blue of the lake.

From one marvel to the next, from salon to salon, past the successors of the noble Borro-

these fine folk in peace within their portrait-frames? They will always be here waiting for us when we want them. What do you think about it, Signor Odasio?"

"I? Why I think that my legs are aching me,—and my wife also seems to be tired out. Dead personages inspire me more with respect than friendliness. Where is Aura?"

They found her in the adjoining *salon*, where she was courteously giving some explanations to two foreigners, husband and wife or perhaps brother and sister; in any case two attractive young foreigners, the *signora*,—or *signorina*,—tall, *svelte*, young, her jacket on her arm and her blouse very *décolleté*,—the man big-boned, vigorous, clean-shaven, with pale blue eyes whose glance swam a bit as they looked at one.

"They are Russians; they will stay for a little while at Pallanza," said Aura.

"We are Russians, students at Zurich; we shall stay for a little while at Pallanza," the foreigner confirmed, expressing himself with difficulty but with correctness in Italian. He added, bowing, "Vladimiro and Slatá Hollendér."

A SORT of friendship sprang up rapidly. By happy chance it turned out that the two foreigners were living in the same *pension* with Oliviero, so that Aura began to go back and forth from Suna to Pallanza, from Pallanza to Suna. Invitations to dinner, trips on the lake, walks, interminable conversations in the avenues of the garden,—and Oliviero always with them, beneath the sun, beneath the stars.

"You must know," said Aura one day when the sun, high in the sky, seemed the wide-open mouth of a furnace, "that here in Italy there is

The Empress of the Five Kings

by Clarice Tartufari

translated by

Fredericka Blankner

(First English translation)

With everything and in all things I live!

I would not give

For any kingdom or for any prize

This tumult of my blood that is alive,—

This heart of mine and all its varied being.

O Life! You are beyond all price to me,—

My life,

This humble life I live,

Lonely, but Empress of all things I see

And hear and touch—

Dear sweetness of the flowers!—

O Sea! Oh Sun!!

O Air about me!

Beloved everything!

O Living, without measure!

I would not give this ecstasy I know

For any kingdom or for any treasure.

mean family, cardinals, cavaliers, matrons, frowning grandmothers, young buds with mouths like strawberries, dandies with embroidered vests, fine ladies with exaggerated hoop-skirts, — finally Oliviero had had enough of it and he openly declared as much:

"Why can't we leave all

thought as well, and there is work. Professor Bianchi has invented a new astronomical system that has completely superseded the system of Galileo."

Signor Hollender approved unreservedly:

"You have done well indeed, professor. Your new system will be absurd because all that one constructs is absurd; destruction alone is logical; but your system represents a rebellion and to rebel in any field, in any form, is useful. By demonstrating the inconsistency of one system, one demonstrates the inconsistency of all systems. We enter once more in chaos and find again a reason for existing."

Slata Hollender begged Oliviero to explain this system to her. It concerned a revolution and revolutions exerted a fascination on the avid spirit of the charming Russian.

Obstinate, all concentration, the less she understood the more she was determined in her wish to understand. "The sun is supported by a mass of gaseous vapours, you say. This I can believe. Yes, I grant you that much. Nevertheless, you must demonstrate it for me."

The professor demonstrated, the *signora*,—or *signorina*,—offered objections and so, during the promenades, they walked always apart from the others, in the reunions they sat always together.

Every day Aura became whiter and more convulsed.

"But my daughter, you are ruining yourself, you are making yourself a martyr," said her mother, kissing Aura on her great eyes brilliant with excitement. "Do not go again to Pallanza; we shall not invite them any more to our villa. Why, your hands are burning; you have a steady fever."

Aura pressed herself trembling close to her mother, her

head on her mother's shoulder; she relaxed; then, liberating herself, she ran to the telephone to invite them, every one. At least she could watch them and be sure that Slata and Oliviero did not remain alone,—since for Vladimiro the liberty of his wife or sister, as the case might be, was a thing sacred and inviolable.

ONE evening in September the moon leaned from the sky detached, brilliant, full, and near it shone the planet Venus.

The usual guests in the Villa Odasio were dining in the great *salon* opening on the garden; the figures of the fountain, cautious, fearful, were moving, were speaking among themselves under the enchantment of that lunar night. Tremors passed over the waves of silver in the broad fountain bowl and the reflected figures likewise quivered. The branches whispered to one another of love and of nests, and the figures took up the echo of those whispers, making of them tenuous words to communicate their thoughts among themselves. The white moon infused into those white bodies a suave nostalgic desire for life; furtive movements darted through their limbs,—over their faces flitted flashes of smiles and glances. In the center the baby, nude, on hands and knees, innocent, leaned over the water's brink in search of . . . who can tell? . . . ; the mother offered her breast to the rounded mouth of the avid infant; the adolescent turned in question to the old woman laden with experience, who knew, however, nothing certain to answer; the young girl, clasping the neck of her beloved, drank joy from his lips and eyes as from a double source of happiness; the maiden and the two scientists were immersed in their own purity; the two ascetics,

completely absorbed within themselves, traveled afar and solitary in their search for the unattainable; the fatalist remained impassive and, immobile, fixing destiny, he obliged destiny to remain immobile; the ignoramus, wisest and happiest of all, smiled beatifically at life which returned his smile, beatific.

Certain of what she was going to find, since Slata and Oliviero had descended in the garden after having sipped their coffee, Aura wrapped herself in a great scarf of lace and, walking on the soft grass bordering the paths in order to deaden the sound of her footsteps, pressing her hand on her heart to muffle its violent beating, she circled behind the fountain and remained standing in the bushes. She wanted to overhear, she wanted at last to know what tone the words of those two might have when they were alone. But alas! instead of listening to their words she was obliged to listen to their silence, which there in that night of enchantment with those figures of dream, spoke and spoke again, exhaling sighs of sweetness and pleas of supplication.

THE perfumed smoke of the cigarettes, which Oliviero and Slata held lighted, closed them within a cloud and to Aura, alone, abandoned, rigid, cold through and through, clasped in her scarf, that silence, that smoke, that perfume, seemed a celestial beatitude from which she, unjustly condemned for some unknown reason, had to remain forever excluded.

"It must be late," said Slata, rising wearily.

"Perhaps so, I have no idea," Oliviero answered and they went away slowly, not even their elbows touching. But for Aura it was as though they had embraced, and she felt

such despair and suffering that her breath failed her. She went to sit where they had been sitting a moment before and understood for the first time what it was that made up the mystery of life: it was to be alive and at the same time to feel herself dead; to know herself to be free, and to feel herself slave; to know herself rich and to feel herself poor with a poverty beyond hope of relief; to see the lights of her own home gleam and to feel herself lost among the terrors of a wild forest; to contort in spasm, bound, held fast in the links of an iron chain and nevertheless to know that if anyone should have attempted to break those links, she would have fought the liberator, rebelling against her liberation.

That night even in dream she suffered, indeed she wept, and the morning of the next day she went to Pallanza, determined to make herself clear with that foreign woman of evil omen. After all, they were in Italy. Were men perhaps lacking in the cities and in the steppes of great Russia? She believed that, as usual, she would find Slata in the reading room bewitching that foolish Oliviero with the excuse of astronomy; instead, as she passed, she saw that Oliviero was alone, extended in an armchair, and upstairs in Slata's room Aura found her preparing her baggage in great haste.

"Why, what are you doing?" Aura asked, remaining standing, since all the chairs were laden.

"Can't you see? I am leaving."

"For always?"

"Yes."

"Thus, suddenly?"

"Yes, thus suddenly," and throwing a package of books in the great valise, she added aggressively: "Perhaps you are in despair because of my departure?"

AURA flamed; her small person gave a start of anger.

"That I despair would be saying too much. Perhaps you are in despair because you are leaving?"

"O yes,—yes, yes!" Slata repeated, darting forward. There was something feline about her. "I am not leaving in order to please you, you may be assured."

Bent on offending her, Aura asked sweetly: "Are you leaving with your husband?"

"He is not my husband."

"Then your brother—"

"Husband or brother, what difference does it make to you? These are superstitions." Then, immediately repenting of her rudeness, she became loving and humble; she took Aura in her arms and kissed her hair.

"Pardon, my little one; do not hold a bad memory of me. All of us in the world are unhappy for some reason or other; I am unhappy for so many reasons, for so many. And all of us are slaves, especially after having sworn to suffer in order to become free. This poor Slata! What will become of her? You do not know, nor do I. I have rested for two months here, in sweet Italy. I shall say goodbye to your parents by telephone. You can say goodbye to the fountain for me, and especially to the two pilgrims, eternally on their way. Give me a kiss, little one. Let us remain sisters."

Aura kissed her effusively, and effusively shook hands with Vladimiro, whom she met in the corridor and who bowed to her courteously but in haste. His bony face with its apathetic expression had become a mask of iron, and deep in his eyes with their swimming glance burned the passion of fanaticism.

The words of Slata, harsh and then gentle; the im-

placable expression of Vladimiro; the sky which was clouded over; the lake which was becoming turbulent; all this and anything else that might have happened in the universe interested the "little one" not at all; carefree, with her curls somewhat ruffled under the brim of her boating hat, her elbows back, her tiny hands within the pockets of her dark jacket, she was clicking the heels of her little black shoes along the road, and the villas of Pallanza,—it would have been the same, for that matter, with the houses of Milan had she been in Milan at that moment,—everything beautiful, rare, measureless, seemed to her to be her legitimate property.

"Foolish child, where are you running? Hop into the auto and get along faster. Let us go for a spin before dinner."

"Here I am, ready, Father."

"I have just signed a contract, a big one. Your dowry is getting fatter."

"O thank you, Father." And there was so much joy in the smile that his daughter turned to him that Giovanni Odasio was consoled.

"Aha! so you, too, measure the value of money? Then you are less foolish than I supposed."

Wise or foolish, Aura fell again under the dominion of desperation the afternoon of that very day. She was standing at the window to look at the sky, a great pavilion draped in gold, transparent, blinding, and was playing with the border of the half-lifted curtain. Her mother a few moments before, had said to her, placing a hand on her shoulder:

"Please do stop pounding so on the piano. It gives me a headache and it makes me terribly nervous. What do you think you have gained? Those who are beloved, when they go

away, always have the advantage, especially at first."

Saying those words again inwardly, Aura went off repeating to herself:

"What does it matter to me? What does it matter? In the meantime I shall at least not see them together any more."

But it was far worse. She was aware of this the moment she saw Oliviero arrive with listless step, his head down, his cigarette burned out between his index- and middle-fingers.

SHE descended to meet him and after having exchanged a brief greeting they went into the garden, silently taking the direction toward the fountain. It was a matter of habit. The numerous figures of the group, which would have lived happily indeed had no one paid any attention to them, were destined continually to have to give ear to those who lived in the villa or were guests there.

"Have you put on mourning?" Aura asked, ironically alluding to the professor's white and black cravat, tied very carelessly.

"Mourning? What mourning?" And Oliviero looked at the girl with wondering eyes. It was evident that he was far away, that he was dreaming and that Aura had suddenly awakened him.

"Precisely, you are in mourning. You have a white and black cravat, white and black socks, a face the color of ashes."

"That may be, *signorina*. I was thinking of something else as I was dressing."

"It is easy to know what you were thinking about. They have gone, she is gone, isn't she?"

He nodded "yes" impatiently; he wanted to light a cigarette, but as the match did not take fire, he threw away both

match and cigarette, folded his arms in annoyance and fixed his gaze on the trunk of a tree.

Reading in his face a deep disappointment, that same disappointment that she had carried within herself for so long, Aura measured his suffering by her own, and pitied him.

"Return to your studies, Oliviero. Take up your system again. You have neglected everything, have abandoned everybody. You have said a thousand times that science is for you an efficacious anaesthetic. Do not let yourself be overcome by grief. If you only knew to what a state one is reduced when one suffers! If you only knew! You who have the greatest good fortune to possess a solar system, make use of it, Oliviero."

"It doesn't interest me, *signorina*. It no longer interests me in the least."

"What's that? No longer interests you! What?" Aura demanded in excited amazement.

"Nothing interests me any longer, not even living."

"Not even your system?"

"Least of all."

Desperate, indignant, Aura hid her face in her hands and began to sob.

MOVED by the sound of those sobs, Oliviero came out of his lethargy and bent over the girl, concerned:

"What has happened? You can tell me, you know. I am a friend."

"A friend? Even if you had killed me a thousand times you could not have done me more harm than you have done me."

"I? I? But *signorina*—" he interrupted himself, he looked about stunned, and the scales—it was time—fell from his eyes. He saw that Aura was bent over an abyss; he saw himself bent over the same abyss, and he saw that the abyss had a depth and breadth

that were impassable. To save themselves it would have been necessary for their two hearts to be bound together and no human power could have brought that about, because Aura, pretty as she was, so frank and impetuous, so dark and shining-eyed, was not blond, was not tall, did not speak lispingly with a delicious perplexity words of a language that was not her own.

Aura moaned with the smothered cry of a homeless bird and Oliviero found nothing to say to her; consoling her he would have offended her; soothing her, he would have deceived her; nevertheless it was necessary to speak; the silence was becoming heavy and brutal.

"Believe, *signorina*, that I am very, very fond of you and only now do I realize how great is my affection. I would do everything possible to know that you are happy."

"Yes, I believe," said Aura rising, "that you would do everything possible for me; no one can do the impossible, nor can I pretend it." And she left with her handkerchief pressed to her mouth, her graceful little body rigid, erect, defying the tempest that sought to overcome her.

Oliviero again crossed his arms and began to fix his gaze on the figures of the fountain, one by one.

"It is useless, useless, miserable ants that we are, to want to free ourselves from our ant-hill and find refuge in the stars. We must come upon our burden, one day or another; and how can one avoid gathering it up and loading oneself with it? What can one do?"

A PROBLEM far more difficult to solve than the problem of solar movement! Oliviero was convinced of this and, continuing to fix his gaze

(Continued on Page 90)

Jim, the Loon

By Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

THEY called him *Jim the Loon*, down at the depot. No one ever asked where he had come from—the town took it for granted—he was just the Loon.

Jim walked with the stride of an old tar, his legs rippling under him in a shuffling gait. He ambled along talking to himself, swinging his long baboon-like arms and nodding his head. It was that continuous head nodding that gave the assurance he was a Loon, and the way he dressed helped in conveying that impression. An old pair of overalls of indefinite color held in place by clothespins, a tattered shirt with the sleeves torn out of it, fringing at the top in Robinson Crusoe fashion, covered his spare frame. His feet were always bare, even in winter. Black feet they were, black from soot and dust, the big toes slanting outward, away from the more insignificant toes of the Loon's flat feet. He wore a queer hat, too small for his wide head, a hat which at one time had belonged to a child and which Jim held in place by means of a string that ran under his grizzled chin. That hat helped to give him the appearance of a monkey.

Jim was ever rambling about the depot, chewing cigar stubs in winter and sucking stones in summer, waiting for trains to come crawling up the track or staring at trains waiting on the tracks. The conductors waved their hands at Jim and

engineers flung him jokes from their cab windows. All the train crews along the Frisco lines passing through Forge-

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni, nationally known poet, fiction writer and epigrammatist of Fayetteville, was recently appointed Arkansas' first woman poet laureate by the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs. Her third book of verse, "North of Laughter," was recently released by the Oglethorpe Press. For ten years Mrs. Marinoni was connected with the State Federation as state chairman for the student loan fund for the University of Arkansas, but because of her literary work she was forced to give this up a year ago. Her husband, Prof. A. Marinoni, is the author of "Italy Yesterday and Today," published by Macmillan not long ago.

ville knew Jim the Loon—and Jim would smile back at the men, then stand staring with fierce fascination at the steel monsters puffing before the little depot. Hands deep in pockets, his head thrust forward, his mouth a big gaping hole, his under lip drooping—there he was leaning against the depot wall.

THE newsboy of the "Local" was in the habit of tossing culls of fruit and stale sandwiches found in the chair car and that may have been the reason Jim waited so eagerly

for the trains. He never could definitely remember which was the one that brought him the cull fruit and the sandwiches.

He slept in an old box car resting on the rusty track back of the canning factory. No one concerned himself as to how the Loon managed to procure food. At times the man that kept the lunch room near the Junction made him chop wood and then gave him paper plates full of leavings as pay. But Jim could not be depended upon to work. Sometimes they gave him the dinner bell to ring when the noon train came in. And Jim would stand in the shadows of a tank and ring the bell, swinging his powerful arms from left to right as if the bell had been a clapper hanging from them. No one saw him swinging the bell but they heard the ringing.

WOMEN were afraid of the Loon, and girls ran away screaming and giggling when they saw him, as though he were a spider. Children threw stones and snow balls at him, thumbing their noses and called him "Crazy Loon." The only way Jim reacted to this teasing was by dodging the missiles and running away ducking his head and laughing, pretending that the youngsters were playing a game with him. He was quite harmless.

Jim was afraid of the sheriff. He was instinctively afraid of that big jointed man, as a dog might be of the dog catcher;

for once Jim had seen the sheriff club a little man half his size. Jim did not know just what the little man had done, but it made his fists clench to see that big sheriff-person beat that little fellow. And as the sheriff beat the man, Jim clearly remembered that bottles had cracked in the little man's pocket and out of them had dripped onto the side walk a liquor with a queer odor emanating from it—an odor which Jim knew as "Poison smell."

And now every time Jim saw the Sheriff he remembered the little man and the "poison smell."

In Jim's mind, 1924 was the *pie era*—he never knew how it had come about, but a change had suddenly taken place in his existence. Folks smiled at him, men slapped him on the shoulders, someone gave him a five dollar bill, and others silver coins. At the time Jim did not know what to do with all that money, so he gave all to the man of the lunch room in exchange for a slice of pie. But the man told him he could order pie for a long, long time. Yes, that had been the beginning of the "pie era." Jim filled himself up with pie in those days, and even forgot the incident which had caused it.

ONE day as he stood staring at the curve around which the engine was about to come hissing into view, he heard the clanging of bells and the heaving of steam along with the muffled puffing of the breath of the train—a little boy suddenly shot out on the track, running after a red ball. Just then the steel monster cleared the curve puffing, heaving, sputtering—

Jim, who knew a person had to keep out of the way of the steel thing, dashed on the track and tumbled to the other side of it, the child held tight in his powerful baboon-like arms.

Then — then — they had slapped his shoulder, women had stood around him, sniffing and smiling, and they had given him the five dollars and the coins which had started the pie era.

But the pie era passed and Jim once more became "Jim, the Loon." Then just as swiftly as the pie era had dawned, one winter night the club of the sheriff descended upon his shoulders and the world turned purple. Strange how this had come about, too—

ONE night, just as Jim was huddling himself into the old box car preparatory to a warm night's rest, he heard someone whisper his name. He lifted his head and grunted. A flat ring of light sharply etched itself on the straw. Jim sat up, his eyes batting in the sudden glare.

"What you all want?" he asked thickly.

"Jim, you there—alone?" a voice asked.

"Yes, alone. Who's that?"

"Never mind who this is. Want to make some money?"

"Money?" Sure Jim wanted money; it bought pie. So he laughed and muttered, "You're talking."

The voice invited. "Come here."

Jim leaped out of the box-car and found himself before a man standing near a big automobile. He recognized the man as one of the town "gentlemen." Jim bowed respectfully and dazedly wondered what might have prompted the honor of this call. The man put a hand on Jim's shoulder.

"Say, Jim," he whispered, "Want to make some money?"

"Sure, but I ain't going to work," muttered Jim.

"You don't have to work," reassured the man, uncurling before Jim's wide eyes a roll of greenbacks.

"Hum-hum," whispered Jim

sucking his breath in a silent whistle. "Is that five dollars?"

"More than that."

"What must I do?"

"Listen, Jim," whispered the "gentleman" drawing close to the Loon in a confidential manner. "You go down to the junction by the big pump. You'll see a car standing on the road—you go up to it—you'll see a man—tell him you've come after the "stuff."

"What stuff?" asked the Loon, a bit suspiciously.

"Never mind, you just say *the stuff*, see? When you get *the stuff* bring it to me."

"What's the stuff like—heavy?"

"Not much, and I'll give you lots of money when you get back."

"Just—just for going after it?"

"Sure, that's all."

"I savvy," muttered Jim, shuffling away toward the junction.

HE walked pensively over the track, thinking of big luscious slices of custard pie, his bare feet stumbling on the frozen ground. After he had walked about one mile he found the car parked by the side of the road, just as the gentleman told him it would be parked. Jim asked for the "stuff" and a man silently gave him a bulging gunny sack. Jim took it and walked away.

The errand seemed an easy one. But the sack was heavy. Jim sat down on a rock wondering what was inside of the gunny sack.

His hand fumbled with the string. His hand rummaged among some straw, his fingers came in contact with bottles. He took one out, pulled the cork with his teeth, and smelled of the contents. As he did so, there unfurled before his vision the scene which he had witnessed when the Sheriff had beaten the little man, cracking

the bottles filled with that stuff that smelled of poison, which had been in the little man's pockets. A quick realization of danger etched sharply before the Loon's dormant mind. The bottle in his hand was full of poison!

Jim rose to his feet, his big fists clenched. That gentleman wanted him to get a beating! What if the sheriff found him now? The idea of that man wanting him to carry poison! The idea!

JIM leaped to his feet, his hand clenching around the neck of the gunny sack. He grunted as his powerful arms swung the sack about and crashed it down on the road. As he stood staring down at the sack the poison smell rose stabbing at his nostrils. Jim smiled and strode off, his big



Mr. Joseph Sicignano, our representative, is authorized to collect subscriptions and solicit advertising contracts for ATLANTICA. Any courtesy extended to him will be gratefully appreciated by us.

fists clenching. The sheriff, the poison—that man that had woke him up—the rascal—he'd show him, he would! The Loon had never tried to fathom the mysteries dividing right from wrong, but he knew—he just *knew* the gentleman had “done him dirt.”

When he stood empty-handed before the gentleman, the gentleman asked:

“Well, didn't you find it?”

Jim, the Loon, did not answer in words. He swung about and landed a powerful blow on the man's left jaw. It sent the gentleman reeling down the embankment. This accomplished, Jim turned and leaped into the box car.

Later, as he was huddling in the straw, grunting in his sleep, the sheriff, the gentleman, and the other men, leaped into the empty car and the club of the sheriff rained blows over the Loon's head.

The Loon had assaulted a perfectly peaceful citizen. Assaulted him for no reason—just popped out at him and almost killed him! The gentleman had *said so*.

Jim began to talk incoherently about poison and a sack, but no one listened to him. The next day Jim stood before a group of men, and through layers of fog he heard words—he was pronounced a “dangerous character”—everyone present insisted something *had* to be done—he was getting old and dangerous—the town had to protect its citizens.

Jim the Loon felt they were not right—for he knew he was not dangerous or any older than some of these men before him. But the Loon could not talk, in fact he would not have known what to say—his big head kept swinging back and forth, back and forth—like the bell he liked to ring for the man of the lunch room—but no one was even looking at him.

AND so it was that the next day the Loon was shipped down state in a caboose to heave mud out of the marshes that ran in back of the state asylum.

Jim is there now. At times he grumbles, but he is not dangerous. He grumbles about gentlemen, poison and pie. No one pays any attention to him, but they claim he is a good hand at heaving mud. Once in a while the wife of the keeper gives him a slice of pie, just to see him grin.

All considered Jim is quite happy, especially on Sunday afternoons when they let him sit in the sun and cut out paper boats for the baby of the woman who makes the pies that make Jim grin.



...Does Your speech Betray You?

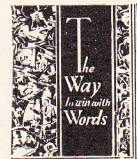
Do you always impress the people whom you want to impress? Are you certain that you are not making errors when you think you are speaking faultlessly? Are you sure of yourself when making a talk before your club? Can you write a graceful social note—or a good business letter? The pitfalls of English are many, so unless you have an infallible guide, you unconsciously may be making mistakes that are holding you back from the social or business success you seek.

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614 pages, 332 illustrations.
Lippincott (Jan. 1930) \$7.50

BOOKS IN REVIEW

(Continued from Page 52)

THUNDER OVER EUROPE. By E. Alexander Powell—288 pages—New York—Ives Washburn Co.

THERE are Americans who, the World War notwithstanding, still believe that America should hold aloof from European affairs and that isolation is still possible today as in the days of George Washington. They believe that America is self-sufficient and that consequently the problems of Europe do not affect America's future.

Those Americans would do well to read Colonel Powell's book if they want to open their eyes to the realities of international politics and the direct connection that exists between European political problems and American business.

Colonel Powell's book shows Europe in ferment—a Europe smarting under the wounds of the Treaty of Versailles—a Europe that an American president was instrumental in re-making and that the American senate abandoned a prey to the imperialism and greed of a few privileged powers.

In this book the author analyzes the various danger-spots of Europe, chiefly the eastern frontier of Germany where an arrogant and insatiable Poland is doing her best to bring about a world conflagration. Other points of friction discussed in the book deal with Hungary, Bulgaria, Lithuania and the Soviets.

Of particular interest to Italian readers are Col. Powell's chapters on "Italy and France," "Italy and Jugoslavia," "Albania," "Italian diplomacy," and "Austria, Germany and Italy."

Colonel Powell reveals in his discussion of Italian problems an unusual understanding of the European situation, which only a man of thirty years of European experience, such as he has had, may possess. We feel, however, that he has exaggerated the danger of an Italian occupation of Albania.

The history of the past 60 years of European diplomacy teaches us that pretexts are easily found when a country is ready to go to war but that, otherwise, even great countries can endure "humiliations." The example of the Austrian annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina should not be forgotten. Moreover, nowadays, a nation has an easy escape from the danger of "humiliation" by appealing to the League of Nations.

But we agree with Colonel

Powell's thesis that the *conditio sine qua non* of world peace is not armaments, however important the reduction of armaments might be, but a thorough revision of the treaties of Versailles and Trianon, and to a less extent that of Neuilly. The Covenant of the League itself provides for such revision in article 19.

In the interest of world peace and American prosperity, as well, it is hoped therefore that our Government may use its influence in bringing about such a revision, which could be hastened if the United States were a member of the League of Nations.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S ROMANCE BOOK: "K," The Amazing Interlude, The Street of Seven Stars. 1100 pages. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.

AN omnibus volume such as the present one, for those who have known of Mrs. Rinehart and have always intended to read some of her books, is certainly a bargain. Three full-length novels—no novelles or long short stories—are contained within its 1100 pages, three of her most famous romances.

In "K," Mrs. Rinehart relates the story of a surgeon who found that he could not run away from his past. "The Amazing Interlude" concerns Sara Lee, the small-town American girl who answered the call of War, and who found there romance and horror and heroism. As for "The Street of Seven Stars," which, according to its author is "a book which came close to what I wanted it to be," the scene is laid in Vienna, with its glittering splendor, imperial pomp, brilliant uniforms and pageantry of wealth. All these novels are too well-known to the American public to necessitate description, and the same can well be said of most of the 40-odd books Mrs. Rinehart has written. The stories contained in the "Romance Book" were all written at about the time of the War.

THE BEHAVIOR OF HEALTH. By Dr. A. N. Ferri. 231 pages. Chicago: Advance Publishing Co.

It is common knowledge among medical men that recovery from illness can be greatly facilitated and hastened by the patient himself through his or her will to get better. Likewise it is known that often pessimism makes worse the general condition of the patient. Instances are not lacking of individuals who died through auto-suggestion. An

To the Editor of *Atlantica*:

I am a constant reader of *ATLANTICA*, whose good balance of articles I have always admired. It surprised me, therefore, to find on Page 4 of the July issue a review of "Capital and Labor under Fascism" by Miss Carmen Haider, which gives the impression that said study deals impartially with the labor situation in Italy.

The fact is that Miss Haider stretched her desire to be impartial to the point of accepting as true certain statements made to her by anti-Fascists in Italy and elsewhere, without analyzing them or ascertaining the motives behind them.

On page 233, for example, she states that "it seems as though even he (Mussolini) is beginning to lose public confidence." How and where Miss Haider got her information is obvious. But it is equally obvious that she could not secure that information herself, because public opinion is so difficult to evaluate and very few anti-Fascists in Italy would be so naive as to take her into their confidence. But even if a few of them trusted her to the extent of confiding their doubts about Mussolini to her, it is obvious that her generalizations are quite unscientific.

Likewise, on page 268, she repeats the old standby of the anti-Fascists to the effect that Fascism did not save Italy from chaos, and expresses her doubts as to whether "it was still necessary and advantageous to the country for the Fascists to remain in power."

We can, of course, ignore her evaluation of the Italians, "who by nature present a more turbulent element than the northern races" (page 274), but we cannot share her belief on the future fall of Fascism as expressed by her on page 284. Moreover, it is evident that Miss Haider did not quite grasp the meaning of "totalitarian" in the Fascist regime, for apparently she confuses it with tyranny.

No doubt Miss Haider is perfectly entitled to her opinions, but she should not label them as the product of objective research for research is factual.

Yours truly,
Federico Sanna
New York City

example is that of the man, sentenced to die, who had been told, as an experiment to show the power of suggestion, that he would be executed by being bled to death. "At the time of the execution he was first blindfolded and immediately after this a sharp instrument was applied along the radial artery about the wrist, simulating very closely an incision. Then water of blood temperature was made to fall drop by drop upon where the supposed incision had been made. The condemned man died without even an abrasion or the loss of even a single drop of blood."

The author gives in his book many examples of self-cures and likewise of self-inflicted pains through auto-suggestion, and reaches the conclusion that ideas through suggestion, even if in some instances they do not bring about complete recovery, will make illness more bearable. A well-known Chicago physician, Dr. Ferri reveals in his book a complete command of the subject, and traces the power of auto-suggestion from primitive society to our own days. A very interesting chapter is that dealing with the working of the nervous system.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, by James J. Walsh, M.D. Ph.D., Sc. D., etc. 319 pages. Boston: The Stratford Press. \$2.

Civilization is undoubtedly deeply indebted to the great institution that is the Catholic Church, and we cannot but feel grateful to Dr. Walsh for having, in this volume, summed up the main items of this indebtedness.

Dr. Walsh, also the author of "What Civilization Owes to Italy," here tells the story of what the Catholic Church has done throughout the ages to develop the sense of beauty and the sense of duty in man, so as to lead him to a higher life and thereby make him happy. He points out how the Church has fostered the cultivation of the arts, painting, sculpture, music, architecture and the making of useful things beautiful, that which we call the arts and crafts.

The book also takes up the achievements of the Church in religion, charity and humane works, education, scholarship, law, literature, philosophy, physical science, surgery, medicine, etc. His aim, in other words, is to show that few, if any human institutions have done as much for civilization as has the Catholic Church.



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ANGELO PATRI

(Continued from Page 67)

so that Patri is one of the few journalists who really speaks a little to the whole United States. Angelo Patri has created in his way something that corresponds well with his character. He is not a theoretician in pedagogy, and his name will not figure beside those of Rousseau or Pestalozzi. He is an angelic and paternal soul who, not having had children, has adopted as children all his students and, in a smaller way, all the children of families throughout the United States, discussing day by day the practical problems which face teachers and especially parents who have children in school. Fathers and mothers are his most assiduous readers. And it is natural that this year the United Parents' Associations of New York City should have conferred upon him a medal which, among its other merits, has also that of

not being (as it happens many times with these honors) an ugly medal.

HOW he manages to do all these things, to which must be added his educational lectures before various associations and schools and over the radio, I would not know how to explain without recalling one of the happiest combinations that exist: that of Italian industry with American methods. Among these methods co-operation, mutual aid, figures very largely, and it would be unfair if I were not to add that very probably in this extraordinary activity the smiling presence of Mrs. Patri must count for quite a bit.

More than thirty years after having left Italy, Patri returned to see his country of origin, and I had the pleasure of listening to him while he described his impressions before

an American audience. And first of all came his feelings in the streets of his native land, which he could not materially remember because he had come away too young, but whose every stone and turn, nevertheless, he recognized or felt again within himself. And then came his visits to the Italian schools and his hymn of praise to the Italian country teacher, the most intelligent, the most capable and the most paternal of teachers, the instrument of civilization and of human kindness.

They were words so extraordinary, spoken with such American calm and such Italian emotion, that they made a deep impression upon his listeners.

It is a pity that the radio was not at hand there to transmit more widely to the United States his authoritative testimony.



Atlantica's Observatory

(Continued from Page 51)

according to Mr. Reiner, and one no longer finds the "arty" lack of punctuality, casual talk during rehearsal and general irresponsibility of the past. The players are buckling down and are very serious in their work.

NAPLES is planning to outdo itself this year on Sept. 7, the feast of Piedigrotta, when all of Naples and the surrounding countryside turns out to crown the new king of Neapolitan song. Naples, habitually gay, reaches its festive peak on this day. Hundreds of decorated floats, each with its band of players and singers on board, parade through the main streets night and day, bidding for the favor of the populace. The

crowds stay up all night waiting for the verdict of the jury which officially passes on the thousands of "canzonette" submitted, and when towards dawn, the new King of Piedigrotta is proclaimed, the final round of revelry begins.

IN 1930 the Italian Edison assigned a capital of 10 million lire towards endowing a special "Alessandro Volta Foundation," placed under the auspices of the Italian Academy. One half of the annual income from this fund is to be devoted to defraying the cost of annual meetings of Italian and foreign scientists and scholars, for the discussion of a subject to be selected by the Academy, of interest, in

turn, to the physical, mathematical, and natural sciences. The other half is to be used for post-graduate scholarships and Italian missions for the study of questions of historical and scientific importance. The first meeting convened under the terms of this endowment will be held in Rome during the present year to consider the question of "Nuclei and Electrones" proposed by the physical and mathematical section of the Italian Academy. Ten Italian and 25 foreign scientists have been invited to this meeting.

In addition to the above munificent gift, "Italian Edison" has also assigned for a period of ten years an annual grant of 500,000 lire to scientific training in the Milan Polytechnic Institute.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 54)

by recent investigations to doubt that where there is smoke there must be fire. The Hofstadter, or Seabury, Committee in New York, obstructed at every turn, has brought out in part at least the deplorable state of affairs in that city, and as for Chicago, the picture is all too familiar to admit of any doubts.

Corrupt politics offers the criminal the aid and protection essential to his operations. It shares in his profits. Without political support, the underworld would find it difficult, to say the least, to conduct an industry which has come to take its place among the major industries of the country.

—*—

"ITALIANS WON'T TALK"

CRIMINALS, according to the Wickersham Commission, are known to the police. But in New York the police plead to an amazing ignorance which often borders on the tragic. Witness the brutal killing of two children and the wounding of three others by racketeers recently in one of the most congested of New York's Little Italies. To this day New York's "finest" are literally up a tree.

Incapable of making an arrest, they shift the onus of their impotence on to the humble and neglected folks of the neighborhood in which the hideous crime occurred. "Italians will not talk" is their alibi. A series of murders have taken place in that neighborhood in recent months. All professional murders, conceived and executed by professional gunmen and racketeers. No arrests. No clues. Not the slightest evidence of police efficiency. Not the least protection for the local public.

Is it any wonder that Italians will not talk?

But who does talk in New York? No one as yet has talked in the Rothstein case. Or in the Vivian Gordon case. Or in the hundreds of other unsolved and insoluble cases that are giving New York a reputation that even Chicago might decry.

Italians talked in Sicily when the police forces of Italy pounced on the Mafia and destroyed it with an efficiency which has become exemplary in police history. They talked because they knew they could rely on the police to protect them.

Has it occurred to Inspector Sullivan, the author of the phrase "Italians won't talk," that the failure of Little Italy to speak—assuming, of course, that it could speak or that it had information to give—was, after all, an indictment of his Department, its ignorance and inefficiency?

"These criminals," says the Wickersham report, "are well known to the police, but by reason of the sinister influence exerted by corrupt politicians over the chief and his force are allowed to continue their criminal careers when but for such influence the police force would make a much better showing than it does."

Anyone living in Little Italy might readily testify to this fact.

—*—

THE ITALIANS IN NEW YORK STATE

THE Census Bureau reports that in New York State the Italians lead all other racial groups in the number of foreign born. Followed by the Russians, Poles and Germans, they constitute more than one-fifth of the total, which is exactly 3,191,549.

This is significant as indicat-

ing the extent of immigration from Italy in the last two decades—a mass immigration unique in American history. Almost 600,000 Italians entered this country in the two years preceding the war, and since then, notwithstanding the efforts to shut our doors, about 20,000 have been coming in yearly, both in and extra quota.

But even more interesting than this is the fact that Italians, alien, naturalized, and native born, are to-day the second largest racial group in the State. New York City alone has more than one million Italians, the majority of whom have come to America in the last twenty years.

There is not a town or hamlet in the entire State which is without its quota of Italians. In the country at large they constitute approximately 5 per cent of the population, and they are to be found in every state of the Union, on farms as well as in cities, everywhere contributing greatly to the economy of the nation.

—*—

POLITICALLY, THE ITALIANS BEGIN TO "ARRIVE"

THE late Bishop Potter predicted that the Italians would eventually rule New York. He set the time as fifty years. So far, with some 200,000 votes at their command, they have been slow to capitalize their strength. But they are coming along and very fast.

In 1929, with Congressman La Guardia on the Republican Fusion ticket for Mayor, they gave Tammany Hall much to think about and the press much to write about. They did not vote as a unit, but displayed remarkable group consciousness and gave evidence all along the line that politically they had "arrived."

The hope of realizing Bishop Potter's prophecy went into smoke in '29 with La Guardia's defeat. But in the rise of Albert Marinelli, politician and real estate dealer, as a full fledged Tammany leader on the lower East Side, this hope has been revived. Not that Marinelli's victory is in itself decisive, but that it reveals a trend in New York politics which should lead very far.

Marinelli is leader of the old 2nd Assembly District, once the stronghold of the Irish in Manhattan, and his predecessor, the vanquished Harry Perry, is, or was, the last of the mighty Sullivans. The 2nd was once almost wholly Irish. To-day it is 95 per cent Italian.

Nor is the 2nd the only Italian district in the city. There are several districts in which Italians are in the majority, and in these districts Irish and Jewish leaders wear uneasy crowns.

The rise of the Italian vote in New York is giving both parties, but particularly Tammany which is still largely clover green, serious food for thought. The birth rate, the naturalization figures, and a

keen desire to get ahead, all conspire to make the Italian a strong challenger in New York's political arena.

He is worth watching.

THE ITALIAN PHYSICIANS IN NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 69)

plus an annual beefsteak dinner and an annual outing.

As constituted at present the officers are as follows: Frank La Gattuta, president; A. J. Giordano, 1st vice-president; Louis J. Cassano, 2nd vice-president; Louis J. Di Lorenzo, recording secretary; Angelo Cantelmo, corresponding secretary; and Paul Casson, treasurer. The Board of Trustees, all of whom were among the original founders, consists of William A. Cimillo, Louis J. Ferrara, George E. Milani, Joseph Martoccio, and Blase Pasquarelli.

THE FOUNTAIN OF MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 82)

on the figures of the fountain, he would have welcomed from it a ray of truth to illuminate his thought; but the figures,

feeling from the humidity on their bodies that the night was descending with its mantle of vapours, also experienced a cold weariness, a hopeless desolation and they also would have desired any sort of an explanation, any sort of a glimmering of truth that could console them for their destiny.

All useless, useless—; the water, falling, had a sound that was expressionless and the trees, overcome with indolence, let their branches hang idly like the inert wings of dark night birds.

(Concluded Next Month)

FROM BUENOS AIRES TO NEW YORK BY AUTOMOBILE

(Continued from Page 66)

In the latter city my companion, Carlo Massacesi met some relatives and decided to stay for some time with them.

The glory of completing the fantastic and extraordinary trip, therefore, was left for myself alone, and, continuing toward New York, I stopped at Buffalo, Endicott and other towns before reaching Brooklyn.

We Are Half a Million

(Continued from Page 77)

of our wealth has been given us by the bootlegger and the racketeer. As a group, our progress has been still slower.

There have been difficulties of every kind. There are and there will be; in fact, it seems that they will increase. But our number is impotent. Our fate is in our own hands, if we but know how to use it.

Half a million Italians ought to have enough weight in the life of this State to dictate conditions and obtain just recognition of all our rights.

Instead of remaining neglected we ought to be in the front ranks; instead of begging for some work we ought to demand its concession; instead of contenting ourselves with crumbs we ought to sit in at the feast with the most powerful,

wealthiest and most respected.

How?

By the valorization of all our forces, by organizing and disciplining them.

Where there exist superfluous banking institutions, they should be merged with the more powerful and useful ones; where there exist a hundred societies lean in membership and funds, they should be fused into a few strong and wealthy social bodies; where there exist newspapers that barely manage to eke out an existence, they should be abolished or united with the more strongly situated ones; where there sprout out so many social clubs, one should be created corresponding to the needs of all; where so many political associations are working themselves to death, they

ought to be integrated into one federation; where our energies are being dissipated, they ought to be gathered, watched over, guided and made to obtain for us whatever our aspirations desire.

Tremendous is this undertaking, in view of our character and of the obstacles that present themselves. But there is no place for hesitation, confusion, recanting or concessions to weakness.

All our activities should converge to a single point, for a common purpose. We must construct, slowly it is true, but steadily. Half a million Italians should not satisfy themselves with a secondary position in the life of this State. We are set on winning, at whatever cost.

And we will win.

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

The Italian Art Exhibit Committee, in connection with the exhibit it will hold in Birmingham this coming Fall, is issuing a monthly bulletin of news items pertaining to the exhibit. It is edited by Victor Torina, J. J. Fiore and A. R. Passavant.

CALIFORNIA

Mayor Angelo J. Rossi of San Francisco has announced his intention of running for his office again in the elections to be held in November. He let this be known to a delegation of the San Francisco Fruit Dealers' Association, which informed him it was organizing electoral clubs in his behalf for the purpose. Mr. Dandolo Mugnaini is secretary of the Association.

Representatives of 15 Italian societies of Los Angeles met recently upon the request of the Royal Italian Vice Consul of that city, Cav. A. Mellini Ponce de Leon, to formulate plans for the reception of the Italian athletes to the coming Olympics in that city. Signor Giuseppe Pagliano is the delegate of the National Italian Olympic Committee in Los Angeles. It was decided to form a general committee composed of five representatives of each Italian society.

The Italian Gardener's Society of Stockton last month held its 29th annual picnic in Oak Park, attended by over 500 persons. Speeches were made by the toastmaster, Cav. Dr. J. V. Craviotto, Cav. Uff. Roberto Paganini, and Gr. Uff. Ettore Patrizi.

Dr. Elia Gianturco, of the University of California in Berkeley recently gave a piano recital before students and the faculty of the summer courses in that university in Royce Hall. Dr. Gianturco received his law degree from the University at Naples in 1920 and in the same year he also finished his course at the Musical Conservatory of San Pietro a Majella.

The United States should either liberalize its tariff or cancel debts if the world is to be extricated from the present economic morass, Giuseppe Facci, secretary of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, recently told the University of California adult education summer school.

"There is more danger in Europe of revolution than war," Dr. Facci declared. "Germany is on the verge of failure owing to payments of reparations. A new tariff policy would have a stimulating effect on world trade."

COLORADO

A banquet was recently tendered Prof. Luigi Cavallaro, teacher of Italian, by the Italian-American Literary Club in Denver. The chairman in charge of arrangements was Atty. Giuseppe Costantino.

CONNECTICUT

Attorney Pasquale De Cicco, representing the Unico Club of Waterbury, was recently elected secretary of the Inter-Club Council, which comprises eleven of the strongest clubs in that city, organized to promote the civic improvements desired by the individual clubs. Mrs. Fred Palomba, of the Corona Club, was a member of the nominations committee.

Although only 24 years old, George Preli, an Italo-American, is Sheriff of Glastonbury, Conn. He was recently married. He is in the hay and grain and grocery business near Hartford.

Attorney John J. Casale has been appointed Assistant Prosecutor of the Town Court of Torrington. After having received his law degree from Fordham University, Attorney Casale practiced at first in New Britain, later moving to Torrington.

For the first time in the history of New Britain, a woman presided last month as Judge in the Police Court, and the honor fell to Miss Angela M. La Cava, who disposed of two cases. Not long ago Miss La Cava was the first woman to preside as Judge in the Civil Court of that city.

The Unico Club of Torrington not long ago held its fourth annual reception in honor of the Torrington High School Graduates of Italian birth or parentage in the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium of that city. Among the speakers were Rev. Adam A. Tangarone, Attorney John J. Casale, and Paolo S. Abbate. The Clubs Officers are: Dr. Frank L. Polito, pres.; John J. Casale, vice-pres.; Alfred Avagliano, sec.; Joseph Lavieri, treas.

The Unico Club of Waterbury held its annual outing to Rye Beach, N. Y. on July 28th, to which the Unico Clubs of Bridgeport and Torrington were also invited. Mr. Frederick W. Palomba is president of the Waterbury club.

DELAWARE

Lieutenant Carmine Vignola is the new Italian Consular Agent for Wilmington, having taken over the post

from which Attorney Giuseppe Zappulla recently resigned.

Attorney A. James Gallo, of Wilmington was appointed last month to the position of Assistant City Solicitor of that city. Atty. Gallo was admitted to the Wilmington Bar in 1929, after having obtained his law degree from George Washington University.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Attorney Joseph Schiavone, president of the International Exchange Bank of Washington, has been made a member of the Protective Committee of the District Bankers' Association of that city.

GEORGIA

Dr. Beniamino De Ritis, of New York City was invited recently by the University of Georgia to hold a series of lectures on Italy at the Summer Session of the Institute of Public Affairs of Athens, which began on July 18th. Dr. De Ritis's first talk was on the present Fascist-Vatican controversy.

ILLINOIS

Father Michele Cavallo, pastor of the Church of the Rosary in Chicago, has been made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy. Others who were recently made Chevaliers in that city are Dr. Carmine Pintozzi and Dr. Desolato Taglia.

A banquet to celebrate the recent conferring of the Cross of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy upon Costantino Vitello, president of the Italo-American National Union, was held by that organization last July 26th in the Cameo Room of the Morrison Hotel. More than 1500 persons were present. Honorary president of the committee in charge of preparations was the Italian Consul General for Chicago. Cav. Uff. Giuseppe Castruccio. The executive committee was made up of Balzano, chairman, V. E. Ferrara, treasurer, S. Vitello, secretary, L. Buonaventura, M. Nardulli, P. Bianco, V. Prosapio, V. Schicchi, D. Tinaglia, Dr. S. Ingrao, Atty. T. H. Landise, R. Guglielmucci, S. Faso and S. Clausi.

LOUISIANA

Maestro Ernesto Gargano of New Orleans has been made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy. It is claimed for Maestro Gargano that he has done as much for Italian music in that city as Gatti-Casazza has done in New York.

MARYLAND

Dr. Daniel James Pessagno, a surgeon of Baltimore, recently completed an unprecedented operation that was much talked of in the press, by separating twins who had been born joined to each other abdominally by a tube more than a foot long.

Prof. Comm. G. Pavese, of Baltimore is giving a series of talks over the radio from that city on the great Italians from Dante to Marconi.

Mayor Jackson, of Baltimore, recently appointed as constables of that city Pietro Filippi and Giuseppe Cilento among others.

MASSACHUSETTS

More than 100 persons attended the last meeting of the Italian Historical Society of Massachusetts for the summer months, held at "Ledgewood," the beautiful estate of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Phelan of Boston in Manchester-by-the-sea. Judge Frank Leveroni, vice-president of the society, presided over the meeting, and among the speakers were Prof. James Geddes of Boston University, who spoke on "Italians in America," and Mr. Phelan.

The distinction of being the first Italian youth of Massachusetts to be admitted to the Naval Academy at Annapolis has fallen to Frank M. Gambacorta of East Boston.

The Boston section of the Italian Legion recently elected the following officers: Giovanni Boiardi, pres.; Atty. Vittorio Orlandini (former assistant corporation counsel of Boston), vice-pres.; Lorenzo Pellegrini, sec.; and Giovanni Durante, treas.

After 20 years' existence under the name of the Italian Americanization Club, this club in Leominster has changed its name to the Italian-American Citizens' Club. Starting with 36 members, the club now has more than 500.

MISSOURI

The Italians of St. Louis are making preparations for an "Italian Day" and a "First Italian Fair" to be held August 16th at West Lake Amusement Park.

Three Italian bakeries of St. Louis recently merged under the name of the St. Louis Italian Baking Co., with Nicholas Romano as president and general manager, G. Bommarito as vice-president, and Joseph Mancuso as treasurer.

NEW JERSEY

In response to a telegram from President Hoover asking his opinion about the latter's moratorium plan, Congressman Peter A. Cavicchia of Newark recently replied as follows: "You may count on my hearty support in respect to postponement of debts as proposed by you. I wish to congratulate you on the courageous stand you have taken."

More than 400 friends attended the testimonial banquet given at the Elks Club in Newark for Humbert Berardi to honor him for his recent appointment as Court Interpreter. Among the speakers were Congressman Peter A. Cavicchia, Assemblyman Basile, Judge Henry Strazza, former Alderman William C. Caruso and former Assistant Prosecutor Frank Bozza.

The Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia recently announced that Louis Dottini, violinist of Trenton, N. J., had passed the Institute's entrance examination and would enter for instruction in May, 1932. Acceptance by the Institute is a signal honor, since the applicants are judged largely from the standpoint of natural talent.

Joseph Marini, first assistant prosecutor of Cliffside Park, has been elected chairman of the sixth election district of the Bergen County Republican Committee, including Cliffside Park, Fort Lee and Edgewater.

A luncheon was recently given by the Kiwanis Club of Jersey City in honor of the Royal Italian Consul General in New York City, Comm. Emanuele Grazzi. Comm. Grazzi spoke on the part the Italians have played in the history of the United States.

At the recent elections of the Italian-American Independent Club of West New York, the following were elected to the Executive Committee: Attorneys A. Armore, F. Castellano and G. Donadio. The Board of Directors is made up of Messrs. R. Grimaldi, M. Tagliarini, F. Aragona, E. Castino, R. Miele, A. Catapano, L. Agresti, J. Buongiorno, R. Scerri, J. Di Salvo, C. Ciritelli and S. D'Orsi.

S. Palmer Dante, of Newark, was recently appointed to the executive office of Assistant Chief Auditor in the auditing and accounting department in the State House at Trenton. Mr. Dante, who received his Bachelor of Science degree from Syracuse University in 1924, is a member of many clubs.

Rev. Salvatore C. Gozzi, pastor of the Italian Congregational Church of Cliffside Park and Borough Poormaster, was elected last month assistant secretary of the State Association of Overseers of the Poor at the meeting held for that purpose at Atlantic City.

NEW YORK CITY

The first Italian-American district leader in New York City is Albert J. Marinelli, who last month wrested the Tammany leadership of the Second Assembly District from Harry C. Perry, who had held it for the past 17 years. Marinelli, a real estate operator, is a native of the district and was born in 1883.

Word was received in New York recently that Beniamino Gigli, Metropolitan Opera Company tenor, has been decorated by the French Government at Paris with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The Italian Chamber of Commerce of Queens County is to celebrate its

fourth anniversary with the publication of a year book of about 200 pages. The Year Book Committee is composed of Luigi Calzaretta, Pietro A. Bagnarco, Giuseppe Dragotta, Antonio Maviglia, Pietro A. Vagnini, and Frederick F. Giglioli.

Mr. Theodore A. Galluci has succeeded Dr. Thomas F. Neafsey as president of the Gridiron Club of Flushing.

Giuseppe Vada, Emilio Miani and Antonio David recently passed through Detroit in a Studebaker on their way to Rome. They left New York last month to reach Rome by way of Canada, the Bering Straits, Siberia, Russia and Europe.

The winner of the New York World-Telegram's competition to determine the most valuable scholastic ball player in the metropolitan area recently was Jack La Rocca of Textile High School. He will leave August 9th on a free Western trip with the New York Yankees.

The Augustus, largest motorship in the world, and the Roma, its sister-ship, in addition to the regular Winter service of the Italia-America Line to Mediterranean ports, will operate a special cruise service, according to an announcement made recently at its offices, 1 State Street.

Two trips will be made by the Augustus to the West Indies, while the Roma will make a special cruise to the Mediterranean. The latter will include a call at Tripoli and Rhodes, the "Island of Roses," where the houses in which the Crusaders lived in the eleventh and twelfth centuries still stand.

Joseph Merola, former Fordham golf star, conquered Harry S. Eisenberg, captain of the City College golf team, 8 and 7, in their final round thirty-six hole match in the men's municipal golf championship at the Clearview Golf Club's course, Bayside, L. I., last month.

A series of twelve orchestral concerts is being presented in the stadium of the George Washington High School, 192d Street and Audubon Avenue, under the auspices of the Washington Heights Chamber of Commerce. They take place on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The orchestra, composed of sixty-five players, is under the direction of Giuseppe Creatore.

The purpose of the concerts is to bring good music to people of the vicinity and give employment to musicians out of work.

Dr. Cav. Antonio Corigliano has been unanimously elected a member of the Administrative Board of the Banco di Napoli Trust Co. of New York.

The forty Italian athletes who were guests in this country of Bernard MacFadden for three months recently returned to Italy. Just before sailing, a banquet was given in their honor at the Astor Hotel, attended by leaders in all fields of Italian life in the metropolis.

Bernardino Ciambelli, 71, one of the oldest Italian journalists in New York City, and attached to the staff of the "Corriere d'America," died last month at his home.

One of the features of the presentation of diplomas last month at Harlem House to 87 people of several nationalities, marking the completion of a one-year course in English and citizenship for the foreign-born, was a letter from President Hoover to Edward Corsi, the House's Head Worker, commending the work being done.

Two Italian moving pictures which played recently in New York City were "Maciste all'Inferno" (Maciste in Hell) produced by the Pittaluga Studios in Italy and presented at the Warner Brothers Theatre, and "Lo Stormo Atlantico," a silent film record of the flight of General Italo Balbo from Italy to Brazil, released through the Trans-America Film Co., and presented at the Eighth Street Playhouse.

Comm. Giulio Gelardi, manager of London's Claridge Hotel, has been invited to the inauguration in New York of the new Waldorf Astoria Towers. While in New York, he will continue as manager of the Claridge, and he will also be in charge of the apartments of the new Waldorf Astoria.

A new Italian periodical has begun publication in New York City. It is the "Rivista del Sarto Italiano" (The Italian Tailor), dedicated to "the defense of the ideals and the interests of the 50,000 tailors of Italian origin resident in the United States."

Rev. Cherubino Viola, pastor of the Church of Mount Carmel in Mount Vernon for the past year, was recently tendered a farewell banquet by his friends on the occasion of his being transferred to a new parish in Pittsburgh, Pa.

A military high mass of requiem for the late Duke of Aosta was held recently at St. Patrick's Cathedral, under the auspices of Emanuele Grazi, Italian Consul General in New York, and sponsored by the National Italian War Veterans' Association. Among those who took part were Mgr. M. J. Lavelle, rector of the cathedral, the Right Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Lieutenant Dr. Salvatore Bonanno, and Rev. P. Filippo Robotti. Many consular officials of other countries were also present.

NEW YORK STATE

The New York State Department of Education recently announced the winners of industrial teachers' scholarships of \$1000 each and one year's tuition at the Buffalo State College for Teachers. Mr. Joseph Omasino of Rochester was one of the winners in the bricklayer class.

State Senator Cosmo Cilano has announced his candidacy for the post of Judge of the Supreme Court in Rochester. His friends are already organizing to bring about his appointment.

Miss Flavia Riggio, daughter of Mr. Vincent Riggio, vice-president of the American Tobacco Company, was married recently to Montague Horace Hackett in Irvington, N. Y. Miss Marcella Modra was maid of honor and Frank Riggio, a brother of the bride

served as best man, while another brother, Louis Riggio, was one of the ushers.

At the recent New York State Pharmaceutical Association Convention held at Richfield Springs, the Italian Pharmaceutical Association of New York was the largest in attendance. This may have been due to the popularity of the outgoing President of the State Association, Mr. Michael Gesoalde, and the incoming 3rd Vice-President, Mr. John Scavo. A feature of the convention was the Italian Night held in honor of former President Gesoalde.

OHIO

Mr. Ben. V. Marconi, Assistant Cashier of the First Trust and Savings Bank of Canton, has been made a Chevalier of the Crown of Italy.

OREGON

Mr. Giuseppe Lemma, a well-known merchant in Linnton, has been made director of the Independent Merchants' Association of the State of Oregon.

"La Tribuna Italiana," an Italian weekly of Portland, recently completed its 20th year. Its editor is Mr. Rufino Carocci.

PENNSYLVANIA

Attorney Guy De Furia, of Chester, has been appointed Assistant District Attorney in that city. Attorney De Furia, who received his law degree three years ago, was born in Philadelphia in 1904. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1922 and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. In 1928 he received his law degree from the same university.

Following his decision to enter his candidacy as Director of Schools, Dr. S. L. Scibetta of Erie has resigned as president of the Federation of Italian Societies in that city. Another Italian candidate for the position is Rev. F. Scarpitti. The Board of Directors is composed of three members.

Rev. Cav. Antonio Garritano, rector of the Church Cristo Re della Pace in Philadelphia, and who is now in Italy, was received recently in private audience by His Holiness Pope Pius XI, who imparted his apostolic benediction to him.

Dr. Helen Angelucci, the only Italian woman physician in Philadelphia, recently sailed for a short stay in Italy. Before sailing, she was given a banquet in Maple Shade, N. J., by her friends with Miss Theresa F. Buchieri in charge of arrangements. Dr. Angelucci, who has been practicing in Philadelphia for the past three years, intends to return to that city toward the end of August.

The Italian Stores Corporation, of Philadelphia recently held its annual picnic for its employees in Fairmount Park, attended by more than 300. General Manager of the Corporation is Mr. Pietro Campanella, and Mr. Leone Stallo is his assistant.

The Italian-American Citizens' League of Philadelphia recently elected the following officers: Alberico Santella, pres.; Antonio De Luca, vice-pres.; Michele Castelluci, corr. sec.; Nicola Bassetti, fin. sec.; and Carlo De Vito, treas.

Nino Martini, Italian tenor, has been engaged to appear with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company next season. He will make his American debut.

RHODE ISLAND

Miss Marie De Feo, of Providence, by successfully passing the State Dental Hygienists Board Examination, has become the first of her sex to qualify as a dental hygienist in Rhode Island. This was the first examination of its kind ever to be given in that State.

Nicola Caldarone was one of the two students recently selected by Governor Case to represent Rhode Island at Washington to determine the effect of talking pictures on educational methods. Besides taking examinations, the students were received at the White House, the Capitol, Arlington, Mount Vernon and Annapolis.

The Italo-American Club of Providence held a dinner-dance in that city on the eve of the Fourth of July. The Committee included Albert Famiglietti, Ralph Lotito, Fred Simonini and Paul De Pace.

More than 300 people gathered recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Deny Pascone in Providence for a garden party held there under the auspices of the Rhode Island Council of Italian Women. Among the speakers were Judge Antonio A. Capotosto and Attorney Luigi De Pasquale.

Prof. Alfred P. Zambarino, of Providence, was recently re-elected to continue his duties as musical director of the Mnemosyne Society of Fine Arts in that city.

TEXAS

At a recent meeting of the Italian Women's Welfare Council of Dallas, the last meeting of the summer months, the following officers were re-elected, their term beginning next September: Mrs. T. De George, pres.; Miss Marie Parrino and Mrs. R. Terranella, vice-presidents; Mrs. Carlo Messina, sec.; and Miss Francis Candiotta, treas. Mrs. Ben Messina was elected corresponding secretary.

Mrs. T. De George is the founder of the organization and she has been its president for three years.

VIRGINIA

At the recent 17th Supreme Convention of the Order Sons of Italy, a five-day congress held in Norfolk early last month, Gr. Uff. Giovanni Di Silvestro was elected to his fifth term as Supreme Venerable of the organization, for a period of four years. The rest of the Supreme Council was also re-elected.

Atlantica in Breve

A richiesta di parecchi abbonati presentiamo un breve sommario degli articoli pubblicati in inglese in questo numero di ATLANTICA. Saremo grati a quei lettori che vorranno farci avere il loro pensiero al riguardo.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH by Edward Corsi

* * * * Il mese scorso asserimmo che il trionfo della criminalità in America è dovuto alla protezione che essa riceve dai politicanti. La Commissione Wickersham sostiene questo punto di vista. Nella sua ultima relazione, infatti, leggiamo: Una delle cause principali è la ben conosciuta e spesso provata alleanza tra criminali e politicanti corrotti la quale controlla, almeno in parte dove non completamente, il corpo di polizia delle nostre città.

I capi di polizia si sono affrettati a negare, ma il pubblico è bene a conoscenza dello stato vero delle cose. Politicanti corrotti offrono ai criminali l'aiuto e la protezione necessaria per le loro operazioni. Essi ne dividono i guadagni. Senza protezione da parte dei politicanti, i delinquenti troverebbero difficile mantenere una industria che occupa oggi uno dei posti più importanti fra le grandi industrie di America.

* * * * La polizia, ci dice la Commissione Wickersham, conosce i criminali. Ma a New York la polizia professa una ignoranza meravigliosa che spesso trascende nel tragico. Esempio recente è quello dell'eccidio dei bambini a East Harlem.

Non essendo in grado di fare degli arresti che portino alla soluzione del delitto, i poliziotti ne danno la colpa agli italiani del distretto nel quale avvenne il terribile misfatto.

La verità è che in questi ultimi mesi, delitti si sono succeduti a delitti. Tutti crimini professionali, concepiti ed eseguiti da delinquenti di professione. Nessun arresto, nessun indizio di colpevoli. Nè la minima evidenza dell'efficienza della polizia. Nessuna protezione per il pubblico. C'è da meravigliarsi se gli italiani non parlano?

Ma chi parla a New York? Nessuno ha parlato finora nel caso Rothstein. Nè nel caso Gordon. Nè nelle centinaia di altri casi insolti ed insolubili che danno a New

York una reputazione che anche Chicago non desidera. Gli italiani parlarono in Sicilia quando si resero sicuri della protezione del governo.

Questi criminali, dice la relazione Wickersham, sono conosciuti dalla polizia, ma a causa della influenza sinistra esercitata da politicanti corrotti essi sono in grado di poter continuare le loro carriere criminali, quando, se non fosse per tale influenza, la polizia potrebbe dare migliori risultati di quelli che da.

* * * * L'ex-vescovo Potter predisse che gli italiani entro cinquanta anni avrebbero governato New York. Finora, però, con 200,000 voti a loro disposizione gli italiani hanno fatto lenti progressi. Ma adesso sembra che facciano passi da giganti.

Nel 1929, quando il Congressman La Guardia si presentò a candidato per sindaco di New York, essi diedero un pò da pensare a Tammany Hall. Adesso colla nomina di Albert Marinelli a "district leader" di Tammany, essi fanno rivivere quella profezia del vescovo Potter. Non che la vittoria di Marinelli sia decisiva, ma essa rivela certe tendenze che potranno portare lontano.

THE TURNING TIDE OF IMMIGRATION by Dominick Lamonica

Per la prima volta in 70 anni, ci informa il Commissario Generale dell'Immigrazione, il numero degli immigranti non ha superato i cento mila, cifre abbastanza meschina in confronto del milione di immigrati arrivati nel 1914. Più interessante ancora è il fatto che mentre nel 1914 ben 515,000 immigranti vennero classificati quali braccianti, l'anno scorso solo 8,000 ricevettero quella classifica.

La depressione economica, naturalmente, ha prodotto i suoi effetti.

Bisogna pure tenere conto del numero dei deportati. Mentre nel

1928 i deportati ammontarono a 11,625; il loro numero nel 1930 salì a 16,631. A proposito di deportazione, è bene far notare come gli italiani occupino uno degli ultimi posti nell'elenco delle nazionalità dei deportati. Essi occupano il quarto posto fra i criminali ed il sesto fra gli "immorali."

LEONARDO DA VINCI AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES by Alfonso Arbib-Costa

Il secondo articolo del Professore Costa sulle Grandi Epoche dell'Arte Italiana, tratta dei grandi artisti del Cinquecento, Botticelli, Signorelli, il Ghirlandaio, il Perugino, Gentile e Giovanni Bellini, Mantegna, e sopra tutti Leonardo Da Vinci, il genio universale, vengono passati in sintesi felice ed ispirata.

SAMUEL C. MAZZUCHELLI by Giovanni Schiavo

Pochi conoscono il contributo di padre Mazzuchelli allo sviluppo del Cattolicesimo in America.

Padre Mazzuchelli (nato a Milano nel 1807) sbarcò a New York nel 1828. Ansioso di dedicarsi al lavoro dei padri missionari, egli decise di partire subito per l'isola di Mackinac, nel Nord Michigan, centro di commercianti di pelli, ma quasi desolato.

E' molto difficile trattare in breve spazio le peregrinazioni ed i viaggi del fervente missionario. Basterà dire che la sua opera venne svolta in territori da poco aperti all'ardire umano, fra indiani e fra immigranti che poco entusiasmo avevano della chiesa. Fu infatti negli stati di Iowa, Wisconsin e Illinois (prima ancora che sorgesse Chicago) che il nostro missionario svolse la sua opera di pioniere e di educatore, costruendovi, fra difficoltà immense, più di venticinque chiese. La cattedrale di Dubuque, Iowa, venne costruita da lui.

CANCER

by Dr. A. P. Vastola

Ogni anno, più di centomila persone muoiono di cancro negli Stati Uniti. Secondo statistiche ufficiali, su ogni dieci persone viventi in America, oggi, una è destinata a morire di cancro. Delle donne che muoiono fra l'età di 45 a 65 anni, una su cinque è destinata a soffrire la terribile malattia.

Il cancro esiste quasi esclusivamente fra i popoli civili. Esso viene caratterizzato da un tumore localizzato, il quale finisce per disseminarsi in tutto il corpo. Una delle ragioni della grande mortalità è dovuta alle idee sbagliate che si hanno della malattia. Molti credono, per esempio, che il cancro sia sempre accompagnato da dolori. Altri suppongono, a torto, che il cancro sparisca da solo.

Il cancro non è essenzialmente ereditario, nè contagioso. Esso è dovuto principalmente ad irritazioni. Piccoli porri, se irritati continuamente, possono produrre il cancro. Denti guasti possono causare il cancro della bocca o della lingua. L'eccessivo uso di tabacco può essere anche causa di cancro. Il cancro dello stomaco è dovuto a pasti non masticati. I sintomi del cancro sono: protuberanze in qualsiasi parte del corpo, in ispecie nel petto, dispersioni irregolari di sangue, indigestione persistente con conseguente perdita di peso.

E' bene far conoscere agli italiani che il nuovo ospedale Colombo di New York è provvisto di tutti gli apparecchi più moderni, come pure di un dipartimento speciale, per la cura del cancro.

FROM BUENOS AIRES TO NEW YORK BY AUTOMOBILE

by Lorenzo Scuderi

E' difficile immaginare le difficoltà immense che si presentano al viaggiatore desideroso di affrontare un viaggio in automobile da Buenos Aires a New York. Eppure tre italiani hanno avuto il coraggio, temerarietà vorremmo quasi dire, di intraprenderlo. Solo uno, però, l'ha portato a compimento, raggiungendo New York dopo circa due anni. Ventisette mila miglia di difficilissimo tragitto, tra monti e fiumi mai superati da automobili! L'onore della traversata va a Giovanni Tulliani, Carlo Massaccesi e Lorenzo Scuderi. Il Tulliani, però decise di rimanere a Città di Messico, il Mas-

saccesi si fermò a Detroit e fu quindi lo Scuderi ad arrivare solo a New York.

ANGELO PATRI

by Giuseppe Prezzolini

Angelo Patri è una vera illustrazione della genialità italiana. Immaginate un figlio di pastori dei dintorni di Napoli, trasportato in questo paese quasi infante, e che diventa un oracolo della scuola americana! Ci vanno da tutte le parti d'America e del mondo a visitarla; e sebbene sia una scuola media americana, possiamo esserne orgogliosi ancora noi perchè quel che le da anima è il sentimento artistico italiano. Il Patri ha dato alla scuola una carattere di spontaneità e di lavoro. Da cima a fondo la scuola è un inno al lavoro e alla autonomia. Si lavora col legno, col ferro, colla creta, si scolpisce e si costruisce. E non per ischerzo o in proporzioni infantili, ma sul serio. Dalla tipografia della scuola escono dei veri libri adornati di illustrazioni in legno o in zinco, che farebbero onore a moltissime tipografie artistiche.

THE ITALIAN PHYSICIANS IN NEW YORK CITY

Ci sono a New York tre società mediche italiane: The Association of Italian Physicians in America, di Manhattan, con più di duecento membri; The Brooklyn Italian Medical Society, con più di 175 membri; e The Bronx Italian Medical Fraternity, con 54 membri.

Ogni società è indipendente l'una dall'altra, quantunque da poco tempo a questa parte, le tre società hanno deciso di tenere le loro riunioni generali in gruppo unico. L'ultima riunione ebbe luogo al Columbus Hospital questa estate.

E' bene far notare che queste associazioni sono composte in gran parte di medici nati e laureati in America.

OSTIA ANCIENT AND MODERN

by Arnaldo Cervasato

Fra le grandi opere iniziate dal Regime Fascista una delle più importanti è la congiunzione di Roma col mare. A tal fine, la vecchia città d'Ostia, già emporium di

Roma, risorge a nuova vita, prospera città di villini ed elegante sede balneare. Ma l'opera del governo non si è arrestata lì. Accanto ad Ostia moderna, risorge anche Ostia antica, con i suoi ruderi gloriosi, a sempre più vivo ricordo della sua passata grandezza.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ITALIAN PRESS**I MEDICI ATTORNO ALLA GERMANIA**(Alberto De Stefani in *Corriere della Sera*)

Sembra che tutti i medici siano intorno alla Germania, come se non vi fossero altri malati, mentre il mondo è tutto malato. E allora si pensa che le condizioni della Germania debbono essere ben gravi se si giudica che essa meriti questo particolare trattamento. . . . Malata sì, ma non malata più di tutti, chè anzi l'economia tedesca, sembra da molti aspetti avere ancora un'elasticità maggiore dell'economia di altri Paesi, della stessa economia degli Stati Uniti, oggi, e certo dell'economia inglese. Eppure la forma della malattia tedesca non è difficile a prognosticarsi. Il segreto si trova nel piano delle riparazioni e più ancora nel servizio dei prestiti esteri la cui regolarità interessa sopra tutto i Paesi prestatori. Ecco perchè la situazione finanziaria della Germania è seguita, particolarmente dai Paesi creditori, con ansiosa attenzione.

PRIMO: DISARMARE(Lido Caiani in *Popolo d'Italia*)

L'opinione pubblica internazionale è ormai convinta che la presente depressione economica del mondo non può essere risolta se non si comincia al più presto a risolvere il problema degli armamenti. Gli armamenti costituiscono una minaccia ed un pericolo, non una garanzia per la pace del mondo. Bisogna cominciare col rinunciare ad avere ragione per forza e col gettare la base di quella solidarietà internazionale che ora è solo proclamata dalle clausole e nei codicilli dei patti di pace, nulli ed efficaci fino a quando ad essi faranno contrasto illogico gli armamenti condotti fino alla loro più alta espressione di potenza, di costo e di minaccia. Bisogna ristabilire l'equilibrio morale, politico ed economico fra le nazioni, turbato dalla esistenza degli enormi presenti armamenti.

DA HARLEM A CHICAGO (C. Falbo in *Progresso Italo-Americano*)

Nessuno parla. Questo è il codice Siciliano, commenta il "N. Y. Telegram."

Ma tutti sanno, invece, che questo è, oggi, il codice . . . americano. O, se più vi piace, il codice universale.

Nessuno parla; perchè se si tratta di affiliati ad associazioni a delinquere di qualsiasi razza la consegna è di russare; se si tratta di onesta gente tutti, più o meno, preferiscono tacere, in vista di possibili spedizioni punitive.

Voler fare distinzioni di razza o di colore per questo che è uno stato d'animo generalizzato, è dar prova di cieco attaccamento a vecchi pregiudizi è dar prova di assoluta incomprensione della verità e della realtà. L'omertà siciliana vale l'omertà ebraica or irlandese, tedesca o cinese; la reticenza dei testimoni e la prudenza dei giurati sono la conseguenza della prepotenza indomita dei malviventi, divenuta spavalda da quando la ricchezza più facile e più cospicua, offerta ad essi dal proibizionismo, ha reso capi e seguaci di grosse associazioni a delinquere capaci di pagare a peso d'oro la loro impunità.

GLI ITALIANI COMINCIANO AD ESSERE QUALCHE COSA NELLA POLITICA DI N. Y. (L. Barzini in *Corriere d'America*)

La nomina di Alberto J. Marinelli a capo tammanista del Secondo Distretto di New York e il segno di un nuovo riconoscimento della forza elettorale italo-americano nella Metropoli. Gli italo-americani sono cresciuti di numero, sono saliti validamente nell'ordine sociale, sono andati sempre più conquistando prestigio, rispetto e ricchezza, ma nella partecipazione alla cosa pubblica sono stati finora tenuti indietro, trascurati.

La loro potenza attuale è di circa 600,000 voti nello Stato di New York, dei quali 390,000 nella sola città di New York. Questo significa che i cittadini di origine italiana possono essere, se uniti, l'elemento decisivo delle battaglie elettorali.

La Tammany Hall ha potuto sempre fare assegnamento sulla disciplina e sulla fedeltà degli

italo-americani. Gli italiani, divisi, disorientati, condotti da piccoli capi in lotta fra loro, erano facilmente manovrati dalla Tammany senza adeguati compensi. Non sapevano e non potevano chiedere niente.

Adesso gli italiani cominciano a farsi sentire. Si domandano perchè debbano essere i più sacrificati, perchè essi non siano protetti, perchè debbano continuare a fortificare con i loro voti un'organizzazione di partito che al momento del bisogno mette gli italiani in coda a tutti.

ARTICOLO DI ESPORTAZIONE (Critica Fascista)

Non da oggi incontriamo ogni tanto, fuori d'Italia, qualche segno di una accettazione, conscia o inconscia, della nostre concezioni intorno allo Stato e ai suoi problemi attuali. Le nostre concezioni meno ortodosse, più scandalose per la mentalità media europea, affiorano poi, qua e là, fuori d'Italia, come trovate originali, nuovissime, acute, appena le circostanze le sollecitano.

Di questi giorni, per esempio, due francesi, Lucien Coperchot e André Maurois, riconoscono come l'organizzazione statale del loro Paese non si presti molto a fronteggiare la crisi.

. . . . Comunque, noi non possiamo che compiacerci quando vediamo che certe verità, le verità su cui si basa la nostra originale costruzione statale, sono scorte anche là dove più acre era finora il misconoscimento e la critica. Ma dobbiamo metterci in guardia contro un pericolo, che aggiungerebbe le beffe al danno che l'ostinato misconoscimento ci porta: il pericolo che le nostre idee si mettano a girare il mondo con etichette francesi o di qualche altro paese, e che magari pretendano di rientrare in Italia con codeste etichette, come avviene per i cappelli di Borsalino e per le lane di Prato.

"TERRORISMO SUD-ITALIANO" (Bollettino della Sera)

A proposito dell'eccidio di East Harlem il "New York Evening Post" scrisse recentemente: "È vero che abbiamo in mezzo a noi questo terrorismo sud-italiano."

Potremmo fare a meno di rilevare le asserzioni dell'editorialista amer-

icano se a noi non incombesse il dovere di difendere il nostro nome contro tutto e contro tutto con quel fiero sdegno che noi deriviamo dalla lucida coscienza di tarre la nostra origine—da una grande Nazione, che, maestra di tutte le cose belle e grandi, non è stata mai maestra di delitto.

Questo è un privilegio e un primato che lasciamo a paesi di più fresca e acerba civiltà.

Noi parliamo per l'Italia e per gli Italiani d'America, che, contro ogni bieco tentativo di denigrazione e di diminuzione, hanno ormai incisa la loro storia in un sublime poema di lavoro e di onestà, i cui splendori sono il diadema che cinge la fronte anche del nostro più umile emigrato.

Noi parliamo per quel "South of Italy", che, mentre vuole essere per certi americani una delimitazione geografica discriminatoria, è invece una realtà storica dell'unità nazionale italiana, che non consente demarcazioni territoriali e che proprio nel Mezzogiorno e nelle Isole ha una preziosa ed inesauribile riserva di ricchezza materiale e di energie morali.

Rimandiamo a scuola l'"Evening Post", con i suoi scrittori dalla penna lesta e dalla coscienza leggera; li rimandiamo a scuola perchè tutto imparino e cessino dall'offendere con la loro leggerezza e con la loro ignoranza il giornalismo americano, che ha così nobili tradizioni di sapienza e di onestà.

HOW ABOUT SEGREGATION? (A. Bevilacqua in "The Italian Echo" of Rhode Island)

Ci sono degli italiani in America maggiormente nella vita americana i quali credono che per affermarci è necessario che ci stringiamo ancora più intorno alla bandiera della Italianità—altri, invece, mantengono che se vogliamo farci strada bisogna che ci americanizziamo ancora più.

Ora è bene notare che gli italiani non si organizzano per mantenere stretta entità di razza. Quei pochi che desiderano mantenere le loro tradizioni e le loro consuetudini, appartengono a quel gruppo esiguo degli immigranti della vecchia generazione. D'altra parte non è consigliabile rinchiuderci entro un Americanismo al cento per cento che ci priverebbe di assorbire il patrimonio spirituale degli italiani.

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